



The Event

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ACT ONE

SUPER OVER BLACK...

SEAN WALKER

Miami, Florida
4:47pm
Today

Title card FADES OUT as we start hearing a FAMILIAR HUM mixed with the DROWNED NOISE of a talking crowd. Then... "ding!"

CUT IN ON:

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - DAY

TIGHT on the "FASTEN SEAT BELT" sign as it lights up. Welcome to SkyAir Flight 514. MOVE TO REVEAL Flight Attendant MAUREEN DONOVAN (23, perky) standing near the cockpit, speaking into the P.A. system.

MAUREEN

At this time, please make sure your seat belts are fastened, your seats and tray tables are in the upright position...

She continues the announcement O.S. as we start making our way down the aisle towards the back of the plane.

The cabin is half-full. Nothing unusual about the passengers. People chatting, pulling out books or casually flipping through worn-out copies of "Sky Mall" magazine.

Two other FLIGHT ATTENDANTS (JAMES and CARRIE) make the last cabin check, securing overhead bins and checking seat belts.

MAUREEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

If you'd like to get some shut-eye during our 5 hour and 7 minute flight to Los Angeles, please make sure you fasten your seat belt over your blanket so we don't have to wake you up during the flight...

James reaches the back of the cabin. He opens one of the bathroom doors -- just a cursory part of the take-off safety procedure. Bathroom's empty. He turns to the other bathroom, flings the door open, and finds...

SEAN WALKER, 26, handsome all-American guy, swimmer's build, outgoing and charming. Well, *usually* charming. Right now, not so much.

JAMES
Sir, we're about to take off.

SEAN
I'm sorry. I wasn't feeling well.

JAMES
Can I get you any--

SEAN
No, I'm fine now, thanks.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(walking away)
I'm gonna go back to my seat.

Sean walks down the aisle and SCANS THE CABIN, trying to pick an empty seat. As the plane taxis away from the gate, he takes a quick glance at the terminal they're leaving.

SEAN'S POV, THROUGH WINDOW

Inside the terminal, FOUR OUT-OF-BREATH MEN regroup after an intense but fruitless pursuit. We can't hear them, but we get a clear sense Sean is the one they're after.

BACK TO SEAN

-- as he continues down the aisle. He passes a MAN in a leather jacket reading *Newsweek* magazine. The cover reads: "H1N1 Strikes Back." Sean picks an aisle seat near the front.

ON JAMES

-- as he secures the bathroom door and straps himself into his seat in the back galley. Camera slowly PANS OVER and moves in on the bathroom door... and WOOSHES THROUGH IT.

INSIDE THE AIRPLANE BATHROOM

Camera SETTLES on a piece of BLUE FABRIC protruding from the trash compartment. A maintenance uniform.

TIGHT ON SEAN IN THE CABIN

He fastens his seat belt. *Click.* A bead of sweat rolls down his forehead as the plane starts picking up speed. He looks out the window.

SEAN'S POV:

A BLACK EXPLORER barrels down the service road parallel to the runway, leaving a cloud of dust in its wake.

BACK TO SEAN

He doesn't flinch, seems to know what's happening.

The overhead bin above him POPS OPEN. Maureen swiftly unstraps herself and takes the few steps to Sean's seat. He quickly adjusts his shirt, but not before we catch a flash of the GUN concealed underneath it.

Maureen CLOSES THE OVERHEAD BIN just as we--

FLASHBACK/MATCH CUT
(11 DAYS EARLIER) TO:

TIGHT ON A SUITCASE

-- as someone SMASHES IT SHUT, using their entire weight.

LEILA

Done! I knew I could make it fit.

We PULL BACK to REVEAL LEILA GASIOROWSKI, 26, long brown hair, tanned skin, beautiful smile. She's hot. Model hot. And an MIT graduate. Yes, some people do have it all.

The suitcase sits on the bed. Large, modern bedroom.

SUPER:
Atlanta, GA
Eleven days earlier

She locks the suitcase just as her mother KAREN (49, a former fashion model who never made it big) emerges from the bathroom with a small, empty travel bag.

KAREN

(RE: bag) So you don't need this?

LEILA

No, I'm good.

KAREN

Leila, honey, you're not supposed to lock your suitcase.

LEILA

Mom, if they really think my hair dryer is a bomb, I'm sure they'll figure out a way to pick the locks.

Leila's sister SAMANTHA (7, way too smart for her age) rushes in and starts using Leila's bed as a trampoline.

SAMANTHA

Can I be your new roommate when you get back?

LEILA

I don't know. Can you pay half the rent?

SAMANTHA

No, but I'm nicer than Lexi was.

KAREN

(RE: Lexi) I still can't believe that girl just took off and left you hanging like that.

(to Samantha)

Sam, stop, you're gonna fall and hurt yourself.

(back to Leila)

If you need help with the rent...

Samantha continues jumping on the bed, ignoring her mother.

LEILA

Thanks, mom, but I'll be fine. I can find someone else when we get back from the cruise.

KAREN

I'll ask around at the office--

(snaps at Samantha)

Samantha, off, now!

Off Samantha's indignant look as she steps off the bed...

INT. LEILA'S LOFT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Modern, spacious upper-scale loft. A couple of travel bags sit by the front door. Sean stands at the living room table, jotting something down on a piece of paper. Next to him is MARK GASIOROWSKI, Leila's father, (50's, affable, Marlboro Man good looks.) Sean hands the piece of paper over to Mark.

SEAN

And this is the main line for the ship, just in case. But they said we should have a cell signal most of the time.

MARK

Great. Don't worry, we'll try to leave you love birds alone this time.

(calling out to Leila)

You're gonna miss your flight!

LEILA (O.S.)

(from upstairs)

Almost ready!

Sean seems nervous. Mark notices.

MARK

Relax, I'm kidding. You guys have plenty of time. But you know her...

SEAN

Oh, no, yeah, I know. I...
There's... I was just thinking...

Sean looks over his shoulder to make sure the girls aren't coming down the staircase yet.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I know that this is probably not the best time to do this. I kept delaying it and, well, now, it's... now and... This whole surprise trip, the reason is... And I know this is completely old-fashioned, but I know how much you love your daughter -- obviously -- and I know how much she means to you and--

MARK

Sean.

SEAN

Yes?

MARK

You have my blessings.

SEAN

I do?

MARK

You'll take good care of her, love her, cherish her, all that good stuff, right?

SEAN

Yes. Yes, of course.

MARK

Okay. Then you have my blessings.

Sean reaches out to shake his hand but Mark goes for a hug.

SEAN

(stunned)

Okay, that was easier than I thought.

MARK

Of course if you hurt her in any way, I will have to kill you.

SEAN
I understand.

Leila hurries down the stairs with her suitcase.

LEILA
I'm coming, I'm coming!

EXT. LEILA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Sean load the bags into the trunk of Mark's BMW while Leila kisses her mother and sister good-bye.

LEILA
(to Samantha)
I'm counting on you to keep an eye on mom and dad until I get back, okay, Shorty?

SAMANTHA
I'll do what I can. Bye!
(getting into Karen's SUV)
Mom, we're gonna be late for school.

KAREN
Leila, honey, you be careful, okay?

LEILA
Mom, we're just going on a cruise.

KAREN
I know, but you kids always go do all these crazy things, the scuba diving, and the rock climbing... I just don't want you to go break your neck. Or anything, actually. Just don't break *anything*!

LEILA
I promise.

MARK
(slams the trunk shut)
Okay, kids, we're off!

Mark, Leila and Sean get into the BMW, Karen and Samantha get into the SUV. Ad-lib good-byes. The SUV is first to pull out of the parking lot. Samantha waves good-bye. Leila waves back from the front seat of the BMW.

INSIDE THE BMW

MARK (CONT'D)
Okay, sure you have everything?

He adjusts the rear-view mirror, peeks at Sean in the back.

MARK (CONT'D)
 (smirking, with a wink)
 Sean?

Sean realizes Mark is hinting at the engagement ring.

SEAN
 Yes, sir!

MARK
 Okay, then... Cleared for departure!

ON THE BMW

-- as it pulls out of the parking lot and drives past a BLACK VAN parked across the street. Tinted windows. Ominous.

The van's engine comes on. It merges into traffic like a shark tailing its prey. The SOUND OF TRAFFIC grows LOUDER as the van DRIVES BY and FILLS THE SCREEN as we--

END FLASHBACK/MATCH CUT TO:

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - **BACK TO SCENE**

The PLANE'S ENGINES ROAR LOUDLY as the aircraft lifts off. Sean, on edge, still looking out the window.

SEAN'S POV

The Explorer gets ahead of the plane, then SWERVES ONTO THE RUNWAY into an intercept course before driving out of view. Sean BRACES FOR IMPACT... but nothing happens. No collision, no shock. And no one else seems to have noticed the Explorer.

He lets out a deep breath. No more dithering. He has to act. He slips the gun out from under his shirt. Cocks it.

He unbuckles his seat belt and rushes towards the cockpit. Camera STAYS ON HIS SEAT. The REST OF THE SCENE PLAYS OUT OS.

MAUREEN (O.S.)
 Sir, please return to--

Loud BANGING against a door.

PASSENGER (O.S.)
He has a gun!

SCREAMS... then we...

SHOCK CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SUPER OVER BLACK...

SIMON LEE

WHITE FLASH TO:

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

TIGHT ON A RED LIGHT

We PAN/TILT TO REVEAL several cars waiting for the light to turn green. Palm trees, bright Art Deco buildings, glass skyscrapers slashing through the bright blue sky.

The DRIVER of an old Volvo taps his steering wheel to the beat of his blaring radio. The light finally turns green. The man moves into first gear, starts pulling forward when--

A BLACK SUV

-- careens through the intersection, ignoring the red light and BLASTING ITS HORN. The stunned Volvo driver smashes on his brakes. THE SUV swerves to avoid the collision and speeds down the street.

INSIDE THE SUV

SIMON LEE, mid-30's, athletic, rugged. Hasn't shaved in a couple of days. Hasn't had time. He's a man on a mission and he's running out of time.

SIMON

(into his cell phone)

There is no time. You need to ground that plane right now, you understand?

OPERATOR (V.O.)

(on the phone)
I'm gonna have to put you on hold.

SIMON

And do not put me on hold again.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Hello?

"The Girl from Ipanema" starts playing on the other end.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Oh, come on!

He SMACKS his phone against the steering wheel. Then takes a deep breath, glances at the dashboard clock.

MATCH CUT TO:

DAVIS
I can't just--

SIMON
Okay, fine! There's a bomb on
flight 514.

Davis knows it's probably not true and clearly doesn't want to have to deal with it. But now he has no choice.

DAVIS
Dammit.

SIMON
Did you hear me?

DAVIS
Yes, yes. I heard you.

END INTERCUT.

ON THE SUV

-- as it guns through another red light. Another car comes zipping from the other direction.

Simon notices it at the last second, LEANS ON HIS HORN as we--

FLASHBACK/MATCH CUT
(13 MONTHS EARLIER) TO:

INT. MOUNT INOSTRANKA FACILITY - DAY

The CAR HORN turns into the BUZZER of a security door. The heavy double-door slides open. A gust of freezing air whirls into the large corridor of what appears to be a military facility. Steel, bare walls.

Simon and a FEMALE AGENT (EVA, 29) quickly usher in their handcuffed prisoner (KATHRYN, 40's, harsh). Eva motions the TWO ARMED SOLDIERS flanking the entrance to reseal the hatch.

EVA
Close it! Close it!

The door closes behind them with a *woosh* as its seals shut.

SUPER:
Mount Inostranka Facility, Alaska
Thirteen months earlier

EVA (CONT'D)
Don't wanna have to freeze my ass
longer than I have to.

KATHRYN

At least you don't have to live here.

GENERAL MULLENDORE (50's, stately) steps in to greet them.

GENERAL MULLENDORE

Kathryn... I knew we'd find you sooner or later.

KATHRYN

(determined)

Don't get excited, General. I won't be here long. I want to work out a deal.

Mullendore shoots Simon and Eva a questioning look.

SIMON

She says she has "information."

GENERAL MULLENDORE

Really?... Okay. Get her to medical for a full check up, then get her ready for a debriefing.

Off an intrigued Mullendore...

INT. THE FACILITY - INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER

Large room. White brick walls, bare. One side is a floor to ceiling bullet-proof window beyond which is a NONDESCRIPT SNOWY LANDSCAPE. We will later discover that the Facility's windows are like two-way mirrors. No one can look in from the outside.

NEIL McMANN (mid-40's, subdued charisma, calm and controlled) sits at the table in the center of the otherwise empty interview room. Simon enters. A SOLDIER starts following him inside but Simon turns him away.

SIMON

I'll be fine.

The soldier nods, steps back out into the hallway. Neil and Simon stare silently at each other as the door slides shut.

NEIL

It's been a while. I'd say I'm happy to see you, but you seem to always be the bearer of bad news.

Simon lifts a finger to his lips, signaling Neil to stay silent. He pulls out a pen-shaped device, flips it on. The device comes on with a LOW BUZZ. Simon sits down with Neil.

SIMON

Never know if they're listening.
(now speaking freely)
We recaptured Kathryn. Just dropping
her off. That's why I'm here.

NEIL

Kathryn? After all this time...

SIMON

Yeah. She's not exactly thrilled
about being back. And we may have
a problem. She's gonna talk to
General Mullendore. She thinks she
can buy her freedom back, trade it
for information.

NEIL

What kind of information?

Heavy beat as Simon stares at Neil intently. Neil already
knows the answer to his question.

NEIL (CONT'D)

She can't.

SIMON

She's going to.

NEIL

(stern)

You have to convince her to change
her mind... Whatever it takes.

Simon looks down, awkward.

NEIL (CONT'D)

What is it?

SIMON

(tentative)

Sir, some of us think that maybe...
they should know. Or that maybe we
should be prepared to abort.

NEIL

Extremists. No, absolutely not.

SIMON

Don't you think we should at least
warn them? So they can prepare?
There's a new president in the
White House. Martinez. He's a good
man. I think he would help us.

NEIL

Presidents haven't helped us before. And if he *is* a good man, Mullendore and the others won't let him find out about this place.

SIMON

I'll make sure he finds out.

NEIL

(scrutinizing stare)

You still have faith in them. After everything you've seen, you *still* have faith in them.

(then, firm)

Simon, we have to protect ourselves if we want to survive. That's what *they* would do if they found out about what's coming. You are my conduit to the outside. I need you to reason with the others on my behalf... Can I count on you?

Simon dithers for a moment, then, like a good soldier...

SIMON

Yes, sir.

PRE-LAP TRAFFIC NOISE and HONKING HORNS.

END FLASHBACK/MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SUV/EXT. FREEWAY - **BACK TO SCENE**

Simon, still on the phone with the control tower, is now SWERVING through freeway traffic. Cars move out of his way, honking angrily.

SIMON

For god's sake, Fred, just do it!

INTERCUT WITH CONTROL TOWER

DAVIS

Okay, fine. Stay on the line.

Davis looks up at the controllers in the room.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Who's got SkyAir 514?

KRAMER

Right here, boss. I have SkyAir 514 taxiing onto Charlie Five.

DAVIS
Bring her back to the gate.

KRAMER
Yes, sir.
(into headset)
SkyAir 514, your take off clearance
is canceled. Taxi off runway Charlie
Five and contact ground point niner.

ON DAVIS

DAVIS
(back on the phone)
Okay, they're grounded. Now who
are you and what do you want?

ON KRAMER

-- still waiting for an answer from flight 514.

KRAMER
SkyAir 514, take off clearance
cancelled. Taxi off runway Charlie
Five and contact ground point
niner... SkyAir 514, this is Miami
tower, do you copy?

ON DAVIS

DAVIS
(into phone)
We're tracing your call right now,
so if you don't--

SIMON
No, you're not.

KRAMER
(calling out Davis)
Sir, SkyAir 514 has gone norco.
I'm getting no response.

DAVIS
What?

Davis walks to the window, looks down at the runway. RACK
FOCUS TO THE BOEING maneuvering into take off position.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
(tensing up, to Simon)
We lost radio contact. What's
going on?

EXT. FREEWAY/INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

SIMON
Dammit! It's too late.

He hangs up his cell phone, throws it on the passenger seat.

He SWERVES through two lanes and barely makes it to the exit ramp, causing three cars behind him to fishtail and CRASH into each other.

The SUV speeds down the ramp and blazes through the red light, shooting onto a surface street.

KRAMER (PRE-LAP)
They switched off their
transponder!

INT. CONTROL TOWER

Davis checks Kramer's radar screen. The flight's tag is gone.

DAVIS
What the hell are they doing? Try
calling them on guard.

OTHER AIR CONTROLLER (O.S.)
Sir! They're taking off!

Filled with dread, Davis looks up...

DAVIS POV THROUGH THE WINDOW

The aircraft is on the move, SPEEDING DOWN THE RUNWAY.

DAVIS
Oh fu--

ALL radar screens in the tower suddenly FLICKER in unison, then start flashing a "REBOOT" message. Instant pandemonium.

KRAMER
Radars are down! They're all down!

DAVIS
Get the FAA on the phone and start
the emergency protocol.

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Boeing barrels down the runway.

EXT. ROAD/INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Simon's SUV skids off the road, CRASHES through a chain-link fence, and ends up on a service road parallel to the runway.

We catch a SHORT GLIMPSE OF SEAN behind one of the aircraft windows, watching the SUV.

EXT. SERVICE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Simon cringes as he swerves his SUV onto the runway and into a collision course with the speeding airliner.

The plane LIFTS OFF with a DEAFENING ROAR. The SUV RATTLES and SHAKES as the Boeing flies over it. The LANDING GEAR misses the car by just a few inches.

The SUV screeches to a halt. Simon looks up at the rising plane, defeated yet glad to still be alive.

He taps the tiny high-tech COMM-LINK that we didn't know was hidden in his ear. It activates with a *beep*. Simon addresses someone -- we don't know who.

SIMON

(into comm-link)

I failed. They're airborne. It's all in your hands now... I hope you know what you're doing.

He puts the car back into gear, steps on the gas, and PEELS OFF in a cloud of dust as we--

SHOCK CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

SUPER OVER BLACK...

SEAN WALKER

WHITE FLASH TO:

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - DAY

TIGHT ON SEAN

A bead of sweat rolls down his temple. He takes a deep breath... then gets up and rushes up towards the cockpit.

Passengers are perplexed. *What is this man doing???*

He reaches the cockpit door and starts POUNDING on it. Without flinching, Maureen unstraps herself and approaches him cautiously.

MAUREEN

Sir, please return to--

Sean USES HIS GUN to bang against the cockpit door.

PASSENGER

He has a gun!

PANIC and SCREAMS immediately fill the cabin. The other two flight attendants rush to Maureen's rescue from the tail.

MAUREEN

Sir, please!

SEAN

(yelling, to pilot)
Open the door! We need to talk. You don't have to do this!

Sean slams the gun against the cockpit door again -- *bam! bam! bam!* Some of the passengers start sobbing... praying...

SEAN

(yelling, to pilot)
You and I, together, we can figure this out... Answer me!!!

MAUREEN

They can't hear you through the door.

TWO MALE PASSENGERS get up and join the two flight attendants rushing towards the cockpit. Sean points his gun at them. They freeze.

SEAN
 Stay back. *Back!* I don't wanna
 use this gun but I will if I have
 to, so... back up! And sit down!

No choice. They comply and retreat back to their seats.

SEAN (CONT'D)
 (to Maureen)
 Can you open it?

She shakes her head apologetically and lies.

SEAN (CONT'D)
 How do I talk to the pilot?

She points at the phone on the wall.

MAUREEN
 The interphone. Green button.

Sean grabs the phone and presses the green button.

SEAN
 (into phone)
 Listen, I know what you're doing.
 Just let me in and we'll figure out
 something else. Another way... *I*
can't let you do this!

TAYLOR (O.S.)
 You read my thoughts. Drop the gun
 and put your hands up.

Standing in the aisle, just a few feet away is DAN TAYLOR,
 the man in the leather jacket from Act One, who has traded
 his *Newsweek* for a gun now pointed at Sean. COLLECTIVE GASP.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 Kid, I'm an air marshal, and I'm
 not gonna tell you twice. You drop
 the gun and put your hands up now
 or I *will* shoot you.

SEAN
 Listen, I know how this looks but--

Taylor means business.

TAYLOR
Do it!

Sean starts kneeling down to drop his gun... reaching his arm
 down just as we--

FLASHBACK/MATCH CUT
(8 DAYS EARLIER) TO:

TIGHT ON SEAN'S ARM

... as he reaches down towards Leila, trying to help her up to the next grip of the tall outdoor climbing wall.

SEAN

Do it! Come on, I know you can.

The climbing wall sits on the top deck of a CRUISE SHIP anchored near an exotic island.

SUPER:

Freeport, Grand Bahama
Eight days earlier

Clear, turquoise water. Sun. Tourists everywhere. Good times all around.

LEILA

I can't. My fingers are hurting.
 Sean, I can't.

SEAN

Yes, you can, Leila, just grab my hand.

She reaches her hand up... pushing herself up with all her strength... almost touches Sean's fingers... then...

She suddenly SLIPS, lets out a STARTLED SCREAM as she drops down a few feet. Sean chuckles as he watches her dangling at the end of the safety rope. She sighs.

LEILA

I told you I couldn't. My hands are too sweaty.

SEAN

Okay, well, try again! C'mon.

With the agility of a cat, he quickly climbs up the few feet that separate him from the top.

LEILA

I don't think so.

SEAN

I'm not coming down til you get up here.

Leila rolls her eyes. She sighs. She knows he means it.

LEILA
Okay, all right. Fine.

She nods at the SPOTTER below and is about to resume her climb when Sean notices a commotion on a lower deck.

SEAN'S POV

A GROUP OF PANICKED PASSENGERS gathers around the railing, looking down at the water below. GREG (mid-20's, frat-boy looks, and a CAST on his left arm) throws a lifesaver over the railing, screaming for help.

GREG
Somebody help!

BACK ON SEAN

-- as he instinctively KICKS INTO HIGH GEAR. He rappels down the climbing wall, passing Leila on the way down.

LEILA
What's going on?

He reaches the bottom of the wall, unhooks his safety line and sprints towards the lower deck.

LOWER DECK

Greg is begging the SHIP SECURITY OFFICER who just arrived.

GREG
My girlfriend fell. She's
drowning! Do something!

POV SHOT ON THE GIRLFRIEND (VICKY)

-- FLAILING her arms around, trying to keep her head above water. The life jacket landed too far away to be helpful.

BACK ON DECK

SECURITY OFFICER	GREG
(into his radio)	Do something! She's
Man overboard, deck 2B, aft.	drowning!

SECURITY OFFICER (CONT'D)
We're radioing the Coast Guard.

GREG
She's not gonna make it that long!

SECURITY OFFICER
Sir, I'm sorry, but there's nothing
we can do from up here.

Sean RUSHES DOWN THE STAIRS from the upper deck, pushes his way through the crowd, reaches the railing and looks down.

SEAN'S POV

-- as Vicky struggles to stay afloat.

BACK ON SEAN

-- quickly removing his shoes. The security officer notices.

SECURITY OFFICER (CONT'D)
You can't jump. She's lucky she's
alive. Do you know how high we--

Sean has already climbed over the railing, and before the security officer can finish his sentence... Sean DIVES gracefully towards the turquoise water below.

SPLASH!

-- as he enters the water.

ON VICKY

-- fighting to stay above water.

FROM HER POV

-- we see Sean approaching, still far but getting closer... before we are pulled under water. Waves, bubbles, confusion.

Then a GASP OF AIR as Vicky resurfaces once again, running out of air and out of time. Sean is SWIMMING FAST toward her.

ON GREG

-- watching from behind the railing. Leila joins him and the growing crowd of ONLOOKERS.

ON SEAN

-- as he finally reaches Vicky. She GRABS ON to him but continues THRASHING around, dragging him down with her.

SEAN
You're gonna be fine, just... Stay
still or we're both gonna drown.

She finally stops fighting back, lets Sean hold her.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Okay. You're gonna be okay....

A beat. He starts swimming back, pulling her gently...

VICKY (PRE-LAP)

I swear I can swim. I don't know what happened. I just freaked.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP - BAR - SUNSET

Sean and Leila are having drinks with Greg and Vicky. Vicky has a bandage on her arm and a few scratches on her face. Empty beer bottles and shot glasses sitting on the table.

LEILA

You were in shock, after that fall.

GREG

I'm not letting her anywhere near the edge of *anything* any time soon.

VICKY

I just leaned over to take a photo, next thing I know, *wham!* It was like getting hit by a truck.

GREG

Sean, buddy, Vicky's still here because of you. It was all you, man.

VICKY

Yeah, I totally owe you one...

SEAN

There were a lot of other people coming to help you. I just happened to be faster.

LEILA

(proud of Sean)

Captain of the swim team back in college. He almost made it to the Olympics.

GREG

No way! All right, man! Awesome!

VICKY

Okay, you know what? You guys are not going to that stupid beach barbecue. Some celebrity who lives on the island is having a big party tonight. We're not sure who yet, but we're totally crashing it. And you guys are coming with us!

LEILA
You know, Vicky, you should really take it easy...

SEAN
I don't know... It's not really our thing.

Off a grinning Vicky, downing another shot...

PRE-LAP "*Poker Face*" by Lady Gaga before we--

CUT TO:

EXT. VIP BEACH CLUB - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

JET-SETTERS and BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE all around. Giant beds flank each side of the pool, tiki-torches and fire pits.

Camera snakes through the crowd and finds Sean, Leila, Greg and Vicky entering the party.

VICKY
I told you we would get in. These babies never let me down.

She looks down at her revealing blouse and grins.

GREG
(high-fives Vicky)
Works every time!

VICKY
Guys, c'mon!

Sean and Leila share a look of bemused resignation as Vicky leads the way DEEPER INTO THE CROWD...

SHORT MONTAGE

-- of various PARTY SHOTS, then...

AT THE BAR - A FEW DRINKS LATER

The BARTENDER pours another round while Greg explains the cast on his arm to Sean.

GREG
First day in Miami, we were roller-blading, I took a dive, *Bam!*, broken.

SEAN
I'm sorry. That sucks.

GREG
Yeah. So your girlfriend, she's cool. You're a lucky guy. How long you guys been together?

INSERT CUT-AWAY of Leila and Vicky talking on the other side of the pool. Vicky is eyeing a tray of hors d'oeuvres.

SEAN

Seven years. With a couple of years off in the middle. We met at MIT.

GREG

Oh, excuse me, MIT. So you're like Aquaman and Brainiac all in one.

SEAN

I was a computer science major. She was bio-chem, sooo... Two geeks. Perfect match.

GREG

MIT and now you're making video games? That's awesome. Hey, maybe you can hook me up with some games?

POOLSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

-- as Sean and Greg bring the drinks to Leila.

SEAN

Where's Vicky?

LEILA

Chasing a tray of mini-quiches, I think.

GREG

Oh! She loves mini-quiches.

(then)

Hey, you know, we were talking earlier. The four of us should totally hang for the rest of the cruise. Like, if you want to do some of the excursions and activities together. It'll be more fun, right? What do you think?

Leila's cell I-Phone starts RINGING.

LEILA

(less than thrilled)

Uh, yeah, sure.

(checks caller ID, then)

Guys, I'll be right back.

She steps into a QUIET CORNER behind a cabana and answers.

LEILA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello?

INT. GASIOROWSKI RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - **INTERCUT**

Mark is on the cordless. Karen and Samantha clear the table. A SMALL TV on the kitchen counter, tuned in to MSNBC.

MARK
Hey, Pumpkin!

LEILA
(loud)
Hey, Dad.

Hard to hear with the music and the crowd, and the TV.

MARK
Where are you?

LEILA
Oh, we're at this club in Nassau.

MARK
Are you guys having a good time?

LEILA
We're having a great time.
(noticing a VOICE in b.g.)
Who else is there?

Mark looks around, settles on THE TELEVISION, showing B-ROLL of PRESIDENT ELIAS MARTINEZ (Hispanic, late 40's, poised) giving a speech at the White House.

REPORTER (O.S., ON TV)
*-- and President Martinez announced
the expansion of the free clinic
program [audio drifts off...]*

MARK
Oh, no one, it's just the TV.
(to Samantha)
Shorty, can you turn it down?

Samantha grabs the remote and MUTES THE TV.

MARK (CONT'D)
(to Leila)
We haven't heard from you in a
couple of days, so... your mom and
I just wanted to check in.

KAREN
(in b.g.)
Hi, Sweetie!

MARK
Your mom says hi. How's Sean?

Leila SPOTS a distraught SEAN who's been dragged to the other side of the pool. Vicky waves at her excitedly, oblivious as she almost bumps a tray out of the hands of a passing WAITRESS. Sean mouths "help."

LEILA
(muffling a laugh)
He's good. Everything's really good. Dad, it's really hard to hear with the music. Can I call you back tomorrow?

MARK
Sure. Let's do that.

LEILA
Tell Mom and Shorty I said good hi.

MARK
I will. Love you, Pumpkin.

LEILA
Love you too, dad.

END INTERCUT.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - CORRIDOR - LATER

Suddenly all SILENT AND QUIET. Sean and Leila stroll out of the elevator and down the corridor towards their cabin. Very tipsy, holding hands.

LEILA
Were they beginning to get on your nerves too, or was it just me?

SEAN
Yeah, they're a little bit annoying. In a fun kind of way.

LEILA
And oh my god, they can drink!

Leila accidentally bumps into a MAN whose face we don't see.

LEILA (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry!

SEAN
Woah, careful, babe!

MAN
No problem.

SEAN
Leil', how many drinks did you have?

LEILA
 A few... Speaking of which, I'm
 not convinced Vicky was totally
 sober when you fished her out.
 It's all beginning to make sense.

She looks up at the room numbers... counting...

LEILA (CONT'D)	SEAN
(tipsy loud)	Baby, not so loud! People
Okay, 5311... 5312	are sleeping.

LEILA (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 Sorry... 5313...

They reach the last door at the end of the corridor.

LEILA (CONT'D)
 5314! This is us, right?

SEAN
 (amused)
 Yes, this is us.

She pulls the KEY CARD out of her pocket and slides it into
 the electronic lock. *Beep.* Red light.

She tries it again... and... again. *Beep.* Denied.

LEILA
 It's not working.

SEAN
 Let me try.

Sean takes the card out of her hand, flips it, and slides it
 into the lock. *Beep beep.* Green light. The door unlocks.

INT. VIP CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Sean and Leila STUMBLE into the large suite, kissing
 passionately. They almost knock one of their matching
 MacBooks off a small desk. Leila LOSES HER BALANCE, but Sean
 catches her. She CRACKS UP, clearly drunk. Then realizes...

LEILA
 Yeah, I think I need a little air.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIP CABIN - BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Sean holds Leila in his arms as they take in the AMAZING VIEW
 of the moonlit ocean, lulled by the sound of the waves.

LEILA

It's amazing how clear the sky is out here. Look at all the stars.

SEAN

(cute and corny)

I got them just for you. That's right, I know how to treat my lady.

LEILA

Yes, you do. And you're a dork.

SEAN

I know. But you love it.

They kiss. Sean ponders his next move, hesitates... then...

SEAN (CONT'D)

Okay, you know what? Let's make a deal. After the snorkeling thing we have tomorrow, let's go out for a romantic dinner. No Greg, no Vicky. Just the two of us. I'll ask the concierge to find us a nice little restaurant in Grand Cayman.

LEILA

I would love that.

She smiles. Another kiss.

BACK INSIDE THE SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

-- as they get ready for bed. Leila steps into the bathroom.

LEILA (O.S.)

Oh, my dad called. He says hi.

SEAN

Hi, dad!

Keeping his eyes on the bathroom door, Sean surreptitiously pulls a SMALL VELVET BOX out of his pocket. He slides open the closet door and quickly dials a code on the small ROOM SAFE'S CODE PAD. He opens the velvet box and takes a quick peek inside. A BEAUTIFUL DIAMOND RING.

Today didn't work out, but tomorrow will be the big day. He smiles, puts the box inside the safe and CLOSES IT as we--

END FLASHBACK/MATCH CUT TO:

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - **BACK TO SCENE**

Taylor COCKS HIS GUN, aiming at Sean.

TAYLOR
Drop the gun. *Now!*

Sean realizes the air marshal won't ask twice.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Slowly.

Sean drops the gun down on the floor, puts his hands up.
Taylor pulls flexicuffs out of his jacket pocket.

SEAN
Listen, man, you can arrest me all
you want when this is over, but
right now we have to get into the
cockpit. Me, or you, I don't care!

TAYLOR
(to Maureen)
Tell the captain to turn around.

Maureen nods and goes for the interphone.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
(to Sean)
Now turn around and slowly bring
your hands down behind your back.

BANG!

Gunshot. A few stunned SCREAMS. Then an unsettling SILENCE
of CONFUSED REALIZATION takes over the cabin. Everyone
stares puzzlingly at the cockpit door.

The shot came from *inside* the cockpit.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
(lowering his gun)
What the hell?

The plane suddenly DROPS AND BANKS, throwing everyone who is
standing to the ground. More screams as we--

SHOCK CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

SUPER OVER BLACK...

PRESIDENT ELIAS MARTINEZ

WHITE FLASH TO:

EXT. MIAMI - DAY

Quick ESTABLISHING MONTAGE. Shiny glass high-rises cutting through the postcard-perfect blue sky. JET SKIERS zipping through the azure water near the McArthur causeway. The Miami sun shines bright, giving everything a WARM GLOW.

EXT. THE GABLES - DAY

The marina. Rows of expensive yachts. QUICK SHOTS of waterfront mansions with lush landscaping.

PRE-LAP the DRONING SOUND OF PARTY GUESTS talking... Kids laughing... before WE SETTLE ON...

EXT. PRESIDENT'S RETREAT - CONTINUOUS

A beautiful two-storey MANSION nestled on 6 acres of land at the end of a small peninsula in an exclusive gated community.

SUPER:***President's Vacation Retreat
Coral Gables, Florida***

We MOVE PAST THE HOUSE to REVEAL... A large, perfectly groomed backyard jutting into Biscayne Bay, decorated for the first twins' birthday party. Balloons, garlands, food stations, tables and chairs, a couple of CLOWNS, PARENTS milling about, KIDS running around.

Half a dozen SECRET SERVICE AGENTS patrol the grounds, trying to stay inconspicuous as they keep an eye on the celebration.

CHRISTINA (O.S.)

On your dad's mark...

We MOVE to REVEAL the FIRST FAMILY at the cake table, surrounded by a CROWD OF GUESTS.

President ELIAS MARTINEZ, late 40's, Benjamin Bratt meets JFK. Smart, confident, accessible, a family man and loving father.

His wife CHRISTINA, early 40's, beautiful, understanding and supportive, her spirited temper occasionally goes unchecked. Her children SANDRA and DAVID (aka the twins) are her number one priority.

The twins are turning 8. They stand in front of their respective cakes. David starts blowing his candles before--

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Go!

SANDRA

(offended, blowing her
candles)

You were supposed to wait!

Everyone cracks up and claps. Ad-lib happy birthdays.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Happy birthday, guys! I love you
both so much.

DAVID

Now can we open presents?

VICE PRESIDENT MASON JARVIS (60's, dignified, steely but tactful) approaches. The President walks over to meet him.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Mason!

JARVIS

Mr. President.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

I'm glad you could make it. Just
in time for cake.

JARVIS

Thanks but I'll need to pass.

ON CHRISTINA

-- cutting the cake. She looks up just in time to see Jarvis mumble something to her husband. Martinez's smile quickly fades as he turns towards the house. She follows his gaze.

Standing by the house are General Mullendore and CIA DIRECTOR BLAKE STERLING (early 50's, fervid and brash), staring sternly at him.

Martinez realizes Christina has been watching them. He mouths "Sorry." She nods and smiles understandingly, mouths "it's okay." She's learned to hide her disappointment...

EXT. PRESIDENT'S RETREAT - IMPROVISED PRESS AREA - DAY

We MOVE past a couple of news vans and over to the press area on the opposite side of the property. A lectern adorned with the White House logo sits on a small terrace. REPORTERS and their CREWS are setting up for the upcoming press conference.

Accompanied by a CAMERAMAN and a SOUND ENGINEER, MSNBC REPORTER PAULA DIXON (late 20's, petite and unassuming, driven, can charm or bulldoze her way into anything) walks up to the TWO AGENTS guarding the entrance.

PAULA

Paula Dixon. This is my crew.

The agents start checking their clearance.

INT. PRESIDENT'S RETREAT - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Paula and her crew walk by the conference room where the President and his advisors are gathered just as an AGENT shuts the door.

INT. PRESIDENT'S RETREAT - LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Paula is chatting with FOUR PEOPLE (THREE MEN, ONE WOMAN, whose faces we don't see) dressed in suits, sitting in the leather sofa and chairs across from her, as her crew sets up for the interview.

PAULA

We'll run this during the special after the press conference. This is a historic moment! For all of us.

(then, to one of the men)

Can you believe this is actually happening, after all this time?

We MOVE to REVEAL the man she's talking to is NEIL McMANN.

NEIL

Well, we're not free yet.

He looks up at the TWO AGENTS guarding the door.

NEIL (CONT'D)

But thank you, Paula. Your persistence has definitely helped our cause.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

President Martinez sits at the end of a large oak table in a large dining room turned conference room. Also at the table are General Mullendore, Director Sterling, Vice President Jarvis, and a few other OFFICIALS.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

So, this is... What? An intervention?

Uncomfortable shifting and throat clearing. Sterling finally breaks the silence with inappropriate aplomb.

STERLING

Mr. President, with all due respect, we don't have time for niceties anymore. You're making a mistake. Everyone here agrees.

JARVIS

Eli, we just want to... strongly urge you to reconsider.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Gentlemen, we've already had this discussion. This is bigger than us. These people will be released and granted asylum if they want it. We are closing The Facility. And I am not changing my mind. In two hours, I am gonna go out there and I'm going to tell the American people the truth.

STERLING

Sir, this is all fine and noble, but we need to be realistic. It's your duty to protect this country. If you let them out, you'll be putting the American people in danger. Look at the latest reports, for god's sake.

JARVIS

(cuts in, disapprovingly)
Sterling!

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Those reports are nothing but conjectures and speculations. The things you've done to these people... And they may not be Americans, but we are, god dammit. We're the ones who abused them and who've been detaining them illegally, and that's not what this country is about. Not anymore.

STERLING

Then at least give us more time to analyze all this new information. How can we reassure the public if we don't have answers?

A beat. Martinez is still listening... and pondering...

JARVIS

There's still time to cancel the press conference.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Paula Dixon threatened to expose all of it three months ago, and we were lucky she agreed to wait until now in exchange for exclusive access. But I know her, and she's gonna go public today, with or without us.

STERLING

I'm sure we can figure out a way to convince her.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

What? You're gonna ship her off to Alaska too? Guys, wake up. The information is already out there. Even if I agreed, it's too late.

STERLING

Fine, let the public find out. But don't let *them* out. It's too risky.

GENERAL MULLENDORE

Sir, I agree with Director Sterling. We should keep them at The Facility at least for a while longer.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Those people have suffered enough. No. This ends today.

Clearly not the answer the others wanted to hear.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

(getting up)

Now if you'll excuse me. My kids are having a birthday. I'll see you at the press conference.

He OPENS THE DOOR as we--

FLASHBACK/MATCH CUT
(13 MONTHS EARLIER) TO:

EXT. KENNEDY CENTER - NIGHT

SIMON opens the back door of a limo. We QUICKLY MOVE PAST HIM to REVEAL President Martinez and Christina in evening attires, making their way back to the limo as the secret service part the sea of cheering ONLOOKERS.

SUPER:
Washington, D.C.
Thirteen months earlier

They wave and smile as camera flashes illuminate the night. We again catch a GLIMPSE OF SIMON holding the car door as the first couple steps into the limo.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Martinez slides into the limo next to Christina. The door closes, sealing out the crowd noise. The car drives away.

CHRISTINA
 (kicks off her shoes)
 Ugh, these shoes are killing me!

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
 What did you think of the show? I
 thought it was pretty good.

A phone suddenly starts RINGING. Martinez pulls a small phone out of his pocket. It's off. He looks up at Christina questioningly as she pulls her own phone out of her purse.

CHRISTINA
 It's not mine either.

Puzzled, President Martinez listens to the ring... and tracks it down to an I-Phone, hidden in one of the storage compartments in the side of the door. The phone goes silent just as he grabs it. Martinez frowns as he discovers the MESSAGE displayed on the screen: "*From: Unknown User. Request Top Secret Highest Clearance Dossier: INOSTRANKA.*"

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE

-- where Simon puts away his own phone, looks up as the Presidential limo drives away...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

TIGHT ON A RED FOLDER

-- marked "*TOP SECRET: INOSTRANKA*", as it lands heavily on a coffee table.

WIDE to REVEAL President Martinez, visibly angry, pacing behind the Resolute desk. Sterling stands in the middle of the room.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
 Did it just slip your mind? For
 god's sake, Blake, when were you
 planning to tell me about this?

Sterling stares, doesn't answer, but his silence says it all.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ (CONT'D)
 (fuming)
 You were just gonna keep running
 this without my knowledge?

STERLING
 Plausible deniability, sir.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
 That's your excuse?!

STERLING
 Information regarding the Mount
 Inostranka Facility has always been
 on a need-to-know basis.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
 I'm the President of the United
 States. *I* need to know.

STERLING
 I determined The Facility to be an
 unnecessary distraction that would
 pull you away from more pressing
 issues.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
 Oh, just... Blake, just cut the
 crap, all right?
 (beat)
 Did the previous administration
 know about this?

STERLING
 Only the Vice President.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
 Of course. It figures.
 (then)
 So it's true? It's all true?

Sterling nods silently. A slew of emotions hits Martinez.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ (CONT'D)
 This is... unbelievable.
 (grabs the file)
 How many of them are there? How
 many prisoners?

STERLING

Detainees.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

(reading the file)

Whatever. "Detainees." Who get
tortured. *How many?*

STERLING

Ninety-seven.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

(reading off the file)

And eighteen fugitives...

STERLING

... Seventeen.

Martinez stares, waiting for an explanation that Sterling would rather not give. But he clearly has no choice...

STERLING (CONT'D)

We recaptured one of them last week,
but she tried to escape again,
assaulted one of our agents... The
agent acted in self-defense...

We assume he is referring to Kathryn and something that led to her demise after her return to the base. Martinez shakes his head... and lets out a TENSE SIGH, puts on his glasses and starts flipping through the pages of the thick file.

STERLING (CONT'D)

May I ask how you obtained this file?

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

No, you may not.

(then, stern, bewildered)

This is... I mean, I don't even
know how to feel.

STERLING

The CIA has overseen this program
for many years and I can assure you
that everything is under control.
There's no need for you to--

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

I want to go there. I want to meet
them. And this guy...

Martinez pulls a PHOTOGRAPH OF NEIL out of the folder.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Neil McMann. He's their leader?

STERLING
Leader, spokesperson, something
like that.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
I want to meet him.

Off Sterling as he reluctantly acquiesces...

PRE-LAP sound of slow motion helicopter blades...

EXT. BROOKS RANGE (ALASKA) - DAY

The sound of the blades catches up to full speed as a
WHITEHAWK HELICOPTER flies into frame. A breathtaking view
of the snow-covered Alaskan Brooks Range.

SUPER:
Brooks Mountain Range
Alaska

INT. MARINE ONE - CONTINUOUS

Martinez, Sterling, and their security detail: Eva and Simon.

STERLING
(loud, via headset)
Mullendore took over for General
Bradley eighteen years ago. He's
been running the place since. He'll
be able to answer all your
questions.

EXT. BROOKS RANGE - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter reaches the mountain range... and hidden
behind it... an expansive valley. And nestled at the bottom
of the Inostranka mountain is a high-tech research and
military facility nicknamed THE FACILITY.

Pods of buildings connected by long corridors. And next to
the complex, barely visible under the snow, a gigantic,
triangular structure.

The base is buzzing with activity -- snow mobiles, ATVs, snow
plows, and a few BUNDLED-UP PEOPLE. Glints of sunlight
reflect against the glass buildings.

INT. MARINE ONE - CONTINUOUS

STERLING
Welcome to Mount Inostranka...
"The Facility."

Off President Martinez, genuinely stunned and excited...

GENERAL MULLENDORE (PRE-LAP)
I've assembled all the detainees in
the mess hall...

INT. MOUNT INOSTRANKA FACILITY - CORRIDORS - LATER

Mullendore leads President Martinez and his entourage (Sterling, Simon and Eva) into the bowels of the facility. They pass a variety of people -- MILITARY PERSONNEL (including a couple of ARMED GUARDS on patrol), SCIENTISTS in lab coats, and a handful of CIVILIANS.

GENERAL MULLENDORE
... as you said you wanted to
address them as a group. And I've
set up a meeting room for you to
sit down with McMann.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
I want a tour of the entire
facility.

INT. THE FACILITY - GANGWAY TO MESS HALL - CONTINUOUS

They reach the end of a corridor that opens up on a gangway overlooking the large mess hall. Several ARMED SOLDIERS guard the hallway, gangway, and stairs.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
And I want to see their living
quarters.

GENERAL MULLENDORE
Absolutely, Mr. President.

Sterling and Mullendore trade a concerned look.

They reach the edge of the gangway. Martinez looks down at the CROWD gathered below. ADULT MEN AND WOMEN, most of them look to be in their mid-30's, some younger, some older, of all races.

We only get a GLIMPSE AT THE CROWD -- just enough for us to register that they look like regular people. *Who are they?*

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
You've kept these people locked in
here all these years?

Guilty silence from Mullendore and Sterling.

CUT TO:

BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS

-- as Martinez approaches the group. Conversations stop as the detainees notice his presence. Neil emerges from the crowd, steps up to Martinez, and reaches his hand out.

NEIL

Mr. President, my name is Neil
McMann.

ON SIMON

-- standing a few feet away, watching intently.

Martinez starts EXTENDING HIS HAND towards Neil as we--

END FLASHBACK/MATCH CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENT'S RETREAT - LOUNGE - **BACK TO SCENE**

MARTINEZ is SHAKING HANDS with Neil in the lounge.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

You sure you're ready to do this?

NEIL

We've been ready for a long time.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

(nods, reassuringly)
Well, your time has come, my friend.
(then, turns to his aide)
So, are we ready? We're ready
here. Rachel?

RACHEL

Almost. We're getting the Vice
President.

Paula walks up to Neil and President Martinez.

PAULA

Mr. President, how was the birthday
party?

RACHEL

(into her comm-link)
I need a lock on the Vice
President.

VOICE

(filtered, on comm-link)
*The Vice President left an hour ago
with Director Sterling and General
Mullendore.*

RACHEL

What? No! We need him at the press conference. Right now.

VOICE

Do you want me to patch you through to his security detail?

An ALARM suddenly starts BLARING throughout the building, interrupting Rachel's conversation. The lounge doors fly open and FOUR SECRET SERVICE AGENTS burst in.

AGENT #1

Mr. President, we have to evacuate.

The agents grab him and start ushering him out of the lounge

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

What's going on?

AGENT #1

We have to go now.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Neil! You're coming with us.

(to Agent #1)

He's coming or I'm not leaving.

Agent #1 nods at ANOTHER AGENT, who immediately grabs Neil's arm and forces him to join them before he can protest. CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM as they leave Rachel and Paula behind.

INT. PRESIDENT'S RETREAT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The agents lead Martinez and Neil through the CROWDED HALLWAYS and the CHAOS of the ongoing evacuation.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Where is Christina? And the twins?

AGENT #1

They're boarding Marine One.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

What is going on?

AGENT #1

We've lost radar capability. Our whole radar system is down.

EXT. GARDENS - CONTINUOUS

The small group bursts out of the house onto a paved path.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Where? Here?

AGENT #1

The whole Eastern seaboard, sir.
We think an attack is already under
way and you may be the target.

Martinez LOOKS UP and SEES...

CHRISTINA AND THE TWINS

... waiting for him aboard MARINE ONE on the water-front
helipad at the end of the paved pathway. Christina, holding
the twins, waves with a calm smile. He waves back.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

Where are we evacuat--

The ground starts SHAKING. Something in the sky over the
water catches the President's attention. And sends chills
down his spine. The others LOOK UP and FREEZE as the
DEAFENING ROAR of the approaching jet drowns out everything.

Martinez looks at his family aboard Marine One, realizing the
chopper lies directly in the jetliner's trajectory. He
notices the sudden confusion on his wife's face as she picks
up on the vibrations... and she turns back towards him with a
puzzled look, still unaware of her impending doom.

One of the agents takes off, runs back towards the house.
The others try to pull the President back. But he resists,
locking eyes with Christina.

AGENT #1

Sir!

ON CHRISTINA

-- staring at him, confused by the commotion and by her
husband's last words... She TURNS AROUND and looks out
through the helicopter window. AND WE FINALLY SEE...

THE AIRLINER DIVING FULL SPEED TOWARDS THEM, seconds from
impact. Seconds from turning the entire neighborhood into a
giant ball of fire.

Christina turns back to look at her husband, terrified and
fully aware that there's nowhere to run.

SHOCK CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

SUPER OVER BLACK...

MARK GASIOROWSKI

WHITE FLASH TO:

INT. PUBLIC RESTROOMS

TIGHT ON A MIRROR

-- as we hear WATER RUNNING.

Mark stands up, comes into frame. He just splashed water on his face. Mark is always all smiles. But not today. Today he looks pale. Tired. It's been a very long week.

He stands in front of the sink as the water keeps running. Stares at himself in the mirror for a moment, alone in the large, echoey room. No windows. No way to tell time.

He finally reaches out and TURNS OFF THE FAUCET as we--

FLASHBACK/MATCH CUT
(8 DAYS EARLIER) TO:

INT. GASIOROWSKI RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Karen TURNS OFF THE KITCHEN FAUCET. Samantha and Mark are clearing the dinner table. A SMALL TV sits on the kitchen counter, tuned in to MSNBC.

SUPER:
Atlanta, GA
Eight days earlier

MARK

I'm sure she's fine, just having a good time somewhere. You know, maybe we need to give her more space.

KAREN

That's a new one, coming from you. You worry about her even more than I do. You're just better at hiding it.

MARK

Okay, yes, true. But seriously, I really think it's time for us to make an effort, give her her space. She's not seven anymore.

SAMANTHA

What's wrong with seven?

MARK
Nothing's wrong with seven, Shorty.

KAREN
She hasn't called since they left Miami.

MARK
Okay, then, why don't you call her?

KAREN
Because she'll get annoyed if I call. Not if you call. Please.

A beat before he caves in... and grabs the cordless.

MARK
All right, okay, fine! Manipulator.

KAREN
(victorious smile)
Thank you.

SAMANTHA
(RE: the news) Hey, they're talking about Leila's work!

Mark looks over at the TV as he dials Leila's number.

WHAT WE SEE ON THE TV SCREEN:

B-ROLL of the THE VACCINE MANUFACTURING PROCESS, followed by a WIDE SHOT of a LARGE MODERN BUILDING. The logo hanging over the main entrance reads DEMPSEY PHARMACEUTICALS.

PAULA (V.O.)
(mid-sentence)
-- according to Dempsey Pharmaceuticals, the manufacturer of Elivir, which at this time remains the only drug effective against the new H1N1 strain.

Karen pulls TWO WINE GLASSES out of a cabinet.

KAREN
Honey? Red or white?

MARK
Red. (RE: the phone) It's ringing.

His attention momentarily goes BACK TO THE TELEVISION.

ON TV SCREEN: Reporter PAULA DIXON talking TO CAMERA. She stands in a parking lot, as PEOPLE line up to get vaccinated.

PAULA

Across the country, people have been lining up, often for several hours, to receive the vaccine, which has been available for the past week, but so far only through government-run clinics like this one.

BACK ON MARK

-- as Leila picks up.

LEILA (O.S.)

(on the phone)

Hello?

MARK

(into phone)

Hey, Pumpkin!

LEILA (O.S.)

(loud)

Hey, Dad.

There's LOUD MUSIC playing in the b.g.

MARK

Where are you?

LEILA (O.S.)

Oh, we're at this club in Nassau.

MARK

Are you guys having a good time?

LEILA (O.S.)

We're having a great time. Who else is there?

ANGLE ON TELEVISION

-- showing B-ROLL of PRESIDENT ELIAS MARTINEZ (Hispanic, late 40's, poised) giving a speech at the White House.

PAULA (V.O.)

-- and from his vacation retreat in Coral Gables, President Martinez announced the expansion of the free clinic program [audio drifts off...]

BACK ON MARK

MARK
 Oh, no one, it's just the TV.
 (to Samantha)
 Shorty, can you turn it down?

Samantha grabs the remote and MUTES THE TV.

MARK (CONT'D)
 (into phone, to Leila)
 We haven't heard from you in a
 couple of days, so... your mom and
 I just wanted to check in.

KAREN
 (loud, to Leila)
 Hi, Sweetie!

MARK
 Your mom says hi. How's Sean?

LEILA (O.S.)
 He's good. Everything's good.

ON KAREN AND SAMANTHA

As Karen pours two glasses of red wine, she takes a quick
 peek out the window and notices...

KAREN
 Sam, you left your bike in the
 driveway again. Go get it, put it
 in the garage.

SAMANTHA
 But I'm gonna use it tomorrow.

KAREN
 Not a good excuse, Sam. Do it.

SAMANTHA
 (sigh, resigned)
 Fine.

BACK ON MARK

MARK
 Sure, let's do that.

LEILA (O.S.)
 Tell Mom and Shorty I said hi.

MARK
 I will. Love you, Pumpkin.

He hangs up.

KAREN

That was quick. Everything all right?

MARK

Yeah, they're just out partying somewhere. She couldn't hear with the music. She'll call back tomorrow.

INT. GASIOROWSKI GARAGE/EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Samantha walks out of the house through the open garage door. The night is dark and quiet. Which doesn't seem to bother her in the least. She walks over to her bike, picks it up and puts it away in the garage.

A SHUFFLING NOISE, somewhere near. Samantha hears it, FREEZES. She stares into the night past the open garage door. She waits and listens... when suddenly--

A GLOVED HAND

-- appears from behind her, MUFFLES HER SCREAMS.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Karen just poured two glasses of red wine.

MARK

I'm just saying, she's in good hands. You're gonna have to start trusting Sean a little more.

KAREN

What is that supposed to mean?

MARK

Nothing. Just that we have to be--

KAREN

No, no, the way you said that.

MARK

What way?

KAREN

What do you know? You know something.

MARK

(amused)
No, I don't.

JERRY

Mark? I thought I was flying with Jeffries.

MARK

Yeah, sorry, last minute change. They just reassigned me. I think Jeffries was in car accident on his way here, something like that.

JERRY

I hope he's all right.

MARK

Me too.

Jerry turns back to the controls, flips a few switches.

JERRY

Okay, Captain. We've got clear skies all the way to L.A. Should be a smooth ride.

ON MARK

-- as he **FACES CAMERA** to close the door, pauses for a short but somber beat. A resigned sigh. Then...

He seals his fate and closes the cockpit door.

SHOCK CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

SUPER OVER BLACK...

SEAN WALKER

WHITE FLASH TO:

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - DAY

The plane banks sharply, throwing everyone who is standing to the ground. Passengers SCREAM.

Sean, Taylor and Maureen scramble back up to their feet.

TAYLOR

Kid, you better tell me what's going on. Who's in there?

SEAN

I'll explain once we're on the ground, but right now, unless you want to be used as a live bomb, you need to get us in there.

TAYLOR

(then to Maureen)

Okay. Open it.

Maureen dials a code on the electronic padlock. An orange light starts flashing.

SEAN

What's orange?

MAUREEN

There's a 30 second delay. The pilots can override it from inside.

Beep. The RED LIGHT COMES ON and stays on.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

And they just did.

SEAN

Try it again.

TAYLOR

Once the override is on, there's no way to open it from this side.

Sean kicks the door. It doesn't budge.

SEAN

God dammit!

Vicky and Sean venture down to the bottom and explore the awesome coral formations. It's a symphony of colors. Fun, relaxing. Almost looks like a postcard.

We can't help but notice Vicky's amazing body. Think Jessica Alba. At least that's what Sean is thinking, and Vicky knows it. She waves at him. He aims his underwater camera and takes a picture as a small shark nonchalantly swims by.

VICKY (PRE-LAP)

I'm so glad we decided to do this.

EXT. TOUR BOAT - A BIT LATER

Vicky hauls herself up onto the boat. Sean gives her a hand and finds himself a little too close to her body. Although she doesn't seem to mind.

VICKY

In spite of my bitter half's protests.

SEAN

Well, I doubt his cast is waterproof, so he had a point. What did he end up doing?

VICKY

Some jungle excursion. I don't know. Sounded lame.

Sean is reviewing the PHOTOS on his digital camera.

SEAN

Leila's gonna be so bummed. She would have loved this.

VICKY

Yeah, she picked the wrong day to get sick.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Well, at least we had fun, right?

She smiles a naughty smile, making Sean feel awkward...

EXT. DOCKING STATION - LATER

Tourists walking back to the parking lot and the beach. The crew is still unloading the boat in the b.g. Sean and Vicky walk back to the shuttle bus. Sean is on his cell.

VICKY

It's probably just food poisoning and she'll be fine tomorrow. Unless it's that new swine flu.

SEAN

No, she was vaccinated. I think maybe she drank a little too much last night.

(then)

She's not picking up.

VICKY

She's probably sleeping.

SEAN

(listening)

Voice mail...

(then, into phone)

Hey, Leila, baby, it's me. Hope you're feeling better. If you need anything, just give me a call, okay? We're heading back now. I'll see you in a little bit. Love you.

He hangs up just as they reach the bus.

INT. CRUISE SHIP LOBBY - DUSK

Sean and Vicky split up in the lobby.

VICKY

I'm gonna go see if Greg is back, tell him how much fun he would have had if he hadn't fallen off that stupid ladder.

Sean flinches, remembering Greg's conflicting story. He shrugs it off, decides not to say anything.

SEAN

Right... I'll see you at dinner.

VICKY

Tell her to feel better.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Sean strolls down the corridor and reaches his room. He slides the card into the electronic lock.

Beep. Red light.

He sighs, checks the card, and reinserts it.

Beep. Red light. Again.

SEAN

Dammit.

He once again checks the card to make sure it's facing the right way, then reinserts it. No luck.

He hesitates for a moment, then starts knocking on the door. No response. He knocks again.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Leila, it's me... My card is not working.

He waits... and waits... but no one comes to the door. Something's not right. He knocks again.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Leil. Open up. Are you okay?

Off his worried look...

INT. CRUISE SHIP LOBBY - RECEPTION DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Sean hands the card over to the DESK CLERK.

DESK CLERK
Sometimes the magnetic strip gets damaged. Let me get you a new one.

SEAN
Thanks.

Sean is growing more concerned by the minute. The desk clerk hits a few keys on his computer.

DESK CLERK
What was the name again, sir?

SEAN
Walker. Sean.

He hits a few more keys... then...

DESK CLERK
Hmm. Could it be under another name?

SEAN
Should be under mine. You can try my girlfriend's name, Leila Gasirowski.

The clerk starts typing, hesitates after two letters.

SEAN (CONT'D)
G-A-S-I-O-R-O-W-S-K-I.

DESK CLERK
 (typing)
 Thanks... Hmm, no, I'm not finding
 it either. What's your room number?

SEAN
 5314.

The clerk hits a few more keys.

DESK CLERK
 We don't have a room 5314.

SEAN
 What do you mean?

DESK CLERK
 There's no 5314.

SEAN
 Of course there's a 5314.

DESK CLERK
 Could it be maybe you have the
 wrong room number?

Could it?

SEAN
 No. No, I'm sure it's 5314.

DESK CLERK
 I'm sorry.

SEAN
 What do you mean, you're sorry? My
 girlfriend is in there right now,
 and she's not answering, and she
 wasn't feeling well this morning, so
 if you could just give me a new key.

DESK CLERK
 Sir, without knowing your room
 number, I can't--

SEAN
 5314!!!

DESK CLERK
 Mr. Walker, we don't--

SEAN
 Yes, you do. I was just up
 there a minute ago.

SEAN (CONT'D)
 Okay, can you just-- Can someone
 just let me into my room?

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

A wary Sean leads Ship Security Chief JACK MARSH towards his room. They pass 5309... 5310...

SEAN
I know I'm in room 5314.

MARSH
(skeptical)
I guess we're about to find out.

SEAN
It's a suite. My girlfriend and I
have been staying in there since we
left Miami.

He points at the room numbers as they pass them.

SEAN (CONT'D)
See... 5312... 5313... and...

They reach the end of the corridor and Sean's cabin. Sean realizes there is no actual number on his door.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(confused)
...5314...

Marsh looks at him, as if to ask "where do you see 5314?"

SEAN (CONT'D)
This is it. That's my room.

MARSH
Sir, that's the janitorial closet.

SEAN
What? No, that's my cabin.
(getting angry, pointing
at the other rooms)
Okay, that's 5313... and that one
is 5315, so obviously this is 5314.

MARSH
(total asshole)
I can do math, but we use this room
as a closet. Are you sure you're
on the right ship?

SEAN
I'm not crazy, I'm not on drugs.
My girlfriend is in there and she's
sick. So... Can you open it? Open
the door.

Marsh shoots Sean a dubious look.

MARSH
All right. Fine.

Marsh slides his key card into the lock. The door unlocks.

MARSH (CONT'D)
Here's your suite...

Sean pushes the door open and rushes into--

INT. JANITORIAL CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

The same layout as Sean's suite. And filled with cleaning supplies, stacks of clean sheets and towels, a few janitorial carts, a table and a couple of chairs, a coffee machine.

MARSH
Satisfied?

Sean is stunned. Speechless.

INT. CRUISE SHIP LOBBY - RECEPTION DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Sean and Marsh stand at the front desk as the clerk checks information on his computer.

DESK CLERK
Sir, we have no record of you or your girlfriend ever *boarding* this ship. Or even having a reservation.

SEAN
That's not possible! That's crazy!
How do you think I got on?

MARSH
(suspicious)
You tell us.

SEAN
Listen, my girlfriend is in my room--

MARSH
Yeah, sir, we're gonna have to check your passport, see some documents.

SEAN
(getting pissed)
I would love to show you my passport, but, see, it happens to be with the rest of my stuff in my cabin!

MARSH

I'm gonna have to ask you to come up to the security office with me so we can clear this up.

SEAN

Wait, okay. This is crazy. Just--
Let me make a call. Okay?

Marsh reluctantly agrees.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Okay. Great.

Sean pulls out his I-Phone and speed-dials Leila... but...

RECORDED MESSAGE

*Sorry, this number is not in
service. Message four-six.*

Sean is starting to panic. He dials again.

RECORDED MESSAGE (CONT'D)

*Sorry, this number is not in
service. Messa--*

He hangs up. *What is happening???* He turns around and finds the desk clerk and Marsh waiting and staring at him. He turns away and dials another number.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON A PHONE

-- sitting next to an answering machine on a kitchen counter. The phone starts RINGING, as we slowly PAN across the kitchen counter... and find a RED DROPLET on the white tiles... then a few more... then a *lot* more...

Fourth ring. The answering machine picks up. The MESSAGE PLAYS as we TILT DOWN to the kitchen floor.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

(recorded on machine)

*Hi, you have reached Mark, Karen and
Samantha. We can't come to the
phone right now so leave us a
message! Byyye!*

Beep. Camera reaches the kitchen floor and finds A HAND IN A POOL OF DRIED BLOOD.

SEAN (V.O.)

(on the phone, filtered)

Guys, it's Sean. Are you there?

BACK TO SEAN

-- in the LOBBY of the cruise ship.

SEAN

Can you give me a call back as soon
as possible on my cell? 678-555-3242.

He hangs up his cell phone and turns to face Marsh.

MARSH

Okay, now follow me upstairs.

Sean sighs, resigned. *Except he's not.* He TAKES OFF
sprinting towards the stairs.

MARSH (CONT'D)

Hey! What are you doing? Stop!

Marsh and the desk clerk chase after him. Sean reaches the
top of the lobby stairs, darts down a corridor and as he
SLAMS HIS BODY INTO A SWING DOOR we--

END FLASHBACK/MATCH CUT TO:

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - **BACK TO SCENE**

BANG!

The loud gun shot resonates through the cabin, along with a
COLLECTIVE GASP. Passengers instinctively duck or look down.

The bullet destroyed the lock. A few SPARKS. Sean rushes to
the door, tries to open it. Still locked.

TAYLOR

I told you.

The plane suddenly ACCELERATES AGAIN, jolting the entire
cabin... then DROPS INTO A RAPID DIVE. SCREAMS.

Sean grabs the interphone once more.

SEAN

Mark, stop! Whatever they promised
you, you can't trust them. You and
I, together, we'll find her.

Maureen LOOKS THROUGH THE WINDOW, sees the azure waters of
Biscayne Bay and its expensive water-front properties
APPROACHING FAST as the plane continues its infernal descent.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Mark, I love Leila too but think
about what you're doing. She would
never want you to do this. Mark?

Still no response. Sean SLAMS THE PHONE against the wall. Camera WOOSHES THROUGH THE WALL and INTO THE COCKPIT, settles on a CU OF MARK. For a moment, the DEAFENING SOUND of the engines BECOMES MUFFLED. Tears are rolling down Mark's face.

F-35 PILOT (V.O.)
 (on radio)
SkyAir 514, final warning. We are authorized to fire if you do not comply. Squawk 7700 and ident for acknowledgement.

Mark closes his eyes. Camera WOOSHES OUT OF THE COCKPIT, past the plane, and towards the F-35, settles on a CU OF THE F-35 PILOT. Tense, staring intensely at his target.

F-35 PILOT
 Air Com, this is Delta-6, I have missile lock. Request final confirmation of orders, over.

He switches the trigger mechanism to missile, his gloved finger shaking over trigger.

We WOOSH OUT OF THE F-35 and down towards the ground, past the Boeing, all the way DOWN TO THE GABLES and settle on...

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

-- on his way to the helipad with his security detail, just as he and Neil catch sight of the diving airliner. Then...

IN THE DRIVEWAY

-- on the other side of the mansion. Total PANDEMONIUM as REPORTERS, TECH CREWS and PRESIDENTIAL STAFF run for their lives. Among them, Paula and Rachel, trying to make their way off the property through the maze of news vans. Paula looks over her shoulder, terrified.

WIDE

-- as the airliner slashes through the clear Miami sky, barrelling down towards the Gables.

INT. SIMON'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Simon speeds down the causeway. Clear view of the Boeing through his passenger window, seconds from impact.

SIMON
 (into comm-link)
 If you're gonna do it, you better do it now.

WIDE

-- as THE AIRLINER PLUNGES TOWARDS THE GROUND.

SERIES OF QUICK REACTION CUTS:

MARK

-- in the cockpit, closes his tear-soaked eyes, preparing for death.

SEAN

-- inside the cabin. Passengers hanging on for dear life as luggage starts flying out of the overhead bins and a drink cart CAREENS DOWN THE AISLE and CRASHES inches away from Sean.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ

-- watching from the ground, paralyzed by fear.

NEIL

-- a few steps behind him, calm and accepting.

When suddenly...

WIDE

A SPIRAL OF WHITE LIGHT spins out of thin air ahead of the Boeing, creating a PORTAL OF LIGHT. The plane DISAPPEARS AS IT FLIES THROUGH IT. The portal explodes into a RING OF WHITE FIRE that is immediately and literally sucked out of the air with a loud WOOOOSH. The whole thing lasted no more than a second.

ON PRESIDENT MARTINEZ AND NEIL

-- as they DROP TO THEIR KNEES and protect themselves just before a POWERFUL BLAST OF AIR blows through the property, sending garden furniture flying, ripping off a few palm tree branches, shattering a couple of windows.

Then everything is SUDDENLY QUIET. Eerily quiet. Like normal. Except nothing will ever be normal again.

Martinez looks up incredulously into the sky where the airliner was just a couple of seconds earlier. *It's gone.*

ON F-35 AND F-35 PILOT

-- as he pulls up and flies over the Gables.

F-35 PILOT
(shocked, confused)
Target is... Gone. They're gone.

BACK ON PRESIDENT MARTINEZ AND NEIL

Martinez takes a quick glance over at CHRISTINA AND THE KIDS in Marine One. Shaken but unharmed, Christina nods at him reassuringly as she hugs her children.

Wide-eyed, trying to comprehend the impossible phenomenon he just witnessed, Martinez turns his attention back to the CIRCLE-SHAPED CONDENSATION CLOUD quickly dissipating in the sky over Biscayne Bay...

NEIL
They saved us.

Still stunned, Martinez turns to Neil.

PRESIDENT MARTINEZ
Who saved us?

A HEAVY BEAT as Neil finally turns to President Martinez.

NEIL
I haven't told you everything.

A tense, blood-chilling beat ON MARTINEZ before we...

SHOCK CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW