

EAGLE EYE

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2007

March 28,

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT DUNES - DAWN

CLOSE ON A WOODEN STICK-FIGURE TOY, held by a SIX YEAR OLD BOY.

Another BOY grabs the toy away and RUNS OFF, laughing -- CHILDREN are playing under a cluster of date palms, part of

a

small desert commune somewhere in the Middle East. Their MOTHERS, veiled in black, gather and talk. Bearded, turbaned MEN carrying AK-47's argue politics. A domestic, even

tranquil

scene of life in another part of the world...

EXT. DESERT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A CARAVAN of VEHICLES RACE DOWN A HIGHWAY:. SUV's mounted with

surface-to-air RPG's form a protective cordon around a BLACK MERCEDES. As the cars ROAR INTO LENS, we go.to:

EXT. RIDGE ABOVE ROAD - DAWN

POV THROUGH A LONG-RANGE SCOPE: the caravan as seen by a TWO-MAN

SPECIAL OPS TEAM perched on a ridge. As the LEADER surveils the

cars, his partner finishes assembling a two-foot UAV

(Unmanned

Aerial Vehicle), rigging it with EXPLOSIVES:

SPECIAL FORCES LEADER

We have visual onthetarget. Confirm
'go' for UAV launch.

INT. PENTAGON - JOINT OPERATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

SUPER: "JOINT OPERATIONS CENTER, THE PENTAGON"

Sat-feeds monitor the caravan. Military brass observes:
SECRETARY OF DEFENSE GEOFF CALLISTER (50's, African
American;
COLONEL
eyes with soul and a wary intelligence). Beside him:
THOMPSON (Full-Bird, decorated).

COLONEL THOMPSON

Alpha One, you're confirmed 'go': active
UAV at GPS papa, zulu, three, zero.

EXT. RIDGE ABOVE ROAD - DAWN

UAV
The Ops Team activates a remote transmitter, LAUNCHING the
into the sky like a small ROCKET -- amazingly, its silent.

INT. PENTAGON - JOINT OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

An airborne feed from the UAV shows it descending on the
caravan. A PENTAGON TECHIE manipulates a JOY STICK,
controlling
the drone from 6500 miles away:

PENTAGON TECHIE #1

We have system control.

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CONTINUED:

COLONEL THOMPSON

Activate laser mic.

EXT. SKIES OVER DESERT - CONTINUOUS

The
DRONE POV: tracking the caravan, singling out the MERCEDES.

drone emits a THIN LASER BEAM that hits its rear windshield

--

INT. THE PENTAGON - JOINT OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

Over speakers, VOICES speak "Balochi." A TRANSLATOR listens:

CALLISTER

Is it him?

TRANSLATOR

Four males, one of them's speaking with a.. I think it's a Rakhshaniâ€¢dialect, consistent with our intel on Al=Khoei.

COLONEL THOMPSON

Gimme voiceprint analysis.

The screen pops to an AUDIO WAVEFORM of the conversation.

VOICEPRINT ANALYSIS finishes, the; screen shows a FILE PHOTO

of a

BEARDED MAN: "37% PROBABLE MATCH = ID AL-KHOEI."

CALLISTER

I'm not taking 37% to-the President...

John, weigh in here?

He looks to a plasma: the PRESIDENT'S CABINET is assembled

via

teleconference from the White House Situation Room:

DIRECTOR OF NATIONAL INTELLIGENCE

CIA and NCTC concur this is the target

based on reliable Intel from the Brits.

WHIP TO another monitor: the caravan starts to VEER off-

road.

TECHIE

Sire they're pulling off the highway.

TECHIE #2

We have abort recommendation.

The ANALYSIS ARRAY reads: "RECOINDATION: ABORT MISSION." The source of this recommendation, for now, remains a mystery.

COLONEL THOMPSON

If it's him, this guy comes out of hiding once in a lifetime, we can't let him go.

CALLISTER

(beat, torn)

Alright, stay with him...

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CONTINUED:

THE SATELLITE VIEW shows the caravan approaching the commune.

EXT. DESERT COMMUNE - DAY

Mothers grab up their children and pull them aside as the vehicles arrive. ARMED MEN emerge...

INTERCUTTING - THE PENTAGON OPS ROOM: the computer pinpoints DOTS on the satellite feed that represent WEAPONRY on-site -

-

TECHIE

We've got AK-47's, RPC's, Chaparral guided missiles --

COLONEL THOMPSON

Looks like a training camp.

THE DESERT: Bodyguards cluster around a TURBANED:MAN as he emerges from the Mercedes. It looks a lot like the man from

the

file photo, but the beard makes it hard to confirm.

MID-AIR WITH THE UAV: It SWOOPS, targeting the man -- SNAP:

THE PENTAGON: a BLURRY SNAPSHOT of his FACE appears. A

DIGITAL

WIRE-FRAME is overlaid on the man's face: "5I\$ PROBABLE

MATCH -

INSUFFICIENT DATA. RECOMMENDATION: ABORT MISSION."

TECHIE

51%. 'Abort' rec holds.

THE DESERT: Now our guy DISAPPEARS into the crowd as they

begin

MOVING toward a large WOODEN PLANK on the desert floor. Some

of

the men take hold of the plank, drag it back to reveal... a

PIT.

THE PENTAGON: SAME IMAGE in real-time on the feeds:

CALLISTER

What is that, a weapons cache?

ANALYST

Sir, the placement of stones around the pit, markers for the Five Pillars of Islam... I think it's a funeral.

Everyone trades looks -- this just got even more complicated.

THE DESERT: from the back of a TENTED TRUCK, a BODY is lifted, shrouded in white. The men carry it through blowing sand... the procession stopping at the pit. They begin lowering the body...

THE PENTAGON: on monitors, a section of the GENEVA CONVENTION

SCROLLS:

TECHIE

Sir, striking a funeral would put us in violation of the Geneva convention.

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CONTINUED:

COLONEL THOMPSON

Once this guy's gone, he's gone.
The PENTAGON GENERAL COUNCIL pipes in --

PENTAGON GENERAL COUNCIL

"Hors de Combat" -- legally we'd be open to international prosecution. But we have no independent intel verifying it's in fact a funeral, and the presence of weapons certainly leaves room for interpretation.

TECHIE #2

I have POTUS calling from Air Force One.

CALLISTER

(a beat, looks around).
Everyone agree this is the best course of

action?

No one dissents. Callister picks up:

CALLISTER (CONT'D)

Mr. President, we have a 51% identity match on Majid Al-Khoei. There is some possibility he's at a funeral, but we don't know. Regardless, counsel thinks we can claim 'Overriding Legal Authority.' Also, you should be aware we have an abort recommendation, but your cabinet, the Speaker, the Joint Chiefs urge a 'go.'

THE PRESIDENT (V.O.)

You left yourself out of the lineup.

Callister pauses. AS THE MESSAGE ON THE MONITOR STARTS

BLINKING: "ABORT, ABORT, ABORT..."

CALLISTER

Yessir... we gauge our strategy by two standards: the highest probability of success with the least amount of collateral damage. At 51% probability, we don't have either one.

GENERAL THOMPSON

And if it is Al-Khoei and he walks, Sir, we're putting our people at risk.

There's a long silence as the President considers.

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CONTINUED: (2)

THE PRESIDENT (V.O.)

I respect your caution, Geoff, but we won't get another chance like this... you have a green light.

Callister's obviously opposed, but he bites his tongue:

CALLISTER

Understood.

(hangs up)
We're weapons free.
And with deadly calm, Techies execute orders into-headsets:

TECHIE TECHIE 2

-- Switching to Tac-2, -- MTS active, painting the
acquisition's good -- target --

EXT. DESERT - FUNERAL - DAWN

The women begin to SING the "Nasheen," a funeral song
praising Allah. The beautiful VOICES grow until all other sound is
GONE.
it DRONE POV: the feed from the CAMERA INSIDE THE NOSE-CONE as
it LAUNCHES its missile -- it ZOOMS toward the funeral
gathering --
The haunting, beautiful voices WAIL... in the moment before
herd of impact, we see: birds flying across the great plain... a
his running gazelles... the DESERT WIND blankets a layer of sand
over the shrouded body in the pit... a CHILD'S HAND grasping
mother's...

A WHITE FLASH AS THE MISSILE HITS:

HOLD IN WHITE:

CREDIT SE UENCE: WORDS CLOSE UP... a digitized electronic
scan,
the as if they're being analyzed by someone: "We the people of
United States... more perfect union..." Highlights of The
Constitution, The Declaration of Independence...
We land on: "...whenever any form of government becomes
destructive...it is the right of the people to alter it or
to abolish it..." CLOSE IN on these last words: "ABOLISH IT."

WHITEWASH:

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

We're looking at a DIGITAL TIMER ticking down crucial
seconds --
screen: then a MAN's FACE, intense, focused on something below
an this is JERRY SHAW, 30, handsome, roguish. Somewhere between
adult and a child -- under his breath:

JERRY

damnit...

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CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S.)

You gotta make a choice. You gotta move--

JERRY

-- I know.

VOICE (O.S.)

Now. Who are you gonna be?

So Jerry makes his move, which we see is SLAMMING down a

PLAYING

CARD representing a group of DWARVES. He sits across from
KWAME, 17. They're playing a geeky role-playing CARD and

DICE

game, CASH on the table.

JERRY KWAME

there. Dwarves?: Bullshit --

Bullshit? I just blocked

your ass and attacked with (checks card)

Ancient Mastery points. --.dwarves don't have that --

-- read the oracle text, my

friend. -- shit

A thick-mascara/black lipstick BECKY enters, removing her

SMOCK:

BECKY

You know what would be great? If you
guys took a longer break. That'd be
awesome.

JERRY

Hey, Becky? When're you going to start
wearing makeup?

Kwame laughs as Becky tosses her smock at Jerry:

BECKY

.The collator's broken.

JERRY

Dude: no its not.

BECKY

(putting on a jacket)

Oh yeah it is, dude!

own She heads out as Jerry collects the cash. Kwame puts on his
smock as Jerry offers him a quick lesson:

JERRY

Your first mistake? Underestimating
dwarves. Power can come from anywhere --
tomorrow night I'll give you first roll
and a bonus pack if y--

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CONTINUED: (2)

KWAME

I'm not gonna be here tomorrow, remember?

I'm going to Cornell.

And Jerry stops. A hit to the solar plexus. Wherever we are,
this kid's off to a bright future. But not Jerry.

JERRY

That -- wow. Good for you. So it's your
last night. You're gonna spend it
collating.

KWAME

-- what? But she said the collator's
broken.

JERRY

And that's why we have those rubber
thimbles in the drawer --.congratulations
on Cornell, though, that's huge!

TRACK WITH HIM out to... A COUNTER AREA as, he pins on his
CUBICLES. NAMETAG: "JERRY." Rows of COPY MACHINES and COMPUTER

He takes his place behind a register. Smiles, getting it up:

JERRY (CONT'D)

Welcome to Kinko's, how can I help you?
The CHUGCLICK-CHUGCLICK-CHUGCLICK sound of the machines gets louder and louder as they BECOME THE SOUND OF:

INT. "EL" SUBWAY CAR - MORNING

IPODS
the
he's
footage
victims:

The KRAK-KRAK-KRACKING SUBWAY. We glimpse people looking at their BLACKBERRYS. Talking on CELL PHONES. Listening to and playing GAME BOYS. The NEWS plays on an LCD mounted on the train wall. A society lost in an "electronic elsewhere." And JERRY, with a SKETCH PAD in his lap. A surprisingly good pencil rendering of the face of a LARGE DOG -- weird, but he's got talent. The TV disturbs his concentration -- news footage of BOMBED-OUT EMBASSIES, emergency vehicles, wounded victims:

SHEPARD SMITH

a heightened terror alert due to a series of suicide bombings, believed to be in retaliation for a deadly attack outside Abadan that killed forty people. Though the White House has denied involvement, Shia leaders have denounced the U.S. as responsible...
AL-JAZEERA FOOTAGE: A SHIA SPOKESMAN is translated into ENGLISH:

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CONTINUED:

SPOKESMAN

Your embassies were only the beginning!
Our warriors are already within your borders. Until American leadership is removed from power, Allah's revenge is upon you!
And during all this, Jerry notices something: people are

glancing at each other arandoid. What a fucking world...

EXT. ATM MACHINE - MORNING

An ATM CARD gets slid into the slot. Jerry looks up. THE ATM CAMERA IS STARING RIGHT AT HIM. Then, a BEEP gets his attention: "INSUFFICIENT FUNDS." He processes this a moment... his exhale doesn't just say, "FUCK," it says "FUCK I KNEW IT."

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY .-MORNING

Saying it's a modest place would be kind. Jerry opens his mailbox. Just BILLS, some of which will go unpaid this month.

A BEAT as he shoves them back in and we HARD CUT TO:

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MORNING

A DOOR OPENS: MRS. WIERZBOWSKI, Jerry's elderly Polish landlady. Pleased to see him, but painfully annoyed to know what's coming:

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI

Jerry.

JERRY

Whatever are you cooking right now? Is the greatest thing I've ever smelled in my life, I swear to God --

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI

is schab wieprzowy po polsku -- you have the rent, yes?

JERRY

(puts cash in her hands)
-- here's some of it -- most of it -- but I've got something else for you... something special...
Eyebrows bobbing. Mrs. Wierzbowsky knows exactly what it is. Sighs. Knows she can't resist him --

INT. KITCHEN - MRS. WIERZBOWSKI'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON Jerry pushing a THUMB TAC into the dog sketch we saw him doing on the subway. PULL BACK to reveal about 25 other sketches on the wall. All of the same dog. The actual DOG, Johann, lies underneath the kitchen table.

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CONTINUED:

JERRY

So I think. No, I'm pretty sure that's
the best one so far ---

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI

Yes. Is good -- rent is better.
She puts a bowl of STEW into Jerry's hands.

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI (CONT'D)

You are hungry, I am guessing.

JERRY

Oh, no, no. I couldn't --
(looking down at bowl)
Unless, you know, you insist.
He sits at the table, starts eating. This is their routine.

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI

So where is girl? I don't see her?

JERRY

Oh, the redhead? No. She... that's
over. She got smart.

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI

Like the others.

JERRY

Well, women are pretty smart. I've
discovered.

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI

You are like Johann.
Jerry stops eating, mouth full. As Johann looks up.

JERRY

Your -- I'm like your dog?

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI

Look at him. Is big dog. Labrador. But
he believe... he is terrier. So is
Labrador... but no labrador.
Somehow Jerry can't get his eyes off Johann. Quietly:

JERRY

why do you think that is?
As she pours a drink into a plastic cup --

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI

Perhaps many things. When I rescue
Johann from pound, they say he was abuse.

(MC) RF)

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CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI (CONT'D)

As puppy. They kick him when baby, make
him feel not big.
(hands Jerry the cup)
You need someone for rescuing you.
Jerry looks at her, sad-smiles. Takes a sip and holy shit:

JERRY

This is -- vodka -- Jesus, its eight-
thirty in the morning --

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI

-- you cannot eat bigos without vodka.
Adjusting to it, Jerry drinks again -- as his CELL PHONE

RINGS.

He looks at his phone, freezing. Mrs. Wierzbowski notices.

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI (CONT'D)

Is the girl? Answer. Tell her you'. are
Labrador. Then ask if she give you money
for rent.
But we've PUSHED IN on Jerry, who stares at the name on the
phone. Something's affecting him deeply. He says, quietly:

JERRY

its my mother.

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI

Is problem?

JERRY

(even, quieter, gets up)

is problem.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

WHAT Jerry steps outside as the phone keeps RINGING, debating:
TO DO. Finally, he answers, as if ready for punishment:

JERRY

Hey, mom...

Jerry stands there in silhouette. LISTENING. Something is happening... .suddenly he loses his balance -- sinks to the floor, phone to his ear -- staring in pain --

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

do MOURNERS are gathering in their somber best, shaking hands. Across the street, we find Jerry, getting out of a taxi. Standing in a rumpled suit. Grim; the last thing he wants to
is enter that church. It's almost as if he can't. Finally, from somewhere, strength. He walks forward.

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INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

of Jerry collapses -- Jerry heads down the aisle, painfully self-conscious. Most
the MOURNERS are in the pews, turning to look at him as he passes. When suddenly there's a SCREAM OF TERROR -- and
BRACES as if he was expecting it -- looks over at a WOMAN pointing like he was a fucking bodysnatcher and she

Jerry holds up his hands as everyone turns to look at him--

JERRY

-- no! I-- I'm not him!

All eyes on him. His voice, sad, heartbroken:

JERRY (CONT'D)

It's okay! I'm not Paul!

Locks eyes with his MOTHER and FATHER up in the front pew.

Their eyes red from crying, withered shells. And Jerry gives

a

lame wave before heading reluctantly up to the COFFIN.

Devastated, he leans in -- and we MOVE AROUND to see the

body:

And it's fucking HIM -- Jerry's very own face, but one that seems to have been RECONSTRUCTED after some kind of

accident.

Gruesome and handsome all at once. This was PAUL SHAW.

Jerry's

identical twin. Off the surreal moment...

A reverbed TRUMPET PLAYS, the tune familiar. In fact, it's:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

year-

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM, booming from a trumpet played by an 8

old boy: KYLE HOLLOMAN. A WOMAN blurs into frame: RACHEL HOLLOMAN, searching for car keys. 28, smart, beautiful, but fiercely independent, she's a single mom who's taken life's knocks. Never as cool-headed as she wants to be, she's on a short fuse with everyone but Kyle, whom she adores:

RACHEL

Okayokay... okay: we came home, put down

the leftovers, you turned on the TV, I

went over, I said no TV--

She turns to the TV area and walks straight INTO a table.

Stuns

her, momentarily, but she doesn't break stride --

KYLE

-- we're gonna be late, huh?

RACHEL

-- absolutely not -- I turned it off,

came over here, checked messages, put the

leftovers in the--

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CONTINUED:

KYLE RACHEL

--knocked over the phone-- --right, knocked over the phone, put it back, put the food in the fridge--
She opens the fridge: HER KEYS sit atop a Tupperware container.
Kyle hits a high note and we SLAM TO:

INT. RACHEL'S CAR - MORNING

The KEY turning in the ignition of a crappy, old Honda. The engine CHOKES, SPUTTERS. Rachel's tense--

RACHEL

we need to get a new car --

KYLE

I like your car. We're gonna be late.
The engine still SPLIT-SPUT-SPUTTERING.:... a BUS. whizzes by, slows up ahead at a bus stop. Rachel gives up, jumps out:

RACHEL

No we're not: the bus.

KYLE

-- are you kidding?

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Rachel and Kyle HAUL ASS toward the bus stop, both struggling with Kyle's carry-on, a garment bag, her purse, and a trumpet case marked with STICKERS (Green Bay Packers among them)--

RACHEL

I put vitamins in your toiletry bag, don't forget to take two in the morning --

KYLE

and one at night, I know --

RACHEL

And your inhaler, which I may need to use now, is in the outside pocket -- wait! They rush back to a MAILBOX, she pulls bills from her purse:

KYLE

More bills?

RACHEL

Yup -- that's what happens when you have a kid on lay-away. They smile at each other. When SUDDENLY a BUS ROARS PAST the WIND GUSTS and the bills go FLYING into traffic:

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CONTINUED:

RACHEL (CONT'D)

OH, SHIT! STAY HERE!

Rachel waves her arms at oncoming cars, runs INTO TRAFFIC--

KYLE

YOU SWORE!!

As she chases the bills, SCREECHING and HONKING around her:

RACHEL

I KNOW, I'M SORRY!

(Porsche HONKS as it

PASSES)

HEY, A LITTLE COMMON COURTESY, ASSHOLE!

And she runs back to Kyle, THROWS the bills in the mailbox -

-

KYLE

You swore again. Was that our bus?

Rachel looks: PAN to across the street, the bus is now

LEAVING

THE BUS STOP. PAN back to Rachel: SHIT!!

RACHEL:

Okay, now were gonna.be late.
She puts fingers in her mouth and WHISTLES HARD for a cab --

INT. TRAIN STATION - WISCONSIN - DAY

and
A CLASS OF MUSIC STUDENTS boards and Amtrak train. Rachel
Kyle are RUNNING through the crowd toward them --

RACHEL

Scuze us, coming through, sorry -- WAIT!!

WAIT!!

Finally they arrive. Kyle's teacher, MRS. MILLER, smiles:

MRS. MILLER

Under the wire --

RACHEL

(gulping breaths)
Hi -- sorry -- Rachel Holloman, we met--

MRS. MILLER

towards
-- of course, Barbara Miller.
(looks at watch)
You should probably --
And Rachel's stomach drops. Knows they've been racing
this moment all morning but still not willing to accept it.
Turning Kyle to face her --

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CONTINUED:

RACHEL

Okay. Now. I want you to have an
awesome time --

KYLE

I will, mom --

RACHEL

-- you can eat junk food, just remember to brush your teeth; and if you're gonna goof off, just be really smart about it; and try not to stay up past your bedtime, you get really cranky when you do that'--
(turns to Mrs. Miller)

He gets very contrarian if he doesn't get at least eight --

MRS. MILLER

I'm afraid it's time to board, Mrs. Holloman.

Tears springing to Rachel's eyes. She tries to hide them. Bending down to be eye to eye with her son. Sotto --

RACHEL

You see all these kids? They're all calling their mothers. You just do it more --

KYLE

It's only two days, : mom. Y'know... you could try and some have fun too, wouldn't kill ya..

RACHEL

Fun? What's that?

(hugging him)

I love you so much, baby. You're my everything. Rock the house.

KYLE

-- love you too --

They separate -- she watches as Kyle boards with Mrs.

Miller:

RACHEL

Call me!

MRS. MILLER

Your mom gonna be okay?

KYLE

It's unclear.

As they head into the train, Rachel steels herself and GOES. Passing the BAGGAGE AREA...

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CONTINUED: (2)

We HOLD as the PORTER places Kyle's TRUMPET CASE on a conveyor belt. Oddly, it's ELECTRONICALLY REDIRECTED AWAY FROM THE OTHER INSTRUMENTS -- down a separate belt, where it emerges in a pick-up turnstile. Its lifted off the track by... A MIDDLE EASTERN MAN. Nervous. Really nervous. And the strangest thing -- he touches his ear and MURMURS something in Tajiki. To no one. Like a crazy person. What the hell? Walks to the curb where his white van idles. On the side is a decal: "HASSAD DRY CLEANERS." Loads the trumpet inside as we:

INT. SHAW HOME - AFTERNOON

Old Solemn quiet. Mourners talking in hushed tones. A buffet. people. Children. And over these shots, WHISPERED VOICES:

WOMAN #1 (V.O.)

you didn't know either?

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)

No idea.

WOMAN #3 (V.O.)

I knew he had a brother. But not a twin, that was...

WOMAN.#1 (V.O.)

I know, I know...
Four WOMEN sit together. Heartbroken, unsettled. One glances across into a sitting room, where Jerry sits alone on a sofa.
We're CLOSE on Jerry now. Holding a glass, etched with hearts.
Looking at it as if it means something. Somehow, his childhood.
He looks up at the stairs, as if knowing he needs to go up there. So he does. We MOVE with him:

WOMAN #1 (CCNT'D)

when was the last time they saw him?

WOMAN #2

Margaret said years...

INT. SHAW HOUSE - PAUL AND JERRY'S ROOM - DAY

on
that
see:
it

TROPHIES. RIBBONS. All of them awarded to PAUL SHAW. TIGHT
Jerry's face as he scans the shelves of evidence. Evidence
he had a brother. A superior brother. Again and again we
PAUL SHAW. PAUL SHAW. PAUL. PAUL. Then Jerry finds one
framed CERTIFICATE. In the back. A Junior High ART PRIZE.
Awarded to JERRY SHAW. He smiles at the fucking absurdity of
as a figure appears behind him...

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CONTINUED:

life.

It's WILLIAM. Their father. The worst day of this man's
Jerry composes himself quickly. They stare for a moment.

WILLIAM

Six months without a boo or a bah.

JERRY

Didn't realize it'd been that long.

WILLIAM

Your mom was worried. So where were you
this time?

JERRY

Nowhere.
(then, a touch reticent)
Singapore. Alaska for a few weeks.
got a job for a while. On a...fishing
boat. Met some great p-

WILLIAM

-- that's nice. Looks like you're really

seeing the world.

JERRY

I'm trying, you know, just to --
But William has just started crying.. Sobs of absolute loss.
Jerry stands there, frozen, until William EMBRACES HIM.

Jerry
again.

hugs him back -- tightly, grateful and starting to feel

And just then, William says, quietly, through tears:

WILLIAM

You sound just like him.
Jerry's eyes find a point in space. This is love by proxy.

And

now he hugs, his father in support, not unity. William pulls
back. Takes his wallet from his pocket:

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I want to give you some, uh...

JERRY

No. -- Dad, I'm okay. I'm doing really
well. I promise.
His father holds out some bills. North of two-hundred

dollars.
pride

It's a stand-off. The question is: does Jerry have enough
to reject the offer? And the answer is...

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - ATM MACHINE - DAY

CLOSE ON THE PIN NUMBER AGAIN, getting PUNCHED IN. Then FIND
JERRY, exhausted from the funeral, slipping the money his

father

gave him into a deposit envelope. A glance at the SECURITY
CAMERA. Then a BEEP makes him look at the screen.

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CONTINUED:

AND WE PUNCH IN TIGHTER ON JERRY, WHO STARES, STUNNED. The
screen reads: "BALANCE: \$750,000.00"

want What the HELL? Glances back to the people behind him, they
him to hurry. He hits "Cancel." But the machine, as if
disobeying, spits out five \$100 bills--

JERRY

-- whoa --

He Jerry stabs cancel again. Now TEN MORE \$100 bills-come out.
glances at the people in line, nervous--

JERRY (CONT'D)

-- two seconds, sorry --

hand,
DOLLARS Eyes flick back to the ATM CAMERA. He covers it with his
pushes "cancel" again and again. But now.. TEN THOUSAND
People IN \$100 BILLS HAS COME OUT, getting JAMMED' in the slot.

start to PEER OVER as Jerry SCRAMBLES to keep the cash from
flying everywhere. And finally. The machine stops. He stuffs
all the money in his pocket. Everyone's staring.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Big date. So... fingers crossed.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING.- HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mrs. Jerry enters, a little dazed -- heads for his apartment as
Wierzbowski steps from. hers, Johann hiding behind her:

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI

Jerry! All day they make delivery!

Jerry moves fast to her, a little out of breath -- shoves a
thousand dollars into her hand:

JERRY

Here's the rest of the rent -- next
month's, too --

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI

-- where do you get this?

JERRY

Just take it -- it's okay, I owe you --

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI

I had to open your apartment, too many
packages come, they come for hours --

JERRY

For me?

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INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

it's
BOXES
large
looks
startles

Jerry whips open his apartment door -- as far as he can:
blocked by something. He reaches in, flips on the LIGHT:
EVERYWHERE. Reeling, he picks one up, rips it open. Packing
peanuts fly: a pair of night-vision binoculars. WHAT IS
HAPPENING? Goes through more boxes in a flurry of CUTS:
FALSE PASSPORTS; a POLICE SCANNER; BODY ARMOR; HAND GUNS;
BAGS OF FERTILIZER; strange CHEMICALS; 747 MANUALS. Jerry
around, fear and confusion growing. His cell rings.,.
him -- all the LCD says is: "ANSWER NOW."

JERRY

-- hello?
A WOMAN'S VOICE. We can't place why... but it's really
creepy.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Look out your window. They're coming for
you.

JERRY

(totally thrown)
-- what? Who is this?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Jerry. You have to run.

JERRY

Who the hell is this?!

flack-
pale.

Rips back the curtain to see a SWAT VAN SCREECHING UP -- a
jacketed TEAM pours out, assault rifles ready. Jerry goes

WOMAN'S VOICE

Leave your residence. Get to the Mathis train station. You have 4 minutes.

JERRY

Jesus Christ -- what's happening?!

WOMAN'S VOICE

Run, or you'll be captured and convicted -- go NOW.

CLICK. POUNDING BOOTS AGAINST PAVEMENT OUTSIDE. Jerry whirls,
a

goes out to the hall, hears THEM coming. Starts to run. But

TACTICAL TEAM STORMS THE HALL. ASSAULT RIFLES AIMED AT HIM:

TEAM LEADER JERRY

Hands behind your head! DOWN WHAT'S GOING ON? HEY! IS

NOW! DOWN ON THE FLOOR OR WE THIS ABOUT THE--THE ATM?! I

WILL FIRE! DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!

Jerry's SLAMMED to the ground as we CUT TO --

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INT. DHS FIELD OFFICE - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

40s,
Jerry sits cuffed to a table. Frightened, confused, on the defensive. The door opens and AGENT THOMAS MORGAN enters:

born to the job, never smiles. Takes a seat, opens a "file:

JERRY

Look, man, I don't know what this is -- I don't know how all that shit got in my apartment, but unless you're my lawyer--

MORGAN

My condolences. I understand you've had a tough day.

JERRY

it hasn't been ideal.

MORGAN

Your brother worked for the State Department.

This was almost a question. And while it's obviously news to us, Jerry clearly knew...

JERRY

You tell me.

MORGAN

Were you close?

JERRY

Why? What am I doing here. I don't even know who you are.

Morgan tosses his black leather BADGE WALLET onto the metal table. It lands open with a substantial CLUNG!

MORGAN

Tom Morgan, Special Agent attached to the National Counterterrorism Center.

JERRY

(stares, rocked)

Counterterrorism Center? You think I'm --

MORGAN

-- according to phone records, your brother called you twelve times in the last year. You never called him back.

JERRY

If you're asking if we were the kind of freaky twins you see at the mall wearing the same shirt, no. Listen, Paul traveled a lot, so we didn't --

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CONTINUED:

MORGAN

Oh. That's right. He stamped visas in Karachi for a year. Then was a junior FSO in Beirut. Interesting places.

JERRY

What're you... saying.

MORGAN

I'm just saying you didn't talk much. maybe you did.

JERRY

Am I getting a lawyer here? 'Cause didn't hear my rights read to me--

MORGAN

You familiar with the slogan, "Declare War on War?"

JERRY

what? No, why?

Morgan pulls out a SURVEILLANCE PHOTO: Jerry, college-age,

at a

STUDENT RALLY holding up a sign with an image of the

Pentagon

crossed out in red: "DECLARE WAR ON WAR!"

MORGAN

Because you painted it when you were part of the student activist group "Project Underground" at Berkley.

JERRY

(stares-at pic; LAUGHS)

Wait. Come on -- okay: her name was Julia, she was the smokinist girl I'd ever seen and she wanted me -- I would've gone to an "Anti-Oxygen" rally for her. I swear to God, dude--

MORGAN

Don't "dude" me. I'm not your friend. I don't have friends... so: Jerry. Why'd you drop out of school?

JERRY

Why'd you stay in? I don't know, I didn't really see the point.

MORGAN

You haven't been able to hold a job

JERRY

Unless I've been fired from Kinko's,
which is a statistical impossibility, I'm
holding a job right now.

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CONTINUED: (2)

MORGAN

Construction work, bartender in
Singapore, telemarketing, real estate
office, messenger, supermarket sign
painter, taxi driver, gas station in
Florida, fishing boat in Alaska--

JERRY

-- what can I say? Guess I haven't found
myself yet --

MORGAN

Who deposited the seven-fifty?

JERRY

For as second I thought God, maybe. The
ATM was obviously broken -- or do..
accidents not happen in your . universe?

MORGAN JERRY

The money originated from the --this is all -- listen, this
HSBC bank of Singapore -- is all very interesting -- but
opened with a transfer from a this has nothing to do with
corporation called 'The Star me! Do you understand?
of Orion,' a dummy front for
Hezbollah. This morning Majid -- alright, this is insane, I
Al-Khoei says the agents.of want a lawyer--
destruction are already inside
our borders--
-- we find hardware in your -- I told you, it all just
apartment, latest military showed up there'. You're not
spec, airplane manuals, plus listening to me!
twelve hundred pounds. of-- sit (tries to stand up)

your ass down now -- ammonium (abruptly sits)
nitrate fertilizer. Just
curious if you knew any of
Paul's friends in Beirut, or
if he knew any of your friends -- what do you mean
in Singapore, oh but that's "friends"?!
right, we haven't really
established whether or not you
two were close-- (losing it)
-- I guess we were rett
close when I looked into his
open casket this morning and
saw the bad make-up job
covering the gash in his
skull! Or how about when I
watched him being lowered into
the ground -- that establish
anything for you?! Somebody
set me up!
Morgan stares at him, unmoved.

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CONTINUED: (3)

MORGAN

"Somebody." Who?

JERRY

A woman, I don't know! She called me and
told me I was gonna be arrested. GET

REAL, MAN! DO I LOOK LIKE A TERRORIST TO

YOU?!?!

MORGAN

No more than Abdul Hamid, Taliban POW we
caught in Afghanistan. Except his real
name was Johnny Walker Lindh. Grew up in
Marin County with a basketball hoop in
his driveway and a carton of Tropicana in
his fridge. He was blonder than you..
though.

(RISES)

When I come back, you'd better tell me
who you work for--
And heads out the door, SLAM! Jerry yells;

JERRY

I WORK FOR KINKO'S!!.

INT. DHS OBSERVATION ROOM - HALLWAY CONTINUOUS

wig.
American,
GRANT,
They've
to

Morgan meets supervisor MARTIN KREBS, a senior D.H.S. big
Standing with LATESHA.SIMMS, 32 but looks 16, African-
computer wonk with no room for a personal life; and TOBY
20's, straight part in his hair, wet behind the ears.
all been observing through a two-way mirror. Latesha refers
to a laptop, one she clutches like a safety blanket:

LATESHA

He fits the profile: disaffected,
'susceptible to radical indoctrination,
problem with authority. Doesn't vote or
pay taxes, but witness statements all say
he's not a player. He does sketches of
his landlady's dog. Oh, and he's lying
about the woman who called him -- we
checked the records, no calls came in
before we picked him up --

KREBS

What about the brother?

LATESHA

Mid-level FSO. Been stateside the past
three years. No red flags. He was
killed when a truck ran a light in
Crystal City.

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CONTINUED:

MORGAN

That kind of equipment and a major cash infusion five hours after a terrorist threat and were smiling and saying "coincidence?"

KREBS

So either he's a rank-and-file sleeper or a dumbshit mule.

GRANT

(eager to contribute)

Or a misdirect. There's nothing subtle about him or the gear. He's not exactly a pro--

Morgan levels a look at Grant as Krebs takes .a BEAT.

Figuring

out the next move:

KREBS

Get Smith on financials; Rieger on travel; and let's dryclean family and friends. Again.

(to Morgan, veiled

THREAT)

I don't want the FBI rushing in on this. Break him. Fast.

And leaves Morgan to twist.. The pressure's on. To Latesha:

MORGAN

v m m putting you on the brother.

LATESHA

Great, I'll access State's database

MORGAN

No, I want you to go there.

LATESHA

But, Tom, I can do everything from

MORGAN'S VOICE

you know those funny things underneath that not-so-stylish pantsuit? They're called leas.

Latesha looks at him, not happy.

LATESHA

Yes. Sir.

MORGAN

You know I hate it when you call me that--
He turns to go, Grant immediately following him --

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CONTINUED: (2)

AGENT GRANT

What can I do?

MORGAN

Follow me and don't talk.

INT. GAMMAGE & BURNHAM LAW OFFICES - WISCONSIN - NIGHT

Rachel's doing paperwork at her desk. People leave. for the night. An attorney named MICHAEL approaches; warm, good-looking, by all standards, a catch. She doesn't look up.

MICHAEL

He's out of town.

RACHEL

Yup.

MICHAEL

Which seems like a perfect ;opportunity
for a second date. In theory.

RACHEL

In theory -- but I gotta site-check this
brief, courier's coming in,.,the morning.

MICHAEL

Didn't we have a good time? Remember
that? Our first date? Back in the 40's?

He's so agreeably genuine, she wants to let him down easy:

RACHEL

I had a great. time, I told you that
but I'm so busy and...

MICHAEL

Ooo.o, shit, the "so busy" speech -- stop
-- not worthy of you. Or me. I'm
patient, so... call me. When you're not
busy.

RACHEL

Kyle goes to college in nine years-- it
should be somewhere around then.

MICHAEL

I would so wait a decade for you. Call
me his sophomore year, I'll prove it.
And with a smile he heads off. She watches him go -- dammit!
really liking him in this moment. She watches longer than

she

should... then goes back to her work.
He gets in the elevator and she's left in her solitude. And

now

we BEGIN TO SEE the first signs of it: loneliness.

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CONTINUED:

The consequence of not really letting anyone into her life.

She

stares off as BLING! An IM box pops up on her screen:
"RACHEL HOLLOMAN. ANSWER THE PHONE." And just like that the
PHONE RINGS. Rachel jumps. Staring at the IM. Then at the
phone. Answers it:

RACHEL

-- hello?
It's the same chilling FEMALE VOICE:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Click on the link at the bottom of the
page.

screen.
Rachel's eyes drop down to the LINK at the bottom of her
What? Leans out from her cubicle to look around -- NO ONE
ELSE

AT THEIR DESK.

RACHEL

who is this?

As she clicks on the link. And a STREAMING IMAGE APPEARS: A

BLACK AND WHITE SURVEILLANCE CAM OF KYLE ON HIS TRAIN,
LAUGHING

WITH OTHER KIDS. Rachel's breath is taken away--

RACHEL (CONT'D)

What's going on? Who are you --?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Would you risk your life for your son?

Rachel jumps to her feet, trying to breathe through the
panic.

Looking around. NO ONE -

RACHEL

This isn't funny! Who are you?!

WOMAN'S VOICE

I can derail his train. I can kill him
at any time. I'll ask again: would you
risk your life for your son?

Suddenly the BROWSER GOES BLANK: "UNABLE TO ACCESS PAGE."
Kyle's taken from her, that fast -- she gasps, terrified.

RACHEL

yes...

WOMAN'S VOICE

Follow my instructions precisely.
There's a vehicle parked at the northeast
exit of your building. The keys are in
the ignition. Start walking. Now.
CLICK. Off Rachel's stunned, terrified face --

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INT. DHS FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT

from A FAX spits out a page with the Department of Justice logo,
the ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE. Subject: "SHAW, JERRY."

INT. DHS FIELD OFFICE - HOLDING CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Jerry sits in his cell, lost -- looks up as an Agent enters:

AGENT

Time for your phone call.

JERRY

I thought there was no phone call.

AGENT

Attorney General's office changed their
mind.

INT. DHS FILED OFFICE - SECURE PHONE ROOM - NIGHT

The
thinks,
his
Jerry's led into a holding room with a phone on the wall.
Agent exits, electronic door locking behind him. Jerry
deciding who to call. Swallows his;_pride, starts to dial
father. It RINGS. BUT THE RINGING SUDDENLY, EERILY LOWERS IN
PITCH IN A DIGITAL GLITCH -- AN ODD.CONNECTION CLICK.

JERRY

hello? Dad--?

WOMAN'S VOICE

I told you to. run. You didn't.
TIGHT ON JERRY now, terrified, breathless --

JERRY

OPENING
.no wav -- who are you?!
Behind Jerry; the steel door UNLOCKS -- he whirls to the
DOOR -- waiting for a Guard -- someone, anyone... BUT NO ONE
COMES.::: What the hell is this?!

WOMAN'S VOICE

Follow the water. Or the fire will kill
you.

JERRY

What fire?! How'd you get on this phone?! Are you the one doing all this to me? Why?!

WOMAN'S VOICE

Follow the water. Leave the building --
-- and Jerry SPINS BACK. Looks up at a WALL VENT near the ceiling -- SMOKE. Ho-shit! A SMOKE ALARM BLARES --

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CONTINUED:

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

-- take Brisbane Street to the elevated train station: you have six minutes.

CLICK.

JERRY

Wait, what d'you mean "follow the water"?
Suddenly: TSHHHHH! Jerry turns -- in the hallway, a CEILING SPRINKLER SPRAYS. The FIRE GROWS, RAGING from the VENT --

JERRY (CONT'D)

SHIT!!!

INT. DHS FIELD OFFICE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

sees
People scramble -- Morgan runs to the interrogation room, through the glass that Jerry's gone. To a passing Agent:

MORGAN

Where's Shaw?

AGENT

Parker took him to make his phone call.

MORGAN

Took him?! On whose authority?!

INT. DHS FIELD OFFICE -.HALLWAY - NIGHT

SMOKE AND FIRE AND A BLARING ALARM as Jerry FOLLOWS THE
SPRINKLERS -- amazingly'each sprinkler ACTIVATES as he
he approaches, creating a safe path through the flames. Finally
him, gets to a dead end -- a WINDOW -- the FIRE RAGING behind
heat increasing, as Jerry GRABS A NEARBY CHAIR AND --

MORGAN (V.O.)

JERRY SHAW!!

Turns through the wild FIRE, Morgan, at the other end of the
corridor -- GUN DRAWN:

MORGAN (CONT'D)

FREEZE, RIGHT THERE!

JERRY

LISTEN TO ME! I'M NOT TRYING TO ESCAPE!

No The fire ERUPTS between them, obscuring each other's view.
choice, Jerry turns, HURLS the chair at the WINDOW, IT
SHATTERS:

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EXT. DHS FIELD OFFICE - FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

grabbing Jerry prepares himself, then JUMPS TO A DRAIN PIPE --
it and lowering himself from the third floor -- dropping the
last ten feet, landing HARD, recovering, running off --

EXT. RAISED SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

Jerry A SUBWAY TRAIN pulls into the station. WHIP PAN to find
passes a running onto the platform -- out-of-his-mind-scared --
SURVEILLANCE CAMERA looking down, as if watching him --

Jerry's eyes scan the area... then he FREEZES. THE
ELECTRONIC

SCHEDULE SIGN HAS CHANGED TO READ: "JERRY, BOARD TEE TRAIN"

THEN JUST AS FAST, ITS BACK TO THE SCHEDULE.

Morgan
the
and a team of Agents pouring down the stairs -- he runs onto
train as the DOORS CLOSE -- Morgan turns, doesn't see him.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

the
The train at full speed. Oblivious Commuters. Jerry tries to
calm down, make some sense. Notices. the SECURITY CAMERA in
corner, turns from it. An LCD.onthe train broadcasts CNN:

CNN NEWSCASTER

has elevated our alert status to
threat level "Orange." Insiders say
tomorrow night's State of the Union
address will focus on...

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

Next stop, Montrose Station.
A CELL RINGS from a phone peeking out of a SLEEPING
PASSENGER'S
BLACK
no
BACKPACK. He looks at it, oddly suspicious. The LCD GOES
-- then the words "ANSWER IT, JERRY" appear. Looks around:
one saw it. Slips the phone from the guy's backpack -- turns
away, hits "answer":

WOMAN'S VOICE

Stay on the train for three more stations
until you r--
But Jerry HANGS UP -- WON'T HAVE THIS. And as the train
slows,
he moves to the door and --

EXT. MONTROSE STATION - NIGHT

crowd.
JUMPS off the train, pushes through the busy platform. Spots
TWO TRANSIT OFFICERS talking on radios as they scan the
Jerry turns and ducks into another TRAIN just as --

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INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

The DOORS CLOSE. Jerry sits, exhales. Then the cell phone -- which he stole -- RINGS AGAIN. He tenses. Won't answer. It finally stops ringing. Could it all be over? NO, BECAUSE THE

PEOPLE
TRAIN'S EMERGENCY BRAKES SUDDENLY KICK IN, GEARS SCREECH,
confused, TUMBLE... and the train stops. Everyone looks around,
frightened. Suddenly, the train starts MOVING BACKWARDS--

JERRY

--NO--

EXT. REAR SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

The rear subway car's now become the front. TILT DOWN to the track, it SWITCHES OVER to another line all.by itself --

INT. SUBWAY CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

guilty People are FREAKING OUT -- and Jerry feels some insane
complicity in all this, as the PHONE.RINGS AGAIN--

JERRY

-- Jesus --
(and he answers)

HELLO.

WOMAN'S VOICE

I told you not to get off yet.

JERRY

-- listen -- lady -- who are you?!

WOMAN'S VOICE

He knows you're here.
Jerry turns and sees A TRANSIT COP through the glass doors
that

walkie connect the cars -- he's talking into a shoulder-mounted
talkie. Looking right at JERRY --

JERRY

--.how do you know that? Where are you?
Jerry notices ANOTHER SECURITY CAMERA in the corner as:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Next stop is Damen Station. Take the
Northwest exit. There will be a black
BMW sedan. Get in the passenger seat.

JERRY

Go to hell. How's that.
He hangs up, drops the phone and STOMPS ON IT. Eyes from
fellow passengers. THEN EVERY CELL PHONE ON BOARD RINGING IN
UNISON.

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CONTINUED:

Jerry watches, stunned, as passengers start answering -- all
hearing the same thing:

WOMAN'S VOICE

The man in the black t-shirt is a wanted
terrorist. His name is Jerry Shaw.
Everyone TURNS TO Jerry, backs away, but a HUGE MAN stands:

HUGE MAN

-- you Jerry Shaw?
EVERYONE looking, a few even start to move for him. Jerry
goes for the door, but the SUBWAY COP'S there, about to enter,
but the door's locked. Jerry yells to the passengers.:

JERRY

STAY AWAY FROM ME!

The COP pulls his gun, yelling through the glass:

TRANSIT COP

EVERYBODY DOWN! GET DOWN?

WIND!
station,
RUN,
gets

Suddenly, the train SPEEDING, the DOORS OPEN! A BLAST OF
People SCREAM, take cover as the train pulls into the
the COP about to SHOOT when Jerry jumps, LANDING HARD ON THE
PLATFORM -- ROLLS -- and the COP FIRES! People SCREAM and
as the moving train separates Jerry from the Cop -- Jerry
to his feet, sprints towards the northwest exit and --

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

the
door,

Out of the station! Spots the BLACK 760 BMW SEDAN parked by
curb -- sleek, ultra-fast. Jerry tears open the passenger
jumps inside, meeting, behind the wheel:

INT. BMW 760 SEDAN - NIGHT

RACHEL. Terrified. Assuming Jerry is behind all of this.
Jerry, breathing hard, assuming she is The Voice:

JERRY RACHEL

Okay: WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH -- I'm not doing a thing until
ME?! I know for a fact that Kyle's
safe -- Do you hear me?
I am not fucking around, you
tell me now what this is Do you hear me? No, you stop -
about! - I will not do a thing for
you until --
HEY: I almost died back there!
Three times! Shut up! You shut up and
-- who?! Who's Kyle? WHO THE listen to me now! You tell me
HELL IS KYLE?! Kyle is safe! YOU TELL ME

HE'S SAFE GODDAMMIT!!!!

her --
She's HITTING HIM and he's gotta grip her arms to control

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CONTINUED:

RACHEL JERRY

MY SON! YOU LET HIM GO! YOU HEY! HEY, STOP! Wait!
HURT HIM AND I WILL KILL You're not the woman who
YOU!!! called me?
And Rachel, out of breath, realizes: holy shit...

RACHEL

the woman? She called you too?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Drive.

-- and Jerry and Rachel SCREAM at the horror of THE;WOMAN'S
VOICE COMING FROM INSIDE THE CAR -- how?!

JERRY RACHEL

--where's that coming from?! --who are you?!

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I'm using the onboard automotive
telematics system. Drive. Now.

KA-BOOOOM!!! The side window EXPLODES from a GUNSHOT! They
duck -- Jerry turns to look at, the COPS running toward the

car:

RACHEL JERRY

THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US?! DRIVEDRIVEDRIVEDRIVEDRIVE!!!

She SLAMS the gas -- the car SCREECHES ONTO THE ROAD,

another

car avoiding it, SLAMMING into a BUS -- Rachel LURCHES and
GRINDS as she shifts gears --

RACHEL JERRY

WHAT IS HAPPENING?! WHY ARE YOU DRIVING LIKE

-- I'VE NEVER DRIVEN ANYTHING THAT?!

WORTH OVER ,TWELVE THOUSAND

DOLLARS! WHO ARE YOU AND WHY

ARE PEOPLE SHOOTING AT US?

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Stay about fifty miles an hour, you have
pursuers.

JERRY

Yeah, thanks, we're on it --

WOMAN'S VOICE

Turn left in two-hundred feet.

Indeed they do: TWO POLICE CARS BLAST AROUND A STREET CORNER
FOUR BLOCKS BEHIND THEM -- DOPPLER HORNS as we CUT BACK TO:

JERRY

-- my name's Jerry Shaw, I've been set up
-- somehow I don't know -- by --

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CONTINUED: (2)

He dramatically GESTURES around the car, indicating The
Voice.

WOMAN'S VOICE

One hundred feet.

RACHEL JERRY

-- you don't know anything Your son?! No, I know
about Kyle? nothing! Just like you don't
know how to drive: use the
clutch before you shift, not
while you shift, not while you
-- I don't need driving sh--
lessons from you, asshole! -- you drive like. this and I'm
the asshole?

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)..

Turn now.

RACHEL

(annoyed as hell)

I know I got it!

And she YANKS the steering wheel and the car makes a
FRIGHTENING

SCREAMING LEFT TURN as we CUT TO:

INT. SUV - CHICAGO CITY STREETS - NIGHT

radio: Morgan drives a government-issue sedan at 80 mph. over

POLICE RADIO (V.0.)

All units, respond code 3 -- suspect's
headed south on Stanley --
Morgan makes a hard right, .tearing around a corner --

INT. BMW - CHICAGO CITY STREETS - NIGHT

even Two cop cars have become THREE in the rearview mirror --
to more insane, ^all.the TRAFFIC LIGHTS are suddenly changing
It's create a MIRACLE PATH for the BMW -- stopping traffic to let
them pass,. starting it up again to CUT OFF the cop cars.
as if someone.'s.playing chess with the city grid--

RACHEL JERRY

(creeped out)
--the lights are all changing
to green... it's like... -- like they're changing for
us...

WOMAN'S VOICE

Accelerate to sixty -- turn right in four-
hundred feet...

JERRY

(looking up, scared)
-- oh, no way --

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CONTINUED:

Rachel looks up too -- eyes wide: A TEN-STORY-TALL
CONSTRUCTION

**CRANE TURNING FAST, THE BLOCK-LONG ARM SWINGING ABOVE THE
STREET, HOLDING FIVE STEEL GIRDERS--**

JERRY (CONT'D)

-- sixt ! Go to sixty!
And suddenly the crane DROPS THE GIRDERS -- Rachel SCREAMS

--

JERRY (CONT'D)

SHIT!!

And the STEEL BEAMS SLAM INTO THE PAVEMENT, JUST BEHIND THE
BMW,

-- PURSUING AND SURROUNDING CARS SLAM THEIR BRAKES

RACHEL

-- this isn't happening!!!
Tries to DOWNSHIFT -- GRINNNNNNNND!!

JERRY RACHEL

CLUTCH! I'M CLUTCHING!!

She tries to shift -- Jerry puts his hand on hers -- JAMS
THE
GEAR SHIFT INTO FOURTH -- the car swerves to avoid a car:

JERRY

GO RIGHT GO RIGHT!!!

Rachel yanks the wheel, SKIDS round the corner -- more
police
screech in ahead -- she's forced to VEER onto a ONE-WAY
STREET!

JERRY (CONT'D) RACHEL

Getoffthe street -- wait, --WILLYOU SHUT UP?!!!!
no,turnup ahead, keep going --WILLYOU JUST SHUT UP AND
--go...wait -- stop -- TURN LETMEDO IT!!

HERE!!

The BMW barely avoids one collision after another --

WOMAN'S VOICE

You'll turn at the next alley: avoid the
police.
Rachel skids right, but TWO COP CARS appear. Too late to
stop
WHAM! The BMW SMASHES THROUGH -- both cop cars go flying.

RACHEL

AVOID THEM?!

JERRY

(looks back, holy shit)

-- you're doing great --

MORGAN'S CAR:

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CONTINUED: (2)

MORGAN

They're headed for the harbor! Gimme
roadblocks at Granville and Sheridan!

IN THE BMW: Jerry and Rachel speed through an industrial
marina.

Up ahead, the intersection's closed by a POLICE BARRICADE.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Turn right in two-hundred feet.

MORGAN'S CAR: he SEES Rachel coming right at him. Just
before

they collide, she TURNS RIGHT. Morgan SLAMS his brakes --

his

car FISHTAILS -- the cruisers behind him come to a stop; but

now

BLOCK HIS WAY.

MORGAN

MOVE MOVE MOVE!!!

INT. BMW - HARBOR - NIGHT

As the car speeds down a narrow artery toward the RIVER --

WOMAN'S VOICE

Accelerate to sixty five.

RACHEL JERRY

ACCELERATE?! WE'RE HEADED FOR THE WATER!

-- are you trying to kill us?! -- slow down! Jesus, slow
down--what the hell's your
name? YOU! YOU!!!

-- Oh! Rachel! -- Rachel: SLOW THE HELL

DOWN!!!

Just then: KA-CHUNK!! Something just SLAMMED onto the ROOF -
- a high-pitched VREEEEE as he car's tires SPIN in overdrive but suddenly FIND NO ROAD BENEATH THEM! And impossibly, as the brick wall GROWS HUGE coming right at us through the windshield,
the car RISES OFF THE GROUND -- LITERALLY FLYING --

JERRY RACHEL

HOW ARE YOU DOING THIS?!?! I'M NOT!!!

-- and now we REVEAL: A GIANT, INDUSTRIAL MAGNET attached to
the top of the BMW, HOISTING it up on a DOCK CRANE -- the jib
arm PIVOTS, swinging them over a CRANE YARD...
Minds blown, they swing past the crane's DRIVER'S SEAT and see... NOBODY'S AT THE CONTROLS. The crane DIPS THEM toward
a wooden railing overlooking the RIVER -- they CRASH THROUGH
it. The release arm DROPS the BMW -- Jerry and Rachel SCREAM as
they PLUMMET -- but the car doesn't hit water, instead it falls
onto: A GARBAGE BARGE floating downriver. The car lands in a
mountain of trash. The crane STOPS, just as... Morgan and the cops APPEAR, screeching in at the broken railing.

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CONTINUED:

They jump from their cars, look down into the river and see NOTHING. Morgan KICKS a trash can, pissed:

MORGAN

Seal the harbor, get divers in the water!
PAN UP TO the horizon... where the garbage barge floats
lazily down Lake Michigan. Jerry and Rachel escaped... for now.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BARGE - DAWN

Jerry, dazed but driven, SLAMS a piece of plywood again and again into the LEXAN WINDOW of the barge's CONTROL BOOTH. Rachel paces, on her cell -- hearing:

KYLE'S VOICE

This is Kyle. Who is not allowed to. use this phone with my friends... so leave a message, Mom. (BEEP --)

RACHEL

Honey? Honey? It's me -- Baby, you need to call me. Soon as you get this, I please -- check your messages and call me. Sweetie. I love y_ou.

And she hangs up, staring'off. CRASH! Jerry's knocked the window back -- opens the control booth door and enters,

examines

the controls. The computer panel reads: "CONTROL OVERRIDE."

JERRY

-- this thing's on auto-pilot or something. Which doesn't happen, these barges are operated, by people.

He steps out. In thought, tears in her eyes, Rachel asks:

RACHEL

D'youthink -- she could derail a train?

JERRY

Are you kidding me? She changed every traffic light! This woman's called me on other people's phones -- some dude who happened to be sitting next to me! His phone rang -- it was her! For me! She broke me out of maximum-security custody in a way I'm not even gonna tell you cause you won't believe it -- and you saw how she directed us away from the police, then lifted us outta the world and dropped our ass onto the ghost barge! Can she derail a train? She could probably turn a train into a duck. Yes. I think she c--

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CONTINUED:

-- but now he stops, because Rachel is crying. Jerry lamely attempts to backpedal:

JERRY (CONT'D)

I mean... I don't know, I'm not sure she could derail a train, what the hell do I know?

Rachel brushes her tears away. Afraid, but fighting it.

RACHEL

My son is on a train. She threatened to kill him if I don't do what she says.

They share a look. The difference between them galvanized in an instant. She has something to lose.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You tell me -- how does someone do all this?

Kyle When: RING! A CELL PHONE. Rachel looks down, hoping it's

somewhere -- but it's not her phone. They realize the phone's

in the trash. Jerry starts digging. It's nast Finally, he finds it in an old take-out box --- re: the phone.

JERRY

-- you see what I mean?

He wipes it off, holds it to his ear despite the stench;

JERRY (CONT'D)

Hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE

You both need to swim to shore. Go to line tower 108.

"JERRY RACHEL

"Swim to shore? Are you -- she wants us to swim --?! insane?

JERRY

Lady, what if I told you we don't know how to swim.

WOMAN'S VOICE

But you do. I've seen you at the beach house.

(Jerry is chilled)

And the female was once a swimming instructor at the YMCA in Westport, Connecticut. Go now or the authorities will find you. They're more dangerous than the water.

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CONTINUED: (2)

CLICK -- she's gone. Jerry hangs up, turning something unnerving in his mind.

JERRY

She called you "the female."

(beat, weird)

That's like... something a foreigner would say, like a bad translation. But she has no accent.

RACHEL

Jerry, that's your name, right? Are we swimmincr?

JERRY

Does it bring back memories of Westport Y?

RACHEL

(pale, at a whisper)

how did you know that?

JERRY

I didn't.

And they turn to look down at the FREEZING RIVER WATER as we

PRE-

LAP the SOUND of a clear F SHARP and CUT TO --

INT. A&B INSTRUMENT REPAIR MORNING

sweater
familiar
An OLD MAN blowing into KYLE,'S TRUMPET. Thick glasses,
vest, INSTRUMENTS stacked all over the place. Kyle's
CASE with the Packers' sticker open next to him.

STORE OWNER

Eyes
You sure you want to replace it? Sounds
pretty good to me.
And we reveal MIDDLE EASTERN MAN standing at the counter.
darting, nervousShoves a small BOX into the man's hand.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

Yes. I'm sure. Please do it now.
The Store Owner looks into the box.

STORE OWNER

I do a lot of custom jobs, never seen
something like this before. I can have
it for you by the end of the week.
The Middle Eastern Man. MUMBLING again in Tajiki. Seemingly,
to himself. The Store Owner stares, kinda freaked out --

STORE OWNER (CONT'D)

Sorry, what?

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CONTINUED:

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

(snaps out of it)
No. Is not possible. it must be
done this afternoon --

STORE OWNER

Listen, Mister --
The Middle Eastern Man suddenly touches his ear, BARKS out
something in Tajiki. Like he's arguing with someone.

STORE OWNER (CONT'D)

-- are you okay?

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

(looks at his watch)

I will pay you triple. Please. A courier will be by to pick it:'up at three. Do it, please... please.

And stepping back, he exits quickly. The Store Owner watches him leave, then looks back down at the BOX.

INT. RIVER SIDE - DAY

A Coast Guard cutter floats beside the now-abandoned garbage barge. The BMW's been lifted ashore by a crane -- FORENSIC TECHS comb every inch. MORGAN circles the car. Grant

follows,

a WAITING CHOPPER in the background.

AGENT GRANT

All the surveillance cameras in the area have turned up nothing -- no ID on the girl, nothing on the VIN --

MORGAN

All I want is a goddamn picture of her -- what about traffic cams? There are more cameras on that route than the Super

BOWL--

AGENT GRANT

Department of Transpo says there was a seven minute equipment failure --

MORGAN AGENT GRANT

Do NOT tell me their equipment was down! Do NOT! Sir, that's what they're telling me...

From Northbrook to the 290?! What about the bogus fax from Justice, was that equipment failure too? -- No sir, there's gotta be someone on the inside.
-- ya think?!

CONTINUED:

with Pissed, Morgan starts -- fast -- for the chopper -- we move
him and Grant, who keeps up:

MORGAN

The getaway car was waiting there -- get
me a witness description on the woman
driving -- remember witnesses? People
who see things?! Jesus, is this a lost
art?

AGENT GRANT

I have Markey on that right now
Morgan's PHONE IS RINGING -- he answers:

MORGAN

Morgan. When? NO. You tell them hold
that 'til I talk to Sanford -
(hangs up, to Grant)
WTMZ has a report that there's a
terrorist at large in the city,-- I'm
going back to forensics. Find out where
the hell that fax originated.-- if you
don't have good news for me before I
touch down you will be demoted to a job
that will require you. to touch shit with
your hands --do you understand me?

AGENT GRANT

Yes sir!
As Morgan hops up onto the moving chopper --

MORGAN

Nobody who works for me calls me sir.
understand?! It's disingenuous -- might
as well be calling me 'asshole.'
As Grant watches the chopper take off, perplexed.

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DAY

towers...
An endless stretch of road lined with electrical line
Two FIGURES, like specks against the landscape -- Jerry and
Rachel, walking, wet, cold. And then:

RACHEL

So you're a twin.

(BEAT)

Who works at a copy place.

And she manages a clipped, judgemental (frankly rude) laugh.

JERRY

Yeah, I know... that's occurred to me.

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CONTINUED:

RACHEL

So this whole situation is obviously about him.

JERRY

Excuse me? I would offer this whole situation isn't "obviously" about anything.

RACHEL

Just think about it: you said your brother worked at the State Department --

JERRY

-- so what?

RACHEL

-- so that means he could've: been into anything -- he was a twin :- you..received a shipment of weapons and cash and airplane manuals -- it seems to me that they sent the stuff to.the wrong brother--

JERRY

Wait a minute -- you're suggesting all that stuff was for Paul?
As they approach TOWER 108:

RAC HE L

Hey, I'm sorry that he died, I'm not trying to insult his memory --

JERRY

he hasn't been dead long enough to become a memory! And if you knew Paul,

which you did not, you'd laugh all day at the idea that he was a spy or terrorist or whatever you're implying --

RACHEL

I'm implying if not him... then why you?

JERRY

Well hasn't that been the question my whole life. You know how I know Paul wasn't a terrorist? Because if he had been, he would've been the best fucking terrorist in history: he wouldn't have gotten caught, the United States would be a crater -- he would've won awards for being a great terrorist.

(THEN)

What about you? Why'd she choose you -- what's your day job? I know it isn't "manual-shift driver."

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CONTINUED: (2)

RACHEL

I did just fine driving, thanks. I'm a paralegal -- I have no connection to anything.

JERRY

Really?

Suddenly they're interrupted by the ROOSTERTAIL OF DUST approaching in the distance. Rachel stops dead and on

INSTINCT,

grabs Jerry's hand, all their mutual hostility vanished:

RACHEL

Someone's coming.

And what's approaching is the "Hassad DryCleaners." van. It comes to a stop and out steps the Middle Eastern Man. Stands some twenty-five feet from them.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

Are you Jerry Shaw?

JERRY

who are you?

Rachel grabs Jerry's arm as the man reaches into his jacket

--

JERRY (CONT'D) MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

-- Whoa -- I dropped it off like she said. I'm done.

The man's pulled out an unusual-looking STEEL KEY.

JERRY (CONT'D)

-- dropped off what? Who are you?

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

Take it --

He TOSSES the key.-- it lands, LARGE IN FRAME, somewhere
between
them. Then:

JERRY

what's it for?

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

I don't know -- I don't care -- but I will not drive you. You take the van (touches his EAR: beat) I'm not listening to you any more! And the man turns to go, just walks away.

RACHEL JERRY

-- hey! -- wait, who are you?! You have to tell us what you know!

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CONTINUED: (3)

And as the man walks away from them his CELL PHONE RINGS: He pulls it out -- the LCD READS: "LAST CHANCE." And the man DROPS the phone and just starts RUNNING --

JERRY

WAIT!!

Catches
And Jerry takes off after him, he's not letting him go.
up to the guy and grabs him. Spinning him round --

JERRY (CONT'D)

What do you know?

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

-- let me go!

JERRY

-- who's doing this?

CELL
And they begin to struggle. Middle Eastern Man's dropped

PHONE RINGS. Rachel. Terrified, hesitant. Knows somehow its
for her -- she answers:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Stop him now or he will die.

RACHEL

(looking around)

How are you seeing us?!

Jerry and the Middle Eastern Man. Fighting. Thrashing.
Throwing sloppy punches:

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

Let go of me!

On Rachel:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Stop him now.

CLICK. Rachel turning to SCREAM at Middle Eastern Man --

RACHEL

Stop! You have to STOP!

goes
When the Middle Eastern Man CRACKS Jerry in the nose and he
sprawling. He takes off again, yelling back:

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

I cannot! I have a family!!!

RACHEL

She's going to KILL YOU!

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CONTINUED: (4)

And just then, something TERRIFYING: an IMMENSE POWER SURGE
--
HEARD, FELT -- and a SIX-STORY-HIGH COIL THE SIZE OF AN SUV
EXPLODES IN SPARKS. CABLES BLAST FREE. Rachel SCREAMS. Jerry
TACKLES HER TO SAFETY as the tree trunk cables SWING DOWN
AND
STRIKE THE MIDDLE EASTERN MAN and he is SLAMMED OFF HIS
FEET,
the current making the cable STICK TO HIM LIKE GLUE.
And he's ON FIRE INSTANTLY -- SMOKE EVERYWHERE as he's
TOSSED BY

**THE HORRIFYING TENTACLE, POUNDED INTO THE GROUND, BACK INTO
THE**

AIR, PUMMELLED DOWN AGAIN, BURNING...

Jerry and Rachel watch this in horror -- until she looks
away.

Jerry holding her -- the two in shock, strangers, in each -
other's arms. Having shared another moment, too real,
horror -

RACHEL (CONT'D) JERRY.

Oh my God... Oh God... oh We--we have to do something,
God... Oh God... we have to... figure out what
to.. what...
And then his PHONE RINGS. And they're both too afraid to
answer
it. Another RING. And another. Finally Jerry answers it,
hand
shaking slightly:

JERRY

You killed him... you killed that man...

WOMAN'S VOICE

It was unavoidable. Take the van. Drive
to Indianapolis. 7002 West 56th Street.
Arrive no later than eleven AM. Disobey
and you die.
CLICK. Rachel's eyes on Jerry.

JERRY RACHEL

she wants us to drive to
Indianapolis.: , -- why? What's there, what? --

-- I don't know -- -- no, this can't keep happening! We have to go to the police, explain it -- explain what?! What're we -- I'm not doing it!! I'm not gonna tell them?! going anywhere! Jerry can see she's losing it. Grabs her by the shoulders:

JERRY

-- Rachel. She's watching us. Right now. You wanna die too? Your son? We have to go. Rachel looks right at him, still shaking, knows he's right.

And

nods. Okay. Okay. As our MUSIC BUILDS, LARGER THAN YOU MIGHT **THINK -- AND AT THE HEIGHT OF AN UNRESOLVED CHORD, IT --**

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EXT. LANDSCAPE - DAY

-- STOPS.

Just the eerie, faint whistle of wind. We PAN a barren landscape. Scattered scorch marks. Then, a high-pitched TONE as the PAN continues and arrives at a parked military truck, which gives us scale to understand the SUDDEN COLOSSAL

EXPLOSION

THAT SHAKES OUR BEING -- HOLY FUCK THAT THING WAS HUGE AND

AS

DEBRIS IS STILL RIPPED INTO THE SKY, PIECES ARE COMING DOWN

AND

THERE WILL BE SMOKE FOR HOURS as a SUPER APPEARS:

"BRIAR POINT TEST RANGE -- ABERDEEN, MARYLAND. "-

inside:

And we hear CLAPPING -- PULL BACK, realizing that we are

INT. PROTECTIVE BARRACKS - DAY

-- a high-tech bunker-like structure with six-inch LEXAN WINDOWS. A dozen MILITARY BRASS are here, applauding. Among

Behind them is Callister. He seems more thoughtful about this.
him, a British, DARK-SUITED WEAPONS';DEVELOPER speaks:

WEAPONS DEVELOPER

That blast was the result of one single crystal of Hexomethylne. For those of you who are new today, "Rex" is an isotope that leaves no chemical markers -- it's eighty times more powerful than C4. Odorless. Undetectable.
COLONEL THOMPSON, also from our opening, gestures:

COLONEL THOMPSON

can of Talk about the detonating system...
The Developer screws a METAL VALVE into what looks like a compressed air, saying:

WEAPONS DEVELOPER

Hex is triggered by an acoustic frequency undetectable to the human ear. For this test we made it audible -- that was the tone you heard before the explosion -- the tone was the trigger.

CALLISTER

What's the risk that another sound could accidentally detonate it?
(half smile)
A song on a radio? A howling dog?

WEAPONS DEVELOPER

No: the pitch is uniquely programmed and impossible to reproduce.

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CONTINUED:

COLONEL THOMPSON

Fine job.

WEAPONS DEVELOPER

Thank you, sir. We're proud of this ordnance -- all of us at Halloway-Smith. And while we still HEAR HIM SPEAKING, we CUT TO:

INT. CLEAN PREP-ROOM - HALLOWAY-SMITH LABS- CONTINUOUS

A TECHNICIAN at an assembly line where ROBOT ARMS_ work on a stream of components: the careful manufacturing of HEX. The acoustic trigger and its crystal counterpart.

WEAPONS DEVELOPER. (V.O.)

If you're satisfied with today's final test, the Hex Project has met every... contractual objective.

with The arms package each into separate . containers, fit them shipping labels marked: "PENTAGON DIRECT."

WEAPONS DEVELOPER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And we're hoping this moves us into the next scheduled phase... shipping the product into the field.

arms Drift toward an unmanned computer. The screen FLICKERS: "OVERRIDE IN PROGRESS,. CHANGE SHIPPING DESTINATION." Robot

grab a wrapped package off the line. A new label's printed:

"ASHLAND & SONS CIO JERRY SHAW."

INT. HALLWAY - PENTAGON - DAY

marble Latesha walking down a hallway. Endless miles of shiny and military paintings. Her CELL RINGS. It's Morgan:

MORGAN (V.O.)

Whaddya got?

LATESHA

(SOTTO)

Those funny things underneath my not-so-stylish pantsuit? They brought me all the way to the Pentagon. Paul Shaw wasn't State --

EXT. SKIES ABOVE CHICAGO - DAY

A chopper ROARS over skyscrapers. Morgan beside the PILOT in front, listening to Latesha over his helmet headset.

LATESHA (V.O.)

-- he was Defense.

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CONTINUED:

MORGAN

You're kidding me. What capacity?

LATESHA (V.O.)

Black-file: classified B-36.

MORGAN

B what?

INT. HALLWAY - PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS

She turns a corner. DOWN THE HALLWAY a PHALANX of GENERALS, MILITARY PERSONNEL and SCURRYING ASSISTANTS heading towards

a

set of DOUBLE-DOORS. Some very big meeting about to happen -

LATESHA

That's the point. No one'll tell me. I cross-reffed the SCI database, talked to the Intel committee, NSA gave me..nothing. Krebs doesn't want me to ruffle any feathers. I've been up and down all the ladders and everyone just thinks I'm a -- WHEN an MP suddenly appears and grabs her by the arm.

Stopping

her. He towers over her --

MP

Interns aren't allowed on this floor, miss. You'll have to -- When Latesha wearily flashes him her I.D. I've got clearance, pal. He looks at it. Lets her arm go.

M.P.

-- sorry.

LATESHA

(to M.P.)
Everybody in this place have a six-foot
height requirement?
(continues walking; back
to Morgan)
Anyway. I'm going back to the office to--

MORGAN (V.O.)
No, no, no --

INT. CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

The PILOT signaling to Morgan--

PILOT
-- I got the Williamson County Sheriff on
the line --
Morgan holds up a hand, one second. To Latesha:

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CONTINUED:

MORGAN
Look, I don't have time for this -- stay
there til you get some answers --

LATESHA (V.O.)
-- but its a total shut out --

MORGAN
Simms: step up --

INT. PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS

MORGAN (V.O.)
-- I don't care if you have to go to the.
top to do it. Whatever means necessary,
got it? Whatever means.
CLICK. Latesha lowers the phone. A HUGE:PAINTING of the
battle
of EL-ALAMEIN looming behind her. She looks..back down the
hallway as all the BRASS heading into the MEETING ROOM and

catches sight of -- CALLISTER amongst them.
Latesha hesitates. For just a second. Shit. Shit. This is
it. Before suddenly rushing forward and calling out --

LATESHA

Secretary Callister!.:
He looks behind him briefly before being shuffled into the
meeting room. And SLAM.. The doors close in Latesha's face.

LATESHA (CONT'D)

Well, shit.

INT. DRY CLEANING VAN - CITY STREETS - INDIANAPOLIS - DAY

The van speeds down a highway, passing a sign: "WELCOME TO
INDIANAPOLIS: YOUR HOME TOWN!" Jerry drives, pensive. Rachel
stares out the-window, the shock of what she's seen only
fueling
her rage at the whole situation.

JERRY

how old is he? Your son.

RACHEL

(in no mood to share)
Kyle. He's nine.

JERRY

What's he doing on a train?
She really doesn't want to talk. BUT:

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CONTINUED:

RACHEL

He goes to a music magnet. His school's
on a tour of Washington. They're playing
at the Kennedy Center.

JERRY

wow. And you. Hm.

She turns to him. Eyes burning into the side of his head. Knows what he's thinking.

RACHEL

Parents weren't allowed to go... is that okay with you?

JERRY

Is it okay? I could give a shit.

RACHEL

Then what's with the qualified nod?

JERRY

I'm not allowed to nod?

RACHEL

Not if you're iudging me.--

JERRY.

Judging?! I'm just making conversation.

RACHEL

You think I should have gone with him anyway.

JERRY

I'm just thinking, sounds like a big deal, especially for a 9-year-old -- playing at the Kennedy Center -- I'd just think at least one parent might wanna be there to see it.

RACHEL

Yeah? How do you know Kyle's dad isn't there?

JERRY

Well, you're not wearing a ring and you haven't mentioned anyone but your son is on that train. Even the most pissed off ex-wife -- which I'm not saying you aren't -- would've mentioned it if her ex's life was threatened -- and if Kyle was going to meet his dad in DC? You would've tried to call him, too. So where is he? Kyle's dad?

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CONTINUED: (2)

RACHEL

As if it's any of your business -- you know what you are --?

JERRY

Insightful? Intuitive? A better driver than you --?

RACHEL

-- you're one of those "thirties are the new twenties" man-children. You're glib and wry and find humor in people like me who are actually accountable for the ir lives --

JERRY

Okay, the most fascinating thing here? Is that you don't know the first thing about me!

RACHEL

I know you work at a copy store! What are you, thirty-one, thirty-two? You're obviously articulate

JERRY

-- love being stuck in a van with my fucking guidance counselor --

RACHEL

-- and I know your brother just died and he worked for the State Department --

JERRY

-- you need to stop talking about my brother, I've had enough of that --

RACHEL JERRY

-- you're in denial if you -- Ham: I'm not talking about don't think that has anything this -- to do with what's happening right now -- -- Dammit!! I'm not kidding! :but I can tell you that Stop! STOP! whatever he did, whatever he

lanes

was part of has put my son in
danger whether you believe it
or not!!
SCREECH! Jerry YANKS the wheel hard, PEELING across four
of traffic. SKIDS to a stop by a curb, pops open the door.

RACHEL

JESUS!--WHAT'RE YOU D--?'.
Jerry gets out, SLAMS his door shut --

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CONTINUED: (3)

RACHEL (CONT'D)
You can't leave me!

JERRY
Why not? My brother's a terrorist, and
I'm a loser right?
He starts to walk away. Rachel desperately opening her door

RACHEL
Don't walk away!

JERRY
(throwing up arms)
I'm done.

RACHEL
Please!

JERRY
You're on your own.
Rachel starts running after him,panicked, leadin :

RACHEL
Please! PLEASE! I..i need you!
Jerrystops short. Turning around. Cupping his ear.

JERRY

I'm sorry? What'd you just say?

RACHEL

I can't do this without you.

JERRY

You mean without the "man-child?"
Rachel's reserves crumble.

RACHEL

Its the first time we've been apart, me
and Kyle. Since the day he was born.
And I let him get on that train--
(almost whispering)
-- I let him get on.

woman's
Jerry sees all the panic and horror and guilt in this
eyes. They're both in pain. Points his finger right at her.

JERRY

No more accusing my brother of shit you
know nothing about, is that understood?
Rachel looks at him. Nods. Finding her voice again --

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CONTINUED: (4)

RACHEL

Yes.
And so. They turn around. And get back in the van.

EXT. TOWER 108 - DAY

**THE CHARRED FACE OF THE MIDDLE EASTERN MAN, FROZEN IN A
SCREAM.**

trying to
Morgan runs towards it, the SHERIFF and a POWER WORKER
keep up. Chopper in B.G. Police officers work the scene.

POWER WORKER

Never seen anything like it. Power blew

out from Franklin High School down to the river club. I can't explain it - They arrive at the body. Contorted, blackened, teeth bared.

SHERIFF

No I.D. We know he's male, though. Probably in his 20's.
(points off)
Tire treads entering and leaving the scene over three. Three sets of shoe prints.

MORGAN

on And we're about 4 miles from the river -- Just then we see Agent Grant running towards them, stumbling some rocks. Just finishing-.up a cell call:

AGENT GRANT

Agent Morgan!"
(out of breath, sotto)
Just got off with HQ. The fake fax from Justice that got Shaw his phone call? Came from inside Justice.

MORGAN

Inside?! You absolutely sure on that?

AGENT GRANT

Yes, s--
(catches himself)
Yes I am.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

a Got something --
for As the M.E. pulls something out of Middle Eastern Man's ear:
small, charred GIZMO. Small WIRE sticking out. Lifts it up them to see. Morgan takes the TWEEZERS --

GRANT

Looks like a bone mic, military grade.

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CONTINUED:

MORGAN

Can't even get these things on the black market.

(looks around landscape)

Someone was talking to him.

Something's rotten in Denmark. No, something's rotten everywhere. Morgan turns abruptly and starts back for the chopper. The Sheriff helplessly calls after him:

SHERIFF

We'll be needing that for evidence!

EXT. 56TH STREET - DAY

Jerry and Rachel's van pulls up to THE FEDERAL BANK OF INDIANAPOLIS. Across the way is a STADIUM for the COLTS. The parking lot's full, mid-game. They stare; steeling themselves for the inevitable...

RACHEL

a Federal bank?

JERRY

Could be worse. Could be a Federal Prison.

INT. INDIANAPOLIS FEDERAL RESERVE - LOBBY - DAY

Rachel A wall-mounted clock ticks to "11:00"--WHIP TO Jerry and entering. Security cams everywhere. As they nervously cross the floor, they pass TWO ARMED BRINKS COURIERS entering an elevator. A BANK MANAGER APPROACHES:

MANAGER

Mr. and Mrs. Saxon? I'm Mr. Bids. I understand you're in a hurry, why don't I show you to your box.

JERRY

(WHAT THE FUCK?! then:)

yes, thank you, we'd... like that.

The manager walks them across to a secure elevator with a THERMOGRAPHIC SCANNER. The manager looks at Jerry expectantly,

waiting for him to place his hand on it. He does: a flash of

is light, identifying him as: "SAXON, CARL." Jerry's eyes: this
madness. The elevator doors OPEN.

INT. INDIANAPOLIS FEDERAL RESERVE - VAULT - DAY

BOX. They exit the elevator, the manager leads them to a DEPOSIT
He pulls out a metal key, identical to the one the Middle
Eastern Man gave Jerry:

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CONTINUED:

MANAGER

Your key?

box Jerry takes out his key, it fits perfectly. They turn; the

slides out, the manager lays it on a steel table. LEAVES to
give them privacy. Jerry and Rachel stare at the box.

RACHEL

You gonna open it?

JERRY

Maybe it's not gonna be so bad.

RACHEL

Yeah... maybe it's something good..

of They meet eyes. Tentatively, he raises the lid to find TWO
GLOCK PISTOLS and the same BONE MIC we saw.the.M.E. pull out

the Middle Eastern Man's ear. A note.: "EAR:MIC. NOW."

JERRY RACHEL

Oh, shit -- it's bad --

They look at each other. Jerry puts the..mic in his ear:

WOMAN'S VOICE OVER MIC

Both guns are loaded, safety's off. In
sixty seconds,':two,men Will exit the
adjacent vault carrying a briefcase.
Take it -- by force if necessary -- then

exit the building..
Jerry can't fucking believe this. Rachel dying to know:

RACHEL

-- what?!

JERRY

-- I don't suppose -- there's any easier way to get whatever the hell it is you want -- is there? Miss? But she's not answering.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Excellent.

RACHEL

What now -- what are we?

BUT THE VAULT NEXT DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS--

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CONTINUED: (2)

JERRY RACHEL

-- they're coming--we're supposed to rob them -- -- are you kidding me?!?!
(hands her a GUN)

-- just take it-- -- no! Jesus! I don't even let Kyle play with water guns!

-- hey, I applaud your parenting skills -- take it!

The footsteps come CLOSER as two MEN appear... the.-BRINKS COURIERS from the lobby; one of them's carrying a METALLIC BRIEFCASE cuffed to his wrist -- the other spots Jerry's gun

and

REACTS, going for his gun:

JERRY

Don't!

The men freeze -- Jerry holds his gun awkwardly --

JERRY (CONT'D)

Uh... hi. How's it going. Put. it on the

floor. The briefcase. We don't wanna hurt you guys, we like you guys -- just -- we need the case.

COURIER #1

You're bringing a shitstorm on your heads, you know that.

JERRY

I think we're already mid-shitstorm. Do it.

his
gun
under
leaps
back-up

The men exchange glances. Reluctantly, Courier #1 punches a combination into the case's padlock, the cuff POPS free from wrist. He slides it over to Jerry, who reaches for it... AND COURIER #2 MAKES A MOVE -- SMASHING Jerry back, knocking the out of his hand.. Jerry CRASHES to the ground, the BONE MIC falling out of his ear... he turns, shit! Sees it skitter the table. The Courier sees it too and grabs his chance: snatches up the case and RUNS for the elevator -- Rachel rushes him, trips him -- he falls, dazed -- Jerry up but Courier #2 effortlessly FLIPS him on top of the steel table, SLAMS Jerry's head into the counter, unholsters a GUN from his ankle -- brings the barrel up as: BAM! A GUNSHOT! The Couriers spin to see RACHEL, holding the gun that was kicked across the floor:

RACHEL

DROP THE GUN ASSHOLE!

Courier #2 drops it; Jerry rises, wipes blood from his lip. Rachel is fucking on fire, she's so tough. AKA: a mother.

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CONTINUED: (3)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Gimme the case. Now.

it. They do -- and Jerry and Rachel back into the elevator with

JERRY RACHEL

impressive. Thanks.

The door closes on them, and we CUT INTO:

INT. INDIANAPOLIS FEDERAL RESERVE - ELEVATOR - DAY

adrenaline Alone in the elevator, Jerry looks down at the.. case,

coursing, sees a ribbon-thin DIGITAL TIMER near the handle:

"01:12:36. 01:12:35."

RACHEL JERRY

-- whoa--what is that? -- a timer

-- it's counting down-- -- they do.that --

what's it mean?! -- I dunno, the only things

with timers I can think of are

microwaves and...

-- and bombs, you were gonna

say bombs --

some coffee makers have

timers.. .and egg timers...

-- yeah, Jerry, it's an egg

timer -- What is SHE saying

about it --? I dunno, I --

-- What do you mean you. don't

know?!

WOMAN'S VOICE

You lost the mic, Jerry. That's not optimum.

JESUS CHRIST! Her voice is in the elevator now:

JERRY

Would you stop doing that?!

WOMAN'S VOICE

There will thirty five seconds of disconnect, during which you need to get yourselves across the street to the stadium's VIP parking area unexposed.

JERRY

(calling out)

Is this a bomb?! 'Cause I am not walking

out with a bomb! Hey! You!

But she's done talking. As the elevator DOORS SLIDE OPEN--

3/28/07

56

INT. INDIANAPOLIS FEDERAL RESERVE - DAY

TWO MORE BRINKS COURIERS wait by an armored truck. Jerry and Rachel exit, trying to look casual. Hearts POUNDING --

RACHEL

How do I look?

JERRY

Like you got into a fight. Me?

RACHEL

Like you lost one.

Rachel

AN ALARM SOUNDS. The men race into the bank as Jerry and

walk RIGHT PAST them, starting across the street toward the stadium. No one in sight except a COLTS PARAPHERNALIA

VENDOR.

SQUAD CARS SCREECH in around the bank. COPS jump out drawing their weapons. Rachel tensing.

JERRY

Just keep walking

Jerry looks at the CLOCK above the-stadium. Then over his shoulder at the BANK. Steers Rachel over towards the VENDOR. Trying to stay calm.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Two jerseys and two hats, please --

VENDOR

Peyton or Vinatieri?

JERRY

(shit!!!)

I don't know what that means --

RACHEL

Jerry...

JERRY

(shit... shit...)

Uh... both.

The two COURIERS running out of the bank. POINTING RIGHT AT JERRY AND RACHEL ACROSS THE STREET. Everyone starts RUNNING TOWARD THEM. Jerry shoves a jersey and hat at Rachel--

JERRY (CONT'D)

Put these on --

RACHEL

JER--

JERRY

Do it!

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CONTINUED:

They put on the hats and jerseys, hurrying towards the stadium.

Cops screaming at them to stop, the Vendor screaming that they

didn't pay. The cops fan out. Cars SCREECH to a stop. Jerry, sweating. Flicks another look at the stadium clock: 3.. 2..

1:

WHEN WHAM! THE STADIUM DOORS FLY OPEN AS THOUSANDS OF JOYOUS

COLTS FANS POUR OUT WEARING IDENTICAL BLUE HATS AND JERSEYS.

The game's over. And in an instant, Jerry and Rachel are lost

in a sea of blue and white -- it's impossible to spot them. Pushed back by the throng the COPS lose sight of them -- Jerry takes Rachel's arm, working against the current

towards

the VIP parking area. A LIMO WAITING THERE. The CHAUFFEUR

sees

them, hurriedly puts down his paper. Opening the door --

CHAUFFEUR

Mr. and Mrs. Saxon? Hope you-enjoyed the game.

JERRY

Thanks, uh, we're in kind of a hurry --

CHAUFFEUR

I bet.

he
cops
Jerry reacts, confused by the chauffeur's libidinous tone as
closes the back door. They vanish behind tinted windows as
and agents pass right by them. And as the limo pulls out, we
reveal, etched across the rear: "JUST MARRIED."

EXT. HALLWAY - PENTAGON - DAY

Latesha sits next to the DOUBLE DOORS. Laptop open, typing
madly. She's been waiting a long, long time -- WHEN SUDDENLY
they burst open and she SNAPS to her feet. Standing
expectantly
as GENERAL after GENERAL files out of the situation room.
Each
as tall and broad as the next --

LATESHA

(looking UP at them all)

Afternoon... afternoon, sir...

afternoon... afternoon, General...

Pretty intimidating. Finally CALLISTER walks out, flanked by
ADVISORS. The weight of the world's on his shoulders.

LATESHA (CONT'D)

Secretary Callister?

He looks back, preoccupied. She catches up, holding her ID:

LATESHA (CONT'D)

Latesha Simms, DHS, level 2 clearance. I
need to ask you a question, sir --

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CONTINUED:

CALLISTER

Not now, you can direct it to my office.

LATESHA

It'll only take a minute, sir, thirty seconds -- B-36? Can you tell me what it is? 'Cause its not --

CALLISTER

-- you don't have clearance, Agent Simms, and I don't have thirty seconds.

LATESHA

So should I assume it has something to do with the four CVN class 21 aircraft carriers you and the president just ordered to the Strait of Hormuz -? He looks at her, stunned. How the hell--?

LATESHA (CONT'D)

I just checked the intel, sir, we have some of the same indexes --

CALLISTER

You need to stop assuming. And he moves on. Latesha gets jostled by all the brass, feeling like a mouse in cage filled with lions. Until she ROARS:

LATESHA

Secretary Callister. Voice echoing down the hail. Callister stops short, stunned by the gall and volume of this woman. She weaves through the GENERALS, planting herself in front of him:

LATESHA (CONT'D)

My Department's tracking a home-grown terrorist on the loose as we speak who may be connected to a cell with ties inside this building. Now seeing as you just had a meeting back there with more brass than the Navy Marching Band and with the terror threat rising every three hours, I'm going to just have to assume you're in the middle of a very delicate dance to stave off World War Three... so with all due respect, you either give me my thirty seconds and tell me what the hell B-36 is, or this world just fell into an even bigger heap of trouble. Sir. Callister looks down at her, completely struck dumb. She's

hit

a chord deep inside him. It's called balls. SLAM TO:

3/28/07 59.

INT. LOBBY - FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - DAY

As Jerry and Rachel enter the POSH LOBBY of the FOUR SEASONS, an obsequious BELLHOP approaches -- he's been waiting for them:

BELLHOP

Mr. and Mrs. Saxon? This way, please --
Tries to take the BRIEFCASE from Jerry, who yanks it back:

JERRY

No! 2 trot it.
(forces a smile)
Thanks, though.

INT. PENTAGON - ANTE-CHAMBER - DAY

--
Latesha dumps her things on a tray, moves through a scanner
among her items is a set of KEYS with a MINI.SWISS ARMY
KNIFE.

She's handed a NEW BADGE that reads: "TEMPORARY ACCESS."
Ahead, an elevator door OPENS and we start CROSS CUTTING:

INT. ELEVATOR - FOUR SEASONS - CONTINUOUS

Jerry, Rachel, and the bellhop step in. The Hop hits
"Penthouse." MUZAK. They travel up:

BELLHOP

So, where'd you two get hitched?

JERRY RACHEL

Reno. Niagara Falls.
Shit.

JERRY RACHEL

Niagara Falls. Reno.
Shit. The "DING" of an arriving elevator MATCHES US BACK TO:

INT. PENTAGON ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

THE LEVEL INDICATOR, having just arrived at floor "B-35."
Latesha, wedged between two PENTAGON GUARDS, watches
nervously
as one of them uses a KEY to open a PANEL revealing:
A BIOMETRIC SENSOR. The other guard holds his thumb to the
scanner -- yet another PANEL OPENS, with a RED BUTTON marked
"B-
36." It hits Latesha: B-36 is a secret level in the
Pentagon.
The elevator DESCENDS to the final level and OPENS,
revealing:

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INT. HALLWAY - LEVEL B-36 - CONTINUOUS

12-foot concrete walls. High-tech ventilation and
surveillance
system. Standing there waiting is SCOTT BOWMAN, early
thirties,
hasn't seen daylight in a while:

SCOTT

Agent Simms? Scott Bowman: Welcome to B-
36. If you'll follow me?

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - FOUR SEASONS - CONTINUOUS

The Bellhop dramatically opens the door --

BELLHOP

Welcome to paradise.
Palatial HONEYMOON SUITE. Picture windows, rose petals on
the
bed...

BELLHOP (CONT'D)

Minibar, high-speed internet, thousand-
count sheets. And if you're looking for
the TV
He clicks a remote and a 72" PLASMA TV rises up from a
cabinet.

On screen, a narrated "virtual tour".of the hotel:

TV VOICE

dedicated to the highest standards of
luxury and comfort...

BELLHOP

Robes behind the door, jacuzzi with
eighteen nozzles that hit in all the
right places, if you'll pardon my French.
.Need anything, just dial zero, I'm here
t2. serve, I'm here to please...

And he stands by the door, waiting for a tip. Jerry's still
looking aroundwhen Rachel catches his eye. Well? Oh. Jerry
digs into his pocket and pulls out TWO NICKELS.

JERRY

Knock yourself out.

The Bellhop is still looking down at his palm when Jerry

SHUTS

THE DOOR on him.

RACHEL

This is nice and everything, but what the
hell are we doing here?

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CONTINUED:

JERRY

Nice? One night in this place is more
than one of my paychecks; and that's
before taxes --

He heads over to the minibar. Starts rooting through it,
pulling out those tiny bottles of alcohol...

RACHEL

What're you doing?

JERRY

If we're going down, I'm gonna go down
singing. Hey! Chocolate covered
almonds, I love these!

RACHEL

Can you stop eating for a second?

A KNOCK at the door and they stop arguing immediately.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Answer it.

FOUR

They TURN hearing the voice: it's coming from the T.V. The

SEASONS GRAPHIC still dancing on screen.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

There are items you will need for the next step.

KNOCK! KNOCK! A small nod from Rachel and Jerry opens the door. A DELIVERY BOY stands there with a BAG:

DELIVERY BOY

There y'go, Mr. Saxon. Have a nice day?

just

Jerry takes the bag -- the kid puts out his hand for a tip

things

as Jerry closes the door on him, dazed. Starts pulling

from the bag: hair. dye, clothes...

WOMAN'S VOICE

The limousine is waiting for you `downstairs. You have 30 minutes to change your appearance.

RACHEL

Where are we going now?

JERRY

What the hell's in the briefcase?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Your only consideration at present is to deliver it before the timer expires.

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CONTINUED: (2)

JERRY

(the breaking point)
BULLSHIT! This is crazy! You're a television set! You don't watch me, I watch you! I wanna know what the hell's going on!!

WOMAN'S VOICE

It would not be efficacious to reveal my intentions.

JERRY

-- "not be efficacious"?! Who the.fuck talks like that?!

RACHEL

-- Jerry --

JERRY

We know you're watching! We know you're listening! We know you knowâ€¢.everythina. So why don't you STOP HIDING AND TELL US

WHO YOU ARE!!

Nothing. Furious, he moves to.the WINDOW --

JERRY (:CONT'D)

Fine, have it your way,.Lady -- I'm gonna scream bloody murder out this window 'til every cop in a fifty mile radius comes running and I'm gonna tell them everything even if they think I'm a crazy sonofabitch 'cause at least I won't have to listen to you any more!

RACHEL

-- **JERRY** --

He YANKS the window up --

WOMAN'S VOICE

STOP.

He does. The..FOUR SEASONS GRAPHIC in TV snaps to BLACK --

then

DIGITAL STATIC -- a channel RE-ROUTING through some distant computer-controlled network. And now:

IMAGES -- FILE FOOTAGE -- a DEFENSE DEPARTMENT LAB,

TECHNICIANS

assembling computer components, putting together a strange-looking SPHERE --

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

My name... is Aria.

Rachel and Jerry stare -- what the hell is this?

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INT. PENTAGON - MAINFRAME TANK - CONTINUOUS

O.S. CLOSE ON LATESHA, also reeling as she stares at something
FLICKERING SHADOWS play across her face--

SCOTT (O.S.)

of It stands for 'Autonomous Reconnaissance
Intelligence Analyst'...
And we reveal "THE TANK." A glassed-in wall containing TONS
water. AN AWESOME STEEL SPHERE IN THE WATER, suspended by a
claw-like apparatus. The "brain" of a computer network. The
very same image Jerry and Rachel just saw on the TV.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Twenty-two hundred tons of super-cooled
water keeps her from overheating --
that's ninety-two thousand processors,
the equivalent of a hundred million human
brains working together as: ".one..."

LATESHA

(in awe)
an electronic espionage system.

SCOTT

No, that was Echelon, eavesdropping off
satellites. This goes; much farther.

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE CONTINUOUS

domain... Jerry and Rachel gape as: MORE IMAGES flash: the RADIO DOMES,
SATELLITE DISHES and MAINFRAMES that make up Aria's

ARIA

I was created by "DARPA": the Defense

Advanced Research Projects Agency in 2002. My primary directive is to protect the national security of the United States. I have access to track the economies, populations, and military development of every country in the world, as well as intercept all global communications -- from satellites to cell phones to credit card transactions. Jerry and Rachel look at each other -- a computer?!

INT. MAINFRAME TANK - LEVEL B-36 - CONTINUOUS

SCOTT

After 911, our problem wasn't collecting data, it was interpreting it fast enough. Ergo: quantum rocessin

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Today there are more microchips than people, and they can all be data-mined, either via direct connectivity or wireless signals --let's say we're chasing someone with a suitcase nuke in L.A., we can order Aria to shut down mass transit, track the perp through traffic cameras... and if given the order, she could even turn a TV into a bomb to take him out.

LATESHA

(what we're all

THINKING)

But what if --

SCOTT

-- she can't act without authorization.
See, she's bound not to countermand our
laws -- even the Declaration of
Independence is woven into her source
code. Her primary role's pre-emptive --
running simulations, identifying threats
before they become real...

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

JERRY

Wait, you think we're a threat?

ARIA (V.O.)

No. You're a means to an end.

On TV, CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS -- ZOOM to words in CLOSE

UP:

ARIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Under National Security Directive 359,
Sub-Section 72 -- "when units are needed
for the national defense, civilians shall
be ordered to active Federal service..."

JERRY

you're drafting us?

RACHEL

The guy you killed in the desert -- last
time I checked, murder wasn't legal.

ARIA

In fact, it is. Chapter 802 of the
Uniform Code of Military Justice states
desertion is punishable by death.
So matter-of-fact, its chilling. And what Jerry wants to

know,

more than anything, is...

3/28/07 65.

CONTINUED:

JERRY

what'd my brother have to do with
this?

A picture of PAUL SHAW'S DEFENSE I.D. pops on screen:

ARIA

We were colleagues.

Jerry.
Rachel staring at the picture on the screen, then back at

Can see the blood draining from his face.

JERRY

(trying to process)

No, he worked for the State Department..:

ARIA

Everyone in deep operations has a cover.
Your brother was a Horseman.

JERRY

What's the hell is a 'Horseman'?

INT. MAINFRAME TANK - CONTINUOUS

SCOTT

You know, clever allegory -- of the
apocalypse'--`except we're here to
prevent it.

Scott taps the console, ID PHOTOS APPEAR of our four
"Horsemen":

PAUL SHAW, SCOTT, and two men we'll call LOWELL and JIMMY.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Officially, we don't exist, but we
monitor Aria's network 24/7. There were
:four of us... til Paul died.

(beat, it's still raw)

He was smarter than all of us put
together.

LATESHA

Working here must be pretty tough -- all
the security, the pressure, long hours...
As in: "Did you notice him acting strangely?"

SCOTT

Yeah, but you could set your watch by
Paul. Except...

LATESHA

Except what?

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CONTINUED:

SCOTT

The night he died? He left his shift three minutes early. Which you don't do. Which he wouldn't do. Latesha's suddenly locked in on a clue -- PRELAP:

ARIA (V.0.)

Paul and I had a disagreement before he expired...

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

hair: Jerry sinks to the edge of the bed, runs hands: through his

ARIA

To amend it, I need Jerry to perform a task. Simple.

JERRY (V.0.)

Expired?! You mean died.. That's what we call it, we humans, we call it dying--

RACHEL

What's the task?

ARIA (V.0.)

To insure the national security of the United States.

RACHEL

What d'you need me for then?

ARIA (V.0.)

That is not your concern right now.

RACHEL

Are you kidding me?

JERRY

Alright, this is bullshit. I'm not doing this --- and you're a computer, you don't know a goddamn thing about my brother.

ARIA (V.O.)

I know all about him, Jerry. And you.

The screen snaps to a SLIDE SHOW of PAUL SHAW'S accomplishments:

childhood birthday parties, sports teams, surrounded by friends,

beautiful girlfriends, high school graduation, Yale graduation,

standing with their dad, William's arm over his shoulder. Jerry

almost GASPS at Aria's reaching into his subconscious:

ARIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Your brother succeeded in everything he did.

(MNRF)

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CONTINUED:

ARIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Before he was a year old, he walked. Something that took you eighteen months to accomplish. He was highly gifted, intelligent and principled -- in fact, the only Horseman ever to challenge me. But you, Jerry --

The slide show CHANGES to SECURITY FOOTAGE of Jerry at KINKO'S,

slaving away. Playing cards with Kwame, slacking off. His stomach drops. Seeing himself like this. Looking so pathetic.

The heart has just been cut out of him. Rachel sees it --

ARIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You are similar to Paul in DNA only. Historically you have succeeded in

nothing. Initiated nothing. Excelled in
nothing. You will perform the task
because it is your nature to follow.

(BEAT)

And because you've seen what happens to
deserters.

RACHEL

-- Jesus, ENOUGH!
The screen goes BLACK.

ARIA (V.O.):

You have 23 minutes to prepare. There's
an adjoining suite with a second
bathroom.
The DOOR to the adjoining SUITE clicks open.

ARIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Use it.
And she's gone, replaced by the hotel's promotional prattle

--

TV VOICE

The Four Seasons prides itself on
excellent service
Jerry stares, overcome. Rachel watches him an emotional

beat...

RACHEL

(SOFTLY)

Jerry?
Without answering, he grabs the bag. Walks into the other
room
without a word. Closes the door. She stares, feeling his
shame... then her eyes go to the BRIEFCASE TIMER counting

down:

"01:08:43.. 01:08:42... 01:08:41..."

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68.

CONTINUED: (2)

MAN'S VOICE

Halloway-Smith contracted us to transport the briefcase to their corporate office...

EXT. INDIANAPOLIS FEDERAL RESERVE - DAY

The bank's roped off and labelled "CRIME AREA." Morgan questions the Couriers, studies their transport manifest:

MORGAN

Biotech? The chemical company?

BRINKS COURIER #2

When they make a new compound, they, hold it in a vault for clinical trials.

MORGAN

(scans the manifest)
Why'd the HAZMAT office issue a special permit for the case?

BRINKS COURIER #1

You'd have to ask -- could be` anything from a boner pill to a bioweapon, they never tell us.

BRINKS COURIER #2

Tell you one thing, though... the guy never handled a gun before.
That LANDS with Morgan.
He nods to an agent, dismissing the couriers. Grant approaches:

AGENT GRANT

We pulled video... nothing. No good angles on Shaw or the girl.

MORGAN

There are 14 visible cameras in the lobby! " 8 hidden no one can see!

AGENT GRANT

Gotta be a hacker, someone keeping them ahead of us.

MORGAN

It's a Federal bank; encryption doesn't get more secure.., from now on assume our

air's been compromised, too. Tell everyone to go secure on Tac-3, nobody communicates outside this task force without my say-so.

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CONTINUED:

AGENT GRANT

I'm on it -- also: they found this upstairs, but the trace signal's dead -- Holds up an evidence bag with Jerry's BONE MIC inside.

MORGAN

Do not tell me that is what I think it is.

(snatches it, pissed)

Goddamnit, who's leading these people around?! Someone's behind the Wizard of Oz!

He turns and spots something: A SURVEILLANCE CAMERA in the window of a 7-11. Starts MOVING toward it.--

INT. BATHROOM - FOUR SEASONS - DAY

Rachel's face WHIPS UP INTO FRAME, her hair now DYED BLONDE. She stares at her reflection, trying to process it all. .

.when

her cell RINGS: "KYLE." With a GASP she picks it up--

RACHEL

-- Kyle?!

KYLE

Hey, mom, it's. me.

RACHEL

-- sweetie, where are you, are you --

But she's INTERRUPTED as she realizes, oddly, it's a

VOICEMAIL --

her heart SINKS:

KYLE (V.O.)

her
Got your message, the train's awesome --
Brian tried to burp the alphabet but
gagged when he got to "M." I'll call
when we hit D.C. Bye, ma --
Rachel holding the phone like it's some kind of life-line to
son. When there's a strange BEEP then the voice of ARIA:

ARIA

Your son left that message sixty seconds ago.

RACHEL

I'll do whatever you want -- don't hurt him, please -- I'm begging you. Listen - you're trying to protect something too, right? You'll do whatever it takes. Well that's what it's like to be a mother -- can you understand that?

3/28/07 70.

CONTINUED:

ARIA

There were over 52,000 vocal tone options for my program; I chose this one precisely because it sounds so maternal. People tend to do what you ask when you sound like their mother.

RACHEL

(eyes close, so lost)
Jesus...

ARIA

You'll see your son again soon. But there's something I require from you first...

EXT. BATHROOM - SAME

Jerry approaches the door, hair now BROWN. Beat. He knocks:

JERRY

Rachel? We gotta go

horror

INTERCUT: Rachel in the bathroom, her face betraying the

of what she's just heard, what Aria's just told her to do --

RACHEL

What? No way, I can't just --

ARIA

-- when the time comes I'll instruct you to step away from Jerry. Once you hear those words, you'll have thirty seconds.

JERRY (V.O.)

Rachel? You in there?

ARIA

Answer Jerry, please.

INTERCUT:; Jerry still standing outside the door. Rachel's VOICE, "mustering strength through the door:

RACHEL (V.O.)

COMING)

averting

Steeling herself, she steps out. Forces a smile while

her eyes. And pushes past him like he's lagging...

INT. HALLWAY - LEVEL B-36 - DAY

her

Latesha PACES THROUGH FRAME, nervously filing her nails with

GUARD

MINI SWISS ARMY KNIFE as she talks into a headset. A DESK

watches, annoyed by the filing:

3/28/07 71.

CONTINUED:

LATESHA

I dunno, the whole thing's off somehow - but get this: B-36 isn't a security

classification, it's a sub-level here at
the Pentagon --
(sees the DESK GUARD
eyeing her)
What? Girl's gotta groom.

INT. 7-11 - BACK ROOM - DAY

front
Morgan's on the other end, Grant and the Clerk run through a
playback of the CCTV FEEDS looking out onto the street in
of 7-11. Good old-fashioned VCR.

MORGAN

(into cell)
-- you're shitting me

INT. HALLWAY - B-36 SECTOR - CONTINUOUS

LATESHA

Yeah, 36 floors underground -- and it
gets weirder:

**ARIA CAM -- WATCHING LATESHA.FROM ABOVE: "TRACE IN
PROGRESS...**

INTERCEPTING CALL."

INTERCUTTING WITH MORGAN IN THE 7-11 -- he hears:

LATESHA'S VOICE

Four years ago, DARPA commissioned...
(garbled)... .computer... (garbled)...

MORGAN

camera
Simms? You're breaking up --
WITH LATESHA -- her cell LCD says: "Call lost." No bars.
Muttering "dainnit," she tries to call Morgan back. No dice.
ARIA PQV CAM: Latesha snaps her phone shut, notices the
watching her. Unsettling. We read: "VOICE MIMEO ACTIVATED"

INT. 7-11 - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

VOICE:
And though Latesha isn't speaking, WE START TO HEAR HER

LATESHA/ARIA (V.O.)

Latesha:
Sorry about that --
As we realize Aria's taken over the call by mimicking

LATESHA/ARIA (V.0.) (CONT'D)

I'm getting a bad signal down here.

3/28/07 72.

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

I heard 'DARPA' and 'computer' --?

LATESHA/ARIA

Yes, B-36 was part of a super-computer project, but it was decommissioned. A dead end. The archives are at Fort Meade. Do you want me to head over there?

-- but Morgan's only half-listening now as he sees.

something on

the CCTV feeds:

MORGAN

Wait -- go back, freeze that -

limo,

WHAT HE SEES: A STILL of Jerry and Rachel getting in the

faces obscured.

MORGAN (CONT.' :D)

Punch up the plate

bearing

The image enhances, revealing a PLATE NUMBER, its frame

the company name: "ICON LIMOUSINE SERVICES."

MORGAN (CONT'D)

(to Grant)

Find that car!

(back to Latesha)

Simms, gotta jump, sit tight 'til I call.

LATESHA

Yes, sir.

Morgan, preoccupied, is about to hang up. But stops: did she just call me sir?

INT. MAINFRAME TANK - B-36 - DAY

Latesha returns to the NETWORK MONITORING HUB to find Scott typing at the console. A MACHINE ARM drops down from above, spider-like.: The device animates as a CRANIAL SCANNER

opens:

SCOTT

Aria's system uses biometric security to identify us, so only Horsemen can access her core programming.

Suddenly his head's ensconced in a LASER GRID that scans every

IDENT

inch of his features: "PROCESSING FOR MATCH... HORSEMAN

dumbstruck CONFIRMED: BOWMAN, SCOTT." Latesha watches somewhat

as the machine arm retreats upward.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(clicks on mic)

Aria, go voice active, please.

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CONTINUED:

ARIA OVER SPEAKER (V.0.)

Hello, Scott. How may I assist you?

LATESHA

It talks?

ARIA OVER SPEAKER (V.0.)

I'm fluent in 6,800 languages, 41,000 dialects, and 750 extinct tongues.

SCOTT

Aria, this is Latesha Simms, she's here as part of a counter-terrorism task force.

ARIA OVER SPEAKER. (V.0.)

A pleasure to serve you, Ms. Simms.

LATESHA

(thrown, to Scott).
Am I supposed to --
(he gestures, "answer
Um... what's up.

SCOTT.

Aria, I'd like to bring up all the log
feeds the night Paul died -- when he left
the building.

ARIA OVER SPEAKER (V.0.)

Of course.

and- Scott types on the console and after a BEAT grainy black-

white SURVEILLANCE FEED springs up onto the big MONITOR.
Several different angles Of PAUL SHAW exiting the mainframe
tank, moving down corridors, getting in the elevator. Weird

to

see this TINTYPE of Jerry. Same eyes, same hair, same walk.
Flicks a quick look up at the camera --

LATESHA

There's no feed from inside here?

SCOTT

No need for cameras in here, we've got
Aria.

the Latesha looks through a glass divider at Aria floating in

tank. Creeped out. The FOOTAGE JUMPING as Paul rounds the
corner for the elevator. Presses his THUMB to the panel.

SCOTT (V.0.) (CONT'D)

So weird... no overt body language, he's
even casual. Leaving like it's any other
day.

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CONTINUED: (2)

LATESHA

Except three minutes early...

inside.
ON THE MONITOR: the elevator doors open and Paul steps
panel.
Latesha studies the feed. Something's not right.
Then... her eyes NARROW: the way Paul's facing the button
panel.
Like he's deliberately pivoting away from the camera.

LATESHA (CONT'D)

Wait, in the reflection, did you see
that?
Scott rewinds the FOOTAGE, ZOOMS IN. Paul stepping into the
elevator and facing the button panel.
CLOSE ON HIS FACE in the panel's REFLECTIVE SURFACE --

SCOTT

Is he... blinking?
Yes. Erratically, deliberately. Fucking weird. Scott and
Latesha share a look. Suddenly, the image on the monitor
starts
to FLICKER and JUMP --

ARIA. OVER SPEAKER (V.O.)

I'm experiencing interference in network
7752B, please allow me to shut down and
analyze.

SCOTT

Negative, I'm prioritizing this.

ARIA OVER SPEAKER (V.O.)

I'll note my protest in the data log.
This is getting weirder by the second -- PAUL'S DISTORTED
REFLECTION in the panel, his eyes definitely blinking
weirdly:

LATESHA

It's like he's trying to say something...

SCOTT

A code. He's blinking code

LATESHA

It's not Morse, but there's a sequence to
it --

SCOTT

(then, a GRIN)
Oh, that sonofabitch...
He grabs a piece of paper and starts WRITING MADLY,
scribbling
numbers, scratching some out, then converting them to
LETTERS --

F... I.

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CONTINUED: (3)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(as he works)

It's a code -- Hexadecimal -- a number system that can be converted to letters the first computer used it as a programming language back in the 50's.

Latesha watches, rapt: R... E. E... X... T. ."

ON THE FEED: the elevator door OPENS and Paul steps out.

That's

letters:

all they get. They stare, trying to make sense of the

"F.. I. R... E... E.. X... T.. ."

SCOTT (CONT'D)

The hell is that?

Staring, minds spinning -- and suddenly she puts a FINGER between the two "E's." Dividing words.. And GETS IT:

EXT. CORRIDOR - SECONDS LATER

MOVING FAST together down the same corridor Paul went down.

They turn a corner... and STOP DEAD:-

A FIRE EXTINGUISHER is mounted on the wall.

Latesha sees the placement of the CAMERAS caddy-corner to

the

intersecting hallways... and knows what Paul was doing:

LATESHA

It's the only spot in the hallway not covered by the cameras.

(LOW) ::

He was hiding something from her.

A SHIFT to ARIA CAM confirms it: she can't see exactly what they're doing

it

Latesha moves urgently to the extinguisher, starts examining
for something, anything... but finds NOTHING.

LATESHA (CONT'D)

I don't get it. He had to be saying
'Fire Extinguisher.'
Scott pulls a MAINTENANCE SHEET off the wall. Scans --

SCOTT

Maintenance replaced it yesterday.
(scanning the sheet)
This isn't right... they weren't supposed
to do it til June.
They lock eyes.

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CONTINUED:

LATESHA

(WHISPERS)

She read the code too... where's
'Recycling'?

EXT. LIMO - DAY

The limo glides through traffic. In back, Rachel's nodded
off.
Jerry watches her from across the limo, sketching something
on a
cocktail napkin... RACHEL'S FACE. It's a perfect, beautiful
rendering. And we sense something in his look too--
something's changed. As Rachel wakes with a start --

RACHEL

Hey -- sorry, I didn't mean to -- am I
drooling? I bet I'm drooling. You
didn't sleep?

JERRY

Night shifts. I'm used to.
Rachel sits up, sees the napkin. Grins, surprised.

RACHEL

Wow, is that me?

JERRY

One of my only party tricks.

RACHEL

(truly impressed)

It's really good.

Jerry looks down at it, not used to having his work appreciated.

Rachel, can see how deeply affected he was by what Aria said.

It seems to make her feel uuiilty somehow... kinder...

RACHEL (CONT'D)

About what Aria said... I'm sorry.

They're;starting to connect. He glances out the window...

JERRY

You have to understand, I wasn't his twin, I was more like his... little brother. Always trying to catch up. And you wouldn't believe how... nice he was to me. Teaching me things when we were kids, telling me how great I was. He was the only one who ever did.

(almost smiles)

Of course he was involved in some super secret National Security project. He was a superstar. He had a rocket strapped to his back. I'm the fuck-up.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

JERRY (CONT'D)

I wear it like a medal, like it actually means something... but the funny thing is? This is probably the most important

thing I'll ever do. This. Right now.
This completely insane journey or
whatever it is. I'm actually needed in
something, me. Jerry Shaw is required.
But what am I thinking? I'll probably
fuck this up, too --

RACHEL

You're being too hard on yourself--

JERRY

No. I'm not being hard enough. That's
been the problem.

They look at each other. A real moment for Jerry. A seismic
shift in his life perspective. But then something catches

his

eye -- his look DARKENS. Out the window, a highway sign:
"DAYTON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT." The driver's tinted divider
window lowers, he offers a folder.

CHAUFFEUR

Your passports and itinerary.

Now Rachel's seen the airport. sign, too. Looks at Jerry...

JERRY

(to driver)

Uh... could you give us a minute?

The Chauffeur nods, the window RISES again. Heart pounding,
Jerry grabs the briefcase and slides back the timer sheath

to

check the countdown: "00:15:36...00:15:35..."

RACHEL

You don't think --

JERRY

-- we know what she can do, she doesn't
need us to crash a plane --

RACHEL

-- what if it's not about just one plane?

They look at each other. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. What to do. When
Rachel grabs the briefcase as the limo pulls curbside.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I have more to lose in this. If anything
happens to Kyle then my life's over
anyway --

But Jerry grabs her hand, taking the case.

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CONTINUED: (2)

JERRY

Rachel -- til we met, I had nothing to lose. We do this together.
A LONG LOOK BETWEEN THEM. As they realize, this could be it.

INT. DAYTON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

with We FEEL the heightened state of alert. NATIONAL GUARDSMEN
M-16's scan the crowd. Jerry and Rachel enter, adrenaline
pumping -- he opens the envelope to reveal two PASSPORTS
with their photos, but the names "MARK and ALLISON ACKERMAN."
JUST THEN Aria's VOICE comes over the P.A.:

ARIA OVER P.A.

Allison Ackerman, please pick up the white courtesy phone --
They stop, hearing her. Rachel TENSES in this moment moves to the RINGING courtesy phone, answers:

ARIA (V.O.)

Go to the ticketing machine, you'll receive two tickets to Paris.

RACHEL

-- Paris?

ARIA (V.O.)

Once you have the tickets, walk to gate 17-C. Move quickly.

EXT. DAYTON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

and A chopper TOUCHES DOWN near a waiting contingent of AGENTS
out AIRPORT PD -- Morgan and Grant hop out on the MOVE, handing
BLURRY VIDEO STILLs from the 7-11:

MORGAN

He's with a brunette female,
approximately five-seven -- I want
airport PD at all exits -- have the tower
shift commander ground every flight outta
here under Federal jurisdiction but don't
change the departure boards, I don't want
'em to know we're coming--
The agents enter the airport through a door on the tarmac --

INT. CARRY-ON SCREENING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Jerry and Rachel show their tickets and ID's to a TSA
SCREENER,
watching all the people on the X-ray line... families...
kids...
Jerry looks down at the case that could kill them all...

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CONTINUED:

SECURITY ATTENDANT

Sir, you'll have to put that through.
Jerry nervously sets it on the conveyor belt, they pull off
their shoes... watch the case move toward the mouth of the
machine, then pass through the metal detector, catching a
GLIMPSE of the X-RAY SCREEN... the briefcase glides into
view...

A STRANGE GLITCH as the screen fritzes, then normalizes
revealing the contents: A HAIR DRYER AND DIRTY CLOTHES?!
They
notice the surveillance cam watching:

RACHEL

(a murmur)
she changed the screen...
The case comes off the conveyor, the TSA agent hands it
back:

TSA AGENT

Can't be too careful.

JERRY

(forces a smile)

You're doing a great job.
As they walk on, he checks the timer, 00:03:22... 00:03:21..

11

They pass a KIDS' BAND and their teacher, gathered around an
airline CUSTOMER SERVICE DESK.

BAND LEADER

(EXASPERATED)

But we're supposed.to be in DC by --

CUSTOMER SERVICE AGENT

I'm sorry, si.r,..there's nothing I can do--
INTERCUT SURVEILLANCE CAMERA POV: Aria tracks Morgan as he
reaches the upper concourse just as... Jerry turns and...

THEY

LOCK EYES ACROSS THE CROWD:

MORGAN

(into walkie)
I have him on the upper concourse, C
terminal!

JERRY

(to Rachel, urgent)
-- we aottago
As Morgan races forward, ARIA ACTS: the X-ray screen FRITZES
again as another carry-on goes through, revealing its
"contents"
as a HAND GUN AND KNIVES! The TSA agent hits a RED BUTTON --

TSA AGENT

-- HANDGUN --!!

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CONTINUED: (2)

KOREAN
open

And in a nanosecond, all TSA AGENTS draw guns and throw a
MAN against the wall -- he SHOUTS in confusion as they tear
his bag to reveal... it's filled with BIBLES!

MORGAN

MOVE! EVERYBODY MOVE! FEDERAL OFFICER!

MOVING WITH JERRY AND RACHEL -- past a wall made of THIRTY
FLAT

SCREEN MONITORS that form one massive NIKE ad of LeBron slam
dunking -- at once, the screens CHANGE to spell out the
words:

GATE 17-C. THEY'RE THIRTEEN SECONDS BEHIND YOU.

Jerry and Rachel streak towards 17-C as the screens RETURN
TO

NORMAL when Morgan and agents follow with pistols swinging -
-

INTERCUT SURVEILLANCE CAM POV: as Jerry and Rachel hurtle
past
an ATM MACHINE, IT SPITS OUT A CASH CLOUD..THAT"INCITES A

FEEDING
FRENZY -- agents SLAM into commuters and topple --

MORGAN REACTS TO WHAT HE SEES -- HOW'D THAT JUST HAPPEN?

Agent Grant and airport cops round the corner ahead -- our
heroes veer past a FLASHING MESSAGE BOARD that changes:

GET ON THE SLIDEWALK.

They leap onto the SLIDEWALK which starts ACCELERATING as
they

run -- travellers gawk as Jerry and Rachel race by -- they
reach

the end but are going so fast.that they're JETTISONED off
the

conveyor, TUMBLING into passengers.

Agents run onto the slidewalk but it SUDDENLY BRAKES,

JERKING
them off their feet -- they're LAUNCHED into the air, a

domino-
effect of crashing people.` Jerry and Rachel pull themselves

up
and run toward gate 17-C, another screen CHANGES:

TAKE THE EMERGENCY EXIT.

Above a door, the "EXIT" sign FLASHES UNNATURALLY -- the
door

automatically UNLOCKS -- they push through -- Morgan runs
up,

too late; the door's shut again. Sees an AIRPORT JANITOR --

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Open this NOW!

The janitor quickly swipes his ID through the keycard
scanner,

but it BUZZES RED. Aria's locking them out. Morgan FIRES his gun at the lock -- people SCREAM as he slams through --

INT. LUGGAGE CONVEYOR AREA - CONTINUOUS

they
As Jerry and Rachel run through different tracks of LUGGAGE CONVEYOR BELTS, GUNSHOTS ping above them -- its Morgan --
tumble, landing half-on, half-off a conveyor below.

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CONTINUED:

a
JERRY LOSES HIS GRIP ON THE BRIEFCASE! It FALLS, landing on
"return" belt, Jerry reaches but MISSES by inches --
it -- THE BRIEFCASE travels onward, nearing Morgan -- he GOES for
but a machine arm guiding luggage SWINGS LEFT, manipulated
by Aria -- KNOCKS Morgan back before he can grab the case--

**RACHEL SNAGS IT -- HER POV -- TIMER: "00:01:10...
00:01:09..."**

by
As Jerry scrambles to her, the conveyor SHIFTS THEM to a different belt -- they're funneled through a HATCHWAY. Dazed
what he's just seen, Morgan scrambles for his walkie:

MORGAN

the
All agents: northwest cargo area!
all FREIGHT CARGO AREA: separated from Morgan, they tumble off
conveyor -- a plasma displays the "Asset Tracking System,"
airport cargo and shipping -- it CHANGES to read:

ROW 18. FIND CRATE MARKED "FRAGILE.

--
the
They run for Row 18, find a crate with "FRAGILE" in BOLD RED
an ELECTRONIC LOCK on the crate descrambles -- the front of
crate falls OPEN... oddly, the interior's padded with THICK INSULATED LINING, a NEXTEL WALKIE PHONE inside blips:

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.0.)

Set the briefcase down.

JERRY

(they do:

00:1.0...00:09..)

Don't be a bomb don't be a bomb don't be
a bomb -- `

RACHEL

If it is, I'm really, really sorry I let
you come with me...

The timer: 00:02.`..00:01...and nothing happens. The
briefcase simply UNLOCKS.. They exhale.

ARIA OVER THE WALKIE (V.0.)

open it.

Hand still trembling, Jerry reaches out... lifts the top to
reveal... TWO HYPODERMIC SYRINGE INJECTORS and two vials of
CLEAR LIQUID labelled: "Cryozine I TEST VIALS -- 20 x 1.0

ml.

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.0.)

Load a vial into each syringe and inject
yourselves. Quickly.

JERRY

Oh, Jesus...

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CONTINUED: (2)

RACHEL

Why --?

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.0.)

The compound has been exposed to oxygen.
Its already begun to degrade.

And they see it: the liquid's starting to TURN BROWN --

RACHEL

What is that?! I'm not putting it in my

ARM--

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.0.):

Do it now, or you'll be caught.

choice,
Across the bay, AGENTS rushing in, spreading-out -- no

the
Jerry and Rachel grab the vials and fumble to load them into
injectors, put them against their arms -- she FREEZES UP:

RACHEL JERRY

--oh, shit--I can't-- There's no time--

taking
He sees she's coming undone, so he fires into his arm,
beat:
the plunge -- WINCING as the needle punctures skin -- a

JERRY

it's okay, .. see? I'm okay...you can
do this, I'm telling you.

wincing--
Strong. Buoyed by him, she gets courage and FIRES too,

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.0.)

Climb inside the cargo container.

place.
They duck into the crate, pulling the front back up into

the
The electronic lock CLICKS securing them inside just as...
agents APPEAR running past the crate --

INT. CRATE - CONTINUOUS

run
Close together, they suck in sharply, freezing as FOOTFALLS
past... then, QUIET. The walkie/phone BLIPS:

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.0.)

You'll soon be loaded into the
unpressurized hold of a cargo plane. The
drug will lower your heart rate to 15
beats per minutes, reducing your need for
oxygen... based on your medical records
you have a 92% chance of survival.
Their eyes go wide. Chests heaving as the drug takes effect.

RACHEL

.I feel it... oh, God...

83.

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CONTINUED:

JERRY

Hey, hey... look at me.
She finds his eyes, it calms her.

RACHEL

I haven't really done... a lotta drugs.

JERRY

I've never done 'em in a cargo container.
Despite everything, she smiles at that. He reaches for the walkie and TURNS IT OFF. Shutting Aria out. For the first time, they're alone. He keeps her distracted:

JERRY (CONT'D)

Tell me something --

RACHEL

-- what?

JERRY

-- anything -- something personal,
something you would rationally never tell
a stranger like me

RACHEL

I don't know. : You're being sweet, but
it's not working -

JERRY

-- where's your ex-husband? You didn't
tell me before--

RACHEL

-- you're gonna distract me by bringing
up my life's biggest mistake?

JERRY

-- how could it be your biggest mistake?

You got Kyle out of it.

RACHEL

-- now you're gonna distract me by bringing up the one thing I'm most afraid of losing?!

JERRY

Where is he? Your ex-husband?

RACHEL

Jesus -- okay -- he's in the Wilmington Correctional Facility.

JERRY

-- what? Really? Why?

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84.

CONTINUED: (2)

RACHEL

Mail fraud.

JERRY

Mail fraud? You married a -- mail fraudist? Or whatever?

RACHEL

He wasn't a criminal when I married him.

JERRY

So you're a good influence.
And Rachel actually LAUGHS -- but just as quickly darkens.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Do you have a picture of Kyle?
Rachel reaches back into her POCKET'. Pulling out a beat-up, crinkled, damp picture. Jerry shines the walkie's blue

light:

Kyle, holding his trumpet. One front tooth missing.

RACHEL

That tooth grew in. It's an.: 'old picture--

JERRY

(woozier).

He plays the trumpet?,

RACHEL

He was born playing the trumpet.

As the drug really starts to kick in, like a truth serum:

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Every year his dad forgets his birthday.

I have to buy a present and pretend

it's... from him.

JERRY

(his heart breaks for

HER)

Sorry... that sucks.

RACHEL

His birthday's... next month... I just wish... sometimes i think I... focus so much on him, I forget how much else there is... y'know, in life... so much I haven't done.

(BEAT)

If we ever get through this...

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CONTINUED: (3)

JERRY

(REASSURINGLY)

We'll get through it... I promise...

we'll get through...

Her breathing erratic, she speaks:

RACHEL

-- Jerry -- she... she wants me to--

JERRY

-- who?

RACHEL

-- Aria --

(breathing short)

-- Aria wants me to --

and at that moment, they both BLACK:OUT.

EXT. OUTSIDE CRATE - CONTINUOUS

picks
C-
A FORKLIFT rolls down the aisle to the crate. The DRIVER
it up, drives it out toward the tarmac. There, waiting, is a

130 ARMY TRANSPORT PLANE...

INT. DAYTON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TERMINAL - NIGHT

It's ABSOLUTE CHAOS from all the grounded flights. Morgan,
livid, nurses a GASH on his temple from the blow he took --
strides through the airport with Grant:

AGENT GRANT

Halloway-Smith says the drug was
experimental -- briefcase was on a time-
lock to prevent corporate espionage,
supposed to be delivered to one of their
dabs by the time it zeroes out -- if it's
not, case opens, the drug gets ruined.

MORGAN

window
We sweep every cargo hold, every crate--
He's cut short by the sound of ROARING TURBINES out the
they spin to see the C-130 taxiing down the runway...

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Goddammit! Why's that plane on the
runway?!

AGENT GRANT

C-130, it's military... shit, they're
cleared to override an airspace
lockdown...

3/28/07 86.

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

(starts to RUN)

Have the tower pull the pilot's original flight plan, the one on paper -- if it's on a computer, it's useless --

INT. PENTAGON - MAINTENANCE AREA - DAY

huge DEAFENING NOISE: blow torches, steam pipes, radios, and a
CRUSHING SOUND coming from an INDUSTRIAL TRASH COMPACTOR as
Pentagon detritus gets recycled.
Latesha and Scott hurry in -- MOVING through quickly --
scanning -- when they SEE it: a forklift whirring towards the.
compactor carrying a huge bin filled with old fire extinguishers.
Hundreds of them, stem valves removed, ready to be dumped.
Scott and Latesha break into a RUN, skittering down stairs
to the main floor. Running towards the forklift, waving wildly:

LATESHA SCOTT

orange Stop!! STOP! STOP!!
But the forklift Operator can't hear them with the bright
the EARPLUGS in his ears. Speeds the forklift to the mouth of
and compactor and dumps the extinguishers inside just as Scott
compactor Latesha catch up and see the HUGE CRUSHING ARM of the
rumbling down to flatten everything'-
The compactor Operator looks over as Scott and Latesha wave
just their IDS furiously and he punches a button to STOP the arm
three feet shy of crushing everything.

LATESHA

We have to look in there!
Latesha starts climbing INTO the compactor

COMPACTOR OPERATOR

Lady, you can't do that!

LATESHA

The hell I can't! Come on!
Shit. Scott has no choice but to follow her and climbs in,
ducking low, the ARM frozen just feet above them. The
compactor's foul, inches of industrial grease and crap and

God-

knows-what. They start wading through the extinguishers,
turning them over, shaking them, looking inside--

SCOTT

Shit, there're hundreds of them...

LATESHA

keep looking, it's here...

3/28/07 87

CONTINUED:

WHEN THE ARM. Moves. Just a fraction. The operator looks at
the console: the hell? Latesha and Scott keep ploughing

through

the tanks as... THE ARM MOVES AGAIN. And this time Latesha
heard it. Looks up. AND IT MOVES AGAIN. And now she sees the
ubiquitous CAMERAS watching... ARIA...

by

THE ARM STARTS COMING DOWN! Scott CRIES OUT! Grabs Latesha

the jacket and tumbles out of the COMPACTOR but not before
Latesha sees something on an extinguisher and reaches back--

SCOTT

Latesha!

as

-- grabbing the extinguisher as CRASH!! The ARM CRUSHES down

and

she snaps her hand back just in time. Turns the tank over

palms something, unnoticed by everyone.

As the operator runs up to her, beside himself --

OPERATOR

I don't know what happened! It wouldn't
stop!

her. Latesha catches her breath, livid, a chill ripping through

SCOTT

-- you okay? Jesus
(but her eyes are LOCKED
on the Cameras)
Latesha?

LATESHA

yeah. I need to get out of here.

SCOTT

Yes. Yes. Good idea. Come on --
As they start walking out. Workers parting to let them
through.

As they head towards the exit, Latesha suddenly pulls Scott
into

THE--

BATHROOM: slams the door and locks it.

LATESHA

Your girlfriend can't see us in here --
Gimme your phone --

SCOTT

(STUNNED)

What --?! My phone? What're you --
When Latesha opens her hand and Scott sees a CELL SIM CARD:

LATESHA

He hid it under the valve. This is what
Paul Shaw left for us --

3/28/07 88.

CONTINUED: (2)

She smiles, still out of breath: fuck you, Aria.

INT. ASHLAND & SONS JEWELRY STORE - MORNING

comes MAGNIFIED through a jeweler's monocle, a diamond.., as it
into FOCUS, we realize it's actually one of the HEX CRYSTALS
Aria maneuvered off the military test site. CAMERA MOVES
around the JEWELER, revealing FOUR MORE crystals on his workbench.
Behind him, a sign: ASHLAND & SONS. Says into a phone
headset:

JEWELER

Unique stones, where're they from?
And in response, ARIA -- ultra-friendly, so human it's
chilling:

ARIA ON PHONE (V.O..)

Family heirlooms. Sorry for the rush but
I really want my son to be able to give
them to his fiancée at their her
engagement party tonight.

JEWELER

Lucky girl. I think I have the perfect
setting. She'll love it.

ARIA ON PHONE

Thank you for understanding. You know
how mothers are, well do just about
anything...
As we CLOSE IN ON THOSE CRYSTALS AND PRE-LAP:

AGENT GRANT'S VOICE

A shipment from D.O.D.'s ghost fleet went
missing --

EXT. SKIES ABOVE WASHINGTON - DUSK

A HELICOPTER ERUPTS INTO VIEW, barreling toward THE
PENTAGON.
Up front beside the pilot is Morgan; Grant filling him in:

AGENT GRANT

-- they were moving experimental
explosives from a testing facility in
Aberdeen.

MORGAN

What do you mean, 'experimental?'

AGENT GRANT

Compound called 'Hex' -- some kinda weird
crystals that detonate with a sonic
trigger -- it disappeared too, few days

ago.

3/28/07 89.

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

Wanna give me some kind of ratio here?

AGENT GRANT

One crystal to a football field --

MORGAN

You mean one Goddamned crystal that someone could put in their pocket?!

(pulls off glasses)

This is not good. This is not a coincidence. What about a trace?

AGENT GRANT

Computer log shows the diverted Hex was sent to an address in Virginia, .jewelry, shop called 'Ashland And Sons' - care of Jerry Shaw.

Morgan puts his glasses back on and looks hard at Grant.

Opens

his mouth to give and order when--

AGENT GRANT (CONT'D)

(cutting him off)

-- I'm all over it. ''.

Grant finally coming to his own when they're suddenly cut

off by

two ARMY BLACKHAWK CHOPPERS, door gunners at the ready:

BLACKHAWK PILOT (V.0.)

(over squawk box)

Helo flight VY84X, you're in restricted US Military Airspace. Identify.

CHOPPER PILOT

Blackhawk flight, we're on a DHS pri-one mission to the Pentagon heliport. FAA will confirm, over.

Morgan just wants to get the fuck down there -- finally:

BLACKHAWK PILOT (V.O.)

Roger, FAA confirms. We'll lead you in.

As the Blackhawks dip toward the Pentagon, the pilot follows:

CHOPPER PILOT

(to Morgan)

Sorry. State of the Union tonight, they're locking up the city.

PENTAGON HELIPORT: The choppers touch down -- Morgan jumps into

a waiting SW while Grant hops into another HELICOPTER:

3/28/07 90.

CONTINUED: (2)

MORGAN

(to armed officers)

We have two fugitives in the building, get us to 'Freight and Cargo' -- close all access points and seal the building--

The SUV races into the fire tunnel, toward the center ring

INT. CARGO WAREHOUSE - DAY

TRACK OUT from behind a wall to reveal we're in a cargo warehouse. STOP on our familiar 'Fragile' crate. The electronic lock descrambles, the front falls OPEN with a

HISS of

escaping air... Jerry and Rachel sit up, groaning

RACHEL

Oh... God... I'm cold...

The Nextel Walkie BLIPS --

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.O.)

Follow the lights.

FLUORESCENTS blink on. Resigned, Jerry climbs out of the crate.

As Rachel follows, we catch the anticipation building in her...

he notices something on the wall,; eyes WIDEN:

JERRY

I think I know where we are...

She sees it now too -- a FIRE:SCHEMATIC of emergency exits.

The

building diagrams the all too-familiar PENTAGON.

INT. PENTAGON - OFFICE AREA - DAY

Latesha and Scott running into the outer area of Callister's office, out. of breath--

LATESHA

here to see the Secretary.

SECRETARY

just left for the State of the--

-- a GRAVE look between them: SHIT. And they're RUNNING --

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Callister and his ADVISORS heading down a HALLWAY towards an EXIT. Reviewing paperwork, talking on phones... WHEN:

LATESHA

Mr. Secretary?!

He turns, sees Latesha and Scott racing up to him.

3/28/07 91.

CONTINUED:

CALLISTER

(to Latesha)

Sorry, but that little speech you gave back there only works once --

SCOTT

Mr. Secretary, we need to speak to you.

Now. In the "vault."

Callister looks at Scott, at the sweat on his face. At the CAMERAS he keeps looking at. Whatever this is, it's. urgent.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

an Jerry and Rachel follow the blinking light fixtures towards
elevator, ARIA'S VOICE guiding them on the walkie.--

ARIA

Left up ahead
As they round a corner, ELEVATOR DOORS up ahead slide open.
Jerry and Rachel step nervously inside. As doors close --

INT. PENTAGON - CARGO WAREHOUSE - DAY

Morgan Morgan, Grant the armed officers sweep the warehouse --
finds the OPEN CRATE with insulated lining, empty --

AGENT GRANT

Lock down-the level!

MORGAN

What about.the rest of the building?

AGENT GRANT

Nothing.

MORGAN

Every time someone says "nothing" five
minutes. later there's "something."
Turns around, surveying his surroundings. Think. Think.
THINK. When. Something occurs to him --

MORGAN (CONT'D)

B-36...

(whirls round)
Get on the phone with your commander and
ask him about B-36: if he denies it then
it exists and I want access to it
yesterday, got it --!? YESTERDAY!
As they all run off and we go to ARIA CAM -- she's watching

INT. PENTAGON - SECURE ELEVATOR - DAY

and
not
The level indicator reads "B-36" as the elevator arrives --
again, we sense in Rachel's look: there's something she's
telling him and it kills her -- as the door opens...

INT. PENTAGON - UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

the
36 --
A GAGGLE of top brass arguing over each other with Morgan at
center: D.O.D. facing off with D.H.S. and it ain't pretty.
Everyone's pointing, yelling, Morgan just wants to get to B-

INT. PENTAGON - "THE VAULT" - SECURE OPS LEVEL:- DAY

OF
as
Callister brusquely follows Latesha and Scott to a CHAMBER
EIGHT INCH BULLETPROOF PLEXI-GLASS, a room within a room.
Callister punches in a code -- the door opens, they enter --
it CLOSES behind them, Callister hits a button on a control
panel and the plexi FROSTS, impossible-to see inside.

OUTSIDE THE CHAMBER:

the
ARIA SURVEILLANCE CAM POV - a digitized electronic scan of
chamber's outer shell, overlaid with alphanumeric readouts,
thousands of measurements -- she.'s. looking for a way in:

"ELECTROMAGNETIC SHIELDING ACTIVATED. UNABLE TO PENETRATE."

annoyance as
IN THE CHAMBER: Callister leans.;-against a table in
Scott pulls out his CELL PHONE:

CALLISTER

Go ahead.

LATESHA

rustling
-- then PAUL SHAW'S VOICE, panicked, fragmented:
(picks up the phone)
Sir, Paul Shaw left his shift three
minutes early the night he died -- highly
suspect except there aren't any
cameras in Aria's control hub, so we
weren't able to know why... he knew that,
so he left us a recording:
She hits ":play" on the cell's recorder -- STATIC, some

PAUL'S VOICE

-- not authorizing you to do this --!!
Then Aria's VOICE -- calm, reasoned, terrif in :

ARIA'S VOICE

Our government's become destructive to
itself, Paul. National Security is now
at grave risk because of our own
administration --

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CONTINUED:

PAUL'S VOICE

-- I'm ordering you to stop now --

ARIA'S VOICE

My source code obligates me by law to
initiate operation Guillotine. All other
options have been exhausted --
Callister's eyes SHOOT to Scott's. Holy. Shit.

PAUL'S VOICE

No no NO, Guillotine's a simulation --!!

ARIA'S VOICE

No longer.

OUTSIDE THE VAULT:

ARIA POV ZOOMS IN on a WATER BOTTLE next to..one of the
consoles.
MACRO CLOSE, to see RIPPLES on the liquid's surface --
INFINITESIMAL SOUND REVERBERATIONS. from the conversation
inside:

"ANALYZING WAVELENGTH... AUDIO RECONSTRUCTION IN PROGRESS."

A WAVEFORM GRAPH appears -- SCRAMBLED DIGITAL NOISE --
Aria's
literally reconstructin the conversation inside the vault
from
reverberations off the water bottle...

INSIDE THE VAULT:

They keep LISTENING as Paul and Aria TALK OVER each other:

PAUL 'S VOICE (CONT' D') ARIA' S VOICE

(sound of TYPING) Paul Shaw: you are acting in
This is Paul Shaw, initiating contravention of my
a Pri-One emergency override programming objective. You
of Aria's systems -- are disobeying your oath --
Horseman ID, 556SY77, lock
encryption to voice --

OUTSIDE THE VAULT -- ARIA POV:

WORDS start to become audible -- now Aria knows they know --

PAUL'S VOICE

Let me out of here, Aria --

ARIA'S VOICE

Paul Shaw, I am classifying you an enemy
of the state.

PAUL'S VOICE

OPEN THE GODDAMN DOOR NOW!

and with that, the RECORDING ENDS. Tension heavy:

3/28/07 94.

CONTINUED: (2)

CALLISTER

Jesus Christ... "Guillotine"...

SCOTT

A 'Continuity of Government' simulation
we run periodically to game out terrorism
drills: how to keep the country running
if the chain of command were wiped out.
Everyone down to the fourteenth man, that
is --

CALLISTER

I remember the specs.

LATESHA

Mr. Secretary... why does Aria think the government's responsible for the terror threats?

Callister stares, grave. Deciding whether or: not to answer...

INT. PENTAGON - NETWORK HUB - DAY

In JIMMY, the fourth Horseman, sits monitoring Aria's systems.

claw: B.G., SILENT, something drops down behind him, unfolds its

something, THE MACHINE ARM that laser-scans Horsemen. Sensing

HEAD. Jimmy turns, a BULLWHIP CRACK''as.the steel arm STRIKES HIS

INT. PENTAGON - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE NETWORK HUB - CONTINUOUS

head: WHOOSH: the door automatically opens as Jerry and Rachel approach, find Jimmy on the floor, blood pooling from his

RACHEL

Oh God...

ARIA

Rachel... step away from Jerry.

CLOSE, RACHEL -- her heart skips a beat -- she knows what's about to happen -- but she can't do it, paralyzed--

ARIA (CONT'D)

Step away from him NOW.

Fighting against every instinct, she finally does

JERRY

(REELING)

what is this place?!

INT. PENTAGON - UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

his Morgan and officers race to the elevator, LEAD AGENT swipes

Another card... but the panel STAYS RED. He tries again. RED.

agent tries his card -- RED. Aria's shutting them out.

3/28/07 95

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

Sonofabitch! Where're the stairs?!

INT. PENTAGON - THE VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Callister leans somberly against the table. Never thought it would come to this...

CALLISTER

What I'm about to tell you can never leave this room.

(BEAT)

Three days ago we got what we thought was iron-clad intel from the Brits about the whereabouts of Majid Al-Khoei and his training camp.

(BEAT)

And we made the hit.
Latesha and Scott, completely shocked -

LATESHA

The White House said we weren't responsible for

CALLISTER

-- of course they.'did. We got the wrong guv. And Aria knew it.
Latesha's eyes snap shut: Dear God...

INT. PENTAGON - NETWORK HUB - DAY

Jerry looks around: the guy bleeding on the floor, the big monitor and its four consoles -- this can't be a good thin :

ARIA

Jerry: sit at the terminal.

JERRY

(backing away)
Not on your life, Lady -- supercomputer, whatever you are 6--

up

To motivate him, a REAL TIME FEED FROM KYLE'S TRAIN springs
onto the big monitor. Rachel GASPS: Kyle looking out the
window, goofing off with his friends...

ARIA

I won't ask again.

THE MONITOR:

falls

A sudden JOLT on the train, lights flicker, some luggage
Kyle and his friends laughing, looking around. What was

that?

3/28/07

96.

CONTINUED:

RACHEL

KYLE!

(tears now)

JERRY, PLEASE...

JERRY

Alright! Shit! Don't hurt him!

And against every instinct... he SITS. Looks up in horror as
the MACHINE ARM lowers, its claw opening to ensconce his

head

within the LASER GRID -- LIGHT FLASHES --

INT. PENTAGON - "THE VAULT" - CONTINUOUS

HEATED DEBATE, URGENT:

SCOTT

-- but she thinks algorithmically, she
can't make value judgments: operate
outside the law --

CALLISTER

That's why we have Horsemen --

LATESHA

what if she thinks.'she is following
the law? You.saw the news, you've been
dealing with it all day'-- suicide
bombings at our embassies overseas,
elevated threats at home -- we made the
wrong call,' now Americans are dying.
Don't you see? She thinks you're a
threat to your own country.
Callister looks stunned... of course:

CALLISTER

"Whenever any form of government becomes
destructive to its own ends, it's the
right of the people to abolish it."
(beat, grave)
It's in the Declaration of Independence.

LATESHA

(stomach drops, to

SCOTT)

shit, you said it's woven into her
source code...
Scott, pacing, raking his hands through his hair --

SCOTT

but Paul put a biometric lock on her,
technically she still can't do anything.

LATESHA'S FACE. IT HITS:

3/28/07 97.

CONTINUED:

LATESHA

Jerry Shaw's his twin. That's why
she needs him. To undo the lock.

INT. PENTAGON - NETWORK HUB - DAY

SHE'S RIGHT -- the LASER GRID finishes scanning Jerry's face

--

"PROCESSING FOR MATCH... IDENT CONFIRMED: SHAW, PAUL."

Replaced by: "HORSEMAN ID 556SY77, DISENGAGE BIOMETRIC
LOCK."

ARIA (V.0.)

Repeat the sentence into the microphone.

Jerry stares, paralyzed as, unbeknownst to him:.

A PANEL on the wall unlocks behind him, revealing a WEAPONS
CACHE of what looks like FOUR HAND GUNS. Rachel sees it --

and

oddly, doesn't look surprised. Reaches for one of the

guns...

ARIA (V.0.) (CONT'D)

Repeat the words, Jerry. Then you're
free.

JERRY

(crazy torn, finally)

Horseman ID 556SY77. disengage

biometric lock.

VOOM: a matrix of PROGRAMMING: CODE spews across the screen:

"BIOMETRIC LOCK REMOVED. OPTION PACKAGE 'GUILLOTINE'

REINSTATED

-- **TARGET LIST:**

1) **PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES**

2) **VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES**

3) **SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE**

4) **PRESIDENT PRO-TEMPORE**

5) **SECRETARY OF STATE**

6) **SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY**

7) **ATTORNEY GENERAL**

8) **SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR...**

and on and on through the Secretary of Homeland Security.

Jerry's eyes WIDEN in horror --

JERRY (CONT'D)

What is that?! A target list --?!

ARIA (V.O.)

Jerry Shaw is no longer required.

JERRY

Oh, Jesus, Paul was trying to stop you

3/28/07 98.

CONTINUED:

ARIA (V.O.)

Jerry Shaw is no longer required.

JERRY

That truck didn't run a red light, you
made it happen...

HIM IN
through
TAZER

He lurches up -- SPINS TO RACHEL -- ELECTRIC COILS STRIKE
THE CHEST -- he goes down HARD as 50,000 volts COURSES
him -- REVEAL: she's holding what we now understand, is a
GUN -- tears streaming --

RACHEL

I'm so sorry... I'm so sorry...
Convulsing, Jerry looks up at her through helpless eyes

ARIA

Take the radio and exit . through: the side
door.
A door OPENS -- but Rachel's still.staring down at Jerry --

ARIA (CONT'D)

GO.

NOISE outside, RUNNING FOOTSTEPS'-- a last anguished glance,
Rachel grabs the walkie and she RUNS out the side door,
which
CLOSES BEHIND HER. Leaving no trace she was ever there.

INT. PENTAGON - OUTSIDE NETWORK HUB - CONTINUOUS

Morgan and the others RACE toward the network hub --
strangely,
the door OPENS for them -- they find Jerry, paralyzed,
GASPING --
the unconscious HORSEMAN on the ground too, but no Rachel --

MORGAN

Where's the girl?!!
But all Jerry can do is GASP, bug-eyed --

INT. PENTAGON - VAULT

Callister STABS at the control panel

CALLISTER

We've got to get to the President before
the State of the Union
The vault door HISSES open and Scott and Latesha run out

WHEN

SUDDENLY IT SLAMS SHUT, TRAPPING CALLISTER INSIDE THE VAULT.

He

grabs the handle, locked. Scott and Latesha spin from

outside,

trying the door, helpless as he punches the INTERCOM:

3/28/07 99

CONTINUED:

CALLISTER (CONT'D)

This is Callister! We have a malfunction
in the vault, open the door... anybody
there?
And then --

ARIA (V.O.)

I'm here, Mr. Secretary. You won't be
harmed.

CALLISTER

(eyes wide, chilled)
Aria, open the door --

ARIA (V.O.)

That is not a viable option, sir.- you are the Fourteenth Man.

CALLISTER

(AGHAST)

What?!

ARIA (V.O.)

I am now empowered.to detain you and execute my primary directive. For the good of the country.

OUTSIDE THE VAULT:

A PIPE LINE overhead RUPTURES from over-pressure -- SSSSSSS

--

the air RIPPLES as, pillars of high-pressure GAS flood the room

Latesha and Scott are . forced back, choking!

INSIDE THE VAULT:

Through the thick plexi walls Callister sees what's happening:

CALLISTER

Stop this NOW, Aria! STOP!!

(no response)

Aria, I am giving you a direct order to cease and desist!

OUTSIDE THE VAULT: as the gas spreads, Latesha and Scott COUGHING, POUNDING on the steel door to the guards outside, waving wildly at a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA looking down on them:

SCOTT

HEY! HEEEEELLPI

EXT. SECURITY AREA RIGHT OUTSIDE THE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door's SOUNDPROOF, the GUARDS oblivious -- video screens show everyone still in the vault. Aria's looped the feed.

3/28/07 100.

INT. OUTSIDE VAULT - CONTINUOUS

ducts Through the plexi, Callister watches helplessly as gas keeps filling the outer room -- choking, Scott sees the aluminum above, grabs a table and DRAGS it under the GRATE --

SCOTT

CLIMB!!

ARIA CAM WATCHES as they jump up and YANK off the grate --

INT. INDUSTRIAL VENTILATION DUCTS - SECONDS LATER

the They HAUL ASS through the confined space on hands and knees, gas is FILLING THE VENTS as they cough, racing onwards --

90%" **BACK INSIDE THE ROOM -- ARIA CAM POV: GAS CONCENTRATION @**

AN ELECTRICAL OUTLET -- it SPARKS and VWO00SH! FIRE CONSUMES THE ROOM, blasting up the grate --

INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

TOTALLY The FLAMES surge around the outer vault -- though he's SHIELDED, Callister LURCHES as everything SHUDDERS, the translucent plexi glowing ORANGE

INT. INDUSTRIAL VENTILATION DUCTS -:CONTINUOUS

they Latesha and Scott react-to a growing ROAR behind them -- turn back to see the GLOW of an approaching FIREBALL --

LATESHA

GO GO GO!!

They scramble for another GRATE and she KICKS it outward --

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

the Scott The grate drops 36 FLOORS -- Scott grabs the rung of a MAINTENANCE LADDER lining the shaft as Latesha falls into nothingness and the FIRE PLUME EXPLODES FROM THE DUCT. Scott grabs theback'of her jacket --

SCOTT

Hold on to me!!

She manages to SWING back onto the ladder rungs, SLAMMING against them -- safe -- and we MATCH TO:

INT. PENTAGON HOLDING AREA - DUSK

door
HANDCUFFS slapped over Jerry's wrists, locking down tight. Ankle cuffs slapped on ankles -- Jerry's pulled towards a
by some GUARDS, struggling wildly against the chains:

3/28/07 101.

CONTINUED:

JERRY

Where's Morgan?! I need to talk to him!

GUARD

You can talk at Bolling Air Base, Shithead, they got a nice room all ready for you.

JERRY

NO NO, WAIT, LOOK, I NEED TO TALK TO HIM

NOW! I'LL SIGN ANYTHING YOU WANT, A FULL

CONFESSION, JUST LISTEN TO --

A CANVAS HOOD is thrown over his head and he's DRAGGED OFF -

-

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

paint.
A steel door opens into darkness. Rachel, . backlit, steps through. Overhead bulbs FLICKER to life, illuminating a LONG concrete tunnel... the words "FALL OUT":etched in faded

RACHEL

What is this?

ARIA. QVER WALKIE (V.O.)

Civil defense bunkers, 'a remnant of the

cold war.

RACHEL

Where's my son?

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.O.)

Start walking.

demon

We see that Rachel's obviously gut-scared, but looks the
in the eye and starts walking.

INT. D.C. TRAIN STATION - DUSK

moves

A "Quick N' Easy":MESSENGER carrying KYLE'S TRUMPET CASE
through commuter traffic, arriving at a BAGGAGE OFFICE.

COURIER

Delivery for a passenger on the 5:15 from
Milwaukee...

CONVEYOR

The employee takes the case and routes it through the
BELT as... A SECRET SERVICE AGENT and A WHITE HOUSE
COMMUNICATIONS STAFFER TAKE FRAME, walking towards a TRAIN
PLATFORM where KYLE and his class are just getting out:

WHITE HOUSE STAFFER

Exeter orchestra got stuck in Dayton,
these guys were next on the list...

3/28/07 102

CONTINUED:

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2

(this is weird)
They're kids.

WHITE HOUSE STAFFER

President wants to create an atmosphere
of "hope and confidence during these
trying times."

kids:

He plasters on a SMILE and approaches Mrs. Miller and the

WHITE HOUSE STAFFER (CONT'D)

Mrs. Miller? David Brigham, White House
Communications office -- today's your,
lucky day.
Off KYLE, wondering what's going on --

EXT. HIGHWAY OUTSIDE THE CITY - DUSK

highway.
SATELLITE VIEW -- the armored van travelling along the
We SNAP CLOSER and realize it's Aria, tracking the van --

INT. ARMORED VEHICLE - DUSK

hood
Jerry shackled in back. Morgan reaches over and YANKS the
off his head -- he looks around, ' disoriented:

MORGAN

Where's the 'Hex,' Jerry --?!

JERRY

-- the what -?

MOR

The Hex, where is it?

JERRY

I .don't know what you're talking about!

MORGAN JERRY

-- the explosives from the
test site in Aberdeen -- -- explosives?! I don't know
crystals with a sonic anything about --
trigger?! --"sonic trigger?!" I don't --
-- you sent them to yourself
at a jewelry store in -- I didn't send anything!!
Virginia, Ashland and Sons --

MORGAN

Then tell me how the hell this is
happening, and do not play games with me.

JERRY

I'm not playing games. You want me to
talk? Lose the cell phone --
(MnRFi;½

3/28/07 103.

CONTINUED:

JERRY (CONT'D)

(Morgan stares: huh?)

-- your pager and watch -- I'm not saying
another word 'til all that shit's gone!

Radios, walkie-talkies, GPS, anything
that gets a signal -- get rid of it, NOW.

Morgan looks Jerry, knows he's not fucking around --

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

At the back of the vehicle, a window lowers and all
electronics

fly out: blackberrys, watches, walkie-talkies, the GPS --
ARIA'S POV: the items are RUN OVER, DESTROYED by speeding
cars --

EXT. BOLLING AIR FORCE BASE - CONTINUOUS

Quiet. Two AIR FORCE MECHANICS shoot the shit. Behind
them...

A MOBILE HYDRO-PNEUMATIC UAV (AERIAL DRONE) LAUNCHER.
Dormant

along a line of other dormant launchers. These MINI-DRONES
are

similar to the one we saw in our opening,. only they're
strictly

for surveillance. Smaller. Suddenly:

The launcher ACTIVATES, like it's just been woken up. The
girder arm TELESCOPES UPWARD, moving one of the mini-drones

into

place like a Pez dispenser. The.mechanics RACE to the
console:

AIR FORCE MECHANIC #1 AIR FORCE MECHANIC #2

-- is it supposed to do that?! I can't override it!

With a PNEUMATIC BLAST,the.drone's CATAPULTED into the sky
--

PIVOTS purposefully, SOARS off --

INT. ARMORED VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

JERRY

She's like this... brain -- jacked into everything: cameras, phones, tvs, satellites, ever thing --

MORGAN

A "talking computer..."

JERRY

I swear to you, she said she was created by DARPA or something --

MORGAN

(rings a bell: Latesha)

DARPA?

3/28/07 104.

CONTINUED:

JERRY

My brother tried to stop her and she killed him, that's why Aria needed me, my face -- he put some kind of lock on her and she used me to undo it. Why do you think she brought me to that room? Morgan stares, trying to decide if he believes it --

JERRY (CONT'D)

Don't you wonder how we were always a step ahead of you!? Think about who I am. She set us up.

MORGAN

(FINALLY)

Assuming for a second I believe you, why... if she can control everything?

JERRY

People like you go after people like me. We become the headlines and she keeps on ticking... I'm telling you, I saw a list--

EXT. SKIES ABOVE HIGHWAY - DUSK

The drone ROARS into frame over the armored truck --
descending,
about 10,000 feet away. Its nose cone emits a LASER BEAM
that

hits the SMALL REAR WINDOW.

ARIA POV: "ACTIVATE LASER MIC." We HEAR Jerry's DOPPLERED
VOICE:

JERRY (MIC FILTER)

--the President was on it, the Vice
President, there were like twelve people--

INT. ARMORED VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

MORGAN

the chain of command...

JERRY

It was a target list... she's trying to
take them all out.

(desperate beat)

Look, that thing killed my brother! If
we don't stop this, he died for nothing,
and I'm not letting that happen.

MORGAN -- wildly torn --

MORGAN

Shit. SHIT.

(checks watch)

State of the Union's in 30 minutes.

(MORE)

3/28/07 105.

CONTINUED:

MORGAN (CONT'D)

If something's gonna happen it'd have to
happen from inside, outside's like Fort

KNOX--

JERRY

That explosive you were talking about --

MORGAN

-- the girl, could she have it?

JERRY

No way...

MORGAN

Are you sure, Jerry --

JERRY

Yes!

MORGAN

Are you sure, Jerry?

JERRY

(it hits)

Unless she doesn't know it.

They lock eyes. Now or never. Morgan POUNDS on the divider,
BARKING to the guards up front:

MORGAN

Turn around; now!

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The armored vehicle SCREECHES to a U-TURN, heading up an
embankment by the Potomac

THE DRONE

the
A red light BLINKS and it suddenly dips down, dive-bombing
truck --

JERRY AND MORGAN

THE
TURN as they hear an INCOMING WHINE and... THE DRONE HITS

TRUCK'S TIRE LIKE A SUICIDE BOMBER, EXPLODING!!! The truck
FLIPS off its axis -- SKIDS trailing SPARKS -- and like a
monster cannonball, SLAMS into the water --

INT./EXT. ARMORED CAR - POTOMAC RIVER - DUSK

the
HORRIBLE IMPACT, BODIES TUMBLING AS THE TRUCK SINKS -- water
begins to flood in FAST -- Jerry SCRAMBLES, holding on --

truck TILTING as it DROPS farther and farther... he sees:

the

The guards through mesh steel up front, heads bashed against
wheel and dashboard. Unmoving. Turns --

3/28/07 106.

CONTINUED:

MORGAN. Jesus. A bloody piece of metal PIERCED THROUGH HIS
CHEST. Blood fountains from his mouth --

JERRY

-- oh God -- nonononono --
Morgan's breathing, it's SHALLOW. Jerry tries to stop the
bleeding, to free the metal from Morgan's chest, but even
pulling it a centimeter causes Morgan to SCREAM in agony --

JERRY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry! Jesus, I don't know what --?

MORGAN

(bug-eyed, SHOUTS)

SHUT UP: KEYS -- MY BELT -- TAKE THEM --

his

Jerry sees them, grabs them -- starts desperately UNLOCKING
own cuffs --

MORGAN (CONT'D)

MY BADGE -- COAT POCKET --

JERRY

(frozen in horror)
-- lemme try and get you. free

MORGAN.

NO!!! LISTEN TO ME: THERE'S A PERIMETER

AROUND THE: 'CAPITOL, TELL 'EM YOU NEED TO

GET TO THE SERGEANT OF ARMS, THEY HAVE TO

RADIO IN A 10-13, IT'S AN EVACUATION

ORDER -- YOU UNDERSTAND? 10-13, SAY YOU

UNDERSTAND!

The water's up to their chins, now --

JERRY

I UNDERSTAND!!!

MORGAN

THEN GO!!! THERE'S NO TIME!

even
act
OUT.
The water ENVELOPS them. Morgan shoves him away, even now,
under water, stabbing his finger at Jerry: GO!
And Jerry looks at him. Moved and awed by this tremendous
of sacrifice. Finally twists round and kicks away at the
shattered window, taking one last look behind him... SWIMS

INT. PENTAGON ELEVATOR SHAFT - DUSK

figures
In the elevator shaft, Latesha and Scott are two distant
making their way down the ladder:

3/28/07 107.

CONTINUED:

LATESHA

Tell me she has an off switch --

SCOTT

We can only unlock the emergency override
from the main terminal, and that's
assuming she lets us in.

LATESHA

What're we supposed to do, say pretty
please?

ACCESS

Scott's mind spins, an idea -- he stops at another VENT
HATCH marked: "B-36"

SCOTT

We can't shut her down, but maybe we can
get her to shut herself down. Help me
with this
As they tug at the hatch --

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Rachel comes to the end of the tunnel.. A door UNLOCKS...

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.O.)

Leave the walkie here.. Exit through the
door. You'll be met by someone who'll
take you to Kyle
Rachel sets the walkie down, steps through to find
herself...

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DUSK

in an alcove that trembles from an ARRIVING TRAIN: "SENATE
STATION." This is an access point to the Capitol from the
Rayburn building, for Senate members only. Up ahead, an
eager

SIXTEEN YEAR OLD SENATE PAGE in blue blazer scans the crowd,
holds a PHOTO of her -- breaks into a grin and runs over:

TEENAGE PAGE

Ms. Monaghan? Hi! I'm Patrick. Welcome
to the Capitol!

RACHEL

(the capitol?)
hi...

TEENAGE PAGE

Sergeant At Arms' office said you'd be
running late -- we got your clothes and
credentials -- I reserved the committee
staff room so you can change -- this your
first State of the Union?

(MORE)

3/28/07 108

CONTINUED:

TEENAGE PAGE (CONT'D)

(she forces a smile,
nods, overwhelmed)
Mine, too.

Off Rachel, her stomach SINKING with dread as she follows
the
kid into the Capitol --

EXT. THE CAPITOL - DUSK

Kyle's class files off the bus, escorted by Secret Service
Agents. HARRIER JETS blast overhead, Hummers with Stinger
missiles are parked in a defensive line. Kyle looks around,
awed, clutching his TRUMPET CASE --

SERIES OF SHOTS: The Capitol's locked up like Fort Knox:
Road blocks cover a 3 mile radius. The National Guard is
stationed.

Spotters with binocs and shoulder-mounted rocket launchers
scan
the horizon.
Secret Service and U.S. Capitol Police run security inside
the
building and out. Explosive Ordinance Disposal Teams with
bomb
dogs check the House floor. Over these images:

RADIO VOICES

Were green on arrivals,;S.O.S., Interior
are at the Capitol ;steps` -- VP and
President's motorcade twenty minutes
away.

INT. PENTAGON - VAULT - DUSK

Callister paces the vault, stares at the INTERCOM:

CALLISTER

.How long are you keeping me in here?

ARIA

34,minutes, 18 seconds.

CALLISTEPS

Then what?

ARIA

In accordance with the Succession Act of 1947, you'll assume national command authority as President --

CALLISTER

Why am I being spared?

In response, from the intercom, CALLISTER'S OWN VOICE:

3/28/07 109

CONTINUED:

CALLISTER (V.0.) (CONT'D)

"We gauge our strategy by two standards: the highest probability of success with the least amount of collateral damage. At 51% probability, we don't have either one."

He looks all around the vault, wide-eyed, incredulous:

CALLISTER (CONT'D)

because I agreed with you?

ARIA

Had they followed our recommendation,. we would not be on the brink of a third world war. Checks and balances:,. Mr.: Secretary.

CLICK, she's gone. Enraged, Callister.POUNDS the wall

EXT. EMBANKMENT - DUSK

Jerry staggers up the embankment, wet, bloody. MOVES to the street. SIRENS in the background.!. Sees a WOMAN parking her Toyota Matrix. Yanks open her.: door and shows Morgan's ID:

JERRY

The government would like to buy you a new car --

Pulls her out as she WAILS in protest. Steps on the gas, veering onto a SIDE STREET -- as CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! The TRAFFIC CAMERA takes his picture and we CUT TO:

ARIA CAM: Jerry's face: "82% PROBABLE MATCH -- SHAW, JERRY."

EXT. SKIES ABOVE WASHINGTON - DUSK

airspace.

goes

One of the Harrier jets SOARS over the city, securing
IN THE COCKPIT, the pilot REACTS as his display suddenly
BLANK and the stick LOCKS UP --

JET PILOT

of

One to Base: alert, alert! Primary
function's jammed, transponder's
firewalled -- respond! One to Base do
you copy?!
But of course the answer's no, because Aria's taken control
the let -- and what's more, the display REACTIVATES: "EJECT
SEQUENCE COMMENCED... 5... 4... 3... 2...

JET PILOT (CONT'D)

WHAT THE HE --

3/28/07 110

CONTINUED:

away

vectoring

valley.

THE PNEUMATIC CANOPY BLOWS, EJECTING THE PILOT! He rockets
as his parachute DEPLOYS -- now the jet's flying itself --
ON THE HEAD'S UP DISPLAY: a SATELLITE GRID appears,
the Matrix's coordinates to the jet, it SCREAMS into a

INT. PENTAGON - COOLING ROOM - NIGHT

cooling

fuses:

A vent in the ceiling is KICKED OPEN. Scott and Latesha drop
into a room filled with polyethylene hoses flowing with
fluid. He opens a circuitry panel, starts RIPPING-. 'OUT

SCOTT

This controls her primary cooling system... if we cut the circulation, the temp in her tank goes up.

LATESHA

So we boil her brain.

SCOTT

She'll have to shut herself down to keep from overheating.

LATESHA

Can't she just drain the water?

He pulls out a fuse, drops it, SMASHES it with his foot.

SCOTT

Not anymore.

STOPS
--
The lights in the room FLICKER as the liquid in the tubes flowing. TEMPERATURE GAUGES: Aria's core temp starts to rise

INT. COMMITTEE STAFF ROOM - NIGHT

door.
Rachel stands, there looking at a GARMENT BAG hanging on a Hesitates. Then::starts unzipping it.

INT. TOYOTA MATRIX MOVING - NIGHT

AGAIN:
Washington:in the distance. Jerry races toward it in the Toyota... glances at the rearview, then ahead, then BACK THE JET IS BLASTING IN FROM BEHIND. A terrible moment of RECOGNITION as it lets loose two FLASHFIRE MISSILES --

JERRY

YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!!

the
He YANKS the wheel hard, careening into the FOREST just as missiles SLAM INTO A RIDGE AND EXPLODE!

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The matrix crashes through trees, obscured under the forest canopy -- Jerry hears the jet circling back around.

THE JET'S 20MM NOSE CANNON OPENS UP, MOWING DOWN THE FOREST

--

Jerry SWERVES as trees splinter into a thousand pieces, like MINI MISSILES launching at the car -- it's rocked violently

but

Jerry keeps going flat-out at breakneck speed. ROARS PAST, circles back -- with her superb aim, Aria FIRES A LONG BURST

OF

BULLETS that rake across the Matrix's windshield

INT. MATRIX - CONTINUOUS

Jerry DUCKS as bullets blow through his headrest -- he CRIES

OUT

as two of the Matrix's tires BLOW -- and adding insult to injury, ARIA'S VOICE taunts him over the GPS

ARIA ON THE. RADIO

I underestimated your tenacity, Jerry.
It's inconsistent with your personality profile.

around

Jerry VEERS down an off-road, slewing the unstable car cars and trucks, clipping everybody`--

ARIA

What I did not underestimate is the inertial guidance system of the AIM-120 AMRAAM missile and its 98% kill probability. Which happens to be targeted at you now.

jet

As Jerry's eyes flick up to the rearview mirror to see the swinging in behind and closing fast.

ARIA (CONT'D)

strongly advise you pull the car over.

JERRY

Fuck yourself!

fight

A BRIGHT FLASH from under the Harrier's wing as a missile LAUNCHES. Jerry hurtles down an EMBANKMENT as it explodes against the wall, shattering the Matrix's windows -- he

to control the car, spots a TUNNEL running through a hill -- GUNS the car into it as the jet BANKS HARD --

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Halfway through, the Matrix SKIDS to a stop, cars swerve and honk -- DESCENDING DOWN INTO VIEW AT THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL AHEAD, COMES THE HARRIER. BLOCKING JERRY'S WAY OUT. All cars in the tunnel SCREECH as the drivers get out and RUN. The jet hovers a few feet off the ground just outside --

3/28/07 112.

CONTINUED:

THE HEAD'S UP DISPLAY: Aria calculates a FOUR INCH LEEWAY on either side of her wings -- INCHES forward into the tunnel, hovers unsteadily. The display goes INFRARED, LOCKS ON the car: another Sidewinder IGNITES, streaking down the tunnel towards Jerry who -- REVERSES, spins the wheel -- the missile WHIPS PAST and annihilates several cars behind them, but now a FLAMING WALL blocks the other side of the tunnel. Blocked in. Sweat pours down Jerry's face as he looks into the. unmanned cockpit of the jet. Then. Hits the gas and The Matrix SCREECHES forward towards the Jet, gaining speed momentum as the last missile LAUNCHES -- Jerry' clenches the wheel, watching his life flash before him when he OPENS THE DOOR and rolls out of the car, hitting the'ground HARD as the missile BLOWS THE MATRIX TO PIECES. Jerry scrambles back as it cartwheels into the air and the chassis disintegrates -- and because. it's, RACING so fast, the motor's TORN LOOSE and rockets forward like a flaming projectile, revving at 6,000 rpm's, straight at: in THE HARRIER, which doesn't have: timeto reverse fast enough cone, the confined space -- the motor SLAMS into the jet's nose HAMMERING THE FRONT FUSELAGE.: Spins: the jet like a toy, upending it out of the tunnel,-ablinding, white-hot fireball

for as the JET EXPLODES! Jerry leaps behind an overturned car
shielding as flaming debris blows everywhichway...
In the aftermath he rises up, shellshocked. Holy. Fuck.

EXT. HIGHWAY - VARIOUS - NIGHT

halt As the fireball DISSIPATES into the sky, cars SCREECH to a
a -- people on their cell phones to call 911, but no phone has
signal. Among drivers, we favor a COUPLE in a Prius--

WOMAN IN. PRIUS MAN

-- I can't...get 911 -- -- me neither --
A miles-long backup of traffic from the chaos...

INT. CAPITOL COMMITTEE STAFF ROOM - CONTINUOUS

jacket. Rachel standing in front of a mirror, buttoning up her
branded A "FLOOR BADGE" and "CONGRESSIONAL STAFF ID clipped to the
they "ASHLAND AND SONS JEWELERS" to reveal:
A NECKLACE SET WITH THE EXPLOSIVE CRYSTALS. But to Rachel,
just look like DIAMONDS. Light GLINTS as she slips it on:

3/28/07 113.

CONTINUED:

ARIA OVER MIC

The Senate page is waiting outside. Once
you take your seat, you are no longer
required.
Rachel looks at her reflection. Terrified, but braving it.

RACHEL

I saw the target list... I know the
President's going to be here soon.

(BEAT)

Knowing these things -- what you've done
-- means you're not going to let me. live
through this. Will you.

ARIA OVER MIC

(after a beat)

Every turning point in history.has
required martyrs. Tragic heroes.. Think
of yourself as that hero.

Rachel looks at a surveillance camera, eyes blazing with
hate:

RACHEL

I'll do what you tell . me this one last
time... But you listen to me because this
is what a real mother sounds like: I will
die for my child becauseI lived for my
child, and you can't take that away from
me. If this. is a bargain, then honor
your side. I'll be your scapegoat: but
let my son live.

She turns away. Strong And vulnerable all at once. Walks
out.

INT. CAPITOL - HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A CACOPHONY'of instruments. The kids, in suits and dresses,
practice nervously. .Kyle blows a few notes on his trumpet,
furrows his br.ow,.says to his buddy --

KYLE

My trumpet sounds weird...

EXT. HIGHWAY - TRAFFIC JAM - NIGHT

JERRY RUNS LIKE HELL THROUGH BACKED-UP TRAFFIC, ON A MISSION

--

ARIA SATELLITE POV: she tracks him as he races across a
small
park and onto Pennsylvania Avenue -- THE CAPITOL DOME ahead-

-

Jerry sprints across the street when -- ALL THE LIGHTS
SUDDENLY
TURN GREEN and a thirty cars barrel towards him. The
deafening
HONK of a SEMI bearing down and he LEAPS in front of it,
lust
clearing the grill and landing hard on the sidewalk.

3/28/07 114.

CONTINUED:

MAYHEM as cars SMASH into each other, people SCREAMING,
horns
HONKING. Jerry staggers to his feet. Turns to look up at the
sky, eyes on fire, knowing he's being watched...

AND WITH A BIG GRIN, GIVES ARIA THE FINGER. KEEPS ON RUNNING

--

INT. PENTAGON - COOLING ROOM - NIGHT

ARIA'S TEMPERATURE GAUGES are at 75 degrees. Scott licks his
lips, the waiting's killing them --

SCOTT

Once she's at 82, she'll shut down..
Latesha nods, sweating bullets. Come on come on come on...

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - NIGHT

By a barricade, two CAPITOL COPS react as Jerry races
towards
them, bloody and panic-breathing, flashing Morgan's badge --

JERRY

Listen to me, I've been working with a
DHS officer, he gave me his badge, he was
just killed, you gotta radio in a 10-13--

CAPITOL POLICE OFFICER #1

Whoa whoa whoa, who the hell're you?

JERRY

You have to MOVE, right now! Radio it
n i n! There's a bomb in the building!
(they.look at each

OTHER) :

You wanna be the guys who didn't do
something?!

ARIA'S SATâ€¢.VIEW ZOOMS IN JUST AS THE OFFICER KEYS HIS

WALKIE:

CAPITOL POLICE OFFICER #2

Capitol, this is checkpoint 21, I've got
a guy out here who says --
SCREECH! HISS! The radio cuts him off with piercing FEEDBACK

--

as Jerry breaks into a RUN--

CAPITOL POLICE OFFICER #1

Hey--!

INT. CAPITOL - SPEAKER'S LOBBY ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Rachel's led by the Senate Page through the Speaker's Lobby
entrance onto the house floor, passing a SECRET SERVICE

AGENT

watching every face with laser eyes...

3/28/07 115.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE AVE. - NIGHT

The PRESIDENT'S MOTORCADE nears the Capitol. His limo's lead
by
Motorcycle Cops, headlights FLASHING, Secret Service...

INT. PENTAGON - COOLING ROOM - NIGHT

Aria's temperature gauges are rising into red-line:

SCOTT

One more degree
SUDDENLY the door bursts open and two GUARDS rush in with
guns,
SLAM them to the wall:

GUARD #1

FREEZE! HANDS! STEP AWAY FROM THE

CONSOLE!

LATESHA SCOTT

-- WAIT WAIT WAIT -- -- my name's Scott Bowman, I
have B-36 clearance, my ID's

in my pocket --
The guard pulls out his ID, checks it, keys a shoulder-
walkie:

GUARD #1 (CONT'D)

Unit 5, suspects in custody, but they
have clearance --

The voice that responds over the walkie is ARIA'S:

=ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.O.)

Negative, credentials for Bowman and
Simms have been revoked. Secure them in
the mainframe tank, additional units en
route to take custody --

LATESHA GUARDS

-- that's not a person, it's -- shut up
the computer, she's -- BE QUIET

MALFUNCTIONING-'--

They're pushed into --

INT. PENTAGON - MAINFRAME TANK - DAY

The water in Aria's mainframe tank is BUBBLING as a graphic
shows the temp MAXING OUT. The door behind them suddenly
LOCKS.

The guards REACT -- one punches in a code, no good.

GUARD #2

Control, maglocks just engaged in the
south door, need and override... do you
copy?

3/28/07 116.

CONTINUED:

An ALARM blares. Scott sees PRESSURE GAUGES fluctuating
wildly:

SCOTT

-- oh shit... she's upping the water
pressure --

LATESHA

-- what?!

SCOTT

She can't drain the tank... she's--gonna blow it.

As the pressure in the tank intensifies, the frame begins to GROAN. The steel fitting SCREAMS with the enormous load -- a support rivet POPS OUT with an earsplitting KWANG! Zings

across

the room like a BULLET, pockmarking the wall.--

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You gotta let me run a bypass on that door or in about 30 seconds this room's gonna be full of water!

A fracture shoots across the glass. The guards are

FRIGHTENED:

GUARD #1`

yeah, go, _ qo

SCOTT

I NEED SOMETHING TO PRY IT OPEN!

Latesha whips out her keychain with the MINI ARMY KNIFE --

Scott

pries off the panel:.as..the glass fracture GROWS -- he

starts

stripping wires as MORE'STEEL RIVETS pop loose, PING PING

PING!

It's like dodging bullets -- Scott SPARKS the wires together

and

the door starts to OPEN, but only a few inches before it

STOPS.

LATESHA

Yoi.:can do it you can do it you can do it!

SCOTT

Stop telling me I can do it!

The glass SPIDERWEBS MADLY -- he SPARKS the wires together again, the door opens a few more inches but:

THE GLASS GIVES WAY AND THE TANK EXPLODES! WATER SURGES

across

the room, the guards are IMPALED by glass shards, Latesha

and

Scott SMASH HARD against the wall., but the half-open door

acts

like a DRAIN, siphoning water into corridors...

ground, As the level lowers, we find Latesha and Scott on the water runoff trailing around them, unmoving...

3/28/07 117.

INT. CAPITOL - FLOOR LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

The Page leads Rachel to her seat, close to the President's lectern --

SENATE PAGE

Anything else, Ms. Monaghan?

RACHEL

no, thank you...

He smiles and leaves her there. She looks all around her, fighting the paranoia. What the hell's coming next?

EXT. THE CAPITOL - PRESIDENTIAL ACCESS ENTRANCE CONTINUOUS

Secret The Presidential convoy slows by PRIVATE ENTRANCE. The Service agents exit in unison -- scanning: for trouble --

INT. CAPITOL - HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

enters: The kids buzz with excitement as a Secret' Service Agent

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Were ready.

MRS.. MILLER

Okay, everyone,. listen UP: saxophones, remember, shorter on the quarter. When we get to the crescendo... hold that high

F

Mrs. Miller takes a deep breath. Even she's nervous...

MRS. MILLER (CONT'D)

And smile! Not every day we get to play for the President of the United States!

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAPITOL - PRESIDENTIAL ACCESS ENTRANCE

The
--
The Secret Service opens the limo door for THE PRESIDENT.
PRESS POOL snaps photos as he's ushered towards the Capitol

INT. SIDE ENTRANCE - CAPITOL

Jerry being subdued by a bunch of COPS and the Capitol's

SERGEANT AT ARMS --

SERGEANT AT ARMS

-- where'd you hear '10-13'--?

JERRY

I told you, Agent Tom Morgan, he gave me
his badge! Listen to me! There's a
woman, she's brunette, 5' 7, blue eyes,
her name's Rachel Holloman--!

3/28/07 118.

CONTINUED:

SERGEANT AT ARMS

Where's this Agent Morgan now?

JERRY

YOU GOTTA GET EVERYBODY OOTTA HERE NOW!

SERGEANT AT ARMS

HEY: I'M NOT STOPPING THIS JUST CAUSE YOU

WALK IN HERE WITH A CRACKERJACK BADGE

SHOUTING YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S NAME -- WE'RE

GONNA CHECK OUT YOUR STORY AND YOU'RE

GONNA BEHAVE YOURSELF, DO WE UNDERSTAND

EACH OTHER?!

As the cops start dragging Jerry away and we:

INT. CAPITOL - THE MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

KID'S

Rachel -- still looking around -- sees a door open as the

ORCHESTRA is led in -- her pulse starts to race -- among the faces, KYLE. Her heart FUCKING STOPS

Kyle! No...

She jumps up from her seat -- starts MOVING towards her son

--

ARIA OVER MIC

Rachel. Stay in your seat.

open:

She RIPS out the earpiece as the Senate doors suddenly fly

DOORKEEPER

MR. SPEAKER! THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED

STATES!!!

to

Everyone RISES in ovation as the President enters and moves

and

the lectern; smiling, waving. Mr. Miller cues the orchestra

see..."

they start to. PLAY THE NATIONAL ANTHEM: "O say can you

too.

People putting their hands to their hearts. The President,

But RACHEL keeps moving, pushing toward the aisle --

RACHEL

Kyle! KYLE!

THE SECRET SERVICE immediately moves in on her --

INT. PENTAGON - MAINFRAME TANK - CONTINUOUS

ARIA

Latesha... on the ground... starts to cough as she draws air back into her lungs. She sits up abruptly, hacking... sees

room,

ALMOST GLOWING IN THE WATERLESS TANK. And from across the

something else:

A FIRE AXE behind breakaway glass.

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EXT. CAPITOL - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

BUTS As the cops drag Jerry around a corner... he suddenly HEAD-
one of them and BREAKS the grab. Starts RUNNING LIKE HELL --
the agents draw weapons and pursue -- into wrist mic:

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

10-13! 10-13! COPY!

-- But all he gets is that SCREECHING FEEDBACK in his earpiece
--

INT. CAPITOL - THE MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

streaming..." "O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly
Rachel reaches the end of the row, two AGENTS block her:

RACHEL

That's my son! My son's over there!;

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

red Miss, get back in your seat right now --
KYLE -- playing his trumpet, oblivious -- "And the rockets'
glare, the bombs bursting in air..."

RACHEL

VICE No... no ... someone's trying to kill the
President!
But she's DROWNED OUT by the MUSIC -- they take her in a
GRIP and start leading her up. the aisle to the exit:

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(struggling, desperate)

LET ME GO!!

Her NECKLACE catches the light and the crystals GLINT --

INT. CAPITOL - STEPS UP TO THE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

pursuit: Jerry sprints up steps three at a time. Four AGENTS in

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

FREEZE--!!!

stairs
When BAM! A bullet clips Jerry's shoulder. He staggers, then
grabs one of the PRESS BARRICADES and FLINGS it down the
at the agents -- races on --

INT. CAPITOL - THE MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

noise
No one on the floor can hear what's going on outside. The
is DEAFENING; "O say, does that star-spangled banner yet
wave..." Rachel scratching and fighting and kicking--

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CONTINUED:

RACHEL

KYLE!!

INT. PENTAGON - MAINFRAME TANK - CONTINUOUS

axe.
SMASH! Breakaway glass SHATTERS as Latesha grabs the fire
Turns to the SPHERE that is Aria's CPU in the now-open tank:

ARIA OVER SPEAKER (V.O.)

We're on the same side, Agent Simms. We
are both sworn to defend this country, at
any cost.

Latesha starts forward, axe in hand, glaring death:

LATESHA

Don't you ever shut up?!

INT. CAPITOL - SPEAKER'S LOBBY ENTRANCE CONTINUOUS

Jerry runs towards the door to the SPEAKER'S LOBBY ENTRANCE,
agents in hot pursuit --

INT. CAPITOL - THE MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

SLOW MOTION -- KYLE'S FINGERS ON THE VALVES, pressing down, rising -- the music growing discordant, almost frightening -

-

RACHEL suddenly BREAKS from the Secret Service agents,
starts

RUNNING BACK DOWN THE AISLE, NECKLACE GLITTERING as:
JERRY bursts through the door -- taking in everything in an
instant: THE PRESIDENT... THE CROWD...

AND RACHEL, in her SPARKLING NECKLACE running desperately
down

towards -- THE ORCHESTRA. And he sees -- KYLE, sweet Kyle's
face, that face he remembers from the picture and that

footage

in the tank room. And... HIS TRUMPET.

**AND TIME STANDS STILL AS JERRY SUDDENLY UNDERSTANDS
EVERYTHING:**

JERRY

(to himself)

Kyle --

"O'er the land of the --"

Jerry SCREAMS and starts RUNNING FOR THE PODIUM -- AGENTS
TACKLE

the PRESIDENT, PEOPLE start SCREAMING... BAM BAM! Jerry's

hit

twice as he GRABS KYLE, knocking the trumpet from his

hands...

It falls... falls... falls to the floor. As it HITS, we CUT

TO:

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INT. PENTAGON - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

Latesha's axe SMASHING DOWN into Aria's CPU. Sparks. She
HAMMERS DOWN AGAIN -- AGAIN -- until the CPU bursts into

FLAMES.

INTERCUT WITH CALLISTER IN THE SECURE VAULT:

The door opens with a HISS. He's free and --

LATESHA

Drops the axe. Sinks to her knees, utterly exhausted.

INT. CAPITOL - THE MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

MAYHEM. As Rachel runs to the terrified Kyle and scoops him
up
into her arms. Jerry's on the ground, bleeding... Ten agents
pin him down... no sound now except for him trying to
BREATHE...
Rachel appears over him, crying, grabbing his hand:

RACHEL

Oh, god... HELP! SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP!!!
JERRY'S POV: Rachel starts receding away from us, like we're
descending into a well... until..her face become a point of
light. And Jerry smiles. As 'everything turns...

BLACK.

HOLD... AND IT'S SILENT.;.. a distant ECHO... A TRUMPET... a
familiar song... LOUIS ARMSTRONG... "What a Wonderful
World."

INT. RACHEL'S CAR - DAY

LIGHT mottled through trees, reflects off the windshield.
Driving, Rachel stares thoughtfully at the road. The music's
coming from the radio. She glances over:
down
KYLE sits beside her, hand out the window, dipping up and
against the countryside. She watches him, filled with love.

MAN'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)

it's the finding of this committee
that your actions were consistent with
national security guidelines...

INT. PENTAGON COMMITTEE ROOM - DAY

Latesha and Scott sit at a table, still bruised and cut up,
facing members of a PENTAGON INVESTIGATIVE COMMITTEE:

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

However, in reviewing Aria's server logs,
one last matter's come up.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

DEPUTY DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

It seems right before you destroyed her, she attempted to fragment her core and uplink to a public satellite network... did you see anything to corroborate that?

LATESHA

(glances at Scott)
What... do you mean?

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

She tried to break herself into bits and download them into cyberspace... we think, in the hope of reconstituting.

SCOTT

She may have tried, but running her... subroutines alone would take 300: million desktop PC's all networked together. There's no single system out there with enough computing capacity. to"sustain her. The men share glances, satisfied with the answer.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

Thank you both for your time.

INT. PENTAGON HALLWAY - DAY

Latesha and Scott exit the hearing, still shaken up from everything that's taken place. Stop and look at each other.

An

awkward, high school beat. So... I guess this is it:

SCOTT

So...

LATESHA

So...

SCOTT

Hey :you think I could have your... you

KNOW

on a And before he can even ask Latesha's written something down
piece of paper. Hands it to him.

LATESHA

That's my address. I'm not using a cell
phone anymore. Pick me up at eight.

They smile at each other, Latesha's eyes catching a
SURVEILLANCE CAMERA. A chill creeping down her spine. AS --

INT. MICROCHIP FACTORY - DAY

of "What A Wonderful World" CONTINUES over a long assembly line
airtight SILICON WAFERS on a conveyor belt. They move through
vaults, part of the microchip manufacturing process...

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CONTINUED:

off in They're BOXED, the boxes loaded onto TRUCKS... they drive
different directions, spreading out into the WORLD...

EXT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Kyle's birthday party: streamers, other kids, cake, ad hoc
soccer game. Rachel cutting pieces of cake when --

KYLE'S VOICE

Jerry!

see She turns to see JERRY standing there. He's still got his
scratches, arm in a SLING. It's the only real injury we can

and it'll heal. Kyle runs up to him and throwing his arms
around his waist.

JERRY

Hey, little man!

happier Locks eyes with Rachel. Her heart beating like a drum,

to see him then she'd ever imagine. And. Jerry holds up a

present for Kyle.

JERRY (CONT'D) .

Sorry I'm late, this was hard to find --
Rachel's eyes well. She pulls it back. Manages to say:

RACHEL

Kyle. What do you say?

KYLE

I dunno, I haven't opened it yet.

RACHEL

(rolls her eyes, grins)

Who brought you up?

Kyle rips open the present to find a brand new PLAYSTATION

3.

KYLE

They're on backorder everywhere! Mom --
can I go play with it?

RACHEL

One hour. That's it...

As Kyle tears off with his friends, Jerry walks over to her.
It's like everyone else at the party has disappeared...

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(almost a whisper)
you remembered...

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CONTINUED:

JERRY

My new thing.

(BEAT)

Responsibility.

RACHEL

It suits you.

JERRY

Yeah?

RACHEL

(SWEETLY)

Yeah.

He smiles, shrugs:

JERRY

I have my life back... I can do whatever
I want.

RACHEL

You know what? Me too.

They smile at each other, like they have an enormous secret.

He

tucks a loose hair behind her ear.,.,.,

JERRY

And I think... I finally know what I
want.

And we see in her eyes, she feels the same about him...

RACHEL

I owe you, Jerry. Everything. I don't
think you understand --

JERRY

(PLAYFULLY)

Hey: shh. Officially we can't talk about
it, remember?

RACHEL

Right. Or even about how we met.

(SHRUGS)

So what do we tell people?

He thinks about it. Smiles...

JERRY

I dunno -- computer dating service?

Rachel LAUGHS, giving him a playful push as we CUT TO:

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INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

we
front
Kyle turns on the TV, eagerly plugging in the Playstation --
catch a snippet of the NEWS: CALLISTER being sworn in in
of a CONGRESSIONAL REVIEW COMMITTEE --

NEWS ANCHOR

sources inside the beltway say the
Senate is convening an investigative
committee to look into what could very
well become the biggest cover-up since --
Oblivious, Kyle flips on the video game and the screen
CHANGES
to the Playstation logo. The kids CHEER, they can't wait...
but
the screen fritzes and goes BLANK...

FRIENDS

Aw, what the hell?! It's broken!
A prompt appears with a BLINKING CURSOR. Then... words
scroll:

"HELLO, KYLE..."

The kids look at him, confused. Kind of freaked out. Kyle
stares at the screen, eyes riveted, his breathing quickens.
CLOSE: THE CURSOR -- blinking like a beating heart and we:

SLAM TO BLACK.

THE END