

The Pawn
by
Panagiotis Giokas

Contact:

Brian Levy
New School Media, LLC
323.857.1400

Mike Esola
WME Entertainment
310.285.9000

3/03/10

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT, MOSCOW - NIGHT

A twenty-something man runs frantically through a bustling street. He barrels into a pack of pedestrians, falls, struggles to his feet and breaks through. Their faces flash fear at the sight of him, dispersing now, frightened. He's heading our way, stopping right in front of us in CLOSE UP.

VLADIMIR TOYE (29), thin, dirty and disheveled - the look of a man who has just been through hell. Heavy breath billowing into the cold night. Eyes wild and terrified. He turns the corner to --

NEGLINAYA STREET

TOYE slowing his gait, scanning the street, the buildings, everything and everywhere.

ADJACENT ALLEYWAY

In the shadows, MR. LEONARD (sociopathic eyes, face chiseled from granite) watching Toye, earpiece in his ear.

MR. LEONARD
(into earpiece)
Toye on schedule.

BACK TO SCENE

Toye locking his gaze on the elegant ARARAT PARK HYATT HOTEL, just a few hundred yards down the street. Now focusing on the imposing figures out front: two FSB AGENTS (Russian Security Services) standing guard outside.

Toye reaches down, adjusts something in his waistband - a gun. He pulls his shirt over it as he heads toward the hotel.

INT. BALLROOM - ARARAT PARK HYATT - NIGHT

CHAIRMAN BALIKOV, the Russian Premier, entering a glitzy ballroom to the applause of the crowd.

EXT. ARARAT PARK HYATT HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

TOYE crossing the street now.

The FSB AGENTS spot him, go for their weapons --

AGENT 1
(in Russian)
Raise your hands, Toye!

Toye following their command, arms extending upward.

TOYE
(in Russian)
They're going to kill the Chairman!

Blood suddenly spraying in rapid succession from the back of their heads. Agent 1 and Agent 2 go down.

Toye, hands still in the air, gasping.

EXT. ADJACENT BUILDING ROOF - CONTINUOUS

A sniper (CREWMAN 1) watching through his scope.

CREWMAN 1
(into earpiece)
Entrance clear.

EXT. ARARAT PARK HYATT - CONTINUOUS

TOYE approaching the bodies cautiously. Scanning for the assailant now, unable to spot him. Panicking, removing the gun from his waistband and sprinting toward the lobby doors --

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

AGENTS getting a call on their ear-pieces, immediately heading for BALIKOV, taking him by the arm and escorting him through the commotion of the crowd and exiting a back-door --

INT. LOBBY - ARARAT PARK HYATT - CONTINUOUS

TOYE manically sprinting through the glass doors, gripping his pistol tight --

Hotel guests immediately ducking and screaming, scattering out of his way as Toye breaks for the elevator on the far side of the room --

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

AGENTS whisking BALIKOV quickly down the hallway. Other agents joining them as they rush him into a back room, four remaining outside, drawing their weapons and standing firm --

INT. STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A secure, brick room. AGENTS pushing BALIKOV to the back, one stationed directly by his side, two posted just inside the doorway, guns drawn.

ANGLE ON Balikov's frightened face, and we DROP DOWN through the floor to --

INT. ROOM - 12TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

An immense EXPLOSIVE DEVICE rigged to the ceiling of the room below.

A timer on the bomb counting down --

00:30...00:29...00:28...

EXT. ARARAT PARK HYATT - CONTINUOUS

MR. LEONARD watching from across the street.

INT. LOBBY - ARARAT PARK HYATT - CONTINUOUS

TOYE at the elevator now. Doors opening to reveal two more FSB AGENTS, weapons out.

Bullets suddenly pierce their skulls, dispatching them sequentially.

Toye turning, scanning the room, catching sight of a bell-boy (CREWMAN 2) nonchalantly tucking a silenced pistol beneath a linen napkin and disappearing into a nearby room.

Toye, all sweat and fear at this point, hopping on the elevator and hitting the BALLROOM button.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

TOYE watching in horror as the floor prompts illuminate --

10...11...12...

INT. ROOM - 12TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The timer on the bomb ticking down --

00:08...00:07...00:06...

INT. STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The CHAIRMAN waiting nervously --

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

TOYE watching the BALLROOM light illuminate, watching the elevator doors start to open --

INT. STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A moment, then --

The floor erupts, disintegrating the CHAIRMAN and all his GUARDS.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The BLAST spreads through the door.

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

The EXPLOSION engulfs the ballroom and the guests within.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The BLAST enters the elevator, shredding TOYE'S body into nothingness.

EXT. ARARAT PARK HYATT - CONTINUOUS

MR. LEONARD watching as the top two floors EXPLODE into the night.

His pocket vibrating now. He pulls out his phone and reads a text message --

ON PHONE

Good work, gentlemen. Get some rest - business is booming :)

Mr. Leonard smiles, now walking away from the destruction.

INSERT TITLE CARD: **THE PAWN**

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

WE OPEN ON a television screen playing news footage of Balikov's assassination. We see the destroyed hotel, emergency personnel - the aftermath. The BROADCASTER reports:

BROADCASTER (V.O.)
The assailant, Vladimir Toye, was
wanted for attacks throughout
Moscow earlier in the day.

We see security footage of Vladimir Toye sneaking down the hallway with a bag strung over his shoulder, sliding inside the familiar room where the bomb was rigged.

BROADCASTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The Kremlin has issued a
statement...

A remote control comes into frame. A thumb hits the mute key, then releases the controller. It hits the floor with a THUMP. We hear a voice (MOUSE).

MOUSE (O.S.)
So like I was saying, it's all
about the main character - the guy
with the gun. He is going to
determine how the whole thing pans
out.

And we PULL OUT to find that this is one of many televisions in the room - news channels (MSNBC, FOX, CNN) play on all of them, save for one. On that 72" behemoth we find a videogame titled *Massive Destruction* (similar to Call of Duty) in progress.

On that screen, we see a digital soldier in an urban war-zone combating a mass of enemies. He sprints through the cityscape, dodging gunfire.

ANGLE ON GAMER - late 20's, wiry and pale, working the controller like a magician. This is our hero: ADAM MOUSE.

MOUSE (CONT'D)
And the name matters. The name has
to match the dude. I'm dropping
pearls here, Evelyn...

EVELYN's voice vibrates like a cat's purrrrrr.

EVELYN (O.S.)
Bullshit.

MOUSE

A videogame is a story, okay? Like a novel or a movie. And it's all about the main character - his wants and needs and all that shit.

We take a tour around the room: DVD's, comic books, every videogame imaginable, from Atari to Nintendo to Sega.

EVELYN (O.S.)

You don't know who these guys are. There's no backstory.

MOUSE

The player *creates* the back-story.

ON THE LCD - the digital soldier stomps a door off its hinges, shoulders his rifle, unloads the weapon on a roomful of enemy combatants.

MOUSE (CONT'D)

Look, you see my hero here raining bullets on fools? His name is Frank Savage. Got that? *Savage*. His grandfather fought Communist Chinese in Korea. His father was wounded in Vietnam. Heroism is his legacy.

EVELYN (O.S.)

Oh, I get it. So, what's your story, Mouse? Was your old-man a Cold-Warrior?

ON THE LCD - the digital soldier pulls a civilian out of his car, tosses him to the pavement, hops in and speeds off.

MOUSE

No clue. I was adopted.

EVELYN (O.S.)

Are you close to your folks?

MOUSE

My adopted dad died when I was three. Car accident. I was in the backseat. They said he died right there in front of me, but I don't remember that. Don't remember him, either.

EVELYN (O.S.)

That's terrible. I'm sorry.

MOUSE

Yeah...

(continuing)

I'm a mama's boy, though. She's the one that got me into gaming. Atari when I was just a wee-lad...

(rattling now)

...Nintendo in '85, Genesis in '89, Playstation in '94 --

ON THE LCD - the digital soldier speeds through the cityscape.

EVELYN (O.S.)

(interrupting)

All right, I got it - it's all about the games. What about the real world?

MOUSE

I'm up on current events.

(off other televisions)

I've got MSNBC, Fox News, CNN. You know how you'll know it's the end of the world?

(beat)

Anderson Cooper will tell you.

EVELYN (O.S.)

I mean relationships. People.

MOUSE

We're friends, aren't we?

EVELYN (O.S.)

You wouldn't even know me if you saw me.

MOUSE

So let's change that.

EVELYN (O.S.)

Mouse...

MOUSE

I know, I know - you think I'm some kind of creep who does this all the time.

EVELYN (O.S.)

It crossed my mind.

ON THE LCD - the digital soldier dives over a massive cliff. His parachute opens and tugs him upward.

MOUSE

I'm not, Evelyn. I just...think you're cool.

Evelyn giggles.

MOUSE (CONT'D)

So, will you meet me?

EVELYN (O.S.)

Yes...

MOUSE

Great!

EVELYN (O.S.)

On one condition. You have to do something you've been unable to do for the past month.

MOUSE

What's that?

EVELYN (O.S.)

You have to win this game. Tonight.

MOUSE

That's it?

EVELYN (O.S.)

That's it.

MOUSE

Well, then I guess I have no reason to keep toying with you. Prepare to meet your demise, Evelyn.

ON THE LCD - the digital soldier hides above an enemy combatant as he creeps down a hallway. He falls on top of him, pulling out his pistol, and pumping him full of lead.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON MONITOR - the scene in the basement as it continues, recorded from a hidden camera.

We don't know where we are, but we will understand very soon.

INT. BASEMENT - MOUSE RESIDENCE - MORNING

Alarm BEEPING at 9:00 a.m. MOUSE passed out in the same chair as the night before. The motherly voice of CHRISTINE MOUSE emanates from upstairs:

CHRISTINE (O.S.)

Adam, you're gonna be late for work again.

He quakes, wipes his eyes. The news continues on all of his televisions.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON MONITOR - Mouse entering the kitchen through the basement door, recorded through a hidden camera once again.

INT. KITCHEN - MOUSE RESIDENCE - MORNING

MOUSE kisses CHRISTINE on the cheek. Christine is vibrant, athletic and extremely likable. We hear the NEWS in the BG, coming from the living room.

MOUSE

Morning, Ma.

Mouse ventures over to the counter where he finds a cake sculpted in the form of a Democratic-Party donkey (stars; red, white and blue icing; the works). A card next to the cake reads: CHRISTINE'S CAKES.

MOUSE (CONT'D)

Jesus. Talk about party-loyalty.

On the windowsill we see a PHOTO: A younger Christine poses with Mouse's father, smiling wide, holding baby Adam in her arms.

CHRISTINE

Customer is having a thing for the convention.

MOUSE

Sounds like a blast.

Mouse goes for the icing, slides his finger down the side of the cake.

CHRISTINE
Only in Hollywood.
(slapping his hand away)
Hey! Don't touch.

Mouse sits at the kitchen table.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
I heard your game going all night.
You win?

MOUSE
Indeed.

CHRISTINE
Practice makes perfect, I guess.

Christine slides a plate of toast in front of him, sets down a glass of juice, then hands over two little blue pills. Mouse looks at them with disgust.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Come on, Adam.

Mouse takes one of the pills, swallows it reluctantly with the cup of juice. Takes the other, slips it into his pocket.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
That's a good boy.

She kisses him on the head. Mouse heads for the door.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Adam, don't forget about your
appointment with Dr. Mills after
work.

MOUSE
Yeah, yeah. Love you, Ma.

He exits.

INT. BEST BUY - AFTERNOON

MOUSE stocks a row of DVD players. Behind him, a wall of monitors plays more news. His grizzled MANAGER approaches.

MANAGER
Adam, help that woman out to her
car.

Mouse sees the woman waiting impatiently. He forces a smile, heads her way.

CLOSE ON

A security camera in the corner of the store captures the entire scene.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

MOUSE sits across from his therapist, DR. MILLS (50's, unexceptional). A television plays CNN in the corner of the room, muted.

MILLS

The trauma you suffered as a child can manifest in ways you never imagined.

MOUSE

How can it manifest if I don't even remember it?

MILLS

Your mind remembers.

MOUSE

Maybe if I didn't have people telling me I suffered from antisocial disorder all my life, I wouldn't be so antisocial. You know that expression about the chicken and the egg?

MILLS

Well, then your issue is about trust. You don't trust your mother?

MOUSE

Of course I do.

MILLS

You know she has your best interests at heart.

Mouse falls silent.

MILLS (CONT'D)

Mistrust is a symptom of your condition, Adam. I'll modify your medication until this bout subsides.

Dr. Mills scribbles a script, tears it off the pad and hands it over.

CLOSE ON

WEB-CAM on top of the computer, capturing the entire scene.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

MOUSE enters, scans the bar, sees a few women scattered throughout, but nobody even looks his way. He checks his watch, saddles up on a stool.

MOUSE
(to Bartender)
Beer, please.

The Bartender sets it in front of him. Mouse finally makes eye contact with a woman at the other end. She turns away. He takes the beer and sips.

Mouse digs in his pocket, throws some money down, and the little blue pill drops onto the bar. He picks it up, stares at it, then turns his attention toward the line of TV's above. He focuses on one in particular:

BILL O'REILLY reports over war-footage, then cuts to a shot of SENATOR LAMBERT (a likeable enough chum) on the campaign trail.

BILL O'REILLY
But is it another Vietnam? Senator Lambert seems to think so. He's set to pledge a removal of all troops when he accepts the Democratic nomination in Los Angeles this weekend.

A voice (PRIEST) chimes in a few seats down.

PRIEST (O.S.)
Senator Lambert is proving to be quite the trailblazer, isn't he?

Mouse glances over. The man, immaculately dressed, 50 in vampire years - as if centuries were witnessed through those brown-marble eyes - stares back. This is THOMAS PRIEST.

Mouse shrugs. He pops his pill, chases it with the beer.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Not a man for politics, I presume.
I wish I were the same way, but I
can't help being marvelled by the
dissonance. It is such great
theatre.

Mouse turns to him.

MOUSE

Sorry, man, but I'm supposed to be
meeting somebody any minute now,
so...

PRIEST

Yes of course, Adam.
(off Mouse's surprised
look)
But Evelyn will not be joining us
quite yet.

Mouse, taken aback.

MOUSE

What is this?

He turns and scans the bar.

PRIEST

My name is Thomas Priest. I work
with the Department of Homeland
Security. We've been monitoring you
for some time now. According to our
analysts, you are one of the best
in the world.

MOUSE

Best what in the world?

PRIEST

Best gamers in the world, my dear.

MOUSE

Is this a con or something? Your
girlfriend set me up for a
hustle...

PRIEST

Miss Lewis and I are not an item.

MOUSE

But you are working together.
(off Priest's confirming
eyes)
Send my regards to Miss Lewis. It's
been an eye-opener.

Mouse stands, clearly hurt. He steams out of the bar.

EXT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

MOUSE heads down the street. PRIEST exits and follows.

PRIEST

You haven't heard my proposition.

MOUSE

I think I've heard enough.

Mouse continues to walk.

PRIEST

There's going to be a terrorist
attack in Los Angeles.

Mouse stops, but does not turn around.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

We know where they're going to hit.
We need your help to stop them.

MOUSE

And who am I?

PRIEST

A man who is not realizing his full
potential. Don't walk away from
this, Adam.

(beat)

This is your chance to be a hero.

MOUSE

You've got the wrong guy.

PRIEST

Miss Lewis seems to disagree.

Mouse turns.

MOUSE

What'd she say?

PRIEST

That you were worthy to be our
player.

MOUSE

A player in what?

PRIEST

The game of games. One that nobody
has been able to master yet.

Mouse thinking for a moment. He shakes his head.

MOUSE

I'm no hero, Mr. Priest.

PRIEST

Then I guess she was wrong about
you.

Mouse nods. He turns and starts heading down the street.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

I'll be here tomorrow night if you
change your mind.

And Mouse continues to walk away.

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

BEEP BEEP BEEP. MOUSE opens his eyes.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

MOUSE pops his pill.

INT. BEST BUY - DAY

MOUSE at work, staring straight ahead - bored, depressed.
Suddenly, the WALL OF MONITORS begins to play something that
catches his eye. He turns, watches --

KEITH OLBERMANN going *off* on one of his rants --

KEITH OLBERMANN

We're a nation of apathetic drones!
We've got all the tools, the
intelligence, the talent to achieve
greatness, yet we remain stagnant.

(MORE)

KEITH OLBERMANN (cont'd)
 While the best of us go overseas to
 fight, the rest of us stand still.
 We're a nation of men still living
 with our parents, unable to take
 the reins and do what is necessary
 to improve our lives! And that is
 what will seal our fate - apathy.
 Doing nothing while the world goes
 to hell in a hand-basket. Get in
 the game, people.

And the BROADCAST cuts to commercial.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON MONITOR - A feed from the security camera in the
 corner of the Best Buy. Mouse standing on the floor, deep in
 thought.

INT. BEST BUY - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE standing in front of the monitors, contemplating his
 existence - Olbermann's words making their impression. Mouse
 personalizing all of it, emotion flashing on his face - anger
 and frustration and sadness, all finally giving way, replaced
 by the one feeling that has escaped him his entire life:
 resolve.

And Mouse turns and heads out the door, passing a confused
 MANAGER on his way out.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

MOUSE enters the bar, sees PRIEST in the same seat. Mouse
 approaches him.

MOUSE
 Okay, Mr. Priest. I'll take the
 bait. Now what are you selling?

Priest looks over and smiles.

EXT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

PRIEST leads MOUSE out of the bar. An SUV awaits. Priest
 opens the back door for Mouse. MR. LEONARD sits in back.
 Mouse gets in. Priest slides into shotgun.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Behind the wheel - CREWMAN 1 (the sniper from the first scene). PRIEST looks over the seat at a nervous MOUSE.

PRIEST
Now, just relax. This won't hurt a bit.

And just then, MR. LEONARD calmly knocks Mouse out with a quick injection to the neck. Mouse's eyes close.

EXT. SUV - NIGHT

The SUV takes off.

INT. SUV - DAY

MR. LEONARD cracks a smelling salt beneath MOUSE's nose. His eyes flutter as he tries to get his bearings. He finally focuses on PRIEST, then immediately starts thrashing about.

MOUSE
What the fuck?!

Mr. Leonard grabs his arms, subdues him.

MOUSE (CONT'D)
Get your hands off me!

PRIEST
Calm down, Adam. Calm down.

Mouse calming but still tense, scanning the terrain.

MOUSE
Where am I?

PRIEST
I'm very sorry, but the location of our compound is secret. We can't afford any security breaches.

Mouse looks out the window and sees the desert.

MOUSE
Uhhh, Mr. Priest, can I borrow your phone?

(MORE)

MOUSE (cont'd)
(off Priest's quizzical
stare)
My mom. She worries.

Priest laughs.

EXT. SPECIAL PROJECTS DIVISION (S.P.D.) COMPOUND - DAY

The doors to the SUV swing open. PRIEST and his men exit.
MOUSE finally gets out, hands a phone to PRIEST.

MOUSE
Told her I was in Vegas.

He takes in the complex in front of him.

MOUSE (CONT'D)
(staring wide-eyed)
What the hell?

*Massive. Movie-studio-big enclosed in militarized fencing and
razor-wire. Armed guards everywhere.*

Priest leads Mouse inside the complex.

INT. SPECIAL PROJECTS DIVISION (S.P.D.) COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Everything is clean and advanced in this place. Pristine
white marble leads them through barrier after barrier of
retinal-scan secure sliding doors.

PRIEST
Welcome to Special Projects
Division. We're a privately
contracted arm of Homeland
Security.

PRIEST scans his retina, his eye as the key to their destiny.
They enter --

INT. S.P.D. SIMULATION FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

A futuristic simulation room filled with gadgetry straight
out of James Cameron's wettest dream: 3-D cameras, green
screens, image projectors, motion capture equipment, the
works. *Avatar technology on steroids.*

MOUSE scans the room, sees the two-dozen tech-geeks wandering
throughout, adjusting their equipment, preparing.

PRIEST

This is our urban combat simulator - the most advanced gaming facility ever created by man. A joint production between the military and entertainment industries. You represent a new breed of citizen, Adam. A product, if you will, years and billions of dollars in the making. From the first day you picked up a controller, you were being trained for war.

MOUSE

(skeptical)

Trained.

(beat)

By Sega.

PRIEST

Military R & D begets public technology. War begets entertainment. The military begets soldiers: you.

MOUSE

There are *millions* of players out there right now. Why me?

PRIEST

I've got a lot riding on this, son. Due diligence was required...

And upon that prompt, EVELYN LEWIS, a goddess of unmatched intelligence and beauty, descends the flight of stairs from the mezzanine to the main level. She approaches Mouse, stops.

EVELYN

Hello, Mouse.

PRIEST

I'd like you to meet Miss Evelyn Lewis of Meta-Games Incorporated. Miss Lewis is our virtual architect.

MOUSE

Nice to finally match a face to the voice.

PRIEST

I have briefed Mr. Mouse here on the macro of this little venture. I will leave the finer points to you.

Priest leaves Evelyn and Mouse, walks over to the control board.

MOUSE

Meta-Games, huh? I like your work.

EVELYN

Thank you.

MOUSE

So this whole time you were recruiting me?

EVELYN

It was part of the job. Nothing personal.

MOUSE

It was for me. I told you things.

EVELYN

I'm sorry, Mouse.

MOUSE

Well, you got me here. Proceed, Miss Lewis.

Evelyn shakes off the conversation and moves toward the equipment.

EVELYN

The simulation runs on the same principles as the first-person shooter games. There are two levels. Each level contains a target: The Los Angeles Federal Building...

Evelyn brings up an image of the Federal Building, then clicks to an image of The Library Tower - the tallest building in the LA skyline.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

...and the Library Tower in the heart of downtown Los Angeles.

MOUSE

Why those buildings?

PRIEST

Intelligence suggests that attacks on these locations are imminent. Your game will help us improve their security.

(to Evelyn)

Please, continue...

EVELYN

We've constructed them perfectly. Everything in the game is consistent with reality, down to the faces of the guards.

(off photo)

To pass level one, you must penetrate the Federal Building, access the law enforcement security protocols inside their database, then destroy the computer and the building with it. You'll need those protocols to pass level two.

MOUSE

And how do I pass level two?

EVELYN

Destroy the building.

MOUSE

Two buildings? Sounds pretty easy.

EVELYN

I assure you, it won't be. Nobody - not Mr. Priest nor myself - have been able to pass the game.

MOUSE

Well, that's why I'm here, I guess.

EVELYN

That's right. We're about to find out if you're as good as you think you are.

She continues on as Mouse follows with a sly smile.

INT. SPECIAL PROJECTS DIVISION (S.P.D.) COMPOUND - MOMENTS
LATER

MOUSE, head-to-toe in a skin-tight motion capture suit, walks to the center of the 3-D motion capture stage. Two tech nerds (ORCI and KURTZMANN) attach movement nodes to his body.

Orci runs a laser scanner over his face, copying the contours down to the pore.

It uploads on the screen in front of PRIEST who watches nearby. Next to him, EVELYN types, coordinating the cameras and projectors.

Mouse looks down at the rubber floor - a massive treadmill that runs on 360-degree rotors to simulate movement in all directions while keeping the subject still.

Finally, Orci puts a pair of headphones over Mouse's ears and a visor over his eyes. He retreats off the stage leaving Mouse alone in dark silence.

PRIEST
(to Evelyn)
You can begin.

Evelyn hits a return key.

POV MOUSE:

And a horizontal beam of light breaks across the blackness of the visor -- terrestrial shapes forming now -- buildings erecting themselves from nothingness -- people appearing mid-step, walking the streets -- talking, laughing -- this is life in America -- this is life in California -- this is life in Los Angeles -- this is life in Christine Mouse's house -- and finally, in her basement --

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

And here he is: ADAM MOUSE. Not a representation of him, not a digital model, not an-EA-Sports-John-Madden-Football pixelated recreation -- this is *him*. Flesh and blood, it seems.

MOUSE
Holy --

INT. SPECIAL PROJECTS DIVISION (S.P.D.) COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE on the stage, finishing his thought:

MOUSE (CONT'D)
-- shit.

EVELYN watching the monitor in front of her: it's Mouse inside *his basement*, in a virtual world that is indistinguishable from reality.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE starting to walk around the room, noticing that everything is the same as his actual basement.

INT. SPECIAL PROJECTS DIVISION (S.P.D.) COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

The floor shifting beneath Mouse keeping him stationary, yet seemingly walking within the game.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE making his way over to his closet, opening it, revealing --

Blueprints, schematics, C-4, guns - an anarchist's stockpile of goodies. Mouse scanning the closet, taking inventory, foreseeing the devastation he is about to reap in this virtual world, grinning wide as RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE'S "Down Rodeo" kicks in and we begin *the game* --

INT. LOBBY - FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Two armed officers (HAGAN and AGNEW) and their bomb-sniffing dog (NINO) stand attentive just beyond the metal detectors at the lobby entrance. Nino begins to bark viciously, and Hagan and Agnew promptly go for their weapons as we CUT TO --

REVERSE ANGLE

MOUSE entering the building with a duffel bag strapped tight to his back and a Tech-9 in hand. Now raising the weapon, pulling the trigger, and dispatching the duo and their canine to their digital graves.

Circling around to the personnel counter now, typing on the computer, and burning a SECURITY KEY-CARD.

Mouse taking the card and moving toward the elevator at the other end of the lobby.

INT. 3RD FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

DING! Elevator opening, MOUSE exiting and moving swiftly down the hallway. Approaching a door labeled FSDB (Federal Super-Database), and sliding his key card.

INT. FEDERAL SUPER-DATABASE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The KEY-SLIDE lock flashing from red to green. Door opening. A GAGGLE OF AGENTS turning around as MOUSE enters, unloading his automatic pistol into the first, kicking the second in the chest and sending him flying through the room, then breaking off the next on-comer with an array of Kung-Fu moves straight from Wu-Ping.

Mouse posting up at the computer, sliding his key-card to log-in, now downloading a stream of files.

INT. SIMULATION FACILITY - SPECIAL PROJECTS DIVISION (S.P.D.) COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

PRIEST and EVELYN watching MOUSE on the monitor.

INT. FEDERAL SUPER DATABASE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Download ends. Last file on-screen contains a photo on the cover: The Library Tower - the largest building in the LA skyline.

MOUSE removing the duffel bag from around his shoulder, taking out a MASSIVE EXPLOSIVE DEVICE, arming it, now exiting the room.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

MOUSE walking away from the building as it EXPLODES behind him.

INT. SIMULATION FACILITY - S.P.D. COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

PRIEST turns to EVELYN.

PRIEST

Very impressive. Now let us see how he handles level two.

They turn their attention back to the game.

EXT. LIBRARY TOWER - DAY

The tallest building in the LA skyline. We VENTURE INSIDE --

INT. AIR-CONDITIONING VENT - CONTINUOUS

We are travelling up the AC vent following a wire that leads to shape-charge after shape-charge rigged within the unit every ten floors, rising through the vent shaft to --

EXT. ROOF - LIBRARY TOWER - CONTINUOUS

And we find MOUSE, disguised as a maintenance man, putting the final touches on a MASSIVE EXPLOSIVE DEVICE, arming the timer, then putting the RED AIR-CONDITIONING UNIT CASING back over the bomb.

INT. MASON PARTNERS, LLC. - MOMENTS LATER

An office space filled with cubicles and digital lawyers. MOUSE navigating the cubicles and exiting.

EXT. PARK - DAY

MOUSE looks down at his watch.

CLOSE ON WATCH

12:00 p.m.

BACK TO SCENE

Mouse looks up, sees The Library Tower in the distance.

Then, the shape-charges begin to detonate one after the other.

The building collapses into dust.

The mass of dust rushing through the corridor of buildings, heading toward the LA Live complex and the blue dome of the Staples Center.

Mouse smiling proudly as "DOWN RODEO" cuts out, and we *end the game* --

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

MOUSE opens his eyes to the BEEP BEEP BEEP of the alarm clock. He jerks up and scans the room.

His hand glides across the injection point on his neck making him immediately uneasy. He looks over at the closet that held the stockpile of weapons in the game. He shakes his head and laughs it off.

His televisions continue to broadcast - all news, all muted.

CHRISTINE (O.S.)

Adam! You up yet?

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE enters the kitchen. CHRISTINE pours a cup of coffee for him, slaps some eggs on a plate and sets it on the kitchen table.

CHRISTINE

How was Vegas? Didn't hear you get in last night.

MOUSE

It was, uh, good.

CHRISTINE

You meet a nice girl?

MOUSE

Mom.

She hands him the cup of coffee.

CHRISTINE

A little caffeine for the cobwebs.

MOUSE

Thanks.

Mouse sits at the table. Christine leaves the room. Mouse looks around quizzically.

MOUSE (CONT'D)

Hey, Ma. Where's my pills?

No answer. Morning silence ornamented by the NEWS coming from the living room.

Mouse glances that way. Something catches his eye. He stands slowly, heads into --

LIVING ROOM

MOUSE entering now, shock consuming him.

And ON THE TELEVISION, we see why he wears that look of dread. WOLF BLITZER on The Situation Room reports:

WOLF BLITZER
 CNN has just confirmed a massive explosion at the Los Angeles Federal Building. Anderson Cooper is arriving at the scene --

And we CUT TO the live news footage --

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

We were just here.

Chaos -- smoke and destruction -- people dragging other people from inside the structure -- bloody bodies laid out on the sidewalk -- screaming. ANDERSON COOPER reporting --

ANDERSON COOPER
 It looks like it detonated inside the building, Wolf. There's smoke and debris everywhere...body parts and...oh, God...the police are arriving now...

And several squad cars descend on the scene -- a fire truck -- an ambulance -- still, the shaky handheld and the carnage shakes us to our bones --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE, trying to comprehend the images, backing away from the television, the living room, turning and heading into --

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

MOUSE runs down the stairs and he goes for it - the closet. He opens the door --

And Mouse retreats a step. Air sucked out of his lungs. Eyes going wide. *What the ...???*

Mouse stepping forward, reaching out, grabbing something inside there, taking it in his hand, lifting and revealing it to us: a gun. And we TRACK AROUND behind him to reveal --

Blueprints, schematics, C-4, guns, an anarchist's stockpile of goodies.

Mouse in disbelief, catching something else out of the corner of his eye, slowly turning his head toward the series of televisions - all news channels, all muted.

And one by one, they begin to flash photos of *him* - Adam Mouse, Adam Mouse, Adam Mouse - with one word beneath: *SUSPECT*.

ACROSS ROOM

CLOSE ON - a hidden camera recording Mouse's every move.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON MONITOR - we see the BASEMENT CAM view. Mouse staring at the televisions, turning back to the stockpile.

We PULL BACK to reveal --

A television production room, but *militarized* - a wall of monitors tapping into traffic cameras, satellite imagery, anything and everything that the controllers, ORCI and KURTZMANN - seated at the control board - desire. We move --

CLOSE ON

A MONITOR displaying a TRAFFIC CAM FEED. We see a front view of the Mouse residence.

Then on --

A MONITOR displaying a DRONE CAM FEED, floating over the entire neighborhood.

A DRONE PILOT controls the UAV at an adjacent station, while Orchi and Kurtzmann shift the imagery with lightning fast key-strokes, the monitors flashing new perspectives at their will - or more appropriately, at the will of the man that paces behind them: PRIEST.

KURTZMANN

A little *deja vu*, kid?

We focus on the BASEMENT CAM MONITOR and Mouse's state of shock.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE continues to stare at the televisions - *SUSPECT SUSPECT SUSPECT*.

MOUSE

Ummmm, Mom!?

He grips the gun and heads upstairs.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We TRACK LEFT from the BASEMENT CAM MONITOR - Mouse sprinting up the stairs - to the KITCHEN CAM MONITOR - Mouse entering the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE going from window to window, scanning the exterior --

MOUSE

Mom, come down here!

Setting the gun on the counter now, picking up the phone, dialing --

911 LADY (O.S.)

9-1-1, what's your emergency?

MOUSE

My name is Adam Mouse. I think someone is...

911 LADY (O.S.)

Sir, what is your emergency?

Mouse hearing a footstep, turning and finding CHRISTINE with a hand-cannon pointed directly at him.

MOUSE

Mom...

CHRISTINE

I'm sorry, Adam.

MOUSE

Mom, I didn't...

CHRISTINE

I never wanted to lie to you.

MOUSE

What are you talking about?

CHRISTINE

I love you, son. Now run.

MOUSE

What?

CHRISTINE

Runnnnnnnn!!!!

Christine belting out the command as two masked gunmen (CREWMAN 1 and CREWMAN 2 - the shooters from the Balikov hit) bust down the door, machine guns blazing. Mouse hitting the deck as Christine returns fire, not your basic middle-aged woman firing at an intruder, but a straight up professional.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Run, Adam!!!

Mother and son making brief eye-contact before Mouse reaches up, grabs the gun off the counter, and sprints toward the back of the house.

Christine continuing to unload her weapon, tossing the kitchen table over, taking cover behind it, releasing the empty clip to the floor, swiftly taking another from her pocket, reloading, returning fire --

EXT. MOUSE RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE sprinting from the back of the house amidst the GUNFIRE, hopping over the fence --

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the DRONE CAM MONITOR - Mouse on the other side of the fence, sprinting to his car.

KURTZMANN

And the Mouse is in the maze.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CHRISTINE continuing to unload her weapon, hopping up and firing like a mad-woman as she kicks in the door to the basement and dives down the stairs --

BASEMENT

Now tumbling down the steps as bullets shred the door above. She's up in a flash and heading for the closet door now - apparently knows what lies therein - opening it, grabbing a shotgun, loading shells, then turning the barrel upward and FIRING at the Crewmen through the ceiling --

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ORCI wincing as he watches Christine on the BASEMENT CAM MONITOR.

ORCI
She is a cold bitch, that one.

On the DRONE CAM MONITOR - Mouse entering his Honda.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The HONDA accelerating down the street.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

CHRISTINE firing the last two shots in the shotgun. Tossing it to the floor and snatching an AK-47 from the stockpile, pointing and laying on automatic GUNFIRE, keeping the Crewmen at bay at the top of the steps --

Now scanning the stockpile while firing. Catching sight of the C-4 and going for it. Taking the plastique, sticking the detonators inside --

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ORCI watching CHRISTINE on the BASEMENT CAM MONITOR.

ORCI
What the fuck is she doing?

Kurtzmann leaning in, taking a closer look. Now recognizing --

KURTZMANN
(into headset)
Team 2, get out of there, now!

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CREWMAN 1 and CREWMAN 2 hearing the command on their earpieces, immediately retreating from the house --

INT. CAR - STREET - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE panting, winging the car, almost hitting a MOTORCYCLIST, screeching onto another street --

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

CHRISTINE jamming the last detonator into the plastique, taking the remote device, flipping a switch and arming it. Turning around now and heading for the hidden camera on the other side of the room --

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the BASEMENT CAM MONITOR - Christine coming directly at us, reaching out her hand, tearing the device from the wall. The monitor goes fuzzy.

EXT. MOUSE RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

CREWMAN 1 and 2 clearing the yard as a MASSIVE EXPLOSION disintegrates the premises.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE looking into his rearview mirror, jamming on his brakes.

EXT. CAR - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Out of his car in a flash. MOUSE covering his mouth when he sees the mushroom cloud rise into the sky.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

KURTZMANN studying the aftermath of the explosion as smoke rises towards us on the DRONE CAM MONITOR.

KURTZMANN

(to Priest)

Your agent did not go quietly. Damn maternal instinct.

PRIEST

As long as she's gone.

(into headset)

Mr. Leonard, do you see our subject?

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

We PAN from MOUSE to a Black Escalade across the street.

INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

MR. LEONARD watching Mouse from inside the Escalade.

MR. LEONARD
(into earpiece)
Subject in view.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

POLICE DISPATCH coming over the radio.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
We've got a report of an explosion
at 1214 St. Andrews Place. All
officers in the vicinity...

ORCI
Cops are on it.

KURTZMANN
What's he doing?

ORCI
(off DRONE CAM MONITOR)
Standing outside his car.

KURTZMANN
This idiot doesn't know when to
run, does he?

PRIEST
(to OrCi)
His radio on?

ORCI
Yup.

PRIEST
Prep the Limbaugh filter.

Kurtzmann typing into a computer, twisting a frequency knob on
a voice modulator.

KURTZMANN (CONT'D)
Fat boy up. Give me some punditry.

Priest taking a nearby microphone.

EXT. MOUSE'S CAR - STREET - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE standing next to the car, still staring blankly at the mushroom cloud, now turning toward the RADIO --

LIMBAUGH (O.S.)

They're looking for a local kid in connection with this thing. I bet he's a damn Hollywood liberal, this Mouse.

Mouse in shock, listening --

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PRIEST speaking into the microphone, *conjuring* Rush's idiosyncratic punditry --

PRIEST

Adam Mouse. Yeah, that's right.

(beat)

Ohhhhh, this is good. The kid might have blown himself up! Just got a call from a police source. His house exploded!

EXT. MOUSE'S CAR - STREET - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE still listening.

LIMBAUGH (O.S.)

They're scouring the neighborhood for his...what's this? A grey Honda Accord? If any of my patriotic listeners out there are around St. Andrews and Wilshire, look out for an '88 grey Honda Accord.

Now scanning the terrain, tucking the gun in his belt, and taking off on foot down the street, leaving his car behind.

INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

MR. LEONARD watching Mouse.

MR. LEONARD
 (into earpiece)
 Subject is on foot headed north.

Mr. Leonard hitting the gas, following.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

KURTZMANN clicking off the filtering system, applauding
 PRIEST.

KURTZMANN
 Fantastic performance.
 (ceasing applauds)
 LAPD is going to be on his ass
 soon. That bitch put us in quite a
 predicament.

PRIEST
 We scratch his back, he'll scratch
 ours.
 (checking his watch)
 We're right on schedule.

Priest and Kurtzmann turning their attention back toward the
 monitors.

EXT. WILSHIRE/ST. ANDREWS - MOMENTS LATER

MOUSE running down the street, slowing to a walk as onlookers
 catch his terrified demeanor. Stopping now, not knowing where
 to go or what to do.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the WILSHIRE/ST. ANDREWS TRAFFIC CAM MONITOR - Mouse
 standing idle. PRIEST watching, directing --

PRIEST
 (to Orca)
 Get him to the girl.

Orca typing.

EXT. WILSHIRE/ST. ANDREWS - CONTINUOUS

A cop car BLAZING past MOUSE as he ducks his head, turning
 away from the street. It passes. Looking up now, face just
 inches from an ELECTRONICS STORE WINDOW.

Inside, a dozen FLAT-SCREENS playing the same channel. The channel clicks to an advertisement for a video game - *Massive Destruction* (the videogame from Mouse's basement).

ON THE FLAT SCREENS - Frank Savage, the digital soldier, rustling through the urban war-zone to HARD-BANGING HEAVY METAL in the BG. Firing his rifle, tossing grenades, destroying the enemy.

Spot ending now. Camera pushing in on Savage's warrior-like gaze as the title of the game overtakes the frame: *Massive Destruction*.

Then, the creator of the game fades in on screen: *Meta-Games*.

BACK ON MOUSE

Lightbulb. Mouse registering the imagery, turning and heading down the street to --

PHONE BOOTH

More cop cars zooming past in the opposite direction as MOUSE flips through the Yellow Pages to *Meta-Games, Inc.*

Tearing the page out, stuffing it in his pocket, catching sight of an approaching bus, moving toward the bus stop and hopping on board.

Mr. Leonard's ESCALADE follows.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PRIEST turning to KURTZMANN.

PRIEST
Get her in the game.

Kurtzmann nodding, patting Orci on the shoulder as he begins to type.

INT. EVELYN'S OFFICE - META-GAMES - DAY

An executive suite. EVELYN LEWIS sits at her computer typing. She touches her neck tenderly and we see it - the injection point. She goes to sip from her coffee cup, but it's empty. She rises, moves into --

CUBICLES

EVELYN makes her way through the cubicles, noticing that they're all empty. She hears a commotion across the room, sees a dozen or so co-workers huddled around a FLAT-SCREEN hanging on the wall. She heads that way --

Navigating the crowd now, she sees what's on the TV - FOX NEWS with SHEPARD SMITH reporting:

SHEPARD SMITH

The explosion happened this morning. The Federal Building is absolutely devastated. Hundreds dead. Maybe worse than Oklahoma City. And just like that atrocity, authorities suspect an American was responsible. This man, Adam Mouse...

Mouse's DMV PHOTO pops up on the screen.

The coffee cup hits the floor.

EXT. META-GAMES - MOMENTS LATER

EVELYN sprinting toward her car, panicked, knowing that she is somehow involved in this, fumbling her keys along the way.

Now at her car, sliding the key in and opening the door, suddenly grabbed by MOUSE from behind.

Mouse pushing her into her car and closing the door as he falls on top of her. Keys banking off the center console, hitting the floor.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ORCI swallowing a sip of Red Bull, watching the MONITOR in front of him --

PARKING LOT SECURITY CAM VIEW - Mouse pushing Evelyn inside the car.

ORCI

And the Condor makes his move.

Orci setting down the Red Bull, shifting his focus to another MONITOR where we see the META-GAMES SECURITY ROOM - A Security Guard catching sight of the attack in the parking lot. He and three other guards head out the door.

ORCI

Uh, oh.

KURTZMANN

What now?

ORCI

Security saw our hero and are moving in.

KURTZMANN

(into headset)

We've got a team approaching the subject. Please contain.

INT. EVELYN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN tries to scream, but the gun at her head prompts her to shoosh.

MOUSE

Shhhhhh...

MOUSE pokes his head up to scope the scene. Evelyn catches sight of her keys on the floor, and more importantly, the can of mace that's attached.

Mouse ducks back down as a car moves past --

MOUSE (CONT'D)

You set me up.

INT. META-GAMES STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

The SECURITY DETAIL (4 men) moving into the staircase, cut off by MR. LEONARD --

MAN 1

Hey!

He goes for his gun, but Mr. Leonard is too quick. He SNAPS his elbow like a twig, COLLAPSES his knee, CRUSHES his larynx with a ridge hand.

Then to Man 2 - one, two, three STRIKES to the chest. His heart explodes, and he falls.

On to Man 3 - Mr. Leonard BREAKS his neck.

And finally, Man 4 - Mr. Leonard CRUSHES his skull into a brick wall.

MR. LEONARD
(into earpiece)
Contained.

He takes out a walkie-talkie, says:

MR. LEONARD (CONT'D)
Clean up crew to staircase.

CREWMAN 1 (O.S.)
Roger that.

INT. EVELYN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

MOUSE still on top of EVELYN.

EVELYN
You're a murderer. You bombed that
building.

MOUSE
Bullshit! It was Priest! It was
you!

A VAN drives past the car. Evelyn hears it.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Help!

Mouse quickly covers her mouth.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The VAN moves past. Inside, CREWMAN 1 and CREWMAN 2. They
pull in back of the building.

INT. EVELYN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE ducks his head back down.

MOUSE
Who is he, Evelyn!? What does he
want?

He removes his hand from her mouth.

EVELYN
I don't know what's going on. I
just made the game. He paid me a
lot of money --

MOUSE
 (interrupting)
 Why me? How did you find me?

EVELYN
 Please don't hurt me. Please.

MOUSE
 Where is he?

EVELYN
 I don't know where he is.

Evelyn turns her head just enough so Mouse can see her injection mark.

MOUSE
 (off mark)
 Shit.

Mouse hears a commotion outside. He lifts his head and sees the Meta-Games staff pouring out of the building, scanning the street.

Evelyn sees her opportunity and takes it. She grabs her keys and the can of mace, and sprays it in Mouse's eyes.

MOUSE
 Ahhhh!

Reaching up now and opening the passenger-side door, crawling from beneath Mouse, feet hitting the pavement and she's on the move --

MOUSE (CONT'D)
 Evelyn!

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ORCI watching the action on the monitor.

ORCI
 She's on the run, boys.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Mouse falling out of the car, wiping his eyes, catching sight of Evelyn darting across a busy street.

Up and giving chase --

STREET

MOUSE racing into traffic, dodging a car as it slams on its brakes and gets mashed by another --

Almost across the street now, Mouse diving out of the way of a Volvo, barely missing him as it barrels into a telephone pole --

Adrenaline pumping, Mouse is up and sprinting after the girl.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN running as fast as she can, weaving through pedestrians as MOUSE chases.

MOUSE

Stop!

Mouse is gaining on her. Evelyn turning a corner to --

ADJACENT STREET

EVELYN ducking into a DODGER BAR.

MOUSE turning the corner, seeing her enter the bar.

INT. DODGER BAR - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN screaming at the top of her lungs as Dodger fans pan from Manny Ramirez's at-bat.

EVELYN

Help! There's a guy out there
trying to kill me!

MOMENTS LATER

MOUSE entering the bar, tackled immediately by a large LATINO BOUNCER, hitting the floor hard --

The Latino decking Mouse in the face. Mouse grimacing, catching the Latino off-guard with a punch to the pills --

Latino doubling over as Mouse pushes him away, pulls the gun from his waist and rises. Other patrons backing away --

MOUSE

Get back!

Evelyn standing back, terrified.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PRIEST, ORCI and KURTZMANN watching the scene on a MONITOR playing the DODGER BAR SECURITY CAMERA feed.

KURTZMANN

Someone tell these two that they're on the same side, please.

PRIEST

(to Orci)

Do it.

Orci types.

INT. DODGER BAR - CONTINUOUS

ON THE TELEVISIONS - the Dodger game is suddenly interrupted by a BREAKING NEWS BRIEF.

LOCAL REPORTER

We have an update on this morning's attack at the Federal Building. A warrant has been issued for another suspect, Evelyn Lewis.

EVELYN'S DMV PHOTO popping up on the screen.

LOCAL REPORTER (CONT'D)

Thirty one years of age, dark brown hair. Suspect thought to be armed and dangerous.

Murmurs vibrating through the crowd as EVELYN watches in shock. MOUSE still pointing the gun.

MOUSE

(to Evelyn)

You see what he's doing?

Evelyn terrified, turning and sprinting out the back. Mouse chasing --

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN sprinting down the alley, cutting into another door. MOUSE heading that way --

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN heading up one, two, three flights of steps and climbing.

MOUSE chasing.

5TH FLOOR

EVELYN pounding on doors as she moves frantically down the hall.

EVELYN
Help! Help!

MOUSE reaches the top of the stairs, gaining.

END OF THE HALL

OLD LADY hearing the commotion and opening the last door.
EVELYN entering, slamming the door in MOUSE's face just as he arrives.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN turning to the OLD LADY.

EVELYN
Call the police!

Old Lady moving toward the phone. Evelyn hearing Mouse trying to kick the door down, now heading for the balcony --

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE kicking, kicking, charging, stomping the door with all his might, and it finally gives in.

Mouse shedding a look of surprise as he enters --

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ORCI, KURTZMANN, and PRIEST scanning the monitors

PRIEST
Where are they?

Kurtzmann walking over to the DRONE station.

KURTZMANN
(to Drone Pilot)
Zoom in.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE running by the OLD LADY, seeing the open balcony door, heading that way.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ON DRONE CAM MONITOR - Mouse popping out onto the balcony. Evelyn inching along the outside of the rail.

PRIEST, ORCI, and KURTZMANN watching, captivated.

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE looking down at the drop.

MOUSE
Are you nuts!?

EVELYN keeps moving. Mouse tucking the gun in his waist, climbing over the rail.

Mouse lunging for her, getting a grip on her wrist, but she slips!

Mouse gripping her wrist and holding on tight as she flails, screaming --

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PRIEST's eyes locked on the monitor.

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE, one hand gripping the rail, one gripping EVELYN, pulling her up with everything he's got.

He pulls her up!

The duo climbing over the neighboring balcony ledge.

MOUSE
You finished!?

Mouse shattering the balcony door with the butt of his gun, pulling Evelyn to her feet, entering --

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE immediately tackled to the ground by a POLICEMAN. Evelyn breaking away, moving to the other side of the room as the cop man-handles Mouse, flipping him onto his belly, driving a knee into his back.

MOUSE
You don't understand!

POLICEMAN
(to Evelyn)
Are you okay, maam?

Evelyn watching, nods.

MOUSE
I didn't do anyth--

The officer driving an elbow into the back of Mouse's head - a little LAPD nudge. His mouth slams into the floor, and he recoils, teeth bloody.

The officer dragging Mouse to his feet.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

No sign of Mouse or Evelyn on any of the monitors. PRIEST getting nervous, checking his watch.

PRIEST
(to Orci)
What's going on in there?

Orci typing, bringing up the ELEVATOR SECURITY CAM on one of the monitors. We see Mouse in a daze, teeth bloody, handcuffed and heading down to the ground level with the cop and Evelyn.

KURTZMANN
Damnit!
(to Drone Pilot)
Closer on that building.

The DRONE PILOT shifts the DRONE CAM closer on the outside of the apartment building. We see a POLICE CRUISER hidden beneath a tree out front. We catch the number on the roof:
322.

PRIEST
 (into headset)
 Team two, we have a problem. LAPD
 cruiser number 322 has interrupted
 our hero's date.

CREWMAN 1 (O.S.)
 Roger that.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The POLICEMAN slams a handcuffed MOUSE against the side of the car. He opens the back, tosses him in.

POLICEMAN
 (to Evelyn)
 Right this way, maam.

The Policeman opens the *front* door for Evelyn. She stares at him quizzically, gets inside. He closes the door, goes to the other side of the car, enters and drives off.

INT. CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Driving now, MOUSE in the backseat.

MOUSE
 We're wanted for the same thing.
 Why is she up there and I'm back
 here?

POLICEMAN
 Shut up!
 (to Evelyn)
 What's he talking about?

Evelyn shrugs, her world upside down. The Policeman looks at her suspiciously.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
 Can I see your ID, maam?

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON TRAFFIC CAM MONITOR - The Cruiser approaches a stop light.

PRIEST
 (to Orca)
 Stop 'em at that light.

Orci types.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
 (into headset)
 Ready for intercept?

CREWMAN 1 (O.S.)
 Bogey ready when you are.

PRIEST
 (to Kurtzmann)
 Get him to the tower.

Kurtzmann starts typing.

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

Light changing quickly - GREEN, YELLOW, RED. Cruiser coming to a halt.

INT. CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN hands the Policeman her ID. He takes his RADIO.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
 (into radio)
 Yeah, can I get a background check
 on an Evelyn Lewis?

Mouse scanning the street, the sidewalk, the storefronts, looking up now, catching sight of a DIGITAL BILLBOARD flashing advertisements.

Mouse focusing on it, deeper and deeper, and we finally see what it is that has him hypnotized --

ANGLE ON DIGITAL BILLBOARD - a movie advertisement disappears, replaced by a new one: the tallest building in the Los Angeles skyline, the US Bank Tower - otherwise known as *The Library Tower* - shines bright in the California sunshine. GRAPHIC on the billboard reads: **US BANK - YOUR FUTURE, NOW.**

Mouse PANS to a nearby clock tower. Sees the time:

11:45 a.m.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Back to the TRAFFIC CAM MONITOR - Mouse seeing the advertisement, absorbing.

ORCI
Very effective advertising, Mr.
Priest.

PRIEST
(to Orci)
Get 'em moving.

INT. CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Mouse realizing --

MOUSE
(to himself)
Oh, my God.

POLICEMAN
(into radio)
That's right: Echo, Victor, Echo --

MOUSE
(interrupting)
Please, officer. Listen to me.

POLICEMAN
(to Mouse)
Quiet.
(into radio)
Lima, November --

MOUSE
You have to listen to me!

The light turns green.

The Policeman takes his foot off the brake.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PRIEST watching on the monitor.

PRIEST
(into headset)
Fire bogey.

INT. CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

The POLICEMAN accelerating --

MOUSE

There's a bomb in the Library
Tower! It's the same man
responsible for the attack today!

POLICEMAN

Oh yeah? What attack is th---

And a car barrels into the driver's side of the cruiser!

Windows imploding as the car spins out of control --

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

CRUISER colliding with another car, then another - pile-up
ensuing.

POLICEMAN unconscious behind the wheel. EVELYN clearly dazed,
blood drizzling from her head. MOUSE shaking the cobwebs off,
pulling his cuffs down around his legs and in front of him,
reaching through his crushed window and opening the door.

Getting out of the car now, reaching across the cop and
taking the keys to his cuffs, unlocking himself. Grabbing his
gun, moving to the passenger side and pulling Evelyn from the
vehicle.

The other driver approaching. We recognize him - CREWMAN 2,
dressed in civilian attire.

CREWMAN 2

Are you guys okay?

Mouse pointing the gun while backing away from the scene.
Crewman 2 putting his hands up and backing away.

Mouse swinging the gun to a MEXICAN in a brown Ford pick-up
truck.

MOUSE

Necesitamos de su coche!

The Mexican getting out. Mouse pushing Evelyn inside, hopping
behind the wheel and fleeing the scene.

Crewman 2 speaking into his earpiece.

CREWMAN 2
(into earpiece)
Subject back in the game.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

KURTZMANN checking his watch.

KURTZMANN
He's got less than fifteen minutes.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE slamming on the gas, weaving through pedestrians and traffic. EVELYN riding shotgun, banged up from the crash.

MOUSE
Are you okay?

EVELYN
Great, you asshole.

MOUSE
Look, I'm sorry I grabbed you back
at your car. I thought you were
working with him.

EVELYN
No. I'm not.

MOUSE
I didn't do it, Evelyn. He set us
both up.

EVELYN
What does he want?

MOUSE
I don't know.

EVELYN
What the hell were you yelling
about back there? Where are we
going?

MOUSE
The Library Tower.

EVELYN
What?

MOUSE

That's where he's gonna hit next.

Mouse cranking the wheel and fishtailing around a corner.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

A group of DEMOCRATIC DELEGATES (CALIFORNIA paddles and LAMBERT FOR PRESIDENT signs in hand) step off the curb, but recoil in terror as the brown pick-up truck blares its horn and runs right through the red-light.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE blaring his horn, continuing --

EVELYN

Let's go to the police!

MOUSE

There's no time. That building's going down in less than fifteen minutes. We've got to get those people out of there or thousands will die.

EVELYN

Jesus, this is insane.

MOUSE

If we have any chance of getting through this, we've got to work together, okay?

Evelyn unresponsive.

MOUSE (CONT'D)

Please Evelyn. If he's using the game I played - the game you built - we're responsible whether we like it or not. Do you want all those deaths on your conscience?

Evelyn shaking her head.

MOUSE (CONT'D)

Me neither.

And the truck bombs through another red light.

EXT. STAPLES CENTER - DAY

SECRET SERVICE and POLICE everywhere, guiding bomb-sniffing dogs beneath cars, using high-tech explosive detectors, patting down and scanning everyone with detection wands as they enter the complex.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Dogs sniffing beneath seats. SECRET SERVICE checking the premises, up in the rafters scanning the crowd as they enter.

This room is secure.

BACKSTAGE

SECRET SERVICE ushers SENATOR LAMBERT into his powder room.

EXT. LIBRARY TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The brown Ford pick-up jumping the curb, heading directly for the front of the building --

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE not letting off the gas one bit. EVELYN looking at him in disbelief.

EVELYN

What are you doing?

The pedal hitting the floor --

INT. LOBBY - LIBRARY TOWER - CONTINUOUS

SECURITY GUARDS at the counter, hearing --

DISPATCH (O.S.)

All units, be advised. Brown Ford pick-up truck involved in a 215 at the corner of Broadway and Olympic...

Guards' eyes going wide as they see --

The brown Ford pick-up crashes through the front of the lobby!

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SECURITY CAM FEED from the lobby showing the crash.

ORCI

Your boy really knows how to make
an entrance.

PRIEST

(smiling)
I knew he would.

INT. LOBBY - LIBRARY TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Screaming and chaos as MOUSE and EVELYN exit the vehicle.
Mouse immediately putting his gun in the air and - BANG BANG
BANG - firing!

MOUSE

There's a bomb in the building!
Everybody out!!!!

People dispersing like mad. Security Guards going for their
weapons, thinking twice when Mouse levels his gun at them.

MOUSE (CONT'D)

Didn't you hear me? I said there's
a goddamn bomb in the building, now
get you fat asses out of here NOW!

Guards following orders now, sprinting out of the building.

Mouse taking Evelyn's hand pulling her toward the elevator --

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The RADIO relaying --

DISPATCH (O.S.)

We've got gunfire at 633 West Fifth
Street. All units, please report...

SWAT DISPATCH (O.S.)

SWAT Team in route.

KURTZMANN

(to Drone Pilot)
Let's get a closer look at that
roof...

Drone Pilot wiggling his little controller.

INT. MASON PARTNERS, LLP - MOMENTS LATER

DING. The elevator opens. MOUSE and EVELYN exiting, moving quickly through the office. BANG BANG! Mouse firing his gun in the air again.

MOUSE

Let's go, people! Bomb! Bomb! Bomb!
There is a bomb in this building!

EVELYN

Jesus, I think they get the point.

Mouse yanking her across the mass of cubicles and cutting into a staircase --

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN and MOUSE climbing --

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE and EVELYN pushing through the door, stopping, scanning. She sees it - the RED AIR CONDITIONING UNIT.

EVELYN

There!

They head that way --

INT. LOBBY - LIBRARY TOWER - CONTINUOUS

ALARM blaring. SWAT team flooding into the lobby as yuppies pour out of the staircases and elevators.

SECURITY GUARD

(to SWAT commander)
Cameras got 'em going to the roof.

SWAT LEADER

Get everyone out of the building.
(to SWAT Team)
Let's go!

SWAT team heading into the elevator/staircase --

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE and EVELYN reach the unit. Mouse slowly removes the unit casing. Staring him right in the face is the exact same DEVICE that was in the game.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PRIEST
(off monitors)
How much time does he have?

ORCI
A little less than four minutes.

ANGLE ON MONITOR - the MASON PARTNERS' SECURITY CAM feed.
SWAT team rushing out of the elevator and into the office.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE scanning the wires, the detonators, the rig itself.

We ENTER the unit, now dropping down, catching sight of shape-charge after shape-charge rigged within the AC vent.

BACK ON MOUSE

MOUSE
It's in the vents. They've wired
the whole building.

EVELYN
Oh my God.

MOUSE
If it's the same as the game, I can
diffuse it.

SWAT MEMBER interrupting, busting through the door and shooting at Mouse and Evelyn --

Mouse and Evelyn taking cover --

NEWS HELICOPTER rising above them now, cameraman capturing the perpetrators on the roof, ZOOMING IN on their faces --

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON MONITOR playing the live news broadcast. Mouse and Evelyn on screen - terrorists caught in the act.

KURTZMANN
 (off television)
 And our boy is officially a
 terrorist.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

First time we've been here.

ANGLE ON MONITOR playing the same broadcast.

MOMENTS LATER

The door to a BLACK MUSTANG slamming, tires spinning as it blazes out of the warehouse at top speed --

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE and EVELYN still taking fire --

MOUSE
 There's a bomb down here, you
 assholes!

SWAT team breaks out onto the roof, firing at Mouse. Mouse taking cover, thinking, now reaching up to the device, unplugging three detonators from a brick of C-4 --

SWAT team continuing their assault --

MOUSE (CONT'D)
 This ought to do it.

Mouse tossing the brick at the SWAT team --

The brick landing, sliding right up to the boots of the TEAM LEADER. Looking down now, taking the hint --

TEAM LEADER
 Everybody off the roof!

Mouse watching as the SWAT team retreats down the staircase --

MOUSE
 Oh, you got it now?!

The helicopter making a dramatic turn away from the roof --

MOUSE (CONT'D)
 (to Evelyn)
 Finally, a little peace and quiet.

Mouse to his feet, sizing up the device again, looking beneath it, seeing the clock ticking down --

3:29...3:28...3:27...

INT. MASON PARTNERS, LLP - CONTINUOUS

SWAT TEAM heading down the stairs, shouting commands to the descending mass of OFFICE WORKERS --

SWAT LEADER
 Go! Go! Go!

Traffic jam. TEAM LEADER looking down through the center of the staircase and seeing a frightening sight: it's jam-packed full of potential victims.

TEAM MEMBER
 Oh my God.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN
 Turn it off!

MOUSE
 Just shut up and let me think!
 (working it out)
 The timer sends a current all the way down.

EVELYN
 But they're in the air-conditioning vent, which you can't even get to!

MOUSE
 I know!

EVELYN
 Well why'd you put them there in the first place?!

MOUSE checking the thermostat on the AC unit --

MOUSE

That's it.

Mouse tapping the thermostat control, cranking up the temperature from 62 degrees all the way up to 100 --

EVELYN

What are you doing?

MOUSE

The cold increases conductivity. If it can get hot enough in there, the signal won't go through.

EVELYN

If?

MOUSE

Do you have a better idea!

INT. TEMPERATURE UNIT - CONTINUOUS

The unit reversing, glowing red with heat --

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE pointing to the SEQUENCING LIGHT on the device --

MOUSE

If that light goes off, none of the others will blow.

EVELYN

Well what about this one?!

MOUSE

I'll have to take out the detonators one by one.

The device - an utter porcupine of detonators. Evelyn looking at Mouse, incredulous. Mouse pulling out the first --

MOUSE (CONT'D)

You gonna stand there, or are you gonna help?

Clock ticking down --

2:30...2:29...2:28...

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON MONITOR - the DRONE CAM (zoomed in tight). We see Mouse and Evelyn working fast.

PRIEST watching closely --

EXT. ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

The last detonator hitting the pile --

EVELYN
That's it. Are we good?

MOUSE
Should be.

Mouse ducking down to check the thermostat - 100 degrees.

Then the SEQUENCING LIGHT - still lit.

MOUSE (CONT'D)
Come on...

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

The MASS OF PEOPLE descending more chaotically. A MAN stumbling and falling, knocking over an ELDERLY WOMAN, and so on. More chaos --

TOP OF STAIRCASE

TEAM MEMBER entering the staircase from the Mason Partners' office.

TEAM MEMBER
(into radio)
Top three floors clear, sir.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON SEQUENCING LIGHT - still illuminated.

MOUSE
Come on, damn you...

EVELYN shifting her focus from Mouse over to the other side of the unit. Something catching her eye --

EVELYN

Mouse...

Mouse ignoring Evelyn, staying on the SEQUENCING LIGHT --

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Mouse --

MOUSE

Quiet.

And it TURNS OFF. Mouse breathes a sigh of relief.

His eyes catch something else - a rogue wire dropping down below the thermostat into the belly of the unit --

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Mouse, you better look at this...

Mouse still ignoring her, following the wire, lifting the device out of the way, looking down, jaw dropping to the floor when he sees --

1:00...00:59...00:58...

It's another device.

ANGLE ON DEVICE - similar rig: a massive pincushion of C-4 and detonators.

MOUSE (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

EVELYN

(frustrated)

Mouse!

Evelyn grabbing his collar and yanking him over to her --

MOUSE

What?!

Pointing --

There, on the other side of the unit, is a gift-wrapped package with a yellow bow.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PRIEST

(to Orca)

How much time?

ORCI
Forty-five seconds.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE carefully opening the package and finding TWO BASE-JUMPING PARACHUTES.

EVELYN
What are those for?

Mouse pointing over to the other device. Evelyn responding with a quizzical look, ducking down now and seeing --

00:30...00:29...00:28...

Evelyn, now realizing exactly what they're for --

EVELYN (CONT'D)
You've got to be kidding me.

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

The chaotic MASS of workers continues to descend --

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE tossing EVELYN one of the chutes --

EVELYN
I can't do this.

MOUSE
You don't have a choice.

EVELYN
Let's get to the stairs!

MOUSE
There's no time!

Evelyn throwing the parachute around her shoulders. Mouse doing the same --

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PRIEST, KURTZMANN and ORCI watching the screen --

KURTZMANN
Come on, Mouse. Move your ass.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE and EVELYN struggling to buckle the straps --

CLOSE ON TIMER

00:15...00:14...00:13...

Mouse pulling Evelyn across the roof now --

MOUSE
Come on!

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PRIEST sweating bullets while ORCI counts down --

ORCI
Ten, nine, eight, seven...

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE and EVELYN sprinting to the side of the roof, looking down. A thousand feet to the pavement. *Holy shit* --

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

SWAT TEAM pushing the people down the stairs --

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON TIMER

00:05...00:04...

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ORCI
...three...two...

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

One last breath --

MOUSE

Jump!

CLOSE ON TIMER

...00:01...00:00.

Then WIDE ON --

The top two floors exploding as Mouse and Evelyn leap from the roof!

INT. LOBBY - LIBRARY TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The building shaking and everyone hits the deck --

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Smoke rushing down the staircase as the SWAT team tackles the OFFICE WORKERS, trying to shield them from the debris --

EXT. SKY - LIBRARY TOWER - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE and EVELYN descending toward the ground --

They yank their cords --

The chutes open and tug them upward!

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PRIEST breathing a sigh of relief, still watching --

EXT. SKY - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE taking hold of his directional cords --

EVELYN doing the same, struggling --

Mouse directing himself, now heading South-East toward Grand Ave --

Evelyn watching him, following suit --

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ORCI watching the DRONE CAM FEED - the jumpers sail away from the explosion.

KURTZMANN
(into headset)
Team two, subjects headed South-East toward Grand. Be there to intercept.

EXT. LOS ANGELES CENTRAL LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

CREWMEN in perfect position, watching the parachutes descend right over their heads, away from the --

LIBRARY TOWER

DOZENS OF COPS man their cruisers and head toward the fleeing perpetrators --

EXT. 5TH/GRAND AVE. - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE tugging the cords, trying to brace for his landing --

MOUSE
Ohhhhh shitttt!!!

Plowing into a STOP SIGN, now hitting the ground *hard* --

EVELYN yanking just enough, landing softly on her feet --

Mouse in utter amazement as he sees this display, now glaring at her incredulously --

Jumpers rising now and ditching their chutes as --

A BLOCK AWAY

COP CARS descend on their position --

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

KURTZMANN
(into headset)
What's going on Team Two?

EXT. 5TH ST. - CONTINUOUS

Now positioned between the fleeing "terrorists" and the oncoming POLICE CARS, CREWMAN 1 laying out a small LAUNCHER against the ground and pointing it across the street.

CREWMAN
(into earpiece)
Intercepting.

Crewman 1 hitting a button on the launcher and firing A CHAIN OF SPIKES which sticks into the building on the other side.

The POLICE CARS collide with the spikes!

Tires blowing out, cars swerving and crashing --

DOWN THE STREET

MOUSE and EVELYN watching the mayhem unfold --

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PRIEST
(to Orca)
Get 'em to the station.

Orca typing --

EXT. 5TH/GRAND AVE. - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE
Come on.

MOUSE and EVELYN heading up the street --

EVELYN
Where are we going?

Mouse scanning, catching sight of a DIGITAL ADVERTISEMENT on the side of a Metro Bus Stop. It flashes from an underwear ad to a new one:

ON ADVERTISEMENT - it reads: *LA Subway. Two blocks to Pershing Square!*

MOUSE
Subway station!

Now sprinting up 5th to Pershing Square --

INT. STAPLES CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Commotion at The Democratic National Convention as people check their iPhones and Blackberries, receiving updates on the chaos just a few blocks away.

A SECRET SERVICEMAN rushes on-stage and ushers the SPEAKER off as the PRODUCTION CEASES and the ROOMFUL OF DELEGATES begins to nervously exit the building.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON MONITOR - TRAFFIC CAMERA FEED at the corner of 5th and Grand. Mouse and Evelyn sprinting to Pershing Square.

PRIEST flashing a smile --

PRIEST
(into headset)
Subject in route. You may proceed,
Mr. Leonard.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

MR. LEONARD stands attentive in a dark hallway.

MR. LEONARD
(into earpiece)
Roger that.

Mr. Leonard takes that earpiece out of his ear. He replaces it with a different EARPIECE that was tucked just beneath his collar. He turns and enters --

INT. DRESSING ROOM - STAPLES CENTER - CONTINUOUS

MR. LEONARD passes TWO SECRET SERVICE agents, and approaches SENATOR LAMBERT, tissue around the collar, make-up application *interuptus*.

Mr. Leonard works for the Secret Service.

MR. LEONARD
Sir, there's been an attack in the
area. We need to get you out of
here.

EXT. 5TH ST. - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE and EVELYN racing toward the subway --

MOUSE

That other bomb wasn't in the game.
Priest was gonna blow that building
no matter what.

EVELYN

But the parachutes. How'd he know
we'd be there?

MOUSE

He's playing us like a damn game.
(beat)
Come on...

And just as they approach the subway entrance, a BLACK MUSTANG slides up on the curb and comes to a halt in front of them.

Mouse looks inside the car, thinking he's seen a ghost when she greets him: CHRISTINE MOUSE.

CHRISTINE

Need a lift?

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON MONITOR - PERSHING SQUARE SECURITY CAM feed shows Christine's black Mustang idling in front of Mouse and Evelyn.

KURTZMANN

That's the mother! Where did she
come from?!

EXT. 5TH ST. - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE, incredulous.

MOUSE

I thought you were dead.

CHRISTINE

I'm resilient, Adam. Now do you
want to get in this car, or get
arrested?

Mouse looks up the street at another WAVE OF COP CARS heading their way.

Christine opens the door and pulls her seat up. Evelyn jumps in back. Mouse pushes Christine out of the driver's seat and into shotgun.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
What do you think you're doing?

MOUSE
I'm driving.

CHRISTINE
Take the 101 north.

EVELYN
Who are you, lady?

MOUSE
Evelyn, Mom. Mom, Evelyn.

CHRISTINE
Nice to meet you, sweetie.

And Mouse puts the pedal to the floor --

EXT. LA LIVE - CONTINUOUS

MR. LEONARD and the rest of the SECRET SERVICE detail guide SENATOR LAMBERT into a bulletproof Escalade.

SECRET SERVICEMAN
(into cuff microphone)
Senator is in transit.

Mr. Leonard gets behind the wheel. They take off, police escorts on either side.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON MONITOR - The DRONE CAM FEED shows the Mustang darting through Los Angeles, flying north on Hill St., a trail of cop cars in pursuit.

PRIEST
Get him some help.

KURTZMANN
But the senator --

PRIEST

I'll handle the package. You just make sure Mouse stays in the game, you got it?

And as Kurtzmann goes to work, Priest takes out his cell-phone and begins to type.

KURTZMANN

(into headset)

Team two, I've got a black Mustang heading north on Hill toward the 101 --

EXT. VAN - STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Crewmen's VAN speeds through Los Angeles.

EXT. HILL ST. - CONTINUOUS

MUSTANG weaving in and out of traffic, cop cars in pursuit.

INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

MR. LEONARD driving, feeling a VIBRATION. He nonchalantly takes out his phone, reads the incoming text:

ON PHONE

Problem. Proceed to holding. Wait for instructions.

BACK TO SCENE

Mr. Leonard returns the phone to his pocket.

The DISPATCH comes over the radio.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Be advised, units in pursuit of suspect in Library Tower bombing, headed north on Hill St. Request for back-up.

Mr. Leonard reports into his cuff microphone --

MR. LEONARD

(into cuff mic)

Suspect in the open. Senator at risk. Proceeding to holding.

EXT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

And the ESCALADE and it's POLICE DETAIL turn.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE behind the wheel --

MOUSE

What the hell is going on, Mom!?

CHRISTINE

I saw you on the news.

(with a smile)

You looked handsome.

MOUSE

Not that, damnit! I'm talking about
the shoot-out at the house!

CHRISTINE

Why don't you just concentrate on
the road and we'll discuss that
later.

Mouse, incredulous, cranks the wheel --

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The CREWMEN head north on Olive, catching sight of the
Mustang one block down, heading parallel on Hill .

CREWMAN 1

We've got eyes on him.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ORCI

(off DRONE CAM monitor)

He's headed to the freeway.

Kurtzmann directs the DRONE PILOT.

KURTZMANN

Pull out wider.

The Drone Pilot directs the view on screen --

ANGLE ON MONITOR - The DRONE CAM pulls out to an aerial view of the 101 Freeway.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE sees an onslaught of COP CARS heading right his way --

MOUSE

Hold on.

EXT. HILL ST./101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The MUSTANG cranks left, cutting across oncoming traffic on Hill, crashing through a fence, descending down a grassy embankment, and finally accelerating into oncoming traffic, now heading north in the *southbound* lane of the --

101 FREEWAY

The MUSTANG swerving right, left, right, dodging oncoming cars at 70, 80, 90 mph --

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

KURTZMANN watching the chase on the monitor --

KURTZMANN

(into headset)

Team two, he's headed north in the southbound lane of the 101. Police in pursuit, I want an intercept set-up at the stack interchange.

EXT. VAN - STREET - CONTINUOUS

The VAN speeds down a street parallel to the 101, racing the Mustang to the interchange --

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE turning the wheel, handling the car like a pro. EVELYN shitting bricks in the backseat. CHRISTINE watching her son proudly.

Mouse checking his rearview, seeing the cops still on his ass.

MOUSE

Shit.

Mouse looks over at the highway divider, catching sight of the Highway Patrol speed-trap gaps - doorways to the other side of the highway. *Lightbulb.*

MOUSE (CONT'D)

Hold on, ladies.

And Mouse gets ready for the maneuver as the Mustang approaches the next space in the divider --

Mouse pulling the EMERGENCY BRAKE, and cranking his wheel right simultaneously!

EXT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

The MUSTANG's rear tires lock up and the car begins to spin --

It rotates a perfect 180 degrees, sliding just through the car-wide space, continuing to rotate, and completing the other 180 degrees on the other side of the divider.

The trailing cop cars turn and slam on their brakes, causing massive head-on collisions and awesome carnage.

101 NORTHBOUND

Mouse shifting gears, now heading the correct direction on the freeway --

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE smiles wide as a shocked CHRISTINE and EVELYN watch him go.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

MUSTANG upwards of 100 mph now, another trail of COP CARS descends --

An LAPD HELICOPTER rises above the highway --

EXT. STACK INTERCHANGE - CONTINUOUS

The VAN skids to a halt and the Crewmen exit. CREWMAN 1 carries a briefcase, heads for the support pillars. CREWMAN 2 carries another LAUNCHER, heads for high-ground --

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The MUSTANG weaves back and forth, colliding with a car in the next lane. The car locking its brakes, skidding sideways, going airborne --

Other cars behind it following suit, a tumbling ballet of vehicles as the TRAIL OF COPS weave through the metal --

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE, head cranked upwards at the helicopter --

MOUSE

This is not good.

CHRISTINE

Don't worry.

MOUSE

The bad-guys never get away in these chases! They're on the news all the time!

CHRISTINE

Lucky for you, you're not a bad-guy.

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The ESCALADE and POLICE DETAIL pull to the rear of the hotel.

REAR

MR. LEONARD and the other SECRET SERVICEMEN escort the SENATOR inside the building.

They enter the hotel.

EXT. STACK INTERCHANGE - CONTINUOUS

CREWMAN 1 arms the bomb at the base of the SECOND PILLAR. WE SEE the bomb on the FIRST PILLAR is already armed.

He looks up to --

HIGH GROUND

CREWMAN 2 watches the oncoming MUSTANG, the trail of COPS, and the HELICOPTER above. He shoulders the launcher --

CREWMAN 2
(into earpiece)
In position.

KURTZMANN (O.S.)
You've got a greenlight.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE still speeding through traffic --

CHRISTINE
Just keep driving.

MOUSE
Do you have a plan?

CHRISTINE
No.
(beat)
But he *always* does.

MOUSE
Who?

And Christine catches sight of CREWMAN 2 through the windshield, launcher on shoulder.

CHRISTINE
There.

Mouse and Evelyn see him --

EXT. STACK INTERCHANGE - CONTINUOUS

CREWMAN 2 takes aim at the helicopter --

CREWMAN 1 watches as the MUSTANG approaches --

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE watching Crewman 2 through the windshield --

MOUSE
Who the hell is that?

EXT. STACK INTERCHANGE - CONTINUOUS

CREWMAN 2 takes aim at the helicopter. Hits the button --
And a steel cable launches toward the helicopter blades --
The blades collide with the cable and shatter on impact --
The helicopter veers off and crashes into the ground!

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE cranking the wheel as the helicopter crashes in front of the Mustang, barely missing it, continuing on --

EXT. STACK INTERCHANGE - CONTINUOUS

The MUSTANG speeding toward the interchange, now passing above the two pillars --

CLOSE ON

CREWMAN 1 clicking the remote --

The pillars EXPLODE and the 101 Freeway crumbles!

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN stares out the back windshield as the highway disappears, cop cars screeching on their brakes, some not making it, launching off into oblivion --

MOUSE looking in the rearview mirror and seeing absolute carnage in his wake.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The MUSTANG speeds off.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON MONITOR - The DRONE CAM captures the Mustang speeding away from the wreck.

KURTZMANN shakes his head, his hair a bit grayer. PRIEST pats him on the shoulder.

PRIEST

We're back on schedule. Let me know when Miss Lewis realizes her role in all of this.

KURTZMANN

The mom is gonna tell him everything. He's not gonna go through with it.

PRIEST

He's proving to be a very capable hero. I'm sure he'll do the right thing when the time comes. Now, if you'll excuse me, I owe our investors a progress report.

And Priest exits the production room.

INT. SIMULATION FACILITY - S.P.D. COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

PRIEST enters the facility, approaches the control board, types a program. The MACHINERY AWAKENS, projecting an image above the stage:

The inside of a SWANK BALLROOM.

Priest puts the headset and visor on as we CUT TO --

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

PRIEST enters the room, passing by several scattered packs of men-of-distinction -- World Bank Presidents arm-in-arm with corporate interests, Northern hemisphere political leaders humping palms with their polar opposite. This is one of those rooms that makes Montana men stockpile guns. This is *that* room.

People pop up at random, logging into the virtual world from their respective spots around the globe.

We catch sight of a French businessman (THE FROG), a British aristocrat (THE VICTORIAN) and an Arab tycoon (THE SHEIK).

Priest takes his position behind a podium. The room calms its chatter.

PRIEST

Gentlemen, thank you for joining me from your respective locations throughout the world.

(MORE)

PRIEST (cont'd)

As you all know by now, our plan is in motion. There have been a few unforeseen events. However, we remain on track. Here is what we anticipate in the next few hours...

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The MUSTANG pulls into the warehouse. Door closes behind it.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

CHRISTINE, MOUSE and EVELYN exit the Mustang, parked right next to a MINI-VAN, preferred vehicle of the suburban soccer-mom. Mouse and Evelyn look around and see --

A *spy's lair*. Guns, gadgets, computers. Mouse sees the television playing a news broadcast of the Library Tower attack. His photo pops up on-screen. He turns away.

MOUSE

What is this place?

CHRISTINE

My office.

(to Evelyn)

Bathroom's right there, honey. Why don't you go get cleaned up?

Evelyn heads for it.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

(smiling)

She's cute.

MOUSE

I think it's about time you tell me what's going on.

CHRISTINE

Sit down. I'll cut you a slice of cake.

Mouse begrudgingly follows the order. Christine goes inside the fridge and takes out a cake.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

I know you weren't in Vegas last night.

(MORE)

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

The man that you met - Thomas Priest - he was my boss at the agency before he moved on to whatever outfit he's working for now.

MOUSE

You're a spy?

CHRISTINE

Yes. This was a mission.

MOUSE

What mission?

She slices him a healthy portion, slides him the plate.

CHRISTINE

Your adoption.

(beat)

It was the Cold War. The government was turning us out like clockwork. But there was a problem - the same problem that's plagued every tribe and nation since the beginning of conflict: betrayal. Priest changed all that.

(beat)

Your birth coincided with a series of technological breakthroughs in simulation systems.

MOUSE

You mean video-games.

CHRISTINE

The first ones were invented in a dusty basement at Langley. Priest immediately recognized the possibilities. We could train spies without them knowing, and if they were caught, no-one would be the wiser.

Christine threads a needle, starts stitching Mouse up. He winces as Evelyn walks back into the room.

MOUSE

Go on.

CHRISTINE

I always wanted a son, ya know? So when they asked for volunteers, I put my hand up.

(MORE)

CHRISTINE (cont'd)

(choking up)

And when I saw you, I just fell in love with you. The Cold War ended, and they said we could be a family. And we were, weren't we?

MOUSE

What about my father?

Christine looks away in shame.

CHRISTINE

We made him up. The man in the photos, well, he's just some man in the photos.

MOUSE

And the pills?

CHRISTINE

Dr. Mills works for the agency.

Mouse bows his head.

MOUSE

Because if I believed I was sick, I'd stay close to you. To them.

CHRISTINE

I'm sorry, Adam.

MOUSE

My life is a lie.

CHRISTINE

No, it's not. We're still a family.

She reaches for him. He yanks his arm away and stands.

MOUSE

Still a family? You're my handler, not my mother.

CHRISTINE

I never wanted that. I thought they would leave us alone.

MOUSE

Do you know what it's like to be me? I have nothing. My whole life I thought I was damaged. You told me that I was sick in the head, and now you're telling me that everything is a lie!

CHRISTINE
I'm so sorry, Adam.

MOUSE
So what do they want from me?!

CHRISTINE
I don't know what he wants! I just know that I love you and want to protect you.

MOUSE
You should have left me an orphan, then.

Mouse storms outside. Christine turns away in shame.

Evelyn, clearly affected, follows Mouse out the door.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

MOUSE picks up a trash can and barrels it into a wall. He looks up at the sky and screams into the night before collapsing, bowing his head into his knees, sobbing. EVELYN approaches.

MOUSE
I wish I hadn't made it off that roof.

EVELYN
You don't mean that.

She sits down next to him.

MOUSE
When I was a kid, I wanted to take karate. Next day, my mom hands me *Kung-Fu* for Nintendo. Pee-wee football? She got me *Super Tecmo Bowl*. I wanted a BB-gun. Instead, I got *Contra*.
(beat)
I am such a loser, Evelyn.

EVELYN
The first game I ever designed was computer chess. I had to learn everything about it. The game favors the king. He's a frightening figure, but he's also complacent.

(MORE)

EVELYN (cont'd)

He can only move one step at a time, just like the pawns. Nobody is scared of a pawn, but a pawn can be just as dangerous if the player is good enough.

MOUSE

This isn't chess. I don't know this game. I don't even know what I'm playing for.

EVELYN

You're playing for your life, Adam.

MOUSE

(laughing)
My life.

EVELYN

That's right. And there's no reset button. What you do right now is all there is.

MOUSE

Who cares if I live or die?

EVELYN

She does.
(beat)
I do.

They share a moment.

MOUSE

What does he want from me?

EVELYN

I don't know, but I do know how to find out.

Evelyn stands and extends her hand to Mouse. He takes it.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

MOUSE and EVELYN enter. CHRISTINE waits for Mouse to engage her, but he won't.

EVELYN

Mrs. Mouse, we need to borrow your van.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PRIEST enters the room. KURTZMANN turns away from the monitors.

KURTZMANN
(to Priest)
They're on their way.

Priest smiles. He takes out his cell-phone and starts typing.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

SECRET SERVICE on full alert as SENATOR LAMBERT paces.

MR. LEONARD takes out his phone, reads the text, puts it back in his pocket.

MR. LEONARD
(into cuff mic)
This is Leonard. Requesting
approval to continue with
transport.

A moment, then --

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Transport approved.

The other agents get the call on their earpieces simultaneously.

EXT. META-GAMES, INC. - NIGHT

MINI-VAN parked in back of the complex.

CLOSER ON

MOUSE and EVELYN sneak in through the back door.

INT. HALLWAY - META-GAMES, INC. - MOMENTS LATER

EVELYN leads MOUSE through the complex.

EVELYN
It's down here.

Evelyn slides her key-card and they enter --

INT. SIMULATION FACILITY - META-GAMES - NIGHT

A futuristic simulation room filled with gadgetry of the likes we have never seen - well, at least since the first act. James Cameron's wettest dream has been cloned, copied, and reproduced at Meta-Games, and MOUSE enters the space.

EVELYN moves quickly toward the control board.

MOUSE
(realizing)
You cloned the game.

EVELYN
Do you have any idea how much money
this is worth?

Evelyn flips the switch and turns on the CPU. The MACHINERY AWAKENS.

MOUSE
What are you thinking, Lewis?

EVELYN
He's kept us alive to play out the
game, but why? The only place we're
gonna find that out is inside that
compound.

MOUSE
But I thought you didn't know where
it is?

EVELYN
I don't, but the game does.

Evelyn types on the keyboard, and the projector blasts an image on the screen above the motion capture stage - the continental United States from a satellite's point of view.

She types again, and the satellite focuses, drops down further toward the Earth, finally resting just above the S.P.D. COMPOUND in the middle of the desert.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
There it is. Inside those walls is
the mainframe of this entire
system. Whatever his plan is,
that's the only place we'll find
it.

MOUSE

I have to get inside.

EVELYN

That's right. But it's heavily protected, just as it was in reality. You're going to have to fight your way in.

(beat)

Once again, we're about to find out if you're as good as you think you are.

And Mouse's eyes flash red.

MOMENTS LATER

MOUSE taking the stage in full motion-capture gear. EVELYN at the control board, typing in code, coordinating the machinery.

EVELYN

The game should drop you down right there, so be prepared.

Evelyn puts a pair of headphones over Mouse's ears. They share a momentary stare before she drops the visor over his eyes. She walks to the board, hits the return key --

EXT. SPECIAL PROJECTS DIVISION (S.P.D.) COMPOUND - DAY

And here he is: ADAM MOUSE 2.0, armed to the teeth. And he raises that machine gun like a composer does his wand, and initiates a SYMPHONY OF HARD ROCK and digital death --

Mouse sprints to the fence - 12 feet plus 2 more of razor wire. He plants feet - left-right-left - climbing swiftly, using his rifle to protect from the wire, hand-sprinting off of the top of the razor, landing and continuing his sprint --

Alarm sounding the troops, Mouse reacting by raising his rifle now and executing three oncoming soldiers --

Turning to the roof of the building and the bullets coming from there, taking aim now, hitting the target between the eyes, target falling sixty feet to his death --

And Mouse keeps sprinting, stopping and reloading, Humvee peeling around the corner and heading towards him. Mouse not giving ground, firing a grenade from his launcher.

Humvee exploding but still heading toward him, Mouse planting off of the hood of the burning Humvee, kicking the flaming gunner atop the car in the face for good measure, landing on the opposite side and sprinting on --

And the guards keep coming, and Mouse keeps firing with his rifle - one, two, three soldiers go down - and Mouse's rifle runs out of ammo just as a gaggle of soldiers get within fisticuffs distance, and hand-to-hand combat ensues --

And Mouse blocking punches, returning, dispatching bones with elbows, snapping knees with foot-stomps, busting helmets with roundhouses and back-spinning hook-kicks, fists of fury punishing his enemies --

Last attacker finally coming forward: PRIEST. Just the sight has Mouse grimacing. The fight begins --

Mouse's equal, kick-for-kick and punch-for-punch. Priest landing an elbow. Mouse returning with one. Priest landing a roundhouse. Mouse's inertia spinning him around, landing a spinning hook kick. Priest returning with an array of punches, unsheathing a knife mid-move, and plunging it into Mouse's stomach. Mouse hitting the deck hard.

Mouse on the ground bleeding, thinking that he's dead, the game is over. PRIEST coming toward Mouse to finish him. Mouse finding that last bit of strength as PRIEST swings the knife down --

Mouse moving and striking, cracking Priest's elbow in half, snapping the knife out of Priest's wrist, taking it mid-air, slamming the blade through the top of Priest's head, and tearing his eyeball from its socket just before his limp body hits the desert floor.

And Mouse, bleeding badly now, scanning the eyeball to unlock the door, entering the compound --

INT. SPECIAL PROJECTS DIVISION (S.P.D.) COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE's blood dripping all over the pristine white marble - our digital hero, dying in the game, limping, trying to get to the truth. Raising Priest's eye, scanning it like a garage-sensor, gaining admittance through the final door --

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Senator Lambert's CARAVAN pulls away from the hotel.

INT. SIMULATION FACILITY - META-GAMES - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN watches the SCREEN above the stage. Mouse entering --

INT. S.P.D. SIMULATION FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Where it all began.

MOUSE dragging himself toward the control board, slumping over it, flipping the switch and the MACHINERY AWAKENS. A slew of files appearing on the MONITOR - name after name, pawn after pawn, manipulation after manipulation.

Mouse dying, scrolling, passing a familiar name - VLADIMIR TOYE -

FLASHBACK

MOUSE in his basement, catching sight of the BROADCAST at the beginning - the assassination of Russian Chairman Balikov.

BACK TO SCENE

Mouse continuing to search the files, the blood from his wound leaking onto the floor --

INT. META-GAMES - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN checks Mouse's ENERGY GAUGE as it drops from the green into the yellow, heading for the red --

INT. S.P.D. SIMULATION FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE, dying, scrolling, finding the name he was looking for - ADAM MOUSE.

Mouse clicks on the name, and an image projects on the screen above the stage --

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

THOMAS PRIEST speaking to a roomful of men - masters of world business, government, etc. We've seen this room before.

PRIEST

I realize that most in this room are familiar with my productions - Chairman Balikov being the most recent of these works of art. Those of you who are new to our little group might need a bit more information. It is only proper that a man know what he's investing in before he takes the plunge. So, gentlemen, let me explain to you what it is I do.

INT. S.P.D. SIMULATION FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE, bleeding still, watching Priest on the screen, dictating to the room --

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

Images flashing on the screen behind PRIEST as he speaks --

ON THE SCREEN ABOVE - Mouse as a baby, a toddler, an adolescent --

PRIEST (CONT'D)

For the past thirty years I have been creating a new kind of operative: characters, if you will. Men built for one purpose: to be controlled without their knowledge.

ON THE SCREEN ABOVE - Mouse as a teen playing videogames, watching TV, reading comic-books --

PRIEST (CONT'D)

We have trained them without them realizing it.

ON THE SCREEN ABOVE - Mouse playing Androids, Kung-Fu, Contra, Ninja Gaidan, 007, Halo, Modern Warfare --

PRIEST (CONT'D)

We have built their expectations, molded their disposition, transformed them into operatives that can never betray us.

ON THE SCREEN ABOVE - Home video of Mouse at Christmas getting his first Atari --

PRIEST (CONT'D)

These are men that need no instructions or mission, only need to believe what they see and hear, and to know where a story goes.

ON THE SCREEN ABOVE - Mouse playing X-Box, passing *Massive Destruction*, the TV in front of him flashes MISSION ACCOMPLISHED!

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Alas, gentlemen, allow me to introduce the solution to *your* problem. He is one of my proudest achievements. When history is written, his will be one of the many names I have made infamous - a name I gave him precisely for that reason. A name that suits him perfectly. His name is Adam Mouse.

ON THE SCREEN ABOVE - Video of Mouse working at Best Buy, staring blankly ahead. A sad, sad man.

The room fills with APPLAUSE.

INT. S.P.D. SIMULATION FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE still bleeding, on the verge of tears, interrupted by a voice behind him --

PRIEST (O.S.)

You do not disappoint.

Mouse turns and sees PRIEST standing in front of him - hole in his head, one eye still missing. Suddenly, his wounds digitize and heal. Priest is back to his normal, perfect self. He continues --

PRIEST (CONT'D)

I've been waiting for you, Mouse. You've been an exceptional player. Everyone in the world thinks you're a terrorist right now, and to think, yesterday you were just a gamer.

MOUSE

You set me up.

PRIEST

You set yourself up. You knew how this game was supposed to go, and so you played along. All you needed was a little push.

Priest takes out a remote, hits a button toward the projector. Mouse turns and watches as the inciting CNN BROADCAST appears ON SCREEN --

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Chaos -- smoke and destruction -- people dragging other people from inside the structure -- bloody bodies laid out on the sidewalk -- screaming. ANDERSON COOPER reporting --

ANDERSON COOPER

It looks like it detonated inside the building, Wolf. There's smoke and debris everywhere...body parts and...oh, God....the police are arriving now...

Priest CLICKS the controller again, and the IMAGE DECONSTRUCTS - the smoke disappears -- the people dragging other people dematerialize -- the bloody bodies laid out on the sidewalk pixelate and blow away like digital dust --

Priest CLICKS the controller again --

Low and behold, Priest *replaces* Anderson Cooper on that screen, motion capture nodes on his person, capturing his every twitch as he dictates --

Another CLICK and the bombed-out Federal Building flashes away, replaced by green screen. *It was all an effect.*

CLICK - Priest pauses the image.

MOUSE

The attack never happened.

CLICK --

ON THE SCREEN ABOVE STAGE - live security footage of the Federal Building, completely intact.

PRIEST

Precisely.

Mouse falls to his knees --

INT. META-GAMES - CONTINUOUS

Mouse's energy gauge drops into the red --

INT. S.P.D. SIMULATION FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE on his knees, bleeding out. PRIEST continuing --

PRIEST

After that it was just a few nudges in the right direction, placing you at the scene of the bombing at the Library Tower.

MOUSE

Why'd you save us? Why am I here?

PRIEST

Because you're not done yet, are you?

(beat)

You think I didn't know she stole our game? Why was she by your side this whole time if she wasn't completely necessary? Because of this conversation. This was all planned. *This* is the final level.

Priest CLICKS the remote --

ON SCREEN ABOVE STAGE - The Senator's caravan heading down the highway.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Right now, Senator Lambert's caravan is headed toward the Federal Building while authorities search for the terrorists responsible for the bombing at The Library Tower. There, he will be obliterated by a substantial amount of explosives, after which authorities will find this recording on the security tapes --

Priest clicks the controller again --

ON THE SCREEN ABOVE THE STAGE - The simulation sequence of Mouse rigging the explosives inside the Super-database room plays on the screen.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
Indistinguishable from reality.

MOUSE
 You want me to go there so I can
 take the rap, just like you did
 with Vladimir Toye.

PRIEST
 (proudly)
 And many others.
 (beat)
 People want finality, Mouse.
 Nothing like a dead assassin at the
 scene of the crime to quench their
 thirst.

MOUSE
 Fuck you. I won't do it.

PRIEST
 That is your choice, isn't it? But
 make no mistake - the Senator will
 die tonight, and you will be blamed
 for his murder. The only question
 is: WILL YOU TRY TO STOP IT?

Mouse falls, rolls over on his back facing straight up --

Priest clicks the controller --

ON THE SCREEN ABOVE THE STAGE - the video of Mouse's past
 begins to play again. Mouse as a toddler, Mouse playing video
 games.

Mouse watches the clips above him, his life flashing before
 his digital eyes --

PRIEST (CONT'D)
 I created you, Mouse. You are a
 character in *my* game. Heroism is
 your legacy. You are empty without
 that, and you know no matter if you
 live or die, that is what will
 define you. Once again, I am giving
 you the chance to be the hero.

Priest stands above Mouse. His watch BEEPS. He turns it off.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
 It would do you well if Miss Lewis
 checked beneath her console right
 now.

INT. SIMULATION FACILITY - META-GAMES - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN checks beneath her control board and finds a bomb rigged to the console --

CLOSE ON TIMER

1:00...00:59...00:58...

Evelyn's eyes going wide, now heading for Mouse --

INT. SIMULATION FACILITY - S.P.D. COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

PRIEST standing above MOUSE --

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Alas, our time here is up. Do what thou wilt, young Mouse. Regardless of what you choose, it has been a pleasure.

And suddenly, Mouse is sucked back to --

INT. SIMULATION FACILITY - META-GAMES - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN rips MOUSE'S visor and earphones off.

EVELYN

Time to go!

She yanks Mouse and they head out the door.

EXT. META-GAMES - MOMENTS LATER

The MINI-VAN speeds away as the building EXPLODES behind them.

INT. MINI-VAN - MOMENTS LATER

MOUSE cranking the wheel, skidding around a corner, hopping on the 405 Freeway, hauling ass south.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

CHRISTINE standing at the table still, cake in front of her, flipping through a photo album.

CLOSE ON PHOTO - Mouse as a baby.

CLOSE ON PHOTO - Christine and Adam at Disneyland.

Memories. Christine smiles.

CREWMAN 2 enters the warehouse. The door makes a barely audible CREAK.

Christine catches the creak. Doesn't show her hand. She sets the album down.

Crewman 2 raises his gun --

Christine's hand crawls over to the cake-knife on the table --

Crewman 2 takes aim --

Lightning fast. Christine zips the knife across the warehouse. The blade jams all the way through his chest, coming out the other end and sticking him to the door. He drops the gun --

Still breathing now, Crewman 2 looks up from the knife to the pissed off mother as she approaches with *another* knife --

CHRISTINE

Now, where's my son?

Crewman 2's eyes - awash in fear --

EXT. 405 FREEWAY/WILSHIRE BLVD. EXIT - MOMENTS LATER

The MINI-VAN skids to a halt on the shoulder. MOUSE and EVELYN get out, run to the edge of the highway and look out into the distance --

Senator Lambert's SECRET SERVICE CARAVAN approaches the building.

EVELYN

What are we gonna do?!

Mouse making the choice --

MOUSE

I have to stop him.

EVELYN

What?!

Mouse heads for the van.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
 Mouse, you can't.

MOUSE
 I'm responsible for this.

EVELYN
 Damn it, he wants you to go in there!

MOUSE
 I know.

EVELYN
 So you're just gonna walk right into his trap! He's gonna kill you!

MOUSE
 He's controlled me my entire life! I'm not going to sit back and let him win. If he kills me, fuck it - at least I went down fighting.

Mouse reaches for the door, looks up and sees Evelyn getting in the other side.

MOUSE (CONT'D)
 What are you doing?

EVELYN
 If you're doing this, you're not doing it alone.

MOUSE
 Evelyn, no.

EVELYN
 I'm just as responsible as you are.

Mouse stands firm.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
 Mouse, you've played against me. Don't piss me off.

And the two get in the van.

INT. LOBBY - FEDERAL BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

SENATOR LAMBERT and his team of SECRET SERVICEMEN enter the facility, metal detector immediately BEEPING and flashing red as the mass of armed men pay it no mind.

We see the two guards from the game (AGNEW and HAGAN) standing at attention. To their side is NINO - the bomb-sniffing canine - barking furiously at MR. LEONARD as he passes through the beeping metal detector.

The team moves swiftly across the lobby and into the elevator.

INT. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

DING. 4TH FLOOR. The team ushers the SENATOR out of the elevator and through the office --

MR. LEONARD stays on the elevator as the doors close --

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

MR. LEONARD hits the LOBBY button --

INT. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SECRET SERVICE pushing SENATOR LAMBERT into a safe-room - reinforced steel, a vacuum of sound and sight.

LAMBERT

Is this really necessary,
gentlemen?

SECRET SERVICEMAN 1

Protocol, sir.

LAMBERT

How long do I have to stay here?

SECRET SERVICE 1

The suspect is still at large, Mr.
Senator. We'll have to keep you
here until Washington approves your
transport.

He continues to stand guard at the door as Senator Lambert hunkers down.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

CREWMAN 1 stares through his sniper scope and sees --

CLOSER ON

The MINI-VAN speeding toward the building.

CREWMAN 1
 (into earpiece)
 They're here.

INT. PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON MONITOR - FEDERAL BUILDING SECURITY CAM feed shows Mouse and Evelyn exiting the van and heading for the door.

PRIEST watching --

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator door pops open. MR. LEONARD walks across the lobby toward AGNEW and HAGAN, NINO barking ferociously once again. Agnew turns around --

AGNEW
 Still secure down he---

But Mr. Leonard is already pulling out a Tech-9 from beneath his jacket and mowing them down, dog and all.

Mr. Leonard looks up. MOUSE and EVELYN stop outside the front doors. They see the dead bodies and immediately gasp.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

CREWMAN 1 staring through his scope --

SCOPE VIEW - EVELYN in the cross-hairs.

CREWMAN 1
 (into earpiece)
 Waiting for confirmation.

KURTZMANN (O.S.)
 Kill the girl.

And Crewman 1 hunkers down --

INT. LOBBY - FEDERAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE and MR. LEONARD making eye-contact through the glass doors of the lobby. Mr. Leonard's eye-line flashes past him to the sniper behind --

Mouse noticing, going for Evelyn immediately --

MOUSE

Get down!

Mouse tackling her to the ground as the bullet just misses --

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

CREWMAN 1 firing at will --

INT. LOBBY - FEDERAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE and EVELYN crawling into the lobby as gunshots zip over their heads --

Mr. Leonard heads back to the elevator as Mouse unloads a series of shots --

Too late - the elevator closes as the bullets miss their target.

Mouse looks over at the elevator, watches the light stop at the BASEMENT LEVEL as the gunshots keep pouring in --

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

MR. LEONARD slides his key-card, enters --

INT. SECURITY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A roomful of a dozen or so GUARDS in front of a wall of security monitors --

MR. LEONARD

Leonard, Secret Service.

Mr. Leonard quickly unloading his clip into the guards --

Moving toward the CPU, putting in a fresh clip --

Taking out a disc from his inside pocket, inserting it, uploading security footage from Mouse's simulation --

ANGLE ON SECURITY MONITOR 1 - Footage of the simulation playing now. Mouse walking through the front door, unloading a machine gun into the guards, the dog, moving on --

ANGLE ON SECURITY MONITOR 2 - Mouse scanning his key-card, entering the security room where Mr. Leonard now works --

ANGLE ON SECURITY MONITOR 3 - Mouse exiting security room --

Mr. Leonard ejecting the disc, placing it back in his inside pocket --

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Gunshots still pouring in --

MOUSE dives over the personnel counter, immediately typing on the computer, and burning a key-card. He pockets it, looks around the corner of the counter to Evelyn, still taking cover, getting rained on by bullets --

MOUSE

Evelyn, we've got to stop him!

EVELYN

How?!

MOUSE

We've got to make it to those stairs.

Evelyn sees the staircase across the lobby.

MOUSE (CONT'D)

I'll go first, then cover you.

She nods and he goes for it, sprinting across, and ducking inside the staircase.

He turns and levels his gun at the sniper --

MOUSE (CONT'D)

Ready?

She nods, terrified --

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

CREWMAN 1 staring through the scope, waiting for his shot --

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE aiming --

MOUSE

Go!

Now FIRING as EVELYN sprints his way --

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

SCOPE VIEW - Evelyn in the cross-hairs.

CREWMAN 1

Got her.

He goes to pull the trigger --

But suddenly takes a bullet in the head!

ANGLE ON CHRISTINE MOUSE - standing behind him, a smoking barrel in hand.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN makes it to the staircase. She and MOUSE descend --

EXT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

MR. LEONARD enters the hallway. He walks calmly across to another door marked ELECTRICAL ROOM, slides his key-card, opens the door and enters --

INT. ELECTRICAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MR. LEONARD moves past the electrical systems, reaches beneath the last transformer, and pulls out a large BLACK DUFFEL BAG.

He throws it over his shoulder, turns and exits the room --

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

MR. LEONARD moves calmly down the hallway and into the elevator --

MOUSE and EVELYN dart from the staircase. Mr. Leonard waves at them as the doors close --

INT. SECURITY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A BEEP as the key-card is approved. MOUSE and EVELYN enter, gasping at the sight of more corpses strewn about.

Evelyn catching sight of the SIMULATION on the monitor --

EVELYN

Look.

ANGLE ON MONITOR 4 - Footage from the simulation. Mouse moves down the 3rd floor hallway toward the Super-Database Room.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

He already uploaded the simulation.

MOUSE

Shit.

EVELYN

Where's the Senator?

Mouse scanning the monitors, seeing --

ANGLE ON MONITOR 5 - A feed from the safe room. The Senator waits with his Secret Service detail.

MOUSE

There, 4th floor.

Mouse tilting down to monitor 6, just below monitor 5 --

ANGLE ON MONITOR 6 - The Federal Super-Database room.

Mouse's eyes go wide --

FLASHBACK

Mouse's simulation. Mouse rigs the bomb inside the Super-Database room - the room just *below* where the Senator now waits.

BACK TO SCENE

MOUSE (CONT'D)

Oh my God. He's gonna detonate it right underneath him.

BACK ON MONITOR 4 - Footage from the simulation. Mouse moving down the hallway still, almost to the Super-Database room.

MOUSE (CONT'D)

Come on.

They sprint from the room --

INT. STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

MOUSE and EVELYN climbing the stairs. Mouse breaks out of the staircase onto the 3rd floor --

INT. HALLWAY - 3RD FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE sees MR. LEONARD approaching the door labeled FSDB (Federal Super-Database). He immediately draws his weapon.

Mr. Leonard sensing him, turning and firing --

Mouse taking cover back in the staircase --

Mouse looks around the corner, catches sight of Mr. Leonard sliding his card and entering the room --

CLOSE ON THE SECURITY DISC - peeking out from Mr. Leonard's inside jacket pocket.

Mouse taking note, watching as the key-slide BEEPS from GREEN back to RED. Something clicking in his head --

MOUSE

Get the Senator out of that room. I don't care what it takes.

EVELYN

What are you gonna do?

MOUSE

Don't worry about me. Just go, now!

Evelyn heads upstairs.

Mouse heads back downstairs toward the lobby, taking the steps five at a time --

INT. FEDERAL SUPER-DATABASE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MR. LEONARD entering, immediately mowing down the same GROUP OF MEN that Mouse killed in the game.

INT. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN breaking from the stairs into the office, immediately tackled by a SECRET SERVICE AGENT --

EVELYN

Get off of me! You've got to warn
the Senator!

INT. FEDERAL SUPER-DATABASE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MR. LEONARD whistling as he sets the duffel bag on the table in front of him. He opens it and reveals the same exact explosive device that annihilated the top two floors of Moscow's Ararat Park Hyatt Hotel at the beginning of the movie. The bomb is fit with industrial magnets.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE breaks from the staircase and sprints across the lobby, hopping behind the personnel counter once again, typing on the computer, and burning another key-card --

INT. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The AGENT plasticuffs EVELYN's hands behind her back.

AGENT

(into earpiece)

Subject is detained. Moving her to
questioning.

And the Agent lifts Evelyn to her feet, only to get caught in the nuts by one of her knees. He goes down like a sack of potatoes as she heads deeper into the office --

INT. SUPER-DATABASE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MR. LEONARD, still whistling, syncs the explosive with his watch and sets the timer --

CLOSE ON TIMER - **01:00**

He stands on the table and secures the bomb to the roof. The industrial magnets suck the device to the reinforced steel below the safe-room with a THUMP.

INT. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN finally reaches the safe-room. Hands tied behind her back, she slams her chest into the door and screams.

EVELYN
Senator Lambert! You need to get
out of there!

She kicks the door.

INT. SAFE-ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SECRET SERVICEMEN drawing their weapons as SENATOR LAMBERT takes cover in the corner.

INT. SUPER-DATABASE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MR. LEONARD starts the timer, hops down from the table, and heads for the door --

00:59...00:58...00:57

He pulls out his Tech-9, slides his card to exit. The light flashes from RED to GREEN.

INT. SAFE-ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn continues to BANG on the other side of the door as the SECRET SERVICEMEN stand firm.

INT. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN gets slammed from behind by the dude she kicked in the nuts. A set of other AGENTS move to help detain her.

EVELYN
Please! He's gonna kill the
Senator!

AGENT
(into lapel)
We've got her.

INT. SAFE-ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SECRET SERVICEMEN getting the call through their earpieces. They open the door to find EVELYN being detained on the floor.

EVELYN
There's a bomb right underneath
you! Get him out of there!

INT. SUPER-DATABASE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MR. LEONARD opens the door, ready to fire. Nobody's there.

He looks the other way. Nothing.

Mr. Leonard takes his first step cautiously --

CLOSE ON TIMER - **00:45...00:44...**

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

MR. LEONARD begins to creep out into the hallway.

We TILT UP and see MOUSE above him, wedged between the two walls, arms and legs extended, grimacing with all his might.

Mouse catching sight of the DISC in Mr. Leonard's inside pocket. He lets go --

Mouse drops down directly on top of Mr. Leonard, hitting his gun away from him, drawing his weapon and unloading round after round into Mr. Leonard's chest.

Mr. Leonard falls back inside the Super-Database Room and hits the ground as Mouse closes the door.

Mouse immediately slides his key-card through the lock. It makes a DIFFERENT NOISE THIS TIME - a REBOOT, if you will.

Mouse immediately turns and sprints down the hallway.

INT. SUPER-DATABASE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MR. LEONARD groans as he rises, opens his Oxford - the flak-jacket caught the slugs. Irate now, he climbs to his feet, draws the side-arm from his holster.

He slides his key-card through the lock. The lock remains red.

00:20...00:19...

He slides it again. Nothing. Still RED.

Again. Nothing.

00:15...00:14...

Again. Nothing.

He loses his cool, unloads his weapon into the door. The bullets barely make a scratch - the door is reinforced steel.

Mr. Leonard turns and looks at the bomb stuck to the ceiling. Sees the clock ticking down --

00:10...00:09...

He goes for it --

INT. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN on the ground, knee in her back. SENATOR LAMBERT inching forward, something about her desperation ringing true to him --

EVELYN

Please, Mr. Senator.

The Senator steps just outside of the safe-room, a few steps behind him is a window four floors up.

Secret Serviceman pulling Evelyn to her feet. Evelyn screaming, tears falling, desperate --

The Senator turning his head, catching sight of something. Evelyn following his eye-line, seeing him now --

MOUSE with a full head of steam sprinting through the office, gun pointed straight ahead. He fires three bullets which zip past Evelyn, Senator Lambert and his guards, shattering the windows behind them --

The Secret Service reacting, drawing their weapons, but Mouse is already moving past them, grabbing Evelyn and pulling her away from their grasp as he charges with a full head of steam toward the Senator --

Mouse throws a shoulder into the chest of the Senator, pulling Evelyn with him as he form-tackles him straight through the window --

INT. SUPER-DATABASE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

00:01...00:00.

MR. LEONARD pulls the detonator. Too late.

It explodes in his face!

INT. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE, SENATOR LAMBERT and EVELYN falling from the 4th floor of the building as --

The floor beneath the secret servicemen ERUPTS and the blast rips through the complex!

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The EXPLOSION emits a fireball into the night sky as MOUSE, SENATOR LAMBERT and EVELYN hit the down-slope of a grassy hill extremely hard --

Rolling down now, coming to a stop. The Senator coughing. Evelyn comes to, hands still bound by plasticuffs. She rolls over and finds Mouse next to her, unconscious.

EVELYN

Mouse...

A moment, then Mouse coughs and opens his eyes.

MOUSE

(groggily)

Evelyn. Are you okay?

Evelyn nods.

Mouse turns to the Senator.

MOUSE (CONT'D)

You all right, sir?

The Senator looks up at the aftermath of the blast above him. He nods to Mouse.

LAMBERT

Thanks to you, son.

Mouse stands, lifts Evelyn to her feet as a slew of EMERGENCY VEHICLES pull up to the scene, cops approaching in mass.

EVELYN

(off approaching cops)

I hope they have games in prison.

MOUSE

Lucky for us, we'll never know.

Evelyn turns to him. He reaches inside the front of his motion capture suit and pulls out the SECURITY DISC.

CHRISTINE runs over to the scene. Her and Mouse share a smile as POLICE OFFICERS approach, guns drawn.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

Another meeting of powerful men in a virtual world. PRIEST takes the stage, addresses them.

PRIEST

I realize that many of you are not pleased with the result of our mission. Neither am I. However, it is a minor set-back.

And suddenly, a few men in the crowd disappear - quickly logged out from their respective locations around the world. Priest is taken aback, but continues.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Rest assured, the job will be carried out.

And a few *more* men disappear. Murmurs roll through the rest of the room, everyone wondering what's happening.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

The activation of a new operative is forthcoming.

And a few more are sucked into the ether. Priest stops speaking, watches as his audience withers, realizing what's happening.

He sheds a smile as he watches THE VICTORIAN disappear, and we CUT TO --

INT. MANSION - LONDON, ENGLAND - NIGHT

THE VICTORIAN is yanked to the floor by SAS (British Special Forces), his headset and visor torn from his head and thrown to the ground.

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

And PRIEST watches as THE FROG disappears from the front of the crowd.

INT. PENTHOUSE - PARIS, FRANCE - NIGHT

THE FROG getting thrown to the ground by French commandos. Headset and visor yanked from his person as he's manhandled.

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

And PRIEST watches as THE SHEIK disappears.

INT. PALACE - DUBAI - NIGHT

THE SHEIK gets body-slammed, his headset and visor flies to the floor.

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

PRIEST fixes his tie, smiles, and is suddenly sucked from the virtual world back into --

INT. SIMULATION ROOM - SPECIAL PROJECTS DIVISION - DAY

The FBI focuses the barrels of their guns on PRIEST. KURTZMANN and ORCI stand by the console, already being cuffed by the Feds.

Priest looks toward the entrance and finds MOUSE and EVELYN watching. The Feds cuff Priest, escort him in that direction.

Priest and Mouse come face to face once again.

PRIEST
You've proven yourself to be a very
worthy adversary.

MOUSE

This game is over, Priest. News
flash: you lose.

PRIEST

There's always another game, Mouse.
(smiles)
Til next time.

And they take Priest out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY - SPECIAL PROJECTS DIVISION COMPOUND -
CONTINUOUS

The FEDS continue to take PRIEST away, down the hallway,
passing CHRISTINE on the way. The two make familiar eye
contact.

PRIEST

You raised him well.

He winks as the feds escort him away. Christine heads into
the simulation facility.

INT. SIMULATION FACILITY - SPECIAL PROJECTS DIVISION (S.P.D.)
COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

CHRISTINE approaches MOUSE.

CHRISTINE

I'm sorry I lied to you.

MOUSE

You make me a chocolate cake, we'll
call it even.

CHRISTINE

Deal.

They smile and hug. Christine looks over at Evelyn, now
across the room running her fingers along the control board.
Christine nudges Mouse that way.

ACROSS ROOM

Mouse approaches Evelyn.

EVELYN

(off board)

It is a magnificent machine, isn't
it?

MOUSE

It is.

(beat)

But you know...

Mouse takes her hand.

MOUSE (CONT'D)

It's not all about the games.

EVELYN

Adam Mouse, you're learning.

And he lays one on her.

They kiss passionately. She leans back and accidentally flips the switch on the control board.

The MACHINERY AWAKENS as Mouse and Evelyn take notice. They smile deviously at each other.

MOUSE

Wanna play?

CUT TO BLACK: