

T R U E L I E S

WRITTEN

BY

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TITLE SEQUENCE

1 EXT. MOUNTAINS, NEAR GENEVA, SWITZERLAND - NIGHT

full
of
guards

The snow covered Alps stand out clearly in the light of a moon. A fortress-like CHATEAU is situated in a flat saddle forest partway up the mountain, next to a frozen lake. The property is surrounded by high stone walls, and the stately grounds are bathed in floodlights and patrolled by armed with dogs.

2 EXT. CHATEAU - NIGHT

middle-
encrusted

The driveway and motorcourt are filled with cars. A formal-dress party is in progress... a private reception for a eastern dignitary. Tuxedoes men escort their diamond-encrusted ladies through the huge front doors, where they doff their overcoats and are politely scanned with hand-held metal detectors by white gloved security staffers.

forming
waterway

The walled perimeter of the house runs along the lake, a kind of rampart. There is an opening, to a kind of or canal, which connects to the private docks inside the grounds. There is a steel grating across the opening. The bars disappear down into the thin ice of early winter.

wall
down

With the house visible BG, we CRANE DOWN below the parapet along which a guard in a white exposure-suit is walking... along the dark wall to the grating... TILTING DOWN to see a glow pulsing under the ice.

3 EXT. BENEATH THE ICE, UNDERWATER - NIGHT

the
to
filtering

Camera moving toward: A FIGURE in diving gear working at metal bars with an oxygen arc cutting torch. One bar has already been cut out. Two quick cuts and a second bar falls to the muddy bottom. Lit now only from the floodlights filtering down through the ice, the figure slips through the bars and swims powerfully along the stone canal wall.

Seem from below, the figure is a black shadow moving against the rippled-glass of the ice above.

4 EXT. CANAL AND BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

his

A dock extends into the frozen canal, just behind a large boathouse. There is a faint chipping sound. The ice breaks quietly, and the pieces are slid back. A head appears, in a rubber drysuit hood. The DIVER slips the regulator out of his mouth and turns slowly, scanning... revealing:

above

HARRY TASKER. Our hero. Harry floats with just his eyes above the surface, silent as a water snake, as a guard passes on a footpath nearby.

dock.

After a few beats Harry slips out of his tanks and fins, letting them sink, and climbs the frozen ladder onto the dock.

He moves like a ninja into the shadows of the boathouse. Opening a WATERPROOF BAG, he pulls out a walky talky.

HARRY

Honey, I'm home.

5 INT. / EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN, MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

twenty-
via

Meet Harry's partner, ALBERT "GIB" GIBSON, an overweight year-man with a lived in looking face. Gib answers Harry via his headset.

GIB

Roger that.
(he covers the mike and

turns)
Hey, Fize! Get your butt in
here. Harry's inside.

Outside, FAST FAISIL, an Iranian-American, finishes making
yellow snow and hurries back to the van. They are parked on
a winding mountain road a half-mile from the chateau, whose
lights are visible through the trees.

Faisil jumps in and goes to the eyepiece of a huge telephoto
nightvision scope. The eerie green image lurches as he
sweeps the grounds, locating the boathouse.

6 EXT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Concealed in the shadows, Harry is shucking out of his
drysuit. Underneath is he is wearing black tux pants, suspenders,
cummerbund and a formal shirt. He puts a tiny plug, like a
hearing aid, deep in his ear canal. A SUB-VOCAL
TRANSCIEIVER.
Very advanced.

HARRY

Switching to sub-vocal. Gib, you
copy?

GIB (OVER)

It's Talkradio. You're on the
air.

Harry slips into his shoulder harness... holster on one
side,
containing his .45 auto Glock-22, and the transmitter pack
for
the ear-piece slung on the other. He slips on a formal
jacket,
concealing the rig. Then a final touch. A little
aftershave
from a tiny plastic vial.

Harry adjusts his bow-tie and strides confidently out of the
shadows, crossing quickly to the main house. He looks
ultrasharp in his black tux with the white silk cummerbund
and
his hair slicked back. He enters the main house through a
back
service entrance.

7 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Harry strides through the huge kitchen like he owns the place.

The kitchen staff are scurrying around, too busy to really notice. He finger-tastes a dish as he passes.

HARRY

(French/ subtitled)

This needs more garlic.

He breezes through unchallenged, exiting into the--

8 INT. MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Here the party is in full swing. Harry blends smoothly into the crowd of foreign dignitaries, businessman and minor mid-east nobility. They are a high-octane mixture of new oil

money

and old European money, and run the spectrum from stodgy bankers to playboy arms dealers.

he

Harry strolls amiably among the glittering woman, the cigar smoking men, casually snagging a glass of champagne and a canape from the passing waiters. He nods to someone as if

in

knows them. Greets another is quite fluent Arabic. People

the

his wake look at each other like "Do you know him?" They shrug, go on with their conversation. Harry moves through

crowd. Scanning.

HARRY

There's Daddy Petrobucks.

host

HARRY'S POV - Through the crowd is sees JAMAL KHALED, the

animated,

of the party and owner of the chateau. He is fat and

*

greeting guests with a flourish. As Harry watches he warmly

*

greet a beautiful WOMAN. They become absorbed in a

conversation.

is

The woman glances up and sees Harry checking her out. There

a frank moment of returned interest. Then the crowd shifts, cutting off their view of each other.

9 INT. STAIRCASE AND SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

floor. * Harry makes his way up the grand staircase to the second
* He slips through doors into the private area of the mansion.

10 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

He * The doors open and Harry slips into the darkened library.
* crosses quickly to a window and opens it onto a terrace.

11 EXT. BALCONIES - NIGHT

* Harry goes onto the terrace, and in a display of acrobatic
* prowess, he pulls himself up onto the third floor balcony
* directly above. He lets himself into--
*

12 INT. KHALED'S OFFICE - NIGHT

* Khaled's office is ornately furnished. Beautiful antiques
glint in the moonlight coming in the French-doors. Harry
crosses to an immense desk and boots up the computer there.
Bathed in the glow from the screen, he pulls a FLAT BOX,
about the size of a paperback, from the back of his cummerbund.
He connects it quickly to the modem port in the back of the
computer.

HARRY

Modem in place. Transmitting...
now.

He pushes a button and a green light comes on.

13 INT. VAN - NIGHT

DATA Gib and Faisil watch as their monitor screen lights with
from Khaled's private computer.

FAISIL

Affirmatory. We are in.

*

Fast Faisil is a computer ace. His fingers fly on the
keyboard as he types rapid key commands. We see familiar "windows
appear". The words are all in Arabic characters.

FAISIL

These are encrypted files, guys.
This is going to take me a few
minutes.

14 OMITTED

*

15 INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

*

TIGHT ON LIBRARY DOOR. It opens a crack and a dental mirror
comes out, looking around like a U-boat periscope. Seeing
the coast is clear Harry slips out. But just as he is closing
the door, a GUARD rounds the corner ten feet away. Harry turns
smoothly. He smiles sheepishly and moves toward the guard.

HARRY

(In Arabic/ subtitled)
Where's the john around here? I
have to take a major leak.

The guard points warily down the corridor. Harry nods and
heads that way, back toward the party.

16 INT. MAIN HALL/ STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Harry comes down the staircase amid the glitter of the
party.
He is sipping champagne and looking bored. He sees two
security guys moving purposefully through the crowd toward
the

him stairs, walkies in their hands. He turns away as they pass
and pretends to study a large fragment of bas-relief... a
temple frieze depicting a war chariot drawn by four horses.
She * He senses someone next to him and turns. It is the WOMAN.
is captivatingly beautiful, and her gaze is piercing.

HARRY

(indicating the bas-
relief)
Magnificent, isn't it?

WOMAN

Yes. Hi, I'm Juno Skinner. I
thought I knew most of Khaled's
friends but I don't believe I
know you.

Harry offers his hand to her.

HARRY

Renquist. Harry Renquist.

17 INT. VAN - NIGHT

He Gib whirls to the screen displaying the mission database.
scans rapidly for--

GIB

Skinner. Skinner. Come on...

data Gib finds the entry he's looking for. Juno's picture and
appear on the screen.

GIB

Juno Skinner. Art and
antiquities dealer, specializing
in ancient Persia.

18 INT. MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Harry turns back to the fragment of frieze.

HARRY

This is Persian, if I'm not
mistaken.

JUNO

Very good. It's sixth century
B.C. Do you like the period?

HARRY

(shameless)
I adore it.

19 EXT. DOCK/ BOATHOUSE (NIGHTVISION POV) - NIGHT

Seen through the starlight scope, we see one of the guards
shining his light on the hole in the ice and then on Harry's
footprints leading to the boathouse. He calls to one of the
other guards, who comes running over.

20 INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Harry, still with Juno, hears Gib in his ear:

GIB (VO)

Harry, we got a problem. Guards
are swarming all over the dock.

Harry glances up the stairs. Khaled's SECURITY CHIEF is
gesturing to several of his men, and speaking quickly into a
walky. Three SECURITY MEN come down the stairs, scanning
the
crowd. Harry turns smoothly away from them and takes Juno's
arm.

HARRY

Do you dance, Ms. Skinner?

He steers her toward the dance floor.

21 INT. VAN - NIGHT

Gib, listening, rolls his eyes. He looks through the night-
vision scope. Guards are running around outside the
chateau.
Harry's stirred up the hornet's nest. Faisil is still
jamming
at the keyboard.

FAISIL

Okay, files are unlocked. I'm
in. I'm down, baby. I got my
hand up her dress and I'm going

for the gold. I'm--

GIB

Just copy the goddamn files!

(into his headset)

Harry, don't be stopping to smell
the roses, now. You hear me,
Harry?

22 INT. MAIN HALL - NIGHT

of Harry whirls Juno aggressively across the dancefloor. She responds deftly. They are well matched. She parries each

his smooth moves with a flourish. It is a contest of wills, and a surprised appraisal for each that the other is worthy. Juno is hot. He bends her back at the waist, then snaps her up. She twirls into the crook of his arm. Their faces are inches apart. Wow. The music ends and she gives him a wry grin.

JUNO

Well. And I thought this was going to be just another bunch of boring bankers and oil billionaires.

GIB (OVER)

Harry, seconds count, buddy.
Ditch the bitch, let's go.

HARRY

Unfortunately, Juno, I have a plane to catch.

dress. She slips a card out of a pocket in her otherwise sheer

sparks. She hands it to him, maintaining eye contact. Serious

JUNO

Call me, if you'd like to see some of my other pieces.

HARRY

I'd like that.

23 INT. VAN - NIGHT

Gib can't believe this conversation.

GIB

(to Faisil)

Son of a bitch is with her two
minutes and she's ready to bear
his children

(to Harry)

What's your exit strategy Twinkle
Toes?

24 EXT. CHATEAU/ FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Harry nods to the security men at the door as he strides
confidently through. He goes down the steps to the broad
terrace above the motor court. Behind Harry, a GUARD lowers
his walky talky and starts after him.

GUARD

May I see your invitation, sir?

Without turning, Harry slips a small flat box out of his
breast pocket. A REMOTE DETONATOR.

HARRY

*

Here's my invitation.

*

He pushes the button and--

*

KABOOM! The second floor office windows blow out in a
fiery explosion. Using the diversion, Harry leaps off the terrace
before the guard can open fire.

25 INT. / EXT. VAN - NIGHT

Gib sees the rising fireball a half-mile away. He starts
the van.

GIB

Aw, shit. Here we go--

26 EXT. CHATEAU AND GROUNDS - NIGHT

trees.
snow
Harry sprints across the snow-covered lawn, through the
Guards with automatic weapons run after him, firing. The
explodes around him with bullet hits.

TWO DOBERMANS pelt toward Harry, leaping at him in perfect
unison. He waits... and knocks their heads together in mid-
leap with a crack like a baseball bat. The dogs drop to the
snow, wobbling around like they're drunk.

bushes
Dog
As Harry sprints on, ANOTHER DOBERMAN lunges out of the
ahead, leaping directly for his throat. Harry grabs the dog
and shot-puts him up into a tree without breaking stride.
Fu. The dog yelps and scrambles to hold onto an icy branch,
looking down in amazement.

27 EXT. PERIMETER WALL/ MOUNTAIN SLOPE - NIGHT

Harry leaps down on the outside of the wall, hitting a snow
bank and sliding downhill. He sprints down the gentle slope
toward the highway.

Harry looks back as TWO GUARDS ON SKIS come out of a guard
station beside the main entrance.

with
behind
with
TRACKING WITH THE SKI-GUARDS, searching through the trees
lights. They have lost Harry. They stop. A snowbank
them EXPLODES as Harry leaps out. He disables them both
vicious street-fighter moves. Harry looks upslope as--

some
of
A service gate opens in the perimeter wall and TEAMS OF
SECURITY MEN in white snow-suits pour out, some on skis,
on SNOWMOBILES. A HELICOPTER rises over the wall in a blast
swirling snow. Its xenon lights rake through the trees,
casting lurid wheeling shadows on the snow.

one
FAL
ON Harry, snapping closed the ski boots he has stolen from
of the disabled guards. He pops the boots quickly into the
bindings and takes off downhill with one of the guard's FN
rifles slung across his back.

through
patrols
The helicopter swoops downhill, its searchlight blazing
the forest. Snowmobile headlights illuminate the ski-
zig-zagging among the trees.

through
xenon
the *
the
Harry slashes expertly downhill. He cuts a distinguished
figure in his black tux. Automatic weapons fire rips
the trees from behind him. Harry is going flat-out. The
light hits him. A 7.62 mm machine gun in the chopper rips
slope into white clouds around him. Harry slashes, turns,
weaving among the trees at breakneck speed. A snowmobile is
closing in, outflanking him. He turns toward it, suddenly.
Hits a mogul. Uses the air to slash his skis right across
rider's face. The snowmobile crashes and tumbles into the
night.

28 INT. / EXT. VAN - MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

GIB'S VAN takes an icy turn in a hairy slide.
INSIDE Gib is peering upslope, trying to see what's going
on.
All he can see are lights and gunfire.

GIB

Harry, what's your twenty? I
need a position, buddy--

from
Suddenly a skier in a black tux launches across the road
the slope above, RIGHT OVER THE VAN, and lands deftly
downslope.

GIB

Uh... right! I'll catch you on
the next bend.

Behind the van, pursuing guards leap across the road. Only
about half can make the jump. The rest crash horribly. The
helicopter thunders overhead.

29 EXT. MOUNTAIN SLOPE - NIGHT

into
Harry sees the chopper start an attack run. He comes out

chopper the open, going straight downhill like a rocket. The
gets suckered in... trying to hit him, getting right down
behind him... and suddenly-- Harry slides to a stop in an
explosion of powder and whips up the rifle. P-P-P-POW! He
rakes a burst across the windshield. The startled pilot
swerves and-- Suddenly two tall pine trees are right in
front of him.

chopper K-WHACK! The main-rotor blade snaps clean off and the
drops into the snow, plowing into a snowbank. It slides
right to the edge of a steep ridge and stops, teetering.

right Firing from a snowmobile, one of the guards puts a burst
across Harry's path. Harry's skis are hit and he tumbles,
comes out of it... running down the hill like a juggernaut
in his heavy boots. He has lost the rifle somewhere in the
snow.

disabled Harry takes cover behind the burning wreck of the downed
chopper, which still has its engine running. The ski patrol
opens fire from upslope. Rounds whacking against the
helicopter.

it. Harry looks down the slope and gets an idea. He jerks the
unconscious pilot out and pushes on the fuselage, rocking
forward It slips over the edge. He leaps inside as it topples
and slides down the slope.

30 INT./ EXT. HELICOPTER - MOUNTAIN SLOPE - NIGHT

tail- Harry adds throttle and works the footpedals, using the
rotor to steer. The chopper had snow-skids, and Harry is
skiing the damn thing down the mountain.

* The copter is burning as it rockets down the slope on its
skids. Bullets are hitting the fuselage, and everything
around it. Skiers are wiping out, hitting trees. A snowmobile
hits a rock and flies spectacularly into a ravine.

GIB (OVER)

Harry! Where are you!

HARRY

In the helicopter.

31 INT./ EXT. VAN - MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Gib slides the van around a curve.

GIB

(deadpan, to Faisil)

He's in the helicopter.

Big is scanning above for the chopper. Then upslope he sees the burning fuselage skiing expertly among the trees.

The chopper hits a jump and launches into the air-- It
crashes
as--
The chopper drops right toward him-- He hits the brakes and--

BLAMMO! It drops onto the road ten feet in front of the
skidding van... then slides over the edge and tumbles into
a
rocky canyon where is BLOWS UP! The fireball lights up the
night.

Gib and Faisil jump out of the van. They look downslope at
the
burning wreckage.

GIB

Harry? HARRY?!

HARRY

What?

Gib and Faisil spin to look behind them. Harry is lodged in
tree-branches hanging over the road. Gib hands his MP-5K
*
machine gun to Faisil and reaches up to Harry, who grabs his
*
hand and pulls. Harry tumbles down into the snowbank. He
stands, brushing snow off his tux, and clomps toward the van
in
his ski-boots. He is completely unruffled.

HARRY

Let's go. We can still make our flight.

TEAMS As Faisil is getting into the van behind Harry, TWO GUARD
ON SNOWMOBILES roar around the bend behind them, fish-
tailing on the ice. Faisil OPENS FIRE. One snowmobile swerves over
the embankment. The other pulls up broadside, and the
guards duck behind it. Gib floors it and the van roars down the
mountain. Faisil is still Ramboing on full-auto.

FAISIL

This is GREAT!! I never get to shoot!

CUT TO:

32 EXT. DULLES AIRPORT - NIGHT

An American Airlines 747 touches down amid puffs of tire smoke.

33 EXT. SUBURBAN D.C. STREET - NIGHT

It A NON-DESCRIPT SEDAN pulls to the curb in a neighborhood of
modest middle-income tract homes. The street is deserted.
is 4 A.M. Gib is at the wheel, dropping Harry off at his house.

34 INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Harry is emptying his pockets... passport, business cards
etc. All documents under his name "Renquist". He double checks
that his pants and jacket pockets and empty. Gib fastidiously
puts the items into a plastic zip-lock.

HARRY

Empty. Go.

Gib starts handing him items from a briefcase. This should
all feel like a tired ceremony between them.

GIB

Harry Tasker wallet. Harry Tasker passport. Plane ticket stub, hotel receipt, Tasker. Two postcards of Lake Geneva. House keys. Souvenir snowing Swiss village.

Gib snags him how it snows when you shake it up and turn it over.

HARRY

What's this for?

GIB

For Dana, schmuck. Bring your kid something. You know. The dad thing.

HARRY

Got it. Nice touch. Okay, pick me up at eight. The de-brief is at ten hundred.

Harry opens the car door.

GIB

Hey, hey, hey... what are we forgetting?

Gib holds up Harry's gold wedding band. Harry puts it on.

HARRY

What a team. See you at eight.

GIB

Yep. Sleep fast.

35 INT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Harry slips inside. He sets down his suitcase and walks quietly down the hall. He pauses at a door with lurid labels and stickers plastered all over it (Toxic Waste, STAY OUT!, IF IT'S TOO LOUD YOU'RE TOO OLD, etc.)

Harry silently opens the door and looks in at his sleeping daughter, DANA. She looks like an angel in the moonlight coming in the window. In fact, she is a typical 14 year old girl, and therefore hardly an angel. But to Harry she is

unflawed.

36 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

the
cheek
hug

Harry, undressed now, slips into bed next to... a lump in covers which we presume to be a human being. This is HELEN TASKER, Harry's wife of 15 years. He kisses her on the cheek and she stirs. She rolls toward him, giving him a sleepy hug and a kiss.

HELEN

(a drowsy murmur)
Hi, honey. How was the flight?

HARRY

Fine, honey. Stay asleep.

HELEN

Okay.

stares

As she drifts off, Harry puts his head on the pillow and stares at the ceiling.

DISSOLVE TO:

37 INT. TASKER HOUSE - DAY (MORNING)

TIGHT ON SWISS VILLAGE. It is snowing.

ON DANA, reaching to the present Harry just gave her.

DANA

Hey, thanks dad. I never had one of these.

to
heads

They are in her room, which is your basic room from Hell. Pearl Jam posters, and an unbelievable clutter of junk, magazines and cheap jewelry. Harry kisses her on the cheek, which she submits dutifully. He looks at his watch and heads for the door.

HARRY

You better hurry. You're going to be late for school.

Harry hurries out and Dana considers the Swiss village a moment.

DANA

Really lame.

She plonks is straight in the wastebasket.

38 INT. HALLWAY/BEDROOM/ BATHROOM - DAY

* Harry strides down the hall, avoiding their small but
* incredibly ugly dog, GIZMO, who skitters past him going the
other way.

HARRY

Dana, don't forget to feed Gizmo!

*
clearly Harry crosses the bedroom, hurrying past Helen who is
rushing to get ready herself. We get our first good look at
Helen. She is wearing a terrycloth robe as she picks out an
outfit. Her hair is wrapped in a towel. To call her plain
would be inaccurate. She could be attractive if she put any
effort into it, which doesn't occur to her.

HARRY

I'm late.

HELEN

Me too.

They talk without looking at each other, the way people who
have been together a long time do.

HELEN

How'd it go at the trade show?
You make all the other salesmen
jealous?

HARRY

Yeah. You should have seen it.
We were the hit of the show with
the new model ordering system,
the one for the 680... how you
can write up an order and the
second the customer's name goes
into the computer, it starts

checking their credit, and if they've ordered anything in the past, and if they get a discount...

She is already tuning him out. And it hits us: SHE HAS NO **IDEA WHAT HARRY REALLY DOES.**

HELEN

(barely listening)
That's fabulous Harry.

HARRY

Yeah, it was wild.

Harry glances at her, oblivious to him and brushing her teeth.

He smiles. The best lies are told with enthusiasm.

39 INT. FRONT HALLWAY, LIVING ROOM - DAY

lives

Gib opens the door, knocks a bit, then strolls in like he

there. He is wearing dark Ray Bans, like he's doing a Roy Orbison impression. Gizmo runs toward him, yapping, but Gib gives him the evil eye.

GIB

Come any closer I'll kill you.

jacket
out

The dog backs up, whining plaintively. Gib throws his

over the back of the couch and then, inexplicably, he takes

a pack of CAMELS and sets it on the mantelpiece. He adjusts its position carefully. Hmmm.

40 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

is

Harry and Helen maneuver around each other expertly. She is doing her make-up.

HELEN

The plumber came yesterday. He said they have to dig under the slab or something and it's going to be six hundred dollars to fix.

Harry is not really paying attention as he ties his tie in

care front of the mirror. His mind is elsewhere. He couldn't
less about there domestic problems.

HARRY

Uh huh. Okay.

HELEN

It's not okay. It's extortion.

HARRY

What did you tell him?

HELEN

I slept with him and he knocked
off a hundred bucks.

HARRY

Good thinking, honey.

Harry kisses her on the cheek and exits.

41 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Gib enters and pours two cups of coffee. Dana is drinking
orange juice from the bottle at the fridge.

GIB

Hi, kid.

DANA

Hey, Gib. What up?

She EXITS, eating an uncooked pop-tart. Harry comes in a
second later and Gib hands him his coffee.

HARRY

Thanks dear.

GIB

Here, check these out.

Gib hands Harry the glasses. Harry studies them, seeing the
VIRTUAL VIDEO DISPLAY inside the left lens of the Ray Bans.
Harry glances down the hall, making sure no-one is looking,
then he puts them on.

HARRY'S POV - INSIDE THE GLASSES - A black and white video
image of his own living room.

GIB

The CCD camera and transmitter
and inside a pack of smokes.
Slick little unit, huh?

puts
IN POV we see Dana enter the living room. She looks around
carefully, then quickly lifts Gib's jacket and slips out his
wallet. She palms two twenties in the blink of an eye and
the wallet back. Pro moves.

HARRY

Son of a bitch!

GIB

What?

Harry whips off the glasses and charges out of the kitchen.
Gib goes after him.

42 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

and
grunge-
Dana comes out the front door, letting it slam behind her,
runs to her boyfriend, TRENT, who is waiting for her in the
driveway on his idling YAMAHA. Trent is 16, dressed in
rock style, trying to look tough. Harry comes out the front
door as Trent revs the motor.

HARRY

Dana!!

She waves from the back of the bike as Trent pops the clutch
and they shoot down the driveway.

DANA

(yelling over the
engine)

Can't stop, I'm late. Bye, Dad!

43 INT. / EXT. GIB'S CAR/ STREETS OF WASHINGTON - DAY

*
They are driving through D.C. Harry is still shocked by his
daughter's behavior.

GIB

Kids. Ten seconds of joy.
Thirty years of misery.

HARRY

She knows not to steal. I've taught her better than that.

GIB

Yeah, but you're not her parents, anymore, you and Helen. Her parents are Axl Rose and Madonna. The five minutes you spend a day with her can't compete with that kind of constant bombardment. You're outgunned, amigo.

Gib and Harry turn onto Pennsylvania Avenue, heading toward Lafayette Square. Capital Hill is behind them.

44 INT. TEKTEL OFFICES - DAY

*

Harry and Gib come out of an elevator on the 12th floor.

*

Behind the receptionist is a burnished metal sign which
reads *
TEKTEL SYSTEMS. They cross a open floor of cubicle spaces.

*

There is the hum of activity everywhere. A normal day at a
normal business.

*

SECRETARY

*

Morning, Mr. Tasker.

*

HARRY

*

Morning, Charlene.

GIB

See, kids now are ten years ahead

*

of where we were at the same age. You probably think she's still a virgin--

HARRY

Don't be ridiculous. She's only -- how old is she?

GIB

Fourteen, Harry.

HARRY

Right. She's only fourteen.

They go into a corridor.

*

GIB

Uh huh. And her little hormones
are going like a fire alarm. I

*

say even money that physicist on
the bike is boinkin' her.

*

*

HARRY

No way. Not Dana.

They stop at a door, like any other along the corridor. It
is blank.

* *

*

GIB

Okay. Okay. De-nail ain't just
a river in Egypt. She's probably
stealing the money to pay for an
abortion.

HARRY

Will you just open the door!

*

Gib touches a plastic card to an unmarked spot just above
the doorknob. There is the CLUNK of a SOLENOID LOCK.

* *

*

GIB

Or drugs.

45 OMITTED

*

46 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

They enter a long corridor, which is featureless except for

*

a *
video surveillance cameras. They walk along the silence for
*
moment, then . . .

GIB

Twenty here, fifty there... I
figured my wife's boyfriend was
taking it.

HARRY

I thought you moved out.

GIB

Well . . . I moved back in.
My lawyer said it would give me
a better claim on the house in
the property settlement. Don't
change the subject... you owe me
two hundred bucks.

They approach another door, with a (bulletproof) glass
*
window in it. Beyond is a brightly lit room, with a woman sitting
at a desk... and nothing else. Gib presses a buzzer.

47 INT. OUTER SECURITY ROOM - DAY

JANICE sits at the non-descript desk like a receptionist...
but she is a highly trained security specialist. She is also
hefty through the shoulders, aggressively unattractive and utterly
stand humorless. She watches them on a monitor screen as they
images. outside the door. Harry and Gib appear as living X-Ray
Janice Their weapons are visible in their shoulder harnesses.
puts one hand automatically on the butt of a .45 tucked in a
in holster riveted beneath her desk. She buzzes Harry and Gib
with the other.

JANICE

Gentlemen, please identify
yourselves to the scanner.

Harry and Gib step up to the combination retinal-thumbprint-

glass

voice scanners. Harry presses his thumb against a black-plate for laser scan, and looks into the eye-piece of the retinal scanner.

HARRY

Harry Tasker. One zero zero two four.

GIB

Albert Gibson. Three four nine nine one.

Their clearance appears on a monitor on Janice's desk.

JANICE

Thank you. You are cleared.

She stands to give them plastic I.D. badges which they hang around their necks.

GIB

Janice, how many years have you been buzzing us in?

JANICE

Ten, Mr. Gibson.

GIB

And you still reach for your piece every time.

JANICE

Yes sir.

GIB

God! You have no idea how much that turns me on. I've never had the courage to say this before but... I love you, Janice.

JANICE

Yes, sir.

not

He kisses her wetly on the cheek as he goes by. She does not react in any discernible way.

nod

They pass through a heavy stainless steel door which opens automatically. Beyond is a kind of airlock... a SALLY PORT. Behind a lexan shield are TWO GUARDS armed with MP5s. They

but do not speak at Harry and Gib pass them.

HARRY

You better watch it. She might
file on you for sexual
harassment.

GIB

In her dreams.

48 INT. OMEGA SECTOR INNER SANCTUM - DAY

Gib and Harry pass through the inner door of the sally port
into a large austere atrium.

ANGLE FROM ABOVE as they cross. A huge graphic logo covers
the floor. Across the center is says OMEGA SECTOR. In smaller
print, around the perimeter, is the motto: "THE LAST LINE OF
DEFENSE".

They enter a high-tech office space. It is a maze of glass
partitions surrounding a central floor-space of cubicles.
There is a hushed quality here. People do not joke. They
do not hurry. There are a lot of computer screens displaying
information from around the world. It looks like a
combination of NASA mission control and FBI headquarters.

Fast Faisil greets them, yawning, as they pass his
partitioned cubicle.

HARRY

Come on, Fize. We're late for
our butt-grinding.

Faisil gulps his coffee and hurries after them.

49 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A dark and severe conference room, with large-screen
computer displays at one end. Glowering at one end of the long,
Sector. polished table, is SPENCER TRILBY, the chief of Omega
Visualize a cross between Colin Powel and J. Edgar Hoover.

TRILBY

Jesus, Harry! You guys really screwed the pooch last night. Please tell me how I can look at this, that it's not a total pooch-screw.

HARRY

Total is a strong word--

GIB

There are degrees of totality.

FAISIL

It's a scale really, with "perfect mission" on one end and "total pooch-screw" on the other and we're more about here--

TRILBY

Faisil. You're new on Harry's team, aren't you?

FAISIL

Yes.

TRILBY

So what makes you think that the slack I cut him in any way translates to you?!

FAISIL

Sorry, sir. Uh... here's what we got.

He hits a button and a photo of Khaled fills a wall-screen.

FAISIL

Jamal Khaled. We think he's dirty so we raid his financial files... Check it out...

Faisil hits some buttons and a second screen lights up with
the data for their raid.

FAISIL

One hundred million in wire transfers from the COMMERCE BANK

*

INTERNATIONAL--

*

GIB

Which we all know is a front for
certain nations to fund terrorist
*
activities. Something big is
*
going down --

FAISIL

*
And we know that a week ago four
*
MIRV warheads were smuggled out
*
of the former Soviet Republic of
*
Kazakhstan . . .

HARRY

*
We think Khaled's group has
*
bought the nukes and is bringing
*
them to U.S. soil.
*

TRILBY

*
So far this is not blowing my
*
skirt up, gentleman. Do you have
*
anything remotely substantial?
*
Don't be pumping beets up my ass
*
here. Do you have hard data?
*

HARRY

*
Not what you'd call rock hard.
*

GIB

*
It's pretty limp, actually.
*

TRILBY

*

*
Then perhaps you better get some
*
... before somebody parks a car
*
in front of the White House with
a nuclear weapon in the trunk!

50 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

as
It is the interior of a huge law office. Helen works there
a paralegal. She is going to the break room for coffee with
her friend, ALLISON, a secretary. Allison is black, younger
then Helen, and still single.

HELEN

I mean, it's not like he's saving
the world or anything. He's a
sales rep for Chrissakes.
Whenever I can't get to sleep I
ask him to tell me about his day.
Six seconds and I'm out. But he
acts like he's curing cancer or
something.

ALLISON

*
So I guess you didn't get away
*
for the weekend after all?
*

HELEN

Are you kidding? Harry had to go
out of town.

ALLISON

I'm shocked.

HELEN

Yeah. You know Harry.

Helen's nerdy boss BRAD, comes up behind her, scowling.

BRAD

Helen, have you pulled those
files yet? I need them by lunch.

HELEN

I won't let you down, Brad.

Brad leaves.

HELEN

*

(under her breath)

*

You little pencil-neck.

*

(to Allison)

*

So... yo... sista! D'you do
anything interesting?

*

ALLISON

*

Oh... Eric and I drove up to this
little romantic inn, and...
pretty much lapped champagne out
of each other's navels for two
days.

*

*

HELEN

You bitch.

ALLISON

Girlfriend, you got a man. You
just have to take control . .
. set up the right mood.

*

*

HELEN

Harry only has two moods: busy...
and asleep.

*

ALLISON

Then you better do something to
jumpstart that man's motor. You
know... wake up the sleeping
giant of his passion.

*

They both crack up at that one.

51 INT. OMEGA SECTOR (DATA CENTER) - DAY

*

* Harry meets up with Gib and Faisil coming from the ANALYSIS
* Department.

HARRY

What'ya got?

rows * The following will play as they wind their way through the
of data-analysis workstations.

FAISIL

(handing Harry a
printout)

Here, check this out--

GIB

It's a two million dollar
disbursement from Khaled to...
Juno Skinner.

(Harry raises an
eyebrow)

Uh huh. The babe at the party.

HARRY

It doesn't mean anything. She
buys antiquities for Khaled.

GIB

Nope. The art buys are in a
separate ledger.

FAISIL

* And this is a little above market-
* rate for the horizontal bop, even
* for a total biscuit like her.

HARRY

Alright, I want a complete workup
on her. Do we know where she is?

FAISIL

Uh huh. Right here in river
city.

HARRY

You're kidding.

FAISIL

She lives in Rome, but she does
stuff here the Smithsonian and
has a lot of diplomatic
connections, so she has offices

*

here.

*

Gib starts tangoing with an imaginary partner.

GIB

Sounds like a job for a
specialist.

52 INT. TASKER HOUSE/ KITCHEN - NIGHT (10PM)

DING! Harry opens the microwave as his dinner finishes re-
heating. He sits down alone at the kitchen table and pulls
the
Saran-wrap off the plate. Another solo supper two hours
late.
His motions are so automatic we gather that this is the
rule,
not the exception. Helen comes in from the living room,
holding the suspense novel she is reading.

HELEN

I need you to talk to Dana. The
vice principle called and she cut
class again this afternoon.

HARRY

I'll handle it.

Harry picks up his porkchop and goes out the back door.

53 EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

A basketball hoop is bolted to the garage and Dana is
shooting
baskets in the driveway. Moths orbit the outside
floodlights.
She sinks one, dribbled back to the foul line. Harry comes
up
behind her and lifts the ball out of her hands as she stands
poised to shoot. She turns.

HARRY

Dana, Mr. Hardy called. Why

weren't you in class today?

DANA

He lies! I was there! I was in the nurse's office, cause I had a headache.

HARRY

You seem fine now.

DANA

Great! You're going to believe that fat dweeb Mr. Hardy over your own daughter.

HARRY

I'm not sure what to believe anymore, young lady. You never used to lie to me. But lately you don't seem to know the difference between right and wrong.

Dana studies something really fascinating at the end of a fingernail.

HARRY

Dana, are you listening to me?

DANA

Yeah, Dad.

HARRY

You know you can always talk to me. Right? Whatever is going on in your life, your mom and I'll understand.

DANA

Okay, Dad.

HARRY

You'd tell me if there was something wrong, wouldn't you, pumpkin?

DANA

I'm not a pumpkin! Okay?! Do I look even remotely like a pumpkin?! I'm not a muffin, or a cupcake or a honeybear either! And you don't understand anything

Dad...

* Dana runs into the house, agent. Hold on Harry, superagent,
to * unable to comprehend the mind of a 14-year-old. He looks up
* see Helen at the backdoor.

* **HELEN**

(macho voice)
"I'll handle it".

CUT TO:

* **54 OMITTED**

55 INT. / EXT. LIMO - DAY (NEXT MORNING)

A BLACK LIMO cruises through a morning fill of bright
promise.

INSIDE, Gib is at the wheel in a chauffeur's uniform. He
talks to Harry, riding in the back, without turning.

GIB

It's all set up... ghost phones
and fax, all the usual stuff.
You have a suite at the Marquis
Hotel under Renquist. Okay,
reality check. Go.

HARRY

Hi, I'm Harry Renquist. I own a--

56 INT. JUNO'S OFFICES - DAY

HARRY

--corporate art consulting
company in San Francisco. I have
an appointment with Ms. Skinner--

Harry is extending his business card to the receptionist as
Juno breezes into the lobby from a corridor. She is dressed
sharply and looks as stunning as Harry remembers.

JUNO

Harry! I thought I might see you again. I just didn't expect you to call so soon.

Juno lingers a second or so long on the handshake.

HARRY

Well, what's the point of waiting?

JUNO

I agree.

for
in
There is definitely unholy magnetism here. She indicates Harry to walk with her and leads him through the suite of offices. There are mounted fragments of ancient sculpture niches on either side, and beautifully restored mosaics and tablets of hieroglyphics mounted on the walls.

JUNO

So your clients want something for the lobby of their new corporate headquarters?

HARRY

That's right. They want something... dramatic. I spoke to a number of people who said you're the one to see.

entire
Juno leads Harry through a door into a large warehouse area. There is a bustle of activity as workmen unpack crates. An overhead crane is used to move huge stone pieces. There are massive columns, and statues two stories high. Even the facade of a tomb.

JUNO

So what did these... people... say about me exactly?

Most
They stroll amongst the statues, as covered workmen move around them with tools, scaffolding, pneumatic equipment. of the workers are middle-eastern.

HARRY

Let's see... that you can read ancient Sanskrit without having

to sound out the words. And that other dealers and archeologists don't like you much.

JUNO

Those wimps. It's because I use

*

my diplomatic contacts to export cultural treasures from countries which tell them to take a hike.

(yelling in Arabic to two workmen)

I told you to move those crates an hour ago. Come on guys, let's get going.

We realize that A WORKMAN is watching them intently from nearby. He is an intense looking MIDDLE-EASTERN MAN in his thirties.

mid-

JUNO

You see, a lot of these pieces are from ancient Persia.

Unfortunately, ancient Persia is twenty feet under the sand of

*

Iran, Iraq and Syria. Not the most popular places lately. So I've had to become an expert in international diplomacy.

Juno stops and looks at Harry. Her smile indicates the possibility of more than just business.

JUNO

Well, do you see anything you like, Mr. Renquist?

CUT TO:

57 INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

MARQUIS

Harry, Gib and Fast Faisil are in a luxury suite at the

HOTEL. It is a corner suite, with a spectacular view of the city. Faisil is routinely sweeping the room for bugs with

an

electronic DETECTOR.

HARRY

She's importing stuff from all over the mid-east.

GIB

She could be moving money, guns. Anything.

FAISIL

And the second you left there, we started getting calls to the

*

ghost numbers. They were checking out the Renquist front.

HARRY

Okay. Let's step up the surveillance on her. Put on two more guys.

58 INT. JUNO'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

WE FOLLOW the WORKMAN we saw watching Harry earlier. He catches up with Juno, who is going through the doors to the office area. His name is MALIK.

MALIK

Ms. Skinner? Can I speak to you for a moment please, in your office?

His manner is self-effacing. Humble. He doesn't meet her gaze. She nods and they go into the private office.

59 INT. JUNO'S OFFICE - DAY

MALIK comes in behind her and closes the door. The moment they are away from public observation, his manner changes. His humble posture straightens and his eyes flash intensely as he approaches her. Without warning he SLAPS HER HARD ACROSS THE FACE.

MALIK

You stupid undisciplined bitch!

Her jaw clenches but her reaction is surprisingly submissive.

JUNO

It's a good thing you pay me well.

MALIK

Do you realize that there are surveillance teams watching this place right now? Your phones are almost certainly tapped. And you are busy laughing and flirting like a whore with this Renquist, who may be a--

JUNO

No. He checked out okay--

Malik slaps her again.

MALIK

That is for interrupting.
(He backhands her)
And that is for being wrong. We do not tolerate mistakes.

Juno bites her lip.

JUNO

What do you want me to do?

MALIK

Find out who this Renquist is.

JUNO

How?

MALIK

Use the gifts that Allah has given you.

60 INT. TEKTEL SYSTEMS OFFICES - DUSK

*

The phone rings on the desk of CHARLENE, Harry's secretary
at *
Tektel Systems, the permanent front-company for Omega
Sector. *

SECRETARY

Hello, Tektel Systems. Mr.

*

Tasker's office.

61 INT. TASKER HOUSE - DUSK

Helen is in the kitchen, showing Dana how to put icing on a large birthday cake.

HELEN

Hi, Charlene? It's Helen. Is he there?

62 INT. TEKTEL OFFICES - DUSK

Charlene doesn't hesitate a microsecond.

CHARLENE

Harry's in a sales meeting, Mrs. Tasker. Let me try him in there. Hold please.

She punches a key, engaging a digital scrambler and connecting to--

63 INT. SUITE AT THE MARQUIS - DUSK

A PHONE RINGS. Gib opens his briefcase and looks at the console of the cellular scrambler-phone inside. The display reads TEKTEL/CALLER ID POS -- TASKER, HELEN.

*

GIB

It's Helen.

*

Harry picks up the phone. INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING WITH HELEN.

HARRY

Hi honey. What's going on?

*

HELEN

Sorry to bother you in a meeting, but you have to promise me that

*

you'll be home at eight. I don't

*

want Dana and I sitting here by ourselves like we were last year.

You promise?

HARRY

(laughing)
Baby, I said I'd be there.
Really. Trust me.
(the room phone RINGS)
Gotta go, honey. Bye bye.

RING. Harry raises an eyebrow as he answers.

HARRY

Hello? Oh, Juno, hi.
(pause)
Well sure. I can be there in
twenty minutes.

he's Harry hangs up. Gib, checking his watch, has a look like
got a bad gas pain.

HARRY

What? It's on the way. She says
she's got something for me.

GIB

Yeah, right.

64 INT. JUNO'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

points A WORKMAN guides Harry through the maze of statuary. He
toward the back of the warehouse and then leaves. Harry is
left alone in the vast space.

Gothic. Only a few lights are on, rendering the place somewhat
of Harry strolls in the direction the workman pointed. Ahead
him, is the huge facade of a royal tomb. There is a
flickering light inside. A shadow moves across the wall in the
entryway.

HARRY

Hello?

he He enters the stone doorway of the tomb. FOLLOWING HARRY as
on steps into the inner chamber. There is an oil-lamp burning

a stone sarcophagus, the only light. The room appears empty.

REVERSE ON HARRY. Behind him a figure emerges from a shadowed alcove. It is Juno. She looks ethereal in the strange light.

JUNO

Hello, Harry.

Harry whips around, startled.

JUNO

* Do you like my tomb? The museum
* financing fell out, so I thought
your clients might be interested.

HARRY

It's certainly... dramatic.

JUNO

* Especially in this light. This
is the only light they had then,
so I like to study it this way.
I love this place. I love all
ruins.

HARRY

Is that why you got into this
business?

Juno turns to him in the flickering half-light. She moves closer. Her eyes seem to glitter.

JUNO

I've always been a collector at
heart. When I see something I
want, I have to have it.

HARRY

And you have a reputation as
someone who gets what she wants.

She is very close to him. Her eyes seem to glitter in the light from the oil lamp. She is unbelievably beautiful.

JUNO

Yes, I do.

65 INT. GIB'S CAR - NIGHT

Gib is sitting in the car, in the shadows, up the street... with his earphone in place. Listening.

GIB

Harry, this is your conscience speaking...

66 INT. TOMB - NIGHT

up
Juno picks up the lamp and walks along the wall, holding it so that the flickering shadows seem to bring the bas-relief figures to life. Stone faces shift and change, stone eyes move.

JUNO

Look at this. People who dies twenty centuries ago.

erotic.
Juno presses her cheek against the cold stone. She runs her fingers slowly across the figures. It is strange and

JUNO

They breathed and loved and wept, just like us. And now their ideals, their religions, their social orders... are gone like mist. What did any of it matter?

She crosses to Harry.

JUNO

I only hope they lived well. That they got what they wanted.

She puts her hands on him and pulls herself close. It is a hypnotic moment.

JUNO

Getting what you want is the only important thing.

She kisses him, very lightly, with infinite sensuality.

67 INT. GIB'S CAR - NIGHT

GIB

Harry? Listen to the following
code word. Helen. H-E-L-E-N.
Now, do you want me to I beep
you?

68 INT. TOMB - NIGHT

Harry breaks the kiss... slowly pulling back.

HARRY

Yes.

JUNO

Yes what?

HARRY

Uh, yes, it is important.

Juno is moving in for a more passionate lip-lock when-- BEEP
BEEP BEEP!! Harry pulls his beeper off his hip and looks at
it. The moment is spoiled.

HARRY

Uh, it looks like I have to run.
I'll call you tomorrow. Your
proposal is very interesting.

69 INT. GIB'S CAR - NIGHT

Gib lets out a big exhale of relief. He looks at his watch.

70 INT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Helen and Dana are sitting expectantly at the dining room
table. There is a big cake, and presents piled on the
buffet.

The food is getting cold. Helen looks at her watch.

DANA

See.

71 INT./EXT. GIB'S CAR - NIGHT

Harry is changing clothes, getting ready to be Harry Tasker
again, as Gib drives through evening traffic. Gib keeps

*

checking the rearview.

GIB

We have a friend. Five cars
back, inside lane. They've been

*

on us since we left Juno's.

*

Harry adjusts the passenger side mirror.

HARRY

Station wagon?

GIB

Uh huh. Want me to lose them?

HARRY

No. We need this lead.

*

(into his Rover)

*

Unit Seven.

*

UNIT SEVEN (FAISIL)

*

Seven here.

HARRY

(into Rover)

*

I need you at the Georgetown mall

*

in three minutes.

*

SEVEN

Copy that. We're rolling.

GIB

Helen's going to be pissed.

HARRY

See, that's the problem with
terrorists. They're really
inconsiderate when it comes to
people's schedules.

the
body
There are three men in the car. YUSIF and MAHMOUD are in front, with Mahmoud driving. In the back, shadowed, we can just make out ABU MALIK. Yusif is massively built, with a body like a beer-keg. Mahmoud is skinny and intense.

*
73 **OMITTED**

74 **INT./EXT. GIB'S CAR - MALL - NIGHT**

Harry puts his SUB-VOCAL TRANSCIEVER into his ear canal.

HARRY

Test two three.
(Gib nods, receiving)
Pull over here.

a
slips
Gib pulls the car to the curb near the mall entrance. Half block behind them the station wagon does the same. Harry on the virtual-image sunglasses and gets out of the car.

75 **EXT. MALL - NIGHT**

He
Harry pauses on the sidewalk a moment to light a cigarette. coughs slightly.

GIB

(in his ear)
You don't smoke, dickhead.

the
Harry lets his hand drop to his side, holding the pack of cigarettes casually. He turns his hand. The tiny lens in cigarette pack glints.

getting
POV VIDEO SCREEN --inside the left lens of the glasses. The camera in the cigarette pack reveals Yusif and Mahmoud out of their cars, crossing the street half a block away.

design,
HARRY strolls into the mall. It is an open promenade with a moderate crowd of shoppers and movie-goers. Harry

watches in the glasses as Mahmoud and Yusif slip through the crowd behind him.

GIB (VO)

What's the plan?

HARRY

(apparently mumbling to himself)

Gonna try to get a closer shot of

*

Beavis & Butthead.

*

76 INT. / EXT. GIB'S CAR - NIGHT

Gib looks in the rearview, studying the car behind him.

GIB

There's another guy, still in the car.

HARRY

(on radio)

Stay on him.

All Gib can see is a silhouette in the car. A soft cherry glow, the tip of a cigarette in the dark. No features.

77 EXT. MALL - NIGHT

Harry turns off the main concourse, into a narrower walkway between shops. In the video-glasses he watches Yusif and Mahmoud, who have split up to look less conspicuous, as they track him through the pedestrian traffic.

78 INT. / EXT. GIB'S CAR - NIGHT

Gib in on the cellular phone.

GIB

Helen? Hi, it's Gib. Harry remembered something he left at the office. You know Harry.

As he is talking he sees that a bus has blocked his view of the station wagon.

79 INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

She sighs fatalistically.

HELEN

Yeah, Gib. I know Harry.

room,
Helen hangs up the phone just as Dana strides through the
putting on a jacket and heading for the front door.

HELEN

Where are you going?

DANA

Out. If Dad doesn't care enough
about us to be here on his
birthday, then why should I care?
I'm going to a movie.

HELEN

No you're not. You're going to
stay here until your father gets
home and have cake!

DANA

Mom, wake up! Dad barely knows
we exist.

She
We see the hurt in her eyes. She doesn't hate her father.
just misses him.

HELEN

That's not true, honey--

DANA

It is true! He doesn't know
anything about me. He still
thinks I'm like ten years old or
something. As long as I just
smile and say yes to whatever he
says, like his good little
fantasy daughter, he thinks
everything's fine. But it's not
fine. Nothing's fine.

Dana runs out the kitchen by the other door. Helen runs
after her.

HELEN

Dana! Come back here!

The slamming door is her answer.

80 EXT. MALL - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Yusif sees Harry, up ahead, enter a public restroom. He signals Mahmoud with his eyes and the two of them close in on the restroom.

81 INT. / EXT. GIB'S CAR - NIGHT

Gib hangs up the car-phone. Then the bus blocking his view finally pulls away and Gib sees that the station wagon is empty. No silhouette.

GIB

Oh shit.

(into his headset)

Harry, I lost the third guy.

Harry?

82 INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

Harry can't answer because Mahmoud just entered the room behind him. Harry is at one of the urinals, apparently taking a leak.

Mahmoud goes to the mirror. Starts combing his hair. He doesn't much notice the pack of Camels sitting on the counter nearby. Harry is whistling. Shaking himself.

HARRY'S POV - In the video glasses Harry sees himself and Mahmoud. Yusif comes into the restroom, seemingly ignoring both Harry and Mahmoud, as if heading for the stalls. As he passes behind Harry he reaches into his coat--

PISTOL Harry spins lightning fast. He knocks away the SILENCED aimed at the back of his head with a sweeping block, capturing Yusif's arm in an arm-lock. The shot goes wide, shattering a urinal.

and Harry slams his palm into Yusif's face like a piledriver,

goes spins him against the steel stalls. The silenced pistol
skittering across the floor.

the Mahmoud whips a pistol out of his waistband. Still holding
the bear-like Yusif, Harry draws his Glock so fast we can barely
through see him move. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Three .45 slugs go
on Mahmoud's chest, shattering the mirror behind him. He flops
his butt, slumping against the wall.

hit Yusif, who is easily Harry's size, bellows and grabs his gun
arm. They smash against the walls, struggling for the gun.
Yusif, locked to Harry, hurls him against the stalls. They
hit a locked door, which pops open, banging inward.

the Yusif drives Harry to the floor. Harry's head is between
shoes of an OLD GUY sitting on the can, who looks down
uncomprehendingly at him.

doorframe Yusif slams Harry's gun hand repeatedly against the
of the stall. He twists Harry's wrist brutally. He even
winces. pounds against Harry's hand with his knee. The old guy
drops. That's got to hurt. Harry cries out in pain and the gun
Yusif reaches for it, but Harry kicks it under the stalls.

grapple, He punches Yusif in the face, driving him back. They
he spinning. Harry drives Yusif's head into the counter. Then
filthy elbows him in the throat and they crash together on the
repeatedly floor. Harry grabs Yusif's hair and pounds his face
this against the rim of a urinal. In case you haven't noticed,
is a messy, nasty fight. Survival is like that.

out Yusif sags into submission. Harry pulls a nylon zip-strip
of his pocket and uses it like hand-cuffs, securing Yusif's
wrists.

Gib is running full out, drawing his gun. He has one finger jammed in his ear. His gut is doing the rumba as he runs.

GIB

Harry? Harry, you copy?! Shit!

84 INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

Harry is pulling Yusif to his feet when the door bangs open behind him. He turns, thinking it is Gib. It's not. Malik raises a FULL-AUTO BERETTA 92-F and opens fire. Harry spins Yusif between him and the machine pistol. Yusif's beer-keg body stops the spray of 9mm slugs from hitting Harry long enough for him to dive into a stall.

Malik hoses the room with the Beretta. The metal stalls are riddled with hits.

HARRY is in the stall with the old guy, who's just sitting there. The walls of the stall are pimply with the hits on the far side. Harry reaches under the stall, retrieving his Glock.

off MALIK goes empty. Harry hears that and pops out, cranking rounds--

Malik is a blur going out the door, as Harry's shots shatter tiles on the doorframe. Then silence.

HARRY

(to the old guy)

Sorry.

85 EXT. MALL - NIGHT

MOVING WITH MALIK, who backs rapidly away from the restroom, reloading.

GIB (OFF)

FREEZE!!!

Malik spins to see Gib nearby, going into a firing stance behind a light-standard. The terrorist doesn't hesitate.

His Beretta ROARS at 900 rounds per minute.

Gib tries to hide behind the light-standard, which is about half as wide as he is. Shots hit all around him, shattering

the window glass behind him. His stomach sticks out from behind the pole. He sucks it in. Now his butt is sticking out on other side. Shots clang into the steel column, and riddle everything behind him.

GIB
WRONG! THIS IS NOT GOOD!

tuck, Just when it looks like Gib is going to get a 9mm tummy Malik turns and sprints away, through shocked pedestrians. Harry runs out of the restroom, trying for a shot, but there are too many people in the line of fire and Malik knows it.

HARRY
Get back to the car!

the Gib nods and heads the other way as Harry takes off after Malik. Malik is fast and vicious. He hurls people out of way, sending shoppers sprawling. Harry is ruthless in his pursuit. They pound through the mall and out onto the street--

86 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Malik sprints straight into traffic. A car screeches, not stopping in time... Malik goes right over the hood. Harry leaps over the hoods of cars after him. Malik sees Harry coming after him like a juggernaut.

leaps He turns and sees a MOTORCYCLIST coming down the street, accelerating from a right-turn. Malik runs at him, clothes- lining him right off the bike. The terrorist picks up the nimble little Kawasaki 250, which is still running, and him on. He pops the clutch and takes off. Harry pounds after like a locomotive. He sees Malik turn, taking the bike path into a large PARK. Harry cuts into the park on a diagonal.

87 EXT. PARK - NIGHT

cop ON HARRY, running. Ahead is a MOUNTED COP. Harry doesn't off break stride, heading right for the cop on the horse. The turns, surprised, a split second before-- Harry pulls him

helmet). the horse and slams him to the ground (he's wearing a

HARRY

Federal Officer in pursuit of
suspect! Sorry.

cop Harry is in the saddle and galloping after Malik before the
can get his gut out of the holster to stop him.

back, MALIK roars through the park on the Kawasaki. He looks
amazed to see Harry charging after him on a horse. They
scatter joggers and bicyclists, people walking their dogs.

TRACKING WITH THEM as they rocket through the park. Malik
leaves the winding path and goes straight through the trees.
Harry charges through some rollerbladers who go sprawling.
Malik fires his Beretta straight back at Harry, emptying it.
He drops the pistol and crouches over the bike, twisting the
last bit of throttle out of it. They are going flat out,
through the trees, in a kinetic blur.

88 EXT. STREET - NEAR MALL - NIGHT

Unit Gib, panting and heaving, pulls his car into traffic. The
Seven car pulls out as well, up the block.

GIB

Harry, what's your twenty?

89 EXT. PARK/ STREETS - NIGHT

in Harry is legging the police horse hard. He has his reigns
one hand, his Glock in the other. It's the wild west.

HARRY

Westbound in the park... suspect
is on a motorcycle... he's going
to come out on Franklin. Hang
on--

Harry leaps a park bench like he's in a steeple chase.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I want you on 14th in case he
turns south. And I need Seven on

the north side to box him in.

90 INT. /EXT. GIB'S CAR - NIGHT

Gib is weaving furiously through traffic. He slides into a turn.

GIB

Copy that.

HARRY

And make it fast. My horse is getting tired.

ON GIB, mouthing "Your horse?"

91 EXT. STREET - NEXT TO PARK - NIGHT

Malik explodes through the bushes and out onto the street. Cars skid around him, out of control. He turns south.

Weaving

through traffic. Harry leaps the hedgerow behind Malik and gallops among the spun-out cars. He goes right over the

hood

on one which is blocking his path. The driver ducks as the horse's hoof cracks the windshield.

92 EXT. STREET/ HYATT REGENCY HOTEL - NIGHT

Up ahead traffic is stopped, jammed tight at a light. Malik goes into the oncoming traffic lanes, which are empty.

Gib's

car slides around the corner in a blare of horns and comes barrelling down the street toward him. Gib cranks the wheel the slides the car broadside, blocking both lanes. Malik

locks

up the brakes and the bike slides to a stop. Then the terrorist pops the clutch and wheels the bike around--

Jumping

the curb and going straight at the entrance of THE HYATT REGENCY HOTEL.

Bellmen and guests scatter as the bike roars right at them. The sliding doors and opening for a bellman coming out with bags and Malik blasts past him into the lobby.

HARRY ducks, galloping through the doors after him.

93 INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Acres of marble and red carpet. Liveries porters. Guests dressed for evening, the men in suits, diamonds on the women.

And sudden pandemonium as Malik roars through the lobby, Harry charging along behind him. Malik guns it across the lounge, knocking over tables. He gets air at the top of the steps going up to the RESTAURANT.

Harry swerves to avoid a panicking guest and finds himself careening toward the JAZZ QUARTET at a full gallop. He gathers

the animal and LEAPS (in glorious SLOW MOTION) over the bassist, who is diving for the carpet. Harry and horse land deftly and then he urges his mount right up the steps after Malik.

94 INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Malik roars between the tables, looking around wildly for a way out. Harry charges in, ducking to avoid the chandelier. Waiters, trays, dinners, tables... everything seems to be flying at once as people dive out of the way.

95 INT. HOTEL - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

MALIK skids out into the main hall by another door, and sees-- the ELEVATORS. The door is just closing on one of them. He guns it and slides through the doors.

HARRY RIDES out of the restaurant in time to catch a glimpse of Malik as the doors close.

96 INT. SCENIC ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Harry canters the horse into the next elevator, which has just been boarded by an older couple. He has to practically lie down on the horse to fit through the door. The animal barely fits, nose to tail, in what turns out to be--

hotel
feet
and
Malik's

A GLASS ELEVATOR with a view of the whole atrium of the
as it rises, right to the top of the building. Harry looks
through the glass at the elevator car next to him, fifteen
away. Malik is inside, punching a button. He glances up
sees Harry. Their eyes meet for a moment, just before
car ascends rapidly. Malik's malevolent glare is etched on
Harry's retinas.

elevator.
wall.

The older couple is jammed against the side-wall by Harry's
panting, snorting horse. It clomps around the tight
The woman is trying to crawl between her husband and the
wall.

HARRY

Can you just press the top floor,
please.

The man nods mutely and complies. Their elevator takes off,
rising after Malik's.

97 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

of

Gib runs in with Faisal and Keough. They follow the path of
destruction, growing more and more amazed. Gib yells to one
the porters.

GIB

The guy on the horse?!

The porter points at the elevators.

98 INT. / EXT. SCENIC ELEVATORS - NIGHT

panel.
him.
gets
stop.

Harry has slid off the horse to get next to the control
He can look up at an angle and see Malik in the car above
His thumb hovers over the emergency stop button. If Malik
out at any floor, Harry will have a moment to react and
Malik can look down and see this. He knows Harry's got him.
He just keeps going, floor after floor, using the time to
think.

The older woman is still just staring, trying not to breathe.

The horse flicks her in the face with his tail.

99 INT. /EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

*

The rooftop has a spectacular view of the city. TRACKING WITH *
of *
stories.

THE SECOND ELEVATOR arrives. The doors part and Harry comes *
out, with his Glock poised and ready. He sees Malik revving *
his bike. The terrorist brodies the bike into a fast one-eighty and speeds back toward the edge of the roof.

Amazingly,
he increases speed, ROARING RIGHT OFF THE EDGE, ARCING THE **BIKE SUICIDALLY OUT INTO SPACE!**

Harry rides to the edge in time to see Malik, on his bike, CLEAR A 60 FOOT JUMP and SPLASH INTO THE ROOFTOP POOL of a *
LOWER BUILDING next to the hotel!

He
wheels his mount and charges across the roof to get some running space. Then he turns again, back toward the edge
Malik
jumped from. He kicks the horse's flanks and yells HAAHH!!
The horse's hoofs thunder on the roof as they go full tilt toward the edge.

But a horse is not a motorcycle. It is slightly smarter.
It
slams its front hoofs down together, stopping suddenly.
Harry
goes right over its head. He flies forward, almost going
right
off the roof. He slams to the edge, with his legs dangling over, holding onto a piece of pipe with one hand. His Glock tumbles down into darkness.

Harry sees Malik far below, climb out of the pool, running to

over
the roof door of the other building. Getting away. Harry
climbers up onto his own roof, breathing hard. He walks
to the horse.

HARRY

What the hell were you thinking?
We had the guy and you let him
get away.

neck
He looks into the horse's innocent brown eyes. Pats its
fondly.

HARRY

What kind of cop are you?

100 INT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

eaten
Helen is asleep at the dining room table next to a half-
cake and some melted ice cream. His unopened presents are
piled at one end of the table. She raises her head as Harry
enters sheepishly.

HARRY

Look, I know you're upset. I'm
really sorry, honey. I raced
home as quick--

HELEN

It's okay, don't bother, Harry.

with
He goes to her and puts his arms around her. He is tender
her. He wishes he can tell her the truth.

HARRY

I'm sorry. Thank you for the
party.

HELEN

Yeah. It was great.

in
Helen finds a smile for him somewhere. She really does love
him, though more and more often lately she finds her heart
pain.

HELEN

Let's go to bed, Harry. There's

only one present you have to open tonight.

She grins and arches one eyebrow meaningfully.

101 INT. BEDROOM / BATHROOM - NIGHT

lie Helen walks Harry to the edge of the bed and sits him down. She puts her hand on his chest and pushes, causing him to lie back.

HELEN

Don't move. I'll be right back.

enters She turns on the stereo. A Kenny G disc she put in there earlier. Soft tenor sax flows around the room. Helen enters the BATHROOM and shuts the door partway. She opens a cupboard and quickly pulls out some things she hid there earlier. A bottle of champagne on ice. Two glasses. Some trashy lingerie.

HARRY

Come on to bed, you don't have to brush your teeth.

HELEN

I'll just be a second. So what happened tonight at the office?

HARRY

I couldn't believe it. I go back to get this report I need, right, and the phone is ringing, so like a bonehead I answer it--

string Helen is hurrying to put on the unfamiliar lingerie. G-string turning panties and low-cut bra. She holds up the garter belt, turning it backward and forward, trying to figure out which way it goes.

practice. ON HARRY, yawning. Lying with the ease of years of practice.

HARRY

It's the big client in Japan, and it's the middle of the

morning there and their whole system is crashed... this guy's having a meltdown--

HELEN

(keeping him talking)
What'd you do, honey?

HARRY

Well I pull out the manual on their setup, which is the new 680 server...

Helen is pulling up the black stockings. She fastens the garters to the tops. Her features are a scowl of concentration. She is very earnest in her preparations.

HARRY (CONT'D)

...and I'm troubleshooting it with them over the phone... talking to a translator, right, who's getting half of it wrong... it was unbelievable... really wild.

HELEN

(putting on black pumps)
It sounds wild. So now you're a big hero, right? For fixing their system.

HARRY

(faintly)
Uh huh.

HELEN

My husband the hero.

Red lipstick. Then she puts a little perfume on her wrists.

HELEN

I'll be right there, honey. Just a minute.

Harry doesn't answer. Helen puts a little perfume down the front of her panties.

HELEN

Just a second.

slinks
down,
softly.

Helen quickly pours two glasses of champagne. Then she
around the doorframe, making her entrance. She looks like a
living 900 number. Helen stands before the bed, looking
holding the champagne glasses.

ON HARRY: sprawled on the bed, fully clothed, snoring
A little bit of drool is coming out the side of his mouth.

gazes
HOLD ON HELEN, all dressed up with no place to go. She
down at him, her shoulders slumping.

HELEN

Happy Birthday, Harry.

She sighs deeply and downs her champagne in one long gulp.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. STREET/ NEAR HIGH-SCHOOL - DAY

staked
It is the following morning. Harry and Gib are staked out
watching the front of Dana's school. Actually, Harry is
out, scanning the crowds of kids with binoculars.

Gib just keeps looking at his watch. He picks up a cellular
phone and pretends to call the office.

GIB

Hey, did that guy Harry chased
last night call in to give
himself up yet? Cause apparently
that's the only way we're going
to catch the son of a bitch --

HARRY

(not listening)
Okay. Here she comes.

103 EXT. STREET - DAY

he
HARRY'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS - We see Dana come out to the
curb and meet Trent, who pulls up on his bike. She gets on
behind him, adjusts her walkman headphones over her ears and
launches out into traffic.

104 INT. HARRY'S CAR - DAY

Harry, who is behind the wheel, pulls out after her. Trent weaves radically through the light traffic, going in between the cars.

HARRY

Look at the way the little punk is driving. He's all over the place. Look-- he hasn't signalled once.

GIB

Goddammit! That's outrageous.

Harry speeds up. Somebody honks as he cuts them off to stay with Trent.

105 EXT. MOTORCYCLE - DAY

ON DANA AND TRENT as she looks back and sees Harry following her. She is mortified that her father is actually tailing her

DANA

Oh my God! I think that's my dad!

TRENT

Hang on!

Trent downshifts and punches it. The nimble little bike screams as it zips between cars.

106 INT. HARRY'S CAR - DAY

HARRY

(clenching his jaw)
So, you wanna play huh? You little--

GIB

(rolling his eyes)
That's it. Get 'im Harry
(he draws a pistol)
We'll teach that little puke not to signal.

107 **EXT. MOTORCYCLE**

BACK ON TRENT, who's actually a really good rider. He zig-zags through the cars, cutting between them at the next light where Gib and Harry get blocked. He cuts a sharp right turn and disappears.

108 **INT. HARRY'S CAR - DAY**

Harry is stuck in stopped traffic. He pounds the wheel in frustration.

GIB

(exploding with
laughter)
Ha! The little prick ditched
you! That is so goddamn funny.

HARRY

Son of a bitch!

GIB

Can we go to the office now, Mr.
Superspy?

CUT TO:

109 **INT. OMEGA SECTOR / I.D. ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY**

Harry is sitting at a computer workstation, lit by the monitor screen. Gib and Faisal look on as he clicks through HEADSHOTS of known terrorists. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. Harry is very focussed. He stops. He goes back one. Studies the face.

110 **INT. ANALYSIS ROOM - TIGHT ON THE SCREEN - DAY**

A defiant looking Syrian with a full beard.

HARRY holds up his hand, blocking out the beard, concentrating on the eyes.

HARRY

That's him.

111 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Harry slaps photos down in front of Trilby.

HARRY

Abu Kaleem Malik.

GIB

(reading from a file)

Hardcore, highly fanatical, ultra-

*

fundamentalist. Linked to

*

numerous car-bombings, that cafe

*

bomb in Rome, and the 727 out of
Lisbon last year. Major player.

*

FAISIL

*

Now he's formed his own splinter
faction called CRIMSON JIHAD.

GIB

*

Guess he thought the other
terrorist groups were too warm
and fuzzy for his taste.

FAISIL

They call him "The Sand Spider".

*

TRILBY

Why?

FAISIL

(he shrugs)

Probably because it sounds scary.

*

TRILBY

This is impressive, gentlemen.
Of course, it would have been
even more impressive if you
actually knew where he was.

HARRY

We'll get him.

TRILBY

Yes. You will.
(meaning-- you damn
well better)
Harry, I still want you in
charge, even though your cover is
blown. Just keep a low profile.
(he slaps a newspaper
on the table)
I generally prefer it when my
covert operations don't make the
front page.

and The agents look at the headlines: WILD WEST CHASE. Harry
Gib wince.

112 EXT. HELEN'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Harry and Gib pull to the curb in front of the building.

GIB

What's going on?

door Harry gets out of the car and turns back, leaning in the
to talk to Gib.

HARRY

Look, uh... I've got to talk to
Helen about this thing with Dana.
I'm just going to run in and see
if she can get away for lunch.

GIB

You want me to just hang-- ?

HARRY

Just hang a minute.

GIB

I'll just hang then, shall I?

113 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Harry enters the office of Helen's firm. He stops at
reception.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello Mr. Tasker. Just a second,
I'll buzz Helen.

HARRY

No. No, I'd like to surprise
her. Thanks, I know where her
desk is.

He smiles and breezes past her before she has a chance to
object.

114 INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - DAY

TRACKING WITH HARRY as he moves through the offices. He
passes through a library-like maze of records stacks. Through them
he can see Helen at her desk. But as he approaches, still
concealed, ALLISON puts a call on hold and whips around to
Helen.

ALLISON

Helen!
(grinning
conspiratorially)
It's your mystery man.

HELEN

Simon? Ohmygod.

Helen, normally the image of composure, goes suddenly
fluttery and nervous as a high-school girl. She takes the phone,
turning away from Allison.

HELEN

Hello, Simon?
(pause)
It's all right. There's no one
around.

Helen glimpses Allison with her ears cocked and gives her a
scowl and a shooing motion. Allison turns away, grinning.

115 INT. OFFICE - STACKS OF RECORDS - DAY

ON HARRY, behind the stacks, reacting. He silently mouths
"**SIMON?!**"

116 INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - DAY

HELEN

You mean right now?
(she looks around
guiltily)
I guess so. Okay. I'll be right
there.
(pause)
Yes. I can't wait. Bye.

She hangs up, a little flushed. Then turns to Allison.

HELEN

Can you cover me for an hour?

ALLISON

Just an hour? You should tell
this stud to take more time.

HELEN

Will you shutup. I should never
have told you about him.

Helen grabs her purse and rushes out, going right past the
stack where Harry is standing, dumbfounded. He looks like
he
is
was slammed in the stomach with a lead pipe. His whole like
is
unravelling.

117 EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Gib sees Harry crossing the street, holding his stomach. He
seems dazed. He is not so much walking to the car as
wandering
gets
path
in its general direction. He stops, in the street. Gib
out of the car and rushes to him. He pulls him out of the
of a bus which is HONKING irritably.

GIB

You look like you got gut-kicked.
What's the matter? You sick?

Harry leans against the car for support.

HARRY

(barely audible)
He-- Helen. Helen-- it's Helen.

It's Helen, Gib.

GIB

Something to do with Helen, is what I'm getting.

HARRY

She's having an affair.

Harry's best friend in the world brightens with the news.

He

slaps him on the back.

GIB

Congratulations. Welcome to the club.

HARRY

It can't be. Not Helen.

GIB

Nobody believes it can happen to them.

HARRY

It can't be.

GIB

Same thing happened to me with wife two. I had no idea until I came home and the house was empty. I mean empty. She even took the ice-cube trays from the fridge. What kind of person would think of that?

HARRY

(not listening)

I still don't believe it.

GIB

Relax. Helen still loves you. She just wants this guy to bang her. It's nothing serious. You'll get used to it after a --

Harry wheels around on Gib, grabbing him by the lapels, and slams him against the car.

HARRY

STOP. CHEERING. ME. UP.

We see in Harry's rage, frustration, and hurt confusion a vulnerability we never expected to see.

GIB

What'dya expect Harry? She's a flesh and blood woman. And you're never there. It was only a matter of time.

Harry sags. His friend is right. Gib opens the car door and helps him in like an invalid, talking soothingly the whole time--

GIB

I say we concentrate on work. That's how I always got through it whenever my life turned to dogshit. Let's catch some terrorists and then you can beat the crap out of them. You'll feel better.

Gib gets in and starts the car, full of stoic cheer for Harry.

GIB

Women. Can't live with 'em.
Can't kill 'em.

118 INT. OMEGA SECTOR / LISTENING ROOM - DAY

Harry and Gib are in the LISTENING ROOM. Banks of tape-decks and recording calls, rows of technicians in cubicles processing and collating transcripts.

GIB

He's giving us a blank check on
*
wiretaps. So I've set 'em up on
all of Juno's shipping agents,
her clients, and Faisil made up
*
a list of possible contacts that
Crimson Jihad might have in this
country. Now all we can do is
*
wait --
*

He notices Harry is not listening.

GIB

Is this national security stuff boring you?

HARRY

Put a tap on her phone.

GIB

What're you talking about? We have that.

HARRY

Helen's phone. Her office line and the line at my house.

Gib gives Harry a stricken look, and glances around nervously.

He pulls him into an empty office.

GIB

*

(a whispered hiss)

*

Okay . . . I have two words to

*

describe that idea. In. Sane. Unauthorized wiretap is a felony, pard.

Harry grabs him and rams him up against the wall, his teeth clenched.

HARRY

Yeah, and we do it twenty times a day. Don't give me that crap. Just put on the taps. Now.

GIB

Sure, Harry. I'm on it.

Harry releases him and turns away. Gib straightens his jacket, looking at his friend like he's completely losing it.

119 INT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

That night Harry is actually there on time for dinner. He

at
glances at Dana, who has been eyeing him warily. She looks
her peas.

HARRY

How was school today?

DANA

Fine.

Helen
Harry takes a bite of his food, watching her. Silence.
glances at him.

HELEN

So. You came by to see me today?

She is a too casual, masking her nervousness.

HARRY

I was in the area, and I thought
you might like to have lunch.

HELEN

They must've just missed me.

HARRY

They said you had to run out.

HELEN

Yeah. It was a rush thing. They
needed some documents down at the
court house. I barely made it.

Harry watches her lying to him with some amazement. You can
see the jaw muscles clenching.

HARRY

So, a little excitement in an
otherwise dull day. Did it work
out okay?

HELEN

Oh, sure. Fine.
(she gets up suddenly)
I'll get some more gravy.

DANA

I'm done.

the
Dana bolts. She has eaten about four bites. Harry sits at

lost. table, alone. He feels isolated, knowing that everybody is lying to everybody else. He is a man without a center,

CUT TO:

120 INT. OMEGA SECTOR/ LISTENING ROOM - DAY

TRACKING ALONG THE BANK OF RECORDERS. Harry comes to a particular set of machines. He reaches past the technician and picks up the hard-copy of the transcripts.

ON HARRY walking and leafing through the phone transcripts. Gib watches him through a glass partition, shaking his head slowly. Harry freezes, staring at the page and WE HEAR THE **SOUND OF THE CONVERSATION OVERLAID:**

HELEN

Hello?

SIMON

Helen? It's Simon. Is it safe to talk?

HELEN

Yes. Go ahead.

121 INT. CAR - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE - DAY

in A man in his mid-thirties, sitting in a car SOMEPLACE (DAY), speaks into a cellular phone. This is SIMON. He is dark haired, and fairly good-looking in an off-beat way. He is unshaven and his clothes look slept in. He glances around a furtive manner.

SIMON

I can't talk long. Can you meet me for lunch tomorrow? I must see you.

122 INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - DAY

NOW WE SEE HELEN, at her office.

HELEN

Yes. I suppose so. Where?

SIMON

The same place. One o'clock. I
have to go now. See you
tomorrow. Remember, I need you.

123 INT. LISTENING ROOM - DAY

The last line is played ON HARRY, reading. Now he is seeing
the proof in black and white. He slowly crumples the paper
in
one hand, his expression dark.

124 INT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Helen is reading in bed. She glances up as Harry comes into
the room. Gives him a quick smile. Too quick.

HARRY

I thought we might have lunch
tomorrow.

HELEN

I can't, honey. I promised
Allison I'd go shopping with her.
Sorry.

Harry watches her smoothly lying to him. It's surreal to
him.

HARRY

No problem.

He surreptitiously picks up Helen's purse from a dresser and
*
goes into the hall.
*

125 OMITTED

*

126 EXT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

*

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS and Harry comes out, walking Gizmo on a
*
leash. Harry walks briskly along the sidewalk, jerking the
poor dog along twice as fast as his little legs will go.
*

127 **EXT. SIDEWALK, BY GIB'S CAR - NIGHT**

* He reaches Gib's car, half a block up, and hands him Helen's
* hides * purse. Gib eyes the dog warily. He growls at it. Gizmo
behind Harry's legs.

GIB

Look, Harry. I know this is rough. I felt the same way the first time it happened to--

Harry holds up one finger. His eyes and expression are so intense, Gib just soft of trails off.

GIB

* Right.
*
* (hefting the purse)
* So . . . the usual, right?
* GPS locator, telemetry burst
* transmitter, audio transmitter,
* power supply.

HARRY

* Just have is back in two hours.
*

128
thru OMITTED
*

129

130 **INT. / EXT. HELEN'S CAR - DAY**

TIGHT ON THE PURSE sitting on the seat next to her as Helen drives through the city.

131 **INT. / EXT. N.D. SEDAN - DAY**

Harry drives while Gib watches--

132 **INT. SEDAN, CLOSE UP ON MAP - DAY**

a
A COMPUTERIZED MAP below the dash. Helen's purse appears as
moving blip on a street-map of the city.

133 INT. / EXT. SEDAN - DAY

GIB

Okay, she's turning on
Seventeenth. Make a left, you
should see her.

Harry makes the turn.

HARRY

There she is.

134 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

low
out
Up ahead they see Helen's RED ACCORD pulling into a parking
next to a CAFE. Harry parks the car a block away and gets
his binoculars.

135 EXT. HELEN'S CAR THROUGH BINOCULARS - DAY

and
followed.
HARRY'S POV through the scope. Helen gets out of her car
looks around as she walks to the cafe. It is not a nervous
look, but it is clear she is making sure she is not
She goes inside.

136 INT. SEDAN - DAY

HARRY

Give me audio.

lunch
Gib hits a switch and they hear the clamor of the cafe at
rush come over a speaker.

137 INT. CAFE - DAY

makes
The restaurant is nothing fancy. A little dark. Helen

facing her way to a booth in the back. Sitting in the shadows,
the door, is SIMON. She sits down opposite him. He doesn't
smile or kiss her in greeting, but glances around the room
like he expects a threat to leap out at any moment.

SIMON

Are you sure you weren't followed?

HELEN

I kept looking back, like you taught me. I didn't see anyone.

SIMON

Okay. It's just, things are a bit hot for me right now. If I get a signal...

(holds up a cigarette lighter meaningfully)

I may have to leave suddenly.

HELEN

I understand.

SIMON

It's my job to risk my life, but not yours. I feel bad about bringing you into this, but you're the only one I can trust.

Simon creates an atmosphere of danger. His haggardness give him an air of mystery and desperation.

HELEN

Where were you? On a... uh, mission?

*

SIMON

Ssshhh! We say Op. Covert operation. And this one got a little rough.

*

HELEN

Worse than Cairo?

*

SIMON

*
Cairo was a day at the beach next
to this.

138 INT. SEDAN - DAY

Harry and Gib turn to each other, shocked with the dawning awareness.

GIB
Guy's a spook!

HARRY
Yeah, but for who?

*

GIB
He could be working her to get to you.

Harry waves his hand, silencing Gib.

INTERCUT FROM HERE ON BETWEEN HARRY/GIB AND HELEN/SIMON.

139 INT. CAFE - DAY

SIMON puts a newspaper on the table, sliding it over to Helen.

SIMON
Did you read the papers
yesterday?

HELEN
Yes.

SIMON
Sometimes a story is a mask for
a covert operation. See-- two
men killed in a restroom, and two
unidentified men in a running

*

shootout, ending at the

*

Marriot...

140 INT. SEDAN - DAY

HARRY AND GIB react, realizing that it is the story of their

operation gone awry.

141 INT. CAFE - DAY

HELEN

That was you?!

SIMON

You recognized my style. See, you're very good. You're a natural at this.

142 INT. SEDAN - DAY

Harry starts to get it. Then it dawns on Gib.

GIB

The guy's a fake! He's taking credit for our moves.

143 INT. CAFE - DAY

HELEN LEANS CLOSE TO SIMON. She clearly is hanging on his every word.

HELEN

Tell me what happened?

SIMON

I'm sorry, I can't.

HELEN

You can trust me completely.

SIMON

I know. But it would compromise your safety too much to know certain things.

HELEN

Right, of course. I was worried when I didn't hear from you that night.

SIMON

It's strange. I knew I was in a woman's thoughts when I was shooting it out with those assassins.

144 INT. SEDAN - DAY

HARRY REACTS to the outrageous fabrication.

GIB

Unbelievable.

145 INT. CAFE - DAY

BUT HELEN is eating it up.

HELEN

Were they trying to kill you?

*

SIMON

Three of them. Hardly worth
talking about. Two won't bother
me again.

*

*

HELEN

And you chased one?

SIMON

Something came over me, I just
had nail him, no matter what the
risk. It was pretty hairy. I
thought he had me, a couple of
times. But I really can't take
credit . . .

*

*

HELEN

You can't?

*

*

SIMON

No. It's the training. It
shapes you into a lethal
instrument. You react without

*

*

*

*

thinking.

*

146 INT. SEDAN - DAY

HARRY AND GIB guffaw. This is too much.

GIB

*

I'm starting to like this guy.

*

Harry shoot him a hard look.

*

GIB

*

(holding up his hand

*

defensively)

*

We still have to kill him, that's

*

a given.

*

147 INT. CAFE - DAY

BACK TO HELEN AND SIMON as she leans even closer.

HELEN

What is it you want me to do?

SIMON

Not here. I'll call you and
we'll rendezvous again.

(he looks around)

We have to leave separately, so
we aren't seen together. For
your safety.

HELEN

You'll call me then?

SIMON

Yes. Now go.

148

thru OMITTED

*

155

PAGES 66-67 OMITTED

*

156 **EXT. STREET/CAR LOT - DAY**

Simon is cruising in the Corvette with the radio blasting. Thinking he is supercool.

157 **EXT. USED CAR LOT - DAY**

A
be
Simon pulls into a used car lot, which is a run-down place. hodge-podge of makes and models, a few that might aspire to classics.

He
showing
The
Simon backs the Vette into an open space on the front line. reaches into the back seat and pulls out a dayglo sign the SALE PRICE of the car. He sticks it back on the dash. The car doesn't even belong to him!

158 **EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM CAR LOT - DAY**

Harry and Gib pull up. They watch as Simon jumps out of the Vette and goes into the sales office.

GIB

(laughing)

He's a goddamn used car salesman.

This just gets better.

(catching himself)

Sorry Harry, I know this is painful.

the
street.
Harry's eyes are slitted down lethally as he stares across

159 **INT. CAR LOT SALES OFFICE - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)**

*

volume.
TIGHT ON A TAPE PLAYER, with Simon's hand adjusting the

from The sound of traffic noise and middle-eastern music blares
the deck.

over PULL BACK to see Simon on the phone, talking loud, as if
the din of a real place.

SIMON

It's a great little bar, Amanda,
you'd love it. Beirut's a great
place if you know the city.

*

Listen, this isn't a secure line.
I'll tell you all about it when
I get back tomorrow... if I live.
(pause)

Scared? Never! Except of you--

out During this, the owner of the place, DOUG WURTZ, has come
is-- of the back room and looked out at the lot. What Doug sees

HARRY, browsing among the cars.

DOUG turns from the window and bears down on Simon, who sees
him coming and speeds up his rap.

SIMON

--I have to go, baby. A guy's
coming toward me--

Doug grabs the phone out of his hand and slams it in the
cradle.

DOUG

*

Simon, look out there. You see
that man? Notice how he's
looking at the cars. He's called
a customer. I know it's been a
while, but do you remember what
you're supposed to do when we
have a customer?

160 EXT. CAR LOT - DAY

Simon bounces jauntily up to Harry, talking before he's even
reached him.

SIMON

It wants you too. Feel it
vibrate? How about a little
spin?

runs
Simon opens the passenger door and sits Harry inside, then
around the car. He leaps over the closed door into the
driver's seat and starts the car.

SIMON

You gotta jump in. That's rule
number one. It takes a little
practice, but there's no way
around it.

161 EXT. STREET - DAY

Simon swings the car out onto the boulevard, kicking back.

SIMON

See, it's not just the car, it's
a total image. An identity you
have to go for. This isn't some
high-tech sports car... it
doesn't even handle that great.
But that's not the idea, is it.

chuckle.
Simon gives Harry a big grin. Harry returns a knowing
Ha ha.

SIMON

What're we talking about here?
Pussy, right?

HARRY

Absolutely.

of
Simon laughs. Harry laughs. A big lusty, male-bonding kind
laugh.

SIMON

Well then this is a vital piece
of equipment. Used properly, it
can change your life. See, you
cruise. No racing. This ain't
a Ferrari. You check out the
scenery, let the scenery check
you out. You got to take it

slow. Old cars are like good women... they heat up fast.

Harry. How do you grin warmly while your eyes are so cold? Ask

HARRY

Keep talking.

CUT TO:

162 EXT. TACO STAND - DAY

his
along
Simon is holding court. Over tacos, he waxes eloquent on
greatest area of expertise. We see Harry laughing, going
with the guy. Pretending to bond.

SIMON

Let's face it, Harry, the Vette gets 'em wet. But it's not enough. If you want to really close escrow, you gotta have an angle.

HARRY

And you've got one.

SIMON

It's killer. Look at me-- I'm not that much to look at. No really. I can be honest. But I got 'em lining up, and not just skanks, either. Some are.

HARRY

So what's your angle?

SIMON

Sorry. Trade secret.

HARRY

(grinning)
Sure. Set me up and then don't tell me.

Simon leans forward, conspiratorially.

SIMON

Okay, just ask yourself. What do

women really want? You take these bored housewives, married to the same guy for years. Stuck in a rut. They need some release. The promise of adventure. A hint of danger. I create that for them.

HARRY

So you're basically lying your ass off the whole time? I couldn't do it.

SIMON

Well, think of it as playing a role. It's fantasy. You have to work on their dreams. Get them out of their daily suburban grind for a few hours.

HARRY

Isn't that hard to keep up, in the long run?

SIMON

Doesn't matter. I like change. You know, constant turnover. As soon as I close the deal, it's one of two more times, then adios.

HARRY

Use 'em and lose 'em.

SIMON

Exactly. The trick is, you gotta pick your target. They have to be nice little housewife types. School-teachers. But, I'm telling you, you get their pilot lit, these babes, they can suck-start a leaf-blower.

HARRY

What about the husbands?

SIMON

Dickless. If they took care of business, I'd be out of business, know what I mean?

*

HARRY

Those idiots.

163 EXT. STREET/ VETTE - DAY

They are cruising along, with Harry driving this time.

HARRY

You working on someone right now?

SIMON

I always have a couple on the hook. You know. There's one right now, I've got her panting like a dog. It's great.

Unconsciously, Harry's hands clench the wheel tighter.

HARRY

What does she do?

SIMON

Some kinda legal secretary of something. Married to some boring jerk.

Harry takes a corner too fast. The tires squealing.

SIMON

And she could be so hot, if she wanted to be. She's like a dying plant that just needs a little water.

When Simon is looking, Harry is open and encouraging...

they

laugh together... then when he looks away Harry goes snake-eyed. He could kill Simon with one punch. He's visualizing his wife getting porked by this guy.

HARRY

But with you, she gets to be hot, right?

SIMON

Red hot. Her thighs steam.

They laugh together. Harry's laugh is getting a bit

brittle.

He speeds up, his knuckles white on the wheel. Now for the

big

question: HAVE THEY OR HAVEN'T THEY?

HARRY

Sooooo... she's pretty good in bed, then?

SIMON

(yelling suddenly)
Hey, slow down you're gonna miss the turn!

164 EXT. USED CAR LOT - DAY

Harry comes barrelling into the lot at forty. He cranks the wheel and hits the emergency brake, slewing the car into a smoking bootlegger-180. It screeches backward, sliding right into its parking space perfectly.

Simon is bug-eyed. But he is non-plussed for only about two seconds. Then he's back to selling. He scrambles out and goes around to Harry, coughing in the cloud of tire smoke.

SIMON

See. You and this car were meant for each other. Why fight it? Sure, I have a couple other buyers lined up, but I like your style. Whattya say? Should we start on the paperwork?

HARRY

Let me think about it. Hold it a day for me?

Simon grins and winks.

SIMON

Because it's you.

165 INT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Dana is in the living room, watching TV when she sees her mother cross through, dressed to go out.

HELEN

Dinner's in the warmer. Tell your father I may be late.

DANA

Where are you going?

HELEN

Out.

Dana is momentarily puzzled by the reversal of roles.

166 INT. ENTRY WAY - NIGHT

ON HELEN, checking herself in the hall mirror. She looks at her big dowdy purse. Hating it suddenly. She pulls her pocketbook out and rummages on the top shelf of the hall closet for a small handbag, then charges out.

167 OMITTED

168 INT. / EXT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Harry is driving. Gib pulls a sheaf of pages out of his briefcase and hands them to him.

GIB

Here's today's transcripts.
There's nothing interesting.

SIMON

Nothing from Simon?

Keeping one eye on the road, Harry riffles through the sheets. He glances at the top of the last couple of sheets. He scowls. Then SUDDENLY SLAMS ON THE BRAKES. The car dives to the curb, bumping one wheel. Harry gets out and charges around to Gib's side. Gib gets out, his expression blank.

HARRY

Give me the page.

GIB

What are you talking about?

HARRY

It skips from page nine to eleven. Where's page ten?

GIB

Aw, it's gotta be a typo--

HARRY

GIVE ME THE GODDAMN PAGE!!

Harry hammers his fist against the car-window right next to Gib. It explodes inward in a shower of glass.

GIB

(shrugging)

Okay. Here.

He fishes a crumples sheet of paper out of his pocket.

Harry

grabs it from him, straightening it.

GIB

Jeez, Harry. Seek help.

As Harry begins to read, we go into FLASHBACK.

169 INT. USED CAR LOT OFFICE - DAY/FLASHBACK

ON SIMON - He is talking into the phone in hushed, urgent tones.

SIMON

Helen. I need your help. Can you meet me tonight?

INTERCUT WITH HELEN at her office.

170 INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - DAY/FLASHBACK/INTERCUT

HELEN

What's happened?

SIMON

It's serious. That's all I can

*

say. Just meet on K Street under

*

the Key Bridge. At eight sharp.

*

171 INT./ EXT. SEDAN - NIGHT

BACK TO THE PRESENT. Harry checks his watch.

*

HARRY

Shit! It's almost eight.

*

He jumps back in the car and activates the GPS locator. Helen's purse-blip flashes on the grid map.

HARRY

She's still at my house.

*

GIB

The purse is still at the house.

172 INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Harry growls and slams the car into gear, roaring out into traffic. Horns honk as he cuts off people. He is oblivious.

He grabs his rover.

HARRY

Unit Two? Unit Seven?

172A CUT TO -- FAISIL AND AGENT WEBSTER IN THE UNIT SEVEN VAN

*

FAISIL

Seven here.

172B CUT TO -- AGENT MORTON IN UNIT TWO CAR

*

UNIT TWO

This is Two.

172C INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

*

HARRY

Immediate roll. Acquire subject at K Street and Key Bridge.

*

Vehicle is red-and-white

*

convertible. You have six minutes.

FAISIL

Roger, One. Rolling.

UNIT TWO

Copy that.

GIB

Wait a minute! Are you out of your mind? You can't pull agents off a priority surveillance to follow your wife! It's gross misappropriation of Sector's resources, it's... it's a breach of national security.

Harry drives on, ignoring him. Gib grabs his shoulder, shaking him.

GIB

*

You copy, Harry? This is too far. You're losing it big-time. I have to stop you.

HARRY

Whatya going to do? Tell?

GIB

Goddamnit, Harry. This is our butts. So your life is in the toilet. So your wife is banging a used car salesman. Sure it's humiliating. But be a man here--

HARRY

You tell on me, I tell on you.

GIB

Whatya talking? I'm clean as a preacher's sheets, babe. Clean as a --

HARRY

What about that time you trashed a six-week operation because you were busy getting a blow-job?

GIB

(instantly contrite)
You know about that?

a Harry turns to him. His glare could melt metal. Gib gives
fatalistic shrug.

GIB
Take Franklin, it's quicker.
Harry makes the turn, squealing tires.

GIB
You don't have any pictures
though, do ya. Huh?
*

173 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

watch.
and * Helen pulls her car under the bridge. She checks her
sees * Helen notices that her hand is shaking. She looks around
the place seems deserted. She is about to leave when she
headlights flash briefly in the shadows.

A red-and-white Vette emerges from the darkness and pulls up
next to her. Simon motions for her to get in quickly.

174 EXT. PARKING LOT - THROUGH BINOCULARS - NIGHT

a LONGSHOT on Simon and Helen in the Vette, coming out of the
parking low under the bridge. We are watching them through
sophisticated telephoto night-vision device.

175 INT. UNIT TWO SEDAN - NIGHT

puts * Agent MORTON lowers the SCOPE and picks up his rover. He
the car in gear to follow.

MORTON
Two here. Subject is southbound
on Key Bridge. A man and a woman
*
in the vehicle.

HARRY (RADIO)

Roger's two.

175A INT./EXT. SIMON'S CAR

Simon makes a show of checking the mirrors.

SIMON

Now don't be alarmed... but if I'm spotter, it would be best if they don't see you. You should keep your head down until we're out of the city.

He pushes her head down onto his lap. She crouches there, with her cheek against his thigh. He's cruising along, loving it.

176 INT. HARRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Gib is trying to watch the computerized city map on the screen, but Harry keeps cornering so fast he loses his place.

MORTON (RADIO)

The woman has her head in the guy's lap.

Harry is doing a jaw-clenched slow burn.

HARRY

Roger, two. One to Condor, do you have visual?

177
thru OMITTED
183

184 EXT. HIGHWAY LEAVING CITY - NIGHT

It follows the Vette. It is a highway heading away from the city. IN A LONG LENS SHOT, the Vette appears over the brow of a hill. A moment later A HELICOPTER rises up behind them, A DRAMATIC REVEAL.

CONDOR (VOICE OVER/RADIO)

This is Condor. We have the ball, repeat... we have a good

lock-up on I.R.

FLIR CUT TO: INFRARED VIEW of the Vette, from the helicopter's system. The greenish, image-intensified view of the car is like daylight.

185 OMITTED

PAGES 79 - 80 OMITTED

186 EXT. HELICOPTER - AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT

Down past the helicopter, to the Vette on the highway below as they head out into the country.

187 OMITTED (187)

188 EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

The headlights of the Vette light up a ratty single-wide mobile home, on the outskirts of a TRAILER PARK off the highway. Simon and Helen get out of the car.

SIMON

My place in the city is too hot right now. So is the penthouse in New York. But this place is secure.

He takes her inside.

189 OMITTED (189)

190 INT. SIMON'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Helen feels awkward in the small, junky space. A tape deck is playing cool jazz. Simon hands her a glass of cheap wine. He clinks her glass with his.

SIMON

To our assignment.

HELEN

What is it you need me to do?

SIMON

Helen, I want you to be my wife.

HELEN

I'm married!

SIMON

(quickly)

Just for the operation in Paris.
I need to be married. They'll be
looking for a man traveling
alone.

HELEN

We're going to Paris?

SIMON

Helen, there's a double agent in
my outfit... I don't know who.
There's no one I can trust.
Except you. Can you get away?
Just for two days.

HELEN

I don't know. I have to think...

SIMON

Here. Sit down. Be comfortable.

He clears a place for her on the bed, shoving clothes and
magazines out of the way. She sits down and he tops off her
glass from the wine bottle.

191 EXT. BILLBOARD AND TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

* The agents have gathered behind a billboard. Harry, Gib and
* the other three agents have donned black jumpsuits. They
finish fitting battle-harnesses, then they grab black ski-
* masks. They don them in perfect unison. Commando
precision.
Harry leads off and they quick-time from behind the
billboard,
closing in on Simon's trailer.

192 INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Helen looks up at Simon and nods slowly.

HELEN

Okay. I'll do it.

Simon shoots over and sits next to her, taking her hand.

SIMON

You are incredibly brave. I have to remind myself the fear you must be feeling. I've lived like this for years, so I'm used to it. Every day when I get up, I think it might be my last. But it makes you appreciate life. And the moment. Because that may be all you have.

He moves a little closer. Casting his spell.

SIMON

To pull this cover story off, we have to look exactly like two people who are intimate with each other. The enemy can spot a fake easily.

He puts his hand on her knee. She tenses up instantly.

SIMON

You see what I mean? That reaction would give us away in a second. Try to relax.

HELEN

It's just that... it's been sixteen years since anyone but Harry did that, I--

SIMON

Relax. There, that's better. Let yourself slip into the role.

He puts his other arm around her shoulders and pulls her slowly into a kiss. This doesn't seem real to Helen. She finds herself not pulling away. He lowers her slowly until they are lying together on the bed.

SIMON

There you go. That's right...

He slides his hand up her thigh. The fingers, stroking in little circles, slips under her skirt. And--

off
She suddenly EXPLODES, pushing on his chest, forcing him up her.

HELEN

NO! Stop!
(he keeps kissing her)
Get off me RIGHT NOW!

and
Simon struggles with her. She gets one knee up under him levers him up. She pushes him to a standing position. She sits up on the bed, straightening her skirt.

He looks forlorn and pathetic. Now he's going to try pleading...

SIMON

If not for me, do it for
democracy.

193 INT. / EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT

tiny
of
KABOOM!! The back wall of the trailer is blown outward by shaped-charges. The concussion throws Simon forward on top her. Five BLACK-SUITED FIGURES swarm in, carrying machine pistols and flashlights.

194 INT. TRAILER - HARRY'S POV - NIGHT

bad.
rabbits
Lit by the beam of the flashlight, he sees Simon on top of Helen, her knees up on either side of his hips. It looks Simon and Helen sit up... stunned. They look like two in the headlights of a truck. She screams.

195 INT. TRAILER - ON SIMON - NIGHT

Reacting as all his years of bullshit have suddenly

materialized as a nightmarish reality. He is stunned. Blinking, mouth hanging open.

196 INT. / EXT. TRAILER - SIMON'S POV - NIGHT

XENON WHAT SIMON SEES -- Five demonic figures, backlit by the
rotor- LIGHT from a helicopter. Smoke and dust swirling in the
wash. The figures lunge toward them, grabbing them both.
Helen struggles fiercely as Gib (disguised) pulls her up.
Harry yanks Simon to his feet.

197 EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT

wildcat, Gib comes out first with Helen. She struggles like a
frankly surprising the hell out of Harry. Simon is brought
out, dazed and compliant. Helen whips around, KNEEING GIB
runs right in the balls. Gib OOPHS and doubles over, and Helen
for it.
Helen. Harry leaves Simon with the other agents and runs after
She sprints through the trees, Harry pounding after her. He
out grabs her and gets her in a headlock. She bites the hell
runs of his arm. Harry yells and lets her go, just as-- Keough
weapon. up and matter-of-factly clips her on the head with his
understand Standard operating procedure. Which is why he can't
why Harry punches him, knocking him down.
other Harry supports a sagging Helen, gesturing sharply to the
can't agents and going RRRRR-RRRR to make his point (since he
talk without her recognizing his voice). They head for the
cars.

CUT TO:

198 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM/OBSERVATION CHAMBER - NIGHT

An empty room with a single stool under a light, and a large two-way mirror. The door opens and Helen is escorted in by

her, Keough, still wearing his jumpsuit. Helen has a black hood over her head. Keough undoes a pair of handcuffs, freeing then leaves quickly.

wheels Helen whips the hood off and blinks in the light. She at the sound of the door locking and runs to it. Pulls twice on the handle, without effect. She crosses to the mirror and peers at her reflection, trying to see if anyone is there on the other side.

199 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Helen ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS is a dark chamber. We see perfectly, peering in, though she sees nothing. Harry and Gib, in silhouette, sit at a console. Harry speaks into a microphone.

HARRY

Sit down.

200 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

by ON HELEN'S SIDE of the mirror we hear Harry's voice shifted a DIGITAL PROCESSOR. It is a cold booming mechanical voice. Harsh and inhuman.

VOICE (HARRY)

I said SIT DOWN.

(she does)

Who do you work for?

HELEN

Kettleman, Barnes and McGrath.
I'm a legal secretary.

VOICE (HARRY)

Of course. Mrs. Tasker. And what were you going with the international terrorist, Carlos the Jackal? Taking dictation?

HELEN

He said he was an American agent.

201 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

INSIDE THE CONTROL room we can see Harry, Gib and, through
the glass, Helen. Their voices sound normal on this side.

HARRY

How long have you been a member
of his faction?

HELEN

I don't know anything about a
faction. I just met Simon... or
whatever his name is... a couple
of weeks ago. I barely know him.

GIB

That's not what it looked like
when we found you.

Harry scowls at Gib in the dark. Helen flushes,
remembering.

HARRY

How did you meet him?

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

202 INT. MALL - DAY/FLASHBACK

We see Helen sitting at table at a mall near where she
works,
having a cappucino and a croissant.

HELEN (V.O.)

About two weeks ago I was at the
mall, having coffee...

Simon appears behind her, sort of stalking up to her. He
approaches quickly the last few steps and slips into the
seat
around,
next to her. His manner is furtive. He keeps looking
as if for hidden assassins. He hands her a briefcase.

SIMON

(speaking very low)
Keep this for me. I can't afford
to be taken with it. National

security is at stake. I'll
contact you if a can. Okay? Oh--

off He seems to suddenly spot something OFF CAMERA and dashes
the other way.

203 EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY/FLASHBACK

Helen walks back to her office building, carrying the
briefcase. She keeps looking over her shoulder.

204 INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - DAY/FLASHBACK

keeps She has the briefcase on her desk while she works. She
and glancing at it as she types. Finally she hunches over it
starts picking the locks with a paper clip.

TIGHT ON SECOND LOCK, popping open.

ON HELEN as she opens the case. She gasps.

some INSIDE THE CASE are the following items: A tiny camera,
look loose tapes, some circuit diagrams, some transcripts that
Helen, like gibberish which must be ENCRYPTED, some street maps of
Beirut, Rome and Berlin, and a Walther P.P.K. PISTOL.
eyes wide, closes the case.

205 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT / PRESENT

Helen shrugs, finishing up her story.

HELEN

I should have gone to the police,
I suppose.

GIB

But you didn't. Why not?

HELEN

I don't know. I guess... I
wanted to see what would happen.

HARRY

What did happen?

HELEN

Three days later, he called me.
He told me to meet him at
Overlook Park.

206 EXT. OVERLOOK PARK - SUNSET/FLASHBACK

Through the trees is a sweeping view across the Potomac to
Georgetown and Embassy Row. Helen is sitting on a park
bench

when Simon shows up, sitting beside her. She hands him the
briefcase.

SIMON

Thank you. You saved my life.
What's your name?

HELEN

Helen.

SIMON

You can call me Simon.
(he touches her hand)
You're very brave to do this...
(then notices the locks
have been opened)
You opened it.

HELEN

I just glances inside.

207 EXT. OVERLOOK PARK - CLOSE UP ON SIMON

CLOSE ON SIMON, looking right into her eyes.

SIMON

(solemn)
Then you know.

208 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT / PRESENT

Harry shakes his head and rubs his eyes, picturing the whole
thing.

HARRY

Why did you continue to see him?

HELEN

He needed my help.

HARRY

Not because you were attracted to him?

HELEN

No.

HARRY

You weren't attracted to him at all?

HELEN

Well, maybe a little.

GIB

Is this a common thing for you? Cheating?

HELEN

No! Never!

GIB

So, it was your first time.

HELEN

I wasn't cheating!

HARRY

Tell me about your husband, Mrs Tasker.

HELEN

Harry? What can I say about Harry? He's a sales rep for a computer company.

HARRY

(hard question for him)
Would you say he was boring, then?

HELEN

(she sighs, nodding fatalistically)
Yeah. I suppose he is.

GIB

So sex with him isn't exactly making your flag wave anymore.

him
enough
Harry cuffs him on the shoulder. Signals with a scowl for
to stay out of it. Gib smirks. Harry's put him through
shit the last couple of days, it's time for a couple digs.

HELEN

That's none of your goddamn
business! What kind of questions
are these?

HARRY

You're in a lot of trouble, Mrs.
Tasker, so I suggest you
cooperate. If we want to know
the most intimate details of your
life, you'd better tell us.

Helen glowers at the mirror. Her hands are shaking and she
hates it that they can probably see she is afraid.

HELEN

My husband is a good man.

GIB

But he's not exactly ringing your
bell lately, right? I mean--

Harry covers the mike and whips around on Gib.

HARRY

Let me handle this part. Do you
mind?

(to Helen)

Why did you go to Carlos'
hideout?

HELEN

He wanted me to go with him on a
mission, to pose as his wife.

HARRY

And you agreed?

HELEN

Yes.

HARRY

(amazed)

Why?

Helen searches herself for the explanation.

HELEN

I don't know. I guess I needed something...

HARRY

What did you need?

HELEN

I needed to feel alive. I wanted to do something... outrageous. And... I don't know... it felt good to be needed. To be trusted. To be special.

In verbalizing it she just feels smaller, more pathetic that she ever did. She hates the unseen voices for making for
try
to explain her deepest, unvoiced needs.

HELEN

There's so much I wanted to do in this life, and it's like I haven't done any of it. And the sand's running out of the hourglass. I want to be able to look back and say: See! I did that. It was wild and it was reckless and outrageous and I fucking did it!

(she glares at the mirror)

And I frankly don't give a shit if you understand this or not.

Gib looks at Harry, eyebrows raised. Whew! Harry is
studying
his wife like she's some fantastic new species.

HARRY

This Simon. Did you sleep with him?

HELEN

No.

GIB

(covering the mike)
She's lying.

HARRY

You didn't have sexual relations
with him?

HELEN

(acidly)
Look, if you ask me everything
twice, this is going to take a
really long time. And I have to
get home to my family.

GIB

You're not going anywhere.

Helen loses it. It is fury and fear, tears and rage all at
once--

HELEN

Let me out of her! Right now!

HARRY

Answer the question--

She picks up her stool and charges toward the mirror,
swinging it with all her might. It bounces off harmlessly.

HELEN

(she swings again,
yelling)
I didn't sleep with him!
(and again--WHAM!)
You hear me, you chickenshit
bastards--

WHAM! She hits the mirror again.

GIB (INHUMAN VOICE)

Everyone tries. It's
unbreakable.

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! The mirror suddenly stars from side to
side with huge cracks. She's about to beat her way through
it.

209 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

INSIDE THE OBSERVATION ROOM Harry and Gib jump back.

GIB

She could be telling the truth.

HARRY

(to Helen)

Wait! Calm down, Mrs. Tasker.
There is only one more question.

Helen drops the stool. She stands there panting. Her fury spent, she begins to cry.

HELEN

What?

HARRY

Do you still love your husband?

HELEN

(softly)

Yes.

HARRY

Louder please.

HELEN

I love him. I have always loved
him and I will always love him.

(she wipes at her eyes)

Can I go home, please?

210 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

INSIDE THE OBSERVATION ROOM Harry states at her. He smiles.

GIB

Now what?

HARRY

(leaning forward to the
mike)

There is only one solution to
your problem, Mrs. Tasker. You
must work for us.

GIB

(whispering to Harry)

Oh shit. Harry... what're you
doing?

HARRY

(like: isn't it
obvious?)

I'm giving her an assignment.
(to Helen)

I am offering you a choice. If you work for us we will drop the charges and you can go back to your normal life. If not, you will go to federal prison, and your husband and daughter will be left humiliated and alone. Your life will be destroyed.

HELEN

Oh, gee thanks. Mmmm, let me see--

HARRY

Yes or no.

HELEN

What do you think? Of course yes! What's involved?

HARRY

You will be contacted with the assignment.

HELEN

My husband can't know about this.

HARRY

No one must know! Especially him. You must appear to live your life normally, conveying nothing. The security of this nation depends on it. Can you do that?

HELEN

I think so.

HARRY

Think carefully. You will be lying to the man you love. The person who trusts you the most.

HELEN

(fearless)

I can do it!

HARRY

The code name of your contact will be Boris. Your code name will be--

HELEN

(excited)
Natasha?

HARRY

No. Doris.

211 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

ON HELEN, not liking her wimpy code-name.

212 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The unit-seven van pulls up in the spooky shadows under the bridge, stopping next to Helen's red Accord. The door slides open and Helen gets out, helped by black-garbed hands. She is wearing her hood, which is whisked off by one of the hands. She whirls in time to see the door slide shut and the van speed off. She watches it drive off into the night.

213 EXT. ROCK QUARRY - NIGHT

The van pulls up near the edge of a large quarry. The door opens and Simon is pushed out, followed by Harry, who is in his black jumpsuit and wearing a ski-mask. Gib follows as Harry guides Simon to the edge of a sheer drop. Harry whips off the hood and Simon takes in his surroundings.

SIMON

Yeeaoowww!!

HARRY

You son of a bitch. Did you really think you could elude us forever, Carlos?

SIMON

Wait! You got the wrong guy. My name's Simon. Look, just let me go. There's no need to kill me. I haven't seen your--

Harry whips off his ski-mask.

SIMON

-- face. Shit! Shit!!

Simon has ducked his head and won't look at Harry. Then it dawns... He looks up, brightening hopefully.

SIMON

It's you! Hey, you still interested in that Vette at all?

GIB

You can drop it now, Carlos. The game is over. Your career as an inter-national terrorist is too well documented.

SIMON

No... I sell cars. That's all! Not even foreign cars. Nothing international, I swear. I'm no terrorist. Everything I said was a lie... you have to believe me. I'm actually a complete coward. If I ever even saw a gun I'd--

the
Harry whips his pistol out in one liquid motion and snaps muzzle right in front of Simon's eyes.

SIMON

-- faint. Aahhh! Don't kill me. I'm not a spy. I'm nothing. I'm navel lint. I have to lie to women to get laid. And I don't score much. It's pathetic.
(he looks down)
See, look... would a spy pee himself?

Harry is finally sickened by his grovelling. He pulls Simon away from the edge, then gestures with his gun.

HARRY

Beat it.

SIMON

No. Soon as I turn you'll shoot me.

him.
Harry starts back to the truck. Simon stays right with him, facing him, terrified to turn away. Like a dog following

SIMON

Please don't. You can have the
car for free--

GIB

Take off, dipshit!

Gib finally shoves Simon back and Harry contemptuously
cranks
dance
THREE ROUNDS into the ground by his feet, forcing him to
backward. The two agents get into the van and tear off in a
cloud of dust. Leaving Simon alone in the moonlight, miles
from nowhere.

CUT TO:

214 INT./ EXT. SEDAN - DAY

TIGHT ON LOCATOR SCREEN as a blip moves across the grid of
city
streets. Gib drives while Harry watches the screen.

HARRY

We should pick up visual at the
next light.

The scrambler phone in Harry's briefcase rings. He picks it
up.

HARRY

Morning, boss.

215 INT. OMEGA SECTOR - DAY

INTERCUT WITH SEDAN. Spencer Trilby stands glowering as he
talks to Harry.

TRILBY

Harry, this report on last
night's operation is the thinnest
piece of crap I've ever seen from
you. I'm sure you won't mind
giving me a little more detail on
why all these assets were
deployed.

216 INT./EXT. SEDAN - DAY

HARRY

Absolutely. But can it wait?
I'm on a critical surveillance
right now.

his
Harry spots something up ahead. He snaps his fingers and
points, then whips a pair of gyro-stabilized binoculars to
eyes.

on
bops
zips
a
HARRY'S POV THROUGH SCOPE: Trent, on the Yamaha with Dana
the back, rides through the intersection up ahead. Dana
to the sound coming over her walkman headphones as Trent
between cars. Gib makes the turn, pulling in behind them at
distance.

TRILBY

Harry. Is there anything you
want to tell me?

HARRY

(innocently)
No. Not that I can think of.

THE CAMERA PUSHES IN ominously on Spencer Trilby.

TRILBY

Harry? You know we never fire
anybody.

Click. Harry hangs up the phone slowly.

GIB

We're dead, right? So...
where'd you put the transmitter?

HARRY

In her Walkman. It's the one
thing I knew she'd be taking.

217 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Harry walks toward the closed warehouse doors, past Trent's
parked Yamaha. We hear MUSIC from inside.

218 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE, we see what it is that Dana has been doing when she skips school. A garage band of teenagers, mostly older than her, are playing loudly. Dana has the microphone, belting out a punchy cover of the old Cream classic "Sunshine of Your Love". The guitar parts have been industrial-ized, and it actually sounds pretty hip.

Harry watches from the shadows, standing behind a pillar not far from the stage. Watching his daughter gyrating in the spotlight. His reaction is hard to read.

219 INT. WAREHOUSE - CLOSE UP OF CIRCUIT-BREAKER - DAY

TIGHT ON THE MASTER CIRCUIT-BREAKER as Harry's hand throws the switch.

220 INT. WAREHOUSE - STAGE - DAY

The stage is plunged into darkness and the music stops abruptly. Before the band members can react, they hear the big metal doors rolling and sunlight blazes in. Dana stares into the glare, seeing an ominous silhouette standing there. The shadowy figure walks toward them.

FIGURE

You! Come with me.

The figure comes straight toward Dana. To her horror it turns out to be her dad. Her heart stops.

DANA

Oh my Gooooood.

221 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Harry appears through the doors, marching Dana by the arm. He walks her over to some industrial junk nearby, overgrown with weeds, and sits her down for a talk.

She is sullen, still mortified from getting dragged out in

front of her friends.

HARRY

There are going to be some changes Dana. You're going to start following some rules. And I'm going to be there to see that you do.

DANA

Yeah, right.

HARRY

You're going to stay in school. Do you understand?

DANA

Why? So I can wind up like you? What's the point?

he
from
You think Harry's going to really rain on her parade. But doesn't. He becomes very tender. He pushes the hair back from her face.

HARRY

Did I tell you about the time we first met?

She looks up at him, puzzled?

HARRY

You were quite young at the time. All wet and still attached to your mom by a cord. You opened your eyes and looked right at me. And I knew then I would always love you with all my heart.

her
are
Dana stares at her father with a dawning awareness. This is not just some chump that she has to put up with. This is father. He is a part of her. No matter what happens they are in this thing together. Tears start to run down her cheeks.

HARRY

Somewhere along the way I got lost, honey. I forgot about what was really important. I'm sorry pump-- I mean--

letting She grabs his in a fierce hug. Harry closes his eyes,
the moment purify him.

HARRY

Dana, regarding this singing--

She pulls back, suddenly wary. Oh shit.

HARRY

(grinning)

You were pretty good.

222 INT. / EXT. SEDAN - DAY

Dana sits wedged into the front seat between Gib and Harry. Father and daughter are singing raucously loud, with the windows down.

HARRY/ DANA

I've been waiting so long To be
where I'm going In the sunshine
of your loooooove

suffused They crack up after the long sustain. They are both
in with a glow of rediscovery. Harry pulls the car to the curb
front of Dana's school.

DANA

Dad, how come you know the words?

HARRY

Honey that song came out in 1968,
when I was exactly your age.

DANA

Unbelievable! Trent told me he
wrote it. He's history.

223 INT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

eyes. The image of a family dinner. Helen is avoiding Harry's
Then Harry looks over at Dana and she gives him a tiny smile.
she rises from her half-finished dinner and heads out of the
kitchen.

DANA

I'm done.

HELEN

Where are you off to young lady?

DANA

(pointing toward her
room)

I have a book report.

Helen watches her go. That's strange.

HARRY

So last night was pretty
exciting, huh?

HELEN

(alarmed)

What?

(then smoothly--)

Oh, the flat tire? Yeah, I
thought the damn towtruck was
never going to get there.

Harry smiles, reaching for more chicken. The phone RINGS.
Helen controls the urge to run to it.

HELEN

Hello?

METALLIC VOICE

Doris?

HELEN

Oh. Yes?

224 INT. OMEGA SECTOR - NIGHT

GIB, AT OMEGA SECTOR, uses the SPEECH SYNTHESIZER to
disguise
his voice.

GIB

Listen carefully. Go to the
Hotel Marquis in one hour. Pick
up an envelope marked Doris at
the front desk. And dress sexy.

225 INT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

BACK ON HELEN as she reacts to that.

HELEN

What?

VOICE

Get going!

(CLICK)

HELEN

(thinking for a second,
then--)

Uh... well, okay then. You sound terrible. I'll run out right now. Just call the prescription in to the pharmacy. Sure, no problem. Bye.

Harry smirks, listening to her lie. She's good. The smirk drops as she turns.

HELEN

Allison is sick in bed. I have to go over there, honey.

HARRY

Sure, hon.

Harry She walks unhurriedly out of the room. Behind her back, is grinning. The second Helen is out of his sight line, she runs up the stairs. Harry waits a moment then picks up the phone.

226 INT. OMEGA SECTOR/ ELECTRONIC LAB -- NIGHT

Gib is in a corner of the electronics lab, in an area dedicated to DIGITAL AUDIO PROCESSING. The phone in his briefcase rings.

Gib answers.

GIB

You've reached a new low with this one. I can't believe you're crazy enough to use the room at the Marquis.

HARRY

Why not? You think I can afford
a suite like that on my salary?
Is Jean-Claude done yet?

*

FAT * Gib looks over at a SOUND RECORDING BOOTH nearby. In it a
hand- * FRENCH AGENT, JEAN-CLAUDE is doing voice recording from a
written page.

GIB

Not quite.

227 INT. OMEGA SECTOR - INSIDE THE BOOTH - NIGHT

We hear Jean-Claude record a line on a tiny DAT tape
recorder. *
He speaks with a cosmopolitan French accent. Close your
eyes *
and he's Charles Boyer.

JEAN-CLAUDE

*

No no. Do it slowly. Very
slowly.

228 OMITTED

*

229 INT. HOTEL MARQUIS - NIGHT

A big luxury hotel downtown, with an opulent lobby. Helen
enters, looking different than we have ever seen her. She
has
been commanded to be sexy, and she is. Her black slinky
dress
is cut at mid-thigh, showing some good legs we haven't been
aware of. She's pulled her hair back and added pearls. Now
she looks elegant and hot. Playing the role.

230 INT. HOTEL - FRONT DESK - NIGHT

She goes to the front desk and signals the ASSISTANT MANAGER
with her eyes. He comes over to her.

HELEN

Do you have an envelope for

Doris?

and
the
a
The man nods. Saying nothing, he reaches under the counter
hands her the envelope. She opens it as she walks across
lobby. In contains a room key, a small bugging device, and
phone number.

231 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

She
TIGHT ON A PAY PHONE as Helen finishes dialing the number.
scans the lobby as the phone rings--

METALLIC VOICE

Listen. You are a prostitute
named Michelle. Go to the room.
A man will be there. He is a
suspected arms dealer.

HELEN

Do I have to... you know-- ?

VOICE

No. He has particular tastes.
He likes to watch. You will say
his regular girl, Carla, is sick.
If he likes you, he will tell you
what to do. You must plant the
bug near the telephone, by the
bed, before you leave. If you do
not accomplish your mission, the
deal is off.

232 INT. HOTEL/ TENTH FLOOR - NIGHT

toward
Decides
so
the
Helen exits an elevator and walks down the long hallway
the suite. She stops by a mirror and checks her look.
she is too uptown. She pulls the neckline of her dress down
it shows more shoulder, then hitches up the hem. Ditches
pearls. Puts on some red lipstick.

Now she doesn't look hot and elegant... just hot. She
practices a slinky walk, getting into the role.

It Suddenly she remembers her wedding ring. She pulls on it.
* probably hasn't been off in years. She licks her finger and
turns * twists it off. Yoww! She puts it on her right hand and
* the modest diamond palm-side in . . . Out of site. Then,
reading the number off the key, she goes to the room and
unlocks the door.

233 INT. SUITE - NIGHT

is Helen comes in hesitantly. The lights are off. The suite
A large and richly furnished, with a breathtaking view of the
city. It is the room Harry was using, posing as Renquist.
FRENCH-ACCENTED VOICE comes from the next room.

VOICE

In here.

in She goes into the bedroom. There is a dark figure sitting
a chair, just a silhouette.

MAN

Step into the light.

in It is a corner room. The drapes on one side are closed,
shadowing the man, but open on the other just enough to let
a slash of moonlight. She steps forward into it.

is TIGHT CLOSE UP on the figure. We can just make out that it
of Harry, though Helen cannot. TILT DOWN to show his hand, out
button sight behind the chair-arm, as he manipulates the pause
on the DAT tape deck.

HELEN

I'm Michelle. Carla's sick. She
thought you might like me, so --

clicks Harry goes SSSSHHHH. Silencing her gently. He silently

Boyer, off the PAUSE button. The DAT recorder plays. Charles deep and hypnotic, speaks from Harry's outline. Harry lipsynchs.

HARRY (TAPE)

* Let me do the talking. You are
* very pretty. You may start by
unzipping your dress.

* PAUSE button. She starts to yank the zipper down.

HARRY (TAPE)

* No no. Do it slowly. Very
slowly.

* Helen turns her back to him, and draws the zipper down
a * languorously, revealing her creamy back. She is not wearing
* bra.

HARRY (TAPE)

* Now slip the dress down...
slowly.

dress * Helen is starting to get into the ritual. She lets the
floor. * slip off her shoulders. It slides down her body to the
* She steps out of it, still in high heels.

HARRY (TAPE)

Now slide the nylons off one by
one.

HELEN

(puzzled)
I'm not wearing any.

Harry winces. He starts the next line immediately.

HARRY (TAPE)

* That's good. Now the panties.

hand
The ritual continues as she strips slowly (this will be tastefully done). She conceals the bugging device in her

as she sets her clothes on the bed near the phone. Helen is still concentrating on her mission.

HARRY (TAPE)

Now turn, cheri, in the moonlight. Let your body flow like water.

She turns. Her skin is beautiful in the silvery light.

HARRY (TAPE)

Now dance for me. Go on.

her
Helen has no idea what to do, but she improvises quite well. The scrutiny of the shadowed man, who is fully clothed, and

raw vulnerability are a quiveringly powerful erotic combination.

HARRY (TAPE)

Let your hands be a lover's hands on your own skin as you move. Yes, that's it.

sixteen
TIGHT ON Harry's eyes as he studies her. His game, meant to give her a dangerous fantasy, is actually turning him on mightily. He is amazed to see her playing the role, getting into it. This is not the Helen is thought he knew for years.

HARRY (TAPE)

Now, lie on the bed and close your eyes.

deck.
She does. Harry rises and goes to her, bringing the tape

HARRY (TAPE)

Keep them closed. Do not open them.

He
her
delicious.
He sits on the bed, next to her, but without touching her. strokes her hair, lovingly. Then runs his fingertips over eyes, down her cheeks. To her it feels delicate and

Part of her is enjoying this a lot. But Helen is torn
between wanting to flee and knowing that nothing the man has done so far is enough to cause her to abort her mission.

HELEN

I thought you only liked to watch.

Harry goes SSSHHH. It's all he can do. He bends over her
and brings his lips slowly down to her. He touches them to hers
so slowly that she barely knows he is kissing her. Then he
takes her in a passionate kiss.

And she grabs the lamp on the bedside table and SMASHES IT
OVER HIS HEAD. Harry flies off onto the floor, groaning and semiconscious.

Helen flips on the light and grabs her clothes, starting to
face dress rapidly. She still doesn't recognize Harry, who is
ribs down. He groans and starts to rise. She kicks him in the
and finishes putting her dress on. She sticks the bug under
the night table and grabs her shoes. Mission accomplished,
motherfuckers.

Harry grabs her ankle. She raises one shoe to kosh him
again, and sees who it is. Freezeframe. Total shock. She can't
even form the question.

HELEN

Harry-- ?!

234 INT. SUITE DOOR - NIGHT

CRASH!! The door lock is shattered by tremendous force and
THREE MEN burst into the room. We may recognize them as
workers from Juno's shop. They are wielding pistols and are
clearly part of Malik's terrorist brigade.

Harry is still groggy, and he doesn't want to start anything
as with Helen there, and risk her getting shot. He acquiesces
they pull him to his feet.

HELEN

He's got nothing to do with this.
It's me you want, right?

HARRY

(to lead TERRORIST)
Let the hooker go. She's not
important.

HELEN

Harry, be quiet. Let me handle
this.

LEAD TERRORIST

Shutup, both of you.

hands
of
During this exchange, the thugs have handcuffed Harry's
behind his back. The leader gestures to one of the men to
bring Helen along. Helen and Harry are dragged roughly out
the room with pistol-muzzles stuck in their ribs.

235 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The door from the corridor bangs open and the thugs hustle
Harry and Helen down the fire-escape stairs.

HELEN

Listen, you don't need him, he's
nothing. He's a sales rep for a
computer company, really--

The thug leader cuffs her across the head to shut her up.

HELEN

That was unnecessary.

236 INT. HOTEL BASEMENT - NIGHT

*

Helen *
A stairwell door opens and the terrorists rush Harry and
through the basement labyrinth.

*

HELEN

What were you doing there?

HARRY

You wouldn't believe me.

A pistol muzzle is jammed hard behind Helen's ear.

TERRORIST LEADER

Talk again, I kill you.

waiting *
*
van *
*
They are hustled across a loading dock to a RENTAL VAN
with the door open. A fourth terrorist slides the van door
shut after they get in and gets in behind the wheel. The
takes off.

CUT TO:

*

237 **OMITTED**

*

238 **EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT**

to
the
dressed
*
The rental van pulls up to a G-3 JET warming up outside a
private hanger. The van doors open and the hostages are
brought out. Harry sees a long black LIMO pulling up behind
the van. The driver, an enormous man names AKBAR, hurries
open the passenger door. A slender pair of ankles emerge,
followed by the rest of Juno Skinner, looking devastatingly
beautiful but now quite sinister.
To Helen it is like a living James Bond film, with the jet,
limo, the terrorists, and now an exotic femme fatale,
to kill, approaching them.

JUNO

(with a wry smile)

Hello, Harry.

HARRY

Juno. I wish I could say it's a
pleasure to see you again.

HELEN

You know her?

Juno signals with her eyes and the terrorists march the

prisoners toward the plane.

JUNO

Who's your little friend?

HELEN

I'm Helen Tasker. Harry's my husband. And you are?

JUNO

(to Harry)

So now it's Tasker? Not Renquist?

239 INT. G-3 JET - NIGHT

Helen They enter the luxurious passenger cabin of the plane.
has never seen anything like this.

HELEN

Look, Harry's not part of this. He's just a sales rep.

JUNO

No, my dear, he is a federal agent. He killed two of my colleagues the other night.

HELEN

No, you don't understand, we've been married for 15 years--

HARRY

Look, Juno, this is just some whacko hooker I met in the bar.

seats AKBAR and the other terrorists push Helen and Harry into
and strap them in.

HELEN

Harry, what's the matter with you? Tell them the truth. We're married, we have a daughter--

HARRY

(looking at Helen
contemptuously)

I don't know what this crazy bitch is on. You should just cut

her loose, so we can get down to business.

HELEN

Oh yeah? Oh yeah? Then where did I get this?

Helen grabs the locket, dangling on a chain around her neck, and opens it to show Juno.

THE PICTURE IN THE LOCKET -- Harry and Helen together, smiling.

Harry roles his eyes. Great, Helen. A FLIGHT HOSTESS walks up carrying a tray. Juno smiles graciously at Helen.

JUNO

Something before take-off?

The hostess whips a PNEUMATIC INJECTOR off the tray and zaps Helen in the shoulder.

HELEN

Oooowww!! That hurt. You biii--

She slumps. Juno looks at Harry.

JUNO

She was telling the truth, wasn't she Harry? She really doesn't know. Interesting.

Juno nods and the hostess zaps Harry. He slides into unconsciousness as the plane engines begin to SCREAM.

240 EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

The G-3 lifts into the night sky, turning south.

241 EXT. PIER - NIGHT

A small FREIGHTER is tied up to a half-crumbling pier. Next to the pier is a dilapidated corrugated-metal warehouse building, two stories high. There are floodlights on the dock but beyond is black night, with the ghostly shapes of mangroves and palms.

island It is an abandoned facility on what appears to be a tiny
in the Caribbean.

by There is a lot of activity. Three U-RENT TRUCKS are parked
the warehouse, as well as some other vehicles. About thirty
men, clearly CRIMSON JIHAD TERRORISTS are busy at various
activities. Many of them carry AK47 assault rifles.

as MALIK is supervizing them as they finish unloading a tarp-
covered object about 15 feet high from the ship. A rusting
gantry crane trundles it into the warehouse. Malik looks up
black an AEROSPATIALE HELICOPTER thunders toward them over the
Caribbean water.

door. The helicopter lands and Juno steps down from the front

covered The sliding door is opened and Akbar and the others pull a
groggy Harry and Helen out of the aircraft. They are
by hoods.

takes Malik walks up to them and pulls their hoods off. Harry
in his surroundings and looks back into the eyes of Malik.
Lethal energy flows between them.

MALIK

Who is this woman?

JUNO

His wife.

MALIK

(seeing the
possibilities)

His wife? Good. Bring them.

242 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

brilliant Malik leads the entourage into the warehouse, where
floodlights illuminate--

space. THREE HUGE STONE FIGURES, lined up in the middle of the

The tarp is removed from the object they just unloaded,
revealing a FOURTH STATUE. The figures are cracked and

obsured by centuries, but they are unmistakably warriors
mounted on horseback. The legs and arms are missing on
some,
but the massive heads and necks remain.

JUNO

Incredible, aren't they? Warrior
figures from the Persian Empire
of Darius the First, around 500
BC. I call them "The Four
Horsemen".

She approaches the nearest figure, caressing its flank. A
man
with a jackhammer steps up to her.

JUNO

They're absolutely priceless.

She shrugs and nods to the man with the jackhammer. He
blasts
right into the body of one of the Horseman, destroying it.
Stone fragments fall away, revealing a cavity cut with great
precision inside the figure.

Inside is a BRIGHT METAL CONTAINER. Four terrorists pull it
out and set it on the ground. It is six feet long and
coffin-
has
like. Malik steps up to it, his eyes glistening. A hush
fallen over the group.

MALIK

Open it.

The latches are released and the lid lifted. Inside is
long.
machined metal object, roughly conical, about five feet

Malik signals to Harry to step closer and look.

MALIK

Do you know what this is?

HARRY

Can you give me a clue? It could
be a water heater for all I know.

Malik grabs Helen, jerking her roughly forward. He whips
out
a knife and inserts the point under Helen's jaw, forcing her
head back and drawing blood.

MALIK

Do you know why you have been brought here?

HELEN

N-no.

MALIK

So that this man can verify to the world that Crimson Jihad is now a nuclear power.

HELEN

How can Harry do that? He's a salesman for chrissakes.

MALIK

If we were wrong about him... then the last thing you see will be your blood spraying in his face.

Harry steps forward, his face grim.

HARRY

This is a Soviet MIRV-Six, from an SS-22N launch vehicle. The warhead contains 14.5 kilos of enriched uranium, with a plutonium trigger. The nominal yield is 10 kilotons.

(in Arabic, subtitled)

*

Release her and I'll cooperate.

Malik lowers the knife from her jaw. He turns away from her like she has ceased to exist and yells at the terrorists to remove the other weapons. Jackhammers tear into the stone figures.

Helen is just staring at Harry, her mouth open. He turns to her, not knowing what to say. He shrugs sheepishly.

HARRY

What can I say? I'm a spy.

She just looks at him for a long time. She moves closer, staring and staring, letting it sink in. Then she hauls off and slugs him right in the jaw so hard it almost knocks him down.

HELEN

You bastard!! You lying son of
a bitch!!

Terrorists grabs her and restrain her. She starts to cry.

HARRY

I'm sorry, honey.

HELEN

Don't call me honey! You don't
ever get to call me honey again.
You understand?! You pig!

Juno looks at them both and laughs. She offers Helen a
tissue.

JUNO

Here you go, dear.

NEARBY, Akbar is going through the contents of Helen's
handbag and Harry's wallet. He rips open the bottom stitching and
pulls out the geo-positioning transmitter.

AKBAR

Abu! Look at this!

*

Malik looks at the tracker and then smashes it to the floor.
Helen looks at the crushed transmitter. She stares at Harry
with dawning realization.

HELEN

You bugged me?!!

Juno cracks up at this.

243 INT. CITATION JET - NIGHT

Gib, * The jet has become a mobile tactical-command center, with
* Faisil, and several other agents working out of portable
* equipment cases. Faisil looks up from a computer screen
suddenly.

FAISIL

*

We've lost the signal.

Gib, who has been pacing the aisle whirls to the screen.

*

GIB

Son of a bitch! Where?

FAISIL

*

It's an island in the Keys, out

*

past Marathon.

*

Gib goes up to the cockpit. They are on approach and the lights of Miami fill the front window.

PILOT

Miami TCA, we are on final.

GIB

Call our DEA contact, tell him I want those choppers flight-ready the second we land.

244 INT. WAREHOUSE - NO NAME KEY - NIGHT

TIGHT ON BLACK AND WHITE VIEWFINDER IMAGE of the terrorists' handycam. Harry is speaking directly into the camera, finishing up his message.

HARRY

...and I can verify that they have the arming box and all

*

equipment necessary to detonate the four warheads. This is absolutely the real thing, gentlemen.

The camera swings off Harry to Malik, standing before the rest of the Jihad warriors, who are assembled behind the four bombs.

MALIK

You have killed our women and

*

children, bombed our cities from afar like cowards, and dare to call us terrorists--

Over the image of Malik, a LOW-BATTERY warning begins to flash.

CUT TO SCENE, as Malik speaks into the camera, which is head by one of his men. The CAMERAMAN is sweating, wondering if he should interrupt. He gulps nervously as Malik drones on.

MALIK

* -- But now the Oppressed have
* been given a mighty sword, to
* strike back at their enemies.

Unless the US pulls all military forces out of the Persian Gulf area, immediately and forever, Crimson Jihad will rain fire on one major US city each week until these demands are met...

BACK TO VIEWFINDER IMAGE. BATTERY warning flashing faster.

MALIK

... First one weapon will be detonated on this uninhabited island as a demonstration of Crimson Jihad's power and our willingness to be humanitarian. However, if there demands are not--

In a burst of static the image GOES BLACK.

The cameraman nervously lowers the camera, ashen faced. Malik's eyes are black with murder.

CAMERAMAN

Battery, Abu.

MALIK

Get another one, you moron!

245 INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

A filthy, crumbling cinderblock building (near the warehouse).

A few bare light bulbs with bugs zipping around them, and no glass in the windows. Harry and Helen are brought in by two TERRORIST GUARDS. Juno follows then into the bleak room. Guards shackle them to steel chairs with handcuffs.

skull-
view
drills,
A MAN enters the room carrying a small suitcase. He has
like features. He opens the suitcase and Harry has a good
of the contents: medical instruments, needle-probes,
Dremel tools with saw blades.

JUNO

This is Samir. See if you can
guess his specialty.

HARRY

Oral hygiene?

JUNO

Not exactly.

HELEN

(scared)

What's going on, Harry?

JUNO

Samir is just going to ask Harry
a few questions. See, we're not
even sure which agency Harry
works for. Now, Samir is
absolutely first class, but on
the other hand we have Harry,
here, who has managed to lie
convincingly to the woman he
loves for 15 years. So it will
be interesting to see how long he
can resist.

SAMIR

(holding up a syringe)

This will help.

Samir injects Harry in the arm with the syringe.

HARRY

You know, you should swab that
with alcohol. I might get an
infection.

SAMIR

I'll return when this has taken

*

*

effect. Then we'll talk.

*

HARRY

*

I'm looking forward to it.

*

Samir exits.

*

HARRY

*

Why are you helping these raving
psychotics.

JUNO

Because they're very well-funded
raving psychotics, and I'm
getting a lot of money.

She kneels down in front of Harry, stroking his leg.

JUNO

*

You think I care about their

*

cause? Or yours? Not at all.

*

See, America is on top now . . .

*

. but so was Rome, once. All

*

civilizations crumble. One
nation succeeding over another.
What does it mean in the long
run? The only important thing is
to live well. And... living

*

well takes money.

HARRY

You're damaged goods, lady.

Harry's words are beginning to be slightly slurred. The
drugs are taking effect.

JUNO

(indicating Helen)
Did you tell her about us, Harry?

HARRY

There is no us, you psychotic bitch.

JUNO

Sure. Say that now.

She
Juno puts her arms around him and kisses him passionately.
breaks, looking at Helen to savor the effect. Helen is
trembling with rage.

JUNO

Thanks for everything, Harry. It was good while it lasted.

knees.
Juno crosses to the guard and takes a hand-grenade off his
belt. Then she goes to Helen and places it between her
the
She pushes Helen's knees together to hold the spoon against
grenade then pulls the pin.

JUNO

Now just keep your knees together, and you'll be fine.

HELEN

Something you obviously have a hard time doing!

JUNO

Hold that thought.

Juno leaves. Harry looks dopily at Helen.

HARRY

There was nothing. I swear.

*
Helen doesn't believe him, and why should she. She looks up
from staring at the grenade, to see that Harry's head has
slumped forward.

HELEN

What did he give you?

HARRY

(groggy)
Sodium amytal, maybe some other truth agent.

HELEN

It makes you tell the truth?

HARRY

Yes.

HELEN

Is it working yet?

HARRY

Ask me a question I would normally lie to.

HELEN

Are we going to die?

HARRY

Yup.

*

HELEN

I'd say it's working.

*

HARRY

They'll either torture us to death, shoot us in the head, or leave us until the bomb goes off.

*

HELEN

Okay, okay. I get it. How long have you been a spy, Harry?

*

*

HARRY

17 years.

HELEN

My God. Have you had to... have sex with other women in the line of duty?

HARRY

I don't take those assignments.

HELEN

What about Juno?

HARRY

She's really a fox, isn't she?

HELEN

Did you pork her Harry?

HARRY

No.

(pause)

But I wanted to.

HELEN

(crying)

Are you a total lying,
scumsucking pig Harry?

HARRY

Looks that way.

246 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

ON MALIK as he pokes through Harry and Helen's stuff on the table. He picks up Helen's wallet and opens it. ECU WALLET

a picture of Harry, Helen and Dana. Malik stares at it a moment. Then motions to one of his men.

267 INT. TORTURE ROOM - NIGHT

Samir lifts Harry's head and sees that he is pretty shitfaced.

SAMIR

Is there anything you would like
to tell me before we start?

HARRY

Yes. I'm going to kill you
pretty soon.

SAMIR

(calmly preparing his
instruments)

I see. How exactly?

SAMIR

Well, I thought I'd break your
neck, then use you as a human
shield, then kill the guard with
that knife there on your table
and take his gun.

Samir approaches Harry with a long steel needle probe.

SAMIR

(humoring Harry)
And what makes you think you can
do all that?

HARRY

Because I picked the lock on
these handcuffs...

He holds them up to show Samir. Then he explodes out of the
chair-- Breaks the torturer's neck-- Spins him between
himself
and the guard-- Who then hesitates to fire-- Giving Harry
the
split second he needs to grab the knife from the table and
throw it into the guard's eye, killing him instantly.

Helen is flat blown away. Wow. It only took a few seconds
for
Harry to reverse the situation. Her Harry! He picks up the
guard's 9mm pistol and staggers over to her.

HARRY

Don't move.

He kneels down in front of her. Gently he slips his hands
sliding
between her thighs, getting a grip on the grenade, then
his fingers slowly over the spoon to hold it securely.

He stops moving, suddenly. She realizes with a sudden jolt
of
terror that he has frozen.

HELEN

What is it?

HARRY

(staring transfixed)
God, you have great legs.

HELEN

Harry... snap out of it!

She sees how shitfaced he is. He holds the grenade up,
gripped
safely so the spoon can't fly off.

HARRY

Go it, baby.

248 EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

the
him,
Harry and Helen emerge from the building, creeping through shadows. She stops him for a second. Gets very close to whispering, crouched in the shadows.

HELEN

Tell me something before this stuff wears off and you start lying again.

HARRY

What?

HELEN

Do you still love me?

HARRY

Yes.

HELEN

As much as you used to?

HARRY

No.

(she deflates)

Much more.

She looks into his eyes, and knows he is telling the truth.

HELEN

*

(grinning)

*

It wore off.

At that moment, they hear yelling from the cinder-block building.

HARRY

They found the bodies. Come on--

249 EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT

of
Harry takes her hand and they sprint for cover at the edge the mangrove swamp. A LIGHT HITS THEM. TWO TERRORISTS,

Harry running around the corner, open fire with AK47s just as
* and Helen reach a cluster of palm trees. The trunks explode
* with bullet hits as they run through the darkness.

from * As the two terrorists move through the trees, Harry lunges
* the shadows and grabs one from behind. He wrests his rifle
* away and swings it at the other, knocking his AK down. The
first terrorist draws a knife and slashes at him, but Harry
grabs his knife arm and swings the blade into his partner.
Then he elbow smashes the first guy and seizes him in a two-
hand neck-breaker-- SNAP.

his * Two more run around the corner of a building. Harry stomps
* foot down on one of the AKs, which is lying across a log.
It * flips into the air and he catches it in firing position . .
* . and takes them out with two well-aimed bursts. Helen
comes * out of the shadows staring at Harry in amazement. His shirt
is * ripped, he is scratched and bleeding, holding an assault
rifle * expertly and scanning the brush like a feral animal.
*

HELEN

I married Rambo.

He grabs her and kisses her passionately.

HARRY

Let's go.

250
thru OMITTED

253

254 **INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

LOOKING DOWN FROM A CATWALK on the activity below the four
horsemen statues and several utility trucks almost fill the
floorspace. A rental truck is being loaded with
conventional

weapons, including machine guns and several HAND-LAUNCHED STINGER MISSILES. One of the nukes has been lowered into a

pit

cut in the concrete floor. Malik and most of the terrorists are gathered around it.

A GUARD, F.G. on the catwalk, watches intently from the railing. So intently that he doesn't head Harry sneak up on him. SNAP. Harry catches the guard's MAC-10 machine pistol before it can hit the floor. He and Helen crouch behind a steel pillar, watching the proceedings below. Helen keeps glancing at the dead guard, killed so effortlessly a moment before by her husband. It is all surreal.

BELOW, MALIK is shouting in his native language. He pulls a chain from around his neck and holds up a METAL ARMING KEY. Then jumps down into the pit and inserts it into the

warhead's

arming computer. Harry is listening intently, translating

for

Helen.

HARRY

In ninety minutes a pillar of

*

holy fire will rise at this place

*

as a sign to out enemies.

*

(Malik theatrically
turns the arming key)

It is done...

Malik jumps out of the pit. He signals and terrorists pour concrete into the pit, covering the bomb. He begins ranting again.

HARRY

Now no man can stop us. We are
set on our course. No force can
stop us...

(as libbing)

... we're cool, we're badass,
blah blah.

255 INT. WAREHOUSE - DOWN BELOW - NIGHT

Malik raises his fist and chants some Crimson Jihad slogans. The terrorists echo and chant and then cheer, firing their

guns

in the air. Harry pulls Helen back as ricochets clatter all

over the inside of the metal building.

work
onto
Malik shouts something and all the terrorists go back to
at double time. They are loading warheads Two and Three
trucks (one per truck) and the last, number Four, is being
wheeled out on a cart to the Aerospatiale outside.

256 INT. WAREHOUSE - ON CATWALK - NIGHT

HELEN

If we're on an island, why are
they using trucks?

HARRY

*
*
We must be in the Florida Keys .
. . . the Overseas Highway
connects the islands to the
mainland.

HELEN

*
*
*
*
So there's no border, no customs.
They can just drive anywhere they
want . . . there's nothing to
stop them . . .

HARRY

Just us.

HELEN

What are you going to do?

HARRY

(shrugs, like: what do
you think?)
Go down there and kill everybody,
I guess.

He hands her the MAC-10. She holds it clumsily.

HELEN

Oh shit.

HARRY

Wait here. If you have to use
this, use it. Don't choke.
Okay?

the She nods gamely and Harry starts down the steel stairs to
floor below.

257 INT. WAREHOUSE - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

hard ON HARRY, reaching the floor. He slips behind some packing
He crates. Then swings into action-- He hurls the grenade as
almost as he can, down to the other end of the building. KABOOM!!
trips He uses the distraction to move forward. But it goes wrong
almost right away... A TERRORIST comes around a corner behind him,
trips shouts-- Harry dives for cover as the guy fires, but-- He
trips on a pipe and goes sprawling-- Losing the AK47, which slides
under some equipment and-- Seven terrorists run toward him,
with guns raised.

HARRY
(to Helen)
SHOOT!!

258 INT. WAREHOUSE - CATWALK - NIGHT

the HELEN fires a burst at the terrorists, actually hitting one!
gun But-- The recoil knocks her back, into a metal column, and

FLIES OUT OF HER HANDS.

It falls to the metal steps and hits-- Going off. B-B-BLAM!
The burst kills two more terrorists, and-- The Mac-10
cartwheels and hits further down. ANOTHER BURST. Another
terrorist is splattered.

It spins and hits another step-- ANOTHER RANDOM BURST
MIRACULOUSLY KILLS THE LAST TWO TERRORISTS!!

from She has inadvertently saved her husband. Harry looks up
be behind cover-- to see all seven dead. Now it's his turn to
amazed. He signals to her to run... get off the exposed

stairs catwalk. She makes it through the door to the outside
as bullets start hitting the steel walls behind her.

259 INT. WAREHOUSE - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

A TERRORIST with a knife runs at the unarmed Harry. Harry
snatches up a jack-hammer and BRAT-TAT-TAT-- Drives it into
the
guy's chest. Then he-- Grabs an AK from one of the fallen
terrorists and opens fire. Malik shouts to the drivers of
the
trucks to get going. The other terrorists return fire at
Harry--
Who sprints from cover to cover, reaching a side door--
Where
he rakes one of the passing trucks with a burst-- But
terrorists behind him in the building have a clear shot and
rounds hit the wall next to him as he-- Dives through the
door--

260 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

REFUELING --landing outside. He takes cover behind an aircraft
TRUCK. Not a good place. He is pinned down by automatic
weapons fire. He looks around for Helen, who is--

261 EXT. WAREHOUSE - BEHIND A FORKLIFT - NIGHT

50 yards away. She is unarmed and unable to help.

262 EXT. WAREHOUSE - BEHIND A REFUELING TRUCK - NIGHT

HARRY cranks up the pump on the refueling truck and grabs
the
nozzle of the hose. He opens the flow and-- A stream of
JET-
FUEL blasts out of the nozzle and-- Harry fires his AK right
he
across the nozzle-- The muzzle-blast ignites the av-gas and
has a flame thrower with a 70 foot reach.
Harry, lit demonically by the inferno, paints the whole
area,
setting vehicles afire, and scattering the terrorists.

263 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Malik Through the flames and smoke he sees one of the men hand
a LAW rocket. Malik snaps it to his shoulder, preparing to
fire.

264 EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

gas Harry runs toward the edge of the dock thirty feet away as--
MALIK fires. The rocket shoots toward the truck and-- Harry
leaps toward the dark water as-- KABOOM! Behind him the
truck EXPLODES IN A HUGE FIREBALL.

265 EXT. UNDERWATER - OFF THE DOCK - NIGHT

the **ANGLE LOOKING UP, UNDERWATER, AS HARRY HITS THE WATER AND**
dives down. An instant later a sheet of fire sweeps across
the surface above him. Harry kicks hard, trying to swim beyond
the inferno above him so he can surface.

266 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

truck. CLOSE ON HELEN, watching the burning wreckage of the gas

HELEN

Oh my God. Harry.

head. A PISTOL ENTERS FRAME. Its muzzle taps the back of her

expertly. She gasps and turns to see-- JUNO, holding the weapon

JUNO

My condolences to the window.

*

Juno grabs her and yanks her to her feet. Helen SLAPS JUNO

*

down. * HARD. Juno has a slash across her cheek. Blood trickles

*

She grabs Helen's hand and viciously turns it, seeing the

*

wedding ring turned inward, the diamond on the palm-side.

Her *

face, *
* face darkens with fury and she points the gun at Helen's
* preparing to kill her . . .

*
* And Malik's hand grabs her wrist, stopping her.

*
* **MALIK**

*
* Not now. We may need a hostage.

*
* Juno grabs her and twists her around, pushing her toward the
* limo nearby.

*
* **JUNO**

*
* Let's go, Suzy Homemaker.

267 EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

and Harry is still swimming. He reaches the edge of the fire
surfaces, gasping for breath. Treading water he scans the
dock.

268 EXT. WATER OF THE DOCK - HARRY'S POV - NIGHT

Amid the fire and smoke, he sees Juno walking Helen at gun
point toward a LIMO.

269 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

jumping * TRACKING WITH JUNO, approaching the car. Malik passes,
fourth * into the Aerospatiale with his few remaining men. The
* bomb is clearly visible as the sliding door is closed. The
* as * copter pulls pitch, fanning the flames of the inferno below
it arcs away.

*
* AKBAR, the 300 pound terrorist/chauffeur opens the door and
* Juno gets into the limo with Helen. Akbar scrunches into
the

front seat and starts the car.

270 EXT. RAMP TO HIGHWAY - PREDAWN

island
both
passes

There is just enough light to see some geography. The island is very tiny. Running right over it and to the horizon in both directions is the OVERSEAS HIGHWAY. The terrorists' trucks rumble up an on-ramp past a sign that says MIAMI - 110. The limo is the last member of the convoy. The Aerospatiale passes overhead, hugging the deck, headed for Miami at 150 knots.

271 EXT. DOCK/ WAREHOUSE - DAWN

of
scanning
agents,
wet,

It looks like the aftermath of a battle... burning wreckage, black smoke, bodies. Not a living soul around. The smoke swirls as two big BELL 206 HELICOPTERS settle on the middle of the dock. GIB jumps out of the nearest with an AR-15, scanning the wreckage. Several of his men, and a couple of DEA agents, spread out. Gib breaks into a grin as he sees-- wet, HARRY, materializing out of the swirling smoke. Dripping clothes ripped and bloody. But okay.

GIB

I thought this look like your work.

HARRY

Let's go. I'll brief you in the air.

GIB

You're welcome.

272 INT. BELL 206 - DAY

units.

Gib and Harry are working out of brief-case mobile com-
units. Several Omega agents with headsets are reading maps, giving commands, coordinating the evacuation, mobilizing their own forces. The energy is controlled but very high, everybody talking at once. This is the day they all have trained for.

It is impressive to watch.

GIB

--you tell the son of bitch this is Bright Boy Alert. Repeat, a Bright Boy Alert. And I need a patch of the White House ASAP. That's right--

HARRY

(overlapping)
... the Coast Guard has to clear them back to a twenty mile radius. Anybody that can't make the minimum safe distance we need an airlift on, immediately--

Gib whips around to Harry, lowering his headset mike.

GIB

I can get 3 Marine Corps Harriers here in about 12 minutes. They're on maneuvers out of Boca Chica.

HARRY

(checking his watch)
Get 'em. I'll brief them on the way in.

273 EXT. OVERSEAS HIGHWAY - DAY

TRAFFIC on the two causeways is almost non-existent this early in the morning. The three rental trucks, followed by the limo about a mile back, are almost the only vehicles.

274 INT. LIMO - DAY

Juno has a 9mm pistol aimed at Helen. She opens the sunroof, letting in the morning air and light. Then pours herself a Scotch from the bar.

JUNO

Like one?

HELEN

(eyes like steel)

Fuck you.

275 INT. BELL 206 COPTER - DAY

HARRY AND GIB are both talking a mile a minute, coordinating the evacuation of the highway and the surrounding area.

GIB

... well get the Highway Patrol to go through the streets and tell everybody on their damn loudspeakers. Just the basics... get away from windows, don't look at it... yeah--

HARRY

Here they come.

Gib looks out the window in time to see--

THREE hunch-winged P.S.T.O.L. HARRIER jets pass them at 600 knots.

HARRY

(to the pilots)
Roger, Mike Three Five, you are cleared to engage. Be advised, your targets have Stingers and light machine guns.

276 INT. COCKPIT OF LEAD HARRIER - DAY

The pilot, like all jet pilots, seems icy calm.

PILOT

Copy that, Bright Boy command.
(to his wingman)
Tally ho.

277 EXT. OVERSEAS HIGHWAY - DAY

The terrorists see the Harriers approaching on a low attack run, and scramble to get out their Stingers.

The Harriers open fire with cannons and rocket pods on the trucks below. The 20mm cannons rip the ocean on either side

of

the causeway into plumes of spray.

278 EXT. HIGHWAY - ON TRUCK - DAY

the * One of the Bomb trucks is hit. It explodes and flies off
bridge into the water. The terrorists on one of the other
trucks fire a Stinger missile.

279 EXT. ABOVE HIGHWAY - ON HARRIER - DAY

pilot It arrows up, blowing one wing off the lead Harrier. The
ejects as the plane cartwheels into the sea and explodes.

280 INT. BELL 206 COPTER - DAY

Harry sees the battle far ahead... the exploding jet.

HARRY

(to the pilots)

Recommend you use your Mavericks

*

to take out the bridge.

*

PILOT (OVER)

They won't set off those nukes
will they?

HARRY

Negative, Mike Three Five.

That's a negative.

(low, to Gib)

Probably not.

281 EXT. HIGHWAY/ OCEAN - DAY

four * The two remaining Harriers make an attack run, launching
Maverick missiles at the bridge.

*

282 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

and * The missiles hit the support trestles ahead of the trucks
. . . K-BOOOOM!! A whole section of the concrete span

*

collapses into the water.

283 EXT. HIGHWAY - TRUCKS - DAY

* The first truck is consumed in the blast. The last truck
* slides to the edge of the gap and stops.

284 INT. / EXT. LIMO - DAY

see Juno is trying to see what's going on ahead. All they can
is smoke and explosions. Akbar is speaking heatedly (in
Arabic) into a walky talky and getting no answer.

Helen uses this moment of distraction to lunge forward,
grabbing the gun. Juno fires wildly as they struggle for
control of the weapon. The sound is deafening in the tiny
space. The second shot catches Akbar behind the ear, and he
pedal slumps forward. His foot mashes down on the accelerator
and the car surges faster.

285 EXT. HIGHWAY/ BATTLE SITE - DAY

* The third Harrier fires its 2.75 Rockets and blows the
remaining truck into tinfoil. Battle over. Two bombs down.

286 INT. BELL 206 COPTER - DAY

miles The columns of smoke from the battle are still a couple
ahead of the copter.

HARRY

Good shooting, Mike Three Five.
I need you to stay on station.
(to the copter pilot)

* Okay. You see that limo?

287 INT./ EXT. LIMO - HIGHWAY - DAY

*

one THE LIMO tracks lazily back and forth across the lanes from
out- guardrail to the other, throwing sheets of sparks where it
of-control-train. hits. In is funneling along the causeway, unsloved, like an

288 INT. LIMO - DAY

open INSIDE, Helen knocks Juno's hands against the edge of the
sunroof and the pistol goes flying out.

HELEN

You... bitch!!

against Helen is raging, grabbing Juno's head and pounding it
stops, anything hard she can find inside the car. Suddenly she
to looking out the front window. Juno turns too, off her look,
away see-- ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD. The causeway is blown
about a quarter mile ahead.

JUNO

Shit!

on Juno climbs through the window into the front seat, tugging
cement. the dead driver. The heavysset Akbar is like a bag of
Helen look up through the sunroof and sees--

289 EXT. ABOVE LIMO - DAY

out THE BELL 206 COPTER, descending rapidly. Harry is climbing
onto the skids. He hooks on arm and leg over the skid and
hangs down as low as he can. HELEN stands up in the opening
and waves her arms.

290 INT. / EXT. BELL COPTER/ LIMO - DAY

this Gib is yelling at the DEA pilot, who's not thrilled with
idea.

GIB

Get lower, goddamnit! Right now!

toward
against
almost

Harry strains downward with one hand. Helen reaches up
him. The car screeches along the guard-rail, slamming
it, throwing her from side to side in the sunroof. Their
fingers touch, then separate. She looks-- the limo is
on the precipice.

291 INT. LIMO - DAY

INSIDE THE CAR, Juno is desperately pulling on the inert
driver. He slumps over on her, pinning her. She looks over
the dash as the shattered edge of the causeway rushes toward
them--

292 EXT. LIMO - DAY

just
to
water.

HARRY'S HAND grabs Helen's. He pulls her out of the car
as the limo clears the edge. She is jerked through the
sunroof, screaming. The car falls away, arcing gracefully
the ocean below. It hits with an enormous explosion of

293 INT. / EXT. BELL 206 COPTER - DAY

looks
is
life.
a

HARRY PULLS HELEN up onto the skid with him, getting her
stable. She is gasping, holding on for dear life. She
down at the ocean, the burning wreckage on the bridge, the
whole unbelievable panorama.

Then she looks at Harry and-- Grins. She's alive! And so
he. And not only that, this is the biggest rush of her
Harry grins back. Surprised and pleased that she is more of
soul-mate than he ever knew.

CUT TO:

294 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

ANGLE ON A HARRIER, landing in full-hover on the causeway.
The shriek of the jet engine is enormous. It bounces down onto
its wheels like a big insect. The other remaining Harrier is
already down, behind it.

295 EXT. BELL 206 - DAY

TRACKING past burning wreckage to Harry's Bell 206 just
settling on the highway. B.G. the other DEA Bell 206 is
slung. landing with the Harrier pilot who ejected hanging in a
Harry jumps out of the open door, followed by Helen and Gib.
*
Harry looks at his watch.
*

HARRY

Any minute now.

GIB

(with a megaphone/ to
everybody)

It's show time. Don't look at
*
the flash. Do not look at the
flash.

HARRY

(to Helen)

We're safe here.
*

296 EXT. CAUSEWAY - DAY

Helen and Harry move away from the agents. They are safe
and together. They look at each other, and there is nothing to
say. Harry removes her wedding band from the wrong hand and
*
slips it back onto its rightful finger.
*
He leans forward to kiss her. She reaches for him. Their
lips *
meet.

297 **EXT. CAUSEWAY - HARRIERS IN BACKGROUND - DAY**

And they are locked together in that position when the sky lights up behind them. Talk about fireworks. Harry covers her * eyes and they stay in the kiss.

*
They are in no danger, but the effect is stunning. The classic * mushroom cloud appears at the horizon. Helen watches, awed, the most glorious and terrifying sight of our age.

HELEN

*
That was some kiss.
*

The two young Harrier pilots stand nearby, watching the mushroom disperse. Gib is with the other Omega agents, his finger pressed in his ear, listening to his headset. He waves to Harry to come to him.

Harry detaches from Helen and walks over to him. Helen watches him go... back to work. She glances over at the two Harrier pilots.

HELEN

(to the pilots)
That's my husband.

HARRY goes into the huddle with Gib and the others.

GIB

Malik's copter landed twenty minutes ago in Miami. He's on the top of a high-rise downtown. SWAT's on the scene, and I got the cops sealing off the area.

*
He renezvous'd there with about
*
a dozen more faction members.
*
They're barricaded on the
*
twentieth floor.

(he gets very serious)

*

Harry, they have a hostage. It's

*

Dana.

*

HARRY

*

My Dana!?

GIB

They must have grabbed her during
the night... we didn't know.
Sorry, Harry, I--

298 EXT. HARRIER - DAY

But Harry is already moving. He sprints toward the nearest
Harrier, which is idling nearby. Gib runs after him.

GIB

Harry! We'll get her out! We

*

have a man inside already . .

*

. Harry!! Aw, shit... here we
go.

Harry walks up to the young pilot...

HARRY

I need to borrow this thing for
a few minutes.

He pushes past the pilot before the guy can react.

PILOT

Excuse me . . . sir?!

*

GIB

*

Force Comm cleared you to give us

*

total cooperation, right?

*

PILOT

*

Yessir, but . . .

*

GIB

*

That's coming right from the
President, Captain.

*

*

PILOT

*

Yessir. Uh . . . sir? You're
going to have to sign for the
aircraft.

*

*

*

GIB

*

I'll sign for it. You got a pen?

*

(one of the agents

*

pulls out a pen)

*

*

Here, he'll sign for it.

*

Harry is in the cockpit by now. Gib climbs up.

*

GIB

I'd like to remind you that it
has been ten years since you were
actually in one of these.

HARRY

If I break it they can take it
out of my pay.

299 INT. HARRIER - DAY

just Harry doesn't have a G-suit or a helmet of anything. He
has his walky on his belt.

degrees INSIDE THE CRAMPED COCKPIT, Harry looks around for the lever
which vectors the thrust. Finds it, and sets it to 90

throttle (vertical). He bangs the canopy closed and brings the
up to FULL.

GIB

(to pilot)

It'll be fine. He's got hundreds of hours in Harriers. Joint-ops, cross-training and all that.

AGENT

Harry can fly anything.

The big plane wobbles off the ground like a drunken bumble-
bee.

GIB

He's a little rusty. It's like riding a bicycle . . . you never forget. Uh . . . I'd seek shelter!

It drifts sideways and everybody runs to get out of the way. At about six feet above the ground it slides sideways, clips the top of a cop car and knocks off the light bar. It lifts unsteadily straight into the sky. It turns around 180.

GIB

He's got it.

HARRY

Sorry.

Harry pushes the vector lever forward and the thrust-nozzles turn, accelerating the plane forward.

300 EXT. CAUSEWAY - DAY

Gib is standing, watching Harry go. He never believes this guy. Harry's voice comes over the walky...

HARRY

Tell Helen what's going on. Tell her I love her. And ask the pilot where the button for the 20mm cannon is-- never mind. I found it.

The plane disappears toward Miami.

301 EXT. HIGH RISE - MIAMI - DAY

AN AERIAL SHOT, circling the building. It is an unfinished building in the high rise district. The Aerospatiale sits on the roof, its rotor turning slowly. The street below is jammed with cars. Honking horns echo up the glass canyons.

302 EXT. STREET - DAY

ANGLE AT STREETLEVEL as cops use bullhorns and bad attitudes to clear the street around the building, setting up a perimeter two blocks away.

303 INT. HIGH RISE - DAY

INSIDE THE HIGH RISE the terrorists have barricaded themselves on the twentieth floor. There are 12 TERRORISTS, all with automatic weapons. Occasionally one of them will fire a burst down a stairwell with an AK-47. Miami-Dade SWAT team members are deployed in the stairwell but are keeping their distance.

304 INT. HIGH RISE - ON THE 21ST FLOOR - DAY

Malik is sequestered with the bomb. It sits on the floor, still in its shipping case. Dana stands nearby, looking scares. She is not ties up. Where can she go?

She watches Malik go to the warhead and insert his arming key.

He has a TV set up on some crates, and we see that his video-tapes demands are running on CNN. Harry's face fills the screen, verifying the the nuclear weapons as a real threat.

He is identified at the bottom of the screen as HARRY TASKER, ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION. Dana stares at her father's face on the national news. It's like a bad dream. She has been crying but she is fairly composed now.

DANA

I have to go to the bathroom.

hastily The terrorists ignore her. A terrified ACTION NEWS REPORTER and his CAMERAMAN, under guard by TWO TERRORISTS, are setting up to shoot Malik.

CAMERAMAN

Tape is rolling.

MALIK

This is a communique from Crimson Jihad. You have heard from your own expert. You have seen the Holy fire with your own eyes. Do not force us to destroy this city. And do not try to use force against us. I can trigger this bomb instantly. All I have to do is turn that key...

(he points fiercely at the bomb)

... and five million of your people will die.

The reporter glances down, nervously.

REPORTER

What key?

MALIK

(pointing like the guy's blind)

That key right there!

Malik looks down. The key is gone.

MALIK

(to his men)

Someone has stolen the key!

running at runs He turns, looking around wildly. Malik then sees Dana for the stairwell to the roof. He pulls a pistol and shoots her, but hits the wall as she bangs through the door. He after her.

305 **EXT. BUILDING / ROOF - DAY**

TWO

ON THE ROOF, Malik bursts through the stairwell door. His MEN have followed him. Malik stops suddenly when he sees-- Dana standing at the edge of the roof. She is holding the ARMING KEY by its chain. Dangling it over the edge. He signals to his men not to fire.

DANA

(terrified, but
thinking)

You shoot me, this'll fall.

backs
roof.

Malik advances slowly, his eyes glistening ferally. She up a step with each of his, moving along the edge of the roof. Malik keeps his pistol aimed at her chest.

DANA

Don't come any closer. I'll drop
it! I swear to God.

MALIK

If you drop it, I will have no
reason not to kill you.

along

He advances, calling her bluff. She backs away from him the edge.

MALIK

Come on, child. Give me the key.
(smiling)
Don't you want to live? I give
you my word.

DANA

No way you whacko.

lifting
open

She reaches the corner of the building. Her back touches something. it is the boom of a small crane, used for building supplies. Careful to keep the key dangling over space, Dana climbs up on the lattice-work boom and moves out beyond the edge of the building, never taking her eyes off Malik. She is hyperventilating, terrified, but thinking clearly.

knows

Malik steps up on the crane, crawling out after her. He

a
Dana
It
she will not drop the key as long as he has the gun. It is
game which will end when she reaches the end of the boom.
puts the key between her teeth so she can hang on better.
is windy and the boom is swinging.

306 INT. 20TH FLOOR - DAY

The Crimson Jihad warriors hear a thunderous, shrieking roar and look toward the window.

307 EXT. HIGH RISE - DAY

RISING INTO VIEW, LIKE A GARGOYLE FROM HELL, IS THE HARRIER.
It fills the windows completely, hovering only a few feet outside. The terrorists raise their AK-47s to fire just as Harry hits the 20mm nose-cannon.

308 INT. / EXT. HIGH RISE - 20TH FLOOR - DAY

is
Glass explodes into glittering mist, and terrorists explodes into bloody spray as Harry pivots the plane and the cannon sweeps the floor clear from side to side. The Crimson Jihad
vaporized.

309 EXT. ROOF - CRANE BOOM - DAY

Malik hears the thunder of the jet and the firing, but from where he is he can't see what's going on. He focuses on the key. He must have that key.

310 EXT. ROOF - NEAR HELICOPTER - DAY

gesticulating
Malik's TWO REMAINING MEN run to the helicopter,
to the pilot to get ready to take off. The pilot revs the turbine and the rotor whirls faster. The two men jump in, picking up M-60 machine guns.

311 EXT. ROOF - CRANE BOOM - DAY

she
MALIK IS STILL ADVANCING out the crane boom. Dana slips as

backs up, toppling off the boom. She is hanging now by her hands over a 20 story drop.

He Malik is almost to her. He needs a hand free to grab her.
sets his gun down on the girder. He grabs for her wrist.

312 EXT. ROOF - OVERLOOKING EDGE - DAY

With ANGLE LOOKING DOWN. Malik, Dana, the street far below.
an unbelievable roar the Harrier sweeps in beneath Dana,
FILLING FRAME.

313 EXT. CRANE BOOM / OVER EDGE - DAY

the Harry has the canopy up. Malik sees Harry, ten feet below.
His eyes narrow with an all-consuming rage. He glances at
pistol on the beam. Back at the girl, the key in her teeth--
- So close.

Harry maneuvers the cockpit directly under Dana.

HARRY

(shouting)

Let go baby! I've got you!
Daddy's got you!

314 EXT. ROOF / HARRIER - DAY

grabs Malik lunges for her wrist. She screams and lets go-- Dana drops and hits the windshield of the hovering jet-- Harry
her with his left hand, right hand still on the stick-- He holds her until she can get a grip. She is lying across the nose of the plane. Harry starts to bank away and--

315 EXT. CRANE BOOM - DAY

off Malik shrieks in rage. He grabs his 9mm pistol and leaps
the crane--

316 EXT. HARRIER - DAY

Onto the back of the plane. He starts crawling toward the cockpit. Dana screams and Harry looks back, but just then--

317 EXT. BUILDING - DAY

of The Aerospatiale swings around the building right in front
them-- The door-gunner OPENS FIRE.

318 EXT. HARRIER - DAY

the Harry banks hard, taking the hits under the wing. He pivots
and slides sideways around the building, playing tag with
copter.

without He can't do anything radical enough to dislodge Malik
tossing off his own daughter.

319 EXT. BUILDING - DAY

the The helicopter appears around the corner, guns blazing in
doors. Harry pivots the plane and FIRES THE NOSE CANNON.
The helicopter is riddled. It tilts and plummets, auto-rotating
out of control.

320 EXT. BUILDING - ANGLE AT STREETLEVEL - DAY

As the copter hits the ground and explodes. Fortunately the police had created a cleared perimeter.

321 EXT. HARRIER - DAY

grabs THE HARRIER dips and slews, half out of control. Malik is
taking aim with the pistol, right at Harry's head. Harry

opens his daughter with his left hand, holding her with all his
strength and he-- Jinks the stick hard, just as-- Malik

screaming-- fire, but-- The plane tilts wildly and Malik topples,

He slides along the wing, and falls over the leading edge--
Only to catch himself on the only available hand-hold-- The
last Sidewinder missile.

322 EXT. HARRIER / SIDEWINDER - DAY

hits Harry and Malik lock eyes for one long second. Then Harry
to the FIRING STUD. The Sidewinder drops away and ignites.
Carrying Malik out over Miami Beach. It explodes a mile out
sea.

323 INT. HARRIER - COCKPIT - DAY

HARRY PULLS DANA into the cockpit, settling her on his lap.

HARRY

Don't touch the stick, baby.

the She stares at her father in amazement. He banks away from
one building, accelerating the jet. He grins at her. Raises
eyebrow. Woggles the plane's wings.

HARRY

Hi, pumpkin.

ONE YEAR LATER

324 INT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

end Dinner at home, and everybody's there. We come in on the
of some story that everybody thinks is hysterical.

HELEN

... you should have seen your
father, standing there all
covered with spaghetti sauce. He
looked like such a dope.

HARRY

I told the guy---
(snorts, it's too
funny)
I told the guy, this isn't even
my order.

are Dana is laughing too, a part of it. They are happy. They
a family. Dana gets up, her meal half-eaten as usual.

DANA

I'm done.

She heads for the front door.

HARRY

I seem to remember something
about a history project that's
due tomorrow.

DANA

(busted)

Dad. You just think you know
everything, don't you?

Dana trudges off to her room to do her homework. The phone
rings. Helen answers.

VOICE

Boris and Doris?

HELEN

(calmly, signalling
Harry with her eyes)

Go ahead.

325 INT. EMBASSY PARTY - NIGHT

the It is a black tie affair. Very glitzy. CAMERA SWOOPS over
crowd, guests, sipping champagne and dancing. It is an embassy
the very international. HARRY AND HELEN work their way through
She crowd. He is in tux, hair slicked back, looking rakish.
is elegant in a low-cut gown and diamond choker.

Harry scoops two glasses of champagne off a passing tray and
hands her one.

326 INT. VAN - NIGHT

He VERY CLOSE ON GIB, hunches in a dark van someplace nearby.
speaks into his headset mike.

GIB

So, what's the scoop, team? You
see your contact yet?

327 INT. PARTY - NIGHT

Speaking HELEN AND HARRY smile and nod as if they know people.
very low, Helen answer Gib via SUB-VOCAL transceiver.

HELEN

Not yet. But we'll find him.

HARRY

Dance?

UP He whirls her across the floor and the CAMERA PULLS BACK AND
as they dance.

FADE OUT

The END