



INDUSTRY ENTERTAINMENT

THREAT MATRIX

by

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**FIRST REVISION
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**INDUSTRY ENTERTAINMENT in assoc.
with TOUCHSTONE TELEVISION**

BLACKNESS:

Sound fades up. A cacophony of VOICES all overlapping in what seems like a thousand different languages. As if we are listening to a million cell phone calls AT ONCE.

PICTURE FADES UP:

EXT. SATELLITE POV: EARTH - AMERICA'S HEARTLAND - SUNRISE

We are 22,500 miles above Earth, inside an NSA satellite in geostationary orbit. The CHATTER continues, then suddenly stops. A moment of serene calm, then we SNAP ZOOM down, breaking the sound barrier, roaring, roaring, roaring toward Earth at four thousand miles per second. The NOISE is deafening....Then SILENCE as our CAMERA stops six feet above the red-baked dirt of....Nebraska.

C.U. SATELLITE POV: We adjust to this remote, godforsaken outpost. A sign: "FT. McCLAIN AIR FORCE BASE. TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED." CAMERA PULLS BACK until we have a birds-eye view of one of the nation's 102 Atlas Long Range nuclear missile sites.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - ATLAS MISSILE SILO - NEBRASKA - DAY 1

Two uniformed TECHNICIANS sit at a launch console drinking Jolt and eating donuts. You wouldn't know they're in charge of a nuclear warhead.

TECHNICIAN #1

She's all about the Krispy-Kremes. I mean they're good, but I'm like, 'Hey baby take it easy, it's just a damn donut'.

As they talk, a BEE crawls unnoticed through an air vent.

TECHNICIAN #2

(taking a bite)

You don't get women at all.

First one bee, then another, and now hundreds--an invasion.

TECHNICIAN #1

What the--

TECHNICIAN #2

I'm allergic to bees, man.

The technicians are terrified, the bees swarming around their heads.

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2.

TECHNICIAN #2 (cont'd)
They sting me, I'm toast.

He backs toward the door, scared, swatting at the buzzing invaders.

EXT. MISSILE SITE - GUARD GATE - DAY 1 - ONE HOUR LATER

KILMER (42), a country beekeeper, and FRANKIE (35) the beekeeper's wife, and TIM SUTTON (29), their side-kick, arrive in an old plank truck. (*Kilmer, Frankie, and Sutton all speak with a mid-western twang until further notice.*)

KILMER
(out window, to guard)
Heard you got a little problem.

The guard waves them in.

EXT. MISSILE SITE - MISSILE SILO ROAD - DAY 1

The beekeepers' truck is escorted by an Air Force jeep. Ahead is the missile complex. A dozen bunker-like concrete slabs above ground.

INT. MISSILE LAUNCH COMPLEX - DAY 1

The beekeepers strap on protective gear and face masks. The two technicians stand around with a couple MPs. On monitors, they are watching the video feed of the bees swarming in the control room.

TECHNICIAN #1
It's a hundred feet down. Don't know how they got in.

KILMER
Damndest thing I ever saw. A hundred feet, you say?

TECHNICIAN #2
Yes, sir. A swarm of them.

SUTTON
(a bit slow and twitchy)
Looks like those Africanized bees. From Mexico.

(CONTINUED)

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FRANKIE
 (to Kilmer)
 I told you I felt something strange when
 I woke up this morning.

KILMER
 (to MPs)
 It's incredible. My wife knows the day
 before that bees are going to swarm. She
 feels it in her eyelashes, right honey?

FRANKIE
 Don't call me honey.

KILMER
 The Mrs. and me are going through a rough
 patch.

FRANKIE
 (to MP)
 Anybody else down there?

TECHNICIAN
 No, ma'am.

SUTTON
 Good, because they don't call them killer
 bees for nothing. Five folks in
 California died last week. Stung one guy
 61 times.

INT. / EXT. ELEVATOR - MISSILE SILO - DAY 1 - CONTINUOUS

All suited up, our team heads into the elevator, carrying
 honeycomb cages, an old bag of equipment with nets sticking
 out. MP #1 keys up the elevator.

MP #1
 I've got to escort you down. Regulations.

Kilmer, Sutton and Frankie exchange looks.

FRANKIE
 (to Techs)
 You two weren't eating donuts
 were you? They go crazy for donuts.

The two technicians look sheepish. Elevator doors slide shut.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - MISSILE SILO - 100 FT. UNDERGROUND - DAY
1

Out of the elevator, the MP leads the beekeepers to an entry way. Once inside, Sutton pulls out a STUN GUN and KNOCKS OUT the MP. They drop their Midwestern accents, pop in earpieces, and suddenly its clear that these aren't your ordinary beekeepers.

KILMER
(into throat mike)
Jelani, Lark do you copy?

We hear a VOICE FEED in their earpieces.

VOICE (O.S.)
Five by five boss. You ready?

KILMER
Affirmative.

INT. THE VAULT - UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY 1 - SAME

The voice belongs to: JELANI (24), African-American. He's sitting at a console with a bank of flat-screen monitors. A toggle switch in his left hand, he uses a satellite down-link, manipulating the silo's video surveillance, substituting pre-made footage for the live feed. He watches on a split screen monitor.

On one side of Jelani is LARK (29), female, and on the other side is MO (34) Egyptian-American, both analyzing the feeds: Mo watches the guards and Lark zooms in on the silo's security system.

JELANI
Override engaged. Initiating replacement feed.

INT. MISSILE SITE - GUARD STATION - DAY 1 - SAME

All looks normal to the MPs watching on monitors. (They see a pre-made loop of our crew collecting the bees.)

INT. MISSILE LAUNCH CONTROL CENTER - DAY 1 - CONTINUOUS

But inside it's *Mission Impossible* land.

The team takes off their bee gear. Bees are all around them, landing on faces and hands.

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But oddly, no one is getting stung. Everyone is calm, precise. Kilmer is clearly the leader here. He gags, then casually spits out a bee.

JELANI O.S.
Damn, that buzzing is loud.

LARK O.S.
(in Frankie's earpiece)
Frankie, go thirty feet...it's on your left...

KILMER
(sings and hums the old blues song to himself)
I'm a King Bee, buzzin' around your hive.

FRANKIE
(to Kilmer)
Can you shut up? Sorry Lark, go ahead.

Frankie is at the control board, looking to her left.

LARK O.S.
(to Frankie)
....You should see four switches. Push them in sequence 4-1-3-2. Repeat 4-1-3-2.

Frankie does. Sutton has opened a circuit box, pulls specific wires. Kilmer has taken out his PALMPILOTX.

JELANI (O.S.)
(to Kilmer)
Hook the wires in: red to green, green to blue.

Kilmer hooks the wires into his PalmPilotX (it looks like a regular Palm Pilot, only slightly larger, but it's fully loaded with cutting edge technology). The fail-safe computers are immobilized, opening massive air-compression hatches.

INT. MISSILE SILO TUNNEL - DAY 1 - CONTINUOUS

Our crew is moving down a tunnel, carrying their duffel bag, through a series of hatch doors, to the--

INT. MISSILE SILO THRUST RING - DAY 1

Missile itself, rising above them in the silo.

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KILMER
(to Frankie)
Damn that's big.

FRANKIE
Having missile envy?

KILMER
(playful)
You miss me, don't you?

Standing on the thrust ring, Sutton and Kilmer remove bow-guns from their pack, shooting ropes onto a girder far overhead.

EXT. MISSILE SILO GUARD SHACK - DAY 1 - SAME

MPs watch the security monitors: they continue to see a pre-staged loop of our team capturing bees and getting stung.

TECHNICIAN #1
(grimacing)
Man, that's a crappy job.

INT. MISSILE SILO THRUST RING - DAY 1 - MINUTES LATER

Our crew, all three now dangling from ropes hanging from the ceiling, opens the heart of the missile. There is no room for error. A masterful, efficient team, they talk to each other over throat mikes.

JELANI (O.S.)
Fourteen minutes and counting.

Kilmer and Sutton register that time is running out.

KILMER
(to Sutton)
Counter balance threading...

SUTTON
(all focus)
Got it covered.
(twitching a bee off his nose)
Damn it.

Sutton attaches three wires from his high tech harness into a digital security box near the warhead's casing. The digital read-out scrambles, then turns green, unlocking the system.

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SUTTON (cont'd)
Weaponized plutonium. How much?

Kilmer ties off wires around the warhead.

KILMER
On the black market--

FRANKIE
\$50 million--

KILMER
Easy.
(singing again)
Let me tell you 'bout the birds and the
bees and the flowers and the trees....

He trails off as Sutton extracts the softball-size warhead.
A few detonators stick out of the warhead.

SUTTON
Got it.

Kilmer and Sutton transfer the warhead into a Teflon safety
case.

INT. MISSILE SILO THRUST RING - DAY 1

Frankie and Kilmer carefully stash the warhead inside the
honeycomb--a perfect fit.

FRANKIE
We're running out of time.

JELANI O.S.
You are out of time.

Frankie gives Kilmer a look, Kilmer winks at her: I told you
this would work.

INT. MISSILE SILO CONTROL ROOM - DAY 1 - CONTINUOUS

Sutton pulls the guard--still out cold--into the room, props
him against the wall. He pulls a SYRINGE out of his bag,
injects guard.

SUTTON
(smiling)
He won't remember a thing.

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JELANI (O.S.)
(over earphones)
Time to break out, people.

Sutton pulls out canisters, throws one to Frankie and Kilmer;
they spray it on the honeycomb.

FRANKIE
(to Sutton)
You sure this works?

KILMER
It better, I got it from a buddy at
M.I.T. He said it took over a thousand
queen bees to make the stuff.

Following the scent, the bees begin to descend on the
honeycombs. Kilmer and Frankie exchange smiles.

EXT. MISSILE SILO - DAY 1 - MINUTES LATER - NOON

Back in their bee suits, the three carry the honeycomb into
daylight, a swarm of bees following. The guards keep a
distance.

KILMER
(back with Midwestern accent)
We sprayed a nasty repellent down there.
You should probably stay out for another
half hour.

They put the gear onto the old truck and they're gone--out
the gate, down a road, over a rise, leaving the audience to
think: Who are these people, and what are they up to?

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF ENERGY - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY 1 - SUNSET

Establishing shot.

PRELAP

GENERAL'S VOICE
How far could they have gotten in eight
hours?

INT. D.O.E. GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY 1 - EVENING

An AIR FORCE GENERAL is on the phone in his large flag-
adorned office. He is the D.O.E.'s Undersecretary of
Security.

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9.

Behind his desk is a DOUBLE EAGLE CREST with the words, "Department of Energy." His agency is responsible for safeguarding our nuclear arsenal.

GENERAL

(on phone)

No, nothing showed up on the C-Sat, Mr. Secretary.

(beat)

Beekeepers! How the hell--

Kilmer and Frankie burst into the room as an ASSISTANT tries to stop them. Kilmer is carrying a TITANIUM SUITCASE. He and Frankie are no longer dressed as beekeepers. The general hangs up as...

The suitcase is put on his desk and unlocked.

KILMER

Missing something in Nebraska, General?

General opens the suitcase, realizes what's inside.

GENERAL

(to his assistant)

Who the hell is this cowboy?

KILMER

Special Agent in-charge, John Kilmer, sir, F.B.I. Working with the Department of Homeland Security.

The General registers this. And so do we. Kilmer is brilliant, relentless and charming. Imagine Ted Turner inside the Bureau, he's that unorthodox.

GENERAL

Half of the federal government has been on alert looking for this warhead. You have a hell of a lot of nerve to come waltzing in here, you son of a bitch.

KILMER

(to Frankie)

He's insulting my mother.

FRANKIE

(to the general)

He's very sensitive about his mother, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GENERAL
And who are you?

FRANKIE
FBI Special agent, Frankie Ellroy-Kilmer.
(off the general's raised
eyebrow)
His ex-wife.

KILMER
Irreconcilable differences.

GENERAL
I should have been given a heads up.
That's protocol.

KILMER
Yes, sir, in the old world, you're right.
But no terrorist is going to follow
protocol.

FRANKIE
The White House got intel that your
missile silos had been targeted. Our job
was to see if they could be breached.

GENERAL
And you two, what, go around the country
stealing warheads?

KILMER
When the President asks us to.

END OF TEASE

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

MONTAGE: White House. Clock shows 7:26 am. Military brass and national security advisors, creased pants, getting into limos, black Suburbans. As they pull out, we see the crest of each agency: FBI, DEA, CIA, NSA. AERIAL SHOT of the nation's capital. LIMOS AND SUBURBANS are escorted through streets, past American flags. Vehicles pull into the White House. CLOSE-UPS of hands, buttons, medals. No faces. Into a briefing room, a half-dozen military, intelligence and national security advisors, and the President. Again, no faces. PAN OVER portraits of former presidents. A report, bound in red, and stamped THREAT MATRIX/TOP SECRET, fills the frame.

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11.

ACT ONE

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY 2 - MORNING

Kilmer, driving his own car, approaches the White House gates, shows his ID, and is let in.

INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS ROOM - DAY 2 - CONTINUOUS

COLONEL ROGER ATKINS (51), in uniform, the gruff and canny operations liaison to the President. He is the man responsible for evaluating and following through on threats to homeland security. He stands at a podium before the White House press corps, at the end of a press conference. He's being charming, as he always is when he's got something to hide.

ATKINS

Okay, if there are no more questions on this morning's briefing. Secretary Ridge asked me to give you a follow-up on the latest steps being taken to combat terrorism. Every morning at 0800, the President gets a list that updates the most active terrorist threats against the United States. This is the Threat Matrix.

INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS ROOM - DAY 2 - CONTINUOUS

ATKINS

After 9/11, at the request of the President, we handpicked teams of agents from the CIA, FBI and NSA to analyze and respond to the Threat Matrix. Their job is to keep us safe.

INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS ROOM - DAY 2 - CONTINUOUS

Kilmer walks through the hallways of the White House carrying a JAR OF HONEY. He adjusts his tie. He's been here before, but he never stops feeling a bit like a fish out of water.

INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS ROOM - DAY 2 - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Atkins is responding to a question.

ATKINS

The goal, of course, is to never go Code Red. To prevent threats before they become realities.

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JOURNALIST #1

How far are we willing to go to prevent those realities? Does that include assassinations, sir?

ATKINS

(ignoring the question)
As of today, we have yet to exceed Code Orange, that means someone's been doing their job.

JOURNALIST #2

Would you ever negotiate with terrorists to prevent an attack?

ATKINS

We do not negotiate with terrorists under any circumstances.

(wrapping it up)
Ladies and gentlemen that's all we have time for. The threat level today is low. Our number one goal is to keep it that way. The President wishes you all a safe and pleasant weekend.

Atkins exits room through a nearby door where--

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY 2 - CONTINUOUS

Kilmer is waiting. Kilmer tosses a jar of honey through the air.

KILMER

Catch.

Atkins does. He and Kilmer walk together.

ATKINS

I've had calls from the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, head of the House Arms Services Committee. Staffers are e-mailing...did you have to walk into his office carrying the damn thing?

KILMER

You asked me to get his attention.

ATKINS

And the damn bees. You pumped bees through the air vents?

(CONTINUED)

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13.

KILMER

Yes, sir. Thirty-five hundred.

ATKINS

So you knew that one of their guys was allergic to bees?

KILMER

We did our research.

ATKINS

And Frankie went with you.

KILMER

She didn't want to miss the show.

ATKINS

So how come you didn't get stung?

KILMER

The bees were drones, no stingers.

Atkins begins to laugh.

ATKINS

Drones! Your idea?

KILMER

The Queen Bee herself.

ATKINS

Frankie.

(he's clearly in awe of her)
Can't figure out why you let that one get away. You must be quite an asshole.

KILMER

So she says.

INT. WHITE HOUSE BRIEFING ROOM - DAY 2 - TEN MINUTES LATER

Around the table. A dozen men and women--mostly men--a mixture of civilian and military. This is the senior staff that works the matrix. Atkins up front.

ATKINS

So, this is what we can't tell the press, folks.

(MORE)

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ATKINS (cont'd)

I know your teams all got other priorities, but the White House is becoming increasingly concerned about these retirees throwing up on cruise ships, and what the hell's going on with these school kids getting bubonic plague in Arizona. People, this is hitting the President where he eats. He'd like to go on a cruise ship some day. Go figure. Team 1, the cruise ships; Team 2, Arizona. Coordinate with CDC, FDA, whoever you have to. The mosque in Portland--continuing surveillance: Team 4's got that. Team 6 is following up on some chatter about the Eifel Tower. And there's the 'plot' to kidnap Tony Blair's wife by some Basque splinter group.

KILMER

Now there's an idea.

ATKINS

Kilmer, we need Team 5 to check out something that came in hot last night. A Swiss drug dealer being detained in Jakarta got in touch with our embassy there yesterday. Apparently, he's facing the death penalty for smuggling narcotics, and he's asking for asylum in the U.S. in exchange for sharing intel.

KILMER

What's he trading?

ATKINS

He claims an A.Q. cell has been trained up and is headed for the U.S. He says they're going to arrive in the next 72 hours.

Everyone in the room reacts: that's only three days away.

KILMER

How credible is this guy?

ATKINS

You tell me.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY 2 - MOMENTS LATER

Atkins catches up with Kilmer, hands him a disk.

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ATKINS
You might need this.

KILMER
(pleased)
Jelani's gonna shit.

Kilmer picks up his PalmPilotX and hits the scramble button, paging his team.

We FREEZE TIME on each of his team as their PalmPilotX's go off, scrambling them to the vault:

INT. HOME PROJECTION ROOM - DAY 2 - SIMULTANEOUS

Mo is watching a film in Urdu. The film flickers onto his living room wall from an old projector.

It's a love scene, and Mo mimics both parts, as a lesson in language, trying to get the accent and inflections perfect.

PalmPilotX goes off. Mo finishes off the scene, switches off the projector, and heads out.

INT. BARRACKS BATHROOM - DAY 2 - SIMULTANEOUS

Lark is having quickie sex in barracks with an ANONYMOUS SOLDIER. PalmPilotX goes off.

Lark leaves the young buck soldier with his pants down.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY 2 - SIMULTANEOUS

Sutton is gourmet cooking, wearing an apron, pouring white wine into a stir fry. Pager goes off.

Sutton takes off his apron. Turns off lights. Oh, shit. He's left on the gas, comes back in, turns off the stove.

EXT. HALF-PIPE - DAY 2 - SIMULTANEOUS

Jelani plays Internet speed chess on his PalmPilotX, taunts and dispatches his cyber-opponent while resting on top of a skateboard half-pipe. PalmPilotX goes off.

Jelani heads off the half-pipe with a kick-ass move, catching air before he heads down the tarmac.

INT. KARATE DOJO - DAY 2 - SIMULTANEOUS

Frankie is teaching karate to a multi-racial class of ten year olds, a volunteer job. She's tough and kind as she instructs a young girl on how to block her upper body from a kick.

FRANKIE

Your body is your house, your arms are your gates....Don't let anybody in...
Good.

Her PalmPilotX goes off in her pocket. Vibrating and sending out a flashing light. She tries to ignore it. Her CELL PHONE RINGS.

Frankie bows to her students, whispers to another INSTRUCTOR and takes her phone into the corner.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Talk to me.

KILMER (O.S.)

We got a problem in Jakarta. They're giving us first crack.

FRANKIE

How soon?

KILMER (O.S.)

Wheels up in ten minutes. You up for it Mrs. Kilmer?

Frankie looks at her class--a girl watches her, a lovely face, biting her lip.

FRANKIE

I'm not Mrs. Kilmer anymore.

KILMER (O.S.)

In that case, I can get the CIA to cover this.

FRANKIE

You could.

(she can feel the adrenaline)
But the Charlie Brothers will never get you what you want.

And Frankie's out the door.

EXT. SATELLITE AERIAL SHOT - FORT MEADE - DAY 2 - AFTERNOON

We see the NSA facility (aka Crypto City) with its glass towers, and the army base beyond.

INT. FORT MEADE - THE VAULT - DAY 2 - AFTERNOON

The Vault is a secure war room located in a windowless NSA building on an army base near Washington. With plasma screen walls and a U-shaped hi-tech console up front, the room has the feel of an air traffic control center. All communication coming in and out of this room is encrypted. Even the walls are copper mesh to prevent eavesdropping. Kilmer is in his glass encased office, talking into a secure STU-3 phone line. We do not hear what he is saying.

Branching off from the main hub are smaller, glass-doored rooms. Here, Mo and his SIGINT TEKIES sit in cockpits of technology with DAT machines and monitors; they are listening to intercepts of phone, fax and radio signals from around the world.

Sutton and Jelani are unpacking. Jelani still has his skateboard. Jelani, 24, possesses the rarest of things--a beautiful mind. He's John Nash from South Central. Sutton, 29, earned his bones in the DEA on international ops before joining Kilmer's team: he wants to be on the front line of the new war.

SUTTON

Where's the new girl?

INT. FORT MEADE - SECURITY PORTAL -- DAY 2 - AFTERNOON

Lark, running late, and snapping her gum, steps into the High Security Portal. It's a glass-enclosed booth for multi-biometric authentication. She swipes her security card through the CONFIRM reader, then touches a fingerprint recognition screen.

COMPUTER

Thank you. Please speak a random sentence.

LARK

I'm late. Whose feet do I have to kiss?

COMPUTER

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Voice recognition complete, now her retina is scanned, recording the pattern of blood vessels at the back of her eye; these are compared with the pattern stored in the CONFIRM database. Lastly, her body weight is checked.

COMPUTER (cont'd)

One hundred thirty-one pounds. Anne D. Larkin confirmed.

Lark makes a face. Finally, the door opens.

INT. FT. MEADE - THE VAULT - DAY 2 - CONTINUOUS

Lark enters into The Vault, tosses her bag.

LARK

What is this, Weight-Watchers?

JELANI

It checks your weight against the database to be sure there's only one person in the security portal. Don't worry, you're looking fine.

Lark joins Jelani and Mo around a central console. Kilmer gets their attention. Time to work.

KILMER

Listen up, Frankie is on an F-14, if they're able to refuel over the Pole, she touches down in Jakarta at 0700 hours. Our job is to get her ready for an interrogation. We need to find out everything we can on Mr. Marc Radenmacher. Swiss-German, arrested for drug trafficking. Sutton, call Interpol -- let's get his sheet and his prints. Does he have an alias? I want to know everything about him. I want to know where he took his last bath. Lark, use your people at Justice to start running his financials. Who he owes. Where he lives. Who's paying his bills.

Lark, serious now, an absolute pro, is at her keyboard. A former Federal prosecutor on loan from the Justice Department, she is a huntress of financial trails. An action junkie, she loves being on the military base surrounded by male soldiers. Her sex life has never been better.

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SUTTON

I'll check my DEA contacts in Jakarta, try to figure out if this guy is a player or a wannabee.

KILMER

(to Mo)

Can you pull Echelon off Europe?

LARK

What's Echelon?

JELANI

It lets us intercept any cell phone, fax, or radio transmission anywhere in the world. Mo once intercepted Bin Laden talking to his mother.

Mo is already heading into his listening chamber, with wall to wall DAT machines and mind-boggling access through NSA intercepts to every cell phone, fax, and radio transmission in the world.

MO

(suave radio announcer voice)

I'll be listening to the mellow sounds of Betawi, Indonesian and Balinese.

Kilmer tosses Jelani the disk.

KILMER

Atkins gave us access to a new toy.

Jelani is beyond happy as he inserts the disk in the console.

THREAT MATRIX SHOT

From a satellite dish on a Ft. Meade lawn, we ZOOM up and see Jelani's satellite floating out in space, a gleaming cocoon. We watch as the billion dollar satellite goes on line: it's a small, stunning thing of beauty, slowly unfolding its electronic wings.

INT. FT. MEADE - THE VAULT - DAY 2 - A FEW MINUTES LATER

JELANI

Does it have a name?

KILMER

Papillon. This pipes us directly into NSA's entire network of floaters.

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CONTINUED:

Jelani is giddy as he checks out the satellite's pre-set coordinates clicking through real-time images, from helmet-cam footage inside the CAVES OF BORA BORA to a RUSSIAN MISSILE BASE in the snow in Siberia; from REBEL FORCES moving through Ethiopia to SOCCER RIOTS in Argentina.

SUPER: "CENTRAL PRISON, JAKARTA"

INT. JAKARTA PRISON INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 3

Frankie is alone. A couple chairs, a table. Paint peeling. A video camera is set up on a tripod. Frankie hooks a feed from the camera into her PalmPilotX.

She sits in front of the camera, puts in an earpiece.

FRANKIE
(to camera)
Am I in frame?

INT. FT. MEADE - THE VAULT - DAY 3 - SAME

Frankie is on screen. She is 10,000 miles away but this is real time. Mo, Jelani and Lark are busy with the feed, adjusting sound and picture.

MO
We got you, Frankie.

KILMER
You okay?

FRANKIE
(on monitor)
Long flight. Give me the 411.

As she begins to listen to her ear piece, we...

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAKARTA PRISON INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 3 - LATER

MARC RADENMACHER (41), a Swiss-German drug smuggler, is handcuffed to a chair by two Indonesian PRISON GUARDS. Serious violence has been visited upon Radenmacher. His eyes are swollen, his upper-lip cracked.

An Embassy Escort, the well-meaning HORAS SIRAIT (45), is also in the room. Frankie walks over to Sirait.

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CONTINUED:

FRANKIE

Thanks for the escort, but I work alone.

HORAS SIRAIT

(getting it)

Right, I'll get to work on the extradition papers in case you want them.

(whispers)

That man's a liar.

Frankie lets him out, shuts door. She looks at the prisoner. He has the air of a dissipated aristocrat who is surprised and frightened to find himself here but arrogant enough to believe he can bargain his way out.

RADENMACHER

You gonna get me out of here, right?

FRANKIE

And I should do that because...?

RADENMACHER

There are some terrorists on their way to America. I know how to stop them.

FRANKIE

If what you tell me checks out, I can have you on a plane out tomorrow morning.

INT. FT. MEADE - THE VAULT - DAY 3 - CONTINUOUS

LARK

(to Jelani)

Can she handle him?

The team laughs.

MO

She did two tours at Gitmo.

SUTTON

Five years with Kilmer.

Lark gets it: enough said.

INT. JAKARTA PRISON INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 3 - CONTINUOUS

RADENMACHER

Good, because, I'm in a spot of trouble here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Franke opens up a briefcase sized AXCITON computerized polygraph, plugs a cable into her PalmPilotX.

She walks over and unbuttons his shirt.

RADENMACHER (cont'd)
You smell nice.

She ignores his comment and attaches electrodes to his chest, two more to his scalp.

FRANKIE
Brain scan polygraph. It detects lies.

RADENMACHER
I know...I'm not stupid.

FRANKIE
Good. This ain't your father's lie detector.

INT. FT. MEADE - THE VAULT - DAY 3 - CONTINUOUS

Lark and Kilmer are watching the polygraph readings on a three dimensional GEO-THERMAL screen. It looks very much like an MRI readout. We see fissures of green, now flooding the whole image.

LARK
Green. We're good.

INT. JAKARTA PRISON - DAY 3 - CONTINUOUS

RADENMACHER
(to Frankie)
These are not people to mess about with.
They don't value life.

FRANKIE
And you do? Heroin?

RADENMACHER
Ah, your American ethics. Your country bombs the hell out of Afghanistan but you never bomb the poppy fields. You ever wonder why? (beat) Because somebody up high in America wants the drugs to come in, that's why.

FRANKIE
Why am I here, Radenmacher?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RADENMACHER

(leaning in)

A shipping container with a cell of terrorists inside left Jakarta three weeks ago.

INT. FT. MEADE - DAY 3 - CONTINUOUS

Kilmer reacts: the threat is real, if the guys telling the truth.

KILMER

(to his crew)

People, they are moving by ship. I want to know everything about shipping out of Jakarta.

INT. JAKARTA PRISON - DAY 3 - CONTINUOUS

RADENMACHER

They tricked it out like a space capsule inside -- air purifier, toilet, hot plate, heater.

FRANKIE

How did you make contact?

RADENMACHER

I just played piggy in the middle, you know. I hooked them up. I sell a little on the side, keep the party going. Otherwise I import, export furniture.

INT. FORT MEADE - THE VAULT - DAY 3 - CONTINUOUS

The brain scan has turned a rose color.

LARK

He's a lying dog.

INT. JAKARTA PRISON - DAY 3 - CONTINUOUS

Frankie takes in what Lark has said over her ear piece. She gives nothing away to Radenmacher.

FRANKIE

I need names.

RADENMACHER

You get me on an airplane, I talk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KILMER (O.S.)
 (into Frankie's ear piece)
 He tells you now or the deal's off.

Frankie starts to pack up her stuff.

RADENMACHER
 What are you doing?

FRANKIE
 (getting up)
 The deal's dead. You're full of shit.
 You know it and I know it. They're going
 to execute you.

RADENMACHER
 (a little panicked)
 All right. Hold on.

Frankie turns: I'm listening.

RADENMACHER (cont'd)
 You want to get something into America,
 you go in with the drugs. The drugs get
 in. Buy the route for one day and you're
 in. Everything's already greased: the
 ship captain, longshoremen. Everybody
 just thinks it's drugs, no big deal.
 (a beat)
 But while everybody's looking for
 terrorists, nobody's chasing drugs.
 Ironic isn't it?

INT. FT. MEADE - CONTINUOUS

FRANKIE
 (forceful)
 What port are they coming to?

RADENMACHER
 Not until I'm on that plane.

FRANKIE
 I'm your only hope. Don't piss me off.
 What's their target?

RADENMACHER
 I don't know. I'm just the middle man.
 I don't know the details. They switch
 ships sometimes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KILMER (O.S.)

He has a nine year old daughter, Hannah,
lives with his ex-wife in Munich.

FRANKIE

How important is Hannah's safety to you?

RADENMACHER

(sweating now)

Leave my family out of this. She is
innocent.

LARK (O.S.)

(into Frankie's earpiece)

Frankie, I'm inside his bank records.
One million dollar wire transfer to his
account -- four weeks ago, Credit Suisse.

FRANKIE

(violence in her voice)

Don't talk to me about innocent. You
helped....hell, you didn't just
help...you profited off terrorists trying
to get into America, you scumbag. How
much did they pay?

He shakes his head.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Credit Suisse. A one million dollar
deposit to your account. You put them on
that ship, didn't you? Gave them your
route, your container.

(beat)

What port, Radenmacher?

RADENMACHER

Not until I'm on the plane.

Fed up, Frankie pulls out a case from her pocket with a
needle inside. The syringe is already full. His eyes go
wide. She says nothing as she injects him in the neck.

INT. JAKARTA PRISON - TIME DISSOLVE - 20 MINUTES LATER

FRANKIE

Which port.

RADENMACHER

(finally)

Long Beach.

INT. JAKARTA PRISON ISOLATION CELL - DAY 3 --

Frankie and Horas Sirait are with a PRISON OFFICIAL as Radenmacher, still handcuffed and very drowsy is brought to the cell.

PRISON OFFICIAL
You finished?

FRANKIE
Almost. Let him sleep it off for a little bit. We'll be back in an hour with his paperwork.

As Frankie and Horas Sirait leave, we see a CORRUPT GUARD turns and make a phone call.

INT. FT. MEADE -- THE VAULT - DAY 3 - LATE NIGHT

Kilmer addresses his team.

KILMER
Okay, here's what we know: we've got a shipping container coming our way from Jakarta. Who's in it? The target? We don't know. How long does it take to get from Jakarta to Long Beach in one of those ships?

SUTTON
About three weeks.

KILMER
Let's find out for sure. We're looking for US-bound ships leaving Jakarta within the last 30 days for Long Beach. The clock is ticking people.

(to Mo)
Somebody's got to be talking out there. Let's get every analyst you've got on this.

SUTTON
Shouldn't we shut down Long Beach?

KILMER
It's one of the busiest seaports in the world. We shut Long Beach down, it will panic the entire West Coast and the terrorists will already have gotten half of what they want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARK

(calling Kilmer over)

The wire deposit to Radenmacher is from routing number 3658, it traces back to a bank called First Allied in Malaysia. Now look at this.

She pulls up a fluid chart on screen. Based on cutting-edge NSA software, this visual eye-candy allows her to see money as it moves around the globe in real time. With these highly encrypted money transfers, each particle of light represents millions of dollars.

LARK (cont'd)

I'm inside First Allied right now. The million dollars came from Global Hope Charities which is supposed to help orphans get medical treatment.

MO

An A.Q. front?

KILMER

Let's find out. Mr. Radenmacher may be many things, but he's not an orphan.

Kilmer moves to Mo's station.

MO

I've pulled up all AQ profiles for Malaysia, Indonesia, the Philippines. Two names keep showing up.

The faces of two men appear on the screen: one older, the other in this 30's.

MO

Abubakar Ba'asyhir, of course, he's the Godfather. Runs a training camp in Malaysia.

Hambali's picture comes up--he's the younger one.

MO (cont'd)

His protege Hambali. Probably even more dangerous.

KILMER

(reading aloud off big screen, which is scrolling/displaying info)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KILMER (cont'd)

Hambali. Right, bank robberies, murders.
Chief suspect in the bombing of six
Christian churches in Malaysia and
Indonesia. Aliases: Hanjour, Abeen
Jabara, Hossein Jafari.

LARK

Did you say Abeen Jabara?
(beat)
Gimme a second.

She's back at her keyboard, fingers flying, as Mo continues
to brief Kilmer.

MO

Hambali has been working with al-Qaeda
since 1995. Ba'asyhir is getting older,
and Hambali's influence is ascending. He
wants to make an impression.

LARK

Look at this.

She transfers the bank records of Global Hope Charities onto
a wall monitor and scrolls down, highlighting the name: Abeen
Jabara.

LARK (cont'd)

Two million dollar transfer, also four
weeks ago, directly into the account
of... (beat, looking)
Hello, Mr. Abeen Jabara aka--

KILMER

Hambali.

MO

Bingo.

KILMER

(to Mo)
Where is he now?

MO

Nobody's seen him for months. Vanished.
NSA was monitoring his cell phones, then
one day, nothing. CTC intel has the
latest cell call intercept, but it's five
months old.

KILMER

Let's hear it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HAMBALI'S VOICE
(in Indonesian)
Tidak ditemukan di kamus.

MO
(translates)
"The seeds have been planted."

KILMER
Any video on Hambali?

MO
From CTC. On screen two in four seconds.

SUTTON
(overlapping, to Kilmer)
DEA's got nothing in their data base on Jakarta. So I call this DEA guy I used to know in Thailand. The DEA's got a Jakarta file as big as Jelani's rap sheet.

Jelani shoots him a little look: ha ha.

KILMER
(re: DEA)
Why isn't it online?

SUTTON
It's a current op.

MO
Okay, video's up.

On the video screen, almost life-sized, we see Hambali at his wedding, surrounded by family. Kilmer watches his prey, following him along the wall as Hambali dances, kisses the bride, holds children in the air. Kilmer watches and continues to talk and listen to his team.

SUTTON
The DEA has been watching the Jakarta shipping routes for 18 months. I've requested clearance.

KILMER
They're not going to be happy with us pissing on their parade. Can we have access?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LARK
Line 2. I've got the Deputy Chief of
DEA. They want assurance that their intel
will be used as background only.

Kilmer picks up his phone, hits line 2.

KILMER
Background only. You've got my word.
I'll keycode in.

He hangs up, types in an access code.

Visuals and profiles stream instantly from the DEA mainframe
to Kilmer's computer screens. He sees who the players are in
Southeast Asia and what they're trafficking.

JELANI
We got 50 companies running cargo out of
Jakarta.

SUTTON
DEA's got a watchlist of cargo ships that
run out of Jakarta that are suspected of
smuggling.

LARK
(at her terminal)
I'm crosschecking against ours.
(discovers)
We got 15 matches.

KILMER (O.S.)
Good. Let's start tracking those.

EXT./INT JAKARTA PRISON - DAY 3 - AFTERNOON

Frankie and Horas Sirait enter the prison. Frankie is
carrying a file: Radenmacher's extradition papers signed by
the judge.

A prison official leads Frankie and Horas Sirait to the cell.

INT. JAKARTA PRISON CELL - DAY 3 - AFTERNOON

Radenmacher is hanging from the ceiling in a 'suicide'. His
hands are cuffed.

FRANKIE
Shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The three run in. Frankie grabs his legs, tries to lift him up.

EXT. JAKARTA PRISON - DAY 3 - AFTERNOON

Frankie and Horas Sirait cross the street, toward their car. Frankie is numb, pissed off. She takes out her cell phone to call Kilmer but before she can dial--two **INDONESIAN THUGS** are upon them. Horas Sirait is shot in the head. Trying to defend herself, Frankie drops her cell phone and palm pilot. One thug, his knife to Frankie's throat, drags her over to a car, tries to force her into the back seat. A **DRIVER** is up front.

FRANKIE

(in English)

I hate knives.

She lets her neck go slack for an instant, and then **KICKS** back hard into her attacker's balls, then twisting, an elbow in his face, breaks his nose. Still holding on to her, he slices down with the knife, **GASHES** her across the shoulder. The other man gets out of the front with his gun, she has twisted away and is running.

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

INT. FT. MEADE - VAULT - DAY 4 - VERY EARLY MORNING

With the satellite, Jelani is tracking ships. Typing in coordinates, asking the satellite for real time imagery coverage of LAT 38 (degrees) 55 minutes/ LONG 77 (degrees).

JELANI

We got five Jakarta carriers that are within 36 hours of Long Beach Harbor.

LARK

I'm crosschecking ship names and cargo.

KILMER

(to Jelani)
Papillon got any body heat?

JELANI

I'm looking.
(a beat, as he works)
Any news from Frankie?

KILMER

She said she'd check in after she picks up Radenmacher.

Jelani locks the satellite onto ships, looking for a heat signature inside containers. In a dark background field (the cold water accounts for this) the ship's engines glow red, and there are red people walking around the ship's mess and in the captain's area.

KILMER (cont'd)

Ramp up the bird's thermals so that we can read temperature spikes of even a few degrees.

In the dozens of ships he's locked on to, he's seen no heat differential in the half-mile long area where containers are stored.

No luck...until..

He finds the *Ondine*, a Jakarta ship.

JELANI

(to Kilmer)
Here....The *Ondine* - she's 18 hours from
L.A....

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JELANI (cont'd)

There's the heat signature from the engine, that's your crew; that guy's having a cigarette. But look down here where the containers are stored...

ANGLE ON THE COMPUTER MONITOR: At the front of the ship, we see the red glowing outline of three bodies amidst a sea of shipping containers.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY 4 - EVENING

A helicopter moves across the ocean.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - SHIP - DAY 4 EVENING

A SEAL TEAM, along with Kilmer, Mo and Sutton, board the ship by helicopter. Full assault team, guns to the head of the ship's puny crew. Miles of containers. A huge damn ship.

INT. FT. MEADE TEAM - THE VAULT - DAY 4 - NIGHT

On three-dimensional GEO-Display screens, Jelani monitors the infrared signals from the ship. He can now see the heat signature of the SEAL Team and of Kilmer, Sutton and Mo.

JELANI

(into mic)

Aft section, 221 meters from your current position.

EXT. CONTAINER SHIP DECK - OCEAN - DAY 4 - NIGHT

With handheld X-ray scanners (aka ultra-wideband modulation imaging, which sees through solid walls), Sutton and Mo scan dozens of containers in the aft section until--

MO

I've got something here.

The scanner's display shows THREE LIVE BODIES inside. Two are supine, the third is moving around.

The SEAL team takes up position, guns ready. A SEAL climbs quietly up the side of the container and drills a hole. A tube connected to a tank of gas is inserted into the container and sleeping gas is pumped in.

POV: SCANNER DISPLAY: One of the figures tries to jump up, as if to stop the gas, but to no avail, and he crumples on the floor within seconds. The other two figures barely stir before they too are motionless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Using a torch, the SEAL team cuts through the hinges, and the side of the container falls open. Bright lights kick on. Inside, the three sleeping terrorists are revealed to be THREE INDONESIAN TEENAGERS.

KILMER

Jesus, they're kids.

The kids are carefully searched, cuffed and wrapped in blankets by a MEDIC for transport back to Fort Meade.

INT. CONTAINER - ON SHIP - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY 4 - NIGHT

Wearing evidence gloves, Kilmer and Sutton are going through the contents of the container.

SUTTON

\$21,000 in cash. Headphones, the Koran on tape. 21 cassettes. Food, water... Look at this, they ran the heater and the hot plate off these--six car batteries.... Whoa, lookie here.

Sutton, very, very carefully, holds up a kid-size vest, packed with explosives.

SUTTON (cont'd)

Three vests, all junior-sized. All packed.

Kilmer's fingers move carefully through the pockets, watching out for booby traps.

KILMER

C-4 and semtex, detonators, timers.

SUTTON

(the cruelty of the plan
breaking through)
What kind of people send kids to be
suicide bombers?

Kilmer opens a narrow, makeshift closet. He finds three blue blazers, neatly pressed, with a crest on the pocket, three sets of boys' white shirts and gray pants. Kilmer studies the crest.

KILMER

(holding up a coat)
They wanted to blow up a school.

INT. ATKINS' BASEMENT OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE - DAY 5 (MORNING)

Atkins with an agitated TOM SEABROOK, DEA Deputy Director.

SEABROOK

Damn right I'm pissed. He compromised a sting operation we'd been working on for 18 months...By the time we regroup, they'll have changed all their routes. He promised to use our intel for background only, not for ops.

It's clear that Seabrook doesn't know what Kilmer scored--a cell of suicide bombers. No one but Atkins (and a few others) will ever know. That's how the game works.

ATKINS

(for show only)

I'll make sure that Kilmer gets a letter of censure for this one.

SEABROOK

Eighteen months of work down the crapper. We're talking about people's careers here. Millions of dollars.

(beat, fishing)

Did they even find what they were looking for?

Atkins shakes his head, but we see a twinkle in his eye.

INT. FT. MEADE PRISONER INTAKE MONTAGE - DAY 5 (MORNING)

The three teens are de-loused, dressed in orange jumpsuits and put in separate glass-walled interrogation rooms.

Army guards at doors. Top secret rooms.

INT. FT. MEADE PRISONER HOLDING AREA - DAY 5

We watch along with Kilmer and Sutton through the one-way glass as Mo interrogates the oldest of the Indonesian teens in his native tongue. The younger kids were silent, but the older one is gesturing, defiant.

LARK

(carrying paperwork; to Kilmer)
You've got to get these kids lawyers.
One of them is 13 years old.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KILMER
Classify them as enemy combatants.

LARK
We should get a finding from Justice.

KILMER
They're military prisoners; we keep them
on base, we got no problems.

LARK
Press finds out we've got kids, this
could blow up worse than Elian.

KILMER
(firm)
No lawyers. Nobody finds out.

LARK
They're kids, Kilmer.

KILMER
They're terrorists sent by terrorists.
Keep a Chinese wall between us and your
friends at Justice. You got a problem
with that?

LARK
No, sir.

KILMER
(to Mo)
Get somebody to cross reference those
school uniforms. What school? What city?

MO
Got it.

KILMER
(to Sutton)
And where the hell's Frankie? I need her
back here to help interview these kids.

Sutton, dialing his cell, signals that he's on it.

Atkins arrives, his attitude triumphant; he joins Kilmer,
watches the interrogation.

(CONTINUED)

ATKINS

(to Kilmer)

You did a helluva job...The man upstairs,
all of us are grateful. DEA's a little
pissy, but--

Mo comes out of an interrogation room, pulls Kilmer aside.

MO

The oldest one is running the show.
Something's wrong here, Kil. The kid
keeps saying that it doesn't matter that
we caught them. That a day of reckoning
is coming.

ATKINS

They're trained to mess with your head.

Through the one-way mirror, the oldest kid seems to stare
right at Kilmer.

Sutton, closing his cell phone, walks over to Kilmer and
Atkins.

SUTTON

(quiet)

Frankie never boarded her flight.

KILMER

Where is she now?

SUTTON

We lost her.

(A beat)

Her Agency contact just turned up dead.

Atkins and Kilmer look to each other.

EXT. JAKARTA STREETS - DAY 5 - LATE NIGHT

Frankie's on the run in Jakarta, down an alley, in a doorway.
She's afraid to come up for air. We see why. A group of men
are looking for her on foot and motorcycle, carrying walkie-
talkies and barely concealed weapons.

**INT. FT. MEADE - - KILMER'S PRIVATE OFFICE. - DAY 5 -
AFTERNOON**

Jelani downloads a cross-sectional, satellite map of Jakarta.

Kilmer breathes, tries to stay calm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KILMER
(to Atkins)
Reach out to your assets in Jakarta.
Embassy security should have had her
bumper-locked 24-7.

ATKINS
(talking to CIA on phone)
What do you mean you only had one person
on her? What the hell.

He hangs up the phone.

ATKINS (cont'd)
(to Kilmer)
We'll find Frankie, you've got my word.
We've got assets on the ground right now
in Jakarta looking for her. We'll find
her. She knows how to take care of
herself.

KILMER
If you don't find her within the hour, I
want an F-14 on stand-by for Jakarta.
Put it on my credit card. I don't care
how you pay for it.

Mo comes into Kilmer's office.

MO
Something's hinky here. You gotta see
this.

They walk down the hall into Mo's sound room.

ATKINS
(to Kilmer)
John, can you handle this?
Or should I get Wilcox's team?

Kilmer shakes his head. He's back on mission. Jelani and Mo
are streaming screens of codes on the entire wall of
monitors.

JELANI
(to Kilmer)
NSA's been picking up chatter on Echelon.
We've got 75 key words, keying on
Hambali, all cross-references. NSA's
channeling them all to us raw.

(CONTINUED)

MO

We're getting word matches on five consistently. For the last six hours. Pakistan, Micronesia. Cell, e-mail. All encrypted, but saying the same thing--

Mo has their attention. He pulls it onto the big screen, a stream of scrolling encryption, words being translated before our eyes.

KILMER

What are you hearing?

MO

The date: September 21.

LARK

That's the day after tomorrow.

Kilmer is watching the monitor as the computer decodes the encryption and translates.

MO

Five different languages, seven discrete e-mails.

We hear the voices from the intercepted calls, in five languages, and the English translation, all displayed simultaneously: **THE FLOWERS ARE BLOOMING.**

JELANI

Voice analysis shows that the tone of the voices seems to be congratulatory.

MO

We got the kids--so why are they still celebrating?

A horrible realization begins to dawn upon Kilmer.

KILMER

Maybe someone else got through.

INT. FT. MEADE - THE VAULT - DAY 5 - AFTERNOON - LATER

The mood at the Vault has turned grim--as if Kilmer's team has been kicked in the gut. He gathers his team around.

CONTINUED:

KILMER

Now listen up. If anybody got past us, we've got to find them. What's your gut say? Don't be afraid to be wrong.

SUTTON

I don't know. We were once chasing heroin along the coast of Montenegro. They used switch boats. From power boat to power boat. It was like a relay.

KILMER

(remembering something)
I want you to run Franke's interrogation tape.

JELANI

From the prison?

Jelani types a few keystrokes. On the big screen Frankie appears in the digital archive asking "Am I in frame?"

KILMER

Jelani, find Radenmacher's line about switching. He said something about switching.

They key it up digitally, we hear Frankie on video say, "I'm your only hope..." Now we hear Radenmacher: "Sometimes they switch ships."

KILMER (cont'd)

Again.

We hear it again: "Sometimes they switch ships."

They are all paying attention now.

LARK

We've tracked everything bound for America from Jakarta.

KILMER

(thinking)
But what if the ship wasn't from Jakarta?

SUTTON

What do you mean?

MO

It's the bait and switch.

(CONTINUED)

KILMER

Exactly.

(to Lark)

Get inside the Jakarta Port Authority electronic files.

LARK

I'm already there. Here it is--ships that left Jakarta on or around August 20 for different ports.

She displays the information on the screen.

KILMER

Now match those up with the DEA's watch list of all ships.

SUTTON

I'm not as smart as you guys, help me out here.

KILMER

(onto something)

Jelani, how often do our satellites over the Pacific take pictures?

JELANI

Every two minutes.

KILMER

Here's what you're looking for. Go back and track all ships out of Jakarta that crossed paths with any ship bound for the U.S. I want to see satellite imagery of all ships that came within 600 yards of each other.

As Lark pulls up the matches, Kilmer studies Jelani's screens which are streaming digitized aerial photographs of ocean traffic.

LARK

Got one. The Illyria intersected with The Athena that left Jakarta two days before the Ondine.

JELANI

(calling up another screen)

Here's satellite footage, time-elapsed at six-to-one.

CONTINUED: (3)

As the computer narrows down its search, images on the screen slow into still aerial photos. Jelani keystrokes, and two images slide out of the printer beside him. He tosses the photos on Kilmer's desk.

C.U. THE PHOTOS: We clearly see two large ships tied together at sea and a crane is lifting a container from one to the other.

KILMER
Where is the Illyria headed?

LARK
(grim)
It docked in San Francisco yesterday.

INT. HOTEL HALL - JAKARTA - DAY 5 - LATE NIGHT

Frankie, in hiding, is at a pay phone in a flophouse, dials through to Kilmer.

INTERCUT INT. FT. MEADE - THE VAULT/INT. HOTEL HALL - JAKARTA

KILMER O.S.
Are you okay?

FRANKIE
For now. I'm at a boy-joy flophouse at 42 Malawi.

KILMER O.S.
Are you in danger?

FRANKIE
Probably.

Kilmer reacts. He's worried.

KILMER
Can you get to the Embassy?

FRANKIE
They're watching the embassy and Radenmacher's dead.

KILMER
I know. Stay put. We're gonna get you out of there, Frankie.

She hears a noise down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

43.

FRANKIE

I've got to go. Somebody's here.

She hangs up. Kilmer's left with the phone in his hand.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO PORT - DAY 5 - AFTERNOON

Thousands of containers being loaded on and off ships. Huge cranes, the works.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO PORT AUTHORITY OFFICES - DAY 5 - AFTERNOON

A PORT OFFICIAL at a front counter is talking to a hapless LOCAL FBI GUY.

LOCAL FBI GUY

We got a call from the Department of Homeland Security. They want ya to hold all containers coming off the Illyria.

PORT OFFICIAL

You gotta be shittin' me.

LOCAL FBI GUY

(commiserating)

I know, they got me chasin' my ass backwards.

Port official gets on the radio.

PORT OFFICIAL

Hey, Ralph, we got some G-man up here.

He winks at the FBI guy. Neither of them sees in the b.g. that a flatbed truck loaded with containers--including one with a green stripe--is waved past the security gate and heads away from the docks, into America.

INT. TRUCK - HEADING EAST - DAY 5 - AFTERNOON

The DRIVER is listening to country music, rolling a cigarette, oblivious.

INT. FRANKIE'S HOTEL ROOM - JAKARTA - DAY 5 - NIGHT

Frankie is in a room at the Flop House, waiting. She's put a bureau against the door. She rips a sheet, changes the dressing on her shoulder. She's clearly getting weaker. She HEARS somebody in the hallway. The door is getting bashed. Frankie is out the window, sliding, scrambling down the fire escape.

INT. ATKINS' OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE - DAY 5 - AFTERNOON

Atkins is on the phone with his CIA operatives in Jakarta.

ATKINS
This is unacceptable. You've got to stay on this. We gotta find her. She's not expendable. No.

He folds his hands, lets out a breath.

EXT. JAKARTA STREETS - DAY 5 - NIGHT

Frankie is moving through a tunnel, down side streets.

INT. FT. MEADE - THE VAULT - DAY 5 - AFTERNOON

Kilmer picks up his ringing phone. It's Atkins, who must keep Kilmer on mission without lying to him.

The terrorist team may now be in the country, and that must be Kilmer's priority.

ATKINS (O.S.)
Frankie got flushed out of her location. We think she's on her way to a safe house. I've got everybody on the ground in Jakarta tracking her. She'll make contact, and as soon as she does, I'll patch her through.

EXT. FREIGHT LOT - IOWA CORNFIELD - DAY 5 - EVENING

A blow torch is cutting through the green-striped container from inside. Someone is trying to get out.

We watch a MAN climb out of the container. This is HAMBALI, the terrorist mastermind from Malaysia. His hair is cut short and he's clean shaven.

He rigs the container with explosives, sets the detonator. He puts his large rucksack over his shoulder and starts down the road. As he walks, the container explodes into flames behind him.

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

45.

ACT THREE

EXT. JAKARTA/INTERCUT FT. MEADE - THE VAULT - DAY 5- PRE-DAWN

Frankie, at a Jakarta pay phone, punches in calling-card numbers. Kilmer answers.

KILMER

Where are you, Frankie?

FRANKIE

I'm not sure. Near the Governor's Palace.

KILMER

The Charlie Brothers have a safe house. Can you--

FRANKIE

--Nothing is safe here.

Frankie winces, her breathing is shallow. Something's up, and he knows it.

KILMER

Frankie--

FRANKIE

I'm fine, John.

(beat)

My shoulder got in the way of a knife.

KILMER

How bad?

FRANKIE

(lying)

Just a flesh wound. I'm fine.

KILMER

Don't hang up.

Jelani is tracking Frankie's coordinates.

JELANI

(finally)

We're locked.

KILMER

(to Jelani)

Get it to Atkins--

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KILMER (cont'd)
 (into the phone)
 Frankie, Atkins is getting your
 coordinates to our people there. Can you
 stay where you are?

Frankie looks down the street. There's activity at the far
 end--hard to know what it is.

FRANKIE
 Maybe.

KILMER
 (senses it)
 How's the cut?

FRANKIE
 You know me, Kilmer. Impregnable. You
 said I was made of cast iron.

KILMER
 That was on your good days.

Kilmer gives up a small smile. He looks over to Jelani.
 Jelani hangs up the phone, gives Kilmer a thumbs up.

KILMER (cont'd)
 I'm there with you baby.

FRANKIE
 I know.

Kilmer can feel her energy going.

KILMER
 (keeping her on the phone.)
 Weren't you in Bali once before?

FRANKIE
 Yeah. My first husband took me here.
 For our honeymoon.

KILMER
 Heard the guy was a jerk.

FRANKIE
 On his good days.

KILMER
 Now listen, Frankie. Atkins has people
 on the way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANKIE

How will I know it's them?

KILMER

They'll call you by the name of your first husband.

Kilmer hears a MAN'S VOICE in the background behind Frankie-- he can't make out what's happening. He hears Frankie start to answer, then her phone hangs up.

KILMER (cont'd)

Frankie--

But she's gone.

KILMER (cont'd)

(to Lark)

Shit. Get Atkins. I want to know exactly where his grab team is.

Kilmer's visibly shaken.

EXT. IOWA FREIGHT LOT - DAY 5 - NIGHT

What's left of the green-striped container is engulfed in fire. A cornfield borders the freight lot. A highway patrol car stops on the road and approaches.

OFFICER

(into his radio)

Looks like some kids been up to mischief out here. We got us what looks like a container...

THREAT MATRIX SHOT

As the cop talks into his radio, we FOLLOW HIS CALL, which is intercepted by a satellite as it ZOOMS at light speed from the satellite through millions of miles of fiber optics within Ft. Meade's Echelon computer system, until it reaches--

INT. THE VAULT -- MO'S OFFICE - DAY 6 - MORNING

Mo leans back in his chair. He's got something. Calls Kilmer over.

MO

Listen up. You just won the Exacta.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KILMER O.S.
One of my words popped?

MO
Yeah. I set Echelon to scan all radio signals and transmissions over the last twenty-four hours. We're searching for any one of sixty key words--including 'container' and 'box.' This just came in.

KILMER
Let's hear it.

MO
A highway patrolman's dispatch from Iowa.
Mo plays the audio.

HIGHWAY PATROL (O.S.)
Looks like some kids been up to mischief out here. We got us what looks like a container on fire...blown to smithereens. Looks like one of those shipping containers."

Kilmer is already up, putting on his coat.

KILMER
We're going to Iowa, folks.

Kilmer's phone RINGS. He grabs it.

KILMER (cont'd)
Frankie.

EXT. JAKARTA ALLEY - DAY 6 - CONTINUOUS

Frankie is being escorted by TWO CIA OPERATIVES.

FRANKIE
(into cell phone)
I'm safe, Kilmer. Charlie Brothers got me. Mrs. Kilmer is leaving the alley. Get back to work.

KILMER
(so relieved)
See you soon.

EXT. IOWA FREIGHT LOT - DAY 6 - MORNING

What's left of the container is still smoldering as Kilmer, Sutton and Mo land by chopper. A regional FBI FORENSICS TEAM with a field lab has already begun analyzing the scorched remains.

A SERIES OF SHOTS: Our team and the FBI agents hunt for clues; A FEMALE AGENT runs a Geiger Counter; A MALE AGENT inspects the remains of a radio; A FINGERPRINT MAN is at work; a team of BLOODHOUNDS arrives on a truck.

Kilmer supervises both teams, everywhere at once. Listening. Thinking.

FORENSICS #1
(to Kilmer; analyzing residue)
Refined Sementex. This guy means business.
It's high quality. Not domestic.

SUTTON
How many do you think there are?

FORENSICS #2
Only one set of footprints.

AGENT 2
He was living like an astronaut inside there. Sir, we've found what appears to be the remains of a chemical toilet. Judging from its size, looks like only one person.

As Kilmer digests this info, the bloodhounds start straining violently on their leashes.

AGENT 3
(near the cornfield)
We got a scent. Over here!

The bloodhounds are all over the prints. A SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS as Kilmer and Sutton and the bloodhound crew follow the footprints into the cornfield. An agent leads them.

AGENT
He's carrying something over his shoulder. He's favoring his right side.

EXT. GAS STATION/COUNTRY MART PAY PHONE - DAY 6 - MORNING

The trail has led down a road to a gas station pay phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KILMER
 (to Agents)
 Dust the phone for prints.
 (on cell phone, to Jelani)
 Pull phone company records of all numbers
 dialed in the last twelve hours from 515-
 296-0467. Pay special attention to calls
 made with prepaid or international phone
 cards.

SUTTON
 No prints on the phone.

INT. FT. MEADE - THE VAULT - DAY 6 - MORNING

JELANI
 (on phone to Kilmer)
 One international phone card call was
 made at 3:12.

KILMER
 To where?

JELANI
 A coffee shop in Chicago.

EXT. GAS STATION/COUNTRY MART PAY PHONE - DAY 6 - MORNING

Sutton is inside the Gas Station talking to the OWNER.

SUTTON
 See anybody unusual in the last 5 hours?
 Owner shakes his head. There is a bus schedule on the wall.

SUTTON (cont'd)
 Busses come through here?

GAS MAN
 Twice a day. Buy tickets on board.

SUTTON
 When was the last one?

GAS MAN
 Three hours ago. Chicago bound.

INT. CHICAGO CAFE - DAY 6 - AFTERNOON

Mo is in the Chicago cafe interviewing the WAITRESS, trying
 to get a profile. A local FBI FORENSICS GUY accompanies him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

51.

WAITRESS

Yeah, I remember the call. It was last night. There was a guy in a red shirt. A tall guy, blond hair. Tall. He waited five hours in the side booth for a pay phone call. He drank like six cups of coffee, barely said a word. Ordered peach pie, made a little bib out of a napkin--very, you know, tidy. Every time someone else wanted to use the phone, he waved them off. Left a crappy tip.

It's the only lead they have: a blond guy in a red shirt answered the phone.

The local FBI guy dusts the phone booth. They get a set of prints off the napkin holder that was on the table, a little muddied but maybe good enough. Mo runs it through his PalmPilotX; local bureau guy is impressed.

INT. FT. MEADE - THE VAULT - DAY 6 - AFTERNOON

Jelani receives prints on his screen, scans them through Interpol and a hundred other data banks.

INT. CHICAGO CAFE - DAY 6 - AFTERNOON

Within seconds, the photo that matches the fingerprints appears on the screen: FAYEZ AHMED, a 24-year-old with an Egyptian passport. They show it to the waitress.

WAITRESS

That's not the guy.

MO

Are you sure?

The waitress takes a closer look.

WAITRESS

Wait a minute...

EXT. CHICAGO FBI OFFICE - ESTABLISHING - DAY 6 - DUSK

We see downtown Chicago, the river, the Federal Building.

INT. CHICAGO FBI OFFICE - DAY 6 - SAME

Kilmer is looking at the photo on his screen, trying to piece this all together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KILMER
 Fayez Ahmed. Born in Yemen, arrested for petty theft in London, where he spent five years, then attended college in Hamburg. His immigration records show he came to the U.S. in 1999, arrived in New York, and then nothing.

One other passport stamp catches Kilmer's eye: Malaysia.

KILMER (cont'd)
 (to the team)
 Three different trips to Malaysia, including one just before he came to the States.

MO
 Malaysia is where Hambali trains up his suicide bombers.

The waitress is also here, amazed at all the pyrotechnics as Kilmer studies the photo of Fayez Ahmed, the eyes...

KILMER
 (to the waitress)
 You're sure he was a blond guy?

WAITRESS
 Yeah. And I remember his red shirt because I thought my brother might like it for Christmas.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO CAFE - DAY 6 - EVENING

Sutton walks out into a busy street, sees several fast food restaurants nearby, all of which have security cameras, including one that watches the street. He's got an idea.

INT. FT. MEADE TM - THE VAULT - DAY 6 - EVENING

Jelani is downloading video from the Chicago security cameras. The b&w video is poor quality and badly lit, but he can almost see the guy for a few frames in the crowded street.

INT. CHICAGO FBI OFFICE/INTERCUT FT. MEADE - THE VAULT- DAY 6

Kilmer and Sutton are watching this on a monitor. They keep losing their subject. The man in the red shirt is just another black and white blur.

KILMER

Can we get color, Jelani?

JELANI

No...but even though the film is black and white, it has a color tone signature in it.

KILMER

Good, lose everyone not wearing red.

He makes some adjustments. Now people who are wearing red are highlighted. Others are dropped off the screen.

KILMER (cont'd)

Can you isolate anyone over five foot eight?

Jelani does and everyone under five eight disappears. Now we've only got thirty people in the surveillance video.

JELANI

The man was a blond, that narrows it down now to these five or six.

KILMER

(to the Waitress)

Anything else you recall? Was he wearing a watch...did he have a limp?

She thinks a minute.

WAITRESS

No...he took a piece of pie to go.

What Kilmer's been waiting for.

KILMER

And did you put it in a bag...
(pointing to a figure on screen
carrying a small paper bag)
...Like this?

WAITRESS

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone drops off the video except one man. They have a picture of the man in the red shirt. This is our man, and the threat is real. The threat now has a face.

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone drops off the video except one man. They have a picture of the man in the red shirt. This is our man, and the threat is real. The threat now has a face.

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT FOUR

INT. CHICAGO FBI OFFICE - DAY 6 - EVENING

Kilmer and Lark have put an Interpol photo of Fayez on one screen, and the security camera photo of "Mr. Blond" on the other.

They are joined by an ARMY PLASTIC SURGEON.

CHICAGO FBI GUY

This is Captain McNamara, Army plastic surgeon, specializes in black ops reconstructive.

KILMER

(nods to the surgeon)
Captain.
(re: the two faces)
Could these possibly be the same person?

ARMY PLASTIC SURGEON

Let's take a look.

Using state of the art facial recognition software designed for plastic surgery, the surgeon morphs the two photos. He shows them the possible surgical scenarios.

ARMY PLASTIC SURGEON (cont'd)

This is how they modified his nose, and it looks like they shaved a bit off his cheekbones. His skin is already light tan but they probably had him take Hydroquinone to lighten it more.

The morphed photo leaves no doubt: Mr. Blond is Fayez. At least one terrorist, if not more, is in the heartland of America, and he looks like us.

INT. CHICAGO F.B.I. OFFICE - DAY 6 - LATE NIGHT

Kilmer and Mo tap into Echelon, the NSA's cutting edge supercomputer, to do a faceprint scan.

KILMER

We need an alias and address for Fayez.
Where he works, anything.

THREAT MATRIX SHOT

(CONTINUED)

Echelon FLASHES us through a vast network of photo databases worldwide, accessing and cross-checking file banks of photographic identification: driver's licences, passport and immigration photos, all government employees. The search reveals an Illinois DRIVER'S LICENSE PHOTO of Fayeze and an address.

MO

We got a hit. Fayeze is posing as "Thomas Smith." 2615 Dalehurst Drive in Oak Park.

KILMER

Time to start banging on doors.

EXT. JAKARTA STREETS - DAY 6 - SAME

Frankie is traveling in the safe car with the two local CIA operatives, one driving and one in the back seat.

A truck cuts them off. GUNMEN are on the car. Both of her protectors are shot. She is dragged from the car and a gun is placed to her head. Wrists are tied behind her head, a hood is put over her head. She is thrown in the back of the truck.

EXT. SUBURBAN CHICAGO HOUSE - DAY 7 - PRE-DAWN

Establishing shot.

INT. SUBURBAN CHICAGO HOUSE - DAY 7 - SAME

A chilling scene.

Hambali is dressing Fayeze, aka "Mr. Blond", outfitting the suicide bomb underneath his clothes. All the bomb components are graphite, so "Mr. Blond" will have no problems passing through metal detectors.

The last thing he does is put on a blue smock. Stencilled above the pocket: *The Chicago Commodities Exchange*.

A wordless ritual between the bomb master and his protege.

INT. CHICAGO COMMODITIES EXCHANGE - DAY 7 - MORNING

Fayeze walks up the steps to the building. His name tag reads "Tommy Smith." There is an easy familiarity between them all. A lot of SECURITY around. Other BROKERS, also in blue smocks, in front and behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROKER #1

Hey, Tommy, what's up? A lot of security today.

BROKER #2

G-8 finance ministers from Europe are ringing the opening bell this morning.

TOMMY

Anna Nicole Smith, now that was fun.

BROKER #2

She can ring my bell.

Fayez approaches the security check.

EXT./ INT. SUBURBAN CHICAGO HOUSE - DAY 7 - MORNING

CHICAGO SWAT TEAM pulls up to Fayez's house with Lark. They surround the house. Bust down front door. Nobody's home. Too late.

Lark rifles through Fayez's desk, finds employment papers.

LARK

Looks like our guy works on the floor at the Chicago Commodities Exchange.

An F.B.I. FORENSICS GUY waves Lark over. He's running a small, chemical analyzer over the kitchen table, and he's found something.

F.B.I. FORENSICS GUY

This is graphite residue. If your guy used this stuff to make a bomb, he'll pass right through any metal detector.

As Lark reaches for her cell phone, we...

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO COMMODITIES EXCHANGE - FLOOR - DAY 7 - MORNING

Fayez passes through the metal detectors and enters the floor. BROKERS, getting ready for the intense day ahead, are already fielding calls even before the morning bell rings.

Fayez proceeds down a moving ramp and through a passage way, onto an elevator. One of the brokers tries to exchange financial tips with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROKER 4

Missed you last night at the party. You unloading pork bellies?

Fayez just shrugs, no mind for small talk, but it's clear that most every one here knows him.

INT. F.B.I. BLACK SUBURBAN - DAY 7 - MORNING - DRIVING

Kilmer, Sutton and Mo are racing to the Commodities Exchange.

SUTTON

Do we call SWAT?

KILMER

Can't risk it. If he sees a uniform he'll detonate.

LARK O.S.

(on speakerphone)

More bad news. Just spoke to the State Department. The G-8 Financial Ministers are in Chicago.

KILMER

Let me guess where.

LARK O.S.

You got it. The Exchange.

Jelani chimes in over the speakerphone as well.

JELANI O.S.

Kilmer?

KILMER

Go ahead, Jelani.

JELANI O.S.

We got the results back on the C-4. What we found at Fayez's house matches what was in the container. This shit is like C-4 on crack. I'm putting this through your PPX. Take a look.

Jelani uploads to Kilmer's PalmPilotX the specs on the probable type of bomb and detonation device based on the graphite residue found at the house and the traces of C-4. We see the dynamic simulation on Kilmer's PPX and intercut as necessary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JELANI (cont'd)

These are the protocols. If he's wearing two pounds of C-4, it'll blow the building. Ten pounds, he'll blow the block. The blast radius increases exponentially the more there is.

The team reacts. It sinks in.

MO

If he knows we're onto him, he'll blow the place. A sniper won't help. We need to K-J him, no motor mobility at all. One dying twitch he could finger-trigger the bomb.

SUTTON

We've got to get close enough to either break his arms or inject him with Utoxin.

KILMER

(to Lark)

Call in the bomb squad. They are not to go into the building unless I order them. Tell them to bring a truck, the biggest one they got.

INT. ROOM IN JAKARTA - DAY 7 - EVENING

Frankie's on a chair, a hood over her head. She has been beaten. One of her captors runs a video camera.

FRANKIE

My name is Frankie Ellroy Kilmer. I am an American.

INT. CHICAGO COMMODITIES EXCHANGE - DAY 7 - MORNING

Kilmer, Sutton, and Mo, wearing blue smocks, like other traders, enter the floor from different sides. As they enter, the G-8 FINANCIAL LEADERS come into the gallery above. Kilmer's team sees the bomber on the floor; surrounded by other traders, he's looking up into the gallery.

As the G-8 leaders are ready to ring the bell, Kilmer and Sutton move in on the bomber, staying in his blind spot, until they are each two feet behind him.

Just as the bell rings, Kilmer and Sutton grab the bomber's wrists, snapping them back until they're broken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

60.

As he stumbles into their arms, Mo is there injecting the bomber's arm with Utoxin. The bomber goes slack. All of this is done with nobody else noticing.

As they clear a path, they tell other brokers:

MO
It's okay, he just fainted. He'll be fine.

They look down and to their horror, they realize the bomb is on a timer.

The bomb is ticking.

They've got 57 seconds. Out the door, down the stairs, to the street.

The BOMB SQUAD is there, all geared up. The back of the truck is opened. They lay him inside.

BOMB SQUAD
(seeing the device)
No way to separate him from the device.
You gotta leave him. If we separate him from the bomb it will blow.

The bomber opens his eyes, begins to move. Fifteen seconds. Kilmer slugs him, knocks him back out. The bomb squad cranks down the door. They all run. The force of the explosion knocks the axles off the bomb truck.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION -- SAME

Frankie in a room. The only light comes through barred clearstory windows high above. She is fatigued, frightened, clearly in pain. A GUARD enters, carrying a pistol.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY 7 - MORNING

On Kilmer's face: Everything is clear. Like the animal he is, a man of instinct, still capable of the deepest love and loyalty, he senses something is not right from so far off, a world away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 7 - SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDWEST

Television is on, the evening news.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER

A bomber was killed today trying to blow up the Chicago Commodities Exchange. No one else was injured.

CU of Hambali, who we recognize from the mug shots, watching TV.

ON TV: President's address.

PRESIDENT

We have our best men working 24:7. But I can tell you this. The war against terrorism has just begun. It is a war fought by soldiers...unknown to you and me. Their job is to keep us safe. We are making progress.

CU of Hambali's face.

SMASHCUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CODA

Satellite POV. An aerial grid of the city seen from outerspace, with our camera now calibrating, faster, faster, toward earth, everything coming into gritty focus from above a street grid, and now we see an airstrip, and now closer, in focus, we see--

EXT. TARMAC, FORT MEADE - DAY 7 - NIGHT

Two men on the tarmac waiting for someone to disembark from a plane that just landed. The men are Kilmer and Atkins.

KILMER

I thought we didn't negotiate with terrorists.

ATKINS

We don't. This didn't happen.

KILMER

The three kids?

ATKINS

They landed in Jakarta five minutes ago.

KILMER

They'll come back at us.

ATKINS

Maybe.

They see Frankie getting off the plane. She walks gingerly.

ATKINS (cont'd)

I didn't want to lose her. We need you-- both of you.

But Kilmer doesn't hear him. Frankie is walking across the tarmac, away from the plane, and Kilmer is now moving toward her, first walking, and now running. They find each other for a brief moment...before the camera pulls up into the sky and the dark heavens beyond.

FADE TO BLACK.