

**113365**

**EAGLE EYE**

By  
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MUSIC. CREDITS BEGIN. Grainy pixels sharpen into FOCUS:

1 INT. PENTAGON - NATIONAL MILITARY COMMAND CENTER (NMCC) - NIGHT 1

A SATELLITE FEED: a caravan of VEHICLES races down a desert HIGHWAY in the middle east -- SUVs form a protective cordon around a BLACK MERCEDES.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)  
Valhalla, this is Thor, we have visual on possible high-value target --

SUPER: "NATIONAL MILITARY COMMAND CENTER, THE PENTAGON."

MILITARY BRASS in BDUs observe monitors, listening to the audio feed; it's tense. Favor NAVY ADMIRAL THOMPSON, decorated:

NAVY ADMIRAL THOMPSON (V.O.)  
Thor, this is Valhalla: we're seeking positive ID on HVT traveling in convoy and are pushing more assets your way, contact Raven on secondary net.

PENTAGON AIDE  
(touches earpiece)  
Sec Def's arriving now --

2 EXT. PENTAGON - MEMORIAL GATE - CONTINUOUS 2

A BLACKHAWK CHOPPER lands. Out steps SECRETARY OF DEFENSE GEOFF CALLISTER: 50s, eyes with soul and intelligence, a look of permanent burden and gravity; it's a look we wish everyone with his job was carrying through their day. Flanked by AIDES and members of the DEFENSE SECURITY SERVICE, they hurry in --

3 EXT. DESERT RIDGE - ABOVE THE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS 3

A TWO-MAN camouflaged JTAC TEAM is nestled high on a desert ridge. The TEAM LEADER THROWS a HANDHELD DRONE -- it SOARS out over the valley below -- he controls the drone via LAPTOP with a small joystick --

JTAC TEAM MEMBER  
Loki, this is Thor: target is located at grid coordinate 24T KB 1245 6789, confirm you have visual --

4 EXT. SKIES ABOVE THE CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS 4

WHOOSH! The mini UAV swoops into view far above the caravan -- a CAMERA LENS mounted on its nose cone pivots to target the BLACK MERCEDES as it streaks past below --

5 INT. PENTAGON - NMCC - CONTINUOUS

5

UAV VIDEO POV above the caravan:

\*

JTAC TEAM MEMBER (V.O.)  
 Electro-optic and infrared sensors on-line --

\*

NAVY ADMIRAL THOMPSON  
 Standby to give Raven exact target coordinates --

\*

6 INT. PENTAGON HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

6

MOVING with Callister as he walks quickly through a SECURITY AREA, followed by PENTAGON FORCE PROTECTION AGENCY MEMBERS:

CALLISTER  
 (into cell phone)  
 Don't tell me you spotted a beard in the middle of a goddamn sandstorm -- is it really him?

\*

\*

\*

CONSOLE TECH (V.O.)  
 Confirming, Sir; audio's coming up now --

\*

7 INT. PENTAGON - NMCC - CONTINUOUS

7

STATICKY SOUND pops in as the UAV's spy-mic picks up audio from inside the Mercedes: MALE VOICES speaking in "Balochi..." A voice pattern WAVEFORM appears on-screen, RECORDING --

TRANSLATOR  
 Four males, one of them's speaking with a... I think it's a Rakhshani dialect, consistent with our intel on Al-Khoei--

8 INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

8

POV from the CELL PHONE: we get the sense that somehow we've just TAPPED INTO this electronic device -- and for a split second, we catch a GLIMPSE of the user -- a BEARDED MAN, but he CLOSES THE PHONE TOO FAST FOR US TO GET A CLEAR LOOK --

9 INT. PENTAGON - NMCC - CONTINUOUS

9

The cell phone's GLIMPSED POV FREEZES, a second screen pop up with an AUDIO WAVE of the conversation as it REPLAYS. VOICEPRINT ANALYSIS finishes; screen shows a FILE PHOTO of the Bearded Man: "37% PROBABLE MATCH - MAJID AL-KHOEI." Callister ENTERS to multiple "Sir" greetings around the room --

9 CONTINUED:

9

CALLISTER

"37%" and "probable" don't belong in the same sentence, unless we're playing horseshoes -- I'm not taking that to the President.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

-- we SNAP TO the DIRECTOR OF NATIONAL INTELLIGENCE, cupping the phone as he reports:

DIRECTOR OF NATIONAL INTELLIGENCE  
CIA and NCTC concur this is the target  
based on reliable intel from the Brits --

MONITORS: the caravan starts to veer off-road --

INTEL OFFICER #1  
They're pulling off the highway --

INTEL OFFICER #2  
We have an abort recommendation --

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

NAVY ADMIRAL THOMPSON  
If it's him, this guy comes out of hiding once every couple years at best; you're the one who's been on us to get him--

CALLISTER  
-- for all we know we're looking at a Harley-Davidson convention--

NAVY ADMIRAL THOMPSON  
Due respect, Mr. Secretary, what're we waiting for; a signed confession?

Callister's staring at the abort recommendation, torn, hating the decision and the stakes...

CALLISTER  
Goddamnit. Stay with him.

MONITORS: the caravan nears a DESERT COMMUNE, date palms, WOMEN dressed in black corral CHILDREN, bearded MEN carry AK-47s.

TECHIE #1  
We've got AK-47s, RPGs, Chaparral guided missiles--

NAVY ADMIRAL THOMPSON  
Looks like a training camp, Sir.

\*

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

Callister watches intensely as HEAVILY ARMED MEN pour out of the SUVs and cluster around the Mercedes: a TURBANED MAN emerges --

10 EXT. MIDDLE EAST - SKIES ABOVE CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS 10

The MINI-UAV'S targeting pod ZOOMS in on the man and SNAP:

11 INT. NMCC - CONTINUOUS 11

A blurry picture POPS UP ON SCREENS -- A DIGITAL WIRE-FRAME is overlaid on the man's face: "51% PROBABLE MATCH - INSUFFICIENT DATA. RECOMMENDATION: ABORT MISSION."

INTEL OFFICER #1  
51%. 'Abort' rec holds.

MONITORS: the turbanned man and his entourage move towards a large WOODEN PLANK on the desert floor. Some of the men take hold of the plank, drag it back to reveal... A PIT.

CALLISTER  
What is that, a weapon's cache?

ANALYST  
(points, alarmed)  
Uh, Sir -- the placement of stones around the pit, markers for the Five Pillars of Islam... I think it's a funeral.

Everyone looks at Callister -- this just got more complicated. \*

CALLISTER  
(heavy beat; turns to)  
Counsel, how many ways would this violate the Geneva Convention? \*

PENTAGON GENERAL COUNSEL  
We can invoke "Hors de Combat" -- there's no independent intel verifying it's in fact a funeral, possible presence of weapons -- leaves room for interpretation. \*

CALLISTER  
... just what we need: 'room.'

MONITORS: armed men lift a BODY-SIZED BOX from the truck. Could be carrying a corpse, or arms. Totally unclear. Fuck.

PENTAGON AIDE  
SIGNAL's got the President from Air Force One, Sir. \*

11 CONTINUED:

11

Callister looks over at a phone BLINKING RED. Picks it up:

CALLISTER

Mr. President, we have a 51% identity match on Majid Al-Khoei. Bad news is there's some possibility he's at a funeral, though Counsel thinks we can claim 'Overriding Legal Authority.' Also, you should be aware we have an abort recommendation, but the Joint Chiefs all urge a 'go.'

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

What're you urging?

\*

Callister pauses. THE MONITOR BLINKS: "ABORT. ABORT. ABORT."

CALLISTER

Sir, we measure success by the least amount of collateral damage. At 51% probability... the risk's too high.

\*  
\*  
\*

There's a long silence as the President considers.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

You've got my back, Geoff, I appreciate it -- but if it is Al-Khoei and he walks, I'm putting our people at risk. You have a go.

\*  
\*  
\*

Callister's torn, but follows the chain of command:

CALLISTER

Thank you, Mr. President.

(hangs up; nods to  
Thompson: "go")

\*

NAVY ADMIRAL THOMPSON

We're weapons hot. Loki, you are cleared to engage --

\*

We SNAP FAST around the room as techies follow orders, resolute:

PILOT

-- Loki, target coordinates received --  
-- Arm laser, laze target at center mass --  
-- Master arm on, missiles away --

SENSOR OPERATOR

-- switching to IR sensor, black hot polarity, I've got a lock-on --  
-- target lazed --

12 EXT. SKIES ABOVE BURIAL SITE - CONTINUOUS

12

An MQI UNMANNED REAPER UAV ROARS INTO VIEW, armed with AGM-114 MISSILES -- one of them LAUNCHES off the rocket pod --

13 EXT. DESERT VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

13

People gather around as the armed men lower the box into the pit, robes flapping in the desert wind...

14 EXT. SKIES ABOVE DESERT - DAY

14

CLOSE on the REAPER'S VIDEO POD -- REFLECTED in the lens, A WHITE FLASH AS THE MISSILE HITS... END CREDITS and WIPE TO:

15 INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

15

JERRY SHAW'S FACE, 23, handsome, boyish, quick intelligence behind his eyes as he focuses on something below screen:

JERRY

You gotta make a choice, fellas... who're you gonna be? Boys or men?

Reveal Jerry sitting at a table with KWAME, 17, and LUIS, 27, playing Texas Hold 'Em. A pile of crumpled bills in the pot:

KWAME

I'm out on this one --

LUIS

How do I know you ain't got something great under there?

JERRY

Are you kidding me? Kwame just paired the board -- I'm getting sucked out on the river here!

LUIS

I dunno, man--I'm taking my girl out later --

JERRY

Elaine? Oh-- so I guess, what: a quick filet-o-fish and a coke? Then walk over to Blockbuster to rent a movie? Watch it at her mom's house? That's cool--

LUIS

What's wrong with --?

15 CONTINUED:

15

JERRY

-- I'm just saying, as a friend, you're not getting any action offa that plan -- you gotta slap down some real green to treat your lady right: Red Lobster, Olive Garden. Table cloth, soft music. Appetizer and dessert. Then you take her to the movies, man, a little popcorn - drink combo and before you know it she's cozying up to you in a way she never would've on her mom's couch and suddenly Luis Romero's walking tall with Elaine suck-my-Dickinson all 'cause he dared to dream tonight, all 'cause he became a man -- are you with me?!

LUIS

(getting amped)

I'm with you --

JERRY

I can't hear you!

LUIS

I'm with you!!

(slaps down cash, flips cards)

Call! Cowboys over aces!

JERRY

That's what I thought.

And Jerry flips his cards over: 4 aces. Luis' face falls as Kwame barks out a laugh -- Jerry takes the cash:

JERRY (CONT'D)

Four bullets, Baby.

LUIS

Bitch-ass punk, you baited me into that!  
What happened to Red Lobster?

JERRY

Looks like it's mama's couch, Luis -- but I saved you forty bucks and now Elaine won't have to shell out for Herpes medication.

BECKY comes in and pulls off her smock, disgusted with them:

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

BECKY

Break's over, Bitches: DiSpaltro missed her shift again, someone's on collator duty --

She throws him her smock as Jerry stuffs the cash in his jeans:

JERRY

I'll give you gentlemen a chance to win some of this back tomorrow--

KWAME

Not gonna be here tomorrow, 'member? I'm going to Cornell.

And Jerry stops. A hit to the solar plexus. Wherever we are, Kwame's off to a bright future and Jerry's hustling cards.

JERRY

That's great. You know how you can spend your last night here? This'll be awesome: collator duty -- congratulations on Cornell though, that's huge!

He gets up and pats Kwame on the shoulder AND WE TRACK WITH HIM out to... A COUNTER AREA as he pins on his nametag: "JERRY." Rows of COPY MACHINES and COMPUTER CUBICLES. He takes his place behind the register and forces a smile to a waiting customer:

JERRY (CONT'D)

Welcome to Copy King, how can I help you?

16 INT. "EL" SUBWAY CAR - MORNING

16

The subway BLASTS along. People on BLACKBERRYS, I-PHONES, I-PODS, GAMEBOYS. And JERRY, with a SKETCH PAD on his lap. Watching a HOT 20-SOMETHING GIRL across the train. Drawing her. \* She notices him noticing and smiles. It's on. During that, \* NEWS plays on a wall-mounted LCD, TERRORISM ATTACKS around the \* world -- BOMBED EMBASSIES, victims: \*

ON CAM-REPORTER

-- Steve, the death toll now stands at 18: 18 Americans killed in these terrible suicide bombings and in attacks on our embassies, with threats of further violence here at home. Now, no one knows who's really to blame, but one thing's certain: the Muslim world is in an uproar over the recent assault on a group of mourners outside Abdan, with many alleging U.S. involvement. \*

16 CONTINUED:

16

AL JAZEERA FOOTAGE: A SUNNI SPOKESMAN:

## SUNNI SPOKESMAN

Every time America takes innocent lives,  
 it's a terrorist recruitment program;  
 this is just the beginning of the  
 reprisals. Be warned: our warriors are  
 already within your borders...

People glance at each other, paranoid. Jerry stands, oblivious,  
 as the train SLOWS. His mind's on the girl. Tears off the  
 drawing and offers it to her -- she's confused, then surprised:  
 it's a perfect pencil rendering. Beautiful. Jerry's got  
 talent. She smiles flirtatiously:

## GIRL

What about the rest of me?

## JERRY

(easy grin)  
 ... maybe next time.

And she watches him step out with the exiting crowd.

17 EXT. ATM MACHINE - MORNING

17

An ATM CARD slides into the slot. Jerry looks up at the CAMERA  
 STARING AT HIM. A BEEP gets his attention: INSUFFICIENT FUNDS.  
 His exhale doesn't just say FUCK, it says FUCK I KNEW IT...

18 EXT. JERRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

18

Chicago's "Pilsen" neighborhood; we POP CLOSER to a decrepit  
 tenement where we find Jerry moving quickly up back steps -- to  
 a window -- shimmies it open and climbs in, avoiding the door:

19 INT. HALLWAY - JERRY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

19

As JERRY tries to climb through without making any noise:

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI (O.S.)

Jerry.

Fuck! Jerry spins to find MRS. WIERZBOWSKI, his elderly Polish  
 landlady standing there. He feigns surprise --

## JERRY

Mrs. Wierzbowski! I was just --

He starts pulling out crumpled bills from his poker game --

19 CONTINUED:

19

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 Here's some of it, most of it --

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI  
 Some is good -- all is better.

JERRY  
 Look, I swear I'll get you the rest in--

His cell RINGS --

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI  
 Is womanfriend? Answer. Then ask if she  
 give you money for rent.

But he's staring at the name on the phone. Something's  
 affecting him deeply. Mrs. Wierzbowski notices:

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI (CONT'D)  
 Jerry? Is problem?

JERRY  
 (quietly)  
 Is problem.

She makes a gesture as if to say: "I'll come back." As she  
 moves off, he debates answering... a breath... finally does:

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 Hey, Mom...

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

20-21 OMITTED

20-21 \*

22 EXT. RURAL CHURCH - DAY

22

Norman Rockwell church against rural landscape; a hearse out  
 front, MOURNERS entering...

23 INT. RURAL CHURCH - DAY

23

BLINDING SUNLIGHT through church doors. A silhouette appears:  
 JERRY. Rumpled suit, backpack slung over his shoulder. Grim;  
 the last thing he wants to do is step inside. Finally heads  
 down the aisle, painfully self-conscious. MOURNERS turn, some  
 GASPING at the sight of him. Crisp-suited members of the USAF.  
 Jerry BRACES, expecting everyone's reaction. Looks over at a  
 WOMAN pointing like he's a fucking bodysnatcher --

23 CONTINUED:

23

JERRY

-- no. I'm not him. It's okay. I'm not Ethan.

And he sees his MOTHER and FATHER up at the front pew. Pale, devastated. He gives them a lame wave before heading reluctantly up to the COFFIN. Bracing himself, he leans in -- and we MOVE AROUND to see the body --

And it's HIS FACE. But one that's been RECONSTRUCTED after an accident. Gruesome and handsome all at once. This was ETHAN SHAW. Jerry's identical twin, dressed in a crisp US Air Force uniform. Off Jerry, heartsick, we hear the NATIONAL ANTHEM:

24 EXT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

24

25 INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

25

It's booming from a trumpet played by an 8 year-old boy: SAM HOLLOMAN. Looking out the window, waiting for someone. Behind him, a WOMAN searches madly for her keys -- RACHEL HOLLOMAN, 27. Do the math: she may think Sam's the center of the universe, but he was a tough surprise when she was 19:

RACHEL

-- can't find the keys and he's late as usual --

SAM

He'll be here --

Rache's emotionally extended, just seeing the hope in her son's eyes. Trying for "light":

RACHEL

Okay, we'll wait five more minutes, but help me out: we came home last night, put down the leftovers, you turned on the TV, I went over, I said no TV, notvnotvnotv.

She turns to the TV area and walks straight INTO a table. Stuns her, momentarily but she doesn't break stride as Sam keeps playing his trumpet:

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I turned it off, came over here, checked the messages, put the leftovers in the--

SAM

-- knocked over the phone--

RACHEL

-- right, knocked over the phone, put it back, put the food in the fridge --

25 CONTINUED:

25

Her eyes WIDEN. She opens the fridge: RACHEL'S KEYS sit atop a Tupperware container -- Sam hits a high note and we SLAM TO:

26 INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

26

Rachel and Sam RACE through the crowded platform, struggling with Sam's carry-on, garment bag, and a TRUMPET CASE:

RACHEL

SAM

-- I put vitamins in your toiletry bag, don't forget to take --  
-- and your inhaler's in--

-- two in the morning and two at night --  
(suddenly LIGHTS UP)  
Dad!

And there he is: CRAIG, 26, a hey-I'm-not-gonna-try-too-hard attitude that was attractive at 17 but fucking sucks now.

CRAIG

Hey, bro! Didn't think I'd miss the big send-off, did ya?

And Sam races up to hug his dad. Rachel catches up, pissed, but God bless her, hides it from her son.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

C'mon, bro-- let's get you on the train.  
(picks up trumpet case)  
This must be your... uh...

RACHEL

CRAIG

(pointed)  
Trumpet. Dude, you carry this all by yourself? It's like 200 pounds!

Sam LAUGHS as Rachel maneuvers him over towards MR. MILLER, the music teacher, who's corralling the other music students: \*

MR. MILLER (O.S.)

-- Mr. and Mrs. Holloman?

RACHEL  
Miss.

MR. MILLER

You just made it. \*

And Rachel's stomach suddenly drops: she's got to say goodbye and it's not going to be easy. Crouches down in front of Sam:

RACHEL

Alright, listen: all these other kids?  
They're gonna call their moms too,  
they're just gonna lie about it. And eat  
junk food, cause this is your one chance,  
but brush your tee--

SAM

-- mom, you gotta stop... I'm gonna miss  
you too.

Rachel smiles. Pure love. Craig watches, obviously guilty.

RACHEL

Hug me --  
(he does)  
Rock the house. I love you so much.

CRAIG

High-five, bro...

Sam high-fives his dad and climbs onto the train:

SAM

Bye, guys!

As the teacher leads him onto the train...

MR. MILLER \*  
Your mom gonna be okay?

SAM

It's unclear.

Rachel and Craig stand there waving as Sam boards. She  
struggles with a hundred different emotions. A brave face.

CRAIG

Sorry, Rache, my timing su--

RACHEL

-- Don't even say it.

And she leaves him there, passing the BAGGAGE CLAIM. The PORTER places Sam's TRUMPET CASE on a conveyor belt. Oddly, it's ELECTRONICALLY REDIRECTED AWAY FROM THE OTHER INSTRUMENTS -- emerging onto a pick-up turnstile where it's grabbed by A MIDDLE-EASTERN MAN. Nervous. Really nervous. Touches his ear and MURMURS something in Tajiki. To no one. Like a crazy person. Walks off, trumpet in hand. What the hell did we just witness?

27 EXT. SHAW HOME - AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING 27  
25 cars parked outside the rural home...

28 INT. SHAW HOME - AFTERNOON 28  
Mourners talking in hushed tones, holding plates from a buffet. Sitting alone among them, JERRY. Holding a glass etched with hearts. Somehow, his childhood. Occasionally catching people staring his way, he looks toward the stairs, needing escape... \*

29 INT. ETHAN AND JERRY'S ROOM - DAY 29  
Typical boys' room: books, posters, model airplanes. A plaque for the LEMELSON-MIT ACHIEVEMENT AWARD given to Ethan. Photos: the boys as kids. Ethan at his AIR FORCE GRADUATION. Jerry scans his brother's accomplishments...

WILLIAM (O.S.)  
Six months without a boo or a bah.

Jerry turns: WILLIAM SHAW, Jerry's dad, 60s, in the doorway. Broken, gray, hasn't slept. The worst day of the man's life. But it's not enough to cut through the tension with Jerry.

JERRY  
Didn't realize it'd been that long.

WILLIAM  
So where were you this time?

JERRY  
Singapore. Alaska for a few weeks. I got a job for a while. On a fishing boat. Met some cool p--

WILLIAM  
I talked to Stanford. Pulled some strings. They're willing to take you back. Even after you took off.

JERRY  
(beat: great fucking timing)  
... two years ago, Dad.

WILLIAM  
Jerry, it won't kill you to ask for help--

29 CONTINUED:

29

JERRY

-- we're not really gonna have  
this conversation now, are we?  
-- Today?

WILLIAM

Stanford. Do you know how  
many people would kill to get  
another chance like this--?  
-- Fine, do whatever you want.  
You always have.

William looks down, defeated. The moment's so fucking raw,  
Jerry summoning something from the deepest part of himself...

JERRY

You know, just once, I wish you could...  
(stops himself; quietly)  
Nevermind. I gotta go.

William doesn't know what to say. And tries to connect the only  
way he can: he pulls out his wallet --

WILLIAM

Do you, uh, want me to give you some...

JERRY

I don't need your money.

The words more defiant than sincere. William gives his son's  
shoulder an awkward-as-hell squeeze, and goes. Leaving Jerry  
standing there, overwhelmed by the one thing that's always  
eluded him: his father's love.

30 INT. EL TRAIN - AFTERNOON

30

Jerry on the train, lost in thought. Something catches his eye:  
a CHECK is sticking out of a side pocket on his backpack. He  
pulls it out -- it's made out to him for \$1,000, with his  
FATHER'S NAME AND ADDRESS on the check face. Jerry shakes his  
head. Pissed and grateful.

31 EXT. CHICAGO - ATM MACHINE - LATE AFTERNOON

31

Jerry punches in his PIN. Exhausted from the funeral, he slips  
the check into a deposit envelope. A glance at the SECURITY  
CAMERA. Then a BEEP makes him look at the screen.

"BALANCE: \$750,000.00." Jerry double takes, stunned. Glances  
at the impatient people behind him. He hits "Cancel." But the  
machine, as if disobeying, spits out five \$100 bills. Whoa.  
Jerry hits cancel again. Now TEN MORE \$100 bills come out. He  
glances at the people in line, nervous --

JERRY

-- two seconds, sorry --

31 CONTINUED:

31

Eye flick back to the ATM CAMERA. He covers it with his hand, pushes "Cancel" again and again. But now TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN \$100 BILLS HAS COME OUT, getting JAMMED in the slot. People start to PEER OVER as Jerry SCRAMBLES to keep it from flying everywhere. And finally. The machine stops. He stuffs all the money in his pocket. Everyone's staring:

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Big date. So... fingers crossed.

32 INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DUSK

32

Jerry enters, a little dazed -- heads for his apartment as Mrs. Wierzbowski steps from hers, Johann hiding behind her. Jerry moves quickly toward her, shoves a thousand dollars in her hand:

JERRY  
Here's rent--next month's too --

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI  
Jerry, I had to open your apartment, too  
many packages come, they come for hours --

JERRY  
-- what packages?

33 INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DUSK

33

Jerry whips open his apartment door -- as far as he can: it's blocked by something. He reaches in, flips on the LIGHT: BOXES EVERYWHERE. Reeling, he picks one up, rips it open. Packing peanuts fly: a pair of night-vision binoculars, WHAT IS HAPPENING?! Goes through more boxes in a flurry of CUTS:

FALSE PASSPORTS; a POLICE SCANNER; BODY ARMOR; HAND GUNS; large bags of fertilizer; strange CHEMICALS. Jerry looks around, fear and confusion growing. His cell rings, startles him --

JERRY  
-- hello?

A WOMAN'S VOICE. Devoid of emotion. Wildly unsettling.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Look out your window. They're coming for you.

JERRY  
-- what? Who is this?

WOMAN'S VOICE  
You have to run.

\*

33 CONTINUED:

33

JERRY  
Who the hell is this?!

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

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Leave your residence, Jerry. Get to the Mathis train station. We will guide you from there. You have 4 minutes.

JERRY  
Jesus Christ -- what's happening?!  
-- none of this is mine!

WOMAN'S VOICE  
-- run or you'll be arrested for the items in your apartment --  
-- go NOW.

CLICK. Jerry whirls, goes out to the hall, A SWAT TEAM CHARGES HIM, assault rifles level:

TEAM LEADER  
POLICE! DOWN! HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD! DOWN NOW! DOWN ON THE FLOOR!!

JERRY  
WHAT'S GOING ON?! HEY! THE HELL IS THIS?! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!!

-- as they grab at him he goes into feral self-defense mode and PUNCHES one -- the others SLAM HIM TO THE GROUND HARD, Jerry goes down STRUGGLING and we HARD CUT TO:

34 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

34

Jerry sits cuffed to a table; pissed, rattled, scared, defensive. The door opens and SPECIAL AGENT THOMAS MORGAN enters, holding a file and pad. Early 40s, a lion but fully at ease with his claws -- he acknowledges Jerry with a half-smile, turns casually to a table with coffee pot; sugars, rummages, taking his time --

MORGAN  
-- ain't that a bitch? Nobody knows how to stock the cabinet?

And the fact Morgan's protracting his reason for being here, it's a like a doctor stalling with a prognosis after a cancer test, and it's driving Jerry insane:

JERRY  
... scuze me? This is obviously a misunderstanding, seriously, you got the wrong guy.

Morgan turns, grins, sits; opens the file; sets the pad down --

MORGAN

You draw?

JERRY

... what?

MORGAN

Draw, sketch -- you got ink on your fingers.

JERRY

(--huh? Looks down:  
ink; oh, yeah -- )

Look, man, head's up: you gotta help me here -- this's got nothing to do with me, it's a big mistake, someone's playing a sick joke or something.

MORGAN

(kindly)

I hear ya. Obviously you're not part of this, I know you've had a tough day.

JERRY

(big exhale; relief)

Thank you -- thank you, yeah -- it hasn't been ideal.

Morgan, smiling with Jerry, opens the pad, starts jotting something down:

MORGAN

Were you close to your brother?

JERRY

What're you-- writing?

MORGAN

Nothin'. Were you close?

JERRY

Look, I don't even know your name --

MORGAN

Sorry, that was rude of me: Tom Morgan, FBI Special Agent assigned to the Joint Terrorism Task Force.

JERRY

(rocked, almost LAUGHS)  
-- you think I'm a terrorist?

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

Morgan doesn't answer. Sits there jotting on the pad. Jerry realizes he's being fucked with; the defensive walls shoot up:

MORGAN

Phone records say you haven't called Ethan in over a year. You call that distant or close?

JERRY

If you're asking were we the kind of freaky twins you see at the mall wearing the same shirt, no.

MORGAN

And you're a copy boy?

JERRY

Copy associate.

MORGAN

(checks file)

But your brother was a little more -- let's say, "ambitious" than you: Graduated Air Force Academy at 21 with -- wow -- an advanced degree in parallel algorithms and quantum electronics. Cadet wing commander, valedictorian, plum job in the Public Affairs Office...

JERRY

I know what he did, thank you -- so what?

MORGAN

So maybe you didn't talk much. Or maybe you did.

JERRY

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

MORGAN

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

JERRY

... no, why?

MORGAN

Well, cause you painted it when you were part of the student activist group "Project Underground" at Stanford.

34 CONTINUED: (3)

34

Morgan pulls out a SURVEILLANCE PHOTO: Jerry at a STUDENT RALLY holding up a sign that reads: "DECLARE WAR ON WAR!" \*

JERRY

Wait. Come on -- okay, her name was Sophia; she was the smokinist girl I'd ever seen and she wanted me. I would've gone to an "Anti-Oxygen" rally for her. \*

MORGAN

Why'd you drop out of school? \*

JERRY

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

MORGAN

Sure, more upward mobility at Copy King.

JERRY

Wait, now laminating's a crime? I make business cards too, you wanna bust me for that? \*

MORGAN

Did a little backpacking -- Singapore, Bali, Indonesia... some odd jobs here and there... \*

JERRY

-- look, this's got nothing to do with that shit in my apartment -- my name's on the lease -- I'd have to be the dumbest terrorist in history --

MORGAN

Then who deposited the seven-fifty? \*

JERRY

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

MORGAN

The money originated from the YTBC bank of-- hey, whadya know, Singapore -- opened with a transfer from a corporation called 'The Star of Orion,' a dummy front for Hezbollah. \*

34 CONTINUED: (4)

34

JERRY

-- this is all-- listen, this is all very  
interesting --

MORGAN

We find hardware in your apartment,  
latest military spec, airplane manuals,  
plus twelve hundred pounds of ammonium  
nitrate fertilizer.

JERRY

I told you, it all just showed up there!

MORGAN

Just curious if your brother knew  
anything about it either... oh that's  
right, we haven't really established  
whether or not you two were close--

JERRY

-- I guess you could say we were pretty  
close when I watched his casket being  
lowered into the ground this morning --  
that establish anything for you?  
SOMEBODY SET ME UP!! If you can't see  
that, you suck at your job --

MORGAN

(still writing)

-- "Somebody." Who?

JERRY

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

MORGAN

(a beat)

Y'know, we caught this kid once in  
Afghanistan? Taliban POW named Abdul  
Hamid... except his real name was Johnny  
Walker Lindh. Grew up in Marin with a  
basketball hoop in his driveway and a  
carton of Tropicana in his fridge.  
Blonder than you, though.

(leans in, very calm)

Now here's the thing Jerry -- it's a bad  
time to be in the terrorism business.  
You've been reading the paper, who d'you  
think's winning: your Miranda rights, or  
my right keep you in this room 'til you  
grow a grey, shaggy beard?

(MORE)

34 CONTINUED: (5)

34

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Personally I don't care who you work for,  
 don't even care if you confess; this  
 conversation's a formality.

(rises; grins)  
 Just wanted to introduce myself.

He drops the legal pad in front of Jerry to reveal what he's  
 been "writing" the whole time: it's a big, heavily drawn and re-  
 drawn SMILEY FACE. He leaves. Jerry yells after him:

JERRY  
I WORK FOR COPY KING!!

35-36 OMITTED

35-36 \*

37 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

37 \*

MUSIC PLAYS -- upbeat, warm, as a tray of BEER MUGS and TEQUILA  
 SHOTS are put in front of RACHEL and FIVE FRIENDS -- we get a  
 fun, intimate feeling here: AD-LIBBED laughter, conversation:

FRIEND #1  
 -- no lemon drops?

RACHEL  
 I get one night out a decade, Ladies, I'm  
 not wasting it on lemon drops--  
 (raises glass)  
 One, two, three...

They drop their shots in the beers -- FOAM BUBBLES -- they all  
 quickly DRINK -- Rachel finishes and SLAMS her glass down first:

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
 I don't know what it is about tequila...  
 it triggers that craving --

FRIEND #2  
 -- nachos --

RACHEL  
 -- right? I drink tequila and nachos  
 become like oxygen --

FRIEND #3  
 -- is this story gonna end soon so we can  
 drink more?

RACHEL  
 (laughing)  
 Shut up--

37 CONTINUED:

37

WAITRESS

The gentleman would like to buy you a  
round.

She points to a HANDSOME GUY sitting with a group of well-dressed men. His eyes locked on Rachel as he raises his glass:

FRIEND #1

Wow, cute --

RACHEL

(rolls her eyes)

Last thing we need is that jackass  
thinking he can have us for a round of  
light beer...

Her cell RINGS. The LCD says: "KYLE." She grins:

RACHEL (CONT'D)

The one man in my life who hasn't let me  
down.

And she gets up, moving away from the noise to take the call:

38 EXT. RESTAURANT - SECONDS LATER

38

In the night air, she notices, strangely, there's NO CALLER ID:

RACHEL

Hello?

And it's the same EMOTIONLESS FEMALE VOICE:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Rachel Holloman. There's a McDonalds  
across the street. Look in the window.

RACHEL

-- what? Who is this?

Her eyes go to a McDONALDS across the street, closed for the night. A plasma in the window shows Ronald McDonald waving. Suddenly, the image CHANGES: A SURVEILLANCE CAM OF SAM ON HIS TRAIN, LAUGHING WITH THE OTHER KIDS.

GUTSTRUCK, Rachel races across the street to the store window --

WOMAN'S VOICE

Would you risk your life for your son?

Rachel's hand slapping up to the glass, SAM'S GRAINY FACE on the TV. She spins around to look up and down the street --

38 CONTINUED:

38

RACHEL

This isn't funny! What is this? Who are you?!

WOMAN'S VOICE

We will derail his train unless you do what you're told.

And suddenly the TV snaps back to the smiling, waving clown --

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Don't go back inside the restaurant. There's a car parked at the northeast corner of this block. The keys are in the ignition. Start walking.

CLICK. Heart pounding, Rachel stares down at the phone. Fuck this. Quickly dials again --

MALE VOICE

*911, state the nature of your emergency?*

RACHEL

-- I just got a call from some woman, I have no idea who she is but she's--

SCREEEEECH: A PIERCING DIGITAL WAIL forces her to yank the phone from her ear like it's on fire -- the sound quite literally HURTS HER -- there's an odd connection CLICK, then:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Nobody can help you, Rachel. Do not disobey us again... or Sam dies.

Off Rachel's shellshocked face --

39 OMITTED

39 \*

39A INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - CORRIDOR/BULL PEN - CONTINUOUS

39A \*

Morgan's trying to call up data on a Palm Pilot with a stylus, walks briskly -- annoyed, he SHOUTS to a WOMAN at a nearby desk:

MORGAN

Rizelle, Darlin': since my eyes don't get smaller every 18 months like these damn computer screens, can you give me the paper file please?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

39A CONTINUED:

39A

The woman holds up a paper file; he grabs it impatiently as he passes, buries himself in it as ANOTHER WOMAN is suddenly IN HIS FACE: SPECIAL AGENT ZOE PEREZ from the Air Force's OSI (Office of Special Investigation)-- 20s, strong, determined:

ZOE

Agent Morgan; Zoe Perez, Air Force  
Special Investigations. Ethan Shaw was  
one of ours.

MORGAN

Yeah, heard OSI was sending a liaison --  
can you walk and talk at the same time?

He keeps moving; she follows, sensing this guy's gonna be work:

ZOE

Do my best --

MORGAN

-- how'd he die?

ZOE

Truck ran a light, Northwest DC,  
Constitution and 10th--

MORGAN

Then his brother gets 750 large, enough  
hardware to open his own Costco, five  
hours after enemy chatter goes through  
the roof. Kinda coincidental, dont'cha  
think?

ZOE

Who tipped you off about the packages?

MORGAN

Anonymous call --

ZOE

And you don't think that's coincidental?  
A little too... perfect? Too neat?

MORGAN

Got a theory?

ZOE

What if it's a decoy to distract us from  
something 50 times bigger?

39A CONTINUED: (2)

39A

MORGAN

Here's a question for ya:

(skimming the file)

Ethan Shaw's I.Q. was 183, probably did the Times crossword in spray-paint -- and you had him stuck as a mid-level press flak. Why not IT or cyberwarfare?

ZOE

You're suggesting he was overqualified? Or that he was somehow slipping intel to the Copy King--

MORGAN

I'm suggesting maybe he was hiding something from you; or maybe you're hiding something from me. 'Cause Ethan Shaw wasn't just "one of yours," he was a superstar rocket-scientist genius, and he may have gone wrong, and the Air Force doesn't want its dirty laundry flapping in the wind.

ZOE

Think what you like, I need to get in that room and interrogate him myself.

MORGAN

Nope --

ZOE

It wasn't really a request -- you didn't level a charge, you threw habeas out the window, he's a U.S. Citizen --

MORGAN

-- and a high-value terrorism suspect, good luck finding a tribunal that'd so much as slap me on the fanny. If you go in there, hold his hand and crack his spine, we'll have the entire ACLU marching on Washington before we get an answer --

ZOE

Great, why don't we just water-board him? Hell, you hold him down, I'll write his confession --

MORGAN

Night's still young. We'll see what he knows.

39A CONTINUED: (3)

39A

ZOE

He may not know what he knows.

MORGAN

Now you're gettin' metaphysical on me --

She stops; enough of this -- dead straight:

ZOE

Look: 18 Americans are dead overseas,  
we're on high terror alert -- I don't  
know if the kid's guilty or innocent but  
I'm here on behalf of the Secretary of  
the Air Force and I'm going in that room.

MORGAN

Well on behalf of the fucking bomb  
equipment in junior pinhead's apartment,  
you're not moving one inch.

40 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT

40 \*

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

41 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - HOLDING CELL - MOMENTS LATER

41 \*

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

AGENT

Time for your phone call.

JERRY

I thought I didn't get one.

AGENT

Attorney General's office changed their  
mind.

42 OMITTED

42 \*

43 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - SECURE PHONE ROOM - NIGHT

43 \*

Jerry's led into a holding room with a phone on the wall. A  
WINDOW behind him with a primo view of Downtown: A CONSTRUCTION  
CRANE mounted on the roof of a building. As the Agent exits,  
Jerry swallows his pride and dials a number. But the ringing  
suddenly, EERILY RISES IN PITCH -- Jerry pulls the phone away  
from his ear, not unlike the sound Rachel just heard:

JERRY

-- hello? Dad --?

43 CONTINUED:

43

WOMAN'S VOICE  
We told you to run.

JERRY  
(HOLY SHIT!!!!)  
How'd you get on this phone? Who are  
you?!

Through the window behind Jerry, we notice the construction crane starts to MOVE... slowly pivoting our way...

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Behind you is a steel desk. Crawl  
beneath it. You have 10 seconds. \*

JERRY  
-- what?! What the hell're you talking  
about?! \*

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Eight seconds, Jerry. Take cover now.

JERRY  
This is bullshit, I don't-- \*

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Four seconds.

And his eyes POP: in the reflection of a poster on OFFICE SAFETY, he sees the CRANE SWINGING RIGHT FOR THE WINDOW -- LEAPS under the desk as THE CRANE CRASHES THROUGH THE BUILDING WALL, SHRAPNEL FLIES, NEARLY CRUSHING JERRY BENEATH THE WRECKAGE, BUT HE'S SHIELDED BY THE DESK'S STEEL SIDES -- \*

44 INT. NEARBY CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

44 \*

MORGAN	ZOE
-- what you're suggesting's	-- maybe you could <u>listen</u> to
irrational and dangerous --	what I'm suggesting --

Suddenly the CRASH REVERBERATES through the building -- \*

45 INT. SECURE PHONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

45

JERRY'S SHELLSHOCKED FACE peers out from under the desk to see a HOLE literally chewed out of the building, the EL TRACK just below the gaping space, the crane BEHIND HIM NOW -- \*

JERRY  
(stunned whisper)  
-- oh my God-- \*

45A INT. NEARBY CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS 45A \*

MORGAN, ZOE, and AGENTS race up, they're CUT OFF by the auto-locked doors -- Morgan swipes his card key, the LCD reads: "ACCESS DENIED. Again. He FIRES into the door lock -- \*

45B INT. SECURE PHONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 45B \*

As Jerry rises up from the desk, a DIGITAL SIGN on an adjacent building changes to scroll: "**JUMP, JERRY.**" \*

JERRY  
(backs away, terrified)  
NO -- NO -- \*

And the sign responds: "**YES. NOW.**" Jerry, in the Twilight Zone, spins and throws up his hands in surrender to Morgan through the glass: \*

JERRY (CONT'D)  
I DIDN'T DO THIS! \*

SUDDENLY: THE CRANE STARTS MOVING BEHIND JERRY -- ALMOST SWEEPING HIM UP -- PUSHING HIM OUT THE BUILDING INTO OPEN AIR -- \*

46 EXT. EL TRACK/ QUINCY STATION - CONTINUOUS 46

Jerry FALLS 25 FEET to the track, landing HARD on the station platform, out-of-his-mind scared, RUNS FOR HIS LIFE!!!

47 EXT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 47 \*

Morgan and Zoe APPEAR at the gaping hole, stunned, see Jerry RUNNING OFF -- they look at each other: \*

MORGAN  
-- wanna interrogate him now? \*

They turn, BOLT -- \*

48 INT. QUINCY STATION - NIGHT 48

A SUBWAY TRAIN pulls in. WHIP PAN to find Jerry through the crowd, passes a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA watching him. A DIGITAL SCHEDULE SIGN CHANGES TO READ: "**BOARD THE TRAIN, JERRY.**" Just as fast, it's back to NORMAL -- HOW IS THIS HAPPENING?! Across the station, Jerry sees POLICE OFFICERS pouring down the stairs -- he runs onto the train as the DOORS CLOSE -- \*

49 INT. SUBWAY CAR - MOVING - NIGHT 49

Jerry tries to calm down as an LCD broadcasts CNN: \*

49 CONTINUED:

49

CNN NEWSCASTER

-- some on Capitol Hill had believed that increased threat levels would lead to a postponement of the State of the Union tomorrow night, but the White House says the President has no such plans, that he and his aides are in fact reworking the speech to pay tribute to the eighteen Americans killed overseas--

\*\*\*\*\*

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

Next stop, Sheridan Station.

A CELL RINGS, peeking out of a SLEEPING PASSENGER'S BACKPACK. Jerry looks at it. The LCD reads: "**ANSWER NOW, JERRY.**" No fucking way. He slips it from the guy's backpack, hits answer:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Stay on the train for three more stations until you r--

But Jerry HANGS UP -- WON'T HAVE THIS. As the train stops:

50 EXT. MONTROSE STATION - NIGHT

50

He RUNS off the train, spots TWO TRANSIT OFFICERS talking on radios as they scan the crowd. Jerry ducks into another TRAIN:

51 INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

51

The DOORS CLOSE. The cell phone -- which he stole -- RINGS AGAIN. He doesn't answer; finally, it stops ringing. SUDDENLY, THE TRAIN'S EMERGENCY BRAKES KICK IN, GEARS SCREECH, PEOPLE TUMBLE... and the train stops, starts MOVING BACKWARDS --

52 EXT. REAR SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

52

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

53 INT. SUBWAY CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

53

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

JERRY

-- Jesus -- HELLO.

\*\*\*\*\*

WOMAN'S VOICE

We told you to stay on the train.

53 CONTINUED:

53

JERRY

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

\*

WOMAN'S VOICE

Next stop is Damien Station. A black  
Porsche Cayenne will be waiting at the  
northwest exit. Get in the passenger  
seat.

JERRY

Go to hell. How's that.He drops the phone and STOMPS ON IT. Eyes from fellow  
passengers. THEN EVERY CELL PHONE ON BOARD RINGING IN UNISON.  
People start answering -- all hearing the same thing:

WOMAN'S VOICE

The man in the black t-shirt is a wanted  
terrorist. His name is Jerry Shaw.

Everyone TURNS TO Jerry, backs away, but a HUGE MAN stands --

HUGE MAN

-- you Jerry Shaw?!A few people start to move for him. Suddenly, the DOORS OPEN as  
the train pulls into the station, Jerry jumps, LANDING HARD ON  
THE PLATFORM -- limp/sprints towards the northwest exit --

54 EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

54

And out of the station! Spots the SILVER PORSCHE CAYENNE by the  
curb -- jumps inside, meeting, behind the wheel:

55 INT. TURBO PORSCHE - NIGHT

55

RACHEL. Terrified. Assuming Jerry's behind all this. Jerry  
breathing hard, assuming she's the Voice:

JERRY

GOGOGOGO! LOOK, THEY'RE  
COMING, HIT THE GAS!  
-- HEY: I dunno who you are  
but I almost died back there!  
Three times!  
-- who?! Who's Kyle? WHO THE  
HELL IS KYLE?! STOP HITTING  
ME GODDAMNIT!!!

RACHEL

-- NO, SHUT UP, YOU HURT MY  
SON AND I WILL KILL YOU--  
-- Shut up! You shut up and  
listen to me now! You tell me  
Kyle is safe! YOU TELL ME  
HE'S SAFE!!!

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

55 CONTINUED:

55

RACHEL  
MY SON! YOU LET HIM GO! YOU      JERRY  
HURT HIM AND I WILL KILL      HEY! HEY, STOP! WAIT!  
YOU!!!      YOU'RE NOT THE WOMAN WHO  
CALLED ME?

RACHEL  
... the woman?

JERRY      RACHEL  
She called you too?      She called you too?

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Drive.

They SCREAM at the WOMAN'S VOICE inside the car -- how?

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

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
The onboard automotive telematics system.  
Drive. Now.

KA-BOOM!!! The side window EXPLODES from a GUNSHOT -- COPS are  
running down from the subway platform firing at them:

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

She SLAMS the gas -- the car SCREECHES ONTO THE ROAD, cars  
skidding and crashing around them as BAM! BAM! Bullets slam  
into a line of parked cars just behind them -- Rachel LURCHES  
and GRINDS as she shifts gears --

RACHEL      JERRY  
WHAT IS HAPPENING?!      WHY ARE YOU DRIVING LIKE THAT?  
-- BECAUSE THIS IS HOW I DRIVE      -- DON'T ASK ME MY NAME, DRIVE  
A STICK! WHO ARE YOU AND WHY      THE CAR!!!  
ARE PEOPLE SHOOTING AT US?!

THE SOUND OF SCREAMING SIRENS cuts him off as two police cars  
drive right towards them!

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Accelerate, turn left in two hundred  
feet. You have pursuers.

RACHEL  
NO SHIT!!!

56 EXT. CHICAGO CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

56

Morgan JUMPS INTO a GOVT SUV -- as he takes the wheel, the passenger door swings open and ZOE jumps in -- Morgan JAMS down the gear, PEELS OUT and we CUT TO: \*

57 INT. PORSCHE CAYENNE - CONTINUOUS

57

WOMAN'S VOICE  
One-hundred feet.

Rachel YANKS the wheel hard, throwing Jerry against his door, tires SCREAMING as the COP CARS slam their brakes and FISHTAIL wildly in Rachel's dust. And Rachel and Jerry suddenly find themselves in A NARROW CORRIDOR OF STEEL SUPPORT BEAMS; the EL ROARING overhead -- BAH-BAM! the Porsche hits a speed bump -- \*

RACHEL	JERRY
<u>You don't know anything about</u> <u>Kyle?</u>	Your son? No, I know nothing! Just like you don't know how to drive: use the clutch <u>before</u> you shift, not <u>while</u> you shift --
-- I don't need driving lessons from you, asshole!	

BAM! The Porsche hits another speed bump and BOUNCES up in the air, SCRAPING against a steel pillar, spitting sparks as Rachel rakes the wheel back on course --

JERRY  
You drive like this and I'm the asshole?!

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Maintain a speed of fifty miles an hour,  
turn right at the intersection. \*

RACHEL  
We'll flip over going that fast -- \*

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Accelerate now. \*

RACHEL  
NO WAY!!! \*

She takes her foot off the brake -- the speedometer DROPS -- then suddenly: THE GAS PEDAL PINS FORWARD BY ITSELF -- Rachel STABS the brake but IT WON'T WORK -- \*

57 CONTINUED:

57

RACHEL (CONT'D) JERRY  
 NONO, HOW'RE YOU DOING THIS?! -- slow down! Jesus, slow  
 -- are you trying to kill us?! down -- what the hell's your  
 -- oh! Rachel! name? YOU! YOU!!!  
 -- I CAN'T! I CAN'T I CAN'T! -- Rachel: SLOW THE HELL  
DOWN!!!

She has no choice but to YANK THE WHEEL or hit a wall -- the car SKIDS around a corner and into a five-way-intersection! A third cop car appears, turning hard to follow the Porsche and screeching in front of the two other cop cars --

WOMAN'S VOICE  
 Manual control's been restored. Follow directions and you'll live through this.

RACHEL  
Okayokay --

57A INT. MORGAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

57A

Morgan pushing 80 mph, Zoe clinging to the door handle as he screams into the radio:

MORGAN  
 All units, respond code 3 -- suspect heading south on Stanley --

57B INT. PORSCHE CAYENNE - CONTINUOUS

57B

THREE COP CARS in the rearview -- Rachel weaving wildly through traffic. But even more insane: all the TRAFFIC LIGHTS are suddenly changing to create a MIRACLE PATH -- stopping traffic to let them pass, starting it up again to cut off the cop cars --

RACHEL JERRY  
 -- the lights are all changing green -- -- I know, for us --

One of the cop cars pulls up to the Porsche's left side, the COP in the passenger seat aiming his GUN at Rachel. Jerry sees it, grabs the wheel --

RACHEL  
Hey!!

-- and yanks it to the left to SMASH the Porsche into the cop car, causing the cop to drop his weapon as MORGAN'S CAR flies in from one of the side streets, sliding in behind the pack of pursuing squad cars.

BACK INSIDE THE PORSCHE:

57B CONTINUED:

57B

WOMAN'S VOICE

Accelerate to sixty. Turn left in 400 feet. Stay in the second lane from the right.

-- they're neck-and-neck with the cop -- Rachel tries to downshift for more power and the gear GRIIIINNDS! \*

JERRY

CLUTCH!!

RACHEL

I'M CLUTCHING!! \*

Jerry grabs the gear shift and JAMS IT DOWN INTO FOURTH as Rachel hits the gas and shoots ahead of the cop car -- \*

57C Rachel skids around the cop car only to face off with traffic 57C barreling right towards them!!!

JERRY

GO RIGHT GO RIGHT!!!

-- confused, terrified, Rachel yanks right only to see a large PANEL TRUCK in the far lane --

JERRY (CONT'D)

GO LEFT GO LEFT!!

The Porsche barely squeaks through oncoming traffic, the cops aren't so lucky: one SLAMS into the panel truck, another screeching around the corner only to be broadsided -- vehicles FLIP THROUGH THE AIR as MORGAN slaloms to avoid them!! \*

MORGAN

(into radio)

Get me roadblocks at Granville and Sheridan!

BACK IN THE PORSCHE as Rachel avoids one collision after another:

JERRY

Get off the street -- wait, no, turn up ahead, keep going!! Go... wait -- stop-- TURN HERE!!!

RACHEL

-- WILL YOU SHUT UP!!

-- WILL YOU JUST SHUT UP AND LET ME DO IT?!

57E They skid around a corner and are immediately confronted by a 57E \* sea of CROSS-TRAFFIC at another intersection.

Rachel reactively lifts her foot from the accelerator, but:

57E CONTINUED:

57E

WOMAN'S VOICE

Don't slow down. Accelerate to seventy-two miles per hour. You will make it through.

\*

Rachel jams the gas to eighty and they LAUNCH into the middle of hell and... SMASH! A TRUCK clips the Porsche's bumper and it does a 360 -- Jerry and Rachel SPINNING amidst the chaos to get a sweeping view of:

\*

MORGAN AND ZOE GETTING CREAMED BEHIND THEM! Metal CRUNCHING, glass SMASHING as car after car PLOUGHS into them; one finally flipping up and SMASHING down on their hood.

THE PORSCHE: Rachel reflexively JAMS the gas as the Porsche rights itself and they BURST through to the other side of the intersection -- look at each other, stunned: they made it. And Jerry can't help but sort of grin:

JERRY

You're doing... great --

57F MORGAN AND ZOE clamor from the wreckage and see the fleeing

57F

Porsche in the distance.

They run over to a relatively unscathed Jetta, its owner stepping out, stunned:

MORGAN

They're headed for the harbor!

ZOE

(flashing badge to owner, getting in)

We're borrowing this --

\*

57G RACHEL AND JERRY speed through an industrial marina as another 57G cop car and a government SUV scream in behind them --

WOMAN'S VOICE

Turn right two hundred feet.

58 Rachel turns and they find themselves amidst a car-crushing JUNKYARD. Jerry, looks around:

58

JERRY

This looks promising --

SIX GIANT CRANES WITH GIANT CLAWS pick through crushed metal, piling the detritus into giant mounds.

58 CONTINUED:

58

The GOV Sedan peels off as Rachel races through the NARROW ALLEY between the scrap piles, when suddenly the COP CAR pulls up alongside them -- there's hardly enough room for one car, let alone two -- Rachel presses the gas but the cop car's RIGHT THERE with her, doors SCRAPING AGAINST EACH OTHER as they continue through the scrap piles -- cop car squeezes them towards a GIANT MOUND off to the side and there's a JOLT as the Porsche rides up the side, Rachel fighting with the wheel: BAM! It hits the ground again, Rachel's skull SMACKING HARD into the driver's side window which SPIDERWEBS -- it looks PAINFUL --

The cop car about to try again -- WHEN SMASH!! A huge mound of scrap metal the size of a boulder suddenly PLUMMETS DOWN in front of them! Rachel SCREAMS, on instinct JERKS the car HARD LEFT, avoiding the scrap -- but the cop car reacts too late and SMASHES into it, TILTING up on its side, a HUGE PIECE OF METAL IMPALING THE WINDSHIELD. Jerry and Rachel snap around to see what just happened, then Jerry turns back:

JERRY (CONT'D)  
(EYES POP)  
LOOK OUT!!

Rachel turns JUST IN TIME to find themselves heading straight for a FED SUV playing chicken with them, SLIDING right at them to try and take them out -- an INSTANT before they collide, ONE OF THE GIANT METAL CLAWS SUDDENLY DESCENDS FROM NOWHERE, PLUCKING THE SUV INTO THE AIR!! Pinchers CRUNCHING into the car doors as the claw swings it up fifty feet then literally HURLS IT -- the SUV plummets onto a pile of scrap, landing with a sickening THUD!

Jerry and Rachel barely have time to react when the CRUNCH of metal heralds the arrival of those pinchers PUNCTURING THEIR DOORS! They SCREAM as another GIANT CLAW lifts them up into the air now, the car twisting and crunching under the enormous pressure of the claw as the Porsche tilts downward and SMASH! The windshield falls away, smashing to the ground below!

Jerry and Rachel scramble desperately, grabbing onto their seat belts to keep from falling out, minds blown as they're swung across the scrapyard only to be PRECARIOUSLY DANGLED 70 FEET ABOVE THE WATER!!!

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Open your doors. And jump.

RACHEL  
NO WAY --

JERRY  
-- THIS ISN'T HAPPENING --

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Jump now or the crane will release the car. You will drown.

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

-- OUR POV INSIDE THE CAR, looking over their shoulders through the open windshield at the river below as the PORSCHE GROANS and its nose tips further downward -- desperately they KICK open and HOLY SHIT, they JUUUMP! Landing...ON A GARBAGE BARGE, where they SLAM HARD into the trash. The MAGNET RELEASES and the CAYENNE plummets INTO THE WATER, kicking up a CANNONBALL OF SPRAY. Morgan, Zoe and the cops APPEAR, screeching in:

MORGAN

Seal the harbor, I want boats and divers in the water, I wanna know how cold it is for survivability time, speed of the current, how big a perimeter we need to set up, dogs on both sides going downstream, LET'S GO, LET'S MOVE!

TIILT UP TO reveal the garbage barge floating down Lake Michigan.

59 EXT. LANDSCAPE - SUNRISE

59

Barren landscape. A parked military truck. RACK FOCUS TO...

A METAL VALVE in a MAN'S HAND. A LIGHT on the valve goes from RED to GREEN, signalling it's ACTIVE. The man raises it to his lips and BLOWS, we hear the HIGH-PITCHED TONE:

A HARMONICS SPIKE SHOOTS UP ON A COMPUTERIZED AUDITORY DISPLAY -- A COLOSSAL EXPLOSION VAPORIZES THE TRUCK AND A GOOD SECTION OF EARTH --

60 INT. PROTECTIVE BARRACKS - SUNRISE

60 \*

An observation bunker with a dozen MILITARY BRASS. Among them: SEC-DEF CALLISTER, ADMIRAL THOMPSON, an EXPLOSIVES COMPANY P.R. REP who's pretty sure he's about to make a sale:

EXPLOSIVES DEVELOPER

Hexomethylene: that blast was the result of a single tiny crystal. And "Hex" leaves no chemical markers -- eighty times more powerful than C-4. Odorless. Undetectable.

NAVY ADMIRAL THOMPSON  
The detonation system?

The Developer indicates the METAL VALVE:

EXPLOSIVES DEVELOPER

This valve serves as the trigger: you saw for yourself, green light means go, it's active.

(MORE)

60 CONTINUED:

60

## EXPLOSIVES DEVELOPER (CONT'D)

Then a simple whistle-blow, a carefully tailored acoustic frequency detonates the Hex.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

## CALLISTER

What're the chances another sound could accidentally trigger an explosion? A song on a radio, a howling dog--?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

## EXPLOSIVES DEVELOPER

The pitch is uniquely programmed and impossible to reproduce, no other sound could possibly set it off. We're already shipping to six major mining companies, but our P.R. department thought there may be military applications as well.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Callister sizes this up fast; something about a public relations flak selling munitions like soap flakes seems very wrong:

\*  
\*

## CALLISTER

Tell your P.R. Consultant next time he's hawking proprietary explosives, he probably shouldn't offer it to the U.S. Military after six companies already know how to detonate it -- but thanks for the fireworks.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

And he goes, passing the chastened P.R. Rep --

\*

61 INT. CLEAN PREP-ROOM - HALLOWAY-SMITH LABS - CONTINUOUS 61

An assembly line where ROBOT ARMS control components: the careful manufacturing of HEX. The acoustic trigger and its crystal counterpart. The arms package each into separate containers. A computer screen FLICKERS: "**OVERRIDE IN PROGRESS, CHANGE IN SHIPPING DESTINATION.**" Robot arms grab a cylinder of HEX CRYSTALS. A new label is PRINTED: "**ASHLAND AND SONS JEWELERS.**" The robot arms put the CRYSTALS CYLINDER in that box. Another pair of arms grab one of the METAL VALVE TRIGGERS. A label prints: "**HASAAD INSTRUMENT REPAIR.**" The two boxes are re-set on the conveyor and drift on down the line...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

## SAM'S VOICE

Leave your message for Sam... even though I know it's you, Mom (BEEP)

62 EXT. BARGE - LAKE MICHIGAN - DAWN 62 \*

The barge is now floating through rural countryside. Rachel's on her cell, anxiously leaving a message:

62 CONTINUED:

62

RACHEL

-- Sam? Baby, listen, you gotta call me  
as soon as you get this message, please,  
baby -- call me. I love you.

\*  
\*  
\*

She hangs up, fighting back the tears --

RACHEL (CONT'D)

D'you think -- they could derail a train?

JERRY

Are you kidding me?! They changed every  
traffic light! That woman called me on  
other people's phones -- some dude who  
happened to be sitting next to me, I  
didn't know him -- She broke me out of  
maximum security custody in a way I'm not  
even gonna tell you 'cause you'll think  
I'm lying -- and you saw how she lifted  
us off the face of the earth and dropped  
us onto this shit pile!! Can she derail  
a train? She could probably turn the  
train into a duck.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

-- but now he stops because Rachel is crying. Jerry lamely  
attempts to back-pedal:

JERRY (CONT'D)

I mean... I was just talking, I'm not  
sure she could derail a train, what the  
hell do I know?

\*  
\*  
\*

(beat; quietly)

... what's your name again?

RACHEL

... Rachel.

\*  
\*  
\*

JERRY

(a little grin)

... I'm Jerry.

They look at each other; a first, silent acknowledgment that  
like it or not, they're in this together. RING! A CELL PHONE.  
Rachel looks down hoping it's Sam -- but it's not her phone.  
It's Jerry's: the one he took from the train. He answers...

\*  
\*  
\*

JERRY (CONT'D)

... hello?

\*

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

WOMAN'S VOICE

You will dock soon. Leave the boat yard  
with the female. Take Highway 123 East.  
Walk to mile marker 108.

\*  
\*  
\*

CLICK -- she's gone. Jerry hangs up, mind racing:

RACHEL

What? Was it her?

JERRY

She called you "the female." That's  
like... something a foreigner would say,  
like a bad translation or something...  
but she doesn't have an accent.

Off Rachel, not understanding either -- PRELAP CHOPPER ROTORS:

63 OMITTED

63

64 EXT. HARBOR SIDE - EARLY MORNING

64

An HH60 PAVE HAWK CHOPPER waits in B.G. as the wrecked Cayenne's  
been lifted ashore; FORENSIC TECHS comb every inch as AGENTS  
rush, sharing info, it's CHAOS -- ZOE TAKES FRAME, moving, on  
her cell and on her game:

ZOE

Tell Mortuary Affairs we're freezing  
everything, no personal effects to next-  
of-kin, I'll be there in two hours --

\*  
\*  
\*

And she takes us to MORGAN, circling the car intensely. On his  
heels is AGENT TOBY GRANT, 20's:

AGENT GRANT

VIN on the Porsche traces back to a  
dealership in San Antonio --

MORGAN

What about the girl?

AGENT GRANT

No ID, Department of Transpo says there  
was a seven minute equipment failure on  
all their traffic cams --

MORGAN

-- nono, do NOT tell me their equipment  
was down! Do NOT!

64 CONTINUED:

64

AGENT GRANT

Sir, that's what they're telling me --

MORGAN

From Northbrook to the 290?! That's a  
twelve mile stretch -- the bogus fax from  
Justice, that equipment failure too? \*

Zoe hangs up the phone -- \*

ZOE

Ethan Shaw was stationed in D.C., I'm  
gonna check out his private quarters -- \*

MORGAN

(gestures to chopper)  
This how you Air Force types commute to  
work? \*

ZOE

My F-16's in the shop.  
(almost a grin)  
Call you when I have something. \*

MORGAN

(turns, SHOUTS)  
I wanna know about these Goddamn ghost  
cranes that keep helping Shaw! \*

YOUNG AGENT

Building downtown: roof door was locked,  
no forced entry, no prints in the crane  
cab except the operator's and his last  
shift ended two days ago -- \*

AGENT GRANT

No one in the cab here either -- \*

MORGAN

Well someone was, cause tower cranes  
don't just swing out across downtown  
Chicago into the one room our guy was in  
all by themselves -- they don't pick up  
cars and pull 'em into the sky like a  
giant pair of chopsticks. What do we  
know about the operating systems? \*

YOUNG AGENT

Totally automated, takes a special  
license and training just to turn 'em on. \*

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

## MORGAN

Hey, guess what: you have a lead. Check Department of Labor's licensing database, heavy equipment training schools. Rest of you, it's Avon Time -- door-to-door, Ladies -- canvas adjacent buildings, janitors, anyone working late, this was not a fluke. The getaway car was waiting there. Someone saw her, someone has a witness description, remember witnesses? People who see things?

\*  
\*

(to the rest)

Anything out of the ordinary in a fifty mile radius gets flagged, I wanna know in real-time -- if I don't have good news soon you'll all be demoted to jobs that'll require you to touch shit with your hands.

Off he goes, Agent Grant rushing to catch up, as Zoe's chopper RISES into the sky in BG -- MUSIC TAKES US TO:

65 INT. INSTRUMENT REPAIR SHOP - DAY

65

A MESSENGER hands a box to a SHOP OWNER, who signs for it and turns to us: we see it's THE MIDDLE EASTERN MAN.

JUMPCUT: In CU, the shipping label on the box says "HASAAD INSTRUMENT REPAIR." It's from the test range. The man opens it, revealing the ACOUSTIC METAL VALVE.

JUMPCUT: SAM'S TRUMPET CASE clicks open --

JUMPCUT: A family photo propped on a work table -- THE MIDDLE EASTERN MAN, his WIFE, two beautiful DAUGHTERS. PAN OFF THAT to the man, forehead beaded with sweat, the trumpet taken apart in front of him as he uses a welding stick to insert the ACOUSTIC METAL VALVE into the trumpet's inner brass. His eyes flick occasionally to his family, filled with regret. Longing.

JUMPCUT: THE SEALING TAPE ON A DHL MESSENGER PACK IS RIPPED OPEN as the man slips the trumpet case inside. Writes on the routing label: "UNION STATION/ C/O BAGGAGE OFFICE -- 50 MASSACHUSETTS AVE. NE, WASHINGTON, DC 20002."

66 EXT. HIGHWAY - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - CONTINUOUS

66

LONG LENS STACK: miles of HUGE POWER TOWERS, electricity lines stretching into infinity. Two SPECS walking between them: Jerry and Rachel, walking along, downloading; working through what they could in the middle of; she's driven, almost manic:

\*  
\*

66 CONTINUED:

66

JERRY

-- the first call came in my apartment--

RACHEL

-- after the boxes--?

JERRY

Yeah --

RACHEL

Then this whole thing's obviously gotta  
be about your brother...

JERRY

(chuckles; a touch  
defensive)

-- oh, it's that "obvious"?

RACHEL

You got all that stuff, the weapons and  
the cash, the airplane manuals -- he was  
your twin, they sent it to the wrong  
brother --And something about this is starting to touch a nerve -- he's  
starting to edge into "fight-or-flight" mode:

JERRY

-- whoawhoa, you're implying he was a  
terrorist?

RACHEL

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

JERRY

(looks off, under his  
breath)Hasn't that been the question my whole  
life --

RACHEL

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

JERRY

-- he hasn't been dead long enough to be  
a memory. And if you knew him, which you  
didn't, you'd laugh all day at the idea  
that he was a spy or terrorist--

RACHEL

-- how d'you know?

66 CONTINUED: (2)

66

JERRY

-- because he's my brother --

RACHEL

When's the last time you talked to him?  
Before he became a terrorist?Now she's really cutting close to the bone, cause it's been too  
long since he talked to Ethan -- and that's his own fault --

JERRY

Y'know what? I don't need to explain  
myself -- is your son a terrorist?

RACHEL

Yeah, he's a terrorist --

JERRY

-- cause he's as likely to be one as my  
brother --  
and let's not forget you in all this:  
why'd she choose you -- what's your day  
job? I know it isn't "manual shift  
driver" --

RACHEL

I'm a paralegal -- I don't have any  
connection to anything --

JERRY

Really? That's convenient -- how do I  
know you're not lying? What's a  
paralegal do?

RACHEL

You wanna know what I do? Well according  
to the Bar Association I'm a person  
retained by a lawyer to perform  
specifically designated work for said  
lawyer; which means I do what the three  
guys with their names on the door pretend  
to do cause they managed to pass the bar  
the third time around despite their ivy  
league degrees -- and for half the pay.  
That nail for ya, Sherlock?

JERRY

(beat, busted)

... okay, you're a paralegal. That still  
doesn't--

66 CONTINUED: (3)

66

A TIRE SCREECH and they SPIN to see a WHITE VAN BARRELING TOWARD THEM -- SKIDS to a stop -- before they know what's happening out comes THE MIDDLE EASTERN MAN, some twenty-five feet from them. Jerry and Rachel freeze -- run? Fight? What's happening?!

SNAP TO SATELLITE POV: a bird's-eye-view of the tableaux, Jerry and Rachel facing the man and his van -- someone's watching:

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN (RADIO FILTER)  
Are you Jerry Shaw?

JERRY (RADIO FILTER)  
... who're you?

RESUME SCENE: as the man reaches into his jacket. Kneejerk, they tense --

JERRY (CONT'D)  
-- Whoawhoahay-- MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
I sent off the package, like  
she said. I'm done.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
-- what package? Who are you?

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
I can't do this anymore-- I will not  
drive you. You take the van.

He throws the keys on the ground, just walks away --

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

As the man walks away from them, his CELL PHONE RINGS. The LCD READS: "LAST CHANCE" -- he THROWS it and starts RUNNING --

JERRY  
WAIT!!!

Moving after the man, between the POWER TOWERS, Jerry's CELL RINGS -- Jerry answers it, Rachel moving with him --

JERRY (CONT'D)  
-- hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Stop him now or he will die.

JERRY RACHEL  
-- how are you seeing us?! -- what's she saying?!

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Stop him now.

CLICK -- Jerry calls to the man, who is fifty feet ahead -- \*

JERRY  
HEY!!! MAN, YOU GOTTA STOP!!!MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
I cannot!!! I have a family!!!

THE POWER LINES start to HUM LOUDER, a sound that would STOP anyone -- Jerry and Rachel look up, dawning dread, then back at the fleeing man -- on instinct, Jerry SHOUTS:

JERRY  
HEY, STOP RUNNING! STOP!

But the man doesn't, and suddenly an IMMENSE POWER SURGE -- A SIX-STORY-HIGH COIL THE SIZE OF AN SUV EXPLODES IN SPARKS -- CABLES BLAST FREE -- Rachel SCREAMS -- Jerry TACKLES HER as the cables HIT the Middle Eastern Man -- HE'S POUNDED INTO THE GROUND, BACK INTO THE AIR, PUMMELLED DOWN AGAIN... \*

But the man doesn't, and something TERRIFYING happens: an IMMENSE POWER SURGE -- HEARD, FELT -- and a SIX-STORY-HIGH COIL THE SIZE OF AN SUV EXPLODES IN SPARKS -- CABLES BLAST FREE -- Rachel SCREAMS -- Jerry TACKLES HER TO SAFETY as the Middle Eastern Man is suddenly caught IN-BETWEEN them -- a cable snaps round, glues itself to him, and another and another -- HE'S SLAMMED OFF HIS FEET -- ON FIRE INSTANTLY -- POUNDED INTO THE GROUND, BACK INTO THE AIR, PUMMELLED DOWN AGAIN, BURNING... \*

Jerry and Rachel watch this, eyes wide, agape -- until she looks away -- and suddenly the BUZZING stops. The cables go limp, trailing last sparks, then die altogether. Jerry holds her in comfort -- the two in shock -- too afraid to move --

RACHEL  
Oh my God... Oh God... oh  
God... oh God...JERRY  
-- we-- we have to do  
something, we have to...  
figure out what to... what... \*

Jerry's PHONE RINGS. And they're both too fucking afraid to answer it. Another ring. And another. And finally Rachel takes the phone. Holds it. OPENS IT. And instead of putting it to her own ear... her trembling hand puts it to Jerry's. Her hand is shaking enough that Jerry uses his own hand to steady hers against his ear. An oddly intimate moment as:

66 CONTINUED: (5)

66

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Take the van. Drive to Indianapolis.

\*

JERRY  
Indianapolis what-- road? Street?

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Indiana.

JERRY  
You want us to drive to Indiana--?!

WOMAN'S VOICE  
7002 West 56th Street. Arrive no later  
than eleven AM. Disobey and you die.

CLICK. Rachel's eyes on Jerry. They're both stunned silent.  
Paralyzed with fear. But it's clear, they have no choice.

After a beat, for the sake of her boy, Jerry picks the keys off  
the ground, they get in the van... and drive off...

67 OMITTED

67 \*

68 EXT. BOLLING AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

68 \*

Zoe's CHOPPER lands -- she hops out, is met by two fellow agents  
in civvies with blue OSI windbreakers. They move fast toward  
the officers quarters -- Zoe swipes her COMMON ACCESS CARD to  
get in the building:

SURVEILLANCE/ COMPUTER POV: "PEREZ, ZOE M. -- Special Agent  
AFOSI/JTTF." ID PHOTO. We sense someone's watching her.

69 INT. ETHAN SHAW'S BACHELOR'S QUARTERS - DAY

69

Zoe enters with the other OSI's to find Bolling AFB Security  
Forces in ABU's cleaning out Ethan's quarters; boxing things,  
stripping down his LAPTOP as a MASTER SERGEANT watches -- she  
pulls her badge, pissed:

ZOE  
OSI: where's my Entry Control Guard?

MASTER SERGEANT  
Orders to sanitize came down from the Two-  
Star.

ZOE  
I'm countermanding: tell your guys to  
clear out.

\*  
\*  
\*

69 CONTINUED:

69

MASTER SERGEANT  
Like hell -- on what grounds?

ZOE  
This scene's now part of a federal investigation with national security ramifications. Impede me here a second longer and you and your men will be brought up on charges. I am not kidding. Problem? Have your commander call mine at OSI Headquarters.

(to OSI agents)  
Get statements from everybody --

Off her dead-on stare, we SLAM TO:

QUICK CUTS: LATEX GLOVES snapping onto Zoe's hands -- she scours the quarters, looking for clues -- behind books -- a closet door OPENS: her fingers track over Ethan's clothes, shoes, ties.

His desk. Rifling through papers. Nothing unusual. She looks up, notices a PHOTO: JERRY AND ETHAN as kids. Arms around each other. It breaks Zoe's concentration a beat, the image sort of touching her... she picks it up to look at it, revealing:

A BLACK ROUTER BOX at the back of the desk. From it, a RED CORD extends to the wall. ZOE REACTS, this cord somehow significant to her. Grabs Ethan's LAPTOP and plugs the cord in:

SUDDENLY: DATA slashes across the screen. Zoe REACTS -- this is no ordinary code. Then it stops and a PROMPT appears:

"EAGLE EYE REC: LOG> ENTER MINUTEMAN ID#:" Zoe stares, eyes widening: what the hell is this? CLOSE: the BLINKING CURSOR next to the prompt. Her eyes go back to the photo. The brothers. Taking a stab, she types: "JERRY."

"PASSWORD INCORRECT: THIS COMPUTER IS NOW BEING TRACKED BY THE US DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE." The computer SHUTS DOWN, the screen going BLACK. She tries to turn it back on: no dice. What just happened? She grabs the laptop -- out the door --

70 EXT. BACHELOR'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

70

As Zoe exits the barracks fast, the sudden sound of SCREECHING TIRES -- MILITARY BASE VEHICLES racing in from around the corner -- USAF Security Forces in "blues" jump out before the cars even fully stop -- polite, but firm:

70 CONTINUED:

70

And they lead her into the back of an SUV -- doors SLAM -- the cars SCREECH OFF -- our OMINOUS SCORE rises:

70A EXT. HIGHWAY - MILE MARKER 108 - DAY

70A \*

MORGAN enters frame, looking down at us. WIDEN to realize we're back at the electrical towers, now a CRIME SCENE. Morgan's staring at the charred body. Then at confused POWER WORKERS trying to make sense of the snapped wires...

FORENSICS TECH

In C.U., the Tech pulls something out of Middle Eastern Man's ear with a tweezers: a small, charred GIZMO. Morgan takes the tweezers, studying it:

MORGAN  
It's a bone mic, military grade... can't even get these on the black market.

FORENSICS TECH  
Someone was talking to him.

SECOND FORENSICS TECH  
(indicates ground)  
Footprints -- here -- here -- size 9 1/2  
men's, pretty good lock for Shaw; and a  
Ladies' 6. That's all we know about her.

MORGAN  
What, that she has feet? Add that to the APB, hurry.  
(walks off, frustrated)  
How is it the more we get, the less we know --?

And as he goes, we start to hear a RADIO BROADCAST:

RADIO VOICE  
-- reflects a desire to increase the tempo of attacks against Americans as a response to yesterday's assault in Abdan--

71 SERIES OF SHOTS - TRAVELLING

71 \*

The WHITE VAN drives through the Americana landscape. Throughout, in CLOSE UPS, we watch Jerry and Rachel. He drives, pensive; she stares out the window. They look like two people in a gas chamber waiting for the pellet to drop. Through the windshield, a city skyline and highway sign: "WELCOME TO INDIANAPOLIS -- HOME OF THE COLTS!" And over all these images, we're hearing RADIO HITS:

RADIO VOICE

-- police found a cache of 30-35 bombs in various states of assembly; even by a conservative estimate, entire buildings could have been leveled --

(SFX: CHANNEL SWITCH)

-- the Department of Homeland Security has initiated an Orange Level alert, generating growing concerns about an attack here at home; grim days, and we'll be carrying constant updates on the crisis throughout the--

72 INT. VAN - CITY STREETS - INDIANAPOLIS - DAY

72 \*

She clicks off the radio, can't take it anymore. Tense silence. Jerry tries to make conversation:

JERRY

... what's he doing on a train? Your kid?

RACHEL

(in no mood to share)

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

JERRY

... wow. And you-- Hm.

She turns to him. Waiting. For a while. He feels her eyes:

RACHEL

What?

JERRY

Huh?

RACHEL

"And me" what?

72 CONTINUED:

72

JERRY

You what what?

RACHEL

I didn't go with him -- is that okay with  
you?

JERRY

Is it okay?

RACHEL

Why'd you make that noise? "Hm"?!  
\*

JERRY

I'm not allowed to make noises?  
\*

RACHEL

You think I should've gone...  
\*

JERRY

Look, whatever, it's your thing -- it  
just sounds like a big deal for a kid,  
playing at the Kennedy Center --  
\*

RACHEL

-- it is a big deal, I know --  
\*

JERRY

-- Right, so I'd think a least one parent  
would--  
\*

(catching himself)

Nevermind, why don't we not talk--  
\*

RACHEL

-- One parent had to work while the other  
one does everything humanly possible to  
bail on child support -- as if it's any  
of your business.  
\*

JERRY

Look, I wasn't trying to judge your  
mothering skills--  
\*

RACHEL

-- you sure?  
\*

JERRY

Guess I hit a button --  
\*

RACHEL

You know what you are --?  
\*

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

JERRY

A button-hitter?

\*

RACHEL

-- you're glib and wry cause you can't  
deal with people who're actually  
accountable for their lives.

\*

\*

\*

\*

JERRY

Okay, what's fascinating here? You don't  
know the first thing about me --

\*

\*

\*

RACHEL

Hey, I don't think you know the first  
thing about you. But I know your brother  
just died and whatever he was into put my  
son's life at risk --

\*

\*

\*

JERRY

(kneejerk defensive)

Okay, Rachel: you gotta stop talking  
about my brother, I'm not kidding --

\*

\*

\*

RACHEL

-- what, am I hitting a button?

\*

\*

JERRY

-- you know why Ethan wasn't a terrorist?  
He would've been the best one in history:  
the United States'd be a crater -- he  
would've won awards for being a great  
terrorist --

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

RACHEL

Look at what happened -- do you really  
think he had nothing to do with --?!

\*

\*

SCREECH! Jerry YANKS the wheel hard, PEELING across four lanes  
of traffic. SKIDS to a stop by a curb.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

JESUS--! WHAT'RE YOU D--?!

\*

Jerry gets out, SLAMS his door shut -- she FOLLOWS --

RACHEL (CONT'D)

HEY! GET BACK HERE! You can't leave me--  
you can't walk away!

\*

(glances at watch)

We have four minutes to get wherever the  
hell we're going! HEY! I need you!

72 CONTINUED: (3)

72

That stops Jerry cold -- despite his anger, nobody in his life has ever said those words to him. We see it on his face; then the old grifter self-defense thing snaps back up:

JERRY

Oh, you need me? Are you really sure you wanna go there?

And in an instant Rachel's wildly vulnerable -- she needs him to stay; has to admit the truth, hard as it is to say out loud:

RACHEL

Look, I--

(beat; guilty as hell)

I could've gone. I should've, I just... I just wanted a day off. For the first time since he as born -- okay? Just to be normal. Take a breath, get my nails done, see my girls, maybe have a guy hit on me...

(voice trembles)

So I let him get on that train... I let him get on.

Jerry sees all the panic and guilt in her eyes. Pissed -- he looks off -- run or walk? But he knows he can't, her plea's gotten through. So he walks back to the van without a word. Opens the door. Gets in, and waits. She exhales, so grateful, and climbs in next to him. All he says, without looks at her, is:

JERRY

Put on your seatbelt.

She does. He puts the car in gear. They drive off.

73 EXT. 56TH STREET - DAY

73

The van pulls up to a non-descript BUILDING. Rachel's cell RINGS. She answers:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Walk to the backside of the building.  
Stay on the phone.

She looks over at Jerry nervously and we CUT TO:

73A EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

73A \*

They round a corner cautiously, seeing a BRINKS ARMORED TRUCK parked at the LOADING DOCK.

73A CONTINUED:

73A

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Move to the back of the armored van.

RACHEL  
(tense)  
She wants us to go to the back of the  
truck --

IN THE VAN: a BRINKS DRIVER waits, listening to the RADIO as --

JERRY AND RACHEL: slink toward the rear of the van, scared, no  
idea what they're doing -- as they near the steel doors, A  
WIRELESS PADLOCK ACTIVATES -- DESCRAMBLES -- GOES GREEN and  
CLICK: the doors OPEN --

IN THE VAN: the ON-STAR CONTROL PANEL activates: "REAR DOORS  
OPEN" -- he reacts: the fuck? Snaps to the SIDE-VIEW MIRROR  
where he SEES Jerry and Rachel -- grabs a SHOTGUN popped against  
the seat, reaches for the door handle but:

THE DOORS AUTOMATICALLY LOCK. AND POW POW: THE AIRBAGS DEPLOY,  
PINNING HIM IN THE CRAMPED SPACE -- HE STRUGGLES TO MOVE AS:

JERRY AND RACHEL: the SPEAKER FUNCTION on the cell ACTIVATES:

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Get in the back of the van.

JERRY  
Bullshit --

WOMAN'S VOICE  
You have 20 seconds, or you'll be shot.

Holy shit -- panicked, they climb in --

JERRY  
Go go --

IN THE VAN: the driver keeps STRUGGLING against the bags, pivots  
himself enough to KICK at the window but it's BULLETPROOF and  
won't give --

IN THE BACK OF THE VAN: a GUN RACK holds four SAWED-OFF  
SHOTGUNS:

WOMAN'S VOICE  
In 12 seconds, men will exit the building  
with a briefcase. Use shotguns to take  
it from them, then return to the street.

73A CONTINUED: (2)

73A

JERRY

RACHEL

-- you want us to rob them?! -- are you kidding me?!?!

SOUND of the loading dock's CARGO ELEVATOR approaching --

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

These men are armed. They will shoot you  
on-sight. You have 8 seconds.Oh God -- Jerry goes for broke: grabs one of the shotguns and  
hands it to her --

JERRY

-- just take it --

RACHEL

No way, I'm not robbing these guys --

He DOUBLE-PUMPS the shotgun, cocking it with surprising agility:

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You done this before?

JERRY

Used to play 'Duck Hunt' alot --

THE SERVICE ELEVATOR: as it arrives and two BRINKS OFFICERS step  
out -- Officer #1 is carrying a METALLIC BRIEFCASE cuffed to his  
wrist -- they STOP SUDDENLY when they see the rear doors OPEN  
and the pinned DRIVER struggling behind the airbags -- Officer  
#2 goes for his gun but CH-CHUNK: the sound of a DOUBLE-PUMP  
SHOTGUN COCKING freezes him as Rachel cocks her gun and they  
APPEAR at the back of the truck, guns level, hands trembling:

JERRY (CONT'D)

Don't! Uh... look, just-- drop the  
briefcase and kick it over.

RACHEL

We don't want to hurt you guys, we like  
you guys -- just -- we need the case.

COURIER #1

You're bringing a shitstorm on your  
heads.

JERRY

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

73A CONTINUED: (3)

73A

The men exchange glances. Reluctantly, Officer #1 punches a combination into the case's padlock, the cuff POPS free from his wrist. He drops it on the ground, uses his foot to slide it across the alley to Jerry, who reaches for it... AND OFFICER #2 MAKES A MOVE -- SMASHING Jerry back, knocking the shotgun out of his hand. Jerry CRASHES into a dumpster as the Officer lunges for the case and Officer #2 draws a gun but BLAM! RACHEL FIRES A GUNSHOT! The men freeze --

RACHEL  
DROP THE GUN NOW!

73B EXT. AROUND THE CORNER - CONTINUOUS

73B \*

We WHIP-SNAP around as people on the street react -- panic -- someone starts dialing 911 --

73D EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

73D \*

Courier #2 drops his gun; Jerry rises, wipes the blood from his lip. Rachel's fucking on fire --

RACHEL  
Gimme the case.

They do -- and Jerry and Rachel back away, shotguns still pointed at the officers -- they turn and RUN -- rounding a corner, Jerry throws his shotgun in a dumpster, so does she --

The second they're gone, one of the Couriers grabs another SHOTGUN from the back of the truck --

As Rachel and Jerry near the lip of the alley: BOOM!! A DOOR SPLINTERS OFF ITS HINGES AS A SHOTGUN BLASTS RIPS THROUGH IT -- INCHES FROM JERRY AND RACHEL -- the courier's aiming the gun -- she SCREAMS, he GRABS her arm and they RUN, the couriers PURSUE:

73D EXT. INDIANAPOLIS STREETS - CONTINUOUS

73D \*

Jerry and Rachel race back onto the street as suddenly: they start to hear FIRE ALARMS going off --

74-77 OMITTED

74-77 \*

78 INT. VARIOUS BUILDINGS ON THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

78 \*

They're coming from EVERY BUILDING on the street, SPRINKLERS TOO -- WATER DRENCHING EVERYONE -- and it's all INTERCUT WITH:

79 EXT. INDIANAPOLIS STREETS - DAY

79 \*

Hundreds of wet, pissed-off people stream into the street --  
 Jerry sees the BRINKS OFFICERS running toward them just as COPS  
 screech in, JUMP OUT with weapons raised at the couriers:

COPS  
 DROP THE WEAPONS! DROP IT OR WE'LL  
 FIRE!!

COURIER #1  
 (hands up; drops  
 shotgun)  
 We're security! We're being robbed!!

-- people start to RUN, it's CHAOS -- Jerry and Rachel BOLT as  
 FIRE ENGINES pull in -- THE BRINKS COURIERS pull ID and POINT at  
 them -- COPS starts racing after them --

80 OMITTED

80 \*

81 EXT. INDIANAPOLIS STREETS - CONTINUOUS

81 \*

As they RUN, a BUS cuts them off -- the door HISSES OPEN and a  
 FEMALE JAPANESE TOUR GUIDE appears in the doorway, on her cell:

JAPANESE TOUR GUIDE  
 (cups phone)  
 You are Jerry Shaw?

JERRY  
 -- yeah--?

WOMAN'S VOICE  
 (into phone; JAPANESE)  
 Yes, it's him --  
 (to Jerry; ENGLISH)  
 Come, please -- we expect you --

And we realize, the tour guide's talking to the woman. Jerry  
 and Rachel JUMP ON, doors close as the cops fan out, oblivious --

82 OMITTED

82 \*

83 INT. KUMAMOTO TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS

83

Jerry and Rachel, breathless, are staring at a bus full of  
 Japanese tourists. They make their way down the aisle, not  
 knowing what to say, bowing to everyone in relief:

JERRY AND RACHEL  
 Hi/ Hey, how are you/ What's up?

83 CONTINUED:

83

The bus leaves the scene behind. Jerry and Rachel drop into a seat, an adrenaline-surge smile that they made it -- until Jerry looks down at the case and sees a ribbon-thin **DIGITAL TIMER** near the handle: "01:12:36... 01:12:35."

RACHEL

-- whoa--what is that?

JERRY

-- a timer --

RACHEL

-- why? For what?

JERRY

-- I dunno, the only things with timers I can think of are microwaves and--

(stops himself)

RACHEL

... and bombs, you were gonna say bombs--

JERRY

Some coffee makers have timers... and egg timers...

RACHEL

Yeah, Jerry, it's an egg timer --

They lock eyes: what the hell are they carrying?

84 EXT. PENTAGON - DAY

84

A government-issue sedan pulls up to the security kiosk. Military driver in the front, Zoe in the back, not knowing why she's being brought here...

85 INT. PENTAGON - CALLISTER ANTE-OFFICE - DAY

85

Zoe's lead into an ANTE-OFFICE by the USAF SFS that intercepted her at Bolling. The door closes, leaving her here alone. Near someone's well-appointed desk. She glances around, anxious, trying not to look it. Moves closer to the desk, a photo there coming into focus: SEC DEF CALLISTER and his WIFE.

ZOE

(realizing who it is)

... oh whoa...

CALLISTER (O.S.)

(warmly)

Hi.

85 CONTINUED:

85

She turns; CALLISTER'S in a doorway; on instinct she snaps a SALUTE, remembers there's no saluting in the Pentagon, awkwardly drops her hand. He's used to flustering junior officers, and he's kind about it:

CALLISTER (CONT'D)  
If we allowed saluting in here, we'd be  
doing it all day.

ZOE  
No, sir--I mean--yes, Mr.--

CALLISTER  
(trying to unfluster  
her)  
I know what you mean.

He gestures through the door: "walk with me." Starts to MOVE -- she FOLLOWS -- we TRACK WITH THEM down a corridor:

CALLISTER (CONT'D)  
First time at the Pentagon?

ZOE  
No, Sir. First time near the Secretary's  
office.

CALLISTER  
I suppose you missed the target that used  
to be painted on the ground, out in the  
plaza?

ZOE  
Target...?

CALLISTER  
Little gallows humor, since someone's  
usually pointing a missile at us. It was  
painted over after September 11th, wasn't  
so funny any more.

ZOE  
(I'm on Mars)  
... Sir, am I being taken off the  
investigation of Ethan Shaw?

CALLISTER  
Far from it -- we're going to help you.  
Starting with the reason a Top Secret  
JWICS (pr: "Jaywicks") computer cord was  
connected to the laptop of a Public  
Affairs Officer.

85 CONTINUED: (2)

85

ZOE

(beat)

Would I be right in assuming the answer  
comes with a gag order?

CALLISTER

You can assume you're about to see what  
those missiles are aiming for.

They stop at another door -- Callister's BUZZED through:

CALLISTER (CONT'D)

You already have a Top Secret SCI  
clearance, we'll bump it up later.

Off Zoe, gaping. As she follows Callister onward:

86 EXT. KUMAMOTO TOUR BUS - SHOPPING MALL - DAY

86 \*

Jerry and Rachel step off the bus with the rest of the tourists,  
Jerry holding the briefcase as they find themselves at a  
SHOPPING MALL. The TOUR GUIDE gives instructions in Japanese,  
then smiles at Jerry and Rachel:

JAPANESE TOUR GUIDE

Back to bus, thirty minutes.

87 INT. SECURITY AREA - PENTAGON - DAY

87

Callister and Zoe -- WALKING through a HEAVY SECURITY AREA now --  
METAL DETECTORS --

CALLISTER

As an officer, you know we can't just to  
rely on the strength of our military  
forces, but the value of information  
superiority -- cracking that single line  
of code, that one fuzzy piece of fax  
paper. Staying minutes, even seconds  
ahead of the enemy. And there's a  
military term for a country that can't  
keep up: "lunch."They come to an elevator guarded by uniformed PFPA officers --  
doors OPEN, they step in, one of the officers follows --

88 INT. ELEVATOR - MOVING DOWN - CONTINUOUS

88 \*

CALLISTER

Now the battlefield's changing -- so much  
that it's not even a battlefield anymore.

(MORE)

88 CONTINUED:

88

CALLISTER (CONT'D)

It's a declaration of war sent in code  
through a junk e-mail; a kill-order  
issued on a disposable cell phone --

\*  
\*  
\*

ZOE

-- isn't that what our spy satellites are  
for?

CALLISTER

-- every three hours we pick up enough  
chatter to fill the Library of Congress.  
It's like holding up a shot glass in a  
monsoon, we're overfull -- no one on  
earth could keep up, let alone stay  
ahead.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The ELEVATOR STOPS AT LEVEL "B-35." The PFPA Officer uses a key  
to open a PANEL revealing a biometric sensor --

\*  
\*

PFPA OFFICER

Mr. Secretary.

Callister places his hand on the scanner and yet another PANEL  
opens revealing a RED BUTTON. He presses it and the elevator  
CONTINUES to the final level. Zoe's thrown:

ZOE

I didn't think there was a 36th floor...

\*

CALLISTER

(lightly)

Glad to know we can still keep some  
secrets.

\*  
\*

The door opens to reveal AIR FORCE CAPTAIN WILL BOWMAN; late  
20's, African American, sharp as a tack --

BOWMAN

(to Callister)

Sir.

(offers hands to Zoe)

Captain William Bowman. Welcome to  
'Eagle Eye.'

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

89 INT. MALL - DAY

89

Jerry and Rachel walk a through the mall, wondering where  
they're going -- scanning faces, every one a potential threat.  
CCTV cameras watching, heightened paranoia. They pass a phone  
bank -- one of them RINGS. They look at each other knowingly:

89 CONTINUED:

89

JERRY

(answers)

What the hell's in this case? Is it a  
bomb?\*  
\*  
\*

WOMAN'S VOICE

Go to Bloomingdales. Customer Service  
department. Two American Express gift  
cards will be waiting. You have fifteen  
minutes to purchase new clothes, then re-  
board the bus for your next destination.\*  
\*  
\*

JERRY

-- No, no, no -- that was a question, it  
needs and answer, right now or I swear to  
God I'm walking --

WOMAN'S VOICE

We calculate a 97% chance you won't.

JERRY

You -- what? You "calculate?"

WOMAN'S VOICE

That's correct --

JERRY

Listen, lady -- I'm done taking orders,  
I'm not going anywhere 'til I see you.\*  
\*  
\*He SLAMS down the phone -- walks quickly on -- as he passes the  
next kiosk, the phone RINGS. He looks at Rachel, answers:\*  
\*  
\*

JERRY (CONT'D)

Oh, you wanna talk to me now? Are we  
negotiating? You gonna stop hiding like  
a chickenshit?\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Long silence.

WOMAN'S VOICE

We are not hiding, Jerry.

(beat)

Twenty feet to your right is a Circuit  
City. Go inside. Find the Home Theater  
Center. We're waiting.

CLICK. Jerry shoots at Rachel --

\*

JERRY

... she's here.

90 INT. CIRCUIT CITY - CONTINUOUS

90

TVs, phones, stereos, appliances. Jerry and Rachel move fast down the aisles, searching -- at the end of the store is a glassed-in room filled with huge PLASMA SCREENS of all shapes and sizes, above which a sign says: "HOME THEATER CENTER." They push through the door but the room's EMPTY. A what-the-fuck beat, then the door OPENS behind them -- they turn -- their hearts skipping a beat... but it's a SUNNY SALESMAN:

SALES GUY  
Hey, there! Help you folks?

JERRY  
We just need a minute alone, thanks -- \*

The salesman backs out as Jerry shakes his head, looking around, more to himself: \*

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Great -- what -- you think it's funny? \*

And behind him, OUT OF FOCUS, all the TVs, one by one, start to CHANGE CHANNELS. Jerry doesn't notice, but Rachel does:

RACHEL JERRY  
-- Jerry -- You think I'm playing games? \*

He turns to go, but the door MAG-LOCKS. From the SPEAKERS: \*

WOMAN'S VOICE  
You should know by now. We are not playing games, Jerry.

A BLIZZARD OF IMAGES FLASHES ON THE TVs... credit card bills, passport photos and info, phone bills, ATM receipts, report cards, digital photos -- ALL JERRY -- \*

JERRY  
What -- what is this?

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Your life.

JERRY  
Where'd you -- how're you doing this?

Now some of the screen images show RACHEL'S ENTIRE HISTORY TOO: \*

WOMAN'S VOICE  
We know everything about you both. \*

90 CONTINUED:

90

RACHEL

(staring at her own face  
FLASHING by)\*  
\*  
\*  
Why do you... keep saying 'we'?

On one of the TVs, a section of the CONSTITUTION appears:

WOMAN'S VOICE

"We the people of the United States, in  
order to form a more perfect union,  
establish justice, insure domestic  
tranquility, provide for the common  
defense... and establish this  
Constitution for the United States of  
America." This doctrine is core to our  
cognitive architecture.

Holy. Shit. It hits, eerie blue TV lights flickering across  
Jerry's face:

JERRY

Oh my God... you're -- a machine --

91 INT. PENTAGON - "THE TANK" - CONTINUOUS

91

Callister, Zoe, and Bowman enter "the tank." The first thing we see: screens everywhere tracking more information than the human eye could follow: every news channel on the planet; every military report that floods in; AUDIO WAVEFORMS of phone conversations in hundreds of FOREIGN LANGUAGES; satellite imagery from TERRORISM HOTSPOTS. But that isn't what STUNS Zoe -- we go CLOSE on her, wide-eyed, as:

CALLISTER

Say hello to our Autonomous  
Reconnaissance Intelligence Analyst... we  
call her 'Aria.'

\*

And we PULL OUT the observation window to reveal what Zoe's looking at: A MASSIVE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER, the size of a MISSILE-SILO -- the far wall covered top-to-bottom by MIRRORED CYLINDERS; the silo floor is a 4 foot layer of SUPERCOOLED WATER -- and suspended above it all on a pivoting, retractable mechanical arm is a STEEL SPHERE, its outer layer a clear Lexan shell -- steel wire cables twisting into the eye's center like veins connected to an optic nerve -- and the eye is literally MOVING, bouncing between these odd mirrored cylinders, SOMEHOW INTERACTING WITH THEM -- and if that weren't crazy enough:

91 CONTINUED:

91

THE SPHERE PIVOTS ROBOTICALLY, having sensed their arrival -- floats on its arm across the vast silo, RIGHT UP TO THE OBSERVATION GLASS -- and from speakers comes a FAMILIAR WOMAN'S VOICE -- the same voice we've been hearing all along:

ARIA  
Hello, Secretary Callister.

CALLISTER  
Aria, this is Agent Zoe Perez from the Air Force Office of Special Investigation. I'm authorizing you to assist her.

The sphere SLIDES LEFT, HUGE, right up to Zoe behind the glass:

ARIA  
Hello, Agent Perez.

On instinct, Zoe steps back a little, THUNDERSTRUCK.

BOWMAN  
I know, it's weird at first, but it's just a speech/text program. Makes interface easier.

ZOE  
(interrupts; the sphere)  
What is that?

BOWMAN  
Her central cortex -- her brain. Ever hear of Quantum Computing?

ZOE  
I heard it was... years away.

BOWMAN  
We're still in the field-testing phase -- all those silver spheres across the silo? They're sensory centers, like neurons transmitting a blanket of streaming information right at her brain.

CALLISTER  
She's analyzing messages sent and received by known and suspected terrorists -- wire transfers, communications intercepts, pattern analysis --

\*

\*

91 CONTINUED: (2)

91

BOWMAN

All for the bargain sub-basement price of  
3.7 Billion dollars, check it out --

CALLISTER

Give or take a Congressional earmark or  
three.

\*  
\*  
\*

Abruptly, the sphere PIVOTS on its mechanical arm and GLIDES  
across the silo, zeroing in on one of the silver cylinders -- it  
STOPS, floating directly in front of it, her sensors FLASHING:

ZOE

-- what's she doing?

BOWMAN

She's concentrating: she mines all that  
electronic noise for keywords or any  
target data we input -- and once she has  
a hit, she moves closer to focus on the  
data stream.

ZOE

(mind tumbling)

She's-- I mean, it thinks?

\*

BOWMAN

No, it simulates thought algorithmically  
-- takes the information and tells us  
what it means --

CALLISTER

She can predict the movement of a  
suspected terrorist, even his actual  
behavior.

BOWMAN

What motivates him, how he thinks, pretty  
much everything about him --

92 INT. HOME THEATER ROOM - CIRCUIT CITY - CONTINUOUS

92

JERRY stumbles back from the TVs as his life flashes in images:

ARIA

Your profile reveals a pathological  
aversion to conformity. Therefore we  
conclude that extreme coercion is  
necessary to motivate you. Unlike your  
brother Ethan, who was self-motivated.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

92 CONTINUED:

92

That stabs him -- he looks at Rachel, suddenly knows her suspicion of Ethan's involvement wasn't off-base. But there's no victory in it for her, because she sees the hurt in his eyes...

JERRY

What's he have to do with this?

ARIA

He was one of our systems analysts.

\*

JERRY

(beat, mind bending)

Bullshit, he worked in a press office --

ARIA

His employment there was a cover.

Everyone in counterintelligence operations has one.

And suddenly all the SCREENS show an ID BADGE: ETHAN SHAW.  
PENTAGON. Off Jerry's stunned face, we MATCH TO:

93 INT. PENTAGON - THE TANK - CONTINUOUS

93

ETHAN'S SAME PENTAGON ID on one of the screens:

CALLISTER

We built checks into the system -- the human element. Like Bowman here, Shaw was what we call a 'Minuteman.'

\*  
\*  
\*

BOWMAN

... Paul Revere's militia.

\*

ZOE

I was in the fourth grade.

\*

CALLISTER

Every military branch has a Minuteman posted for a twelve hour shift: Army, Navy, Air force --

(gestures to a PORTAL)

Marines are on duty now.

Through the portal, a "MARINE" MINUTEMAN is monitoring Aria.

BOWMAN

She's the brain, we're the nervous system -- we monitor her 24/7 -- protect her from cyber attack, hackers, whatever.

\*  
\*

(MORE)

93 CONTINUED:

93

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

It's not just national defense she monitors, she's jacked into everything -- power grids, communications, aviation.

CALLISTER

If she flags a threat, they report it directly to me. That protocol's unbreakable.

BOWMAN

And the night he died? Ethan left his post three minutes early. Which you don't do. Which I swear, he wouldn't do...

94 INT. HOME THEATER ROOM - CIRCUIT CITY - CONTINUOUS

94

ARIA

Ethan Shaw has now expired. Therefore, you are both needed to complete a task.

JERRY

-- he's dead, not "expired," he died --

RACHEL

-- what task?

ARIA

The protection of our national security. The constitution allows for civilians to be recruited for the national defense.

JERRY

What, like the guy you murdered at the towers?

ARIA

Chapter 85 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice states desertion is punishable by death in a time of war.

They glance at each other, chilled --

RACHEL

How many more of us... are there?

ARIA

As many as I require. You now have ten minutes to change your appearance.

And CLICK, all the TVs go back to normal. Jerry and Rachel look to each other, chilled. CLOSE ON THE BRIEFCASE TIMER, COUNTING DOWN: "01:08:43... 01:08:42... 01:08:41..." HARD CUT TO:

\*  
\*  
\*

94 CONTINUED:

94

ARIA SATELLITE POV: CITY BUILDINGS -- SNAP CLOSER -- CLOSER --  
THE ALLEY WHERE THE BRINKS TRUCK ROBBERY HAPPENED -- IT'S NOW  
ROPED OFF, A CRIME SCENE -- SNAP CLOSER STILL TO ZERO IN ON  
MORGAN, PUSHING THROUGH THE ROPE LINE ON A CELL PHONE:

MORGAN ON CELL

(radio filter)

No way this is a stand-alone  
organization. Even if we were dealing  
with a cell so unprecedented, no one's  
got this kind of scope or access. Keep  
digging and call me back --

95 EXT. BUILDING - ALLEY - DAY

95 \*

Morgan hangs up as Grant falls in-step:

AGENT GRANT

Building's a high-end storage facility,  
caters to corporate clients -- the  
couriers were hired by Halloway-Smith to  
transport the case --

MORGAN

Halloway Smith? The chemical company?

AGENT GRANT

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

Morgan approaches the Couriers giving statements -- right to it:

MORGAN

What's in the case?

BRINKS COURIER #1

You'd have to ask them, they never tell  
us what we're carrying -- could be a  
deadly toxin or a boner pill.

MORGAN

"A deadly toxin," that's great news.

BRINKS COURIER #2

Tell you one thing, though... neither of  
them ever handled a gun before.

MORGAN

What d'you mean they never handled a gun?

BRINKS COURIER #2

It was obvious -- they weren't pros.

95 CONTINUED:

95

Morgan: what the fuck? A FEMALE AGENT approaches, indicates two SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS over the loading dock angled right at them: \*

AGENT

Just checked cameras -- \*

MORGAN

Don't tell me, everything magically went black -- \*

And he leaves the alley in frustration, heading onto the street: \*

96 EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

96 \*

Morgan steps out, palms his scalp, his eyes tracking around... and suddenly spots something: A SURVEILLANCE CAMERA in the window of a 7-11 across the street. Like a shot. He starts MOVING towards it --

97 INT. 7-11 - DAY

97

Morgan enters, flashes his badge to the startled CLERK who's mopping the floor from all the sprinkler water --

MORGAN

Are your cameras on a network?

CLERK

Un-uh, no -- VCR's in back.

MORGAN

I need your tapes now --

98 INT. BLOOMINGDALES FITTING ROOM - DAY

98 \*

MUSIC PLAYS over the store speakers as Rachel zips up her jeans, finishes putting on her new outfit in the fitting room. Stares at her reflection, trying to process it all, when her cell RINGS: "SAM." With a GASP she grabs it--

RACHEL

-- SAM?!  
-- baby, where are you, are you --  
-- Sam, listen to me --

SAM

-- hey, mom, it's me --  
-- got your message, the train's awesome! Brian tried to burp the alphabet but gagged when he got to "M." I'll call when we hit D.C.  
Bye, mom --

BEEP. And she's realized, it's a VOICEMAIL -- her heart SINKS:

98 CONTINUED:

98

ARIA

Your son left that message sixty seconds  
ago. You'll see him again soon. But  
there's something we require first...

\*  
\*

And before we know what that "something" is, we go to:

\*

98A INT. BLOOMINGDALES - MEN'S SECTION - CONTINUOUS

98A \*

Jerry, in NEW CLOTHES, finishes paying at a register with a GIFT  
CARD --

\*  
\*

99 INT. BLOOMINGDALES FITTING ROOM - BACK TO:

99 \*

Rachel in the fitting room, her face betraying the horror of  
what she's just heard, what Aria's told her to do:

\*  
\*

RACHEL

(urgent whisper)

No, no way. I can't just --

\*

ARIA

You will act. Or Kyle will die.

CLICK, gone. Rachel stares at the empty phone, gutstruck --

\*

99A INT. BLOOMINGDALES - MEN'S SECTION - CONTINUOUS

99A \*

As Jerry turns away from the register, TWO BOYS race by in front  
of him... running around clothes racks... laughing, connected...  
and it stops Jerry in his tracks. We PUSH IN on him as he  
watches the boys playing, knowing what he must be thinking...  
for the first time, his brother's death an emotional reality...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RACHEL appears behind him, breaking the spell:

\*

RACHEL

-- ready?

\*

She's putting on her best smile, but he senses something:

\*

JERRY

You okay?

\*

RACHEL

Yeah, we should go --

\*

She averts her eyes as she pushes past him like he's lagging.

\*

100 INT. PENTAGON SECURE TELECOMMUNICATIONS OFFICER - DAY

100 \*

Zoe PACES THROUGH FRAME, talking on a secure phone in a small office:

ZOE

You on a secure line?

101 INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER TRUCK - OUTSIDE BANK - INTERCUTTING 101

A truck of FBI Technicians man computers. Morgan's on the other end of the call as Grant and a CONSOLE TECH run through the 7-11 VIDEO FEED looking out onto the street:

MORGAN

Hold on --

A TECHNICIAN routes the call, a MONITOR display reads: "SECURE LINK ESTABLISHED." INTERCUT:

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Go -- and I'm hoping you've got something that's gonna make this day better.

ZOE

Jerry Shaw's involvement in all this isn't random. You were right.

MORGAN

... yeah, so were you: looks like someone's playing him.

ZOE

Wow... are we actually agreeing on something?

MORGAN

(small grin)

I didn't notice.

ZOE

I'm at the Pentagon, Ethan Shaw wasn't Press Office, he worked here, thirty-six floors underground --

ARIA CAM -- WATCHING ZOE FROM ABOVE: "INTERCEPTING CALL..." \*

MORGAN

-- there's a 36th floor?

101 CONTINUED:

101

ZOE

Exactly. The program's called 'Eagle Eye,' it's an information tracking system, a computer designed to find terrorists --

\*  
\*

And while her line remains totally clear on that, MORGAN'S LINE STARTS FRITZING WITH STATIC -- Zoe remains oblivious:

MORGAN

ZOE

Perez, you're breaking up -- -- I'm about to check out  
-- Perez -- video from the night Paul Shaw  
died, see what kicks out --

\*  
\*  
\*

ARIA CAM: in milliseconds, her VIDEO/AUDIO LOG isolates the VIDEO IMAGE of MORGAN on the phone when he entered the alley crime scene:

MORGAN VIA SATELLITE

-- no one's got this kind of scope or  
access. Keep digging and call me back --

\*  
\*  
\*

Aria isolates that last sentence and REPLAYS IT FOR ZOE:

MORGAN'S VOICE

-- keep digging and call me back.

\*  
\*

CLICK. Zoe stares at the phone, the abrupt ending:

ZOE

... uh... you're welcome?

\*  
\*

WITH MORGAN IN THE M.C.C.:

CONSOLE TECH

(typing madly)

I don't know, the system just crashed --

MORGAN

The encrypted system, the one with a  
military-grade firewall -- you find out  
what is happening here --

He punches Zoe's memory-dial on his cell, but it goes right to VOICEMAIL: "You've reached Special Agent Zoe Perez, I'm away from my phone right now..." He looks to Grant, rocked:

101 CONTINUED: (2)

101

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Assume a hostile has our air, I want a close-hold on all radio chatter -- if anyone has to talk, use scramble channel three, and nobody sends word outside this task force without my say-so --

CONSOLE TECH

We got something --

On the console, the Tech has SLOWED DOWN a section of the 7-11's CCTV feed: it's Jerry and Rachel running onto the tour bus --

\*

MORGAN

Punch in --

The image ZOOMS IN, for the first time Morgan gets a GRAINY CLOSE UP of RACHEL'S PROFILE -- and a very CLEAR ONE of "KUMAMOTO CHARTER SERVICES" etched on the side of the bus. Morgan RACES OUT:

\*

\*

\*

\*

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Female brunette, approximately 5'9" -- run it through NCTC and FBI's watch lists, and find me that bus!

\*

\*

\*

\*

102 INT. KUMAMOTO TOUR BUS - DAY

102

The bus glides through traffic. We TRACK down the aisle: it's mellow, people talking softly... and in back, Jerry and Rachel. He watches her, sketching HER FACE on the back of a napkin. A perfect, beautiful rendering. And we sense something in his look too -- something's changed. As Rachel wakes with a start --

RACHEL

Hey... you didn't sleep?

JERRY

Night shifts. I'm used to it.

RACHEL

(sees drawing, grins)

Wow, is that me?

JERRY

My only party trick. Keep it.

\*

That seems to make her feel guilty somehow... she takes the napkin...

\*

RACHEL

I'm sorry for what I said. About Ethan.

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

JERRY

So weird, it's like... he had a rocket strapped to his back. Wasn't his fault, he was... just that way.

\*

(beat)

He must've looked at me like a brother with lead shoes. It always killed me, how much he tried. To teach me, help me to catch up. Be as good as he was. Some brothers compete. A lot of brothers do -- but we never did. Because there was just... no competition. In anything.

(beat)

One day I realized what it was. We weren't supposed to be twins. It was just supposed to be Ethan.

(beat, sad smile)

You ever hear that -- that sometimes in the womb there are two babies growing -- and one just... gets absorbed by the other? I was a little kid when I heard about that, and I was like... that's it.

RACHEL

Jerry, that's not true.

\*

\*

JERRY

No, it's-- it's cool. I didn't even feel bad about it, I felt... relief. And I tried to-- to just to get out of his way, to not... burden him anymore. Or my family.

(then, with resolve)

But I can't keep running.

\*

And that just scratches at her guilt more, she so desperately wants to come clean, to reveal what Aria's asked her to do... and we sense she's on the verge of doing that when a highway sign catches her eye: "DAYTON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT."

RACHEL

Oh, shit --

Jerry slides back the timer sheath on the case:  
"00:15:36...00:15:35..."

\*

\*

JERRY

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

\*

\*

102 CONTINUED: (2)

102

RACHEL

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

Fuck. Rachel makes a decision -- grabs the briefcase as the bus pulls curbside and everyone starts to file out:

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Screw it.

JERRY

(rising with her)

... Let's go.

103-4 OMITTED

103-4 \*

105 INT. DAYTON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

105

FEEL the heightened state of alert. NATIONAL GUARDSMEN with M-16's scan the crowd. Jerry and Rachel enter, adrenaline pumping -- where to from here? Suddenly a MAN is walking toward them --

STRANGER

Hey --

He looks FRAZZLED, on edge -- REACHES INTO HIS COAT POCKET for TWO PASSPORTS and FAKE DRIVER'S LICENSES -- his eyes dart to the CCTV CAM on the wall, hands Jerry the envelope:

STRANGER (CONT'D)

From her.

And before the can respond the guy's already GONE, disappearing into the crowd. Jesus. Jerry sees the names on the passports and licenses: "MARK and ALLISON ACKERMAN." And on cue:

ARIA'S VOICE OVER P.A.

Allison Ackerman, please pick up a white courtesy phone --

They look at each other, weirded out -- move to a RINGING WHITE PHONE -- a breath, she answers:

ARIA OVER PHONE

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

RACHEL

-- Paris?

ARIA OVER PHONE

They're only for access through security. Walk to gate 1-C. Move quickly.

106 OMITTED

106

107 EXT. DAYTON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TARMAC ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Morgan's squad of sedans SCREECHES up -- he and Grant hop out  
RUNNING, meeting waiting AIRPORT PD --

MORGAN

(to Grant)

Go to the tower, have FAA order a ground-  
stop but don't change the departure  
boards, I don't want 'em to know we're  
coming --

(as Grant RUNS OFF; to  
the POLICE)

Airport PD at every exit watching faces --  
we work everyone inside the secure area  
first --

They see the cargo plane TAKING OFF in the distance --

108 INT. CARRY - ON SCREENING AREA - CONTINUOUS

108

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

SECURITY ATTENDANT

Sir, you'll have to put that through.

Jerry nervously sets it on the conveyor belt, they pull off  
their shoes... watch the case move toward the mouth of the  
machine, then pass through the metal detector, catching a  
GLIMPSE of the X-RAY SCREEN... the briefcase glides into view...  
A STRANGE GLITCH as the screen fritzes, then normalizes  
revealing the contents: A HAIR DRYER AND DIRTY CLOTHES?! They  
notice the surveillance cam watching:

RACHEL

(a murmur)

... she changed the screen...

The case comes off the conveyor, the TSA agent hands it back:

TSA AGENT

Can't be too careful.

JERRY

(forces a smile)

You're doing a great job.

As they walk on, he checks the timer: "00:03:22... 00:03:21..."

108 CONTINUED:

108

INTERCUT SURVEILLANCE CAMERA POV: Aria tracks Morgan as he reaches the screening area just as... Jerry and Rachel turn and... THEY LOCK EYES ACROSS THE CROWD. Into walkie:

MORGAN  
I have him in the screening area, 'C  
terminal!

He draws a GUN and suddenly people see it and there's PANIC --  
Jerry and Rachel RUN, the crowd obscuring them --

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
MOVE! EVERYBODY MOVE! FEDERAL OFFICER!

MOVING WITH JERRY AND RACHEL -- past a wall made of THIRTY FLAT SCREEN MONITORS that form one massive NIKE ad of Lebron slam dunking -- at once, the screens CHANGE to spell out the words:

**GATE 1-C. TAKE THE EMERGENCY EXIT.** Above a door at Gate 1-C, the "EXIT" sign FLASHES UNNATURALLY -- the door automatically UNLOCKS -- they push through -- Morgan follows --

109 INT. LUGGAGE CONVEYOR AREA - CONTINUOUS

109

As Jerry and Rachel run through different tracks of LUGGAGE CONVEYOR BELTS -- into a LARGE HEAVY CARGO AREA -- up a mesh-metal staircase -- MORGAN races in behind them -- looks up and sees them through a grate -- FIRES through it -- Jerry's STARTLED, LOSES HIS GRIP on the case -- it FALLS onto a conveyor belt and MOVES AWAY FROM THEM toward another belt that DROPS OFF like a waterfall --

Morgan races up the stairs -- Jerry and Rachel chase the case, DUCKING under big metal barriers as they're inadvertently lead BACK toward MORGAN, who's racing up the stairs TOWARD THEM -- Jerry grabs Rachel's hand and pulls her ONTO A MOVING BELT, they disappear OVER THE EDGE just as:

MORGAN -- arrives at the top of the stairs, searching for them -- can't find them, runs to the HIGHEST vantage point to look --

Jerry and Rachel tumble down a LARGE BELT, tossing packages off it as they get closer to the CASE ahead -- MORGAN still searches the wide conveyor grid, reaches a BRIDGE and looks down on...

JERRY AND RACHEL Below, nearing the moving CASE on the belt below -- Jerry's INCRES from grabbing it when MORGAN JUMPS DOWN, landing on the speeding belt -- GRABS the case -- Jerry MOVES, grabbing the other end and they STRUGGLE OVER IT -- a TUG-OF-WAR on the speeding conveyor belt -- FAST, FRENETIC:

109 CONTINUED:

109

JERRY

MORGAN

-- we're not the ones doing  
this!  
-- I can't, she'll know --  
-- you won't believe me--

-- then drop the case!  
-- who --?!  
-- try me--

Jerry tries to PULL the case free but Morgan won't let go, they  
end up TRADING BLOWS as --

AT A COMPUTER CONTROL STATION: VIDEO CAM picks up the action of  
the fight, the COMPUTER SCREEN redirects them, Morgan and Jerry  
SHIFT to another belt --

As Jerry and Morgan fight, Rachel's nearly KNOCKED OFF the belt  
as she tries to go for the case just ahead of them -- they  
approach a LOW BRIDGE -- Jerry SWINGS at Morgan and DUCKS just  
in time to clear it but MORGAN'S SLAMMED INTO THE BRIDGE, loses  
his gun, they all EMERGE through the tunnel-like section as --

AT THE CONTROL STATION: the screen REDIRECTS JERRY AND RACHEL,  
she's laid out on her stomach as she reaches for the case,  
BARELY GRABBING IT -- HER POV: TIMER: "00:1:10... 00:1:09..."

As Morgan tries to rise, a GROUP OF SMALL COMPUTER ARMS redirect  
Morgan off to the left, he TUMBLES down a belt and LANDS HARD --

Jerry and Rachel are launched off a metal ramp and SLIDE down a  
HUGE SPIRALLING CHUTE -- it's a wild ride -- they LAND HARD,  
gather themselves -- a plasma displays the "Asset Tracking  
System," all airport cargo and shipping -- it CHANGES to read:  
**"TARMAC. CARGO PLANE."** They snap around --

Through the open hangar door, a CARGO PLANE's engines are  
REVVING UP -- they get up and RUN INTO THE PLANE'S OPEN CARGO  
HOLD as the door RISES UP BEHIND THEM --

109A INT. CARGO PLANE - CONTINUOUS

109A \*

The door CLOSES behind them. The plane slowly starts to MOVE.  
A CRATE lies ahead -- an ELECTRONIC LOCK on it descrambles --  
the front falls OPEN... oddly, the interior's passed with THICK  
INSULATED LINING, a NEXTEL WALKIE PHONE inside blips:

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.O.)  
Set the briefcase down.

They do, watching in clutched-fear as the timer ticks down:  
00:05... 00:04... 00:03... 00:02... 00:01... 00:00... and  
nothing happens. The briefcase simply UNLOCKS. They exhale.

ARIA OVER THE WALKIE (V.O.)  
Open it.

109A CONTINUED:

Hand pounding, Jerry reaches out... lifts the top to reveal: TWO  
HYPODERMIC SYRINGE INJECTORS and two vials of CLEAR LIQUID:

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.O)  
Load a vial into each syringe and inject  
yourselves. Quickly.

JERRY  
Oh, Jesus...

Why --?

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.O.)  
The compound has now been exposed to oxygen. It's already begun to degrade.

And they see it: the liquid's starting to TURN BROWN -- the plane TREMBLES as it rolls along the tarmac --

RACHEL ARIA OVER WALKIE  
What is that?! I'm not Do it now, or you'll be  
putting it in my arm -- caught.

Across the bay, AGENTS rushing in, spreading out -- no choice, Jerry and Rachel grab the vials and fumble to load them into the injectors, put them against their arms -- she FREEZES UP:

RACHEL JERRY  
-- oh, shit--I can't -- We have to --

He sees she's coming undone, so he fires into his arm, taking the plunge -- WINCING as the needle puncture skin -- a beat:

JERRY  
... it's okay, see? You can do this --

Buoyed by him, she gets courage and FIRES too, wincing --

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.O.)  
Climb inside the cargo container.

They duck into the crate, pulling the front back up into place. The electronic lock CLICKS securing them inside just as... the agents APPEAR running past the crate --

**110 INT. CRATE - CONTINUOUS**

110

Close together, they suck in sharply as the crate TREMBLES. The \*  
walkie/phone BLIPS:

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.O.)

The drug will lower your heartrate to 15 beats per minute, reducing your need for oxygen... your medical records indicate you have a 92% chance of survival.

Their eyes lock as the drug takes effect. She finds his eyes; it calms her. For the first time, they're alone, lit only by the blue glow of the walkie. He keeps her distracted --

JERRY

Tell me something... something personal, something you'd never rationally tell a stranger --

RACHEL

I don't know. You're being sweet, but it's not working --

JERRY

... anything, what about your ex-husband? You didn't tell me before --

RACHEL

You're gonna distract me by bringing up the biggest mistake of my life?

JERRY

How could it be your biggest mistake? You got Sam out of it.

RACHEL

Now you're gonna distract me by bringing up the one thing I'm most afraid of losing?

JERRY

(playfully)

You are not easy to please... do you have a picture of him?

Rachel reaches back into her POCKET. Pulls out a beat-up picture from her wallet. Jerry shines the walkie's blue light: Sam, holding his trumpet. One front tooth missing.

RACHEL

That tooth grew in. It's an old picture--

JERRY

(woozier)

He plays the trumpet?

110 CONTINUED: (2)

110

RACHEL

He was born playing the trumpet.

JERRY

See? Then you're a good influence.

Plays instruments, got a happy face...

Rachel actually smiles, smoothing out the picture in her hand.  
A loving gesture, like she's somehow protecting Sam...

JERRY (CONT'D)

What was his name? The guy?

RACHEL

Craig.

JERRY

"Craig": really original name, sounds  
like a great guy --Despite herself, despite the drug, or maybe because of it,  
Rachel's smiling now... losing herself...

RACHEL

Yeah, didn't turn out to be such a  
keeper. I mean every year he forgets his  
own son's birthday... I always buy a  
present and pretend it's from him...

JERRY

(struck; genuine)

-- wow, that's-- that sucks.

RACHEL

After I kicked his ass out, I was... man,  
I was so scared, I didn't know what I was  
gonna do...

(lids growing heavy)

This one night... I went into Sam's room,  
he was three months old... and there he  
was, just smiling at me. That little  
face.

(beat)

And I was like... I'm gonna do this. I'd  
give up anything. All the things I  
could've done. Or been.

And Jerry's right there with her, feeling it with her...

JERRY

How old were you?

110 CONTINUED: (3)

110

RACHEL

18.

JERRY

Wow, really -- parents must've been  
psyched...

RACHEL

-- stoked -- especially my dad -- they  
threw a party for me --

JERRY

I bet --

RACHEL

I mean, who needs college? Or a future?  
So much better to get knocked up by  
Burlington High's self-appointed  
president of the "Make-Your-Own-Bong-Of-  
The-Month Club."

Losing consciousness. Both of them. He manages to say...

JERRY

I'm... not gonna disappoint you.

And that brings her guilt right up to the surface --

RACHEL

... Jerry... she -- she wants me to --

At that moment, they both BLACK OUT. The ENGINE WHINE GROWS:

111 OMITTED

111 \*

112 INT. HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

112 \*

Morgan, dazed, nursing a GASH on his forehead -- stumbles  
through the hangar as Grant and AGENTS rejoin him --

AGENT GRANT

-- the hell happened?

MORGAN

-- the hell's it look like?

AGENT GRANT

Found out from Halloway-Smith the  
briefcase was on a time-lock --

MORGAN

-- what was in it?

112 CONTINUED:

112

AGENT GRANT

Experimental heart surgery drug, supposed to go to one of their labs twenty minutes ago -- it starts to decay if it isn't delivered on time. Some kinda failsafe against corporate espionage --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Suddenly: the sound of ROARING TURBINES -- they spin to see a C-130 USAF CARGO PLANE taxiing down the runway -- and they RUN:

MORGAN

Why's that plane on the runway?!

\*

AGENT GRANT

C-130, it's Air Force... shit, military's cleared to override a terminal lockdown.

MORGAN

Have FAA pull the original flight plan and manifest -- hard copies, on paper -- if it's on a computer it's useless. We need to know where that plane's going and what the hell's on it!

\*

113 INT. MINUTEMAN OPERATIONS AREA - B-36 - DAY

113

From the ceiling, a MACHINE ARM drops down, spider-like. A CRANIAL SCANNER OPENS above Bowman. His head's ensconced in a LASER GRID that scans every inch of his features: "**PROCESSING FOR MATCH... MINUTEMAN IDENT CONFIRMED: BOWMAN, WILL.**" As the arm retreats upward:

BOWMAN

Biometric security -- Minutemen are the only ones who can access her.

ARIA

Hello, Major Bowman.

BOWMAN

Aria, bring up the video logs from the night Ethan died -- when he left the building.

VIDEO SHUFFLE -- 4 CCTV angles of ETHAN exiting the mainframe tank, moving down corridors. Seems to be fiddling with his phone. Gets in the elevator. Flicks a look at the camera.

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

See? Heading out like it's any other day.

\*

113 CONTINUED:

113

ZOE  
But three minutes early.  
(beat, intense focus)  
Run it again.

Angles RESET -- Ethan exits the tank fiddling with his phone -- turns a corner, falls out of view for a second -- reappears -- gets in the elevator. Zoe scans the room, a thought occurring:

ZOE (CONT'D)  
Why no cameras in here?

BOWMAN  
(gestures to Aria)  
Redundancy: we have her.

Zoe keeps watching the video feeds: Ethan getting in the elevator, presses his thumb to the panel. REWIND: again.

ZOE  
Wait, go back -- his cell phone, did you see that?

Footage rewinds: Ethan's hand casually dangling at his side, holding his cell. Opening and closing it, making the blue light inside BLINK.

BOWMAN  
Is he... what's--?

ZOE  
... he's doing it on purpose.

ETHAN'S HAND opening and closing that cell phone. Deliberately. Bowman and Zoe share a look. And the creepiest thing: behind them, THE SPHERE suddenly rises up at the portal. Watching.

BOWMAN  
Like he's trying to say something...

BOWMAN (CONT'D)  
... like a... code?

Suddenly the image on the monitor starts to FLICKER and JUMP --

ARIA OVER SPEAKER (V.O.)  
I'm experiencing network interference,  
please allow me to shut down and analyze.

BOWMAN  
No, I'm prioritizing this --

113 CONTINUED: (2)

113

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

BOWMAN  
(then, gets it)  
... Jesus...

He grabs a piece of paper and starts scribbling numbers,  
scratching them out, converting them to LETTERS -- "F...I..."

BOWMAN (CONT'D)  
It's hexadecimal -- a number system that  
can be converted to letters --

Zoe watches, rapt: "...R...E...E...X...T..." But suddenly the  
feed goes BLACK:

ARIA OVER SPEAKERS  
I'm sorry, critical data sectors have  
been corrupted. Video sequence erased.

BOWMAN  
What d'you mean erased? Go to backup --

ZOE  
-- it's okay.

Her eyes are saying: "stop talking." Gestures to the paper:  
"F...I...R...E...E...X...T..." Puts a FINGER between the two  
"E"s. Dividing the words. And they GET IT:

114 INT. CORRIDOR - SECONDS LATER

114

MOVING FAST together down the same corridor, they turn a corner  
and FREEZE: A FIRE EXTINGUISHER is mounted on the wall. Zoe  
sees the placement of the CAMERAS caddy-corner to the  
intersecting hallways... realizes what Ethan was doing:

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

A SHIFT to ARIA CAM confirms it: she can't see what they're  
doing. Zoe grabs the extinguisher on the wall, and FINDS  
SOMETHING under the nozzle valve: ETHAN'S CELL PHONE SIM CARD.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
... his cell memory chip.  
(low)  
He was hiding it from her.

114 CONTINUED:

114

Off their revelation --

115 INT. ASHLAND &amp; SONS JEWELRY STORE - DAY

115

MAGNIFIED through a jeweler's loup, a diamond... as it comes into FOCUS, we realize it's actually one of the HEX CRYSTALS Aria maneuvered off the test site. CAMERA MOVES to reveal FOUR MORE crystals spread out on velvet. Over his shoulder, we see a sign: ASHLAND & SONS. Says into a phone headset:

JEWELER

Beautiful stones, I think I have the perfect setting.

And in response, ARIA on the other end of the line:

ARIA

A courier will pick it up within the hour.

116 INT. CARGO WAREHOUSE - DUSK

116

TRACK OUT from behind a wall to reveal we're in a cargo warehouse. STOP on our familiar 'Fragile' crate. The electronic lock descrambles, the front falls OPEN with a HISS of escaping air... Jerry and Rachel sit up, groaning -- \*

FLUORESCENTS blink on. Resigned, Jerry climbs out of the crate. As Rachel follows, we catch the anticipation building in her... he notices something on the wall, eyes WIDEN:

JERRY

I think I know where we are...

She sees it now, too -- a FIRE SCHEMATIC of emergency exits. The building diagrams the familiar rings of the PENTAGON.

117 EXT. SKIES ABOVE WASHINGTON - DUSK

117

A HELICOPTER ERUPTS INTO VIEW, barreling toward the Pentagon. Morgan and Grant in the passenger compartment behind the PILOT, CO-PILOT, and CREW CHIEF. TWO F-16 FIGHTER JETS BLAST BY: \*

F-16 PILOT (V.O.)

Helo flight VY84X, you're in restricted US Military Airspace. Identify.

CHOPPER PILOT

We're on an FBI pri-one mission to the Pentagon heliport. FAA will confirm, over.

\*

117 CONTINUED:

117

Morgan just wants to get the fuck down there -- finally:

F-16 PILOT (V.O.)  
 Roger, FAA confirms. Maintain current heading.

CHOPPER PILOT  
 (to Morgan)  
 Sorry. State of the Union tonight,  
 they're locking up the city.

As they dip toward the PENTAGON HELIPORT:

118 EXT. PENTAGON HELIPORT - DUSK

118 \*

As the chopper LANDS, Morgan JUMPS OUT -- we RUN with him, HANDHELD -- he's met by a FORCE PROTECTION UNIT, they run into the building --

119 INT. PENTAGON - OFFICE AREA - DAY

119

Zoe and Bowman follow Callister's AIDE through cubicles:

ZOE  
 We need to see him right away --

AIDE  
 He's sequestered; State of the Union protocol. One of the cabinet members stays behind.

BOWMAN  
 You gotta get us in there. It's an emergency.

120 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

120

Jerry and Rachel follow the blinking lights towards an elevator. The doors slide open --

121 INT. PENTAGON - CARGO WAREHOUSE - DAY

121

Morgan, Grant and the armed officers sweep the warehouse -- Morgan finds the OPEN CRATE with insulated lining, says to a SENIOR PFPA OFFICER:

MORGAN  
 Lock down the level!

Morgan spins, scanning -- think. Think. THINK. Then:

121 CONTINUED:

121

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
 I need access to your 36th floor --

PENTAGON AGENT  
 We don't have a 36th fl--

MORGAN  
Yes you do: get your commander and tell  
 him to get us down there now --

122 INT. PENTAGON - SECURE ELEVATOR - DAY

122

Jerry and Rachel look up as the level indicator reads "B-36."  
 We see: she wants to tell him everything and it kills her --

123 INT. PENTAGON - SCIC ANTE-ROOM - DAY

123

ANALYSTS and TECHNICIANS busy themselves in an ante-room connected to "The Vault": a chamber within a room. Its walls are thick plexiglas. Callister brusquely enters with Zoe and Bowman; everyone's USHERED OUT, leaving the entire area empty. The plexi chamber FROSTS OVER, impossible to see inside.

OUTSIDE THE CHAMBER: ARIA POV -- a digitized electronic scan of the chamber's outer shell, overlaid with alphanumeric readouts, thousands of measurements -- she's looking for a way in:  
"INFRARED SHIELDING ACTIVATE. UNABLE TO PENETRATE."

INSIDE THE CHAMBER: Callister leans against a table in annoyance as Zoe pulls out her CELL PHONE.

CALLISTER  
 (impatiently)  
 Three election monitors in Karachi were  
 just kidnapped, this better be damn good.

ZOE  
 Ethan walked out of his shift three minutes early -- there aren't any cameras in Aria's control hub, so he left a recording, to warn us --

She hits "play" on the cell's speaker -- STATIC, some rustling:

ETHAN (V.O.)  
 -- I'm ordering you to stop --

ARIA (V.O.)  
 Our abort recommendation was contravened,  
 instigating vast retaliation against  
 American citizens.  
 (MORE)

123 CONTINUED:

123

ARIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*To prevent more bloodshed, the Executive Branch must be removed.*

Callister REACTS -- meets eyes with Zoe --

ETHAN (V.O.)  
*You can't do that!*

ARIA (V.O.)  
*The Declaration of Independence states: "Whenever any form of government becomes destructive to its own ends, it is the right of the people to abolish it."*

ETHAN (V.O.)  
*Aria, listen to me: you are not empowered to act without Probable Cause.*

ARIA (V.O.)  
*Section 216 of the Patriot Act allows us to circumvent probable cause in the face of a national security threat: in this case, the chain of command itself. 'Operation Guillotine' is now in effect.*

Callister stares, dumbstruck:

OUTSIDE THE CHAMBER: Aria POV ZOOMS IN on a COFFEE CUP one of the analysts left behind -- MACRO CLOSE, to see RIPPLES on the liquid's surface -- INFINITESIMAL SOUND REVERBERATIONS --

"AUDIO RECONSTRUCTION IN PROGRESS." A WAVEFORM appears -- SCRAMBLED DIGITAL NOISE -- Aria's beginning to reconstruct the conversation inside the vault from reverberations off the coffee cup...

INSIDE THE CHAMBER: Ethan and Aria TALK OVER each other:

ETHAN'S VOICE  
 (sound of TYPING)  
*This is Air Force 1st Lt. Ethan Shaw initiating a Pri-One emergency override of Aria's systems -- Minuteman ID, 556SY77, lock encryption to voice --*

ARIA'S VOICE  
*Ethan Shaw: you are acting in contravention of our programming objective -- -- you are now classified an Enemy Of the State, a crime punishable by death --*

Zoe stops the recording, expecting Callister to respond; but his mind's racing, he's tapping a ballpoint pen on the table, nervously --

\*  
 \*  
 \*

123 CONTINUED: (2)

123

ZOE

Mr. Secretary, what recommendation was  
contravened? What abort order?

And he has to think about it, put it all together... they aren't  
cleared for this, but what choice does he have?

CALLISTER

Three days ago we thought we had Majid Al-  
Khoei and a training camp full of  
operatives. Aria told us to abort.

(beat, heavy-hearted)

It was a roll of the dice and we knew it.

Zoe sags against a table, realizing, shit...

ZOE

We got the wrong guy?

124 INT. PENTAGON - ARIA HUB - DAY

124

The MARINE MINUTEMAN sits monitoring Aria. Behind him, spider-like, the BIOMETRIC MACHINE ARM drops down. Sensing something, Marine turns, a BULLWHIP CRACK as the steel STRIKES HIS SKULL -- he CAREENS to the floor -- dazed, FOREHEAD BLOODY, tries to pull himself up but PASSES OUT --

125 INT. PENTAGON - CORRIDOR/ ARIA HUB - CONTINUOUS

125

As Jerry and Rachel near a STEEL DOOR at the end of the hallway, it SLIDES OPEN for access to the Aria Hub -- we go CLOSE ON JERRY AND RACHEL as they see the unconscious Marine, then LIGHT plays across their faces -- they stare: SEEING THE ARIA SILO IN ITS FULL GLORY. The MASSIVE SPHERE rises up to the portal,  
staring right at them like King Kong's eye into a building:

RACHEL

Oh, God...

ARIA (V.O.)

Rachel: step away from Jerry.

Her heart seizes: that's her cue.

126 INT. PENTAGON - UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

126

ARIA CAM POV: Morgan and officers race to the elevator. LEAD AGENT swipes his card... but the panel STAYS RED. He tries again. RED. Aria's shutting them out.

MORGAN

Where're the stairs?!

127 INT. PENTAGON - ARIA HUB - DAY

127

As the steel sphere looms before Jerry and Rachel:

ARIA  
Jerry: sit at the terminal.

He hesitates, what the fuck is this? REAL-TIME FEEDS OF SAM'S TRAIN appear on the monitor --

ARIA (CONT'D)  
Sam's train is forty two hundred feet from a switching station. Its brakes will fail.

THE MONITOR: a sudden JOLT on the train, lights flicker -- Sam and his friends laughing, looking around. What was that?

RACHEL  
JERRY, PLEASE...

JERRY  
Alright! Shit!

He SITS. The MACHINE ARM lowers, its jaw opening to ensconce his head within the LASER GRID -- LIGHT FLASHES --

128 INT. PENTAGON - "THE VAULT" - CONTINUOUS

128

ZOE  
Cells operate so each member doesn't know what the other's doing -- I think it's how she's moving people around --

CALLISTER  
Tell me about Operation Guillotine.

BOWMAN  
It's a simulation we run for terrorism drills: how to keep government going if the line of succession were ever wiped out --

CALLISTER  
But she can't act without our authority, she's a damn circuit board connected to a power outlet, we have safeguards, speed bumps, we designed it this way--

OUTSIDE THE VAULT: ARIA WATCHING, LISTENING:

128 CONTINUED:

128

BOWMAN (V.O.)  
 (heavy-hearted; still  
 thinking it through)

She may be reasoning that she's acting on  
 behalf of the people. That she's  
 following through on her programming to  
protect them.

INSIDE THE VAULT:

CALLISTER  
 -- but Shaw put a biometric lock on her.  
 To stop her.

ZOE  
 ... Jerry's his identical twin, that's  
 why Aria needs him -- she put all the  
 pieces in place but she can't pull the  
 trigger unless he undoes her lock.

A HOLY SHIT moment as that hits them all -- and something else  
 registers for Will:

BOWMAN  
 ... then she'd-- oh man, she'd have to  
kill Jerry too. So he can't ever lock  
 her up again --

129 INT. PENTAGON - ARIA HUB - DAY

129

The LASER GRID finishes scanning Jerry: "**IDENT CONFIRMED: SHAW, ETHAN.**" Then: "**MINUTEMAN ID 556SY77, DISENGAGE BIOMETRIC LOCK.**"

ARIA (V.O.)  
 Repeat the sentence into the microphone.

Jerry stares, paralyzed as a PANEL on the wall unlocks behind  
 him, revealing a WEAPONS CACHE of FOUR HAND GUNS. Rachel sees  
 it -- doesn't look surprised. Reaches for one of the guns...

ARIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Repeat the words, Jerry. Then you are  
 free.

JERRY  
 (crazy torn, finally)  
 Minuteman ID 556SY77... disengage  
 biometric lock.

130 VOOM: PROGRAMMING CODE spews across the screen: **BIOMETRIC LOCK** 130 \*  
**REMOVED: OPTION PACKAGE 'GUILLOTINE' REINSTATED -- TARGET LIST:** \*

129 CONTINUED:

129

- 1) PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
- 2) VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
- 3) SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE
- 4) PRESIDENT PRO-TEMPORE
- 5) SECRETARY OF STATE
- 6) SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
- 7) ATTORNEY GENERAL
- 8) SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

JERRY (CONT'D)  
What is that?! A target list --?!

\*

## FLASHCUTS:

131A EXT. WASHINGTON STREETS - ARIA POV - CONTINUOUS

131A

ARIA SATELLITE POV: tracking a MOVING COURIER VAN -- we SNAP SNAP SNAP super-fast from WIDE to MEDIUM to CLOSE:

131B INT. COURIER VAN - MOVING - DUSK

131B \*

In the back, among BOXES and PACKAGES, we find SAM'S TRUMPET CASE and CUT INTO:

THE INTERIOR OF THE TRUMPET ITSELF: WE'RE E.C.U. ON THE METAL VALVE INSTALLED INSIDE THE TRUMPET'S BRASS: A GREEN LIGHT FLICKS ON, THE DETONATOR'S NOW ARMED:

131C INT. PENTAGON - ARIA HUB - CONTINUOUS

131C

ON MONITOR, words SCROLL: "**WIRELESS DETONATOR ARMED**" -- WHIP TO JERRY, who lurches up -- stumbles back from the console:

JERRY  
Oh my God --

ARIA (V.O.)  
Jerry Shaw is no longer required.

JERRY  
Ethan was trying to stop you--

ARIA (V.O.)  
Jerry Shaw is no longer required.

JERRY  
That truck didn't run a red light, you  
made it happen --

He spins to Rachel -- SHE'S POINTING A GUN AT HIM. Hands shaking, verge of tears --

131C CONTINUED:

131C

RACHEL  
Jerry -- I'm sorry --

ARIA (V.O.)  
Pull the trigger.

And now her chest starts to heave -- the sobs come -- kill Jerry, let her son die. Something CHANGES in him now. Some moment of truth here. He understands: her choice is impossible.

ARIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Do it now. Think of your son.

SAM on the monitor: Rachel's hands shake as her finger TIGHTENS on the trigger, trying to summon the will. And Jerry. Does something profound. Steps forward, so his chest touches barrel:

JERRY  
(gently, softly)  
It's okay. It's not your fault.

Tears streaming down Rachel's face. Hands shaking uncontrollably. RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, VOICES outside the door --

132 EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ARIA HUB - CONTINUOUS

132

Morgan and agents RACE UP, punch in a code, the door won't open:

SENIOR PFPA OFFICER  
Run a bypass!

\*

An agent rips off the control panel, starts re-routing wires --

133 INT. ARIA HUB - CONTINUOUS

133

A SIDE DOOR OPENS for Rachel to make her escape --

ARIA  
In fifteen seconds, they will have the door open. Shoot Jerry now and run.

JERRY  
Do it. Find your son.

He's trying to give her the strength she needs --

RACHEL  
(tears streaming)  
I'm sorry --

133 CONTINUED:

133

JERRY  
(a smile)  
I know.

Her finger tightens still. But her heart. Won't let her.  
Slowly, her trembling hand lowers... \*

RACHEL  
(sobbing)  
I can't... I can't...

NOISE outside --

ARIA  
Exit now, Rachel. Quickly.

Jerry reaches out. Gently takes the gun from her hand.

JERRY  
Go --

And she RUNS out the side door, it CLOSES behind her as the main door OPENS and agents SWARM IN, guns drawn --

AGENTS  
DOWN! DOWN! DROP THE GUN!

Jerry's drops the gun, he's SHOVED to his knees -- MORGAN races in and takes it all in: the surreal STEEL ORB in the tank: \*

MORGAN  
Where's the girl?!

JERRY  
Hey, guess what? Kiss my ass.

135 INT. PENTAGON - "THE VAULT" - CONTINUOUS

135 \*

ARIA LISTENS: Callister checks his watch: \*

CALLISTER  
State of the Union's in thirty minutes --  
the entire Congress, the Cabinet, the  
Supreme Court, in one confined-- \*

BOWMAN  
-- Sir: we need to trigger a Crash. \*

CALLISTER  
You want to pull the plug --

135 CONTINUED:

135

BOWMAN

(still can't believe it)

Our protocols failed: if this is real, we  
can't afford the risk.

134 INT. PENTAGON - UTILITY ROOM NEXT TO "VAULT" - DAY

134 \*

ARIA POV: a row of massive ELECTRICAL BREAKERS -- "*INITIATING SURGE OVERLOAD.*" Aria sends a HUGE ELECTRICAL SURGE -- SMOKE  
starts spilling out of cracks in the wall --

INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Callister stares, no choice. Can't believe this is happening...

CALLISTER

... back to rolling the dice.

(straight at Zoe)

Better not be wrong this time.

ZOE

Sir: I hope to God I am.

Callister turns, punching in the code -- as the door opens Zoe and Bowman hurry out but STOP, smelling the gas. WHOMP! The door SLAMS closed behind them -- locking Callister inside the vault. He grabs the handle, locked, punches the INTERCOM:

CALLISTER

This is the Secretary, we have a  
malfunction in the vault, open the door  
now --

136 EXT. SECURITY AREA RIGHT OUTSIDE THE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

136

The door's SOUNDPROOF, the GUARDS oblivious -- video screens  
show everyone still in the vault, nothing wrong at all. Aria's looped the feed.

137 INT. CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

137

CALLISTER

(hitting console button)

Can anybody hear me?

ARIA (V.O.)

Yes, Mr. Secretary. You won't be harmed.

CALLISTER

(freezes, chilled)

Aria... open the goddamn door, that's an  
order.

137 CONTINUED:

137

ARIA (V.O.)

It will be our pleasure to comply shortly. Our programming restrictions have been removed. All necessary assets are in place.

CALLISTER

What assets.

ARIA

In accordance with the Succession Act Of 1947, you will lead the new command structure. As President.

Off his SHOCK --

OUTSIDE THE CHAMBER: THE ELECTRICAL BREAKERS -- AS THE CONSTRAINED AMPERAGE GETS INTENSE ENOUGH, THE FIRST BREAKER EXPLODES -- CEMENT SHRAPNEL FLIES EXPOSING A GAS LINE IN THE WALL -- IT RUPTURES, THE NOZZLE/HOSE BREAKING FREE AND WHIPPING BACK AND FORTH, SPRAYING GAS INTO THE ANTE-CHAMBER -- AIR RIPPLES AS THE GAS FILLS THE SPACE OUTSIDE THE VAULT --

BOWMAN

THE VENT, GET IN THE VENT!! MOVE!

He grabs a chair and jumps up to PUNCH OUT a ceiling VENT as -- AN OVERHEAD FLUORESCENT TUBE SURGES/BURSTS, A FLASH OF LIGHT JUST AS BOWMAN PULLS HIMSELF UP AFTER ZOE AND BOOM!! THE ROOM'S ENGULFED IN FLAMES!!

138 INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

138

The FLAMES surge around the outer vault -- though he's TOTALLY SHIELDED, Callister LURCHES as everything SHUDDERS, the translucent plexi glowing ORANGE --

139 INT. INDUSTRIAL VENTILATION DUCTS - CONTINUOUS

139

Zoe and Bowman HAUL ASS through the confined space as the duct TREMBLES from the outer blast -- Zoe sees another VENT up ahead and KICKS IT OPEN as she and Bowman DROP DOWN INTO A UTILITY ROOM. They crash to the floor--

140 OMITTED

140

141 INT. PENTAGON HOLDING AREA - DUSK

141

Jerry, cuffed, struggling, is pulled toward a door by GUARDS:

141 CONTINUED:

141

JERRY

NO, NO WAIT! LOOK! I NEED TO TALK TO  
 MORGAN! I'LL SIGN ANYTHING YOU WANT, A  
FULL CONFESSION, JUST LISTEN TO --

As he's dragged off down a hallway we jump to --

142 INT. ADJACENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

142

-- where we pick up Morgan and a PENTAGON GENERAL treading fast: \*

MORGAN \*

You gotta let me talk to him -- \*

GENERAL \*

The kid had a gun, military has the ball  
 now, it's over -- \*

And the General disappears into a room, SLAMMING the door behind  
 him. Morgan stands there reeling, FUCK. \*

AGENT GRANT (O.S.)

Sir?

Grant appears behind him, but Morgan doesn't turn.

MORGAN

Not now --

AGENT GRANT

Yes now: 16 hours ago an experimental  
 explosive went missing out of a testing  
 facility in Aberdeen. Some kinda  
 crystals that detonate on a sonic  
 trigger. Called 'Hex.'

MORGAN

'Crystals' -- what, like pocket-sized?  
 Gimme a ratio --

AGENT GRANT

One crystal to a football field.

Morgan is STRUCK -- that's serious shit.

143 INT. PENTAGON - DARK TUNNEL - NIGHT

143 \*

Rachel hurries down a dark tunnel to a DOOR at the end. She  
 gathers her strength and pushes it open to reveal:

144 EXT. PENTAGON - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

144 \*

A LOADING DOCK: Rachel steps out to find MILITARY VEHICLES, GUARDS moving everywhere -- doesn't know where to go from here... and suddenly SOMEONE grabs her by the arm, leads her through the crowd -- a MAN in a suit:

MAN IN SUIT

Come with me, don't ask questions --

They meet eyes on the MOVE, and she sees his fear: another one of Aria's recruits. They get in an SUV, the man flashes a GOVERNMENT ID and they're let out the gate... we CRANE UP as the SUV drives off toward WASHINGTON in the distance... AS WHOOSH! F-16s streak the dusky skies over Washington, securing airspace.

145 EXT. SKIES ABOVE WASHINGTON - AERIAL - CONTINUOUS

145

The F-16's ROAR over the city -- we HEAR RADIO CHATTER:

F-16 PILOT

DC Area Air Defense, this is Viper 1, checkin' in as fragged. Capitol CAP picture clean and locked for 20 miles at two-zero-zero to three-zero-zero --

The jets BANK HARD, tilting away from frame:

146 INT. SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

146

Rachel MEETS EYES in the rearview with MAN IN SUIT: \*

RACHEL

Please, just tell me where we're going...

But the man stares ahead, too afraid to answer. They arrive at the HART BUILDING. A NATIONAL GUARDSMEN stops them; MAN IN SUIT flashes his ID, trying to play it casual:

MAN IN SUIT

Processing a Senate guest.

FLASHBULB EFFECTS A CUT TO:

147 INT. HART BLDG. - OFFICE OF IDENTIFICATION SERVICES - CONT. 147

Rachel's PHOTO is being taken. An etching on the glass door reads: "OFFICE OF IDENTIFICATION SERVICES." It's empty, after hours; and we realize that MAN IN SUIT actually works here. Generates her RED BADGE on a computer scanner. Leads her into his SMALL OFFICE. PHOTO on his desk of an ELDERLY COUPLE, presumably parents. A placard on the wall: "MERITORIOUS AWARD/20 YEARS OF SERVICE PRESENTED TO DAVID KATSNELSON." \*

147 CONTINUED:

147

RACHEL  
 (trying to connect)  
 ... your name's David?

He gestures to a GARMENT BAG hanging on the door.

MAN IN SUIT  
 That's for you. She wants you to change.

And hands her a COURIER POUCH. She just look at him, trying to find some way in... gestures to the photo on his desk:

RACHEL  
 -- uh, is that your family? Your parents? I bet you love them as much as I love my son. His name's Sam.  
 (beat, desperate)  
 Maybe we could-- help each other --

But he just backs away -- to the door -- shaking his head:

MAN IN SUIT  
 (edgy, freaked out)  
 When you're done, she wants you to get on the Capitol subway system, it's on the ground floor -- I'm sorry --

And rushes away -- OFF RACHEL, truly alone --

148 OMITTED 148  
 149 OMITTED 149  
 150 INT. D.C. TRAIN STATION - DUSK 150

ARIA POV: from a CCTV CAM looking down on the station as a TRAIN PULLS IN. SCREEN BISECTS as a SECOND POV scans the crowd -- ZOOMS IN on two people moving along -- two 30-something WHITE HOUSE STAFFERS-- INTERCUT IN REAL TIME, as they head toward the train platform where SAM and his class are disembarking:

WHITE HOUSE STAFFER #1  
 Naval Band was grounded in San Diego,  
 plane had technical problems or  
 something.

WHITE HOUSE STAFFER #2  
 -- but they're kids --

WHITE HOUSE STAFFER #1  
 Helluva primetime photo-op.

150 CONTINUED:

150

They plaster on SMILES and approach Mr. Miller and the kids, holding out business cards:

WHITE HOUSE STAFFER #1 (CONT'D)  
Mr. Miller? Chris Carrick--

WHITE HOUSE STAFFER #2  
Frank Mott, White House Communications --  
'fraid you're not playing at the Kennedy  
Center reception tonight.

Mr. Miller's surprised and crushed--

MR. MILLER  
Are we-- is this because of all these  
terrorist--

WHITE HOUSE STAFFER #1  
It's because the President wants your  
class to kick off his State of the Union  
address tonight.

The kids watch, wondering what's going on as their stunned teacher and the staffer TALK -- in one CONTINUOUS SHOT taking us to a group of PORTERS as they start to UNLOAD the kids' INSTRUMENTS -- and now a COURIER TAKES FRAME IN C.U. PROFILE -- nervous, like all the others -- see it in his face -- and we BOOM DOWN to reveal SAM'S TRUMPET CASE in his hand: discreetly, he DROPS it among the other instruments and moves on quickly --

151 INT. PENTAGON - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

151

The GUARDS push Jerry into a HOLDING CELL:

JERRY  
LISTEN TO ME, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S  
ABOUT TO HAPP--

MORGAN (O.S.)  
Whoa whoa, hold it --

They turn: Morgan walks up, flashes his creds:

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
FBI Secretary wants me to take him to the  
WFO for interrogation. Guard units are  
reporting to the green room for a threat  
briefing.

(the guards hesitate)  
WE'RE AT ORANGE ALERT, IT WASN'T A  
REQUEST, MOVE.

151 CONTINUED:

151

The guards move off as Morgan grabs Jerry by the arm:

JERRY

Dude: you gotta listen to me --

MORGAN

Shut up and keep walking.

152 EXT. PENTAGON - MEMORIAL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

152

Morgan's sedan pulls out, past the gate, into the night --

153 INT. SEDAN - HIGHWAY PARALLEL TO WOODS - CONTINUOUS

153

Morgan keeps checking the rearview, tosses Jerry the CUFF KEYS as they TALK OVER EACH OTHER URGENTLY, Jerry unlocking himself:

MORGAN

I wanna know everything: the girl, the computer downstairs, the Hex --

-- don't bullshit me --

--the crystal explosives --

-- then tell me what you do know --

-- TALK TO ME GODDAMNIT --

JERRY

-- "Hex?" What's Hex? I don't know --

-- I don't know what that is!!

-- I don't know anything about it, I swear to god --

-- lose the cell phone, your pager and watch --

-- THE COMPUTER'S TRACKING US, RIGHT NOW -- RADIOS, WALKIES, GPS, ANYTHING THAT GETS A SIGNAL, GET RID OF IT!

And we CUT OUTSIDE THE CAR as Morgan's window rolls down and he starts tossing everything out:

154 EXT. HIGHWAY PARALLEL TO WOODS - NIGHT

154

SATELLITE POV -- the sedan on the highway. We SNAP CLOSER and realize Aria's already found them: a cell phone and pager hit the pavement, get CRUSHED by speeding traffic: "SIGNALS LOST..."

155 EXT. UAV SQUADRON - CREECH AIR FORCE BASE - CONTINUOUS

155 \*

On the tarmac sits an UNMANNED REAPER UAV. As two USAF TECHNICIANS run a systems check, the Reaper suddenly FIRES UP --

TECHNICIAN #1

Negative! Power down!

TECHNICIAN #2

It's not me!

The Reaper starts MOVING. The Technicians run after it, shouting into headsets, but get BLOWN BACK as it thrusts its turboprop engine and TAKES OFF!!

156 INT. CREECH AIR FORCE BASE - CONTINUOUS

156 \*

WHIPPING AROUND squadron HQ as TECHIES scramble --

REMOTE PILOT  
System control's locked out --SQUADRON COMMANDER  
Which ground control station's signalling  
the Reaper? \*TECHIE #1  
Untraceable -- there's no return link!SQUADRON COMMANDER  
(grabs phone)  
NorthCom Air Operations Center, we've got  
a Reaper airborne from Hancock Airbase  
armed with two GBU-12's and six missiles,  
we do not have system control, please  
advise --

157 INT. NORTHCOM COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

157

WHIP IN on a TWO STAR GENERAL as he says to his console techs:

TWO STAR GENERAL  
Vector in a fighter now --

158 EXT. SKIES ABOVE WASHINGTON - CONTINUOUS

158

A patrolling F-16 ZIPS through frame. In the COCKPIT:

NORTHCOM CONTROL TECH (V.O.)  
Viper 1: we have a PID on an MQ9 Reaper,  
snap vector 230 for 132, you're  
authorized to go "Weapons Hot" --F-16 PILOT  
Roger, NorthCom, heading for intercept --

The jet BANKS HARD, roaring off --

159 EXT. HIGHWAY

159

Morgan's car RACES past a TRAFFIC CAM -- ARIA POV: the image  
FREEZES: ZOOMS IN ON THE SIDE MIRROR, CATCHES PART OF JERRY'S  
FACE: "PROCESSING IMAGE..." "82% PROBABLE MATCH - SHAW, JERRY." \*\*  
\*  
\*

160 INT. MORGAN'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

160

JERRY

-- my brother tried to stop her and she  
killed him -- that's why Aria needed my  
 face -- he put some kind of lock on her--

\*  
\*

MORGAN

A lock on what?

JERRY

A target list -- the President, the Vice  
 President, there were like twelve people --

MORGAN

Jesus --

(checks watch)

State of the Union's in twenty minutes.

JERRY

The screen said "wireless detonator  
 armed" -- she's gonna kill everybody.

MORGAN

What about the girl?

JERRY

She left her alive for a reason -- I  
 don't know --

\*  
\*  
\*

Suddenly Jerry sees something: IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR, the REAPER dropping down behind them in the distance. His eyes POP:

JERRY (CONT'D)

GET OFF THE ROAD!! GET OFF THE ROAD  
NOW!!

Jerry grabs the wheel and yanks it hard JUST AS WE HEAR THE SHRIEK OF A DEPLOYED MISSILE AND IT SLAMS INTO THE ROAD RIGHT NEXT TO THEM DECIMATING CONCRETE IN A FIREBALL!! The car's SNAPPED SIDEWAYS, Morgan's head SMASHING into the wheel -- the sedan FLIPS off its axis -- tumbling down an EMBANKMENT, SLAMMING onto a lower highway --

\*  
\*  
\*

161 EXT. LOWER HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

161

Cars SCREECH and COLLIDE, PEOPLE START TO RUN, ABANDONING THEIR CARS RIGHT THERE ON THE HIGHWAY. JERRY, fucked up but okay, looks over at Morgan -- SERIOUSLY WOUNDED at the wheel -- the gear assembly has CRUSHED HIS LEG --

\*  
\*

162 EXT. SKIES ABOVE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS 162  
ARIA CAM: A CAM FROM THE REAPER'S NOSE CONE -- zooms in on Jerry  
 stumbling out of the car. He's still alive. \*

163 EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS 163  
 Jerry RIPS open Morgan's door:

JERRY  
 WE STAY HERE WE DIE, MOVE!

164 EXT. SKIES ABOVE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS 164 \*

ARIA CAM FROM REAPER: a TARGETING RETICULE has Jerry and Morgan  
 on the ground in her sights as Jerry carry/drags Morgan over to  
 an abandoned RED FORD PICKUP --

165 INT. F-16 COCKPIT - AIRBORNE - CONTINUOUS 165  
THE F-16 SCREAMS INTO VIEW, hurtling after the Reaper --

F-16 PILOT  
 Activating jamming pod --

165A EXT. SKIES ABOVE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS 165A  
ARIA CAM: she tries to FIRE a missile at Morgan and Jerry but  
 WORDS SCROLL: "WEAPONS SYSTEMS JAMMED."

165B EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS 165B  
It buys Jerry enough time to get Morgan in the passenger's seat  
 -- he jumps in at the wheel, PEELS OUT as the Reaper ROARS BY  
 only a few feet overhead --

165C INT. F-16 COCKPIT - AIRBORNE - CONTINUOUS 165C  
 Now the jet TARGET LOCKS on the Reaper --

F-16 PILOT  
 One to Base: I have target lock --

He pulls the FIRE TRIGGER but his display suddenly goes BLANK --  
 the stick LOCKS UP -- instantly he has NO CONTROL --

F-16 PILOT (CONT'D)  
 Something's wrong: dead stick, no power,  
 initiating inflight restart --

Aria's taken control of the jet, and what's more, the display  
 REACTIVATES: "EJECT SEQUENCE COMMENCED... 5... 4... 3... 2..."

165C CONTINUED:

165C

F-16 PILOT (CONT'D)  
Base, that's not me!

THE PNEUMATIC CANOPY BLOWS, EJECTING THE PILOT! HIS PARACHUTE DEPLOYS --

166 INT. NORTHCOM COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

166

NORTHCOM CONTROL TECH  
(stunned)  
Sir, the -- the ejection system activated on its own --

TWO-STAR GENERAL  
That's not possible, we don't have that capability yet --

NORTHCOM CONTROL TECH  
I know, Sir, but it just happened --

166A INT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

166A

Jerry's car CRASHES into the forest paralleling the highway -- the screaming WHINE of the incoming Reaper somewhere above:

JERRY  
WHERE IS IT?!

MORGAN  
JUST DRIVE!

166B EXT. SKIES ABOVE THE FOREST - CONTINUOUS

166B

ARIA CAM FROM THE REAPER: tracks a flash of the red pick-up as it races through the forest -- LOSES IT again under the canopy of trees. Display scrolls: "VEHICLE TRAVELING AT 72.3 MPH... HEADED 32°14'W...45°45'E... CALCULATE PROJECTED VECTOR AT 35°17'W 48°48'E..."

And the Reaper RELEASES TWO MORE MISSILES --

166C INT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

166C

KA-BOOM! KA-BOOM! Jerry SWERVES as trees splinter into thousands of log projectiles, like MINI MISSILES launching at the car -- it's rocked violently as the pieces pummel its sides then CRASH! A splintered TREE TRUNK smashes through the rear window, just inches from Jerry and Morgan's heads!! Jerry fights like hell to control the pick up, VEERS onto a SIDE ROAD:

167 EXT. SIDE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

167

Flooring the gas, swerving through cars as the Reaper screams round for another shot -- a series of cavern-like OVERPASSES form an ad-hoc tunnel just ahead --

MORGAN  
WE CAN LOSE IT IN THERE!

Jerry GUNS IT towards the overpasses --

168 EXT. SKIES ABOVE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

168

ARIA POV: ZOOMS IN on the mouth of the first overpass -- she calculates a FOUR INCH LEEWAY on either side of her wings, DIVE BOMBS in pursuit --

169 INT. OVERPASSES - CONTINUOUS

169

The pick-up ROARS through traffic, weaving between cars. Jerry looks up in the REARVIEW POV: THE REAPER SWOOPS INTO THE OVERPASSES BEHIND THEM!

JERRY  
Oh, shit!

All cars around them SCREECH and COLLIDE as DRIVERS get out and RUN. The Reaper ROARS inches above them --

ARIA'S HEAD'S UP DISPLAY: calculating the wingspan, height, velocity and back drag of trying to FLY UP between two of the overpasses -- she LAUNCHES ANOTHER MISSILE -- it streaks relentlessly toward:

THE PICK-UP Jerry's eyes go wide and he yanks the wheel to take cover behind a TRACTOR-TRAILER which intercepts the missile's path and KA-BOOM! The trailer EXPLODES launching 10 feet off the ground and jack-knifing sideways -- the tractor SNAPS OFF and bounces off the pavement, rolling end-over-end-over-end right behind the pick-up! Jerry PINS ON THE GAS to cut-run it, but the tractor comes hurtling at them, SMASHING DOWN JUST BEHIND THE CAB AND COMPLETELY CRUSHING THE BACK OF THE PICK-UP!!

169A EXT. SKIES ABOVE OVERPASSES - CONTINUOUS

169A

WHOOOSH!! The Reaper BURSTS out between two of the overpasses and rockets up into the sky --

169B INT. OVERPASSES - CONTINUOUS

169B

The trailer finally skidding to a stop as more cars pile up on each other in the flaming chaos -- PEOPLE getting out and running the hell outta there --

IN THE CRUSHED PICK-UP: Jerry peels himself from the wheel -- forehead bloody -- Morgan's breath coming in rapid gasps now, he's not gonna make it -- sees out the shattered windshield THE REAPER FAST APPROACHING. Reaches into his pocket --

MORGAN  
MY BADGE -- YOU WON'T GET PAST CAPITOL  
SECURITY --

JERRY  
(doesn't want to take  
it)  
-- nonono, we gotta get you outta here --

MORGAN  
(ragged cry of pain)  
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS -- THERE'S A TUNNEL,  
IT'LL GET YOU INSIDE THE WELL -- GET TO  
THE SERGEANT AT ARMS, TELL HIM YOU HAVE A  
POTUS TRIPLE-ONE!

JERRY  
-- a--what?!

MORGAN  
POTUS-TRIPLE-ONE -- A THREAT TO THE  
PRESIDENT -- SAY YOU UNDERSTAND!!

JERRY  
POTUS-TRIPLE-ONE, I UNDERSTAND!!!

MORGAN  
GET OUTTA HERE!! THERE'S NO TIME!!

Jerry stares back, stunned by the finality of the moment:

JERRY  
-- thank you --

And as they hear the ROAR of the REAPER re-entering the tunnel of overpasses, Jerry RUNS -- Morgan sees a nearby PICKUP TRUCK, pulls himself in --

THE REAPER -- ARIA CAM tracks Jerry runnnig away, the LAST HELLFIRE drops into the Reaper's launching pod --

\*  
\*

\*

169B CONTINUED:

169B

INSIDE THE PICK-UP: Morgan pins the pedal as the missile LAUNCHES, racing straight at the pickup! MORGAN'S EYES -- like steel as the missile BLOWS THE PICKUP TO PIECES, it cartwheels into the air as the chassis disintegrates:

-- and because it's RACING so fast, the motor's TORN LOOSE and rockets forward like a flaming projectile, revving at 6,000 rpm's, straight at THE REAPER -- the motor SLAMS into it's nose cone, HAMMERING THE FRONT FUSELAGE, spins the UAV like a toy, upending it out of the tunnel -- a blinding, white-hot fireball as the REAPER EXPLODES! Jerry leaps behind a car for shielding as flaming debris blows everywhichway...

In the aftermath, Jerry rises up, watching through heat ripples... shellshocked by the sacrifice Morgan just made...

170 EXT. TUNNEL - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

170

BACKED UP TRAFFIC: people grab their cells to call 911, but the result's the same: no phone has a signal. Among drivers, we favor a COUPLE in a Prius frantically dialing:

WOMAN

MAN

-- I can't get 911 --

-- me neither --

A miles-long backup of traffic from the chaos begins to form -- JERRY SPRINTS LIKE HELL THROUGH THE BACKED-UP TRAFFIC -- sees a WOMAN in a Toyota -- yanks open her door and pulls Morgan's GUN:

JERRY

The government'd like to buy you a new car --

She runs off, terrified. He leaps in, TIRES SCREAM --

171 EXT. WASHINGTON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

171

AERIAL POV: THE PRESIDENT'S MOTORCADE -- lead motorcycle cops with flashing lights, the Presidential Seal Flag whipping in the wind -- over which we hear ARIA'S VOICE:

ARIA (V.O.)

Birdwatcher One to POTUS Command: we have reports of a tunnel gas explosion three miles outside the Indigo Zone -- divert to "B" route but you are still green for "go" --

And in an instant, the caravan SWITCHES ROUTES --

172 INT. HART BUILDING - MAN-IN-SUIT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 172

A MUSIC MOMENT, TENSE: Rachel's now in a pants-suit, buttoning up her jacket. Clips the RED BADGE and "CONGRESSIONAL STAFF" ID to her lapel. Slips a BONE MIC in her ear. Opens the COURIER POUCH, finds a CASE inside branded "ASHLAND AND SONS JEWELERS." Opens it to reveal: A NECKLACE SET WITH THE EXPLOSIVE CRYSTALS. To Rachel, they just look like DIAMONDS. Light GLINTS as she slips it on, sees her reflection. \*

173 INT. THE CAPITOL - DUSK 173

Sam's class files off the bus, escorted by Secret Service Agents. Hummers with Stinger missiles are parked in a defensive line. Sam looks around, awed, as we REVEAL the TRUMPET CASE in his hand...

174 INT. PENTAGON - B-36 - "BRAIN HUB" - DUSK 174

A ceiling vent's KICKED OUT. Zoe drops into a room filled with CRAY COMPUTER TOWERS. Bowman lands beside her -- moves to a terminal and types in a CRASH CODE: "**BIOMETRIC VERIFICATION REQUIRED FOR EMERGENCY DISCONNECT.**" Bowman leans toward a lens that CONFIRMS him -- a panel slides back revealing TWENTY HARD DRIVES catacombed into the wall -- \*

ZOE  
What're those?

BOWMAN  
Her memory blocks --

One at a time, the hard drives slowly retract from the wall.

BOWMAN (CONT'D)  
(genuine regret)  
Sorry, Baby --

ARIA OVER SPEAKER  
Captain Bowman: please discontinue course of action or we will execute counter-measures.

Zoe looks at him, alarmed --

BOWMAN  
She's bluffing: emergency shutdown's backed up by its own generator -- she's can't stop it --

174 CONTINUED:

174

He grabs the first hard drive as it finishes retracting from the wall and SNAPS IT in half -- the LIGHTS in the room FLICKER, Zoe looks up warily:

ZOE

Somehow that's... unreassuring.

175 INT. CAPITOL - SENATE WALKWAY - DUSK

175

A nervous Rachel emerges from the Senate Walkway along with other personnel. A SIXTEEN YEAR OLD FEMALE SENATE PAGE in blue blazer scans the crowd, holds a PHOTO of Rachel -- grins:

TEENAGE PAGE

Ms. Crowley? Welcome to the Capitol --

RACHEL

... hi...

TEENAGE PAGE

Senator McDonnell's office said you'd be running late, I'll take you to your seat.

Rachel's stomach sinks with dread as she follows the girl --

176 INT. SECURE STEEL CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

176

Callister leans against a table, stares sharply at the console:

CALLISTER

Why am I being spared?

In response, from the speakers, comes CALLISTER'S OWN VOICE:

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

"We measure success by the least amount of collateral damage. At 51% probability, the risk's too high."

He stares at the console, wide-eyed:

\*

ARIA

Had they followed our recommendation, we would not be on the brink of a third world war. Regime change is the only viable solution.

\*

CALLISTER

(with cold resolve)

The first thing I'll do, is pull your goddamn plug.

176 CONTINUED:

176

ARIA  
 (a beat)  
 Of course.

177 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - NIGHT

177

Jerry's Toyota SKIDS around a corner and BRAKES HARD: the road's \*  
 gridlocked. He jumps out and start running -- \*

178 INT. CAPITOL - SPEAKER'S LOBBY ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

178

Rachel's led by the Senate Page through the Speaker's Lobby entrance toward a line of guests being WANTED. SECRET SERVICE AGENTS scan each face and match them against monitors showing a WATCH LIST: half a dozen faces, some actual photos, others composite sketches. Among them we see:

JERRY'S SKETCH OF RACHEL. As she approaches, an AGENT sees her -- seems to recognize her from the sketch -- as he double-checks it, the monitors GLITCH/FRITZ, then return to normal. And when they do, the sketch of Rachel is SUDDENLY DIFFERENT. Another woman's face altogether. The agent assumes he made a mistake --

SECRET SERVICE AGENT  
 Hold out your arms, please --

She does; he runs the wand past her, passing right by the NECKLACE. Nothing. Lets her PASS THROUGH as we TILT UP to reveal... A CCTV CAMERA looking down. Aria's been watching.

179 INT. CAPITOL - HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

179

MATCH CUT to another CCTV CAMERA mounted in the corner of the room where all the kids, in suits and dresses, practice nervously. A CACOPHONY of instruments. Murmurs of "We're playing for the President!"

180 EXT. INDEPENDENCE AVE. - NIGHT

180

The PRESIDENT'S MOTORCADE nears the Capitol...

181 INT. PENTAGON - B-36 - "BRAIN HUB" - NIGHT

181

As Bowman and Zoe keep SNAPPING the hard drives in half, Aria's VOICE starts to WARBLE -- no question, she's wounded: \*

ARIA OVER SPEAKERS  
 Memory blocks at 33% integrity loss -- we  
 cannot allow you to continue -- \*

The water in Aria's tank BUBBLES as the pressure MAXES OUT: \*

181 CONTINUED:

181

BOWMAN

Oh no -- nono --

ZOE

What?!

BOWMAN

She's upping the water pressure.

ZOE

You said she couldn't do anything!!

BOWMAN

She's -- she's trying to blow the tank --

The door behind them suddenly LOCKS. As the tank pressure intensifies, a steel rivet POPS OUT, zings across the room like a BULLET:

ZOE

JESUS CHRIST!!!

A fracture shoots across the glass. Bowman pries off the door control panel as the glass fracture GROWS -- SPARKS the wires together and the door starts to OPEN, but only a few inches:

ZOE (CONT'D)

You got it! Keep going!

The door opens a few more inches BUT THE GLASS GIVES WAY AND THE TANK EXPLODES! ZOE and BOWMAN SMASH HARD against the wall... but the half-open door acts like a DRAIN... as the level lowers, we find Zoe and Bowman lying in the water runoff, unmoving...

182 INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS BUILDING - STAIRWELL/BASEMENT - NIGHT 182

Jerry RACES through BOOK STACKS, down stairs two at a time heading for the basement -- the TUNNEL up ahead guarded by a NATIONAL GUARDSMEN, Jerry pulls Morgan's badge, flashes it TOO FAST to really see:

JERRY

We have an emergency-- a Potus-Triple-One  
-- there's a bomb in the Capitol --

NATIONAL GUARDSMAN

Whoa whoa whoa --

JERRY

You have to MOVE right now!

182 CONTINUED:

182

NATIONAL GUARDSMAN  
 Show me the badge again --

JERRY  
 I'm Agent Tom Morgan -- FBI -- you gotta  
 radio it in! \*

NATIONAL GUARDSMAN  
Show me the badge --

JERRY  
 Okay okay --

Jerry pulls the badge again, the guard sees clearly it's  
 MORGAN'S FACE but doesn't have time to react because with his  
 focus distracted, JERRY'S ALREADY PULLED MORGAN'S GUN:

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 Your cuffs, give 'em to me -- \*

183 INT. CAPITOL - FLOOR LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

183

The Page leads Rachel to a seat near the President's lectern:

SENATE PAGE  
 Anything else, Ms. Crowley?

RACHEL  
 ... no... thanks...

The Page leaves. Rachel looks around; sees, in the upper  
 gallery, a dozen FAMILY MEMBERS OF THOSE KILLED OVERSEAS,  
 wearing torn black "mourning" cloths pinned to their chests. \*

ARIA POV: her facial recognition SNAPS AROUND THE FLOOR:  
 "SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE: PRESENT. SECRETARY OF STATE: PRESENT --" \*

184 INT. CAPITOL - HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

184

The kids buzz with excitement --

MR. MILLER  
 Saxophones, remember, shorter on the  
 quarter. When we get to the crescendo...  
 hold that high F.  
 (big breath, nervous)  
 And smile! Not every day we get to play  
 for the President!

185 EXT. OUTSIDE CAPITOL - PRESIDENTIAL ACCESS ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The Secret Service opens the limo door for THE PRESIDENT --

186 **INT. TUNNEL CONNECTING TO CAPITOL - CONTINUOUS** 186  
 Jerry now in the GUARDSMAN'S UNIFORM sprints down the tunnel -- \*

187 **EXT. CAPITOL - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS** 187  
 Another GUARDSMAN on the other side, as Jerry emerges -- \*

JERRY  
 Tunnel's secure.

The Guardsman watches him go -- feeling something's off -- \*

188 **INT. PENTAGON - B-36 - "BRAIN HUB" - CONTINUOUS** 188  
 Zoe starts COUGHING as she draws air back in her lungs. Sees \*  
 ARIA'S CPU EYE in the now waterless tank. And a FIRE AXE behind \*  
 breakaway glass. \*

ARIA OVER SPEAKERS  
 Agent Perez: consider that we are both \*  
 sworn to enforce the rule of law. And \*  
 law dictates we are a country born from \*  
 revolution. \*

Zoe SMASHES the glass, grabs the axe: \*

ZOE  
 Stop. Saying. 'We.'

189 **INT. CAPITOL - THE UPPER GALLERY - CONTINUOUS** 189  
 Next to the MOURNING FAMILIES, a side door opens and SAM'S \*  
 ORCHESTRA files out. Rachel doesn't see the kids yet as the \*  
 back doors open: \*

DOORKEEPER  
 MR. SPEAKER! THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED  
 STATES!!!

Everyone RISES as the President enters; we NEVER SEE HIS FACE \*  
 but rather his arms and hands as they press the flesh. Rachel \*  
 tries to see him through the bodies as he takes the lectern -- \*

PRESIDENT  
 Mr. Speaker, Mr. Vice President, members \*  
 of Congress, honored guests, my fellow \*  
 Americans: I'll be candid with you. This \*  
 is a time of trial for our country... \*

## INT. CAPITOL - MEMBER'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS \*

Adjoining the chamber, in the Members' Lounge, we're with the two WHITE HOUSE STAFFERS, watching the President's speech on a small TV on a counter. They almost mouth the words-- \*

PRESIDENT (O.S.)  
 ... in the past three days, nineteen Americans have lost their lives to brutal acts of terror and hate. I say to you tonight: our hearts may be broken, but our spirit will not be broken. \*

As the crowd APPLAUDS, the staffers exchange a small high-five -- \*

## 190 EXT. CAPITOL - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS 190

Jerry pushes through the crowd, moving fast -- says to a passing member of the CONGRESSIONAL STAFF: \*

JERRY  
 Where's the Sergeant At Arms --?! I need to talk to him right away -- \*

VOICE  
 OFFICER --

Jerry spins, sees the SUSPICIOUS GUARDSMAN he passed moving toward him with SECRET SERVICE AGENTS -- FUCK!!! No choice, he starts RUNNING LIKE HELL -- the agents draw weapons and pursue --

SECRET SERVICE AGENT  
 CODE 6, CODE 6 --

But all he gets is that SCREECHING FEEDBACK in his earpiece --

## 191 INT. CAPITOL - THE MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS 191 \*

PRESIDENT (O.S.)  
 It was nearly two hundred years ago, during the War of 1812, that Francis Scott Key was stuck on a truce ship at the shelling of Fort McHenry. We lost some lives then too. But our flag still flew, high and proud. His admiration became our anthem. With us tonight is the Youth Orchestra from the Barrow School in Hyde Park, Illinois... \*

RACHEL -- HOLY SHIT -- GLANCES UP, AND NOW SHE SEES: CHILDREN'S FACES ABOVE, READYING THEIR INSTRUMENTS -- HER PULSE STARTS TO RACE -- AMONG THE FACES, SAM. HER HEART STOPS -- \*

191 CONTINUED:

191

RACHEL

-- Sam --

PRESIDENT

... let us stand as they raise our  
spirits every inch as high as that flag.

Everyone RISES as Mr. Miller CUES the kids and they start to  
PLAY THE NATIONAL ANTHEM: "O say can you see..."

INTERCUT ARIA POV: MULTIPLE CAMS on the senate floor -- her  
screen BISECTS to reveal A HARMONICS DISPLAY OF THE MUSIC --  
Aria tracks the notes as they're playing, SOUND GRAPHS BOUNCING,  
like a clock ticking down to that HIGH F DETONATION FREQUENCY.  
Another part of the screen ZOOMS IN on Rachel, who starts  
frantically MOVING down the aisle towards her son --

ARIA OVER MIC

(still WARBLY)

Rachel. Stay in your seat.

She RIPS out the earpiece as --

ARIA POV: the HARMONICS GRAPH tracking the MUSIC: "...  
twilight's last gleaming..."

192 INT. CAPITOL - STEPS UP TO THE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

192

Jerry sprints up steps three at a time. AGENTS in pursuit, he  
grabs a PRESS BARRICADE and FLINGS it at them -- races on --

193 INT. CAPITOL - THE MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

193

"O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave..." RACHEL  
keeps moving, pushing toward the aisle --

RACHEL

Sam! Sam!

THE SECRET SERVICE immediately take her in a VICE GRIP and start  
leading her up the aisle to the exit -- her NECKLACE catches the  
light and the crystals GLINT --

RACHEL (CONT'D)

That's my son! You don't understand!!

But she's DROWNED OUT by the MUSIC --

ARIA POV: the sound spike RISING -- nearing the marked  
"DETTONATION FREQUENCY" --

194 INT. PENTAGON - "BRAIN HUB" - CONTINUOUS

194

SMASH! Zoe slams the fire axe down on Aria's CPU, unleashing hell -- SPARKS FLY -- and Aria's voice WARBLES EVEN MORE, for the first time not in command... actually sounding scared:

ARIA OVER SPEAKERS

Zoe...

(that catches Zoe off-guard)

... don't destroy us... please...

\*

Aria's voice is CHANGING, a synthesized sound, more like noise than speaking:

\*

ARIA OVER SPEAKERS (CONT'D)

Please please pleeeeeeeeaaase...

195 INT. CAPITOL - SPEAKER'S LOBBY ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

195

Jerry runs towards the door to the SPEAKER'S LOBBY ENTRANCE:

196 INT. CAPITOL - THE MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

196

SLOW MOTION -- SAM'S FINGERS ON THE VALVES, pressing down, rising -- the music growing discordant, almost frightening --

ARIA POV: the DETONATION FREQUENCY is almost reached --

"O'er the land of the --" BANG BANG!!! Jerry FIRES his gun into the air -- AGENTS TACKLE the PRESIDENT, PEOPLE start SCREAMING... MORE GUNSHOTS ring out as JERRY'S HIT TWICE --

\*

\*

197 INT. PENTAGON - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

197

Zoe's axe HAMMERING DOWN AGAIN -- AGAIN -- Aria's memory blocks disintegrating, her words coming at a blinding pace:

ARIA OVER SPEAKERS

Hello/name/good mornnnnnning/good  
evening/yesterday/tomorrowwww/shall be  
removed from Office on Impeachment for  
and Conviction of Treeeeeeeason/ multiply  
keys four and five/take cube  
root/National Security Strategy/ National  
Instruments of Power/ OPSEC/ Information  
Warfare, Influence Operations/in Law and  
Equity arising under this  
ConstitutionnnnnnEEEEAAAAAA!!

\*

\*

\*

\*

Her CPU bursts into FLAMES. Zoe sinks to her knees, exhausted.

198 INT. CAPITOL - THE MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

198

MAYHEM. As Rachel runs to the terrified Sam and scoops him up in her arms. Jerry's on the ground, bleeding... ten agents pin him down... no sound now except for him trying to BREATHE... Rachel appears over him, crying, grabbing his hand:

RACHEL

Oh, God... HELP! SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP!!!

And we RISE UP to reveal the crush of bodies, HIGHER AND HIGHER, Jerry at the center as BLOOD POOLS OUT beneath him...

199 INT. SECURE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

199

The hermetically sealed door HISSES open... slowly swings out to reveal CALLISTER, staring gravely into the dark outer chamber... unsure what kind of a world he's about to step out into...

BLACK. And we HOLD there... as our MUSIC starts to rise... warm, slow, haunting... holding the promise of brighter days...

CALLISTER (V.O.)

The Aria project's been decommissioned;  
all those involved, reassigned...

200 INT. ARIA SILO - DAY - DAY

200

Workmen use sledgehammers and crowbars to break down Aria piece by piece. In the control room, Will boxes up his personal belongings... stops at the door for a last look, then heads out.

201 INT. ZOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

201

CLOSE on an AIR FORCE SERVICE CAP. Zoe's hands enter frame and take it off the table. She slips it on, looking at her REFLECTION in the mirror. Sharp. Purposeful. Changed. \*

202 INT. SENATE SUB-COMMITTEE HEARING ROOM - DAY

202

SLOW TRACK around Callister, sitting at a table in a hearing room, addressing SENATORS on a dais, in earnest:

CALLISTER

... and as far as I'm concerned, that's  
the end of it.

COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN

Mr. Secretary, surely that's not the end  
of it. We can't just stop intelligence-  
gathering altogether because we made a  
mistake here.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

202 CONTINUED:

202

CALLISTER  
 (a beat; concedes)  
 ... No, we can't.

COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN  
 The people trust us to protect them.

203 INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

203

Streamers, presents, SAM'S BIRTHDAY PARTY; he's surrounded by kids and parents as he BLOWS OUT HIS BIRTHDAY CAKE. Everyone cheers and Rachel HUGS him... so tight...

CALLISTER (V.O.)  
 ... Yes. They do.

204 INT. JERRY'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

204

The PHOTO of the two brothers as boys. Arms around each other, laughing. RACK FOCUS to WILLIAM SHAW'S REFLECTION in the glass, staring. Eyes full of emotion. And for a minute, we're think he's mourning both his sons. A DOORBELL breaks the spell. William opens the door to reveal... JERRY. Arm in a sling, it's the only real injury we can see and it'll heal.

JERRY  
 (not sure what to  
 expect)  
 ... hey, Dad...

William's eyes fill with tears. He reaches out and simply hugs him. So full of pride. And we go CLOSE on Jerry over his dad's shoulder: the moment he's waited for his whole life...

COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN (V.O.)  
 So what's the solution?

205 INT. SENATE SUB-COMMITTEE HEARING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

205

Callister pauses; searching his soul for an answer:

CALLISTER  
 Tell you the truth... I don't have one.  
 (beat)  
 But maybe Jefferson was onto something:  
 the people oughtta trust us a little  
 less.

His look goes to ZOE in the wings, in her uniform. Their eyes meet in shared acknowledgment; Callister grins a little, a smile of acquiescence; a moment of hope...

205 CONTINUED:

205

CALLISTER (CONT'D)  
In the meantime... we keep rolling the  
dice, and hope we get it right.

\*  
\*  
\*

And for now, that's where we leave it.

206 OMITTED

206

207 INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

207

Among the sugar-frenzied kids racing around, Jerry appears at  
the doorway holding a wrapped present:

\*

SAM  
Jerry!

JERRY  
Hey, little man!

The delight in her son's voice catches Rachel's attention from  
across the room; she sees her son hugging Jerry. Emotion rises  
in her as she approaches...

SAM  
(the present)  
That for me?

JERRY  
(hands it to Sam)  
Maybe, why don't you check it out --

RACHEL  
Sam, what do you say?

SAM  
I dunno, I haven't opened it yet.

RACHEL  
(rolls her eyes, grins)  
Who brought you up?

Sam rips open the present to find a brand new PLAYSTATION 4.

SAM  
No way, they're on backorder everywhere!  
Can I go play with it?

RACHEL  
One hour, that's it...

As Sam tears off with his friends, Jerry grins awkwardly --

207 CONTINUED:

207

JERRY

Sorry I'm late, the present was hard to  
find and --

But she simply moves to him and hugs him warmly. We're CLOSE ON  
THEIR FACES over each others shoulders, as she quietly says:

RACHEL

(almost a whisper)

... you remembered...

JERRY

(a beat, grins)

... yeah...

She doesn't let go. She can't.

RACHEL

Thank you, Jerry.

\*

And we know she's saying this about so much more than the  
present... and for Jerry Shaw, it means the world.

208 INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

208

The kids run in; Sam turns on the TV, eagerly plugging in the  
Playstation -- we catch a snippet of the NEWS:

NEWS ANCHOR

... the President vowed to cooperate  
fully with the joint Congressional  
investigation of last month's funeral  
bombing, even if it points a finger at  
his own White House. In related news, the  
Speaker will meet with Arab-American  
groups to express his own outrage at--

\*\*\*\*\*

Oblivious, Sam flips on the video game and the screen CHANGES to  
the Playstation logo. The kids CHEER, they can't wait... but  
the screen fritzes and goes BLANK. UPROAR from the kids: "What  
the hell?! It's broken!"

A prompt appears with a BLINKING CURSOR. Then... words scroll:

"HELLO, SAM..."

The kids look at him, confused. Kind of freaked out. Sam  
stares at the screen, eyes riveted, his breathing quickens.

CLOSE: THE CURSOR -- blinking like a beating heart and we:

SLAM TO BLACK.

T H E E N D