

Do you, Ethan, take Julia to be your lawful wedded wife? I do. - To have, to hold, to love, cherish, honor and protect? I do. Shield from terrors know and unknown? To lie, to deceive. To lead a double life. To fail to prevent her abduction. Erase her identity. Force her into hiding. Take away all she has known. - Stop. In a selfish, futile, fleeting attempt... - Stop! ...to escape your own true self. - Please, stop. And Julia do you choose to accept... - Dont! I do. No! You should have killed me. BELFAS Fate whispers to the warrior. The storm is coming. And the warrior whispers back? I am the storm. IDENTITY CONFIRMED HUNT, ETHAN Good evening, Mr. Hunt. The anarchist Solomon Lane. Since you captured him, two years ago, his absence from the world stage has had unintended consequences. His syndicate of rogue covert operatives continues to wreak havoc around the globe. The CIA special activities division has relentlessly hunted Lanes elite network of hostiles. But many remain unknown and at large. The reminiscence of this extremist splinter cell refer to them self as The Apostles. They have sync it up to the policy of terror for hire. Making them an even greater threat. They are responsible for the recent smallpox outbreak in Indian controlled Kashmir. Along the borders of Children and Pakistan. Threatening one third of the worlds population. The Epidemic is being contained but intelligence would indicate that a new client has hired the Apostles for a more ambitious operation. They have been contacted by this man. An unidentified extremist known only by the codename John Lark. Author of this apocalyptic manifesto calling for the destruction of the current world order. THERE HAS NEVER BEEN PEACE WITHOUT FIRST A GREAT SUFFERING. It is believed Lark is responsible for the disappearance of Norwegian nuclear weapons specialist, Nils Debruuk. Dr. Debruuk security clearance was revoked after he expressed fiercely anti-religious views. Meanwhile, the Apostles have been in contact with elements of the eastern European underworld who are in possession of 3 plutonium cores stolen from a missile base in eastern Russia. This would indicate that John Lark and the Apostles are working together to acquire functioning nuclear weapons. NAST estimates that a man with Debruuks knowledge, using the materials in play, could complete 3 nuclear weapons in as little as 72 hours. These devices would be man portable and deployable anywhere on Earth overnight. In the hands of John Lark and the Apostles these weapons represent an unprecedented threat to the countless millions. Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to prevent the Apostles from acquiring the plutonium using any means at your disposal. If you, or any members of your IMF team, are caught or killed, the Secretary will disavow any knowledge of your actions. Good luck, Ethan. This message will self-destruct in 5 seconds. BERLIN He's late. He's never late. He'll be here. I dont like it. There's something about this guy. He just... really gives me the creeps. - It's OK. Relax. I'm relaxed. You dont sound relaxed. Luther, does he sound relaxed to you? He sounds terrified. - I'm not terrified. I just have a bad feeling. That's all. I though you said you were relaxed? - It's entirely possible to be relaxed any extremely uneasy at the same time. No, it's not. - You do it all the time. - No, I dont. Yes, you do. - No, he doesn't. - I'm supposed to believe you're perfectly relaxed? Right here and now? In a dark

alleyway? Waiting to buy dark market plutonium from a psychopath? - Benji, I won't let anything happen to you. See, Benji, you're perfectly safe. That's easy for you to say. You're in the van. Well, you want to be in the field, tough guy. And tonight, Luther, I'd like to be in the van! He's here. Oh, God. Have that money ready, Luther. - Done. Ethan, do you copy? Do you copy?! Are we finally gonna do this, or not? I've survived in this business with a help of a voice in my head. This voice is never wrong. Whenever I meet you... It tells me the same thing. What's that? Nothing. I'm here to do business. Tell the voice to flip the coin. What's that? This is a beryllium rod. It's just causing a reaction with the plutonium inside the core. That's that. The money? The money. Bring the money. Luther, bring the money. We're gonna need that money, Luther. Kill them! I've got it! Luther, do you copy? Luther?! Luther, come in. Luther is not here right now. What can the Apostles do for you... ...Hunt? - What do you want? You're not escaping, Hunt. Give us the plutonium. And walk away. - Benji, get the car! I don't think I can do that. - Benji, get the car. We'll make you a deal, Hunt. Give us the plutonium and we won't kill your friend. Don't you do it, Ethan! Not for me! I'm gonna count to 3. One... Two... - Luther, I'm sorry. Three! I'm sorry. I didn't know what else to do. - We're good. You're OK? - I should be dead. We should all be dead! Why aren't we? Where's the plutonium? It's gone. If you're just joining us, three massive explosions have gone off simultaneously in what appears to be a coordinated attack. This image is live in Rome. Looking towards the Vatican. It's as close as our cameras can get. It's believed that the Pope was in residence at the time of the blast. Also live, we're looking at the Jerusalem from just outside of the city. Also live, the holy city of Mecca. From the USS Ronald Reagan in the Red Sea, off the coast of Saudi Arabia. Radiation has been detected. Indicating that nuclear weapons were used in these unspeakable attacks. - Ethan? No word on casualties yet.... - It's time. but we can assume the death toll is catastrophic. Early reports suggest the weapons used would require a highly specialized knowledge that very few people possess. The question now is who would attack all three of this holy sites and why. The attacks occurred at precisely same moment. Just over an hour ago. At 4:00 AM ET. Within minutes of the attack Congress ordered an emergency recess and the Capitol building was evacuated. The President authorized... The White House has declared state of emergency. Placing the military at highest alert. Would you excuse us, please? Dr. DeBruuk... We know who you are. We read the Manifesto we found in your lab. There has never been peace without first a great suffering. The greater the suffering, the greater the peace. See, this will unite them. When they read this manifesto they'll understand. Nobody's gonna read that manifesto, ever! I can promise you that. What day is it? How long have I been here? What's the last thing you remember? I was driving... Someone hit me. - That was two weeks ago. Two weeks? - Two weeks. - This is yours, isn't it? It's how Lark communicated with you. Lark? - John Lark. We know all about him. You know nothing! - It's information in this phone that could lead us to him. And you have the pass-code. You think Lark's the enemy? You, well, who ever you are. You're the enemy. You're why the system survives. Why the suffering goes on! - Shut

up! We don't care about you. We want Lark! What if we make a deal? - Nah, There's no deal, Luther. Step outside! Ethan! - Give me 5 minutes with this guy! - Ethan, I can't let you do that. That's not who we are. - Maybe we need to reconsider that! What if they read the manifesto on the air? - What? You can do that? We can do it with a phone call. Well, if he reader Larks manifesto... - No! - I'll give you the pass-code. Ethan! Ethan! Think, Ethan. Think of the greater good. Please! - Yeah, you do that. OK. Sir... No, he won't cooperate. Yes, sir. If we read the manifesto. On the air. I'm sorry, sir. Trading and global markets plummeting. Stand by, I'm told we're about to get some additional information. I've just been handed a document from Nils Debruuk, a nuclear weapons specialist, who claims to have built the weapons used in these attacks. I've been asked to read this manifesto in its entirety. There has never been peace without first a great suffering. The greater the suffering, the greater the peace. As mankind is drawn to a self-destruction like a moth to the candle... ...the so-called defenders of peace: the Church, the Government, the Law work tirelessly to save humanity from itself. Well, it's not going to help you now. But by averting disaster they serve to delay peace... What's done is done. ...that can only come trough the inevitable baptism of fire. The suffering and... ...bringing mutual understanding... Did we get it? ...it's the first step for the ultimate project of... We got it! Go. Did we get it? Of course we got it! I told you we'd get it. I don't understand? The attacks didn't happen? The car accident you were in - that was an hour ago. I was driving the other car. What's done is done. When we say it's done. IMPOSSIBLE FALLOU AERIAL BASE RAMSTEIN, GERMANY Sir. That phone you unlocked lead us to a server in Iceland but we managed to decrypt the communicate between John Lark and this woman: Alanna Mitsopolis, activist and philanthropist whose charity work has earned her the nickname the White Widow. It's all a front for her real trade: arms dealing, money laundering. Extensive political connections provide her with protection. Lark and the Widow were meeting tonight to negotiate the delivery of unspecified package. Which we can only assume is our missing plutonium. They'll make contact in the private lounge at the Grand Palais in Paris. During her annual fund-raising event. The details are in the file. If Lark isn't there by midnight the Widow will leave. And sell the package to the highest bidder. Which gives you... ...two hours from now to find Lark. Sir, I think theres something you need to know. I'm gonna stop you right there. You had a terrible choice to make in Berlin. Recover the plutonium or save your team. You chose your team and now the world's at risk. Some flaw, deep within your core being simply won't allow you to choose between one life and millions. You see that as a sign of weakness. To me, that's your greatest strength. It also tells me I can count on you to cover my ass. Because coming here from CIA was a lateral move. Some say a step down. But I did it because of you. Don't make me regret it. Make the call. Shut them down. What do you think you're doing, Erica? It may be your mission but this is the CIA- s plane. It doesn't take off without my say-so. - We don't have time for this. I have a team in Paris ready to grab Lark as soon as he gets to Palais. A G5 standing by to rendition him to GITMO where waterboard is waiting. Spend 24 hours we dont have to pull

a confession we can't trust from a man we haven't positively identified? No. We need reliable intelligence and we need it now. This scenario is precisely why the IMF exists! The IMF is Halloween, Alan. Bunch of grown men in rubber masks playing Trick or treat. And if had held on to the plutonium in Berlin we wouldn't be having this conversation. And his team would be dead. - Yes, they would. That's the job. And that's why I want one of my own men on the scene. To appraise the situation. Agent Walker, Special Activities. His reputation precedes. You use the scalpel. I prefer a hammer. The answer is No. I have operational authority here. Direct from the President. You have a problem with that, you take it up with him. I have already and he agrees with me. My man goes. Or no one goes. No one comes between you and that plutonium. Not Hunt, not his team, not anyone. The White Widow has spies in every level of government. This plane is posing as commercial airliner so we can jump into France undetected. Widows meeting Lark in a VIP lounge at midnight. No one can be a bidder without a pre-issued electronic ID band. We've acquired the unique RFID number for Lark's band allowing us to locate it... ..with these. Find that ID band, you'll find Lark. Then what? Then... I assume his identity. Make contact with the Widow. She takes us to the package. People actually fall for this shit? How do you intend to make Lark cooperate? I bump him in the crowd. In 10 seconds he'll look like any other drunk at the party. Incoherent, completely pliable. After I borrow his face you walk him out the front door and hand him over to Sloans extraction team. You're not getting rid of me that easily, Hunt. - That's not what this is about. Sure it is. I know you don't want me on this detail. But let's face it. If you made the hard choice in Berlin I wouldn't be here. If you hadn't gun down your Syndicate agent they sent you to find I wouldn't be here. That's right. I know all about you. You're why we don't have living witness who can identify John Lark. Or the Apostles. If you have a problem with my methods you can always stay behind. Your mission, should you choose to accept it. Isn't that the thing? Two minutes to decompression. Suite up! The Widow is meeting Lark in 30 minutes. 10 seconds to decompression. Is your oxygen on? There's no atmosphere at this altitude. I don't need you blacking out on me. Hey, your heads up display has built-in guidance system. Follow it to the target. Open your shoot when the system says. Not before, definitely not after. Or the last thing that goes through your mind will be your kneecaps. Is that clear? Crystal. We gotta talk. Need to rethink this. Out of my way, Hunt! - Walker, we have a problem. There's a storm and we need to... Enough talk. I'll see you in Paris! Shit! Come on! Come on! Altitude, 25000 feet. Walker! - What's the matter, Hunt? Afraid of a little lighting? Altitude, 20000 feet. Son of a bitch! Walker? Do you copy? Walker? Hang on. Hang on. Walker? Come on! Altitude, 15000 feet. Walker? Walker?! Walker! Walker! Altitude, 10000 feet. 9000. Shit! 8000. 7000. 6000. 5000. 4000. Walker! Walker! 3000. Deploy! Deploy! Deploy! Oh, God! Looks like you lost your oxygen. That's where the Widow is meeting Lark. Walker! Say again? The needle? - Didn't need it. Get him up! Do not be shy. The more, the better. Come on, we're not bad. - Can we join in? We don't bite. Shit. Can you still make a mask? - I need a face to make a mask. Sorry. I

was aiming for his chest. What are you doing here? - It's good to see you too. Sorry, I'm confused. You're? An old friend. Cancel extraction. We're code Blue. Send sanitation. That was my team. You didn't answer my question. What are you doing here? That's it. Just take it easy. That's it. Just keep your head back until the bleeding stops. What is it?! You want some?! You're not here by accident. Who sent you? I can't tell you that. - What are you doing? I have a date with White Widow. - He had a date with the Widow. You look nothing like him. - Now, we have to hope they never met. Hope is not a strategy! - You must be new. I have no other choice. White Widow is our only lead. I got to be this guy for 5 minutes. - Don't do it. What? What is it? What aren't you telling me? - You don't understand what you're involved in. I don't understand what I'm involved in? I don't understand what I'm involved in?! What am I involved in? - If you're meeting the Widow she leaves in 3 minutes. Ethan! - I'll make it work. Ethan! - I'll make it work! Name's Walker. - Yeah? You're welcome. What do you think you're doing? - I'm going with you. Like hell you are! - People have been sent here to kill Lark. No shit. - No, not me, contractors. Paid assassins. They don't know what he looks like. They only know he's meeting the Widow at midnight. If you go through with this they're gonna believe you're Lark and they're gonna kill you. How do you know all of this? I can't tell you that. You should've stayed out of the game. You should've come with me. This charity was started in honor of my mother. Those of you who knew her understood her strength. Her tenacity. Her resourcefulness. But there was another side to her. The side most people never saw. It's that part of her spirit that has brought us all together tonight. Max was something of a paradox. She had a fascination for paradoxes. A fascination she passed onto me. Max had no illusions about the world we live in today. But she had dreams of a very different future. One in which her unique talents were no longer required. All she earned from the way the world is went ultimately to making it what it could someday be. That future isn't here yet. Tonight your contributions have brought it just a little closer. Go with the opportunity. Enjoy the party. You can't possibly be John Lark? I'm not, actually. It's an alias. I suppose it's better than John Doe. Is there another name you prefer? Is there somewhere we can talk privately? - I like Lark. It has a certain ring. We don't have a lot of time. - I'll be honest with you. A man with your reputation. I was expecting someone... ...uglier. Don't let looks deceive because I'm as ugly as they come. Now I'll be honest with you. Your life's in danger. Don't you touch her. - Relax, he's my brother. You're being rude to our guest, Zola. It's time to go. Don't turn this into a scene. You don't leave this room. You see? - Your life's in danger. And who'd want to kill me? - The Americans for starters. Duly noted. - You think you're the only one with spies in the government? There are people here who don't want this meeting to happen. Don't believe me? Look around. I know what you're thinking. Maybe they're not here for you. Maybe they're just here for me. Are you willing to take that chance? You have something I want. Right now that makes me the only person you can trust to get you out of here alive. Or would you rather leave that to your brother? I think I'd like to go home now, Mr. Lark. The

French government will receive the asset they took in today. Delivery will be by air to the finance ministry at 8:00 AM tomorrow morning. Another motorcade under heavy police escort will transport him on along this root. We'll create a diversion at this intersection. Here. Motorcade will automatically take the pre-planned alternate root, here. Where we'll extract the asset. Extract the asset? The asset? We've payed a great deal of money for this information. They gave us everything but this mans name. You don't happen to know who he is, do you? His name is Solomon Lane. British special agent turned anarchist. He used rogue covert operatives to create a terror network called the Syndicate. Sabotage, assassination, mass murder... Ugly as they come. He was captured by American agents two years ago. Since then he's been under never-ending interrogation. Passed around from one government to another. To answer for his crimes. You seem displeased, Lark? Perhaps I didn't make myself clear. I came to Paris for plutonium. Well, there must be a misunderstanding. I'm just a broker. I connect a buyer and a seller. My seller isn't interested in cash. So if you want the plutonium... Extract Lane and make a trade. That's right. How do I know the seller has what I want. A down-payment in good faith. The Currier we'll deliver two more within 48 hours. In exchange for him. All right. What happens after diversion? Kill everyone? That's your plan? There'll be no witnesses. What's my guarantee that Lane walks out of this thing alive? He's in an armored box. We'll pull him out when it's safe. You want your plutonium? This is the price. Or do you draw the line at killing cops? That's John Lark you're talking to. I've murdered women and children with smallpox. I have no line. Right. Sleep well, everyone. Busy day tomorrow. You have got to be kidding me? If you want Lane out of prison this is how he gets out. I wanted Lark to brake him out, not Ethan Hunt. I wanted Lark at the exchange, not Ethan Hunt. I wanted Lark to lead us to the plutonium and the Apostles. You may still get your chance. Have you forgotten about the corpse we pulled out of men's room at the Grand Palais? - I'm guessing that wasn't Lark. More likely one of Larks recruits. - Not according to our intelligence. Intelligence gathered by whom? Hunt. You long held suspicions that Lark was an American agent. Someone who knew our every move. Someone who could come and go like a ghost. You're suggesting Hunt is John Lark? You're reaching, Walker. Trying to save your ass. It won't work. Think about it. Would a man as careful as Lark really stick his neck out like that? For a face to face with the White Widow? He'd send a proxy. - A decoy. If he was really smart he'd had his lady friend kill that decoy in front of a reliable witness. Me. The dragnet is closing down on his terrorist alter-ego. So he pays a man to play the part of Lark and has him killed. And under the guise of serving his country... Assumes his own secret identity. Free to operate at will with the full support of US government. - Why? Why would Hunt turn? Why did Lane do it? Why did any of his Apostles? They were believers in a cause. And when that cause turned out to be a lie they turned against their masters. How many times has Hunts government betrayed him, disavowed him, casted him aside? And how long before a man like that has had enough? That is a serious accusation. Can you prove it? This is the phone we pulled of the dead body at the Grand Palais. I'm guessing it has all

the proof you need. Is it true Lane gassed a village of 2000 people? Yes. Is it true he brought down an entire passenger plane just to kill one man? Yes. Is it true that he... - Walker, whatever you heard. If it makes your skin crawl, it's probably true. Holy shit! You're the guy that caught him, aren't you? How long do you think he's gonna keep that to himself? We'll burn that bridge when we get to it. Close it. What the hell is he doing? NO SIGNAL Hunt, where are you? - Don't wait for me! Wanna do... What's wrong? I'll meet you at the garage! Benji, do you copy?! We copy. Go. - Change of plan. I'm glued. Need extraction! We're on our way! He's driving from Notre Dame to the Saint Louis bridge. Police patrols are chasing him. STOP! Stay where you are! Get in the car. Nobody move! Show me your hands! Go away, please. Show me your hands! Don't worry, please. Go away, please. Go away, please. Zola wants a word with you. What do we do with her? - Kill her. You will be fine. You will be fine. We gotta go! I am so sorry. - Come on! The name's Walker by the way. Was the little car your idea? Jesus Christ! What the hell was that?! Everybody, out! - Go, go, go! That was Ilsa. Shut up! Very interesting. It's good to see you again, Ethan. Look who's still alive. There's a microwave tracker in his neck. - OK. You know what to do. Let me just assure you this won't hurt... enough. 90 seconds. You and the Apostles think we're gonna trade you for the missing plutonium. I'm here to tell you that's never gonna happen. Your mission, should you choose to accept it... I wander, Ethan, did you ever choose not to? Did you ever stop and ask yourself who's giving you the orders or why? When everyday the master you serve is one step closer to ending the world. Strange accusation coming from a terrorist. 60 seconds. - Terrorists are schoolboys, desperate for attention. Hoping to shape public opinion through fear. I don't care in the least what people think or feel. In my experience they don't do either for very long. I suppose that justifies bombing factories or bringing down civilian aircraft. Or strapping me into explosive vest! Consider it unfinished business, my funny little friend. Luther? - Almost there. You see the end as clearly as I do, Ethan. Governments the world over are descending into madness. The Syndicate was created to tear them down. Brick by brick. The Syndicate was a pack of murdering cowards! The Syndicate was civilizations last hope! A chance to smash the old world order. That hope is gone now because of you and your pathetic morality. You should have killed me, Ethan. The end you always feared, it's coming. It's coming. And her blood will be on your hands. The fallout. For all your good intentions. Time! - Got it! Get him up! You're mine now! You're just full of surprises, Lark. - Your brothers plan was bad from the word go. You'd lost all your men and Lane would've been killed in crossfire. I had to improvise. Why not say that in the first place? Because I don't trust your people. Especially not your brother. Family, what can you do? So where's Lane? Certainly not at the bottom of the Seine. I have him. He's safe. Where do I meet the Currier? Let's talk about the woman. Woman? She was with you at the Palais. Zola saw her again today. She tried to kill Lane. She had a chance to kill you but she didn't. Why? We have a past. It's complicated. Well, I'll make it more complicated for you. My price just went up. Someone killed four of my men today. I assume

it was her. I want her, Lark. And you're gonna bring her to me. Otherwise you don't meet the Currier and the plutonium goes to the highest bidder. I'd hate for her to come between us. She's yours. At the meeting. Not before. Go to London. Instructions will follow. I knew if I followed her you'd show up eventually. You OK? Ilsa, I'd never... - I know you had your reasons. I know. You need to walk away. - I can't do that. You weren't at the Palais to kill Lark. No. You were there to protect him. Yes. And you killed him to protect me. You wanted Lark to break Lane out. No, you needed him to break Lane out. Because you have to kill Lane. Who's making you do this? MI6. Why? After we captured him in London they tried to bring Lane home through diplomatic channels. But too many countries won't touch their pound of flesh. A man like that, what he's seen. What he knows about British intelligence. They can't have him talking to foreign government, ever. That's not what I'm asking. Why did they send you? This is how I prove my loyalty. This is how I come home. - But you were out!? You were free? - We're never free. I've spent two years undercover with Lane. To them I'm as much of a threat as he is. I kill him or I never stop running. Now, tell me where he is? I can't help you. - I'll get to him one way or another. Please, don't make me go through you. Yes? Are you here in London? - I am. Are you ready to meet the Currier? Yes. Where do I go? Where would you like to meet? LOCATING CALLER Mr. Secretary? I've prayed to God that it wasn't truth. Well, in his defense, sir, if Ethan hadn't intervened the great many people would've been killed. Yes, Dunn, I'm sure that the good people of Paris and the nation of France as a whole will take that into account. So, what the hell happened? At which point we were told to come to London. And await further instructions. - And what happens now? Now? We meet the Widow in 20 minutes. She's gonna take us to Currier who'll hand over our missing plutonium in exchange for Solomon Lane. Or in our scenario... Benji. Jesus! I'm sorry, what? Luther and I are gonna take you to Currier. Walker stays here and guards the real Lane. - Absolutely not! Wait, wait! Why do I have to be Lane? - Benji. Our mission, my mission is to recover that plutonium and I will do so at any cost! Even if I have to trade Lane. The real Lane! And I'll never let him go! When the Apostles realize that you're playing games you'll lose the plutonium. Again! You let us worry about the Apostles. As it stands we have a bigger problem. A bigger problem. Ilsa. - Ilsa? Our Ilsa? Ilsa Faust? How's she mixed up in all of this? She's been ordered to kill Lane. Direct from MI6. Look. Wait. So that was her in Paris? On the bike? - Yeah. Ethan, she tried to kill us! - No, not us. Yeah! - Not us, Lane. She tried to kill Lane. She has no choice. - And she'll kill me! - I'm not gonna let that happen! Ethan, how exactly are you not gonna let that happen? I'm working on it. - Oh, he's working on it. Right now we don't have a lot of time. We have to start getting ready for this meeting. The meeting is a trap. The White Widow is working with the CIA. She has been since the beginning. Bargaining for immunity is her stock and trade. Capturing the plutonium and the Apostles and John Lark buys her a lot of good will with the Americans. But if Sloan knew the meeting was a trap why didn't she just tell us? Because in her mind anybody could be John Lark. Including one of us. And now her

suspensions are confirmed. According to that dossier a trail of electronic evidence connects Hunt to the theft of smallpox from the CDC. It also links him to a lengthy correspondence ending with the recruitment of Dr. Debruuk. And of course Hunt handed over the plutonium to Apostles himself. Now, those facts coupled with a a long and incriminating history of rogue behavior collaborate a CIA narrative that Hunt has snapped. And the search for Lark is nothing but a cover to hide the fact that Lark... ... Is me. I gotta hand it to you, Ethan. Normally when people refer to you as your own worst enemy it's just a figure of speech. I'm afraid Sloan got some questions for her as well. The Widow offered her up at no extra charge. And where did Sloan get this information? She didn't say. She did, however, grant me the opportunity to bring you in on the condition that I terminate this mission. And hand over Solomon Lane personally. Sir, you can't do that. - Hunt! - No, I know Lane. He has no intention of going back. That's why we're taking him back! - Which means that's exactly what he wont us to do. Ethan. - Sir, what do you think, this is a coincidence? That Sloan just happened to found this? Lane had it sent to her! He know how she'd react. Just like he knew the Widow would turn us in. Don't you see? This, sir. This is the trap! We're being directed. - Hunt! - Sir, there are still two plutonium cores in the wind! And you lost them! In fairness, sir, we all lost them. Respectfully, sir. You weren't there. - So, making excuses for him is your full-time job now?! Good God, Ethan. Don't make this any harder than it already is. I can no longer protect you! Don't you understand that? This is as close as you're ever gonna get to that plutonium! Sir, you don't actually believe this? - I believe I've been given a choice to protect you or the IMF. Which is why I'm bringing you in. And if I refuse? - What do you think he's here for?! You think he's some observer? He's an assassin! Erica Sloans number one plumber. You go rogue, he's authorized to hunt you down... ...and kill you. It's the job. No hard feeling. Except it, Ethan. You've lost this one. What's done is done. No, sir. No. I'm not asking you. I'm giving you a direct order. This mission is terminated. Now! Stickell, he's your friend. Would you, please, talk some sense into... I'm sorry, sir. But you left me no choice. There's 15 minutes before we meet the Widow. You want the plutonium? We're the only ones who can get it for you. You're in or out?! In. What are you doing? - Benji needs to get ready. No! Ethan... - There's no time, Luther. I need you to trust me. You're all right? Yeah, I just... ...gotta a bad feeling about this one. If you don't hear from us... I'll do it my way. Don't take your eyes off him. Enough games. I'll take you out of here. Where's Hunt? He's gone to the meeting. With a copy of you. - Calm down. Call the Apostles. Warn them. - I have no way of contacting them. For their safety and mine. But I do have an extraction team and satellite over-watch at pre-arranged rendezvous. They'll know as soon as we leave the building. - No. I'm staying here. I haven't finished with Hunt yet. Why did you have to make this so fucking complicated?! I don't understand what do you mean? - The deal was simple. I help you frame Hunt. You give me plutonium. You're wasting time! - There can not be peace without first a great suffering. The greater the suffering, the greater the peace. When I wrote those words I wasn't referring to your peace. Or Hunts suffering.

The old world order needs dismantling and we have the tools to dismantle it. All you seem to care about is that Hunt lives to take the blame. That's not anarchy. That's revenge. Yes, it is. And when I have what I want the Apostles are getting the plutonium. Hunt's the only friend you've got. You're only alive today because he didn't have the guts to kill you! Sloan is rights. The IMF is Halloween. Nothing but grown men wearing... What? It's just the job. No hard feelings. I've ruined your day, haven't I? And you were doing so well up until then. And I think this one's loaded. You want to find out? So, how did I do? - I never had any doubt. I'm beginning to see why you guys enjoy this so much. Hands off, Mr. Secretary. - Man's a natural. Welcome to the team, sir. You're making a mistake. No, the mistake was mine when I saved your life over Paris. This proves nothing. I'm playing a role. Just like you're. Trying to recover that plutonium. That doesn't explain why you gave Sloan the dossier and tried to frame Hunt. He makes a good point, Lark. He's paranoid. Delusional. Just like the dossier says. So where did Sloan get the dossier from? - I have no idea. I do. Did you get all that, Erica? - I did. I don't appreciate being used, Walker. Bad boy. Where would you like him delivered? - I'll come to you. Nobody move! Put them down! Drop them! Hands in the air! Weapons down! Drop it! Drop it! Weapons down! Rights now! You! - It's OK. - You! It's OK. - I'm talking to you! - It's all right. I though we had a deal? - We did and now we don't. There's too much at stake here for me to take any chances. I'm bringing you all in. Along with Walker. The plutonium is still out there! And I don't trust a living soul in that room to get it. We'll sort out who's who in Washington. Erica! - Sir. It's all right. Let's just do what she says. The only real threats are in this room and we have them. Do you? Go! Where are they?! Ethan! First team is down. Send backup. I can... Oh, no! Man down! Somebody, help! Sir? Ethan, I tagged Walker but he's on the run. You gotta get him. Go. I'm sorry, sir. Go. Ethan. Wait! Get that son of a bitch! Come on! Come on! Yes, I got him! Back! I'm sorry. Talk to me, Benji. Where's Walker? He's about quarter mile west of you. Turn right. - Which way? To my right? I can't do that. Why not? Because I'm being followed. - What do you mean? By who?! How do I know. CIA, Apostles, what difference does it make? OK, OK, just get out of there and then go right. I'm terribly sorry. Excuse me. Why's he running in circles? OK, you need to cross the street on your left as soon as you can. Did you copy? - Yeah! - Go left, now! - I'm working on it! OK, now go across the street. Right in front of you! Ethan, he's getting away from you. You're gonna have to go faster! You're gaining on him! Go straight. Straight! Keep moving straight! Go straight. Go straight. Straight! Straight! OK, now turn right. - Right? Now?! - Yes, right! - Are you sure?! Yes, I'm...! No it's left! Turn left! Sorry, I had screen-lock on. Left? Thank you. What are you waiting for?! - I'm jumping out of a window! What do you mean you're jumping out of...?! Oh, sorry I had it in 2D. Good luck! At the end of the bridge turn left! You've almost got him. Come on, come on, come on! Come on, Ethan! Get him! You're right on top of him! That's it! He's right in front of you! Get him! Get him! You can't do it, can you? Not until you get your plutonium. No, he still has plans for you. You're gonna turn yourself

in and admit you're John Lark. Then watch the old world implode from your dark little cell. And if I don't? I'm her guardian angel, Hunt. If I see you again, she dies. If you try to warn her, she dies. Know when you're beat. These are the designs we recovered from Dr. Debruuks lab in Berlin. That's a five mega-ton nuclear device. That's greater than all the explosive energy released in WW2. To disarm it normally we'd cut the fuse wire here. What? Normally? - Walker and Lane have two plutonium cores. Meaning two bombs. - Yeah, and they're both linked by microwave fail-safe which is accurate to within 1/10 of a second. Any attempt to defuse one bomb automatically triggers the other. Meaning once armed the bombs can't be disarmed. The countdown is started by a remote detonator which is also a fail-safe. Meaning once the countdown starts... ..it can't be stopped. So solution for this is? We're working on it. So... Technically this is a suicide mission? What is it? Come and see. Please. In all the years that I've known Ethan he's only been serious about two women. One was his wife. He's married? - No, he was. Was? What happened to her? Well, she was taken by some people who wanted to get to Ethan. It's OK. He got her back in one piece. Then he quit the game. They were happy for a while. But every time something bad happened in the world Ethan would think: I should have been there. And she would wonder: Who's watching the world while Ethan is watching me? Deep down they both knew that someday, somehow, something truly terrible was going to happen. All because they were together. So... Where is she now? - She's a ghost. Good at it too. Taught her myself. Every now and then she sends up a signal to let Ethan know she's safe. And that keeps him going. Why are you telling me this? We're in this mess because Ethan wouldn't let me die. He's a good man. And he cares about you. More than he can admit. That's one more worry than he can handle right now. If you care about him, you should walk away. If only... Serves me right. I'm coming with you. I know. So, how do we find him? Microwave transponder. Traceable via satellite anywhere in the world. Lane had one of these in the back of his neck. We removed it in Paris. Same time, we put our own transponder in. - Got it! 36 hour delayed activation. In case Lanes Apostles scan him. So you planned on letting him go? - Not this way, but yes. He's gonna lead us to the plutonium. - How can you be sure? His plan to put me in prison went to hell. Now he's gonna want me there for the end. So when does this transponder activate... - I got it! I got it! I got it! He's traveling east over Europe at 500 mph. - He's airborne. Should we inform the CIA? CIA has been infiltrated. I don't trust anybody outside this room. We're gonna have to go alone. So, where do we go? How're we doing, Benji? If there's a way to defuse this bombs I can't find it. You'll figure it out. I know you will. Damn! Ethan, we've lost the signal. Lane must have found our transmitter. What's his last position? - About 30 miles north-east. Than that's where he wants us to go. What's there? - The Nubra river valley. There's only a medical camp there. Humanitarian Aid Overseas. Why would Lane target a medical camp? Smallpox. What? - Smallpox. The Apostles triggered smallpox outbreak in Kashmir. Lane must've wanted that camp there for a reason. But what? - Oh my God! - What is it? Well, the Nubra river is at the base of Siachen glacier. So nuclear blast there would irradiate the largest

natural irrigation system in the world. Fresh water from the border of China to India and Pakistan. They're gonna starve one third of the worlds population! The greater the suffering... ... The greater the peace. I still don't understand why Lane wants a medical camp there. It doesn't matter. All that matters now is that we find a way to defuse those bombs. I think I've found it. Maybe. But there appears to a flaw in bombs operating system. The remote detonator requires that firing key. If you remove that key then it should short-out the fail-safe and allow us to cut both fuses. So one of us needs to get the detonator and remove that key. Yeah, while... - While the rest of us cut the fuses on both bombs. Simple. - Yeah, but... But what? Well in order to make this work we can't remove the key or cut the fuses until after the countdown starts. Wait, wait! Just so I got this clear. Our only chance to safely defuse both bombs is to let the countdown start? And then remove that key. OK. Both devices are now connected to the detonator. 15 minutes should give you enough time to reach minimum safe distance. My running days are over. This is where it ends for me. I'm getting signals all over the place. That's why the medical camp. X-ray machines, CAT-scanners, radiological signatures everywhere. Looks like a needle in a haystack. - Process of elimination. One at a time. Let's split up. Stay on comms. Ethan? Julia? Is that? Julia! Does he know? Hey. - This is my husband, Eric. This is... - Rob, Rob Thorn. Dr. Rob Thorn. I worked with Julia at... - Mass General, before New York. Oh, you're kidding? What a coincidence? - I know. I... - What brings you all this way? I was in Turtuk, not far from here. And heard help is needed. Oh, well... Actually we're just about finished here. The whole village is inoculated but... What were you doing at Turtuk? Rob's on vacation. No... No, I'm working. You're a long way from home. Yeah, yeah. Thanks to our guardian angel. Guardian? Well, yeah. We were running a field hospital outside of Darfur when outbreak happened here. Here comes this phone call from an anonymous donor. Out of the blue. And he says he's ready to underwrite the entire operation. One condition... We run the whole thing. Can you believe that? I certainly can. Out of the blue. - Out of the blue. It's quite a full life. - Yeah, you know before Julia I never traveled. I never even left New York. Never left the hospital. 7 days a week, overtime, no vacations. Ethan, I think I found something. I was just patient checking. You keep the circuit at 50. Heart attack at 55. And she convinced me to let it all go. Help where it's needed most. So we've been on the go ever since. I've never been more fulfilled. I'm happy for you. Right there. Well, we should get going. We have a lot of packing to do. Oh, no. I'll handle that. You two should catch up. Oh no, I should get out of your hair. Are you kidding? You should stick around. I'm just sorry you came all this way for nothing. I'll tell you what. We'll pack and why don't we give you a ride back to Turtuk. You two can catch up in the car. Yeah? You're very kind. Settled. See you soon. It was good to see you. I'm so sorry, Julia. I'm so sorry. Take those helicopters. No one else leaves. Careful, careful, careful. It's armed but the countdown hasn't started yet. The network signal's strong which means the other device is close by. And the detonator. By half km in that direction. They're still here. Luther, you keep working on it. You two, come with me! Oh, sure. I've got

this. Don't worry about old Luther. SCANNING Walker. LINKED ARMED Damn! Ethan, the countdown has started! We have 15 minutes! Walker has the detonator! Come on! We have to evacuate this people! - There's no time! This whole valley is gonna be incinerated in 15 minutes! It's too late! No. I'm gonna get the detonator! - What? How?! I'll figure it out! You find Lane and find the other bomb! What to hell is he doing?! - I find it's best not to look. How're we doing, Luther? - Tripwires everywhere. I don't have enough hands. Just make it out! - Where's Ethan? - He's gone after the detonator. Wait! Where's the detonator? Luther. Julia. You shouldn't be here. - Oh my God! Oh my God! Is that what I think it is? - Luther, get her out of there! Where's she gonna go? All right. What can I do? In the kit. The pliers with the red grip. - Are you insane?! Mind your business, Benji! - This is my business! Benji, do you copy? - Ethan? Ethan, where are you? - I'm in a helicopter going after Walker. Hold on! How did you get in the helicopter? What? You can fly a helicopter?! - Did you say helicopter? What the hell are you doing in a helicopter? Did you...? Hey, did you find the other bomb? Well, we're still looking but finding the bomb isn't gonna matter unless we have the detonator. I know, I know. I'll get it. I'll get it! If he's in another helicopter... ..how're you gonna get it? - I'll figure it out. You find the bomb. I'll get the detonator. I won't let you down. I won't let you down. Be ready. - Look, Ethan. Ethan! Ethan, come in! Benji! - Come in! - Benji! Luther! Anybody? I can do this. I can do this! What do we got here? We got airspeed. Airspeed. OK, power. This is power. Payload! How do I get rid of this payload? PAYLOAD Power! Wire stripper. - I'm a doctor, not an electrician. Sorry. - The thing with a green grip. Got it. - The wire in my left hand. - The black one? My left hand. - That's your left hand. - Sorry, the other wire! The red one? - Yes, the red one in my right hand. - Just checking. I like her. Hold this for me, will you? Shit! Dammit! Get up there! That's right. Prick! Shit! Son of a bitch! Got it! Do it! Do it! Shit! Pull up! Pull up! Delaying! Delaying! Pull up! Pull up! I'm trying, I'm trying! Delaying! Delaying! I can not find anything. I think we're looking in the wrong place. Signature's everywhere. This is the perfect place to hide it. That's the point. I know Lane. If we're looking here... It's because he wants us to. I'm heading to village. - Just wait for me. Alright? Ilsa, I think I found something. Cut this wire, right here. Turn that screw counterclockwise very slowly. So... How's he? Well, you know. Same old Ethan. Jesus! Shit! No, no, no! Benji, I see Lane now. What?! Where? - He's in a house at the enter to the village. Alright. Just wait for me. OK? Ilsa, wait for me! No! Nuclear bomb. Dammit! Benji, I found the other bomb. Ilsa, where are you?! - I'm in a house... Hey! What the hell are you doing?! You're out of your mind! I don't know what's down there! Pull up! Pull up! This crazy son of a bitch is trying to ram us! Go! Yes! Benji, come in. We're almost at the fuse. We need to find that other bomb, now! Did you say other bomb? - Benji, do you read me? I'm working on it! Ilsa, where are you?! He can't stop it. Understand? There's nothing he can do. When the clock runs out Ethan Hunt will loose everything... And everyone... ..he ever cared about. Ilsa, Ilsa! - Benji! Benji! - Ilsa, where are you?! You don't want to see this. Benji! Ilsa? - Benji! Benji, release me! No,

no! Benji! No, no, no! Stay with me! Stay with me! No! Not when I'm this close. Not when I'm this close! Come on! Come on! Yes! Thank you. Tie him up. Why won't you just die? There's nothing else you can do. Go be with your husband. Luther... Go. Benji, where are you? OK, Luther, we're inside. Tell us what to do. You should keep the red wire attached to the motherboard. - Yeah. You need to cut that and the green wire next to it simultaneously. OK. Ready? Set? Cut. I told you it can't be stopped. There's nothing you can do. Benji, listen. Turn the screw counterclockwise. - Yup. Remove that panel and you'll see the power and ground wires for the fuse. - Got it. When the time comes cut the green wire. Do not cut it yet! - OK, we copy. Ethan, if you can hear me, we're ready to make the cut. Ethan, come in! Benji, how do we know if he's got the key? He'll get it. - Yeah, but how do we know? - He'll get it done! We're out of time! We just have to hope he has it! OK. We're ready. - Two seconds we cut! Wait, wait! Why two? Why not one? - You want to cut it that close? Well, it's the second we'll never get back! Wait! Can we make a decision on this?! - Alright! We'll do it on one! Cutting on one? - Yes, one! Alright, stand by. 3, 2, 1, now! OK. My man. Ethan? Can you hear me? No, don't, don't. Don't try to move. Don't move. You're pretty banged up. You're a lucky man. It's a miracle that crash didn't kill you Dr. Thorn. If your friend didn't find you an hour later you would've died from exposure. My friend? - Yeah. She got here not long after you left. Right in front of half the Indian army. Can you give us just a few minutes, please? See you later, doc. Julia, I'm sorry. There's no reason to be sorry. - No. I'm sorry... ...for everything. I... Look at me. Look at me. Look at my life. I love what I do and I never would've found this if I hadn't met you. Everything that happened... ...though me a way and showed me what I'm capable of and I... I'm a survivor. But what happened here... It was my... - Nothing happened. Because you were here. And I sleep soundly at night knowing you always will be. You're happy? Very. I'm exactly where I should be. And so are you. Per your request. I'm handing Solomon Lane back to MI6. Through a broker, of course. Part of our ongoing arrangement. After what happened in Paris we prefer to keep a low profile. And that closes your friends account with British intelligence. The ribs. Watch the ribs. I understand now why Hunley believed in you. The world needs the IMF. We need people like you. Who care about the one life as much as they care about the millions. That way I never have to. You're OK? You've never looked better. - Dont! How close were we? The usual. Usual? Please, don't make me lough.