

Class Eleven
Pilot
by
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Roundtable Ink
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ACT ONE

EXT. CARACAS - NIGHT

SUPER: CARACAS, VENEZUELA

A quiet street of Spanish Colonials and stone sidewalks. A black-clad FIGURE moves past in the shadows. Then ANOTHER. And ANOTHER.

A half-dozen MEN in commando black converge on a second floor apartment, scaling the balcony, the back stairs, the front door, etc. Moonlight glints off the metal stocks of their MP-5 automatics.

A TEENAGE COUPLE on a moped rides past, oblivious.

A WOMAN across the street peeks out her window. She glimpses the commandos, then slams her shutters tight.

Everyone's in place. Waiting. Their CHIEF gives the signal...

SMASH!!

INT. APARTMENT

The men charge in, scope-mounted spots, goggles... they move from room to room.

COMMANDOS (VARIOUS)
(American accents)
Clear! ...Clear! ...Clear!

It's over in thirty seconds. The CHIEF walks into the living room and looks around.

CHIEF
We're too late. He's gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the nation's capital.

RASHID (V.O.)
What do you expect from a girl
whose first words to you were:
'Can I have your autograph?'

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Potted plants, desks, computers, etc.

DWAYNE

I expect a little privacy.

DWAYNE (big guy, big personality) is talking to RASHID (bookish handsome, slight accent) in the central conference area.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

I can't take the Metro anymore.
She's always watching me. Calling
my cell phone. It freaks me out.

REBECCA

Who's watching you?

REBECCA (27, a knockout in spite of her lack of effort) joins them at the conference table, opening her lap top.

RASHID

This girl Dwayne was dating went
all 'Fatal Attraction' on him--

DWAYNE

Dating? I went out with her twice!

RASHID

--and it turns out she works for
Metro Traffic Control. Watches the
security cameras all day.
Basically she gets paid to stalk
him.

A fourth co-worker listens in as she stirs her coffee: TESS (mid-30s, petite yet formidable).

TESS

Maybe she should work for us.

Rebecca stifles a laugh. Dwayne scowls.

The door to the boss's office opens and out steps: BRIAN PARKER (late 30s), a perfectly average guy. Perfectly average. Especially if your goal is to blend in.

PARKER

Listen up everybody. That was
Hartley. She's on the war path.
Wants a meeting tomorrow on the
Dumond case. You better be ready.

RASHID

Where are you going to be?

PARKER

There's a situation in Caracas.
 (turns to Tess)
 You and I are on a red-eye tonight.

TESS

Tonight?

PARKER

You think I'm happy about it? You know the deal; we all volunteered for this job.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY [FLASHBACK]

SUPER: SIX YEARS AGO

[Production note: all flashback scenes will be shot with a distinct, highly processed film-look to delineate them from the present day sequences.]

Approximately one hundred men and women mill about, waiting for a lecture to start. It's a mixed crowd -- 20s, 30s and few in their 40s... the only thing they all have in common is a certain nervous energy.

DWAYNE chats with a few guys, shaking hands, a minor celebrity.

RASHID sits alone, reading a book. He looks up at a very pretty, very young redhead across the room who catches his eye: REBECCA.

PARKER enters (six years younger, fifteen pounds heavier) and looks around for a seat. He finds an empty one beside TESS. He extends his hand to introduce himself.

PARKER

Brian Parker.

TESS

Tess.

PARKER

Nice to meet you. Hard to believe we're finally here, huh?
 (shrugs off his coat)
 I don't know about you but I am not used to this cold. I'm from Florida. Spent the last ten years in real estate on the coast.
 (MORE)

PARKER (CONT'D)

(smiles)

How about you? What's your story?

She looks at him coolly.

TESS

(beat)

You're not going to be very good at this, are you?

The smile fades from Parker's face. Just then the crowd settles down and everybody takes their seats...

A MAN steps up to the mic at the podium. BENDER (50s) has close-cropped gray hair and a penetrating gaze.

BENDER

Eighteen months ago, our country was attacked. That's the reason most of you volunteered.

(looks around the room)

We failed to prevent that attack. That's the reason most of you got in. You're an experiment.

The CAMERA scans the faces in the crowd: DWAYNE, RASHID and REBECCA are scattered around the room.

BENDER (CONT'D)

You are the largest and most diverse class ever admitted to this training program. The variety of civilian backgrounds represented in this room is unique: corporate lawyers, school teachers, musicians, businessmen. But it's time to let go of everything you've known-- your jobs, your families, your lives... those things will take a back seat to serving your country. If you can't accept that, then you might as well walk out that door right now.

ON PARKER, sitting motionless as the rest. A beat.

BENDER (CONT'D)

You will make sacrifices but nobody will thank you. You may be heroes, but there will be no parades. Your only reward will be the knowledge that when your country needed you, you answered the call.

(MORE)

BENDER (CONT'D)

(pause)

Welcome to the C.I.A.

Off Tess's reaction WE CUT TO:

INT. POOL - EVENING

CLOSE ON 14 year-old JOSH CLARIDGE, swimming hard. As he reaches the end of the lane, his COACH blows a whistle.

ANGLE ON TESS watching through the glass with the other parents. She smiles encouragingly at her son.

INT. CAR, DRIVING - LATER

Josh's hair is still damp.

TESS

The Coach said you're time in the one hundred meter is really improving.

JOSH

I swam a fifty-eight today.

TESS

That's great, Josh-- how does pizza sound for dinner?

JOSH

I'm shooting to get it down to fifty-six for the Falls Church meet.

TESS

(hesitates)

Honey I may not be able to be there. I have to go out of town tonight.

Josh goes quiet. He's not particularly surprised.

JOSH

For how long?

TESS

Just a few days hopefully. I'm really sorry.

JOSH

Who's going to drive me?

TESS

I'm working it out. Sue said she'll pick you up from practice tomorrow. I'll call one of the other moms about the meet. I really wish I could be there.

Josh stares out the window.

JOSH

Pizza's fine.

INT. PARKER'S HOUSE, SUBURBAN, VA - EVENING

Parker and his wife (CONNIE) are seated around the dinner table with her parents: STAN and MARGE.

STAN

...Marge and I are thrilled to hear you're thinking about moving back to Florida.

PARKER

Who said anything about us moving?

MARGE

This afternoon Connie said--

CONNIE

I was just saying that it's something to consider, that's all.
(off Parker's look)
Pete called the other day. Said he has more business than he can handle and if you were interested..

PARKER

I have a job.

STAN

Nothing against office supplies, Brian, but you were doing awfully well in real estate.

PARKER

There's more to life than money.
(meaningfully to Connie)
The government needs office supplies.

She smiles back at him sweetly.

CONNIE

Of course they do, honey. And you've provided that service for six years. You don't have to do it forever.

PARKER

It took a lot of time. A lot of training.

MARGE

I'm confused... are we still talking about your job?

An awkward pause. Parker turns to her smoothly.

PARKER

Let's drop it. Would you pass the chicken please, Marge?

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Parker loads dishes in the sink.

PARKER

What was that about?

CONNIE

What? We can't have a discussion about our future? Examine our options?

PARKER

Uh... no. Not in front of your parents. Not really.

She frowns and moves to the sink to begin cleaning.

PARKER (CONT'D)

What's going on with you?

CONNIE

I need to talk to you about something.

PARKER

Okay. I'm listening.

CONNIE

No you're not.

PARKER
 (exasperated)
 Yes I am.

CONNIE
 You're not. Every one of your non-verbal signals indicates that your mind is elsewhere--

PARKER
 I hate it when you do that.

CONNIE
 What?

PARKER
 Analyze me. I am not one of your patients.

CONNIE
 You've been looking at your watch ever since you walked in the door. Are you going somewhere?

PARKER
 No.
 (busted)
 Okay, yes. I have to go to the airport, all right?

She nods-- knew it.

PARKER (CONT'D)
 I would've told you earlier but I didn't want to ruin dinner.

She tosses a wet dish towel at him and exits.

EXT. WASHINGTON DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

PAN DOWN from the big board of ARRIVING FLIGHTS to the waiting area where...

RASHID scans the faces of the passengers emerging through Customs. He breaks into a smile.

RASHID
 Ahmed! Over here!

AHMED (17) spots him and responds with a wave. Rashid maneuvers through the crush of people and embraces Ahmed warmly, kissing him on either cheek.

RASHID (CONT'D)

Hey, you've got something on your face. What is that? Here, let me wipe it off.

He playfully brushes at Ahmed's fuzz-mustache.

AHMED

(laughing)
Get off.

SURVEILLANCE POV - of Rashid and his cousin. FREEZE - CLICK.
FREEZE - CLICK.

Somebody is watching..

INT. CAFE TOULOUSE - NIGHT

The restaurant's filled with hipsters and young professionals. Rebecca and BRUCE (young, TV good-looking doctor) are having dinner with another COUPLE. The wine is flowing, everybody's having a good time.

GIRL

...Bruce has never introduced us to a girlfriend before.

GUY

That's because he never had one.
(to Rebecca)
I have no idea what a beautiful woman like you is doing with him. He's the most boring man I know.

BRUCE

This is why I never introduce you two...

Rebecca wraps her arms around Bruce's neck and nuzzles him.

REBECCA

It's all right. I love "boring."

BRUCE

Thank you baby.

REBECCA

You guys are the dry run. If I don't throw up on anybody tonight I'm being introduced to his parents this weekend.

BRUCE

My cousin's wedding-- and throwing
up on these two is fine.

GUY

In fact it's required.

He fills up Rebecca's glass, then-- a cell phone rings.

REBECCA

Sorry.

She grabs her purse and opens it. We notice there are TWO
CELL PHONES inside. She sees the number and stands.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I have to take this. Excuse me.

ANTEROOM OUTSIDE THE RESTROOMS

Rebecca ducks around the corner and opens her phone.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(flirtatious drawl)

Hello... Cesar? I was wondering when
you were gonna call...

AT THE TABLE - LATER

Bruce and his friends look up expectantly as Rebecca returns.

BRUCE

Is everything all right?

REBECCA

Oh yeah. That was my mother. It's
always a crisis with her.

She takes her seat and the conversation resumes.

HOLD ON REBECCA as the volume FADES DOWN. She's sitting with
the others but her thoughts are no longer entirely there..

INT. COMMON ROOM, THE FARM - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

REBECCA sits around a table with Parker, Dwayne, Tess and
Rashid. Several empty pitches of beer.

REBECCA

What am I going to miss the most?

She looks down, fingers an ENGAGEMENT RING, then looks up.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Being able to tell the truth.

PARKER
Tess? What about you?

CAMERA finds Tess.

TESS
Easy. My son.

A few eyebrows go up -- she has a kid?

PAN OVER to Rashid.

RASHID
Hearing my parents call every week
to tell me how proud they are that
I'm going to become a doctor.
(explains)
I told them I got an offer from a
consulting company I couldn't turn
down.

He turns to Dwayne who is thinking it over.

DWAYNE
Let me see... the girls, the money,
the fame-- damn, why don't you ask
me what I'm not gonna miss?

Everybody smiles. Parker glances at Dwayne.

PARKER
(deadpan)
I'm going to miss his life.

That provokes laughter from everybody.

EXT. CARACAS AIRPORT - DAY [PRESENT]

Parker and Tess wade through the crowd of pan handlers,
street urchins and hustlers trying to get them a taxi or
hotel... a MAN flags them down. WE RECOGNIZE him as the CHIEF
of the commando operation in the opening scene.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY

Parker and Tess sit opposite CHIEF (the CIA head of station)
sipping coffee.

CHIEF

...he was one of my senior case officers. Last contact with him was ten days ago. Could be kidnapped, killed, maybe gone rogue... we don't know.

He slides a file across the table.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Your orders are to find him and bring him in. Immediately.

Parker slides a PHOTOGRAPH out of the folder. It pulls him up short. He shows it to Tess. We don't see the face, but evidently they recognize the man.

PARKER

And...?

CHIEF

And what?

PARKER

Washington wouldn't send us all the way down here unless there's more to it. What did he do? Run off with the Ambassador's wife? A million dollar slush fund? What?

The Chief scrutinizes Parker over his coffee-- this guy is sharp.

CHIEF

Try a laser-guided surface-to-air missile.

HOLD ON PARKER and TESS as that sinks in.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. CIA HQ, HARTLEY'S OFFICE

Surveillance photos of CESAR DUMOND, are pinned to a map with arrows connecting him to the Middle East, Europe and the U.S.

HARTLEY (V.O.)

What does an Islamic extremist group in Syria have in common with a New Jersey crime family?

REVEAL ELLEN HARTLEY (42, ambitious and demanding) facing Rashid, Dwayne and Rebecca.

HARTLEY (CONT'D)

Cesar Dumond, that's what. This man is passing millions of dollars from one to the other. Why? Are they contracting hits on U.S. judges? Buying access to our power plants? Water supplies?

(to Rebecca)

You've met with Dumond five times and you still don't have a clue!

A beat. Rashid clears his throat.

RASHID

I don't think it's fair to single out Rebecca. She's been trying as hard as possible with the subject...

Hartley turns her withering gaze on Rashid.

HARTLEY

There's no grade for effort here.

DWAYNE

My contact inside the Cantrell Family says they've got a meeting with Dumond soon. The deal is going down in Atlantic City.

HARTLEY

Then you damn well better be there. And I mean in there. The FBI wants to take over this case-- if you don't produce something soon, they'll get it. Understand?

They nod silently and gather their things. Meeting adjourned.

EXT. CIA HQ, PARKING LOT - DAY

Rashid and Rebecca are walking toward their cars.

REBECCA
You want to grab a bite?

RASHID
My cousin is visiting. I'm taking
him to Georgetown today.

REBECCA
Is he going to come here for
college?

RASHID
Hopefully. He's a smart kid. I
think he's got a real shot at
getting in...

Rebecca's cell phone rings.

REBECCA
Hello? ...oh hi, sweetie... are you
on a break? ...I miss you too...

Rashid watches her for a moment -- doesn't want to interrupt.
He waves good-bye and leaves her to take the call.

As he walks away, he turns and looks back at her. His gaze
suggests a stronger attraction than he'd like to admit.

INT. MISSING OFFICER'S APARTMENT, CARACAS - DAY

The place has a dusty, unused feel to it. WE HEAR the SOUND
of somebody PICKING THE LOCK... the door opens. Parker and
Tess enter and look around: deserted.

They exchange a look, then get to work.

As Parker and Tess search the apartment WE JUMP CUT through
the exhaustive process with them: opening drawers, closets,
scanning papers, books-- anything that might hold a clue.
It's a methodical chore.

By the time they're finished they find.. nothing.

TESS
He didn't leave us much.

PARKER
What did you expect? He's a pro.

TESS
 He's also human. What about his
 personal life?

Parker opens the file. Pulls out a grainy photo of a pretty young woman with long dark hair.

PARKER
 There's a local girlfriend... he's
 been seeing her for over a year.
 But we don't have a name or
 address.

Tess wanders around the room, thinking.

TESS
 Strange how there are no photos of
 her. None of her clothing in the
 closets...
 (checks the bathroom)
 No toothbrush, no shampoo. Like
 she never stayed here...

Tess picks up the photo and stares: the tight dress, the girl's young but hardened expression... Tess figures it out.

TESS (CONT'D)
 I don't think she's his girlfriend...
 I think she's his prostitute.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARACAS STREETS - AFTERNOON INTO NIGHT

Tess and Parker hit the streets. A pulsing Latin beat FADES UP as they probe the city's underbelly:

Bars, back alleys, street corners. They show the girl's PHOTO and ask questions-- cajoling, joking, offering cigarettes, sharing a drink... whatever it takes.

They meet with indifference, ignorance and hostility. Slammed doors. One guy threatens them with a crowbar. Parker and Tess aren't cops-- they have no badge, no gun, no back up. Nothing but their wits.

ON A STREET CORNER

Finally a YOUNG PROSTITUTE looks at the PHOTO and nods with recognition.

YOUNG PROSTITUTE
Si, si. Su nombre es Claudia...

TESS

Do you know where she lives? *Dónde vive ella?*

The Young Prostitute hesitates. Parker peels off several bills. The girl looks at the money.

EXT. CARACAS STREET - NIGHT

A TROPICAL THUNDER SHOWER pounds down. CAMERA MOVES in on a row of cars parked across from a modest apartment building.

INT. PARKED CAR - NIGHT

Parker and Tess sit waiting. Tess is on her encrypted cell phone:

TESS

...Hi Josh. Guess you've got your phone turned off. It's Mom. I was just calling to say hello and see how the meet went... I'm still stuck in Atlanta at this conference. I'll try to reach you again tomorrow... love you.

She hangs up, disappointed.

PARKER

I don't know how you do it.

TESS

What?

PARKER

You know... raising your son, this job. It must be...

TESS

Hard?

(laughs)

Yeah, it's hard. Sometimes really hard. But you know what? You just make it work.

Parker nods. She yawns.

PARKER

Close your eyes. I'll take the first watch.

Tess leans her head against the window. Parker glances briefly at the TARGET'S FILE on the front seat.

PUSH IN ON PARKER as he peers out into the rain...

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM, THE FARM - DAY [FLASHBACK]

PAN OVER PARKER and the rest of the team members at desks.

INSTRUCTOR'S VOICE (V.O.)

Look around. These are your
teammates for the next six months.

REVEAL their training officer: SCANLON (50, a tough, jaded, veteran-- think Denzel in Training Day).

SCANLON (cont'd)

Odds are, at least one of you won't
make it.

Parker can't help stealing a nervous glance around..

SCANLON (cont'd) (CONT'D)

You should not feel safe. You
should not feel comfortable. Treat
every training exercise as life and
death. In the field, one mistake
and your Asset will be captured.
Possibly tortured. Killed. In the
wrong country his wife and children
will be tortured. Killed. In the
very wrong country... so will you.

(beat)

If I sound harsh... good. This is
your last chance to walk the wire
with a net. Out there, you don't
get second chances.

OFF PARKER'S reaction WE CUT BACK TO:

INT. PARKED CAR - NIGHT [PRESENT]

The rain has let up. Parker is rubbing his eyes when the door opens to the apartment building. He sits up and looks closer as a MAN exits the building.

PARKER

Hey Tess. The Target's on the
move.

Tess snaps awake. Parker is already out of the car. Tess slides into the driver's seat.

EXT. CARACAS STREETS - NIGHT

TRACK with PARKER as he follows the Target from a distance.

TESS drives past to get in front of him.

Parker is careful never to get too close as the Target moves along the dark streets ahead of him.

They arrive at a commercial strip with a series of shops, mostly shuttered. The Target turns in at a SEEDY BAR.

Parker waits on the corner. A beat. TESS PULLS up alongside.

PARKER

He went in there. Cover the back.

INT. CARACAS BAR - NIGHT

Dim lights, concrete floor. Men talk in low voices or sit in the shadows, drinking cheap *cerveza*.

Parker enters, attracting a few sideways glances. He's the only foreigner here. No sign of the Target.

Parker turns back toward the door, wondering if he was mistaken. He stops in his tracks when he hears:

CLICK-- the sound of a gun's safety being released.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Didn't I teach you anything,
Parker?

Parker turns slowly. The "Target" standing behind him with a nine millimeter in hand is his old training officer SCANLON.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CARACAS BAR - NIGHT

Parker and Scanlon sit at the bar. The bartender sets beers in front of them.

SCANLON
That was a lousy tail.

PARKER
I found you, didn't I?

Scanlon takes a pull on his beer.

SCANLON
Good for you. Now you can run back to HQ and get a gold star.

PARKER
C'mon Scanlon. Things are only gonna get worse if you keep running. If you give back the missile and come in--

SCANLON
Give back the missile?
(laughs to himself)
Unbelievable. You have no idea what's going on here, do you?

Parker shifts uncomfortably. Takes a drink of his beer.

PARKER
I know as much as I need to.

SCANLON
Listen. I'll let you in on a secret.

He pulls his chair a little closer.

SCANLON (CONT'D)
Washington doesn't give a rat's ass about that missile. They ordered me to unload it. I delivered it to a guy-- supposedly our guy. HQ probably hoped he'd shoot down Chavez's plane with it. Anyway, turns out they were wrong about this guy; he sold the damn thing. Now they need somebody to blame for this screw up.

Scanlon bows indicating exactly who that somebody is.

SCANLON (CONT'D)

You're here because some suit at HQ
is trying to cover up his mistake.

Parker stares at him for a beat.

PARKER

Bull shit.

Scanlon tips back his beer. Parker watches him, uncertain.

PARKER (CONT'D)

If you're telling the truth, come
back to Washington with me and
we'll sort this out.

SCANLON

I do that, then who's going to
track down that missile? It could
end up in anybody's hands. Maybe
take down an American jet one day.
You want to take that chance?

(finishes his drink)

I'm not leaving till I find that
missile. Go home, Parker.

He stands and walks out. Parker doesn't move to stop him.

HOLD ON PARKER, thinking back...

EXT. RICHMOND, VA, STREETS - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Parker runs down an alley at full speed. Feet pounding,
breathing hard.

He emerges into the street and immediately slows to a walk,
glancing behind for a tail.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER [FLASHBACK]

Parker enters and looks around: A MOTHER with a stroller. A
few teenagers. He peers out the window, then walks up to the
BARISTA behind the counter.

BARISTA

What can I get for you?

PARKER

A cup of decaf... thanks.
(hands over the money)
(MORE)

PARKER (CONT'D)

You haven't seen a young woman come in here... red hair, pretty, about this tall...?

The Barista shakes her head.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Darn. I told her I'd meet her here on my break to give back this book I borrowed, but my boss is gonna tear me a new one if I don't get back... could you do me a big favor and give it to her if I leave it with you?

Parker sets a MANILA ENVELOPE on the counter with a smile.

EXT. UNMARKED TRAINING FACILITY - LATER [FLASHBACK]

Parker walks into a plain brick building.

INT. DE-BRIEFING ROOM - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Parker enters the room and stops short. Rebecca sits in the center of the room holding his MANILA ENVELOPE, her eyes downcast. Rashid, Dwayne and Tess sit on the periphery, looking glum.

SCANLON (O.S.)

Shut the damn door.

Scanlon walks into the center of the room: not happy.

SCANLON (CONT'D)

Do you know where I've been for the past hour and a half?

PARKER

No sir.

SCANLON

The goddamn Richmond Police Station. Getting her out.

(points at Rebecca)

That kid at the coffee shop thought you were doing a drug deal.

Because of you, I had to tap dance for a roomful of redneck cops until they finally got the call from their Chief to cut us loose.

Parker sits down: oh shit.

SCANLON (CONT'D)
What the hell were you thinking?

PARKER
I-I thought the point of the exercise was to lose the tail and make the drop. I was running out of time so I improvised--

SCANLON
No! You exposed yourself and your contact, that's what you did. And you know what that means in the real world?

He spins and jams his finger against Rebecca's temple:

SCANLON (CONT'D)
BANG! BANG! She's dead. Game over.

Dwayne, Tess and Rashid cringe for Parker...

SCANLON (CONT'D)
The point of the exercise is to demonstrate good judgement. To know who you can trust. That takes instinct. Either you have it, or you don't.

He shakes his head in disgust.

SCANLON (CONT'D)
HQ may have been desperate enough to let an overweight salesman into this program, but that doesn't mean it was a good idea. Go home.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY [PRESENT]

CAMERA moves in on a CAR driving down Constitution Ave.

RASHID is behind the wheel.

RASHID
How's uncle Fadil doing?

AHMED
Got married again.

RASHID
Again? What is that, number four?

AHMED

Five.

RASHID

There's the Federal Reserve on your left-- what about your sister?

AHMED

Still a pest.

RASHID

Nice. Coming up on your right is the Washington Monument... hey pay attention. Your parents didn't send you all the way over here to buy Xbox games.

AHMED

I got rid of my Xbox.

Rashid glances in his rear view mirror-- there's a BLUE SEDAN following him in traffic.

RASHID

(distracted)

How come?

AHMED

It's all a bunch of racist, American propaganda. You ever notice how the bad guys always look like us?

Rashid switches lanes. The BLUE SEDAN follows.

RASHID

Hmm. An interesting thesis. Maybe you could work it into your college application essay: "Ethnic Stereotypes in Video Games."

AHMED

I don't want to come to America for University.

RASHID

(taken aback)

How do you know that yet? You barely know what America is like.

AHMED

I know enough.

Rashid turns suddenly onto 9th Street. He checks his mirror-- the BLUE SEDAN is still with him.

AHMED (CONT'D)
Where are we going?

RASHID
I've got to get back to the office.
We'll finish this conversation
later...
(pulls over)
The Natural History Museum is a
block that way. I'll pick you up
after work, all right?

Ahmed shrugs and climbs out. Rashid pulls out his cell, keeping one eye in on the Blue Sedan in the mirror.

RASHID (CONT'D)
Hey, it's me. I want you to run a
set of plates...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CIA HQ, HARTLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Rashid marches into Hartley's office, angry.

RASHID
Why am I under surveillance from my
own AGENCY?!

Hartley sets down the file she's reading and meets his gaze.

HARTLEY
Take it easy Rashid. I can
explain.

She gestures toward a chair. Rashid sits.

HARTLEY (CONT'D)
I told them to inform you, but it
wasn't my call. It's another
department.

RASHID
What department?

HARTLEY
Counter-Terrorism.

Rashid shakes his head in disbelief.

RASHID
Unbelievable. How long have they
had me under surveillance?

HARTLEY
You're not under surveillance,
Rashid. Your cousin is.

RASHID
(beat)
What?

HARTLEY
They have him listed as a "person
of interest." I'm sorry.

INT. MAYFLOWER HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Rebecca is having drinks at an intimate table with CESAR
DUMOND (30s) He's good-looking but over-confident, bordering
on reckless. His eyes remain fixed on her.

DUMOND
You are a woman of mystery, you
know that?

Rebecca takes a sip of wine.

REBECCA
Is that good or bad?

DUMOND
It is... infinitely appealing.

She laughs.

REBECCA
I think you read too many romance
novels, Cesar.

DUMOND
(good-naturedly)
You have discovered my secret.

ANGLE ON DWAYNE,

Sitting at the bar, across the room. He keeps an eye out in
the mirror and wears a tiny ear piece.

REBECCA
Besides, it's not true. You're the
one who's full of mysteries. I
don't even understand what you do...

DUMOND
I've told you. I'm a currency
trader.

REBECCA
(plays dumb)
You see? What does that mean?

DUMOND
It's simple; I place bets on
whether the dollar will rise or
fall.

REBECCA
So you're a gambler? You should
just say that. It sounds much
sexier.

He leans closer and brushes his hand against her arm.

DUMOND
Okay. I'm a gambler.

REBECCA
I have a confession; I'm addicted
to poker. Watching it, I mean. If
a tournament comes on, especially
Hold 'Em, I can't turn it off.

DUMOND
You never told me that before. Do
you ever watch live games?
(she shakes her head)
I'm going to Atlantic City this
Saturday for business. Why don't
you come up for the night?

REBECCA
Cesar...

DUMOND
You'll have your own room. Please,
I'm a gentleman. You know that.

Rebecca remembers something...

REBECCA
This Saturday?

ANGLE ON DWAYNE, listening.

DUMOND

My treat. I can't go with you but here... travel first class.

He pulls out a roll of HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS and starts peeling a bunch off...

REBECCA

Cesar -- that's too much.

DUMOND

I insist. It gives me pleasure. In my business, this is nothing but colored paper.

Rebecca she stares down at the cash...

INT. CARACAS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Parker and Tess face each other over the remains of a local dinner. It looks like they've been arguing for a while.

TESS

Our job was to locate Scanlon and if possible, bring him in. Period. End of story.

PARKER

Our job is to do the right thing.

TESS

That's not for us to decide! Scanlon's a scheming, Machiavellian bastard.

PARKER

But what if he's telling the truth?

TESS

If I have to chose, I'll put my faith in Langley.

PARKER

Six years ago I'd have said the same thing. But now...

Parker shakes his head.

PARKER (CONT'D)

I joined this Agency to protect American lives, Tess.

She stares at him hard.

TESS

So did I. And I worked damn hard to get here. So if you want to risk your career on some cowboy adventure, go ahead.

(stands)

But you can count me out.

She walks away, angry. HOLD ON Parker, thinking back...

INT. LIBRARY, THE FARM - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

A late night cram session. Tess and Parker at one table. Dwayne, Rashid and Rebecca are working at another.

Parker stares at the sophisticated maps and demographic data sets spread out on the table, eyes unfocused.

PARKER

I'm gonna fail.

TESS

What are you talking about? You've killed on the last two analysis tests--

PARKER

I'm not talking about the test. I'm talking about Scanlon. He wants me gone.

Tess doesn't deny it. She looks at him and sees self-doubt.

TESS

And you're wondering if he's right?

PARKER

I'm not one of those guys who always dreamed of being a spy, Tess. In fact, if those planes hadn't hit those towers, I wouldn't be sitting here.

(beat)

But now that I'm here, I think I can make a difference... I don't want to lose this opportunity.

Tess glances at the others sitting across the library.

TESS

You know, we all walked away from our regular lives to do this.

(MORE)

TESS (CONT'D)

It takes a certain type of confidence, even arrogance to think you can save the world. We all have it. But we voted you team leader. Unanimously. You know why? Because you think about the big picture. You pick up the slack. You support the rest of the team.
 (beat)
 If you need us, just ask.

Parker looks at Tess, grateful for the support.

INT. PARKER'S HOUSE, VIRGINIA - MORNING [PRESENT]

The phone is ringing. TRACK THROUGH the house, following the sound to...

CONNIE, sitting on the bathroom floor next to the toilet. She looks a bit green. Picks up cordless phone.

CONNIE

Hello?

PARKER (V.O.)

Hey honey, it's me...

INTERCUT - HOTEL ROOM, CARACAS

Parker sits on the edge of his bed.

PARKER

Did I wake you?

CONNIE

Not exactly. Where are you?

PARKER

I can't tell you.

CONNIE

Right. When are you coming home?

PARKER

I don't know yet. Listen Connie, I'm sorry I had to take off so--

CONNIE

(over him)
 I'm pregnant.

PARKER

What?

CONNIE
I'm pregnant.

PARKER
But Doctor Kim said--

CONNIE
Doctor Kim was wrong.
(a long pause on the line)
This is the part where you're
supposed to say you're thrilled.

PARKER
I am. I'm just...

CONNIE
Freaking out?

PARKER
(yes)
No. This is... unexpected, that's
all. I mean, for ten years we
thought it couldn't happen. We
made choices...

CONNIE
We made one choice.

PARKER
You're right.
(a pause)
This is the part where you're
supposed to say you still support
that choice.

His words hang there. The two of them are thousand miles
apart and more...

EXT. TESS'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A TAXI pulls up in front a small Colonial in Fairfax. Tess
gets out and carries her bag up the steps.

INT. TESS'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Tess drops her suitcase in the front hall.

TESS
Josh?

No answer. FOLLOW TESS up to Josh's room. She knocks.

It's empty. And a mess. She slips into mom-mode and begins picking up after him: dirty socks, jeans, etc. Reaching for an empty Coke can on his desk Tess accidentally brushes the mouse, waking the computer from sleep:

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN - Josh's last MySpace chat.

Josh32: my mom is out of town again. she is SO LAME!

Tess's face reddens. But she sits down to read further:

GRIZZMAN: next time she goes away, come out here and stay with me. we've got a pool. you can work on your stroke.

Josh32: she'd freak

GRIZZMAN: she doesn't need to know

Tess's face shifts from embarrassment to alarm. At that moment, Tess hears the front door SLAM. She grabs the laundry and hurries out.

ON THE STAIRS

Tess is coming down as Josh walks up.

TESS (CONT'D)

Hey honey...

JOSH

Hi Mom.

She manages to keep a normal expression on her face as Josh trudges past. A regular teenager.

But as the door closes to his room we HOLD ON TESS-- a look of absolute panic and motherly concern in her eyes.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BRUCE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

As the CAMERA makes its way through a spacious, upscale apartment WE HEAR the sounds of a couple making love.

The CAMERA arrives in the bedroom in time to see Rebecca's splendid backside as she collapses on top of Bruce with a contented sigh

BRUCE

Good morning to you too.

CLOSE ON HER FACE as she nuzzles in next to him: now is as good a time as any...

REBECCA

Bruce... how long are your parents going to be in town for?

BRUCE

Just for the wedding, Saturday. Why?

REBECCA

You're gonna hate me.

BRUCE

I doubt that.

REBECCA

I can't go on Saturday.

BRUCE

What are you talking about?

REBECCA

There's a big client coming in from out of town. I just found out about it.

BRUCE

You're telling you have to work on a Saturday night?

REBECCA

It's this big dinner my boss set up. I tried everything to get out of it, I swear, but there's no way.

Bruce gets out of bed. Angry, hurt, trying not to show it. She watches him miserably and bites her lip.

REBECCA (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I'm really, really sorry Bruce...

He walks into the bathroom without a word and turns on the shower...

INT. CIA HQ, LOBBY - DAY

Tess is walking across the lobby as Hartley enters.

HARTLEY
Ms. Claridge. Aren't you supposed
to be in Caracas?

TESS
I...

HARTLEY
And why haven't I received a report
in two days?

Tess hesitates... she has a split second to decide whether to cover for Parker or hang him out to dry...

TESS
That's my fault. I was supposed to
update you when I got back.

Hartley looks at her intently, waiting for more. Tess starts spinning:

TESS (cont'd) (CONT'D)
We have two theories about where
Scanlon went. Parker's following a
lead down in Venezuela and I came
back to check out the possibility
that Scanlon is back in the States.

Hartley's gaze isn't easy to withstand. But Tess doesn't blink. Finally, Hartley turns to go.

HARTLEY
I expect regular updates on your
progress.

TESS
Yes ma'am.

HOLD ON TESS, relieved and furious at the same time. She's in it with Parker now. No turning back.

INT. CIA HQ - DAY

Rashid follows LARRY (youngish officer, ex-classmate) down the hall.

LARRY

You know I could get into a heap of trouble for this, Rashid?

RASHID

Just a quick peek. We'll be in and out in ten minutes.

Larry punches in his access code to get them into...

INT. CIA HQ, RECORDS ROOM - DAY

Larry navigates through a maze of filing cabinets to locate the one he's searching for. He pulls out a file folder and hands it to Rashid.

RASHID

I owe you.

LARRY

I know.

Rashid opens the file -- a few black and white surveillance PHOTOS fall out. They show:

AHMED at a Hezbollah rally chanting alongside men with AK-47s, checkered kaffiyehs and signs calling for the destruction of Israel, America, etc.

Rashid shakes his head. But as he scans the brief file, his reaction shifts from disapproval to disbelief.

RASHID

This is it? They put him on a watch list for attending a couple of Hezbollah rallies?

LARRY

You're in the CIA Rashid; they probably took an extra close look.

RASHID

He's a teenager! Going to a rally in Beirut is like going to a rock concert. It doesn't prove anything.

(waves the file)

(MORE)

RASHID (CONT'D)

But this could ruin his chance to
get a student visa.

LARRY

You know how the system works,
Rashid. Better safe than fair.

Larry takes the file back gently and goes to put it back.
Rashid is left to think about that.

INT. TASK FORCE OFFICE, TESS'S OFFICE- DAY

Tess enters and closes the door behind herself. She picks up
her phone and dials:

TESS

Hi... yes, this is Tess Claridge with
Task Force IronRainbow. I have a
SigInt request... Phone and
electronic intercepts in the
Caracas region over the past forty-
eight hours...

(beat)

Anything related to a surface-to-
air missile.

INT. TASK FORCE OFFICE, CONFERENCE TABLE - DAY

Rashid, Dwayne and Rebecca stare at the ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR
BILLS Dumond gave to Rebecca, lined up neatly on the table.

RASHID

Counterfeit?

REBECCA

Counterfeit.

Rashid inspects a bill.

RASHID

Middle Eastern Terrorists printing
American money. Kind of ironic...

DWAYNE

Now it makes sense-- Dumond is
selling the fake money to the
Cantrells. Easy enough for them to
cycle it into through the casinos...

REBECCA

TSD says it's the best funny money
they've ever seen.

DWAYNE

You know if we turn this case over to the Feds, they'll storm in there like a bull in a china shop and arrest everybody. Then a month later the two sides will find a new Dumond to play middle-man.

RASHID

You have something else in mind?

DWAYNE

There are two sets of bad guys in this deal: terrorists and gangsters. I say we break up the beautiful friendship before it goes any further.

CUT TO LATER:

TESS,

Emerges from her office as the meeting around the conference table breaks up. She catches Dwayne on his way out.

TESS

Got time for a cup of coffee?

EXT. COFFEE SHOP, DUPONT CIRCLE - DAY

Tess and Dwayne sit at an outdoor table.

TESS

How hard would it be for that hacker friend of yours to crack the privacy protections on a MySpace account?

DWAYNE

Not too hard. Why?

She slides him a piece of paper with "GRIZZMAN" written on it -- the user I.D. she saw on her son's computer.

TESS

I want to know whose account this is. Records. History. Whatever he can find.

Dwayne looks at her curiously.

DWAYNE

Wouldn't it be simpler to make a few calls and get a warrant? They can pull this info directly.

TESS

I'd rather not go through regular channels.

Their eyes meet. If she wanted to say more, she would. He pockets the paper.

DWAYNE

I'll see what I can come up with.

EXT. CARACAS STRET - DAY

Parker is sitting in his car, watching the apartment building. His phone rings. He looks at the incoming number.

PARKER

Tess?

TESS (V.O.)

I spoke to Hartley... she wanted to know why she hadn't heard anything from us.

PARKER

What did you tell her?

INTERCUT TESS IN HER OFFICE

TESS

You put me in a tough spot, Brian.

PARKER

I know. I'm sorry.

TESS

(beat)

I've got a lead on that missile for you. I'm e-mailing you the encrypted file.

Parker picks up his Blackberry.

PARKER

Thank you.

TESS

Don't thank me-- just find it. I don't want to have risked my neck for nothing.

PARKER

You've got it.

Tess hesitates, softening her tone slightly.

TESS

You know, you don't have to prove anything to him.

PARKER

I know that. This isn't about him.

OFF PARKER WE CUT TO:

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

A GRAY BUICK merges into the flow of traffic passing over Memorial Bridge into Washington, D.C.

INSIDE THE BUICK

Dwayne is at the wheel. Parker rides shotgun.

CAMERA PICKS UP A BEIGE OLDSMOBILE following behind.

INSIDE THE OLDS

Scanlon rides shotgun with another INSTRUCTOR. He lifts the walkie talkie from his lap.

SCANLON

The rabbit's turning onto Memorial Bridge. Gray Buick.

SURVEILLANCE OFFICER (V.O.)

Copy that. We've got him on this side.

ANGLE ON A SECOND SURVEILLANCE VEHICLE,

Picking up the chase on the other side of the water.

SCANLON,

Watches the BUICK drive off with the second car following.

SCANLON

He's running out of time.

INSIDE THE GRAY BUICK

Dwayne glances in his rear view mirror.

DWAYNE

He's pulled out all the stops.

PARKER

Better make this good then. The
brake lights are out, right?

(Dwayne nods)

Good. Keep it moving anyway.

Dwayne shakes his head.

DWAYNE

Better you than me.

THE BUICK approaches AN OVERPASS.

It's completely dark where the road runs underneath the
overpass.

The SURVEILLANCE CAR trails a half block behind.

ON PARKER as he nervously grips the door handle.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

You ready?

Parker nods and tucks a MANILA ENVELOPE into his jacket. The
car enters the darkness. In the middle of the underpass,
Dwayne taps the brakes. The car slows but no brake lights
come on (no clue for the following car).

Parker opens the door and ROLLS OUT of the moving car!

THE SURVEILLANCE CAR,

Approaches the underpass. They don't notice anything.

INSIDE THE BUICK

A CARD BOARD SILHOUETTE pops up in the passenger seat, taking
Parker's place instantly.

ON PARKER,

As he rolls out of sight and lays still.

THE SURVEILLANCE CAR,

Passes through the underpass. The OFFICERS inside see the Buick emerge ahead -- two figures visible in the front seat.

SCANLON (V.O.)
What's your status, Blue Team?

SURVEILLANCE OFFICER
We still have visual. They're headed north on the Parkway. I don't know how he plans to shake us.

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL, LOBBY - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Scanlon enters, on his walkie talkie.

SCANLON
The rendez vous had to be in the District, within five miles of this hotel. As long as he's going the other way, he can't make it.

EXT. WASHINGTON STREETS - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Parker scrambles up an embankment. Arrives at the edge of a road. He glances at his watch. A moment later a car pulls to a halt and the door is thrown up--

RASHID is at the wheel. Parker gets in.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Tess sits at the bar. She checks her watch nervously.

EXT. HOTEL, LOADING AREA - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Rashid drops Parker off. He jumps out and takes the steps two at a time. Disappears into the hotel.

EXT. MARLYAND - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Dwayne leads the surveillance car on a wild goose chase...

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Scanlon checks his watch. He picks up his radio.

SCANLON
Where are you guys?

SURVEILLANCE OFFICER (V.O.)
We're damn sure not within five miles of the rendez-vous point.

Scanlon turns to his fellow INSTRUCTOR.

SCANLON
It's over. He failed.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Tess looks up and sees Parker approaching him. Her face breaks into a smile.

Parker hands Tess the envelope and smooths his rumpled jacket. Tess takes out a cell phone and dials.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Scanlon's cell phone rings. He exchanges a surprised look with his fellow Instructor before answering.

SCANLON
Yeah?

TESS (V.O.)
The drop off was successful.

SCANLON
What are you talking about? He's still under surveillance. He's not even in the District.

EXT. SUBURBAN MARYLAND - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Dwayne does a slow U-Turn. The headlights of the surveillance car reveal the smiley face painted on the cardboard cut out...

Dwayne waves cheerfully to Scanlon's officers as he passes.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Scanlon's radio crackles to life...

SURVEILLANCE OFFICER (V.O.)
Uh... I think we may have a problem...

Scanlon lifts his eyes slowly. On the mezzanine balcony ahead he can see...

TESS, waving to him, holding the package aloft. Then... Parker steps up beside her.

Scanlon's face hardens.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARACAS STREETS - NIGHT [PRESENT]

It's raining again. Scanlon emerges from the prostitute's apartment and hurries to his car, collar up.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Scanlon gets in and shuts the door. He looks in the mirror and nearly jumps: Parker is in the back seat.

PARKER

Put your hands on the wheel.

Scanlon sighs and does as he's told.

SCANLON

I thought I told you to go home.
Did they send you back to shoot me?

PARKER

They don't know I found you.
(a beat)
I'm here to help you.

SCANLON

(scoffs)
I didn't ask for help. Especially
from you.

PARKER

Do you know where the missile is
scheduled to be auctioned tomorrow?

A beat. That gets Scanlon's attention. He turns slowly.

PARKER (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. Now, are
you ready to talk about how we're
gonna stop that from happening?

HOLD ON SCANLON as it dawns on him that the two of them are going to have to work together...

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. TESS'S HOUSE - DAY

Dwayne parks out front. He spots Tess in the side yard, raking leaves. He walks across the lawn toward her.

DWAYNE

Isn't that what you have a teenage son for?

TESS

Spoken like a man who doesn't have kids.

DWAYNE

Is Josh around?

Tess shakes her head. Dwayne turns serious.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

Good. We need to talk.

INT. TESS'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Tess and Dwayne face one another at the kitchen table.

DWAYNE

You should have told me.

TESS

I'm sorry. It's humiliating... spying on my own kid? But I didn't know what else to do. I thought--

DWAYNE

I know what you thought. You can relax; Josh isn't mixed up with a pedophile.

TESS

Are you sure?

DWAYNE

Yeah I'm sure.

Dwayne hands her a thick set of print outs of on-line chats between "GRIZZMAN" and Josh.

INSERT CLOSE UPS - the text of the chats: "...so glad to finally find you... I've thought about you many times all these years but I felt too guilty..." etc.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)
It's Josh's father.

Tess looks as if somebody just punched her in the gut.

TESS
Tony? I don't believe it.

DWAYNE
Josh tracked him down on the
internet. He lives in Colorado.
Married with two kids.

Tess shakes her head in disbelief.

TESS
I haven't spoken to him since the
day he walked out on us. When Josh
was two...

Dwayne takes the transcript and flips toward the end in order
to break the next piece of news:

DWAYNE
He's talking about Josh coming to
live with him and his new family in
Colorado. Says he's talked to a
lawyer about sharing custody...

TESS
Sharing custody? Is he out of his
mind? He can't just show up out of
the blue and suddenly--

DWAYNE
It was Josh's idea.

A long beat. Tess becomes very still. If she were a
different type of woman, she'd probably burst into tears.

TESS
All this time... I thought we were
doing okay.

INT. LIMO, DRIVING - NIGHT

Rashid is in the back seat with his hands down Rebecca's
dress.

RASHID
Hold still...

He's wiring her for audio surveillance.

REBECCA
I'm not moving.

Rashid tries to keep his mind (and eyes) focused on the technical task at hand. She's dressed to the nines. Looks fantastic. It doesn't help.

RASHID
Be careful in there. Dumond may be a lecherous fool but Cantrell's people are killers.

He finishes wiring her and puts in an ear piece.

RASHID (CONT'D)
Say something.

REBECCA
(playful)
You give excellent wire, Rashid.

RASHID
I can hear you loud and clear.

The limo approaches the bright lights of the casinos. Rashid starts packing up the audio equipment.

REBECCA
You talk to your cousin yet?

RASHID
No. I don't know where to start.

REBECCA
(beat)
Do you remember that conversation we had the night after they put you through that horrible interrogation at the Farm?

Rashid looks down; it's not a pleasant memory.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I told you nobody would blame you if you quit. But you said no.

RASHID
Because you don't change anything by walking away from it.

REBECCA
Exactly. You had no reason to love the CIA at that moment.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)
But you believed in its mission
with such conviction... I admired
that.

They share a smile.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Share some of that conviction with
your cousin, Rashid. I think
you'll get through.

INT. ATLANTIC CITY CASINO - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS over a room full of revelers to find...

DUMOND and REBECCA at a poker table. Dumond is playing the
high-roller: drinks and chips flowing freely. Rebecca is at
his side, living it up as well.

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY CASINO/HOTEL - NIGHT

RASHID walks toward a service entrance carrying an
electrician's TOOL KIT. He pins a laminated casino I.D. card
to his belt as he walks and puts a tiny earpiece in his ear.

RASHID
Are you in place?

INT. ATLANTIC CITY CASINO/HOTEL, LOBBY - NIGHT

DWAYNE is disguised as a bell hop, complete with a luggage
cart. He hears Rashid over his earpiece.

DWAYNE
Standing by.

INT. ATLANTIC CITY CASINO - NIGHT

Champagne is flowing and Dumond is the center of the party
with Rebecca on his arm, laughing and flirting.

A dark-suited BODYGUARD approaches and taps Dumond on the
shoulder.

BODYGUARD
They're ready now.

Dumond stands and pulls a LARGE SUITCASE out from beneath the
table. He finishes his drink and turns to Rebecca.

DUMOND
I have to go take care of some
business. I won't be long.

REBECCA
Can't I come with you?

DUMOND
(trying to impress)
This a very big deal. A lot of
money involved.

REBECCA
How much?

DUMOND
A lot.

REBECCA
(whispers)
Sounds like a real turn on.

She hangs off his arm. He looks at her -- alcohol and lust
win out over better judgement.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dumond (carrying his suitcase) and Rebecca get off the
elevator, tipsy. They follow the BODYGUARD down a hall.

He leads them toward a door flanked by two more BODYGUARDS.

REBECCA'S POV - CLOSE UP: the bodyguards outside the door
each hold hand-held metal DETECTOR WANDS, like those used in
airport security.

As they continue toward the door, Rebecca's eyes dart from
side to side, looking for an escape.

Suddenly she slips on her heel and falls, laughing. Knocks
over Dumond's suitcase. He picks that up then helps her.

DUMOND
Are you all right?

REBECCA
I'm fine-- oh damn it, my dress
strap... Hold on a second.

The Bodyguard turns and looks as Rebecca heads back toward a
LADIES REST ROOM they just passed.

REBECCA (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I just have to fix this.

Before Dumond can respond, she's inside.

INT. LADIES REST ROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca heads into the stall and rips off her wire.

REBECCA
(rapidly to her mic)
I've got to be clean to stick with
him. Plan is still a go.

She drops the wire into the toilet and flushes.

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Rashid stops in his tracks, pressing his finger to his ear piece. The sound shifts from flushing to static.

RASHID
Did you hear that, Dwayne?

INTERCUT DWAYNE,

pulling a cart piled high with luggage out of a service closet.

RASHID (V.O.) (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I'm going up to see if she's all
right.

DWAYNE
Negative. Get into position and
wait for my signal. You heard what
she said: plan is still a go.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rebecca emerges, all smiles. She walks with Dumond the rest of the way to the door where the BODYGUARDS check them for weapons and wires.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Dumond and Rebecca are ushered in. The guys waiting for them look like upscale versions of the Sopranos.

Dumond's cockiness evaporates as he sees the serious faces. The guns. He steps forward, clutching his suitcase. Nobody speaks for a beat. Then...

CANTRELL
Let's see what you've got.

INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM - NIGHT

Rashid slips into a service room with electric boxes and controls for the fire and alarm systems. He opens his toolbox and goes to work...

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dwayne gets off the elevator with his luggage cart, stacked precariously high.

A pair of TOURISTS is getting on. As they walk past Dwayne, the HUSBAND does a double take.

TOURIST

Dwayne Warren?

DWAYNE

Uh...

TOURIST

Dwayne Warren! Wow. I knew it! Honey this is Dwayne Warren-- All American free safety from Notre Dame, played for the Rams and then... the Denver Broncos, right?

Dwayne nods, desperately trying to escape.

DWAYNE

Yeah, you must be a big football fan. Nice to meet you... listen I gotta get back to work.

TOURIST

(suddenly frowns)

What happened to you? I mean, I read about your knee injury but... this just doesn't seem right.

He looks at Dwayne's bell hop uniform forlornly. As if it's the saddest thing he's ever seen.

DWAYNE

(apologetic)

You know how it is, man.

The Tourist reaches into his wallet and takes out a twenty dollar bill. He presses it into Dwayne's hand earnestly.

TOURIST

You take care of yourself, Dwayne.
I hope you get back on your feet.
Really. God bless.

Dwayne looks down at the bill, dumbfounded. The tourists walk away, muttering: "poor guy... must've been drugs."

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Dumond and Rebecca watch nervously as the mobsters inspect the bundles of cash in the suit case.

Cantrell finally closes the case with a smile. He pushes a smaller, BLACK LEATHER SUIT CASE toward Dumond.

CANTRELL

A pleasure doing business with you,
Mr. Dumond.

Dumond accepts the BLACK LEATHER CASE with a big smile.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dumond walks rapidly down the hallway with Rebecca, relieved and elated. He grips the BLACK LEATHER case in one hand.

UP AHEAD a luggage cart rounds the corner pushed by Dwayne.

For just a moment, Dwayne's eyes meet Rebecca's. She nods almost imperceptibly. Dwayne murmurs something into his sleeve...

INSERT - RASHID throws a switch in the MAINTENANCE ROOM.

THE HALLWAY - goes dark. A FIRE ALARM BLARES.

DWAYNE,

Accelerates in the confusion, colliding his luggage cart hard into Dumond.

Luggage flies everywhere. The ALARM is deafening. Dwayne instantly has his hands all over Dumond, "helping" him to his feet.

DWAYNE

I'm so sorry, sir. Are you all
right? Here let me help you--

DUMOND

My case-- get off of me-- where's
my case?

Rebecca locates the BLACK LEATHER CASE from the pile and hands it to him.

REBECCA
Here! I've found it.

Dumond grabs it greedily. He takes Rebecca by the hand and drags her toward the stairwell.

DUMOND
Come on!

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY CASINO - NIGHT

The alarm stops as Dumond and Rebecca emerge from the building. He's still in a hurry.

REBECCA
Cesar -- wait. Why are we running?

DUMOND
(glances anxiously back)
Let's just say that I don't
entirely trust my business partners
back there, okay? The timing of
that alarm was too suspicious.

He hails a cab and opens the door. He looks at Rebecca and hesitates -- the romantic mood has definitely been broken.

REBECCA
I thought we were going to dinner?

DUMOND
Another time, darling. I'm afraid
I don't want to stick around.

He kisses her quickly and, clutching his case, climbs in the cab.

DRIVER (O.S.)
Want me to put that in the trunk
for you?

DUMOND
Just drive.

The cab pulls away. Rebecca stands, watching it go.

A beat later, Dwayne steps up beside her. And then Rashid.

RASHID
A real gentlemen.

REBECCA
I'm going to miss him.

DWAYNE
He's going to miss this...

WIDEN TO REVEAL that DWAYNE is holding a BLACK LEATHER CASE-- identical to the one Dumond was carrying.

CUT TO:

EXT. LATIN AMERICA, JUNGLE ROAD - DAY

A dirty WHITE HONDA pulls off the side of the road and into the high grass, out of sight. Parker and Scanlon get out. Scanlon leads the way on foot...

EXT. HACIENDA - DAY

Parker and Scanlon emerge from the underbrush. Fifty meters ahead is the thick stucco wall of a hacienda. Scanlon peers through small binoculars at the house, then checks his watch.

SCANLON
The guard is supposed to open the back gate for me in five. Go over it one more time.

PARKER
After you give me the signal, I haul ass over there. We get in, disable the missile before they auction it, and get out before anybody knows the difference.

SCANLON
Move fast. We'll only have ten minutes in there.

PARKER
I've got it.

Scanlon nods once, then takes off in a low crouch, moving toward the back gate of the Hacienda.

ON PARKER as he picks up the binoculars and watches.

PARKER'S BINOC POV - Scanlon arrives at the gate. A LOCAL GUARD steps outside furtively to meet him. They begin a heated discussion. The GUARD points back at the road. Scanlon berates him. The GUARD throws up his hands.

ON PARKER - this doesn't look good. He lowers the binocs and watches as Scanlon jogs back toward him.

SCANLON,

arrives back in the shelter of the tree line, angry.

SCANLON

It's not here.

PARKER

What? The phone traffic said the missile is supposed to be auctioned here at--

SCANLON

It was. But some buyer came in two hours ago and took it off the market. It's already on its way to the border. Dammit!

PARKER

You know what road they took? Can we cut them off?

SCANLON

There's only one road a truck can take.

PARKER

Let's go. We'll improvise something when we get there.

EXT. REMOTE ROAD - DAY

A TRUCK rumbles along the one-lane road, a ten foot ditch on either side. Up ahead, the road is blocked by a white HONDA, stopped with its hood up.

The TRUCK DRIVER puts on the brakes and comes to a halt. He leans on the horn.

A beat. A white GUY in a straw hat steps out from behind the hood, waving his hat. It's Parker, playing the role of the clueless American tourist, lost with a broken rental car.

The Driver and two MEN on the truck jump out. They all have GUNS tucked into their waistbands or thrown over their shoulders. They gesture to Parker to move his car.

PARKER

(oblivious)

Boy am I glad to see you guys!

(MORE)

PARKER (CONT'D)
 My car is broken. I didn't know
 when somebody was going to come by--

TRUCK DRIVER
 (in Spanish)
*Move this piece of crap out of the
 road!*

Parker replies in the loud, slow voice used by idiot tourists
 the world over.

PARKER
 BRO-KEN. Car *es non bueno*. You're
 right, *es mierda*. Rental car is a
 piece of *mierda!*

He kicks the Honda to demonstrate how he agrees with them.
 He kicks it again harder. In his zest, he slips and falls in
 the dirt. They all laugh.

CUT TO:

THE DITCH

Beside their truck. While they are distracted with Parker:

SCANLON crawls up onto the road and scampers to the rear of
 the truck. He picks the padlock and climbs inside..

ON PARKER,

As he continues to play the fool. He's retelling the story
 of how it came to a halt and spun out in the middle of the
 road, using hand gestures and broken Spanish..

PARKER (cont'd) (CONT'D)
 ...all of a sudden... eeerrrrch!

The two GUN MEN are amused but the DRIVER loses patience. He
takes his .45 from his belt and jams it in Parker's face.

A beat. The laughter stops. A bead of sweat forms on
 Parker's face. Then he erupts:

PARKER (cont'd) (CONT'D)
No me culpe! It's not my fault.
Es el auto!
 (he points)
 You want to shoot something, shoot
 the car! *Tire al automovil!*

As the GUN MEN understand, they exchange a glance: is this
 guy crazy?

INSIDE THE TRUCK

Scanlon has the crate open and is working desperately to unscrew the plates to get to the guts of the MISSILE.

It's dark and hot. He holds a pen light between his teeth and sweat drips into his eyes.

Finally he gets the main plate off. Inside are a set of circuit boards to control the guidance system. He's very carefully reaching in to slide one out when...

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Gun shots ring out. Scanlon looks up with alarm--

Drops the circuit board deep into the missile, losing it irretrievably. Whatever he was trying to do is a lost cause.

Scanlon scrambles to the front of the truck and peers through the canvas to see...

OUTSIDE THE TRUCK

The GUN MEN have taken Parker's suggestion seriously: a side mirror explodes. A headlight. A tire...

They are popping off shots at the broken down Honda! Parker slaps the Driver on the back, cheering him on. They're all having fun now.

Parker gestures to the Driver that he wants to take a few shots at his evil car. He points to himself and the gun.

The Driver finds this so amusing that he hands Parker his gun. Parker clumsily aims and fires, hitting the dirt.

More laughter from the bad guys. Parker joins in, laughing at himself. They advise him on how to hold the gun. He tries again and takes out the windshield.

They all cheer.

CLOSE ON PARKER as he steals a glance at his watch. Then at the truck. No sign of Scanlon.

While the bad guys are distracted, imitating Parker's lousy shooting and laughing, Parker holds the gun behind his back and... expertly ejects the clip, counts the rounds and snaps it back into place. Lightning fast.

The GUN MEN don't notice a thing. Parker's eyes rove over them in SLOW MOTION: how each holds his gun.

Calculating the odds. Can Parker shoot all three fast enough? He's sliding back the hammer behind his back when...

PARKER'S POV - in the background Scanlon scoots out from behind the truck and rolls into the ditch.

DRIVER (O.S.)

Vamos.

Parker turns to look. The GUN MEN are walking toward his car. The DRIVER holds out his hand for his gun-- Parker gives it to him.

TIME CUT TO:

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Parker and the men push the destroyed Honda off the road. They watch it tumble into the ditch.

The GUN MEN walk back to the truck and climb in.

Parker steps aside as the truck drives past him. They laugh at the stupid tourist left behind. He stands watching the truck roll away in a cloud of dust.

SCANLON (O.S.)

Good luck getting reimbursed for that rent-a-car.

Parker turns and sees Scanlon behind him.

PARKER

What took you so long?

SCANLON

I wasn't able to disable the missile.

PARKER

What?!

Scanlon doesn't answer. He just keeps watching that truck recede into the distance until...

KA-BOOOM! The truck explodes in a massive fireball. Parker stares. A cloud of smoke rises up to the sky as pieces of metal rain down.

SCANLON

I improvised.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. CIA HQ, HARTLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Rebecca, Rashid and Dwayne face Hartley at her conference table.

HARTLEY

Acting on an anonymous tip, the Secret Service picked up Cesar Dumond yesterday, trying to leave the country with several million dollars of counterfeit money that he insisted was real...

Rashid and Rebecca suppress a smile.

HARTLEY (cont'd) (CONT'D)

...they also busted the Cantrell family in Atlantic City with an even bigger sum. Needless to say, the FBI was not very happy to read about all this in the paper.

Her gaze comes to rest on Dwayne. He clears his throat.

DWAYNE

Well, the terrorists are going to think Cantrell tried to pull a fast one on them... and as far as the wiseguys are concerned, I suspect the next unlucky guy who tries to set up a connection between them and Syria is going to end up in cement. So it all kind of works out.

HARTLEY

Very convenient. But I still have a question. If you made the switch after the deal was closed, then there's five million dollars of real money that's missing...

Rashid, Rebecca and Dwayne look at one another innocently.

RASHID

We wondered when you were going to ask about that...

He pulls the BLACK LEATHER CASE from beneath a chair. He empties it onto the conference table...

Bundle upon bundle of unmarked hundreds tumble out.

A beat. Hartley tries not to look too pleased.

HARTLEY

Well... I'm sure we can find a good use for it. I'll have to tell my colleagues at FBI that we're sorry we don't have more information to share with them on this case.

She allows herself a slight smile.

EXT. CIA HQ - DAY

Dwayne and Rashid walk through the parking lot.

DWAYNE

Can you drop me at the Metro?

RASHID

You're taking the Metro again?
What about your stalker?

DWAYNE

I took care of that... I made a call to one of her bosses in Metro Security. She won't be looking at those monitors anymore.

RASHID

You got her fired?!

DWAYNE

Naw. Worse.
(grins)
I got her promoted.

INT. PARKER'S HOUSE, SUBURBAN, VA - DAY

Parker hips open the front door, his hands full with his suitcase and a large cardboard BOX.

PARKER

Connie? I'm home.

CONNIE

(entering)
I thought your flight got in an hour ago-- what's that?

PARKER

I stopped on the way...

He turns the box around so she can see the picture on the front: it's a BABY BASSINET (assembly required).

She looks at him for a beat. Then comes over and falls into his embrace. Holds him tightly. For a moment, everything else melts away...

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Rebecca is showing Bruce a glossy vacation brochure.

REBECCA
...it's only an hour and a half
drive. I want to book it for the
long weekend coming up..

Her smile fades as she notices that Bruce isn't even looking at the brochure.

BRUCE
Rebecca.

A beat. He looks at her seriously.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
This weekend everybody was asking
me about you-- about your work,
your family, your friends... and you
know what? I discovered I could
barely answer their questions.
Your life is practically a mystery
to me. How is that possible?

Rebecca looks down. She can't tell him how right he is.

BRUCE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I want it to work between us,
Rebecca. But that's never going to
happen unless you're willing to let
me in. Are you capable of that?

ON REBECCA. She doesn't respond. It's the only honest response she can give.

INT. TESS'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Tess sits alone at the kitchen table, nervously sipping a cup of coffee. She hears the front door open as Josh comes home.

TESS
Josh... can you come in here?

Josh enters.

JOSH
What's up?

TESS
Sit down. There's something we
need to talk about.

Josh drops his backpack and drags a chair over.

Tess takes a deep breath, then looks him straight in the eye.

TESS (CONT'D)
It's about my job. I am not a
secretary. I haven't been a
secretary for seven years.

Josh sits up a little straighter.

TESS (CONT'D)
I am a case officer in the C.I.A
Directorate of Operations.

Josh stares at her for a long beat. A dozen different
emotions play across his face: anger, relief, understanding...

TESS (CONT'D)
This is why I go away for work.
This is why I missed your birthday
two years ago. This is why I
missed your swim meet last week.
(beat)
I'm sorry about that. I'm sorry
that I couldn't tell you the truth
sooner. But I feel you're old
enough to handle it now.

Josh thinks about that for another beat. When he finally
speaks his voice is calm, controlled.

JOSH
Why?

TESS
(simply)
I wanted to make the world a safer
place for you to grow up in.

HOLD ON JOSH'S REACTION. Taking it in. Connecting the dots.
It's going to be a process to re-establish trust between
them... but this is a beginning.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

Rashid and Ahmed walk along the Mall, past the Viet Nam War Memorial. There are pitched tents with DEMONSTRATORS camped out representing a variety of causes and opinions:

Pro-life, Pro-choice, Free the Viet Nam POWs, Free the Guantanamo POWs, Bush = War Criminal, etc.

RASHID

What do you think the United States is really about, Ahmed?

AHMED

I think it's about money and power. America doesn't care about the rest of the world -- especially not about the Arabs.

RASHID

I agree-- to a certain extent.

AHMED

Then why do you live here?

RASHID

Because I don't think that's all it's about. It's also about this...

Rashid gestures toward the tent city they are walking past.

RASHID (CONT'D)

These people are camped out a hundred yards from the White House calling the President names and protesting government policy. The police don't arrest them. The army doesn't shoot them. There's no civil war going on.

(beat)

This is what free speech looks like.

AHMED

It doesn't stop American bombs from killing civilians. Or American money from supporting dictators.

They continue up Henry Bacon Drive.

RASHID

There are plenty of times when American behavior doesn't live up to its ideals. But at least the ideals are worth living up to.

They arrive at the Lincoln Memorial.

RASHID (CONT'D)

How many other nations can you say that for? It's not like we come from a part of the world with a bunch of shining examples of freedom and democracy.

Ahmed falls silent.

RASHID (CONT'D)

I struggle with the same feelings you have, Ahmed... they don't understand us. Sometimes they're unfair to us. But in the end, I decided to make this country my home because the possibility of America is so much greater than its failings.

Ahmed looks up at Rashid and for the first time his young face has a different expression. He's listening.

RASHID (CONT'D)

Maybe in the end you'll decide you don't want to come here for University. That's fine. I'm just saying you should give this country a chance. Forget what you've heard them shouting back there. Open your mind. Decide for yourself. Can you do that for me?

A beat. Ahmed nods to his cousin.

Rashid puts a hand on his shoulder and smiles. It's the most satisfying recruitment Rashid has made in a long time.

INT. CIA HQ, LOBBY - DAY

Scanlon sits, reading a newspaper. He sees Parker get off an elevator, head down. Scanlon walks over to meet him.

SCANLON

Hey... how'd your review go?

PARKER

Well, I think it's safe to say
neither of us is getting a medal
for this operation.

Scanlon chuckles.

SCANLON

You got reamed.

PARKER

Pretty much.

Scanlon's reaction cheers Parker up. They start walking
toward the exit together.

PARKER (CONT'D)

I never realized that following
orders is all that matters to some
people around here.

Scanlon puts a hand on his shoulder.

SCANLON

I always said you weren't cut out
for this place.

Today, Scanlon says it as a compliment. Parker smiles.

At that moment two STAFFERS calmly wheel a trolley piled with
bundles of hundred dollar bills by them.

Parker and Scanlon watch curiously as the cash rolls past
over the great seal.

HOLD ON THE SEAL as we FADE UP a chorus of voices.

GROUP (V.O.)

...I will support and defend the
constitution of the United States
against all enemies foreign and
domestic...

PAN UP TO:

INT. CIA HQ, LOBBY - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Six years ago, the recruits of CLASS ELEVEN are gathered to
take the oath of office.

GROUP

...that I will bear true faith and
allegiance to the same;

(MORE)

GROUP (CONT'D)
that I take this obligation freely,
without any mental reservation or
purpose of evasion...

PAN OVER the faces of our team members: Rashid, Rebecca,
Dwayne, Tess and Parker repeating the oath.

GROUP (CONT'D)
...and that I will well and
faithfully discharge the duties of
the office on which I am about to
enter. So help me God.

A PHOTOGRAPHER steps in front of them.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Hold on, we're going to get a class
photo... everybody push in at the
edges... okay... now turn around.

A beat. There is a moment of confusion. Then a dawning
realization. They smile and chuckle at the inside joke as
one by one they turn and face away from the camera.

FLASH. The FREEZE FRAME becomes a still photo of the back of
one hundred heads.

One hundred teachers, accountants, businessmen, athletes,
husbands, mothers... One hundred ordinary Americans who did
something extraordinary.

They answered the call.

SUPER MAIN TITLE: CLASS ELEVEN.

FADE OUT.