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Dead Zone Production Corp.

THE DEAD ZONE

"THE HUNT" *
(f.k.a. "The Hunt for Osama") *

Production #2012

Story by

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THE DEAD ZONE

"THE HUNT FOR OSAMA"

CAST

JOHNNY SMITH

HARRIET STONE

BRUCE LEWIS (VOICE)

COLONEL BURT HALSEY

FRANK RUSSELL

MAJOR REG GRANOWITZ

NON-SPEAKING

SYLVIA

GOVT. REMOTE VIEWING STAFF

MONTY

HAZMAT WORKERS

TECHNICIANS

UNIFORMED WORKERS

TECHNICIAN #1

*

MILITARY PERSONNEL

CIVILIAN PERSONNEL

PAKISTAN VENDOR

TORA BORA CAVE MEN

DOCTOR

AL QAEDA/TALIBAN FIGHTERS

YOUNG DEAD MAN

BEARDED MAN/SUNGLASSES

PAKISTANI MARKET STREET PEOPLE

AL QAEDA/TALIBAN FIGHTERS

MERCHANTS & VENDORS

BEARDED TRIBAL MEN

DEPUTY SEC. OF DEFENSE

MEN IN WESTERN CLOTHES

WOMEN IN BLACK CHODARS

SENATOR

BOY ON BICYCLE

GENERAL LASSITER

DELTA TEAM

RODRIGUEZ

FINSTER

MEDIC

N.D. TEAM MEMBERS

GRIMES

SERGEANT

RADIO VOICES:

COMMAND RADIO VOICE

LANDING SIGNALS OFFICER

AIR BOSS

THE DEAD ZONE

"THE HUNT FOR OSAMA"

SETS

INTERIORS

SMITH HOUSE
LIVING ROOM
DINING ROOM

GOVT. REMOTE VIEWING UNIT
JANITOR'S CLOSET
CORRIDOR
WAR ROOM
TANK
BREAK ROOM
RESIDENCE ROOM

TORA BORA CAVE

PAKISTAN MARKET STREET
SAFE HOUSE

U.S. AIR BASE, AFGHANISTAN
BRIEFING AREA

MC-130 DROP PLANE

EXTERIORS

SMITH HOUSE

HIGHWAY

INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX (IN VERMONT)
GOVT. REMOTE VIEWING UNIT

PAKISTAN MARKET STREET

MC-130 DROP PLANE (STOCK)

USS ENTERPRISE (STOCK)

U.S. AIR BASE, NORTH OF KABUL
AFGHANISTAN

VEHICLES

TRUCKS & VANS (ASBESTOS REMOVAL CO.)

MISC. VEHICLES IN PAKISTAN

A PANEL VAN

THE DEAD ZONE

"THE HUNT FOR OSAMA"

TEASER

1 OVER BLACK WE READ: 1

"Following the events of 9/11, the United States Government has been using all available means to track down the perpetrators of this crime against the American people. This story, while fiction, is based on facts provided by sources close to the investigation. The U.S. government will neither confirm nor deny that similar events have actually occurred."

As the text fades, we hear a RECORDING of a man speaking in Arabic. The audio is staticky, the voice labored, as though the speaker is struggling with a respiratory or other ailment as he delivers his strident message.

And now the black of the screen is threaded with vertical white lines, the entire image pulsing in rhythm with the voice like some animated abstract painting, until we realize we are slowly pulling away from --

2 ECU ON A VOCAL WAVEFORM 2

as it snakes across a MONITOR SCREEN. A computerized VOICE VERIFICATION ANALYSIS is underway. As the man continues speaking, sections of the waveform are highlighted and isolated, while data relating to cadence, pitch, tone and volume is plotted in a color-coded TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP in an adjacent window: a 3D vocal signature taking shape. A percentage underneath the graphic ticks rapidly upward, stopping at 97.3 PERCENT.

Then the recording stops, the screen goes black and lines of TEXT start scrolling across: VOICE PRINT VERIFIED... SUBJECT ID CONFIRMED... SEARCHING MOST RECENT PHOTO...

...and a PHOTO OF OSAMA BIN LADEN fills the screen. A final text message flashes: STATUS: AT LARGE. And as we PUSH IN on the eyes of the world's most wanted terrorist until all we can see are FLICKERING PIXELS, we hear a telephone RING. Once. Twice. Then a machine answers.

3 EXT. SMITH HOUSE - DAY 3

The gate's shut, yellow hazard tape strung across. A sign warns: "Hazardous Material Removal in Progress."

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

JOHNNY (ANSWERING MACHINE)

Hey, sorry I can't pick up...

We CRANE UP, see TRUCKS and VANS from an asbestos removal firm parked by the front door.

JOHNNY (ANSWERING MACHINE)

...but I'm away for a few days
while some work's done on my house.

PUSHING IN CLOSER, finding a worker wearing a white HAZ-MAT SUIT and carrying a cardboard box as he enters --

4 INT. SMITH HOUSE - DAY (JOHNNY WARDROBE: DAY 1)

4

Following the man into the living room, which has been transformed, though not as we might expect. Furniture has been pushed aside or removed to make way for a mobile command center's worth of high-tech gear, including monitors and laptops displaying biomedical data, manned by more "asbestos workers" in hazmat suits.

Our guy sets his box down and opens it to reveal several STARBUCKS COFFEES. He brings two to a man and woman dressed in dark business suits, seated in front of a monitor whose screen we don't yet see.

The man is FRANK, 35, mild-looking with thoughtful eyes. He wears a radio headset with a small boom mic. He accepts the coffees, passes one to HARRIET, 30, attractive in a guarded, Jody Fosterish way. Frank speaks into his mic.

FRANK

Anything, John?

And now we REVEAL THE MONITOR SCREEN, which shows Johnny sitting alone in a pool of light, also wearing a headset. Electrodes are attached to his temples and run inside his shirt. His eyes are closed.

FRANK

John, can you hear me?

PUSHING IN as Johnny's eyes open. And in a sudden RUSHING SHOT, we FOLLOW THE VIDEO CABLE from the back of the monitor across the living room floor, under the closed door to the kitchen, under the closed door to the dining room, and up to a VIDEO CAMERA mounted on a tripod in --

5 INT. DINING ROOM

5

where Johnny is scrunching a brightly colored scarf, his

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

face showing his frustration.

JOHNNY

I hear you but I can't help you.

INTERCUTTING now with the living room as a technician observes Johnny's fluctuating bio readings and takes notes on a clipboard.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Like I said, it doesn't always work.

HARRIET

(sotto, annoyed)

Or as he should've said, "it never works."

Frank shoots her a look, then speaks patiently to Johnny.

FRANK

That's fine, John. Let's move on to the next item and retarget.

JOHNNY

Retarget. Right. Gonna retarget right now.

ON THE MONITOR, he picks up a ziplock containing a cigarette lighter, as Harriet again mutters her annoyance.

HARRIET

This is what we get for recruiting from the tabloids.

FRANK

(covers his mic)

Halsey wants "new blood." He thinks the program's at risk.

HARRIET

If anything's at risk, it's his job. And guess who's *not* going to save it?

She nods to the monitor, on which Johnny can be seen handling the lighter. Frank sighs, speaks into his mic.

FRANK

John, again, we just want you to describe the current location of the agent that lighter belongs to, and what he or she is doing there.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

FRANK (CONT'D)

Start with anything that comes to
mind.

JOHNNY

I'd love to, only nothing does.

FRANK

(to Harriet)

Maybe it's, you know, stage fright.

HARRIET

Or maybe it's, you know, a scam.
Either way, we're done.

She prepares to leave. Frank nods resignedly, turns back
to the monitor.

FRANK

John, I'm afraid this isn't working
out.

Johnny's frustrated as well.

JOHNNY

Sorry, I told you before we
started, I can't touch anything
and get a vision just because
someone's keeping score.

HARRIET

(rummaging in purse)

Car keys. Where did I leave my
damn...?

This time Johnny overhears, then sees a set of keys on
the dining table. He reaches to grab them...

JOHNNY

Someone looking for these?

...and on contact we RAMP TO HIS FACE.

CLOSE ANGLE ON A LAPTOP SCREEN as Johnny's bio readings
go nuts. The technician monitoring them looks toward
Frank, who turns back to his monitor, where Johnny is
clutching the keys tightly.

FRANK

John?

But Johnny's eyes seem to be staring right out of the
monitor at Harriet.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (3) 5

JOHNNY
Agent Stone, call 911 in
Connecticut, get an ambulance to
827 Franklin Street in Cos Cob.

HARRIET
That's my father's house.

JOHNNY
He's just had a heart attack.
Don't think, just call. Now.

And as Harriet finally fumbles for her cell...

5A INT. LIVING ROOM - TIME CUT 5A

A little while later. The workers are packing up equipment, moving out. Harriet closes her cell, turns to Frank and Johnny. She's still somewhat stunned and overwhelmed, as anyone would be in these circumstances.

HARRIET
The paramedics... They used a...
a lytic agent to open up his
coronary arteries. He's going to
be okay.

And off the looks between the three...

6 EXT. INDUSTRIAL FACILITY - DAY - ESTABLISHING 6

**TITLE: GOVERNMENT REMOTE VIEWING UNIT, MOUNT GARNET,
VERMONT**

HARRIET (V.O.)
Our military began using psychics
in so-called "remote viewing"
programs in the late 70s.

6A EXT. INDUSTRIAL FACILITY - DAY (JOHNNY WARDROBE: DAY 2) 6A

Harriet leads Johnny, who has a DUFFEL BAG over his shoulder, toward the building's entrance.

7 INT. GRVU - OUTER BUILDING - DAY 7

Harriet escorts a curious Johnny past uniformed workers, industrial machinery and some glassed-in factory offices.

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

HARRIET (V.O.)
Operations have included finding
hidden nuclear weapons, tracking
drug shipments, and, more...
generally, uncovering intelligence
that couldn't be obtained by more
conventional means.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2) 7

ANGLE - A DOOR LABELED "MAINTENANCE" SWINGS SLOWLY CLOSED

HARRIET (V.O.)

In 1995, however, the program was transferred to the CIA, which saw it as a potential embarrassment and shut it down. That, at least, is the official story.

8 INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET 8

Amidst mops and cleaning supplies, Harriet attaches a magnetic ID/DOOR CARD to Johnny's lapel, then holds her own card against a metal wall at the end of the closet.

HARRIET (V.O.)

Unofficially... well, let's just say that a program that no longer exists can no longer be an embarrassment...

ANGLE ON THE METAL "WALL"

as multiple locks retract and it slowly swings open, proving to be a thick, safe-like security door.

HARRIET (V.O.)

...if it were to exist. Which, of course, it doesn't.

9 INT. GRVU - INNER BUILDING - CORRIDOR 9

A simple beige corridor punctuated by doors with swipe card locks. There are no windows in this facility, so we'll mostly dispense with designating night and day. Harriet and Johnny walk along, passing other personnel, some in military uniform, most frumpily dressed civilians.

JOHNNY

No phone booth. I was hoping for a phone booth. And maybe a Cone of Silence.

HARRIET

We've heard all the jokes, but if you actually come up with something new, by all means share.

JOHNNY

No windows, either, I see.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

HARRIET

The inner building is completely self-contained. Separate power grid and com lines. We need them.

She stops at a door with a FLASHING RED LIGHT above it and swipes her ID card, as a Security Officer takes Johnny's duffel.

10 INT. GRVU - WAR ROOM

10

Harriet and Johnny step into a large facility that's a cross between Mission Control and the control room of a recording studio. It's dominated by a TRIPTYCH OF HUGE PLASMA SCREENS currently showing a mix of SATELLITE IMAGES and data. Rows of consoles and computers are staffed by a mix of military and civilian personnel, while a large window overlooks another space containing a big grey cube: a "room-within-the-room" that's suspended over a pool of water, accessed by metal catwalks.

As Johnny reacts...

HARRIET

Welcome to the War.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

11 INT. WAR ROOM - CLOSE ON A TABLOID NEWSPAPER 11

Showing Johnny next to Bigfoot, with the headline: "Johnny Sez Bigfoot Lives." The paper lowers to reveal Johnny and Harriet moving into the room. We're watching with two technicians seated at consoles. TECHNICIAN #1 sets the tab down, observes wryly...

TECHNICIAN #1

Elvis has entered the building.

MOVING NOW with Harriet and Johnny as other skeptical looks are aimed his way.

HARRIET

We call this the War Room, but it's really just an information way station. All the intelligence developed here is sent on to the Pentagon and CIA, where, if it's deemed actionable, it's relayed to forward military bases, carriers supporting long-range recon and strike teams.

Johnny reacts to the grey cube, raises an eyebrow...

JOHNNY

What is it?

HARRIET

The Tank. Built with active audio-screening materials, suspended to prevent any intercept of vibrations that might result from voices, machinery or electronic media.

(dry)

Our "Cone of Silence."

JOHNNY

Who's in there now?

HARRIET

Major Granowitz, our senior viewer.

And now she indicates a trim man in an army uniform (COLONEL HALSEY, 50s) standing behind an OPERATOR'S STATION manned by Frank, the other agent from the Teaser. Both watch an ARRAY OF FLAT PANEL MONITORS.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

HARRIET

And that's Colonel Halsey, our
C.O. He won't mind if we observe.

And as she leads Johnny closer...

FAVORING THE MONITORS

The largest one shows a high angle view of GRANOWITZ, 40, dark, shadowed eyes; ex-Special Forces, now a different type of warrior. The interior of the Tank is furnished with just a small desk and an ergonomic chair. There's a DRAWING PAD on the table, and a SECOND MONITOR is focused on it as Granowitz SKETCHES the interior of a well-buttressed mine-like tunnel that's filled with crates of rifles, mortar and RPG rounds, and other military hardware. Granowitz's voice comes through a speaker.

GRANOWITZ (MONITOR)

I'm moving through one of the
outer tunnels. It's cooler here.
Some sort of forced ventilation.
Hmm. I'm tasting metal. Steel,
no trace of rust oxides. They
must've reinforced the walls with
new girders since my last session.
Construction here seems much more
sophisticated than Tora Bora.
You could drop thousand pounders
on this place all day and barely
rattle their teacups.

FRANK

What about a tactical nuclear
device?

But Halsey, who's been listening with mounting impatience,
leans over him and punches an intercom button.

HALSEY

What about the target, Reg?

GRANOWITZ (MONITOR)

Sorry, I'm not sensing him right
now. They could've moved him,
maybe to a new part of the complex
I haven't discovered yet.

HALSEY

(under his breath)
We're spinning our wheels.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

FRANK

Sir?

Halsey indicates the "Viewscreen," which shows overlapping SATELLITE IMAGES of a region of Iran bordering Afghanistan.

HALSEY

Sixty-eight hours of satellite time, and imagery analysis can't come up with a shred of corroboration. We let him keep this up, he'll bust our budget for the entire op.

A cutaway to the monitor shows Granowitz looking up at the camera, annoyed. Neither Halsey nor Frank notice.

FRANK

But what if he's still right about the target? If the Mujahideen-i-Kalq are sheltering him...?

HALSEY

They're *arms* smugglers. They wouldn't want the heat. Anyway, there's no other intel supporting his Iran theory.

GRANOWITZ

(on monitor, pissed)
Hey, you guys wanna have a private talk, maybe you should turn off the goddamn intercom first.

HALSEY

For Chrissakes, Frank.

He punches it off, as we cut away to the two technicians seen earlier, who roll their eyes. Halsey rubs his brow, clearly under pressure.

HALSEY

This is no good. I've got the Three Blind Mice coming in to review the entire program. If I can't show them some progress...

That worry hangs in the air as his anxious eyes find Johnny, then narrow. He turns to Frank, indicates Granowitz on the monitor

HALSEY

Tell Reg that he's, uh, *earned* a rest, take him out of the rotation.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

HALSEY (CONT'D)
(eyeing Johnny)
I think maybe it's time for a new
perspective.

He moves to Johnny and Harriet while Frank talks to
Granowitz MOS in the b.g. Harriet makes intros.

HARRIET
John Smith, Colonel Burt Halsey.

JOHNNY
Colonel.

Halsey doesn't offer his hand, eyes Johnny appraisingly.

HALSEY
You're a psychometric, right?
Touch-enabled cognitive episodes --
"visions" -- with full-spectrum
real-time feedback.

During which, through the observation window we see a
technician roll a set of STEPS ON WHEELS up to the Tank,
then unlock a door to let Granowitz out.

JOHNNY
Don't think I've ever heard it
put quite that way before.

HALSEY
We like to think we trade in
science here, Mister Smith...
(softening)
...though I guess you also could
say I'm something of an enthusiast.
Even been rated with some psychic
ability of my own. Nothing in
your league of course.

Granowitz enters from the outer room, eyes them both coolly
as he accepts a water bottle from a technician. Halsey
barely glances at him...

HALSEY
Your last encounter with the
Agency, that Grissom business,
may've irritated a few of my
colleagues...
(that said with a nod
to Harriet)
...but it sure impressed the hell
out of me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (4)

11

HALSEY (CONT'D)

Now I know you're not familiar with our protocols, but I'm betting if we work together, we can achieve some remarkable results.

Granowitz just shakes his head wearily and exits.

JOHNNY

I'll do my best, sir. It might help if I had a better idea of what exactly I'm here to do.

HALSEY

Actually, that would be a *bad* idea. We call it "front loading."

HARRIET

(explaining)

If we tell you too much in advance, it could skew the results of your sessions.

Halsey steps closer to Johnny.

HALSEY

Bottom line: You're here because you want to make a difference, help your country win this war, am I right son?

A beat as Johnny considers how to answer this, but in the end he just nods an acknowledgment.

HALSEY

Good. Then you do your job, and let us do ours. That's the Army way.

(indicates the Tank)

So what do you say? Ready to get your feet wet?

And as Johnny turns to eye the Tank, looming behind the glass like some forbidding alien artifact...

12 INT. TANK

12

CLOSE ON SEVERAL WALL MOUNTED VIDEO CAMERAS, as they swivel slightly, their lenses zooming and focusing, like sentient antennae. Moving to reveal Johnny seated, adjusting his headset as a technician sets TWO SEALED BINS of items by the desk. Another hands him a COMPUTER TABLET and ELECTRONIC DRAWING PEN.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 12

JOHNNY
What are these for?

13 INTERCUT: INT. WAR ROOM 13

Harriet now at the operator's console, Johnny on her screens, Halsey standing behind her.

HARRIET
Some remote viewers find drawing helps focus their impressions.

JOHNNY
I'm not much of an artist. I try drawing a horse, it ends up looking like a beagle.

HARRIET
Then don't focus on it. Let a different part of your mind take over, almost as if you're doodling.

JOHNNY
Doodling. With my Dead Zone.

In the Tank, the last technician exits and locks the door. Johnny shifts nervously.

HARRIET
Just consider this a chance to get acquainted with our process. The first set of items are intended to ground you in the general theater we're targeting. Begin when you're ready.

Johnny takes a deep breath, then opens the first bin. There are a bunch of items inside, all the detritus of war. Among them: a SHARD OF BURNED METAL; DOG TAGS; BUSTED NIGHT VISION GOGGLES, etc.

As he touches these things, we INTERCUT A SERIES OF FLASHES, all DIGITALLY MANIPULATED STOCK IMAGES from the war in Afghanistan. Images familiar to us but experienced by Johnny in his own unique way. He handles them and reacts, almost as though identifying cue cards, starting with the metal shard which sparks --

14 *FLASH: NOSE-CAMERA POV OF A SMART BOMB AS IT HOMES IN ON AND DESTROYS A GROUND TARGET IN A SERIES OF JUMP CUTS.* 14

JOHNNY
(setting it down)
This is from a bomb. A "smart
bomb," I guess.

HARRIET
Don't guess John. Just tell us
what you see, and let us interpret.

Johnny nods, picks up the dog tags, and sees --

14A *FLASH: U.S. SOLDIERS DISEMBARKING FROM A TRANSPORT PLANE* 14A

JOHNNY
Soldiers... U.S. soldiers...
getting off a transport plane.

He picks up the goggles and sees --

14B *FLASH: A SOUPY GREEN NIGHT VISION POV OF A FIRE FIGHT* 14B

JOHNNY
A fire fight...
(re: goggles)
...seen through these.

15 RESUME INTERCUT: INT. WAR ROOM & INT. TANK 15

Halsey's excited; his hunch seems to be paying off. He
turns to Harriet.

HALSEY
Enough warm-up. Cut to the chase.

Harriet nods, then speaks into her headset.

HARRIET
John. I want you to open the
next container.

Johnny does. There's just one item inside, a torn and
begrimed CAFTAN with a distinctive PATTERN. As he touches
it... BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The Tank shakes as if it's
being depth-charged. RAMP TO HIS FACE.

16 *INT. TORA BORA CAVE - VISION* 16

Johnny plunged into a scene of chaos, watching Al Qaeda

16 CONTINUED: 16

and Taliban fighters trying to evacuate. We HEAR shouting in a mix of Arab languages (predominantly Arabic and Pashtu, and note that no fighters will actually be seen shouting on-camera; the dialogue will be dubbed over a general hubbub of panic) as one-ton bombs rock the chamber. Debris rains down, fluorescents flicker and swing... illuminating a MAN partly buried by rubble at Johnny's feet.

17 JOHNNY IN THE TANK 17

eyes closed as he grips the garment tighter with one hand and, almost unconsciously, starts to draw with the other. (NOTE: the tablet doesn't show what he draws; instead we will see the result on a monitor in the War Room.) Tentatively at first, but soon it will seem as though his drawing hand indeed has a mind of its own. And as he draws...

JOHNNY

I'm in a cave. It's being bombed.

17A INT. CAVE 17A

fighters rush past him carrying equipment and supporting wounded comrades.

JOHNNY

There are soldiers... Arab soldiers... evacuating.

18 INT. WAR ROOM 18

Some of the technicians are beginning to show interest as well while Halsey continues to watch the monitors, including one that shows Johnny's drawing-in-progress, images beginning to take shape within the welter of lines.

HALSEY

I'll be goddamned. Right out of the box.

19 INT. CAVE 19

A couple of men now rush toward the man in the rubble.

JOHNNY

Now they're helping another man who's buried under the debris.

The men clear away debris, revealing part of that distinctive clothing pattern...

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

JOHNNY
He's wearing the same clothing.

20 INT. WAR ROOM 20

Halsey rests a hand on the back of Harriet's chair, growing more excited.

HARRIET
Is he alive?

20A INT. TANK 20A

Johnny's pen steps up the pace, scratching quick jagged strokes across the surface of the tablet, like the needle of an old-fashioned polygraph machine.

21 INT. CAVE 21

a would-be rescuer checks the pulse in the buried man's wrist, shakes his head at his companion.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
No.

22 INT. WAR ROOM 22

the technicians are perking up too, wondering if Johnny's about to confirm that this man is who they think he is. Halsey punches the intercom.

HALSEY
John, can you describe him?

23 INT. CAVE 23

And now under the flickering lights, we see Johnny crouching beside the dead man, whose face has been exposed. It's a young Arab fighter with a wispy beard.

JOHNNY
He's just a kid. Barely out of his teens.

24 INT. WAR ROOM 24

Startled reactions.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 24

HALSEY
Are you positive?

25 INT. CAVE 25

JOHNNY
I'm looking right at him.

26 INT. WAR ROOM 26

Surprise yields to disappointment. Halsey makes a gesture to Harriet to wrap it up.

HARRIET
Okay, John. That's all for today.

27 INT. CAVE 27

But now, a scrum of fighters clustered tightly around another man they're shielding rush toward Johnny. A BEARDED MAN wearing FLASHY GOLD AVIATOR GLASSES leads the pack, shouting in Arabic to clear a path.

BEARDED MAN
(Arabic)
*Out of the way, out of the way!
Hurry! Hurry! Go! Go! Go!*

And as Johnny rises from his crouch, starts to repeat the same words...

28 INT. WAR ROOM (INT. TANK ON MONITOR) 28

...We hear them coming from his TRANCED IMAGE ON A MONITOR.

JOHNNY (MONITOR)
(Arabic)
*Out of the way, out of the way!
Hurry! Hurry! Go! Go! Go!*

Halsey turns, surprised. He thought they were done.

HALSEY
What the hell?

HARRIET
John...?

29 INT. CAVE 29

Johnny is now watching the scrum rush past. *In their midst he glimpses a TALL MAN IN A WHITE TURBAN-LIKE SAUDI "GUTRA" (i.e., Osama's hat).*

JOHNNY

There's a bunch of fighters trying to evacuate someone... he's tall... can't see his face but he's wearing some kind of white headgear.

30 INT. WAR ROOM 30

And now everyone in the WAR ROOM is riveted, technicians looking up from their monitors, murmuring to each other.

HALSEY

Keep it down, people. We are working here.

31 INT. CAVE 31

...as another massive bomb rocks the cave. Some of the men stumble and the Bearded Man loses his glasses. The others rush on ahead as he stoops to pick them up. But they're broken. He leaves them and rushes on, but not before giving Johnny a good look at his face.

And then another bomb hits. Johnny looks up as THE ENTIRE CEILING COMES CRASHING DOWN, OUR WORLD AND HIS GOING BLACK.

32 INT. TANK 32

Johnny comes out of the vision, collects himself, then reacts to the pen still clutched tightly in his hand. And off this...

33 INT. WAR ROOM - ON THE TRIPTYCH VIEWSCREEN 33

And now we see what his pen has wrought: images emerging from a tangled welter of dark lines, as though rising up from a dark well: the face of the dead young fighter, the scrum of fighters, the man with the glasses. This last face is isolated and overlaid with a grid of lines and graphics.

TILTING DOWN to see a FACIAL COMPOSITE -- a nearly photographic "police sketch" -- taking shape on a smaller eye-level screen, a technician working the console, then panning to the original drawing in Halsey's hands.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

HALSEY

Still claim you're not an artist?

JOHNNY

I don't even remember picking up
my pen.

Johnny's handing Harriet his wireless headset and receiver,
unsettled by this strange new manifestation of his powers,
and by what those powers have just shown him.

HALSEY

There's been a persistent theory,
one you may've laid to rest, that
our target...

JOHNNY

Can we at least call him by his
name...?

HALSEY

...that our target died during
the Tora Bora campaign.

JOHNNY

Osama Bin Laden.

HALSEY

I'm afraid I can't confirm or
deny the target's identity.

He moves to another station, Johnny and Harriet trailing.

HARRIET

It's like we said, John, the less
you know, the less you'll be
influenced.

JOHNNY

Influenced by what?

HARRIET

Media images, popular beliefs,
even your own preconceptions.

JOHNNY

Only my visions aren't subjective.

Harriet and Halsey exchange guarded looks.

JOHNNY

Look, I admit, there is one image
I can't get out of my head. Two
towers crashing down.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

But that image is why I'm here,
it's why we're all here. That
image and how it makes us feel.

(beat)

I want to find that bastard as
much as anyone. I just want to
be clear that's what I'm doing.

Halsey eyes him for a beat, then smiles wistfully.

HALSEY

Clarity. What we all wouldn't
give for a little clarity.

(hands him his pad)

You've had a big first day, John.
Settle in, and we'll get back to
it tomorrow.

Halsey heads off. Johnny looks after him, but Harriet
start to steer him toward the door.

HARRIET

This way, John.

They pass the two technicians we saw when we entered.

TECHNICIAN #1

Elvis has left the building.

But some of the derision is gone from his tone as he turns
back to his work: reviewing TIME-CODED VIDEO of Johnny
in the Tank.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

34 OMITTED 34

35 INT. GRVU - BREAK ROOM 35

Still no windows but it's a much warmer space than the war room, designed as an off-hours retreat for the remote viewers. PLANTS flourish under GROW LAMPS. There are comfy chairs, books, board games, and a FOOSBALL TABLE.

There are three people inside: Granowitz, who's misting the plants; SYLVIA, late 40s, seated at a CONFERENCE TABLE laying out Tarot cards; and an older, courtly gentleman named MONTY, late 60s, who sits across from her smoking a PIPE as he daubs paint on a tiny intricately carved bird.

Granowitz looks up, sensing something.

GRANOWITZ

Company.

A second later, the door clicks open.

HARRIET

Reg, Sylvia, Monty. Meet John Smith.

(no response; to John:)

You can wait here while I check on your room.

(about to exit)

Oh, and we have one very firm rule: no comparing notes on current ops.

She shuts the door, leaving Johnny feeling like the new kid at school. He nods to Granowitz...

JOHNNY

Hey.

...and is ignored. Johnny sighs and goes to a COFFEE STATION, then picks up a MUG with a slogan on it.

INSERT - MUG

as Johnny turns it to read: WHEN THE GOING GETS WEIRD, THE WEIRD TURN PRO. He smiles in recognition, turns to display the mug.

JOHNNY

So who's the Hunter Thompson fan?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Sylvia finally looks up, eyes him appraisingly.

SYLVIA

Guilty as charged. I take it you approve of the maestro's work?

JOHNNY

(nods)

"Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas."
"Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail." Fear and loathing, in general.

SYLVIA

In that case, welcome to the asylum. And, since you've got my mug, why don't you fill it up? No decaf, no milk, no sugar, no apologies.

Her wry tone is uniquely hers, but all three viewers share the jaded weariness of war vets. Johnny comes over with two coffees, noticing her Tarot cards.

SYLVIA

Just a hobby I picked up.
(sing-song)
Oh Mon-tey, we have a guest.

MONTY

(immersed in his work)

Mmm.

JOHNNY

(re: bird)

Amazing detail.

He notices the thick-lensed glasses hanging from a cord around Monty's neck.

JOHNNY

But wouldn't it help to wear those?

MONTY

I only need them in the Tank. Sometimes I have trouble reading signs or making out faces. During my viewing sessions, I mean.
(smiles)

Guess you could say I've got lousy "remote" vision.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

SYLVIA

Pick a card. Let Madame Sylvia
read your fortune.

Johnny picks one, but instead of releasing it, she holds
on tightly, staring intently into his eyes, speaking as
if from a trance.

SYLVIA

The weight. So much weight.
Like you're carrying the world on
your shoulders. Like you've got
to save us, all of us.

Johnny abruptly lets go. Sylvia exhales and smiles, taps
her head...

SYLVIA

"Limited empathic ability." Just
enough to help in this line of
work, and make family reunions
particularly hellish.

JOHNNY

I'm impressed.

GRANOWITZ

No you're not. And neither are
we.

JOHNNY

Look, Reg right? I'm not sure
what I've done to offend you but --

GRANOWITZ

Ted Williams.

JOHNNY

I'm sorry?

GRANOWITZ

You're the kid with the hot bat
they've brought up from the minors
to "save the team." So tell us,
"John," what's your average?
(off Johnny's confusion)
How often are your "visions" on
the money?

MONTY

Or "on target," to use the local
parlance.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3)

35

JOHNNY

They don't always show me the whole truth, at least not right away, but they've never lied.

GRANOWITZ

"Never?" Even Williams only hit .406 in his best year.

He turns back to his plants, shaking his head. The door opens and Harriet pops her head back in.

HARRIET

Sylvia, they're ready for you. John, you're with me.

JOHNNY

Well, it's been... great meeting everyone.

Sylvia stands, indicates the deck of Tarot cards.

SYLVIA

Care to cut it?

Johnny does. She turns over the top card. It bears the name "The Star," a card that needs little explanation.

SYLVIA

Enjoy your fifteen minutes, cowboy.

ON JOHNNY'S FACE as she heads to the door, we pre-lap...

HARRIET (V.O.)

Be it ever so humble.

36 INT. GRVU - RESIDENCE ROOM

36

Harriet is showing Johnny into what resembles a no-frills motel room. A bed, TV/VCR, door to a bathroom. Johnny's suitcase is already open on a stand.

JOHNNY

Like a motel room without windows.

HARRIET

(re: TV)

No satellite or cable, either, though you can borrow a movie downstairs. Halsey's fond of westerns.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

JOHNNY

Sounds about right. Phone?

HARRIET

("get real")

And don't bother trying your cell.
The facility's shielded.

(hands him a page)

Tomorrow's schedule. Breakfast
is at oh-six-hundred...

And as Johnny takes the SCHEDULE, we TIME CUT to him
sitting on the edge of the bed, alone now in the room.

HARRIET (V.O.)

Oh seven hundred, orientation.
Nine hundred, physical, followed
by a psychiatric evaluation...

Johnny lies back on the bed as her drone fades into the
sound of his answering machine.

JOHNNY (ANSWERING MACHINE)

Hey, it's Johnny. I took a little
spur-of-the-moment vacation, so
don't look for me for a while.

BRUCE (ANSWERING MACHINE)

Yo, man, what vacation? Where?
And why couldn't you take a brother
with you?

The voices bleeding into each other as Johnny closes his
eyes and as we begin a gradual PUSH IN on his face, we
INTERCUT a series of images...

36A PLASMA SCREEN - A SERIES OF FACES FLASHING IN SEQUENCE

36A

A computer program is searching a photo database for a
match to the composite of the Bearded Man. It finds one.
(WARDROBE NOTE: Johnny remains in Day 2 wardrobe in the
bedroom, but is in Day 3 Wardrobe in the Tank intercuts)

HARRIET (V.O.)

Good morning, John. We identified
the man you saw yesterday as a
mid-level Al Qaeda official...

36B JOHNNY'S POV AS HE WALKS THE METAL CATWALK TO THE TANK 36B

HARRIET (V.O.)
New targeting materials were
obtained to help you locate him.

36C INT. TANK - JOHNNY'S HANDS OPEN A BIN, REVEALING A 9MM PISTOL, A KAFFIYEH (HEAD SCARF), A KORAN... 36C

HALSEY (V.O.)
Find where he is now, and it may
lead us to our primary target.

JOHNNY'S HAND PAUSES OVER A PAIR OF BROKEN AVIATOR
GLASSES...

HALSEY (V.O.)
You've got the ball, son...

And by now in the residence, our push-in has brought us
tight on Johnny's closed eyes...

JOHNNY'S HAND PICKS UP THE BROKEN GLASSES

HALSEY (V.O.)
Let's see you run with it.

And now in the residence, Johnny's eyes POP OPEN, his
face ROTATES from supine to vertical, and he's in --

37 INT. TANK - THE NEXT DAY - MATCHING SHOT OF JOHNNY (DAY 3 WARDROBE) 37

Gripping the glasses as a final voice bleeds in: A MUEZZIN (mu'adh-dhin) calling people to prayer (in Arabic), the voice taking Johnny to --

38 EXT. PAKISTAN MARKET STREET - DAY 38

ANGLE ON A PAIR OF LOUDSPEAKERS mounted high on a wall, the Muezzin's voice coming from them. Camera RAPIDLY TILTS DOWN to...

A CLEAN-SHAVEN MAN IN NEW AVIATOR SUNGLASSES stepping out of a doorway (this is the formerly bearded man from the cave; we'll call him SUNGLASSES from now on).

39 INT. TANK - JOHNNY'S FREE HAND PICKS UP HIS DRAWING PEN 39

40 A WIDER POV FLASH OF A NARROW DIRT-COVERED MARKET STREET 40

Crowded with pedestrians. SUNGLASSES walks under a BANNER that says "LONG LIVE MULLAH OMAR AND OSAMA BIN LADEN" in Pashtu (which is written in a variant of Arabic).

- 41 INT. TANK - CLOSE ON JOHNNY'S PEN AS IT SCRATCHES ON THE 41
COMPUTER TABLET
- 42 INT. WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS 42
- THE SAME IMAGE of pedestrians under a banner rapidly taking shape on a monitor as we reveal Harriet in the operator's chair, Halsey leaning over her shoulder, both watching intently.
- HALSEY
Jesus H. Will you look at him
go.
- 43 INT. TANK - TIGHT ON JOHNNY'S FACE, EYES OPEN BUT 43
TRANCED, SOUND OF HIS PEN SKETCHING RAPIDLY
- 44 *INTERCUTTING THE MARKET STREET - MORE FLASHES 44*
- SUNGLASSES passes a woman in a blue burqua, glancing at her. She averts her eyes...*
- SUNGLASSES approaches a stall selling auto parts. The vendor smiles in recognition, takes out a box filled with different types of tubing. Sunglasses reflexively glances away toward...*
- HIS POV: a white curtain rustles in an upper-story window.*
- 45 INT. TANK - CLOSE ON JOHNNY'S HAND SKETCHING RAPIDLY 45
- 45A INT. WAR ROOM - ON MONITOR 45A
- Now showing the ENTIRE DRAWING: a master-shot view of the market street, lined with food and merchandise stalls, clogged with pedestrians. PUSHING IN on the drawing as we MATCH CUT TO...
- 46 *EXT. PAKISTAN MARKET STREET - DAY 46*
- The actual scene. We now find Johnny seated incongruously at his Tank desk in the middle of the teeming street, pedestrians moving by on either side like water sluicing around a rock in a stream.*
- Johnny stands, taking in the scene: Three to four-story buildings line both sides of the street, banners with Arabic slogans slung between them. A row of bazaar stalls sell foods, weapons, DVDs, computer chips, even ecstasy pills.*

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED:

46

*Older religious men in turbans walk by, shunning the
Western goods, while younger men haggle.*

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2) 46

The street is clogged with people, mostly young bearded tribesmen men in colorful robes and caps, some in western clothes. A few push bicycles, many carry Kalishnikovs, even young teens. Women walk in clusters, covered in blue burquas. A haze of dust and brick kiln smoke hangs over everything.

HARRIET (V.O.)

John...

47 INTERCUT: INT. WAR ROOM 47

Taking in the wider scene here too, technicians working busily, satellite images stitching together a collage of the Arab world on the big plasma screens.

HARRIET

Can you describe your location?

JOHNNY

It's a street... a market street in a town or city.

HARRIET

Landmarks?

JOHNNY

No. Nothing I can see anyway.

48 EXT. MARKET STREET 48

Johnny sees SUNGLASSES nearby at the auto parts stall. He crosses to him.

JOHNNY

But there's our man.

(following him)

He got new sunglasses and shaved his beard, but it's definitely him.

At the stall, Sunglasses is examining a length of FLEXIBLE TRANSPARENT TUBING while questioning the vendor in Pashtu. The man nods enthusiastically, affirming whatever he's being asked.

But now Johnny's distracted by a LOUD NOISE that almost sounds like gunfire. He looks to the other end of the market, where a man is having trouble with a MOPED that is backfiring.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

Johnny turns back to see that Sunglasses is gone. He moves into the crowd again, looking one way, then another. But there's no sign of him.

JOHNNY
Where'd he go?

Johnny stands in the center of the street, turning... and in a PIVOTING POV ANGLE, matching his turn, camera pans past a WINDOW... then double-takes back to it. A white drape rustles in a breeze, beckoning.

REVERSE ANGLE ON JOHNNY watching it... his eyes narrow...

49 INT. TANK 49

Johnny's concentrating intently, still gripping the broken glasses with one hand. We sense that this extended vision is taking a toll on him as his pen now repeatedly circles a point on the tablet.

49A INT. WAR ROOM - ON A MONITOR 49A

We see circles being drawn around the drawn image of the window.

50 *EXT. MARKET STREET - RESUME VISION - JOHNNY'S POV RUSHES TOWARD THE WINDOW* 50

51 INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY 51

A shadowy, apartment-like space, or maybe the upstairs of a private house. Johnny finds himself standing by a bearded man who's typing on a LAPTOP displaying an ARABIC CHAT ROOM. Another bearded man stands by the door. Both have AKs.

JOHNNY
I'm in some kind of apartment.

Someone knocks several times on the door in a pre-arranged signal. The man at the laptop stands, covering the door, while the other man cautiously unlocks it. The man with the sunglasses enters with a bag of food and supplies.

JOHNNY
'Sunglasses' just came in. There are two other men who look like guards.

52 INT. WAR ROOM

52

Halsey reacts to this, turns to Harriet.

HALSEY
Sounds like a safe house.

53 BACK IN THE SAFE HOUSE

53

a man's voice calls out harshly, and Johnny turns to see a fourth man -- severe-looking, clean-shaven, 40s, a STETHOSCOPE around his neck -- emerge from another room, shutting the door behind him. We'll call him the DOCTOR.

DOCTOR
(in Arabic)
Did you get what I asked for?

JOHNNY
A fourth man just came out of another room. He's wearing a stethoscope.

SUNGLASSES
(in Arabic)
Yes, I think so.

Sunglasses sets his bag down, removes the length of TUBING.

SUNGLASSES
(in Arabic)
It's meant for siphoning, but --

The Doctor just grabs it from him, then moves toward a bulky object that is covered by a blanket. He uncovers it, revealing a large, high-tech appliance (a DIALYSIS UNIT), then tries to fit the tubing into a port, cursing when it doesn't quite fit.

JOHNNY
They've got a big device of some kind. Sunglasses brought some plastic tubing that Stethoscope's trying to attach to it.

54 IN THE WAR ROOM

54

more interest at this.

HARRIET
Tubing? Try describing the device.

55 INT. TANK

55

we see Johnny's hand already sketching it.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
It's about chest high, a foot deep. Three rows of controls and an LED readout on the right side.

56 IN THE WAR ROOM 56

we see the drawing on a monitor. Halsey leans closer.

HALSEY
Jesus. If that's not a bomb,
then what the hell is it?

HARRIET
I've got an idea.

And as she accesses a CIA TECHNICAL DATABASE...

57 *BACK TO THE SAFE HOUSE* 57

where the Doctor is holding the ill-fitting tube, shouting angrily at Sunglasses. He exits into the other room, slamming the door. Johnny starts to follow, but stops in front of the door. It LOOMS in front of him like some impossible barrier, and as his hand stretches toward it, he reacts in pain.

58 IN THE TANK 58

Johnny's hurting, struggling to hang on...

59 *IN THE SAFE HOUSE* 59

the vision starts to BLUR and FADE.

JOHNNY
I'm losing it.

60 IN THE WAR ROOM 60

Halsey nods at Harriet.

HARRIET
It's okay, John. Let it go.

AND AS THE VISION FADES COMPLETELY AWAY...

61 *BACK TO JOHNNY IN THE TANK* 61

As he comes out of it, drained and hurting.

62 INT. WAR ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

62

Johnny enters with his pad, sees Halsey, Harriet and a few technicians clustered excitedly around a console.

HALSEY

John, is this the device you saw?

He indicates a monitor that shows Johnny's drawing of the appliance next to a photograph of very similar device, along with the manufacturer's specs.

JOHNNY

Looks just like it. What is it?

And Harriet takes a beat before answering.

HARRIET

A portable dialysis unit.

(off Johnny's look)

Our target is known to have a kidney disease.

Off which...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

63 OMITTED 63
THRU THRU
65 65

65A INT. TANK - CLOSE ANGLE (JOHNNY WARDROBE: DAY 4) 65A

JOHNNY'S HANDS open a container of targeting items, revealing the broken eyeglasses seen earlier. As he takes it in his hand, MATCH CUT TO --

66 EXT. MARKET STREET - DAY - A MERCHANT'S HANDS 66

hold out a LEATHER BANDOLEER, as we pull back to see him showing it to TWO ARMED TRIBESMAN. He speaks but it's as if he's lip-synching, because the voice we hear is Johnny's.

JOHNNY (V.O.)
(in rapid Pashtu)
Young sirs, I swear by Allah, the most merciful, you will not find finer workmanship anywhere.

67 INT. TANK - ON JOHNNY 67

as his stylus sketches invisible lines on the tablet as he meanwhile continues speaking in fluent Pashtu.

JOHNNY
(Pashtu)
Feel the suppleness of the leather...

67A MATCH CUTTING TO JOHNNY SPEAKING ON A MONITOR 67A

We glimpse a drawing of a portion of the vendor's stall on another monitor.

JOHNNY (MONITOR)
...the softness of the finish.
You can tell this is a quality item.

TECHNICIAN #1 (O.S.)
(overlapping)
It's definitely a Pashtu dialect.

Reveal we're --

68 INT. WAR ROOM

68

Harriet, wearing her radio headset, is standing next to Technician #1 as they watch Johnny on the monitors.

HARRIET

Show me where they speak it.

Technician #1 works and...

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: 68

NEW ANGLE INCLUDING THE VIEWSCREEN

as it RATCHETS IN and HIGHLIGHTS the eastern half of Afghanistan and northwestern Pakistan.

HARRIET

Eastern Afghanistan, pretty damn unlikely... northwestern Pakistan, more likely.

(to mic)

More details, John. Clothing, for example. What are the people wearing?

69 EXT. MARKET STREET - DAY (INTERCUTTING AS NEEDED) 69

A knot of women in blue burquas approach Johnny, straw shopping baskets in their arms.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Well, there seems to be a pretty strict dress code where the women are concerned. Most of them are wearing those things that, um, completely cover their --

HARRIET

Burquas?

JOHNNY

Yeah, there you go.

HARRIET

Any particular color or colors?

Johnny turns to watch the women go by.

JOHNNY

Blue.

70 INT. WAR ROOM - A MONITOR SHOWS A DATABASE FORM 70

Another technician, who's been following the conversation on headphones, types "Burqua" and "blue" in a section for women's clothing. A window then shows a woman in a blue burqua.

Pulling back to find Harriet standing beside him.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: 70

HARRIET
(to Johnny)
What about the men?

71 EXT. MARKET STREET 71

Johnny watches a group of men in tribal clothing.

JOHNNY
*A lot of long shirts and robes...
and these shawls. Red and green,
mostly, with patterned borders.*

72 INT. WAR ROOM 72

That rings a bell for Harriet, but she can't quite put her finger on it as she repeats --

HARRIET
Red and green... red and green...
red and green...

But Technician #1 is already accessing a database...

TECHNICIAN #1
Red and green embroidered cloth with margin patterns, a signature product of the Kaghan and Swat Valleys, sold in Peshawar and in village markets throughout --

HARRIET
(pleased)
Northwestern Pakistan, the tribal areas.

ANGLE ON THE VIEWSCREEN

as it ratchets in to highlight northwestern Pakistan, the confines of the search beginning to narrow as we find --

HARRIET (V.O.)
What about weapons, John?

73 EXT. MARKET STREET - DAY (INTERCUTTING) 73

Johnny eyes a knot of heavily armed men strolling by.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

JOHNNY
Aks, mostly...

He instinctively steps aside as a BOY ON A BICYCLE whizzes by, a rifle over his shoulder.

JOHNNY
...and if you're old enough to ride a bike, you're old enough to own a gun.

HARRIET
Barrels up or barrels down?
(off his look)
How they "wear" their weapons can help us distinguish one tribal clan from another.

JOHNNY
Barrels down... and they're also wearing bandoliers.

74 INT. WAR ROOM - HARRIET MOVING, CHECKING SCREENS

74

HARRIET
Good, but we're just starting.
We need to know everything about that street and the people on it.

75 EXT. MARKET STREET - DAY - SERIES OF ANGLES

75

A.) Johnny sits cross-legged on a blanket next to two men at a tea-stall, as a vendor fills their cups from a large brass SAMOVAR.

HARRIET (V.O.)
What they eat, what they drink

B.) Johnny watches a MONEY CHANGER swaps Afghan "Afghanis" for Pakistani Rupees.

HARRIET (V.O.)
The preferred currency.

C.) Johnny watches two Muslim men meet in the street and exchange a traditional greeting ("Assalaam alaikum" by the first man, then "Waalaikum Assalaam" by the second), as they shake hands then touch their hearts with their right hands.

HARRIET (V.O.)
How they greet each other.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: 75

D.) A man in western clothing and a turban cap talks on a cell phone.

HARRIET (V.O.)
Prevalence of technology.

E.) A Vendor haggles with a customer over the price of blackmarket DVDs.

HARRIET (V.O.)
Every bit of merchandise that's
for sale.

76 INT. TANK - JOHNNY SKETCHING ON THE PAD 76

eyes tranced, pen again moving as if on autopilot.

HARRIET (V.O.)
Each detail helps help us focus
the search...

77 INT. WAR ROOM 77

A JOHNNY DRAWING -- another vista of the teeming street -- on a monitor, as a Technician glances at it, his fingers meanwhile flying over a keyboard.

HARRIET
...gives us new data we can use...

A MODELING PROGRAM now turns the sketch of the market street into an architecturally precise 3-D MODEL, then PIVOTS IT and until it becomes an AERIAL VIEW.

HARRIET (V.O.)
...to bring us even closer.

HARRIET HANDS A PRINTOUT OF THE "AERIAL VIEW" TO HALSEY

He studies it, hands it back to her.

HALSEY
Get this to Central Command, I'll
authorize the recon. And get me
more satellite time.

78 EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - DAY (STOCK) 78

An F-14 lands, its tailhook grabbing an arresting wire.

TITLE: U.S.S. ENTERPRISE, INDIAN OCEAN

LANDING SIGNALS OFFICER (RADIO VOICE)
Bodhi's down, Bodhi's down.

AIR BOSS (RADIO VOICE)
Turn him around and prep his ship
for a TARPS run. Got a recon
request, highest priority.

79 OMITTED 79

80 BEGIN MONTAGE (STOCK EXCEPT AS INDICATED) 80

A march of images scored to an insistent DRUMBEAT.

A.) A KH-11 SATELLITE with an American flag on its hull reorients itself over the Gulf region.

B.) IN THE WAR ROOM, the VIEWSCREEN updates with new satellite telemetry of Pakistan's Frontier Province.

C.) TANK - Johnny holding the eyeglasses, rubbing his aching forehead.

D.) EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - An F-14 takes off (STOCK).

E.) INT. RESIDENCE ROOM - Johnny, exhausted, falls back on his bed. We sense not just hours but days are passing.

F.) TWO F-14s IN FLIGHT - SHOWING THE LARGE GREY TARPS (Tactical Airborne Reconnaissance Pod System) MODULES hooked to their bellies.

G.) INT. AIR BASE COMMAND CENTER - Photo telemetry being received and displayed on screens. Johnny's aerial view is displayed alongside a recon photo that's been divided into a grid. Grid squares are highlighted in sequence as the computer searches for a match.

H.) CLOSE ON A PHOTO PRINTER - A large PHOTO of a surveillance image slowly printing. DISSOLVE TO --

81 INT. TANK - CLOSE ON JOHNNY'S DESK (BEGIN DAY 5 WARDROBE) 81

Littered with drawings of the street, people, vendors, etc., then TILTING UP to an exhausted Johnny as the drumbeat music climaxes with a rapping on the door. Harriet enters and spreads the PHOTO on his desk. It's an aerial reconnaissance view of the market street, enlarged so we can see all the people, all seen from directly above.

HARRIET

Is this the street?

Off Johnny's stunned reaction...

TIME CUT TO:

82 INT. GRVU - WAR ROOM - STARTING CLOSE ON HALSEY 82

Reveal he's standing beside Johnny in front of the triptych Viewscreen, each panel of which is currently showing HEADSHOTS of three men: A DEPUTY SECRETARY OF DEFENSE, 50s, poker-faced and quietly imposing; the SENATOR, a John McCain, soft-spoken but strong type, he's a veteran with an understanding about the dangers of a mission like this, concerned about the men, more than a bit wary of Johnny and this psychic stuff, he's a thoughtful, practical man weighing the options, trying to believe that they have a chance here but needs to be convinced before he sends men out to risk their lives - there's no bravado here, it's more of thoughtful, intelligent man in a very unusual circumstance... and GENERAL LASSITER, 60s, a three-star Pentagon official. Harriet watches from the operator's console, still wearing her headset.

HALSEY

It's the strongest intel we've collected so far. If you've had a chance to review the materials we posted to the secure V.P.O....

GENERAL LASSITER

We have. Jesus, the Frontier Territories. It's the goddamn wild west up there.

SENATOR

And a very *dangerous* place for us to be sending these men. I want to know that you're confident....

HALSEY

I am.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

SENATOR

(sympathetic)

I know how much you believe in this program, Colonel. For the rest of us, it's not always so easy.

(squinting at Johnny)

Is this your new man?

JOHNNY

John Smith, Senator.

SENATOR

You think you've found our target, Mr. Smith?

JOHNNY

Sir, I've never been told exactly *who* the target --

SENATOR

(quietly)

We all know who it is. Did you find him or not?

JOHNNY

I never actually saw him, no. But --

HALSEY

(overlapping, quickly)

But he has seen known associates of the target, and medical evidence. His description of the village has been verified by satellite and aerial recon... and independent intelligence obtained from captured al Qaeda sources indicate the target has been seen in this region recently.

GENERAL LASSITER

(agreeing)

That's *actionable intelligence*, Senator.

DEPUTY SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

I agree. We act now or we risk losing him, like we did with the Predator incident last year, and I'm sure as hell not going to tell that to the President.

The Senator nods, it's pretty convincing...

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2)

82

he measures Johnny...

SENATOR

The independent intelligence does seem to support you, Mr. Smith... hard as it is to believe...

(long beat)

You ever served?

JOHNNY

No, sir.

SENATOR

(soft-spoken, underplayed, with compassion for the men)

Well, I did. Long time ago. But some things never change.

And as he continues, we begin pushing in on Johnny...

SENATOR

You see right now there's this bunch of guys... they're well trained, the best of our best, but they're pretty nervous. Not that they show it...

82A OMITTED

82A

82B MORE INTERCUT FLASHES - A DELTA OPERATOR NAMED FINSTER FITS A GRENADE LAUNCHER ONTO HIS CUSTOM ASSAULT RIFLE... OTHER OPERATORS IN CHAIRS WAITING

82B

SENATOR

...but that's the way it is before a mission.

(beat)

We're sending them on that mission, Mister Smith. So that makes their lives our responsibility...

(beat)

Yours and mine.

And finally off Johnny, reacting to this, feeling the mammoth pressure of that responsibility...

83 EXT. U.S. AIR BASE - DAY - ESTABLISHING (STOCK) 83

SENATOR (V.O.)
I vote to authorize. Operation
Prime Target is a go.

84 INT. AIR BASE - BRIEFING AREA 84

ON A DELTA FORCE SERGEANT, as he leans over a MISSION MAP
and the AERIAL SHOT OF THE MARKET STREET with SEVEN DELTA
OPERATORS, including Finster and a hulking southerner
named GRIMES, the knife thrower.

84 CONTINUED:

84

SERGEANT

We HALO drop to a point three clicks north of the target area, switch to indigenous costume, then obtain local transport --

FINSTER

This another recon, Sarge?

SERGEANT

Snatch and grab. Army'd hate for you to get bored, Finster.

GRIMES

Who's the target?

SERGEANT

Hang on, Grimes. Insert time is zero-five-hundred.

FINSTER

You mean we're goin' into that friggin' town in the *daytime*?

SERGEANT

Dawn. There's a time issue.

GRIMES

(patient but insistent)
Who's the target?

SERGEANT

Well, there is a rumor I'm not at liberty to discuss... but we'll get our final orders on the drop plane.

As he exits, he pauses at the dartboard, lets out a low whistle, then pulls out the knife. Off the torn picture of Osama, as we hear the men gathering their gear...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

85 INT. DROP PLANE - CLOSE ANGLES OF DELTA OPERATORS 85

IN A DARKNESS STROBED BY A FLASHING RED LIGHT as they adjust parachute STRAPS, check WEAPONS and OXYGEN GEAR. We glimpse shadowed faces, some tense, others almost meditative. And INTERCUT with these faces --

86 CLOSE UP ON JOHNNY'S FACE, RESTLESS IN SLEEP 86

and maybe a hint of a gentle red strobing as we CUT TO --

87 ECU ON A FLASHING RED DROP LIGHT 87

As it turns solid GREEN and an ALARM sounds.

88 EXT. HIGH ATMOSPHERE - MC-130 DROP PLANE - NIGHT (STOCK) 88

Deltas in HALO (High Altitude Low Opening) rigs leap out of the plane's rear hatch and freefall into darkness.

89 POV ANGLE - FALLING THROUGH DARKNESS... DISSOLVING TO... 89

90 INT. GRVU - RESIDENCE UNIT - OVERHEAD ANGLE 90

as the camera seems to arrest its fall just over Johnny's bed. He's in sweat pants and T-shirt, lying on his back, unable to sleep. Around the darkened room we can make out discarded clothes, briefing papers and notebooks: evidence of days and nights spent inside the facility.

91 INT. BREAK ROOM - ANGLE ON THE FOOSBALL TABLE (DAY 6 WARDROBE) 91

As one row of wooden men deftly pass the ball past an opposing row of players, then field it again. Reveal Sylvia on one side versus Granowitz and Monty on the other. But now she follows Granowitz's look and sees Johnny approaching, dark circles under his eyes and his PAD of sketches under his arm.

SYLVIA

Well if it isn't our bright,
shining star.

JOHNNY

Couldn't sleep.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

MONTY

No one does before a major op.

SYLVIA

(nods to the door)

All that emotion... I'm afraid to even walk around out there.

JOHNNY

So nothing's happened yet?

MONTY

Don't worry. When it does, you'll hear about it.

Johnny is morose; he sits, his mind working... the others know what he's feeling, they've been there before...

GRANOWITZ

The first time is tough.

Johnny looks at him, and Granowitz has put the wise-ass attitude aside... seeing how badly the rookie needs support...

GRANOWITZ

You get used to it.

JOHNNY

I hope I never do.

MONTY

Every officer feels the same way when he sends men into combat. At least, the good ones do.

JOHNNY

I'm not an officer.

He stands... mind working...

JOHNNY (Cont'd)

Officers talk about 'actionable intelligence'... this operation is moving forward and I've never even seen the target... have you? Any of you?

He looks to the others for an answer.

SYLVIA

It's against the rules to compare notes.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (2)

91

JOHNNY

This mission is based on
circumstantial evidence and
assumptions...

(repeating softly,
for emphasis)

I've never seen the target.

(beat)

What if I'm wrong?

MONTY

We've all been wrong. If we'd
been right, you wouldn't be here.

JOHNNY

And I suppose the good officers
call the casualties "acceptable
losses"... until the next
"actionable intelligence"...

MONTY

(acknowledging)

And so it goes.

Johnny stares at the others...

JOHNNY

I've only had these abilities for
a year. It's still all too new
to me. You'll have to teach me
how to tune out the faces of the
kids who die... and their
parents... and even their future
lives that I've seen that they'll
never get to live... because of
my... 'actionable intelligence'.

(beat)

If comparing notes might save a
life or two or three or ten... on
both sides today... I say the
rules just don't matter so much.

GRANOWITZ

Let me see your sketches.

SYLVIA

What are you doing, Reg? We
can't...

GRANOWITZ

Or what - it'll go on our Permanent
Records? We're the Dream Team,
guys. We're all they've got.
Show me your sketches, John.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (3) 91

GRANOWITZ (CONT'D)

Monty, put on your glasses...

John reacts, pleased...

92 INT. CORRIDOR - CLOSE ON HARRIET 92

HARRIET

I don't want to hear this. It's a violation of every protocol that we...

GRANOWITZ

Screw protocol, Harriet.

JOHNNY

Monty, Reg, Sylvia, Me. No confirmed sightings of the target. Different locations, same props: locked rooms, medical equipment, recognizable al Qaeda figures, traceable cell phone transmissions...

GRANOWITZ

It's like we've all seen different productions of the same play.

HARRIET

That doesn't change the fact that the target may still be at the confirmed location...

JOHNNY

Or a decoy...?

HARRIET

Of course, we always consider...

JOHNNY

...designed to attract our surveillance.

HARRIET

You don't know that.

JOHNNY

Then let me try to find out before it's too late to stop this mission.

Off her reaction...

98 CONTINUED: 98

JOHNNY
*Explosives, everywhere... the
room is booby-trapped...*

99 INT. WAR ROOM 99

Harriet and Halsey are watching Johnny straining on the monitor. Halsey picks up a phone.

HALSEY
This is Colonel Halsey. Get me
Central Command, Bagram airfield.

100 EXT. PAKISTAN MARKET AREA - DAWN 100

And this is not a vision, it's reality, as a PANEL VAN navigates through mostly deserted narrow streets. (And we may cut in a STOCK shot of a vehicle driving down narrow streets in a similar setting.)

101 INT. PANEL VAN - DAY 101

Finster driving, the Sergeant riding shotgun, the rest of the team hiding in the back. They're dressed in native clothes...

102 EXT. PAKISTAN MARKET AREA - DAWN 102

as the truck stops at the end of a street that dead-ends by a rear entrance to the safe house. An Al Qaeda armed guard comes to investigate as the men get out and is quickly grabbed and knifed expertly and quietly... the team moves inside...

103 AND UP THE STAIRS - MOVING WITH THEM 103

Another Al Qaeda guard appears, shouts a warning to others O.S., and then is taken out by the Deltas' precise gunfire. He tumbles down the stairs as the Deltas charge up...

104 AND INTO THE SAFE HOUSE APARTMENT - FIRING AUTOMATIC WEAPONS - TAKING OUT TWO MORE AL QAEDA... 104

105 INT. BEDROOM - WITH JOHNNY 105

who can hear the assault outside...

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

JOHNNY
I can hear them... they're inside
the apartment...

We move back to the door, and then we CUT to him on the other side... he sees the Delta team checking for any hidden threats...

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2) 105

JOHNNY
Get them out of here!

106 INT. WAR ROOM - HARRIET 106

HARRIET HALSEY
Stand-by, John... we're in (to phone, urgent)
communication with Central How do I know? I've got a
Command... man on the ground, godamnit!

107 EXT. PAKISTAN STREET - SUNGLASSES 107

is down the street, watching the building, holding a
professional radio-activated detonator... he arms it...

108 INT. SAFE ROOM APARTMENT 108

The Sergeant has paused to make sure it's safe... and
turns toward the deadly room, about to order his men
inside... when...

COMMAND RADIO VOICE
Tiger Six. Abort mission and
withdraw to rally point niner,
niner, niner, over.

Reactions...

SERGEANT
(to radio)
Abort? We just penetrated the
perimeter...

COMMAND RADIO VOICE
Abort mission now!

SERGEANT
(dumbfounded,
frustrated)
Roger.

He's already waved his men to withdraw and they're out
the door...

109 COMING DOWN THE STAIRS 109

110 OUTSIDE - SUNGLASSES PRESSES THE DETONATION DEVICE 110

111 INT. SAFE HOUSE APARTMENT - JOHNNY 111

is standing in the middle of the room as the 'locked' room explodes... turning everything around Johnny into a fireball.

112 EXT. SAFE HOUSE APARTMENT - DAY 112

as the Delta team comes out, the building explodes behind them...

113 ANGLE - AT THE SAME TIME - GUNMEN 113

open fire from windows, storefronts and rooftops, while the vendors and pedestrians run for their lives. The Deltas whip off their headgear, revealing radio headsets. They seek cover behind the abandoned market stalls, returning fire as they go.

113A GRIMES AND ANOTHER DELTA 113A

Open fire on a bicycle shop across the market, tearing out the glass and killing two gunmen. But the Deltas are still taking heavy fire.

113B WITH THE SERGEANT 113B

as he and Finster take cover, Finster continuing to fire bursts as the Sergeant talks into his headset...

SERGEANT

Tiger Six to Wizard. We are under attack. Cannot reach our vehicle.

COMMAND RADIO VOICE (HEADSET)

Roger, Six. Air evac will meet you at rally point Delta Echo Charlie.

SERGEANT

I'm not sure we can get there either.

(to men)

Fall back in pairs, follow me.

The Deltas begin to work their way east through the stalls, heading for an alley that intersects the market.

114 REVEALING JOHNNY 114

Standing in the middle of the street as bullets fly around him. He sees the team's predicament...

JOHNNY

*They made it out of the building,
but they're taking heavy fire. I
can spot the enemy positions.*

115 OMITTED 115
AND AND
116 116

117 INT. WAR ROOM 117

Harriet, Halsey and Granowitz now clustered around the console... watching Johnny in the tank...

HARRIET

We have an open line, John. Just
tell me what I need to tell them.

117A EXT. PAKISTAN MARKET STREET - CONTINUOUS 117A

Johnny sees two fighters, one armed with an RPG LAUNCHER, preparing to fire on the Deltas from a rooftop.

JOHNNY

We've got two fighters on the
westside roofs... above the
loudspeakers...

117B INT. WAR ROOM 117B

JOHNNY (MONITOR)

...one of them's got a grenade
launcher... he's about to fire.

HALSEY

(to phone, overlapping)
Enemy position on the westside
roofs...

118 EXT. PAKISTAN MARKET STREET 118

The Command Radio voice crackling over Grimes' headset...

COMMAND RADIO VOICE (HEADSET)

...the westside roofs, by the
loudspeakers... RPG team.

(CONTINUED)

- 118 CONTINUED: 118
- Grimes instantly wheels and fires, first hitting a man who's firing an AK, who falls from the roof. The man with the RPG is also hit just as he fires... the shot goes wild...
- 118A ON JOHNNY TURNING TO SEE THE RPG ZOOMING TOWARD HIM 118A
- It goes right through him, then explodes in a fireball and smoke that briefly obscures him. Continuing the rapid action now as...
- 118B TWO OF THE DELTAS 118B
- reach the edge of the intersecting alley, just as a blizzard of heavy machine gun fire tears down it, ripping chunks off the wall. They're driven back, their escape route cut off by --
- 118C ANGLE REVEALING A GROUP OF FIGHTERS DOWN THE ALLEY 118C
- They're firing a Soviet MINIGUN into the street. CLOSE ON THE FIRE-SPOUTING ROTATING BARRELS OF THE WEAPON, then we RAPIDLY ZOOM BACK, as if following the trajectory of one of its heavy rounds, until our frame includes...
- 118D JOHNNY, STARING DOWN THE ALLEY AT THE GUN, AS BULLETS AND TRACERS FLY PAST HIM (NO VFX, ONLY SFX OR PRACTICAL HITS ON GROUND OR WALLS) 118D
- One of the Deltas shouts and Johnny turns to see an N.D. being hit in the shoulder, then spun into a wall. A bullet smacks into Grimes' thigh, he goes down on one knee.
- GRIMES
Damn it! We got a sniper!
- SERGEANT
(to radio)
Wizard, we are cut off from our fallback exit and caught in a crossfire.
- 118E ANGLE ON JOHNNY (NO VFX) 118E
- striding purposefully through the hail of bullets, looking up to see --

118F ANGLE (2ND UNIT INSERT) - JOHNNY'S POV OF A SNIPER CROUCHED ON A DISTANT EASTSIDE ROOF 118F

118G RESUME JOHNNY AS HE GIVES RAPID FIRE DIRECTIONS 118G

JOHNNY
They've got two major threats. A heavy machine gun about 30 meters down the north-facing alley...

118H ON FINSTER 118H

Command radio crackling over his headset...

COMMAND RADIO VOICE
...30 meters down the alley.

Finster crouches by the alley opening and rolls a grenade backhanded down the alley. It lands by the minigun. BOOM! The gun is taken out, along with several fighters, though others are already regrouping...

118J BACK ON JOHNNY 118J

JOHNNY
...the sniper fire is coming from a roof about two hundred meters due east...

118K ON GRIMES 118K

Command radio now crackling over his headset..

COMMAND RADIO VOICE
...sniper position... 200 meters due east...

Rising to his feet, ignoring the pain from his injured leg, Grimes sights through his rifle's scope...

118L ANGLE (INSERT) - THE SNIPER SEEN THROUGH THE SCOPE 118L

GRIMES
I got him.

Grimes squeezed his trigger. BANG! Seen through the scope, the sniper goes down.

118M RESUME FIRE FIGHT 118M

Finster and Grimes and two N.D.s all firing.

FINSTER

Where's this intel coming from?

GRIMES

Who the hell cares - as long as
it gets us out of here...

And as if on cue...

118N JOHNNY 118N

sees a FRIGHTENED VENDOR abandon a makeshift stall with a
GREEN AWNING at the east end of the market, lift up a
section of a CORRUGATED METAL WALL behind it and escape
into a hidden alley.

JOHNNY

There's another exit. An alley
on the northeast corner that's
blocked by a corrugated metal
wall. Look for the green awning...

118P WITH THE DELTAS 118P

The Command Radio Voice now crackling over the Sergeant's
headset as he covers an ear to hear better.

COMMAND RADIO VOICE (HEADSET)

Northeast corner... behind a green
awning...

He looks and sees the awning, points to it...

SERGEANT

There! Finster, make a hole.

Finster crouches, aims and fires his grenade launcher.
The GRENADE zips toward the wall. KABOOM! No more wall.

And as the team now rushes across the dangerous
intersecting alley while sending covering fire down it,
heads across the street, each man again providing covering
fire, Finster and Grimes are last, Finster helping to
support his larger wounded friend, as Johnny moves
alongside them as if he could somehow shield them both
with his body.

We can HEAR a chopper arriving in the distance. It means
safety.

(CONTINUED)

118P CONTINUED:

118P

Finally, Johnny watches with relief as the last of the squad makes it safely into the other alley. He turns then to take in the street, empty now, gunfire slacking...

And as we PULL UP AND AWAY FROM JOHNNY and the scene WHITES OUT...

TIME CUT TO:

119 OMITTED

119

119A INT. GRVU - BREAK ROOM (DAY 7 WARDROBE)

119A

Johnny has a duffel bag slung around his shoulder... Harriet, Sylvia, Monty, and Granowitz have gathered to say good-bye.

MONTY

Johnny, we hardly knew ye. You sure you won't reconsider?

JOHNNY

Harriet had me pegged from the start. I'm just not "Company" material.

HARRIET

I wasn't being fair. The fact is, with proper training...

JOHNNY

It's not about training, it's about having a temperament for this kind of work. As a wise philosopher once said, "A man's gotta know his limitations."

SYLVIA

Which wise philosopher was that?

JOHNNY

Clint Eastwood, in "Magnum Force." Or maybe it was "Sudden Impact."
(beat)

Anyway, at least this way the Colonel has someone to blame for this little fiasco. Which is fine by me.

HARRIET

John, you gave a few young men their futures back today.

JOHNNY

We did. All of us.

MONTY

No one around here would have given it a second thought...

GRANOWITZ

Except for the new kid, Teddy Ballgame.

Johnny nods his appreciation to Granowitz... Sylvia tucks the Tarot card of "The Star" into his jacket pocket

(CONTINUED)

119A CONTINUED:

119A

SYLVIA

Souvenir.

As he smiles, she touches him, and her eyes grow briefly tranced.

SYLVIA

An awful lot of weight on those shoulders.

(beat)

You know where to find us if you need us.

He looks to the three psychics with appreciation.

JOHNNY

I may just take you up on that offer.

120 EXT. CORRIDOR - MOVING WITH JOHNNY AND HARRIET

120

as they arrive at the exit. A beat of silence as Harriet considers saying what she finally says...

*

HARRIET

John...

*

*

Johnny turns to her...

*

HARRIET

My father... I talked with him today... thank you. If you ever need a favor...

*

*

*

*

(beat, implying: just ask)

*

Stay in touch.

*

She moves away... after a thoughtful beat, Johnny walks out of the dark into the light... as we...

*

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

THE END