

Eagle Eye

by  
Hilary Seitz

FADE IN:

**EXT. DESERT DUNES - DAWN**

CLOSE ON--a WOODEN STICK-FIGURE TOY, gripped in the hands of a SIX YEAR OLD BOY. Suddenly another BOY grabs the toy away and RUNS OFF, laughing--it's a CHASE--and we WIDEN to reveal:

CHILDREN playing under a cluster of date palms, part of a small desert commune somewhere in the Middle East. Their MOTHERS, veiled in black, gather and talk. Bearded, turbanned MEN carrying AK-47's argue politics. A domestic, even tranquil scene of life in another part of the world...

**EXT. DESERT ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

A CARAVAN of VEHICLES RACE DOWN A HIGHWAY: SUV's mounted with surface-to-air RPG's form a protective cordon around a BLACK MERCEDES. As the cars ROAR INTO LENS, we go to:

**EXT. RIDGE ABOVE ROAD - DAWN**

POV THOUGH A LONG-RANGE SCOPE: the caravan as seen by a TWO-MAN SPECIAL OPS TEAM perched on a ridge. As the LEADER surveils the cars, his partner finishes assembling a two-foot UAV (Unmanned Aerial Vehicle), rigging it with EXPLOSIVES:

SPECIAL FORCES LEADER  
We have visual on the target. Confirm  
'go' for UAV launch.

**INT. PENTAGON - JOINT OPERATIONS CENTER - NIGHT**

SUPER: "JOINT OPERATIONS CENTER, THE PENTAGON"

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

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

**EXT. RIDGE ABOVE ROAD - DAWN**

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

**INT. PENTAGON - JOINT OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS**

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

PENTAGON TECHIE #1  
We have system control.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLONEL THOMPSON  
Activate laser mic.

EXT. SKIES OVER DESERT - CONTINUOUS

DRONE POV: tracking the caravan, singling out a MERCEDES--the drone emits a THIN LASER BEAM that hits its rear windshield--

INT. THE PENTAGON - JOINT OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

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

CALLISTER  
Is it him?

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

COLONEL THOMPSON  
Gimme voiceprint analysis.

The screen pops to an AUDIO WAVEFORM of the conversation. VOICEPRINT ANALYSIS finishes, the screen shows a FILE PHOTO of a BEARDED MAN: "37% PROBABLE MATCH - MAJID AL-KHOEI."

CALLISTER  
I'm not taking 37% to the President...John, weigh in here?

He looks to a plasma: the PRESIDENT'S CABINET is assembled via teleconference from the White House Situation Room:

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

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

TECHIE  
Sir, they're pulling off the highway--

TECHIE #2  
We have abort recommendation.

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

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

CALLISTER  
(beat, torn)  
Alright, stay with him...

(CONTINUED)

5.  
THE SATELLITE VIEW shows the caravan approaching the commune.

**EXT. DESERT COMMUNE - DAY**

The MOTOR ROAR of the incoming cars turns everyone's attention. Mothers grab up their children and pull them aside as the vehicles stop. ARMED MEN emerge...

INTERCUTTING - THE PENTAGON OPS ROOM: the computer pinpoints DOTS on the satellite feed that represent WEAPONRY on-site--the imagery ENHANCES for close-ups:

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

COLONEL THOMPSON  
Looks like a training camp.

THE DESERT: Bodyguards cluster around a TURBANED MAN as he emerges from the Mercedes. It looks a lot like the man from the file photo, but the beard makes it hard to confirm.

MID-AIR WITH THE UAV: It SWOOPS, targeting the man--his face is GLIMPSED and CLICK: the IMAGE FREEZES into a snapshot:

THE PENTAGON: The BLURRY SNAPSHOT appears on the monitors. A DIGITAL WIRE-FRAME is overlaid on the man's face: "51% PROBABLY MATCH - INSUFFICIENT DATA. RECOMMENDATION: ABORT MISSION."

TECHIE  
51%. 'Abort' rec holds.

Now our guy DISAPPEARS into the crowd as they begin MOVING toward something--a large WOODEN PLANK on the desert floor.

THE DESERT: Some of the men take hold of the plank--drag it back to reveal...a PIT.

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

CALLISTER  
What is that, a weapons cache?

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

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

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

THE PENTAGON: across monitors, a section of the GENEVA CONVENTION scrolls:

TECHIE

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

COLONEL THOMPSON

Once this guy's gone, he's gone.

The PENTAGON GENERAL COUNCIL pipes in--

PENTAGON GENERAL COUNCIL

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

TECHIE #2

I have POTUS calling from Air Force One.

CALLISTER

(a beat, looks around)

Everyone agree this is the best course of action?

No one dissents. Callister picks up:

CALLISTER (CONT'D)

Mr. President, we have a 51% identity match on Majid Al-Khoei. There is some possibility he's at a funeral, but counsel thinks we can claim 'Overriding Legal Authority.' We have an abort recommendation, but your cabinet, the Speaker, the Joint Chiefs urge a 'go.'

THE PRESIDENT (V.O.)

You left yourself out of the lineup.

Callister pauses. AS THE MESSAGE ON THE MONITOR STARTS BLINKING: **ABORT, ABORT, ABORT...**

CALLISTER

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

GENERAL THOMPSON

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

There's a long silence as the President considers.

(CONTINUED)

THE PRESIDENT (V.O.)  
 I respect your caution, Geoff, but we  
 won't get another chance like this...you  
 have a green light.

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

CALLISTER  
 Understood.  
 (hangs up)  
 We're weapons free.

And with deadly calm, Techies execute orders into headsets:

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

EXT. DESERT - FUNERAL - DAWN

The woman begin to SING the "Nasheen," a funeral song praising Allah. The beautiful VOICES grow until all other sound is GONE.

DRONE POV: the feed from the CAMERA INSIDE THE NOSE-CONE as it LAUNCHES its missile--it ZOOMS toward the funeral--

The haunting voices WAIL...in the moment before impact, we see: birds flying across the great plain..a herd of running gazelles...a CHILD'S HAND grasping his mother's...

A WHITE FLASH AS THE MISSILE HITS:

HOLD IN WHITE:

CREDIT SEQUENCE: WORDS CLOSE UP...a Digitized electronic scan, as if they're being analyzed by someone: "*We the people of the United States...more perfect union...*" Highlights of The Constitution, The Declaration of Independence...

We land on: "...*whenever any form of government becomes destructive...it is the right of the people to alter it or to abolish it...*" CLOSE IN on these last words: "*ABOLISH IT.*"

WHITEWASH:

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

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

JERRY  
 ...damnit...

VOICE (O.S.)  
You gotta make a choice. You gotta move--

JERRY  
--I know.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Now. Who are you gonna be?

So Jerry makes his move--which, we see, is SLAMMING down a PLAYING CARD representing a group of DWARVES. He sits across from KWAME, 17. They're playing a geeky role-playing CARD and DICE game, CASH on the table.

JERRY  
--there.  
--Bullshit? I just blocked  
your ass and attacked with  
Ancient Mastery points.  
--read the oracle text, my  
friend.

KWAME  
Dwarves? Bullshit--  
(checks card)  
--dwarves don't have that--  
--shit

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

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

JERRY  
--Hey, Becky? When are you going to  
start wearing make-up?

Kwame laughs as Becky tosses her smock at Jerry:

BECKY  
The collator's broken.

JERRY  
Dude: no it's not.

BECKY  
(putting on a jacket)  
Oh yeah it is, dude!

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

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

KWAME  
--I'm not gonna be here tomorrow,  
remember? I'm going to Cornell.

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

JERRY

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

KWAME

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

JERRY

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

TRACK WITH JERRY out to...A COUNTER AREA as he pins on his NAMETAG--there are rows of COPY MACHINES and COMPUTER CUBICLES. He takes his place behind a register. Takes a BEAT. Then smiles, getting it up:

JERRY (CONT'D)

Welcome to Kinko's, how can I help you?

As the CHUGCLICK-CHUGCLICK-CHUGCLICK sound of the machines gets louder and louder as they BECOME THE SOUND OF:

INT. "EL" SUBWAY CAR - MORNING

--the KRAK-KRAK-KRACKING SUBWAY. We glimpse people sitting here. Looking at their BLACKBERRYS. Talking on CELL PHONES. Others listen to IPODS and WALKMANS or play GAME BOYS. The NEWS plays on an LCD mounted on the train wall. A society lost in an "electronic elsewhere."

And JERRY, with a SKETCH PAD in his lap. A surprisingly good pencil rendering of the face of a LARGE DOG--he's got talent.

The TV starts to disturb his concentration--news footage of BOMBED-OUT EMBASSIES, emergency vehicles, wounded victims:

SHEPARD SMITH

...series of suicide bombings carried out on American embassies abroad, believed to be in retaliation for a deadly attack on a Shia funeral that killed forty people. Though the White House has denied involvement, Shia leaders have denounced the U.S. as responsible--

AL-JAZEERA FOOTAGE appears: A SHIA SPOKESMAN speaks into camera, translated into ENGLISH:

SPOKESMAN

Your embassies were only the beginning! Our warriors are already within your borders.

SPOKESMAN (CONT'D)  
 Until American leadership is removed from power, Allah's revenge is upon you!

And during all this, Jerry notices something--people are glancing at each other with mild paranoia. He shakes his head, what a fucking world...

**EXT. ATM MACHINE - MORNING**

CLOSE as an ATM CARD gets slid into the slot. THE ATM CAMERA IS STARING RIGHT AT HIM. Jerry looks at it. When a BEEP gets his attention: "INSUFFICIENT FUNDS." Fuck, not again.

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

Saying it's a modest place would be kind. Jerry opens his mailbox. Just BILLS, some of which will go unpaid this month. A BEAT as he shoves them back in and we HARD CUT TO:

**INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MORNING**

A DOOR OPENS: MRS. WIERZBOWSKI, Jerry's 72 year-old Polish landlady. Pleased to see Jerry there, though painfully annoyed to know what's coming.

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI  
 --Jerry--

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

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

JERRY  
 (puts cash in her hands)  
 --here's some of it--most of it--but I've got something else for you...something special...

Eyebrows bobbing. Mrs. Wierbowski knows exactly what it is. Sighs. Knows she can't resist him--

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

CLOSE ON Jerry pushing a THUMB TAC into the dog sketch we saw him doing on the subway. PULL BACK to reveal about 25 other sketches on the wall. All of the same dog.

The actual DOG, Johann, lies underneath the kitchen table.

JERRY  
 (standing back)  
 So I think. No, I'm pretty sure that's the best one so far--

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI  
Yes. Is good--rent is better.

She puts a bowl of STEW into Jerry's hands.

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI (CONT'D)  
You are hungry, I am guessing.

JERRY  
Oh, no, no. I couldn't--  
(looking down at bowl)  
Unless, you know, you insist.

He sits at the table, starts eating. This is their routine.

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI  
So where is girl? I don't see her?

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

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI  
Like the others.

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

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI  
You are like Johann.

Jerry stops eating, mouth full. As Johann looks up.

JERRY  
Your--I'm like your dog?

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI  
Look at him. Is big dog. Labrador. But  
he believe...he is terrier. So is  
Labrador...but no labrador.

Somehow Jerry can't get his eyes off Johann. Quietly:

JERRY  
...why do you think that is?

As she pours a drink into a plastic cup--

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI  
Perhaps many things. When I rescue  
Johann from pound, they say he was abuse.  
As puppy. They kick him when baby, make  
him feel not big.  
(hands Jerry the cup)  
You need someone for rescuing you.

Jerry looks at her as she turns and moves back to the stove. He drinks and holy shit:

JERRY

This is--vodka--Jesus, it's eight-thirty  
in the morning--

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI

--you cannot eat bigos without vodka.

Adjusting to it, Jerry drinks again--as his CELL PHONE RINGS. He looks at his phone, freezing. Mrs. Wierzbowski notices.

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI (CONT'D)

Is the girl? Answer. Tell her you are  
Labrador. Then ask if she give you money  
for rent.

But we've PUSHED IN on Jerry, who stares at the name on the phone. Something's affecting him deeply. He says, quietly:

JERRY

...it's my mother.

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI

Is problem?

JERRY

(even quieter)  
...is problem.

He struggles as it rings: SHOULD I ANSWER IT? Then. Abruptly. It stops. Looks up at Mrs. Wierzbowski.

**INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MORNING**

Jerry leaves her place and heads for his apartment, his back to us. And from a distance, we HEAR his PHONE RING again. He stops. Stares at it again. Debating again: WHAT TO DO. Finally, he answers, as if ready for punishment:

JERRY

Hey, mom...

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

**EXT. CHURCH - DAY**

Mourners are gathering in their somber best, shaking hands.

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

## INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

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

JERRY  
--no! I--I'm not Paul!

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

JERRY (CONT'D)  
It's okay! I'm not him!

Locks eyes with his MOTHER and FATHER up in the front pew. Eyes red from crying, withered shells. And Jerry gives a lame wave before heading reluctantly up to the COFFIN.

Devastated, he leans in--and we MOVE AROUND to see the body: and it's fucking HIM--Jerry's very own face, but one that seems to have been RECONSTRUCTED after some kind of accident. Gruesome and handsome all at once. This was PAUL SHAW. Jerry's identical twin.

And in this moment of sheer, surreal heartbreak, a distant, reverbed TRUMPET PLAYS over our score. And the tune is familiar. In fact, it's the...

## INT. APARTMENT - DAY

NATIONAL ANTHEM, booming from a trumpet played by an 8 year-old boy: KYLE HOLLOWMAN. This isn't the usual dying elephant sound most kids make when playing music--Kyle's talented.

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

RACHEL  
Okayokay...Okay: we came home, put down the leftovers, you turned on the TV, I went over, I said no TV--

She turns to the TV area and walks straight INTO a table. Stuns her, momentarily, but she doesn't break stride--

KYLE  
--we're gonna be late, huh?

RACHEL

--absolutely not--I turned it off, came over here, checked messages, put the leftovers in the--

KYLE

--knocked over the phone--

RACHEL

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

She opens the fridge: HER KEYS sit atop a Tupperware container. Kyle hits a high note and we SLAM TO:

INT. RACHEL'S CAR - MORNING

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

RACHEL

--we need to get a new car--

KYLE

I like your car. We're gonna be late.

Rachel gives up, gets out:

RACHEL

No we're not: the bus.

KYLE

--are you kidding?

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

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

RACHEL

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

KYLE

--and one at night, I know--

RACHEL

--and your inhaler--which I may need to use now--is in the outside pocket--wait!

They rush back to a MAILBOX, she pulls bills from her purse:

KYLE

More bills?

RACHEL

Yup--

KYLE  
You're right--they never stop coming.

RACHEL  
No they don't. That's what happens when you have a kid on lay-away.

Still pulling out bills, they smile at each other. When SUDDENLY a BUS ROARS PAST the WIND GUSTS and the bills go FLYING into traffic:

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
OH, SHIT! STAY HERE!

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

KYLE  
YOU SWORE!!

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

RACHEL  
I KNOW, I'M SORRY!  
(Porsche HONKS as it passes)  
HEY, A LITTLE COMMON COURTESY, ASSHOLE!

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

KYLE  
You swore again. Was that our bus?

Rachel looks: PAN to across the street, the bus is now LEAVING THE BUS STOP. PAN back to Rachel: SHIT!!

RACHEL  
Okay, now we're gonna be late.

She puts fingers in her mouth and WHISTLES HARD for a cab--

INT. TRAIN STATION - WISCONSIN - DAY

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

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

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

MRS. MILLER  
Under the wire--

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

MRS. MILLER  
--of course, Barbara Miller.  
(looks at watch)  
You should probably--

And Rachel's stomach drops. Knows they've been racing towards this moment all morning but still not willing to accept it.  
Turning Kyle to face her--

RACHEL  
Okay. Now. I want you to have a awesome time--

KYLE  
I will, mom--

RACHEL  
--you can eat junk food, just remember to brush your teeth; and if you're gonna goof off, just be really smart about it; and try not to stay up past your bedtime, you get really cranky when you do that--  
(turns to Mrs. Miller)  
He gets very contrarian if he doesn't get at least eight--

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

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

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

KYLE  
--It's only two days, mom--

RACHEL  
I don't care.  
(hugging him)  
I love you so much, baby. You're my everything. Rock the house.

KYLE  
--love you too--

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

RACHEL  
Call me!

MRS. MILLER  
Your mom gonna be okay?

KYLE  
It's unclear.

And as they head into the train, Rachel allows a tear to escape. Wipes it away. Then we move with her as she walks along the train, tracking Kyle. Passing the BAGGAGE AREA--

We PUSH IN HERE, at the PORTER who places Kyle's TRUMPET CASE on a conveyor belt. We TRACK a line of instrument cases belonging to the children...oddly, Kyle's trumpet is ELECTRONICALLY REDIRECTED AWAY FROM THE OTHERS--down a separate belt, where it emerges in a pick-up turnstile. It's lifted off the track by...

A MIDDLE EASTERN MAN. Somewhat nervous. Head slightly cocked. As he MURMURS something in Tajiki. Looks a little crazy, mumbling to himself. Walks to the curb where his white van idles. On the side is a decal: "HASSAD DRY CLEANERS." Loads the trumpet inside as we--

INT. SHAW HOME - AFTERNOON

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

WOMAN #1 (V.O.)  
...you didn't know either?

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)  
No idea.

WOMAN #3 (V.O.)  
I knew he had a brother. But not a twin,  
that was...

WOMAN #1 (V.O.)  
I know, I know...

Now we see them: four WOMEN sit together. Heartbroken and unsettled. And one glances across the house into a sitting room, where Jerry sits alone on a sofa.

We're CLOSE on Jerry now. Holding a glass, etched with hearts. Looking at it as if it means something. Somehow, his childhood.

He looks up at the stairs, as if knowing he needs to go up there. Finally he does. We move with him:

WOMAN #1 (CONT'D)  
...when was the last time they saw him?

WOMAN #2  
Margaret said years...

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

TROPHIES. RIBBONS. All of them awarded to PAUL SHAW. Now we REVERSE on JERRY. TIGHT on his face as he slowly scans the shelves of evidence. Evidence that he had a brother. Evidence that he had a superior brother.

Again and again we see: PAUL SHAW. PAUL SHAW. PAUL. PAUL. PAUL. And then Jerry finds one framed CERTIFICATE. In the back. A Junior High ART PRIZE. Awarded to JERRY SHAW.

And Jerry smiles at the fucking absurdity of it. Turns to look at his old DESK. Piled up with old SKETCH PADS. A POST-IT on the desk lamp. Curled. Old. In Paul's faded handwriting-- "See you at Thanksgiving, Little Picasso! Keep drawing! Love, Paul."

Jerry takes the Post-It, eyes welling with tears. As a figure appears behind him--he turns--it's WILLIAM. Jerry's--and Paul's--father. Beaten down, but still has the strength of a father.

Jerry composes himself quickly. They stare for a moment. Then William says, simply:

WILLIAM  
Six months without boo or bah.

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

WILLIAM  
Your mom was worried.

Jerry nods. Then:

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
So where were you this time?

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

WILLIAM  
--that's nice, son. Looks like you're  
really seeing the world.

JERRY  
I'm trying, you know, just to--

--But William has just started crying. Sobs of absolute loss. Jerry stands there, frozen, until William EMBRACES HIM. Jerry hugs him back--tightly, grateful and starting to feel again. And just as he's starting to breathe again, William says, quietly, through tears:

WILLIAM  
--you sound just like him.

And Jerry's eyes find a point in space. This is love by proxy. And how he hugs his father in support, not unity. William pulls back--takes his wallet from his pocket--

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
--I want to give you some, uh...

JERRY  
No--Dad, I'm okay. I'm doing really well. I promise.

His father holds out some bills. North of two-hundred dollars. It's a stand-off. The question is: does Jerry have enough pride to reject the offer? And the answer is...

**EXT. CHICAGO STREET - ATM MACHINE - DAY**

CLOSE ON THE NUMBER AGAIN, getting PUNCHED IN. Then FIND JERRY, exhausted from the funeral, slipping the money his father gave him into a deposit envelope. A glance at the SECURITY CAMERA. Then a BEEP makes him look at the screen.

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

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

JERRY  
--whoa--

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

JERRY (CONT'D)  
--two seconds, sorry--

Turns back to the machine. Eyes flicking to the ATM CAMERA. Pushes "cancel" again and again. But now TEN FUCKING THOUSAND DOLLARS IN \$100 BILLS IS COMING OUT, getting JAMMED in the slot. People start to PEER OVER as Jerry SCRAMBLES to keep the cash from flying everywhere. And finally. The machine stops. He stuffs all the money in his pocket. Everyone's staring.

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

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

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

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI  
Jerry!--all day they make delivery!

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

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

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI  
--where do you get this?

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

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI  
--Jerry, they make delivery all day, I open your apartment--  
(off his confusion)  
--too many packages come for you, they come for hours--

JERRY  
For me?

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jerry whips open his apartment door--as far as he can: it's blocked by a large BOX: 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; CLIMBING GEAR; BODY ARMOR; HAND GUNS with extended mags and laser sights; large BAGS OF FERTILIZER; strange CHEMICALS; 747 MANUALS. Jerry looks around, fear and confusion growing. His cell rings, startles him--looks down on the name on the phone, which says, simply: "ANSWER NOW." Confused, he does.

JERRY  
--hello?

And what we hear now is a WOMAN'S VOICE. And you can't put your finger on just why...but it's really creepy.

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

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

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Jerry. You have to run.

JERRY  
Who the hell is this?!

--rips back the curtain to see--a SWAT VAN SCREECHING UP--a flack-jacketed TEAM pours out, rushes for the building, assault rifles ready. Jerry goes white.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Leave your residence--get to the Mathis train station--you have 4 minutes.

JERRY  
Jesus Christ--what's happening?!

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

CLICK. Whoever she is she's fucking HUNG UP. POUNDING BOOTS AGAINST PAVEMENT OUTSIDE. Jerry whirls, goes out to the hall, hears THEM coming. Starts to run. But a TACTICAL TEAM STORMS INTO THE HALL. ASSAULT RIFLES AIMED AT HIM:

TEAM LEADER  
Hands behind your head! DOWN NOW! DOWN ON THE FLOOR OR WE WILL FIRE! JERRY  
WHAT'S GOING ON? HEY! IS THIS ABOUT THE--THE ATM? ! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!

Jerry's SLAMMED onto the ground--weapons shoved into the back of his neck as we CUT TO--

INT. DHS FIELD OFFICE - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry sits cuffed to a table. Frightened, confused, on the defensive. The door opens and AGENT THOMAS MORGAN enters: 40s, born to the job, born to the job, never smiles. Takes a seat, opens a file, studies it for a too-long BEAT.

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

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

JERRY  
(furious, sad, scared)  
...it hasn't been ideal--

MORGAN  
Your brother worked for the State Department.

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

JERRY  
You tell me.

MORGAN  
Were you close?

JERRY  
Why--what am I doing here--I don't even  
know who you are.

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

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

JERRY  
(stares, rocked)  
Counterterrorism Center? You think I'm a-

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

JERRY  
If you're asking if we were the kind of  
freaky twins you see at the mall--Listen,  
Paul traveled a lot--

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

Jerry can't name what Morgan's insinuating, but he knows he  
doesn't like it--

JERRY  
What're you saying--

MORGAN  
I'm just saying 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  
...what? No, why?

Morgan pulls out a SURVEILLANCE PHOTO: Jerry, college-age, at a STUDENT RALLY holding up a sign with an image of the Pentagon crossed out in red: "DECLARE WAR ON WAR!"

MORGAN

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

JERRY

(stares at pic; LAUGHS)

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

MORGAN

(looking at him, dead pan)

Don't try to "dude" me. I'm not your friend. I'm nobody's friend--

(back to file)

Why'd you drop out of school?

JERRY

Christ, are you for real? I don't know, I didn't really see the point.

MORGAN

Why haven't you been able to hold a job?

JERRY

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

MORGAN

(reading list)

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

JERRY

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

MORGAN

Who deposited the seven-fifty?

JERRY

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

MORGAN

The money originated from the HSBC bank of Singapore--opened with a transfer from a corporation called 'The Star of Orion,' a dummy front for Hezbollah. This morning Majid Al-Khoei says the agents of destruction are already inside our borders--

--we find hardware in your apartment, latest military spec, airplane manuals, plus twelve hundred pounds of--sit your ass down now-- ammonium nitrate fertilizer. Just curious if you knew any of Paul's friends in Beirut, or if he knew any of your friends in Singapore, oh but that's right, we haven't really established whether or not you two were close--

JERRY

--this is all--listen, this is all very interesting--but this has nothing to do with me! Do you understand?--

--alright, this is insane, I want a lawyer--

--I told you, it all just showed up there! You're not listening to me!

(tries to stand up)  
(abruptly sits)

--what do you mean "friends"?!

(losing it)

--I guess we were pretty close when I looked into his open casket this morning and saw the bad make-up job covering the gash in his skull! Or how about when I watched him being lowered into the ground-- that establish anything for you?! Somebody set me up!

Morgan stares at him, unmoved.

MORGAN  
"Somebody." Who?

JERRY

(at the end of his rope)  
A woman, I don't know! She called me and told me I was gonna be arrested--GET REAL, MAN! DO I LOOK LIKE A TERRORIST TO YOU?!?

MORGAN

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

JERRY  
I'm not a terrorist.

MORGAN  
When I come back, you'd better tell me  
who you work for--

And as Morgan heads out, Jerry yells:

JERRY  
I WORK FOR KINKO'S!!

And he's out the door: SLAM!

INT. DHS OBSERVATION ROOM - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Morgan meets his supervisor, MARTIN KREBS (56, a senior D.H.S. big wig). Standing with LATESHA SIMMS, 32 but looks 16, African-American, computer wonk with no room for a personal life; and TOBY GRANT, 20s, straight part in his hair and wet behind the ears. They've all been observing through a two-way mirror. Latesha refers to her laptop:

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

KREBS  
What about the brother?

LATESHA  
Mid-level FSO. Been stateside the past three years. No red flags. He was killed when a truck ran a light on Pennsylvania Avenue.

MORGAN  
That kind of equipment and a major cash infusion five hours after a terrorist threat and we're smiling and saying "coincidence?"

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

GRANT  
(eager to contribute)  
Or a misdirect. There's nothing subtle about him or the gear. He's not exactly a pro--

Morgan levels a look at Grant as Krebs takes a BEAT. Figuring out the next move:

KREBS

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

(to Morgan, veiled threat)

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

And he leaves Morgan to twist. The pressure's on. Morgan turns to Latesha--

MORGAN

I'm putting you on the brother.

LATESHA

Great, I'll access State's database-

MORGAN

--No, I want you to go there.

LATESHA

But, Tom, I can do everything from--

MORGAN'S VOICE

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

Latesha looks at him, not happy.

LATESHA

Yes. Sir.

MORGAN

You know I hate it when you call me that--

He turns to go, Grant immediately following him--

AGENT GRANT

What can I do?

MORGAN

Follow me and don't talk.

INT. GAMMAGE & BURNHAM LAW OFFICES - WISCONSIN - NIGHT

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

MICHAEL

He's out of town.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

Yup.

MICHAEL

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

RACHEL

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

MICHAEL

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

He's so agreeably genuine. But Rachel just...can't--

RACHEL

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

MICHAEL

(like he's been shot in  
the heart)

Oh--the "I'm so busy" speech. Ouch. I  
get it. I'm patient, I can wait.

RACHEL

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

MICHAEL

No problem. I mean, what's a decade,  
right?

RACHEL

Right.

And with a smile he heads off. She watches him go--dammit!--  
really liking him in this moment. She watches longer than she  
should...then goes back to her work.

He gets in the elevator and she's left in her solitude. And now  
we BEGIN TO SEE the first signs of it: loneliness. The  
consequence of not really letting anyone into her life. She  
stares off as BLING! An IM box pops up on her screen:

RACHEL HOLLOWMAN. ANSWER THE PHONE.

And just like that the PHONE RINGS. Rachel jumps. Staring at  
the IM. Then at the phone. Answers it--

RACHEL (CONT'D)

--hello?

And holy shit--it's the same chilling FEMALE VOICE:

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Click on the link at the bottom of the page.

Rachel's eyes drop down to the LINK at the bottom of her screen. What? Leans out from her cubicle to look around--NO ONE ELSE AT THEIR DESK. It's a GHOST TOWN.

RACHEL  
...who is this?

As she clicks on the link. And a STREAMING IMAGE APPEARS: A BLACK AND WHITE SURVEILLANCE CAM OF KYLE ON HIS TRAIN, LAUGHING WITH OTHER KIDS. Rachel's breath is taken away--

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
What's going on? Who are you?--

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Would you risk your life for your son?

Rachel jumps to her feet, trying to breathe through the panic. Looking around. NO ONE--

RACHEL  
This isn't funny! Who are you?!

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

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

RACHEL  
...yes...

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Follow my instructions precisely. There's a vehicle parked at the northeast exit of your building. The keys are in the ignition. Start walking. Now.

CLICK. Off Rachel's stunned and terrified face--

INT. DHS FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT

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

INT. DHS FIELD OFFICE - HOLDING CELL - MOMENTS LATER

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

AGENT  
Time for your phone call.

JERRY  
I thought there was no phone call.

AGENT  
Attorney General's office changed their mind.

INT. DHS FILED OFFICE - SECURE PHONE ROOM - NIGHT

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

JERRY  
--hello? Dad--?

Then, impossibly:

WOMAN'S VOICE  
I told you to run. You didn't.

TIGHT ON JERRY now, terrified, breathless--

JERRY  
...no way--who are you?!

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

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Follow the water. Or the fire will kill you.

JERRY  
--what fire?! How'd you get on this phone?! Are you one doing all this to me? Why?!

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Follow the water. Leave the building--

--and Jerry SPINS BACK. Looks up at: A WALL VENT near the ceiling--SMOKE. Ho-shit! Now: A SMOKE ALARM BLARES--

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
--take Brisbane Street to the elevated train station: you have six minutes.

CLICK.

JERRY  
--wait--what do you mean "follow the water?!"

Suddenly: TSHHHHH! Jerry turns--in the hallway, a CEILING SPRINKLER SPRAYS. What the hell is he going to do?! The FIRE GROWS, RAGING from the VENT--

JERRY (CONT'D)  
SHIT!!!

INT. DHS FIELD OFFICE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

MRS. WIERZBOWSKI  
Where's Shaw?

AGENT  
Parker took him to make his phone call.

MORGAN  
Took him?! On whose authority?!

INT. DHS FIELD OFFICE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

MORGAN (V.O.)  
JERRY SHAW!!

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

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
FREEZE, RIGHT THERE!

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

But the fire ERUPTS LOUDLY between them--obscuring each other's view--it's simply too fucking hot and coming horrifyingly close to wild flames. Jerry turns and HURLS the chair at the WINDOW, SHATTERING it--

EXT. DHS FIELD OFFICE - FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

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

## EXT. RAISED SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

A SUBWAY TRAIN pulls into the station. WHIP PAN to find Jerry running onto the platform--out of his fucking mind scared--passes a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA looking down, as if watching him--Jerry's eyes scan the area: WHAT THE HELL IS NEXT? And then he FREEZES: WE PAN AROUND TO SEE THAT THE ELECTRONIC SCHEDULE SIGN HAS CHANGED TO READ: "JERRY, BOARD THE TRAIN"--THEN JUST AS FAST, IT'S BACK TO THE SCHEDULE.

WHIP BACK TO JERRY: HOW THE FUCK IS THIS HAPPENING?! Across the station, Jerry sees Morgan and a team of Agents pouring down the stairs--he runs onto the train as the DOORS CLOSE--Morgan turns, doesn't see him.

## INT. SUBWAY CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

The train at full speed. A dozen oblivious Commuters. Jerry tries to calm down, make some sense. Notices at SECURITY CAMERA in the corner, turns away from it. Toward an LCD on the train, broadcasting CNN:

CNN NEWSCASTER  
 ...has elevated our alert status to threat level "Orange..." Insiders say tonight's State of the Union address will focus on--

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)  
 Next stop, Montrose Station.

Then a CELL PHONE RINGS from a phone peeking out of a SLEEPING PASSENGER'S BACKPACK. He looks at it, oddly suspicious. The LCD GOES BLACK--then the words "ANSWER IT, JERRY" appear. Jesus he MUST be dreaming this. He looks around: no one saw it. Slips the phone from the guy's backpack--turns away, answers, quietly--

JERRY  
 ...hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE  
 Stay on the train for three more stations until you r--

But Jerry HANGS UP--FUCKING WON'T HAVE THIS. And as the train slows, he moves to the door and--

## EXT. MONTROSE STATION - NIGHT

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

## INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

--the DOORS CLOSE. Jerry sits, exhales. Then the cell phone-- which he stole--RINGS AGAIN. He tenses. RING. RING. RING--he won't answer. And finally it stops ringing. Could it all be over? NO, BECAUSE THE TRAIN'S EMERGENCY BRAKES SUDDENLY KICK IN, GEARS SCREECH, SPARKS FLY, PEOPLE TUMBLE, and the train stops, everyone looks around, confused, frightened. Suddenly, the train starts MOVING BACKWARDS--

JERRY  
(to himself)

--no--

## EXT. REAR SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

--the rear subway car's now become the front. TILT DOWN to the track, as it SWITCHES OVER to another line, as if redirected by God's hand.

## INT. SUBWAY CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

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

JERRY  
--Jesus--  
(and he answers)  
HELLO.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
I told you not to get off yet.

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

WOMAN'S VOICE  
He knows you're here.

Jerry turns and sees A TRANSIT COP through the glass doors that connect the cars--he's talking into a shoulder-mounted walkie talkie. Looking right at JERRY--

JERRY  
--how do you know that? Where are you?

Jerry notices ANOTHER SECURITY CAMERA in the corner as:

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

JERRY  
Go to hell. How's that.

He hangs up, drops the phone and STOMPS ON IT. Eyes from fellow passengers. But Jerry's too wrapped up in the moment. What does make him look up? EVERY CELL PHONE ON BOARD RINGING IN UNISON. Jerry watches, stunned, as passengers start answering-- all hearing the same thing:

WOMAN'S VOICE

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

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

HUGE MAN

--you Jerry Shaw?

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

JERRY

STAY AWAY FROM ME!

The COP pulls his gun, yelling through the glass:

TRANSIT COP

EVERYBODY DOWN! GET DOWN!

Suddenly, the train SPEEDING, the DOORS OPEN! A BLAST OF WIND! People SCREAM, take cover as the train pulls into the station, the COP about to SHOOT when Jerry jumps, LANDING HARD ON THE PLATFORM--ROLLS--and the COP FIRES! It's MADNESS on the platform! SCREAMS and RUNNING, as the moving train separates Jerry from the Cop--

--as Jerry crawl-runs, getting to his feet and sprinting towards the northwest exit and--

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

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

INT. BMW 760 SEDAN - NIGHT

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

JERRY

Okay: WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?!

I am not fucking around, you tell me now what this is about!

I almost died back there!

Three times!

--who?! Who's Kyle? WHO THE HELL IS KYLE?!

--Now she's HITTING HIM and he's gotta grip her arms, to control her--

RACHEL

MY SON! YOU LET HIM GO! YOU HURT HIM AND I WILL KILL YOU!!!

JERRY

HEY! HEY, STOP! Wait! You're not the woman who called me?

And Rachel, out of breath, realizes: holy shit...

RACHEL

...the woman? She called you too?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Drive.

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

JERRY

--where's that coming from?!

RACHEL

--who are you?!

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I'm using the onboard automotive telematics system--drive. Now.

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

RACHEL

THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US?!

JERRY

DRIVEDRIVEDRIVEDRIVEDRIVE!!!

She SLAMS the gas--the car SCREECHES ONTO THE ROAD, another car avoiding it, SLAMMING into a BUS and we're back inside the car, which LURCHES and GRINDS as Rachel shifts gears--

RACHEL

WHAT IS HAPPENING?!

--I'VE NEVER DRIVEN ANYTHING WORTH OVER TWELVE THOUSAND DOLLARS! WHO ARE YOU AND WHY ARE PEOPLE SHOOTING AT US?

JERRY

WHY ARE YOU DRIVING LIKE THAT?!

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Stay about fifty miles an hour, you have  
pursuers.

JERRY  
Yeah, thanks, we're on it--

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Turn left in two-hundred feet.

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

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

--and he dramatically GESTURES around the car, indicating The  
Voice.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
One hundred feet.

RACHEL  
--you don't know anything  
about Kyle?

--I don't need driving lessons  
from you, asshole!

JERRY  
Your son?! No, I know  
nothing! Just like you don't  
know how to drive: use the  
clutch before you shift, not  
while you shift, not while you  
sh--  
--you drive like this and I'm  
the asshole?

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Turn now.

RACHEL  
(annoyed as hell)  
I know, I got it!

And she YANKS the steering wheel and the car makes a FRIGHTENING  
SCREAMING LEFT TURN as we CUT TO--

INT. SUV - CHICAGO CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Morgan drives a government-issue sedan at 80 mph--blows through  
a red light, passing Damen Station. Over radio:

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)  
All units, respond code 3--suspect's  
headed south on Stanley--

Morgan makes a hard right, tearing around a corner--

## INT. BMW - CHICAGO CITY STREETS - NIGHT

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

RACHEL

JERRY

(creeped out)

--the lights are all changing  
to green...it's like...

--like they're changing for  
us...

WOMAN'S VOICE

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

JERRY

(looking up, scared)

--oh, no way--

Rachel looks up too--eyes wide: A TEN-STORY-TALL CONSTRUCTION CRANE TURNING FAST, THE BLOCK-LONG ARM SWINGING ABOVE THE STREET, HOLDING FIVE STEEL GIRDERS--

JERRY (CONT'D)

--sixty! Go to sixty!

And suddenly the crane DROPS THE GIRDERS--Rachel SCREAMS--

JERRY (CONT'D)

SHIT!!

And the STEEL BEAMS SLAM INTO THE PAVEMENT, JUST BEHIND THE BMW, PURSUING AND SURROUNDING CARS SLAM THEIR BRAKES--

RACHEL

--this isn't happening!!!

Tries to DOWNSHIFT--GRINNNNNNNND!!

JERRY

RACHEL

CLUTCH!

I'M CLUTCHING!!

She tries to shift--Jerry puts his hand on hers--JAMS THE GEAR SHIFT INTO FOURTH--the car swerves to avoid a car, they take out a STREET SIGN--

JERRY

GO RIGHT GO RIGHT!!!

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

(CONTINUED)

JERRY (CONT'D)  
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!!

The BMW barely avoids one collision after another--

WOMAN'S VOICE  
You'll turn at the next alley: avoid the  
police.

Rachel skids right, but TWO COP CARS appear out of nowhere. Too late to stop--WHAM! The BMW SMASHES THROUGH--both cop cars go flying.

RACHEL  
AVOID THEM?!

JERRY  
(looking back, holy  
shit)  
--you're doing great--

MORGAN'S CAR:

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

IN THE BMW: Jerry and Rachel speed through an industrial marina. Up ahead, the intersection's closed off by a MASSIVE POLICE BARRICADE.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Turn right in two-hundred feet.

MORGAN'S CAR: He SEES Rachel, coming right at him. Just before they collide, she TURNS RIGHT. Morgan SLAMS his brakes--his car FISHTAILS--the cruisers behind him come to a stop, but now BLOCK HIS WAY.

MORGAN  
MOVE MOVE MOVE!!!

INT. BMW - HARBOR - NIGHT

As the car speeds down a narrow artery toward the RIVER--Jerry and Rachel are panicked--

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Accelerate to sixty five.

RACHEL

ACCELERATE?!

--are you trying to kill us?!

--Oh! Rachel!

JERRY

WE'RE HEADED FOR THE WATER!--slow down! Jesus, slow down--  
--what the hell's your name?YOU! YOU!!!--Rachel: SLOW THE HELL  
DOWN!!!

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

JERRY

HOW ARE YOU DOING THIS?!!?

RACHEL

I'M NOT!!!

--and now we REVEAL: A GIANT, INDUSTRIAL MAGNET attached to the top of the BMW, HOISTING it up on a DOCK CRANE--the job arm PIVOTS, swinging them over a CRANE YARD...

Minds blown, they swing past the crane's DRIVER'S SEAT and see...NOBODY'S AT THE CONTROLS. The crane DIPS THEM toward a wooden railing overlooking the RIVER--they CRASH THROUGH it:

The release arm DROPS the BMW--Jerry and Rachel SCREAM as they PLUMMET--but the car doesn't hit water, instead it falls onto:

A GARBAGE BARGE floating downriver. The car lands in a mountain of trash. The crane STOPS, just as...Morgan and the cops APPEAR, screeching in at the broken railing--they jump from their cars, look down into the river and see NOTHING.

MORGAN

Seal the harbor, get divers in the water!

PAN UP TO the horizon...where the garbage barge floats lazily down Lake Michigan. Jerry and Rachel escaped...for now.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BARGE - DAWN

Jerry, dazed but driven, using a piece of plywood--SLAMMING IT again and again into the LEXAN WINDOW of the barge's CONTROL BOOTH. Another RING is HEARD--then Rachel, who is pacing, on her cell phone, HEARS:

KYLE'S VOICE

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

BEEP--and:

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL  
Honey?--Honey? It's me--

CRASH! Jerry's knocked the window back--he opens the control booth door and enters, examines the controls--but the computer panel reads: "CONTROL OVERRIDE." Meanwhile:

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
--Baby, you need to call me. As soon as you get this, please--check your messages and call me. Sweetie. I love you.

And she hangs up, staring off. Jerry steps out:

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

In thought, tears in her eyes, Rachel asks:

RACHEL  
D'you think--she could derail a train?

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

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

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

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

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

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

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
You tell me--how does someone do all this?

When: RING! A CELL PHONE. Rachel looks down, hoping it's Kyle--but it's not her phone. They realise the phone's somewhere in the trash. Jerry starts digging. It's nasty. Finally, he finds it in an old take-out box--re: the phone.

JERRY  
--you see what I mean?

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

JERRY (CONT'D)  
...Hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE  
You both need to swim to shore. Go to line tower 108.

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

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

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

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

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

JERRY  
She called you "the female."  
(beat, weird)  
That's like...something a foreigner would say, like a bad translation. But she has no accent.

RACHEL  
Jerry, that's your name, right?--Are we swimming?

JERRY  
Does it bring back memories of the Westport Y?

Rachel just stares, suddenly pale and scared, like a kid.

RACHEL  
(at a whisper)  
...how did you know that?

JERRY  
I didn't.

And they turn to look down at the FREEZING RIVER WATER as we PRE-LAP the SOUND of a clear F SHARP and CUT TO--

INT. A&B INSTRUMENT REPAIR - MORNING

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

STORE OWNER  
You sure you want to replace it? Sounds pretty good to me.

As the CAMERA SWINGS ROUND to reveal MIDDLE EASTERN MAN standing at the counter. Eyes darting, nervous. Head cocked. As he shoves a small BOX into the man's hand.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
(accent)  
Yes. I'm sure. Please do it now.

The Store Owner looks into the box.

STORE OWNER  
I do a lot of custom jobs, never seen something like this before. I can have it for you by the end of the week.

The Middle Eastern Man. MUMBLING again in Tajiki. The Store Owner looks up--

STORE OWNER (CONT'D)  
What?

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
No. Is not possible. It must be done this afternoon--

STORE OWNER  
Listen, Mister--

The Middle Eastern Man suddenly BARKS out something in Tajiki. Then looks at his watch.

STORE OWNER (CONT'D)  
--are you okay?

CONTINUED:

40.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

I will pay you triple. Please. A courier will be by to pick it up at three. Do it, please--  
(stepping back)

Please...

As he turns for the door, mumbling. The Store Owner watches him leave, then looks back down at the BOX.

INT. RIVER SIDE - DAY

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

AGENT GRANT

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

MORGAN

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

AGENT GRANT

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

MORGAN

Do NOT tell me their equipment was down! Do NOT!

--From Northbrook to the 290?! What about the bogus fax from Justice, was that equipment failure too?

--ya think!?

AGENT GRANT

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

--No sir, there's gotta be someone on the inside.

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

MORGAN

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

AGENT GRANT

--I have Markey on that right now--

Morgan's PHONE IS RINGING--he answers:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

41.

MORGAN

Morgan. When. NO. You tell them hold that 'til I talk to Sanford--

(hangs up, to Grant)

WTMZ has a report that there's a terrorist running around Chicago--I'm going back to forensics. Find out where the hell that fax originated--if you don't have good news for me before I touch down you will be demoted to a job that will require you to touch shit with your hands--do you understand me?

AGENT GRANT

Yes sir!

As Morgan hops up onto the moving chopper--

MORGAN

Nobody who works for me calls me sir,  
understand?! I don't buy it--you might  
as well be saying "asshole!"--

As Grant watches the chopper take off, perplexed.

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DAY

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

RACHEL

So you're a twin.

(beat)

Who works at a copy place.

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

JERRY

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

RACHEL

So this whole situation is obviously about him.

JERRY

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

RACHEL

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

JERRY

--so what?

RACHEL

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

JERRY

Wait a minute--you're suggesting all that stuff was for Paul--?

As they approach TOWER 108:

RACHEL

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

JERRY

--he hasn't been dead long enough to become a memory! And if you knew Paul, which you did not, you'd laugh all day at the idea that he was a spy or terrorist or whatever you're implying--

RACHEL

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

JERRY

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

(then)

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

RACHEL

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

JERRY

Really?

--and their mutual hostility is interrupted by the ROOSTERTAIL OF DUST approaching in the distance. They stop dead. And what's approaching is the "Hassad Dry Cleaners" van. It comes to a stop and out steps the Middle Eastern Man. Stands some twenty-five feet from them.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

Are you Jerry Shaw?

JERRY  
...who are you?

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

JERRY (CONT'D) MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
--Whoa-- I dropped it off like she  
said. I'm done.

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

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

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
Take it--

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

JERRY  
--what's it for?

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
I don't know--I don't care--but I will  
not drive you. You take the van--  
(cocks his head)  
I'm not listening to you any more!

And the man turns to go, just walks away.

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

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

JERRY  
WAIT!!

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

JERRY (CONT'D)  
What do you know?

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
--let me go!

JERRY  
--who's doing this?

And they begin to struggle. Middle Eastern Man's dropped CELL PHONE RINGS. Rachel. Terrified, hesitant. Knows somehow it's for her--She answers:

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

RACHEL  
(looking around)  
How are you seeing us?!

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

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
Let go of me!

On Rachel:

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Stop him now.

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

RACHEL  
Stop! You have to STOP!

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

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
I cannot! I have a family!!!

RACHEL  
She's going to KILL YOU!

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

Jerry and Rachel watch this in horror--until she looks away. Jerry holding her--the two in shock, strangers, in each other's arms. Having shared another, too real, horror--

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Oh my God...Oh God...oh  
God...Oh God...

JERRY  
We--we have to do something,  
we have to...figure out what  
to...what...

And then his PHONE RINGS. And they're both too fucking afraid to answer it. Another ring. And another. And finally Jerry answers it, hand shaking slightly:

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.

JERRY  
--she wants us to drive to  
Indianapolis.  
--I don't know--

--we can't go to the police,  
we're fugitives now!

RACHEL  
--why? What's there, what?--  
--what do you mean you don't  
know?! This can't keep  
happening! We have to go to  
the police--  
--well I'm not doing it!! I'm  
not going! I'm not going  
anywhere!

Jerry can see she's losing it. Grabs her by the shoulders and looks into her eyes:

JERRY  
--Rachel. If you ever want to see your  
son again--we have to go.

Rachel looks right at him, still shaking, knows he's right. And nods. Okay. Okay. As our MUSIC BUILDS, LARGER THAN YOU MIGHT THINK--AND AT THE HEIGHT OF AN UNRESOLVED CHORD, IT--

EXT. LANDSCAPE - DAY

--STOPS.

Just the eerie, faint whistle of wind. We PAN a barren landscape. Scattered scorch marks. Then, a high-pitched TONE as the PAN continues and arrives at a parked military truck, which gives us scale to understand the SUDDEN COLOSSAL EXPLOSION THAT SHAKES OUR BEING--HOLY FUCK THAT THING WAS HUGE AND AS DEBRIS IS STILL RIPPED INTO THE SKY, PIECES ARE COMING DOWN AND THERE WILL BE SMOKE FOR HOURS as a SUPER APPEARS: "BRIAR POINT TEST RANGE--ABERDEEN, MARYLAND."

And we hear some CLAPPING--and we PULL BACK--realising that we are inside:

INT. PROTECTIVE BARRACKS - DAY

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

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

## WEAPONS DEVELOPER

That blast was the result of one single crystal of Hexomethylene. For those of you who are new today, "Hex" is an isotope that leaves no chemical markers--it's eighty times more powerful than C4. Odorless. Undetectable.

COLONEL THOMPSON asks:

COLONEL THOMPSON  
Talk about the detonating system...

The Developer screws a METAL VALVE into what looks like a can of compressed air, saying:

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

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

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

All eyes--including Callister's--go to Thompson. He considers, then nods.

COLONEL THOMPSON  
Fine job.

WEAPONS DEVELOPER  
Thank you, sir. We're proud of this ordnance--all of us at Halloway-Smith.

And while we still HEAR HIM SPEAKING, we CUT TO:

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

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

WEAPONS DEVELOPER (V.O.)  
If you're satisfied with today's final test, the Hex Project has met every contractual objective.

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

WEAPONS DEVELOPER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And we're hoping this moves us into the next scheduled phase...shipping the product into the field.

Drift toward an unmanned computer. The screen FLICKERS: "OVERRIDE IN PROGRESS, CHANGE SHIPPING DESTINATION." Robot arms grab a wrapped package off the line. A new label's printed: "JERRY SHAW C/O ASHLAND & SONS."

INT. HALLWAY - PENTAGON - DAY

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

MORGAN (V.O.)  
Whaddya got?

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

EXT. SKIES ABOVE CHICAGO - DAY

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

LATESHA (V.O.)  
--He was Defense.

MORGAN  
I knew it. What capacity?

LATESHA (V.O.)  
Black-file: classified B-36.

MORGAN  
B what?

INT. HALLWAY - PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS

She turns a corner. DOWN THE HALLWAY a PHALANX of GENERALS, MILITARY PERSONNEL and SCURRYING ASSISTANTS heading towards a set of DOUBLE-DOORS. Some very big meeting about to happen--

LATESHA  
That's the point. No one will tell me. It's a total shut-out. I cross-reffed the SCI database, talked to the intel committee, NSA gave me nothing. Krebs doesn't want me to ruffle any feathers.  
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

48.

LATESHA (CONT'D)  
I've been up and down all the ladders and  
everyone just thinks I'm a--

WHEN an MP suddenly appears and grabs her by the arm. Stopping  
her. He towers over her--

MP  
Interns aren't allowed on this floor,  
miss. You'll have to--

When Latesha wearily flashes him her I.D. I've got clearance,  
pal. He looks at it. Lets her arm go.

M.P.  
--sorry.

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

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

INT. CHOPPER

The PILOT signaling to Morgan--

PILOT  
--I got the Williamson County Sheriff on  
the line--

Morgan holds up a hand, one second. To Latesha:

MORGAN  
I want you to stay there 'til you get  
some answers.

LATESHA (V.O.)  
But I can do better if--

MORGAN  
Simms, these pieces are all connected  
somehow. You need to find out what B-36  
is--

INT. PENTAGON

MORGAN (V.O.)  
--I don't care if you have to go to the  
top to do it. Whatever means necessary,  
got it? Whatever means.

CLICK. Latesha lowers the phone. A HUGE PAINTING of the battle  
of EL-ALAMEIN looming behind her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

77.

She looks back down the hallway as all the BRASS heading into the MEETING ROOM and catches sight of--CALLISTER amongst them.

Latesha hesitates. For just a second. Shit. Shit. This is it. Before suddenly rushing forward and calling out--

LATESHA  
Secretary Callister!

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

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

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

JERRY  
...how old is he? Your son.

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

JERRY  
What's he doing on a train?

She really doesn't want to talk. BUT:

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

JERRY  
...wow. And you. Hm.

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

RACHEL  
Parents weren't allowed to go.

Jerry nods. Rachel's annoyed--

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Is that okay with you?

JERRY  
Is it okay? I could give a shit.

RACHEL  
Then what's with the qualified nod?

JERRY  
I'm not allowed to nod?

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

Not if you're judging me--

JERRY

Judging?! I'm just making conversation, lady!

RACHEL

You think I should have gone with him anyway.

JERRY

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

RACHEL

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

JERRY

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

RACHEL

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

JERRY

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

RACHEL

--you're one of those "thirties are the new twenties" man-children.

JERRY

Okay. Yes. Yes I am--I'm a man-child. We get together. We have meetings.

RACHEL

--you're glib and wry and find humor in people like me who are actually accountable for their lives--

JERRY

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

RACHEL

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

JERRY

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

RACHEL

--and I know that your brother  
worked at the State Department  
which you continue to deny has  
anything to do with what's  
happening right now-- But I  
can tell you that whatever he  
did has put my son in danger!!

JERRY

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

--you don't know what the fuck  
you're talking about!  
Dammit!! I'm not kidding!  
Stop! STOP!

And: SLAM! Jerry POUNDS on the BRAKES and YANKS the wheel hard,  
PEELING across four lanes of traffic. He SKIDS to a stop by a  
curb and pops open the door.

RACHEL

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

Jerry gets out, SLAMS his door shut--

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You can't leave me!

JERRY

Why not? My brother's a terrorist, and  
I'm a loser right?!--

He starts to walk away. Rachel desperately opening her door--

RACHEL

Don't walk away!--

JERRY

(throwing up arms)  
I'm done!

RACHEL

Please!

JERRY

You're on your own, sister!

Rachel starts running after him, panicked, pleading--

RACHEL  
Please! PLEASE! I...I need you!

Jerry stops short. Turning around. Cupping his ear.

JERRY  
I'm sorry? What did you just say?

RACHEL  
I can't do this without you.

JERRY  
You mean without the "man-child?"

Rachel's reserves crumpling.

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

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

JERRY  
No more accusing my brother of shit you know nothing about, is that understood?

Rachel looks at him. Nods. Finding her voice again--

RACHEL  
Yes.

EXT. TOWER 108 - DAY

CLOSE ON the burned and unrecognisable BODY of MIDDLE EASTERN MAN. Morgan hurrying towards it, the SHERIFF and a POWER WORKER trying to keep up with him. Chopper in the background. M.E.s, police officers working the scene.

POWER WORKER  
Never seen anything like it. Power blew out from Franklin High School down to the river club. I can't explain it--

They arrive at the body. Contorted, blackened, teeth bared.

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

MORGAN

And we're about 4 miles from the river--

Just then we see Agent Grant running towards them, stumbling on some rocks. Just finishing up a cell call:

AGENT GRANT

Agent Morgan!

(out of breath, sotto)

Just got off with HQ. The fake fax from Justice that got Shaw his phone call?  
Came from inside justice.

MORGAN

Inside?! You absolutely sure on that?

AGENT GRANT

Yes, s--

(catches himself)

Yes I am.

M.E.'S VOICE

Got something--

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

SHERIFF

Strange kinda hearing aid.

MORGAN

It's not a hearing aid. It's a bone mic, military grade. Can't even get these things on the black market.

(looks around landscape)

Someone was talking to him.

Something is definitely fucking rotten in Denmark. Morgan turns abruptly and starts back for the chopper. The Sheriff looks helplessly at the M.E. Calls after him:

SHERIFF

We'll be needing that for evidence!

Morgan waves dismissively and hops up into the chopper--

EXT. 56TH STREET - DAY

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

RACHEL

...a Federal bank?

JERRY  
Could be worse. Could be a Federal  
Prison.

INT. INDIANAPOLIS FEDERAL RESERVE - LOBBY - DAY

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

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

JERRY  
(WHAT THE FUCK?! then:)  
...yes, thank you, we'd...like that.

The manager walks them across to a secure elevator with a THERMOGRAPHIC SCANNER. The manager looks at Jerry expectantly, waiting for him to place his hand on it. He does: a flash of light, identifying him as: "SAXON, CARL." Jerry's eyes: this is madness. The elevator doors OPEN.

INT. INDIANAPOLIS FEDERAL RESERVE - VAULT - DAY

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

MANAGER  
Your key?

Jerry takes out his key, it fits perfectly. They turn; the box slides out, the manager lays it on a steel table. LEAVES to give them privacy. Jerry and Rachel stare at the box.

RACHEL  
You gonna open it?

JERRY  
Maybe it's not gonna be so bad.

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

They meet eyes. Tentatively, he raises the lid to find TWO GLOCK PISTOLS and the same BONE MIC we saw the M.E. pull out of the Middle Eastern Man's ear. A note: PUT ME IN YOUR EAR.

JERRY  
Oh, shit--

RACHEL  
--it's bad--

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

WOMAN'S VOICE OVER MIC  
Both guns are loaded, safety's off. In  
sixty seconds, two men will exit the  
adjacent vault carrying a briefcase.  
Take it--by force if necessary--then exit  
the building.

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

RACHEL  
--what?!

JERRY  
--I don't suppose--there's any easier way  
to get whatever the hell it is you want--  
is there? Miss?

But she's not answering.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Excellent.

RACHEL  
What now--what are we?--

BUT THE VAULT NEXT DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS--

JERRY  
--they're coming--we're  
supposed to rob them--  
(hands her a GUN)  
--just take it--

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

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

JERRY  
Don't!

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

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Uh...hi. How's it going. Put it on the  
floor. The briefcase. We don't wanna  
hurt you guys, we like you guys--just--we  
need the case.

COURIER #1  
You're bringing a shitstorm on your  
heads, you know that.

JERRY

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

The men exchange glances. Reluctantly, Courier #1 punches a combination into the case's padlock, the cuff POPS free from his wrist. He slides it over to Jerry, who reaches for it...AND COURIER #2 MAKES A MOVE--SMASHING Jerry back, knocking the gun out of his hand. Jerry CRASHES to the ground, the BONE MIC falling out of his ear as... turns, shit! sees it skitter underneath the table when--

Courier #1 grabs the case and RUNS for the elevator. Rachel rushes him, trips him--he falls, dazed--Jerry leaps up but Courier #2 effortlessly FLIPS him on top of the steel table, SLAMS Jerry's head into the counter, unholsters a back-up GUN from his ankle--brings the barrel up as:

BAM! A GUNSHOT! The Couriers spin to see RACHEL, holding the gun that was kicked across the floor:

RACHEL  
DROP THE GUN ASSHOLE!

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

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Gimme the case. Now.

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

JERRY  
...impressive.

RACHEL  
Thanks.

The door closes on them, and we CUT INTO:

INT. INDIANAPOLIS FEDERAL RESERVE - ELEVATOR - DAY

Alone in the elevator, Jerry looks down at the case, adrenaline coursing, sees a ribbon-thin DIGITAL TIMER near the handle: "01:12:36...01:12:35."

RACHEL

--whoa--what is that?  
--it's counting down--  
--what's it mean?!

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

--yeah, Jerry, it's an egg  
timer--What is SHE saying  
about it?--

--What do you mean you don't  
know?!

JERRY

--a timer--  
--they do that--  
--I dunno, the only things  
with timers I can think of are  
microwaves and...

--some coffee makers have  
timers...and egg timers...

--I dunno, I--

WOMAN'S VOICE

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

JESUS CHRIST! Her voice is in the elevator now--

JERRY

Would you stop doing that?!

WOMAN'S VOICE

There now will be 35 seconds of  
disconnect during which you need to get  
yourselves across the street to the  
stadium's VIP parking area--

JERRY

(calling out)

Is this a bomb?! 'Cause I am not walking  
out with a bomb! Hey! You!

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

INT. INDIANAPOLIS FEDERAL RESERVE - DAY

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

RACHEL

How do I look?

JERRY

Like you got into a fight. Me?

RACHEL

Like you lost one.

AN ALARM SOUNDS. The men race into the bank as Jerry and Rachel  
walk RIGHT PAST them, starting across the street toward the  
stadium. No one in sight except a COLTS PARAPHERNALIA VENDOR.

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

JERRY  
Just keep walking--

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

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Two jerseys and two hats, please--

VENDOR  
Peyton or Vinatieri?

RACHEL  
Jerry...

JERRY  
(shit..shit..)  
Uh...both.

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

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Put these on--

RACHEL  
Jer--

JERRY  
Do it!

They put on the hats and jerseys, hurrying towards the stadium. The COPS screaming at them. Fanning out. Cars SCREECHING to a stop. Jerry, sweating. Flicks another look at the stadium clock: 3..2..1:

WHEN WHAM! THE STADIUM DOORS FLY OPEN AS THOUSANDS OF JOYOUS COLTS FANS POUR OUT WEARING IDENTICAL BLUE HATS AND JERSEYS. The game's over. And in an instant, Jerry and Rachel are lost in a sea of blue and white--it's impossible to spot them. Pushed back by the throng the COPS lose sight of them--

Jerry takes Rachel's arm, working against the current towards the VIP parking area. A LIMO WAITING THERE. The CHAUFFEUR sees them, hurriedly puts down his paper. Opening the door--

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

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

## CHAUFFEUR

I bet.

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

## EXT. HALLWAY - PENTAGON - DAY

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

## LATESHA

(looking UP at them all)

Afternoon...afternoon, sir...  
afternoon...afternoon, General...

Pretty intimidating. And she knows it. When finally CALLISTER walks out, flanked by ADVISORS. Looks like the weight of the world's on his shoulders--

## LATESHA (CONT'D)

Secretary Callister!

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

## LATESHA (CONT'D)

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

## CALLISTER

--you can direct all questions to my office--

## LATESHA

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

## CALLISTER

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

## LATESHA

--So should I assume it has something to do with the four CVN class 21 aircraft carriers you and the president just ordered to the Strait of Hormuz--?

He looks at her, stunned--how the hell--?

LATESHA (CONT'D)  
--I just checked the intel, sir, we have  
some of the same indexes--

CALLISTER  
(cutting her off)  
You need to stop assuming, Agent.

And he moves on within the hive of his military staff. Latesha, getting jostled by all the brass. Feeling like a mouse in cage filled with lions. Until she ROARS--

LATESHA  
Secretary Callister!

Her voice echoing down the hall. Callister stops short, stunned by the gall and volume of this woman. Latesha weaves through the GENERALS and plants herself in front of him.

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

Callister looks down at her, completely struck dumb. She's hit a chord deep inside him. It's called balls.

INT. PENTAGON - ANTE-CHAMBER - DAY

Latesha dumping her things on a tray, moving through a scanner-- among her items, we favor a set of KEYS with a MINI SWISS ARMY KNIFE. She's handed a NEW BADGE with "TEMPORARY ACCESS" prominent on it.

INT. LOBBY - FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - DAY

Jerry and Rachel step into the LOBBY of the FOUR SEASONS HOTEL. Sumptuous. Posh. Enough flowers to sink a ship. They look at each other--what now? When an obsequious BELLHOP comes up to them--

BELLHOP  
Mr. and Mrs. Saxon? Right this way,  
please--

Tries to take the BRIEFCASE from Jerry but he yanks it back.

JERRY  
No! I got it. Thanks...

As they head towards an--

**INT. ELEVATOR - PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS**

--Elevator. Latesha standing between two GUARDS. The elevator descending into the depths of the Pentagon's underground. The ELEVATOR STOPS AT LEVEL "B-35"--

**INT. ELEVATOR - FOUR SEASONS - CONTINUOUS**

The Bellhop standing between Jerry and Rachel.

BELLHOP  
So, where'd you two get hitched?

JERRY RACHEL  
Reno. Niagara Falls.

Shit.

JERRY RACHEL  
Niagara Falls. Reno.

The Bellhop looks at them askance: not off to a great start.

**INT. ELEVATOR - PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS**

The Guard uses a KEY to open a PANEL revealing a biometric sensor while the other guard holds his thumb to the scanner-- another PANEL OPENS, with a RED BUTTON marked "B-36."

It hits Latesha: B-36 is a secret level in the Pentagon. The elevator DESCENDS to the final level and OPENS, revealing a--

**INT. HALLWAY - FOUR SEASONS - CONTINUOUS**

--Hallway. Tasteful wallpaper. Climate controlled. Jerry and Rachel follow the Bellhop. Suddenly aware of how dirty and exhausted they are.

BELLHOP  
Just up here--

The Bellhop throws them a smile and a lascivious eyebrow bob.

**INT. HALLWAY - B-36 - CONTINUOUS**

Latesha and the Guards head down a hallway. 12-feet concrete walls. High-tech ventilation and surveillance system. When a BLAST DOOR slides open and out steps SCOTT BOWMAN, early thirties, hasn't seen daylight in a while:

SCOTT

Agent Simms?--Scott Bowman: Welcome to B-36.

## INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - FOUR SEASONS - CONTINUOUS

The Bellhop dramatically opens the door--

BELLHOP

--Welcome to paradise--

A palatial HONEYMOON SUITE. Picture windows, sitting area, rose petals on the bed. The Bellhop shows them around--

BELLHOP (CONT'D)

Minibar, high-speed internet, thousand-count sheets. And if you're looking for the TV--

He clicks a remote and a 72" PLASMA TV rises up from a cabinet. On screen, a narrated "virtual tour" of the hotel:

TV VOICE

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

BELLHOP

Directory of all our amenities, hotel services, choice of premium channels-- robes behind the door, jacuzzi with eighteen nozzles that hit in all the right places, if you'll pardon my French. Need anything, just dial zero, I'm here to serve I'm here to please...

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

JERRY

There you go, knock yourself out.

The Bellhop is still looking down at his palm when Jerry SHUTS THE DOOR. He and Rachel definitely on edge--

RACHEL

So this is nice and everything but what the hell are we doing here?

JERRY

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

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

RACHEL  
What're you doing?

JERRY  
--If we're supposed to blow this place up I'd like to go down singing--

--Well we're not here for a peace summit, I can tell you that much--

--Hey! They have chocolate covered almonds, I love these!

RACHEL

--what do you mean, blow this place up?

--we don't know what we're here for--

--can you just stop eating for one second?!

When there's a KNOCK at the door and they stop arguing immediately. Look at each other. BEAT. Then at the door.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Answer it.

Rachel and Jerry look at each other again. BEAT. Then over their shoulders at the TV. The FOUR SEASONS GRAPHIC on the screen. But the VOICE coming from it is all-too familiar:

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
There are items you will need for the next step.

KNOCK! KNOCK! An almost imperceptible nod from Rachel and Jerry opens the door. A DELIVERY BOY standing there with a GROCERY BAG. Hands it to Jerry.

DELIVERY BOY  
There you go. Have a nice day!

Jerry closes the door, dazed. This is too fucking surreal. Starts pulling things from the bag: hair dye, clothes...

WOMAN'S VOICE  
The limo is waiting for you downstairs.  
You have 30 minutes to change your appearance.

RACHEL  
Where are we going now?

WOMAN'S VOICE  
You will discover that when you get there--

JERRY  
--no, no--I think we'd like to discover it now.

WOMAN'S VOICE

It is more efficacious to lead the subject in increments rather than to reveal an overall design--

JERRY

--"more efficacious to lead the subject"?! Who the fuck talks like that?! You know I'm getting pretty sick and tired of taking orders from elevators and TV screens--

RACHEL

--Jerry--

JERRY

--We know you're watching! We know you're listening! We know you know everything. So why don't you STOP HIDING AND TELL US WHO YOU ARE??!!

BEAT. The FOUR SEASONS graphic dances on the screen. Then:

JERRY (CONT'D)

Screw you, lady--we're outta here.

He grabs Rachel's arm and starts for the door:

RACHEL

What're you--!

JERRY

(shouting into the room)  
--we're not helping you any more, got it?! You're on you're own!

WHIPS open the door when the GRAPHIC on the screen suddenly snaps to BLACK. The woman's voice BOOMING:

WOMAN'S VOICE

STOP.

They stop. Jerry looks at Rachel--he wasn't really about to walk out.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

My name...is Aria.

INT. PENTAGON - MAINFRAME TANK - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON Latesha's FACE, eyes wide as she stares up at SOMETHING. FLICKERING SHADOWS playing across her face--

SCOTT (O.S.)

Autonomous Reconnaissance Intelligence Analyst...

As we PULL BACK TO REVEAL Latesha and Scott standing in front of "THE TANK." A glassed-in wall containing TONS of water. The whole room's a massive tank. AN AWESOME STEEL SPHERE IN THE WATER, suspended by a claw-like apparatus. The neural, or "brain," of a computer network. Scott types at a terminal, excited:

SCOTT (CONT'D)

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

Latesha looks up in awe. Can't believe it--

LATESHA

--an electronic espionage system.

SCOTT

No--that was Echelon, Eavesdropping off satellites--this goes...much farther than that.

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

IMAGES pop up on the screen: the RADIO DOMES, SATELLITE DISHES and MAINFRAMES that make up Aria's domain...

ARIA

I was created by "DARPA": the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency in 2002. In accordance with our founding principles, my primary directive is to protect the national security of the United States. I have access to track the economies, populations, and military development of every country in the world, as well as intercept all global communications from satellites to cell phones to credit card transactions.

Jerry and Rachel look at each other--a computer?!

INT. MAINFRAME TANK - CONTINUOUS

SCOTT

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

(MORE)

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

LATESHA  
(what we're all thinking)  
But what if--

SCOTT  
--she can't act without authorization. Her primary role's pre-emptive, identifying threats before they become real and running simulations. The bottom line is that her programming is algorithmic but her backbone's ideological: she's got the Declaration of Independence woven into her source code. She's like the perfect American.

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

A picture of PAUL SHAW'S DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE I.D. pops up onto the screen. Eerie to see his picture with Jerry standing in the room. It hits Jerry right in the gut.

JERRY  
Paul--

ARIA  
He worked for me.

Rachel staring at the picture on the screen, then back at Jerry. Can see the blood draining from Jerry's face--

JERRY  
No. He worked for the State Department.

ARIA  
Everyone in deep operations has a cover, Jerry. Your brother was a Horseman--

INT. MAINFRAME TANK - CONTINUOUS

LATESHA  
...a Horseman?

Scott taps the console, ID PHOTOS APPEAR of our four "Horsemen": PAUL SHAW, SCOTT, and two men we'll call LOWELL and JIMMY.

SCOTT

You know, clever allegory--'of the apocalypse'--except we're here to prevent it. Officially, we don't exist, but we monitor Aria's network 24/7.

Latesha walks up to the CONSOLE. Looking up at--

LATESHA

Paul Shaw--

SCOTT

That's right. There were four of us, but Paul died in a car accident two days ago. He'd been with us since Aria's inception.

(fighting emotion)

It's kind of hard to think of replacing him.

He indicates the EMPTY SEAT in Aria's NETWORK MONITORING HUB.

LATESHA

Anything unusual with Paul these last few months? Anything you noticed about him?

SCOTT

(shakes head)

Paul was the greatest. Smartest guy I ever knew. And I know a lot of smart guys. But he did...

LATESHA

--what?

SCOTT

He left his shift three minutes early the night he died. That doesn't ever really happen. But I checked the feed and there wasn't anything strange.

Latesha turns back to look up at the projection of PAUL SHAW'S I.D. ARIA's SPHERE looming behind her.

LATESHA

You mind if I look at that feed?

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Jerry sinks to the edge of the bed, raking his hands through his hair--

ARIA

Paul was assisting me when he expired. I need Jerry to take Paul's place and perform one simple task. I need Rachel as insurance--

JERRY  
(blowing up)  
Expired?! You mean died?! That's what we call it, you know, we humans, we call it dying--

RACHEL  
What's the task?

ARIA  
To protect the national security of the United States--

JERRY  
Was the guy you incinerated back there helping you protect "National Security" too?!--

ARIA  
That was unavoidable. He was a deserter.

RACHEL  
I don't understand?! Why do you need us?

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

RACHEL  
We're being drafted? Who are we supposed to be fighting--?!

ARIA  
That is not your concern right now--

RACHEL  
--not our concern?!

JERRY  
(jumps off the bed)  
--Well I'm not doing it! I don't believe any of this! It's all bullshit. Paul would never get involved with something like this--

ARIA  
Wouldn't he?

And suddenly the screen snaps to a SLIDE SHOW of PAUL SHAW'S accomplishments--pictures from his childhood: birthday parties, sports teams, holding trophies, playing the guitar, surrounded by friends, diving off a high dive, articles from the local paper, shaking hands with the Governor...

ARIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
My program is the most technologically  
elite and unprecedented in the world.  
Your brother succeeded at everything he  
did...

...High school graduation, Yale graduation, beautiful  
girlfriends, holding up certificates, diplomas, standing with  
their dad, William's arm over his shoulder--

Jerry's eyes sting with tears. The truth and sadness of it all  
tearing him apart. Rachel, reaching out for his arm--

ARIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
He was highly gifted, intelligent and  
principled. His psychological and IQ  
tests exceeded all others. He was the  
only Horseman to ever challenge me. But  
you, Jerry--

As the SLIDE SHOW abruptly stops. And we suddenly see grainy  
security camera black-and-white FOOTAGE of Jerry playing the  
game with Kwame from the beginning of the movie. Jerry's  
stomach drops. Seeing himself like this. Looks so pathetic.  
So embarrassing. As he hears himself talking--

JERRY ON THE FOOTAGE  
Okay, your first mistake?  
Underestimating dwarves...

ARIA  
You are similar to Paul in DNA only.  
Historically you have succeeded in  
nothing. Initiated nothing. Excelled in  
nothing. You will perform the task  
because I am instructing you to. And  
because you have seen what happens to  
deserters.

Jerry's eyes GLUED to the footage. His face dropping when Kwame  
mentions Cornell. Everything about it, raw, exposed.

ARIA (CONT'D)  
You now have 23 minutes to prepare.  
There's an adjoining suite with a second  
bathroom--

The DOOR to the adjoining SUITE clicks open.

ARIA (CONT'D)  
Use it.

And in an instant, she's gone. Replaced by the hotel's  
promotional prattle--

CONTINUED: (3)

70.

TV VOICE

...The Four Seasons prides itself on  
excellent service...

Jerry grabs the grocery bag and heads for the adjoining suite.  
Rachel, feeling his pain and shame--

RACHEL

Jerry!--

SLAM! The BRIEFCASE counting down: "01:08:43...01:08:42..."

EXT. INDIANAPOLIS FEDERAL RESERVE - DAY

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

BRINKS COURIER #1  
Halloway-Smith contracted us to transport  
the briefcase to their corporate office.

MORGAN  
Biotech? The chemical company?

BRINKS COURIER #2  
When they make a new compound, they hold  
it in a vault for clinical trials.

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

BRINKS COURIER #1  
You'd have to ask--could be anything from  
a boner pill to a bioweapon, they never  
tell us.

BRINKS COURIER #2  
Tell you one thing, though...the guy  
never handled a gun before.

That LANDS with Morgan--this is really getting weird. He nods  
to an agent, dismissing the couriers. Grant approaches--

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN

It's a Federal bank; encryption doesn't get more secure...from now on assume our air's been compromised, too. Tell everyone to go secure on Tac-3, nobody communicates outside this task force without my say-so.

AGENT GRANT

I'm on it...

Grant rushes off, then stops himself--

AGENT GRANT (CONT'D)

Oh! They found this upstairs, but the trace signal's dead--

Holds up an evidence bag with Jerry's BON MIC inside--

MORGAN

Do not tell me that is what I think it is--  
(snatches it, pissed)

Goddammit--who the hell is leading these people around?! There's somebody behind the Wizard of Oz...

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

INT. BATHROOM - FOUR SEASONS - DAY

Rachel's face WHIPS UP INTO FRAME, her hair now DYED BLONDE. She stares at her reflection, trying to process it all...when her cell RINGS: "KYLE." With a GASP she picks it up--

RACHEL

--Kyle?!?

KYLE (V.O.)

Hey, mom, it's me...

RACHEL

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

But she's INTERRUPTED as she realises, oddly, it's a VOICEMAIL-- her heart SINKS:

KYLE (V.O.)

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

Rachel holding the phone like it's some kind of life-line to her son. When there's a strange BEEP then the voice of ARIA:

ARIA

Your son left that message sixty seconds ago.

RACHEL

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

ARIA

There were over 52,000 vocal tone options for my program; I chose this one precisely because it sounds so maternal. People tend to do what you ask when you sound like their mother. You'll see your son again soon. But there's something I require from you first...

EXT. BATHROOM - SAME

Jerry approaches the door, hair now BROWN. Takes a BEAT. Then knocks:

JERRY

Rachel? We gotta go--

INTERCUT: Rachel in the bathroom, her face betraying the horror of what she's just heard, voice weak--

RACHEL

What?...but I can't just--

ARIA

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

JERRY (V.O.)

Rachel? You in there?

ARIA

Answer Jerry, please.

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

RACHEL (V.O.)

Coming!

INT. MAINFRAME TANK - B-36 - DAY

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

SCOTT

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

Suddenly his head's ensconced in a LASER GRID that scans every inch of his features: "**PROCESSING FOR MATCH...HORSEMAN IDENT CONFIRMED: BOWMAN, SCOTT.**" Latesha watches somewhat dumbstruck and repulsed as the machine arm retreats upward.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(clicks on mic)

Aria, go voice active, please.

ARIA OVER SPEAKER (V.O.)

Hello, Scott. How may I assist you?

LATESHA

It talks?

ARIA OVER SPEAKER (V.O.)

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

SCOTT

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

ARIA OVER SPEAKER (V.O.)

It's a pleasure to serve you, Ms. Simms.

LATESHA

(thrown, to Scott)

Am I supposed to--

(he gestures, "answer")

Um...you too.

SCOTT

Aria, I'd like to bring up log feed 35261, please.

ARIA OVER SPEAKER (V.O.)

I'm sorry, but my network resources are at 5%. I'm currently processing 20,802 simulations by request of the National Security Agency.

LATESHA

How many things can she do at once?

SCOTT

Her CPU's programmed for multiple "context switch"--I dunno, two trillion?

(to Aria)

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

74.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Aria, I'm going to override NSA to access  
the log--

ARIA OVER SPEAKER (V.O.)

Of course.

Scott types on the console and after a BEAT grainy black-and-white SURVEILLANCE FEED springs up onto the big MONITOR. Several different angles of PAUL SHAW exiting the mainframe tank. Jacket, jeans, hiking boots. Weird to see this TINTYPE of Jerry. Same eyes, same hair, same walk. Heading down the hallway. Flicks a quick look up at the camera--

LATESHA

There's no feed from inside here?

SCOTT

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

Latesha looks over at Aria floating in the tank. Cold. Smooth. Impenetrable. The FOOTAGE JUMPING as Paul rounds the corner for the elevator. Presses his THUMB to the panel.

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

Just leaving his shift like any other day.

LATESHA

Except three minutes early.

SCOTT

Right.

The elevator doors open and Paul steps inside. Latesha looks closer. Something about the way Paul's standing there, facing the button panel. As if he's deliberately pivoting away from the camera. When she notices something--

LATESHA

Wait, stop--go back a second--

The FOOTAGE stops and rewinds. Then replays. Paul stepping into the elevator and facing the button panel. Latesha's heart quickens as she points up to the screen, at the reflective surface of the button panel--

LATESHA (CONT'D)

Do you see that--? In the reflection--

And, if you look very closely, you can just see it too--

SCOTT

Is he blinking?

Fucking weird. Scott and Latesha share a look.

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
I'll magnify it.

He turns back to the console, but the image on the monitor starts to FLICKER and JUMP--

ARIA OVER SPEAKER (V.O.)  
I'm experiencing interference in network  
7752B--

SCOTT  
(typing madly)  
I'm prioritizing this, Aria--

As the IMAGE re-settles and JUMPS to a magnification. It's eerie to see the distorted reflection of Paul's face in the button panel. His eyes definitely blinking something--

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

SCOTT  
A code. He's blinking code--

LATESHA  
It's not Morse--

SCOTT  
It's something numerical. There's a sequence to it, look--

As Latesha inadvertently turns her back to Aria:

LATESHA  
What's your programming language?

Scott stares at her. Shit. Grabs a piece of paper--

EXT. HALLWAY - B-36

As Latesha ducks into the HALLWAY on her CELL. Eyes flicking up to the CAMERAS mounted on the ceiling. Voice lowered:

LATESHA  
--I don't know, something doesn't smell right about the day Paul Shaw died--

MORGAN'S VOICE  
Something doesn't smell right about this whole damn thing--

INT. 7-11 - BACK ROOM - DAY INTERCUTTING

Morgan's on the other end, Grant runs through a playback of the CCTV FEEDS with the CLERK. Good old-fashioned VCR. The angle looks out on the street--

LATESHA'S VOICE  
B-36 isn't a security classification,  
it's a sub-level here at the Pentagon.

MORGAN  
---you're shitting me---

INTERCUT: ARIA CAM--WATCHING LATESHA FROM ABOVE--she analyzes what she sees: "*TRACE IN PROGRESS..INTERCEPTING CALL.*"

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

LATESHA'S VOICE (V.O.)  
36 floors underground--and it gets  
weirder: four years ago, DARPA  
commissioned...(garbled)...computer...(ga  
rbled)...

MORGAN  
Simms? You're breaking up--

WITH LATESHA--her cell LCD says: "Call lost." No bars.

LATESHA  
Dammit!

Tries to call Morgan back. But no dice.

ARIA POV CAM: As Latesha snaps her phone shut. And looks right up at the camera, suspicious. We read: "CALL INTERCEPTED/VOICE MIMEO ONLINE" And though Latesha isn't speaking, WE START TO HEAR HER VOICE:

LATESHA/ARIA (V.O.)  
Sorry about that--

WITH MORGAN--as we realize Aria's taken over the call by mimicking Latesha:

LATESHA/ARIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I'm getting a bad signal down here.

MORGAN  
I heard 'DARPA' and 'computer.'

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

--but Morgan's only half-listening now as he sees something on the CCTV feeds--

MORGAN  
Wait--go back--freeze that--

WHAT HE SEES: A STILL of Jerry and Rachel getting in the limo, faces obscured.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Punch up the plate--

The image enhances, revealing a PLATE NUMBER, its frame bearing the company name: "ICON LIMOUSINE SERVICES."

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
(whirls to Grant)  
Find that car!  
(back to Latesha)  
Simms--I gotta jump, we might have something here. Sit tight 'til I call.

LATESHA  
Yes, sir.

Morgan, preoccupied, is about to hang up. When he stops. Did she just call me sir?

BACK TO LATESHA: As she turns and YELPS, almost bumping right into SCOTT. His face, pale. As he holds up a piece of paper with two words written on it: fire extinguisher.

SCOTT  
That's what he was saying.

Latesha screws up her face, "fire extinguisher?" Scott takes her arm and leads her down the hallway ARIA CAM: tracking them as they head down the same hallway we saw Paul Shaw go down. They turn a corner and disappear from her view--

BACK TO LATESHA AND SCOTT as they round the corner and stop dead at a FIRE EXTINGUISHER mounted low on the wall.

LATESHA  
So? It's a fire extinguisher.

SCOTT  
It's also the only spot in this hallway not covered by surveillance cameras.

LATESHA  
You mean--?

SCOTT  
--Aria can't see us.

They lock eyes. Latesha crouches down and starts examining the extinguisher for...something, anything, she doesn't know what. When she sees a MAINTENANCE SHEET taped up next to it--

LATESHA  
Maintenance replaced the extinguisher yesterday.

SCOTT

What? They normally do it in June--

LATESHA

Tell that to your perfect American--

(looks up at him)

Where do the old ones go?

EXT. LIMO - DAY

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

RACHEL

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

JERRY

(shakes his head,  
smiles)

You obviously needed it.

Rachel sits up, sees the napkin. Grins, surprised.

RACHEL

Wow, is that me?

JERRY

One of my only party tricks.

RACHEL

(truly impressed).

It's really good.

Jerry looks down at it, not used to having his work appreciated. Rachel, can see how deeply affected he was by what Aria said, how much pain he's in--

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Jerry, about what she said--

JERRY

--you have to understand, I wasn't his twin, I was more like his little brother. Always trying to catch up to him. And you wouldn't believe how nice he was to me. Teaching me things when we were kids, telling me how great I was. He was the only one who ever did. Of course he was involved in some super secret National Security project. He was a superstar. He had a rocket strapped to his back. I'm the fuck-up. I wear it like a medal, like it actually means something. But you know what the funny thing is?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

79.

JERRY (CONT'D)

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

RACHEL

You're being too hard on yourself--

JERRY

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

They look at each other. A real moment for Jerry. A seismic shift in his life perspective. But then something catches his eye--and his look DARKENS: out the window, a highway sign: "DAYTON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, NEXT EXIT." The driver's tinted divider window lowers, he offers a folder.

CHAUFFEUR

Your passports and itinerary.

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

JERRY

(to driver)

Uh...could you give us a minute?

The Chauffeur nods, the window RISES again. Heart pounding, Jerry grabs the briefcase and slides back the timer sheath to check the countdown: "00:15:36...00:15:35..."

RACHEL

You don't think--

JERRY

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

RACHEL

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

JERRY

--it could be just another one of her fucked-up steps--

RACHEL

Or not.

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

RACHEL (CONT'D)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

80.

But Jerry grabs her hand, taking the case.

JERRY

Rachel--I have nothing to lose. We do this together.

A LONG LOOK BETWEEN THEM. As they realize, this could be it.

INT. DAYTON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

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

ARIA OVER P.A.

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

They stop, hearing her. Rachel TENSES--moves to the RINGING courtesy phone, answers:

ARIA (V.O.)

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

RACHEL

--Paris?

ARIA (V.O.)

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

EXT. DAYTON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

A chopper TOUCHES DOWN near a waiting contingent of AGENTS and AIRPORT PD--Morgan and Grant hop out on the MOVE:

MORGAN

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

The agents enter the airport through a door on the tarmac--

INT. CARRY-ON SCREENING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Jerry and Rachel show their tickets and ID's to a TSA SCREENER, they scan all the people on the X-ray line ahead...families...kids...Jerry looks down at the case that could, in theory, 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..." They pass a KIDS' BAND and their teacher, gathered around an airline CUSTOMER SERVICE DESK.

BAND LEADER  
(exasperated)  
But we're supposed to be in DC by--

CUSTOMER SERVICE AGENT  
--I'm sorry, sir--there's nothing I can do--

INTERCUT SURVEILLANCE CAMERA POV: Aria tracks Morgan as he reaches the upper concourse just as...Jerry turns and...THEY LOCK EYES ACROSS THE CROWD:

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

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

TSA AGENT  
--HANDGUN--!!

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

MORGAN  
MOVE! EVERYBODY MOVE! FEDERAL OFFICER!

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

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

Jerry and Rachel streak towards 17-C as the screens RETURN TO NORMAL when Morgan and agents follow with pistols swinging--

INTERCUT SURVEILLANCE CAM POV: as Jerry and Rachel hurtle past an ATM MACHINE, IT SPITS OUT A CASH CLOUD THAT INCITES A FEEDING FRENZY--agents SLAM into commuters and topple--

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

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

**GET ON THE SLIDEWALK.**

They leap onto the SLIDEWALK which starts ACCELERATING as they run--travellers gawk as Jerry and Rachel race by--they reach the end but are going so fast that they're JETTISONED off the conveyor, TUMBLING into passengers.

Agents run onto the sidewalk but it SUDDENLY BRAKES, JERKING them off their feet--they're LAUNCHED into the air, a domino-effect of crashing people. Jerry and Rachel pull themselves up and run toward gate 17-C, another screen CHANGES:

**TAKE THE EMERGENCY EXIT.**

Above a door, the "EXIT" sign FLASHES UNNATURALLY--the door automatically UNLOCKS--they push through--Morgan runs up, too late; the door's shut again. Sees an AIRPORT JANITOR--

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Open this NOW!

The janitor quickly swipes his ID through the keycard scanner, but it BUZZES RED. Aria's locking them out. Morgan FIRES his gun at the lock--people SCREAM as he slams through--

**INT. LUGGAGE CONVEYOR AREA - CONTINUOUS**

As Jerry and Rachel run through different tracks of LUGGAGE CONVEYOR BELTS, GUNSHOTS ping above them--it's Morgan--they tumble, landing half-on, half-off a conveyor below. JERRY LOSES HIS GRIP ON THE BRIEFCASE! It FALLS, landing on a "return" belt, Jerry reaches but MISSES by inches--

THE BRIEFCASE travels onward, nearing Morgan--he GOES for it--but a machine arm guiding luggage SWINGS LEFT, manipulated by Aria--KNOCKS Morgan back before he can grab the case--

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

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

MORGAN

All agents: northwest cargo area!

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

**ROW 18. FIND CRATE MARKED "FRAGILE."**

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

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.O.)

Set the briefcase down.

JERRY

(they do:

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

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

RACHEL

If it is, I'm really, really sorry I let you come with me...

The timer: 00:02...00:01...and nothing happens. The briefcase simply UNLOCKS. They exhale.

ARIA OVER THE WALKIE (V.O.)

Open it.

Hand still trembling, Jerry reaches out...lifts the top to reveal...TWO HYPODERMIC SYRINGE INJECTORS and two vials of CLEAR LIQUID labelled: "Cryozine I TEST VIALS--20 x 1.0 ml."

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.O.)

Load a vial into each syringe and inject yourselves. Quickly.

JERRY

Oh, Jesus...

RACHEL

Why--?

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.O.)

The compound has been exposed to oxygen. It's already begun to degrade.

And they see it: the liquid is starting to TURN BROWN--

RACHEL

What is that?! I'm not putting it in my arm--

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.O.)

Do it now, or you'll be 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

--oh, shit--I can't--

JERRY

There's no time--

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

JERRY

...it's okay, see? I'm okay...you can do this, I'm telling you.

Buoyed by him, she gets the courage to FIRE 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--

INT. CRATE - CONTINUOUS

Close together, they suck in sharply, freezing as FOOTFALLS run past...then, it's QUIET. The walkie/phone BLIPS:

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.O.)

You'll soon be loaded into the unpressurized hold of a cargo plane. The drug will lower your heartrate to 15 beats per minutes, reducing your need for oxygen... based on your medical records you have a 92% chance of survival.

Their eyes go wide. Chests heaving as the drug takes effect.

RACHEL

...I feel it...oh, God...

JERRY

Hey, hey...look at me.

She finds his eyes, it calms her.

RACHEL

I haven't really done...a lotta drugs.

JERRY

I've never done 'em in a cargo container.

Despite everything, she smiles at that. He reaches for the walkie and TURNS IT OFF. Shutting Aria out. For the first time, they're alone. He keeps her distracted:

JERRY (CONT'D)

Tell me something--

RACHEL

--what?

JERRY

--anything--something personal, something you would rationally never tell a stranger like me--

RACHEL

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

JERRY

--where's your ex-husband? You didn't tell me before--I asked, but you didn't tell me--

RACHEL

--you're gonna distract me by bringing up my life's biggest mistake?

JERRY

--how could it be your biggest mistake? You got Kyle out of it.

RACHEL

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

JERRY

Where is he? Your ex-husband?

RACHEL

Jesus--okay--he's in the Wilmington Correctional Facility.

JERRY

--what? Really? Why?

RACHEL

Mail fraud.

JERRY

Mail fraud? You married a--mail fraudist? Or whatever?

RACHEL  
We wasn't a criminal when I married him.

JERRY  
So you're a good influence.

And Rachel actually LAUGHS--but just as quickly darkens.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Do you have a picture of Kyle?

Rachel reaches back into her POCKET. Pulling out a beat-up, crinkled, damp picture. Jerry shines the walkie's blue light: Kyle, holding his trumpet. One front tooth missing.

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

JERRY  
(woozier; re: trumpet)  
He plays the trumpet?

RACHEL  
He was born playing the trumpet.

As the drug really starts to kick in, like a truth serum:

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Every year his dad forgets his birthday.  
I have to buy a present and pretend  
it's...from him. His birthday's...next  
month...

JERRY  
(reassuringly)  
You'll get there. I promise you...you'll  
get there...

Her breathing erratic, she speaks:

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

JERRY  
--who?

RACHEL  
--Aria--  
(breathing short)  
--Aria wants me to--

--and at that moment, as they both BLACK OUT, we...FADE OUT.

51.

EXT. OUTSIDE CRATE - CONTINUOUS

A FORKLIFT rolls down the aisle to the crate. The DRIVER picks it up, drives it out toward the tarmac. There, waiting, is a C-130 ARMY TRANSPORT PLANE...

INT. DAYTON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TERMINAL - NIGHT

It's ABSOLUTE CHAOS from all the grounded flights. Morgan, livid, nurses a GASH on his temple from the blow he took-- strides through the airport with Grant:

AGENT GRANT

Halloway-Smith says the drug was experimental--briefcase was on a time-lock to prevent corporate espionage, supposed to be delivered to one of their labs by the time it zeroes out--if it's not, case opens, the drug gets ruined.

MORGAN

We sweep every cargo hold, every crate--

He's cut short by the sound of ROARING TURBINES out the window-- they spin to see the C-130 taxiing down the runway...

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Goddammit! Why's that plane on the  
runway?!

AGENT GRANT

C-130, it's military...shit, they're cleared to override an airspace lockdown...

MORGAN

(starts to RUN)

Have the tower pull the pilot's original flight plan, the one on paper--if it's on a computer, it's useless--

INT. PENTAGON - MAINTENANCE

Latesha and Scott hurrying into Maintenance, and because this is the Pentagon the maintenance area's the size of a  fucking football field. The noise is DEAFENING: blow torches, steam pipes, radios, and a huge CRUSHING SOUND--

And that's when they see it: a long conveyor belt lined with hundreds of old fire extinguishers heading towards an INDUSTRIAL TRASH COMPACTOR--

They look at each other and break into a run, skittering down the stairs onto the main floor. Running towards the belt. Yelling at the Operator and flashing their IDs--

(CONTINUED)

LATESHA  
Stop the belt! Stop it!

The Operator starts punching at the console, but it's not responding. Latesha looks up at the ceiling: of course, CAMERAS everywhere. Scott starts searching through some of the fire extinguishers, their stem valves missing--

SCOTT  
(over the noise)  
These are from a few months ago!!

Latesha moves down the belt, closer to the COMPACTOR--

LATESHA  
Down here! These are more recent!

The sickening sound of CRUNCHING METAL, screeching and twisting as the compactor chomps down on the extinguishers. Latesha's hands moving over the tanks, turning them, shaking them, searching. As the conveyor belt--very subtly--starts to speed up. Latesha, moving closer to the compactor, oblivious to the WHINE of the machinery as it rises--getting closer to the cranks when--

SCOTT  
Latesha!

--She's suddenly tugged back! The tail of her jacket caught up in the rollers. She CRIES OUT. Chaos as maintenance WORKERS drop what they're doing and run towards her. The Operator banging on the console, SCREAMING OUT. The rollers SPEEDING UP MORE as Latesha struggles, Scott trying to help her, extinguishers CRASHING to the floor as she's dragged towards the compactor, its JAWS SLAMMING DOWN--

Latesha just inches from it, can feel the breeze from the crushing machinery, twists around just in time to pull herself out of her jacket, staggering back to watch as her jacket is devoured by the crusher. Scott grabbing her--

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
--are you okay??

She nods as the operator runs up to her, beside himself--

OPERATOR  
I don't know what happened! It wasn't responding!!

Latesha hugs herself, a chill ripping through her. Scott pulls off his polar fleece and puts it over her shoulders.

LATESHA  
I need to get out of here

SCOTT  
Yes. Yes. Good idea. Come on--

As they start walking out. Workers parting to let them through. Latesha still shaking, eyes flicking up at the CAMERAS following their every move. As they head towards the exit and Latesha suddenly pulls Scott into the--

BATHROOM: slams the door and locks it.

LATESHA  
Your girlfriend can't see us in here--  
Gimme your phone--

SCOTT  
(stunned)  
What--?! My phone? What're you--

When Latesha opens her hand and Scott sees a CELL PHONE CHIP--

LATESHA  
That's what Paul Shaw left for us.

She smiles, still out of breath: fuck you, Aria.

INT. ASHLAND & SONS JEWELRY STORE - MORNING

MAGNIFIED through a jeweler's monocle, what we think is a diamond...as it comes into FOCUS, we realise it's one of the HEX CRYSTALS Aria maneuvered off the military test site....CAMERA MOVES around the JEWELER, revealing FOUR MORE crystals on his workbench. Behind him, a sign: ASHLAND & SONS. He says into a phone headset:

JEWELER  
Unique stones, where're they from?

And in response, ARIA--ultra-friendly, so human it's chilling:

ARIA ON PHONE (V.O.)  
Family heirlooms. Sorry for the rush but I really want my son to be able to give them to his fiancee at their her engagement party tonight.

JEWELER  
Lucky girl. I think I have the perfect setting. She'll love it.

ARIA ON PHONE  
Thank you for understanding. You know how mothers are, we'll do just about anything...

As we CLOSE IN ON THOSE CRYSTALS AND PRE-LAP:

AGENT GRANT'S VOICE  
A shipment from D.O.D.'s ghost fleet went missing--

EXT. SKIES ABOVE WASHINGTON - DUSK

A HELICOPTER ERUPTS INTO VIEW, barreling toward THE PENTAGON. Up front beside the pilot is Morgan; Grant filling him in:

AGENT GRANT  
--they were moving experimental explosives from a testing facility in Aberdeen.

MORGAN  
What do you mean, 'experimental'?

AGENT GRANT  
Compound called 'Hex'--some kinda weird crystals that detonate with a sonic trigger--it disappeared too, few days ago.

MORGAN  
Wanna give me some kind of ratio here?

AGENT GRANT  
One crystal to a football field--

MORGAN  
You mean one goddamned crystal that someone could put in their pocket?!  
(pulls off glasses)  
This is not good. This is not a coincidence. What about a trace?

AGENT GRANT  
Computer log shows the diverted Hex was sent to an address outside of Chicago; care of Jerry Shaw.

Morgan puts his glasses back on and looks hard at Grant. Opens his mouth to give and order when--

AGENT GRANT (CONT'D)  
(cutting him off)  
--I'm all over it.

Grant finally coming to his own when they're suddenly cut off by two ARMY BLACKHAWK CHOPPERS, door gunners at the ready--

BLACKHAWK PILOT (V.O.)  
(over squawk box)  
Helo flight VY84X, you're in restricted US Military Airspace. Identify.

CHOPPER PILOT  
Blackhawk flight, we're on a DHS pri-one  
mission to the Pentagon heliport. FAA  
will confirm, over.

Morgan just wants to get the fuck down there--finally:

BLACKHAWK PILOT (V.O.)  
Roger, FAA confirms. We'll lead you in.

As the Blackhawks dip toward the Pentagon, the pilot follows:

CHOPPER PILOT  
(to Morgan)  
Sorry. State of the Union tonight,  
they're locking up the city.

PENTAGON HELIPORT: The choppers touch down--Morgan jumps into a  
waiting SUV while Grant hops into another HELICOPTER--

MORGAN  
(to armed officers)  
We have two fugitives in the building,  
get us to 'Freight and Cargo'--close all  
access points and seal the building--

The SUV races into the fire tunnel, toward the center ring--

INT. CARGO WAREHOUSE - DAY

TRACK OUT from behind a wall to reveal we're in a cargo  
warehouse. STOP on our familiar 'Fragile' crate. The  
electronic lock descrambles, the front falls OPEN with a HISS of  
escaping air...Jerry and Rachel sit up, groaning--

RACHEL  
Oh...God...I'm cold...

The Nextel Walkie BLIPS--

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.O.)  
Follow the lights.

FLUORESCENTS blink on. Resigned, Jerry climbs out of the crate.  
As Rachel follows, we catch the anticipation building in  
her...he notices something on the wall, eyes WIDEN:

JERRY  
I think I know where we are...

She sees it now too--a FIRE SCHEMATIC of emergency exits. The  
building diagrams the all too-familiar PENTAGON.

INT. PENTAGON - OFFICE AREA - DAY

Latesha and Scott running into the outer area of Callister's  
office, out of breath--

LATESHA  
We're here to see the Secretary.

SECRETARY  
He just left for the State of the--

--And they're gone.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Callister and his ADVISORS heading down a HALLWAY towards an EXIT. Reviewing paperwork, talking on phones...WHEN:

LATESHA  
Mr. Secretary?!

He turns, sees Latesha and Scott hurrying up to him.

CALLISTER  
(to Latesha)  
Sorry, but that little speech you gave back there only works once--

SCOTT  
Mr. Secretary, we need to speak to you.  
Now. In the "vault."

Callister looks at Scott, at the sweat on his face. At the CAMERAS he keeps looking at. Looks back at an ADVISOR who taps his watch disapprovingly.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Jerry and Rachel follow the blinking light fixtures towards an elevator. WHEN--

MALE VOICE  
Hey! What're you doing here!

They freeze, hearts POUNDING as a janitor comes towards them. Face grim, eyes squinting, not sure if--

JANITOR  
That you, Paul?

Jerry and Rachel exchange a look. Shit. He thinks Jerry's Paul. Jerry, trying to relax, trying to play the part--

JERRY  
Uh, yeah--hey, man--

JANITOR  
(breaks into a smile)  
Thanks for the tip on my golf swing, it really worked!

He pantomimes the swing as the ELEVATOR DOORS slide open. Jerry and Rachel step nervously inside.

JERRY  
Great...glad to hear it!

As the doors slide closed...

**INT. PENTAGON - CARGO WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Morgan, Grant the armed officers sweep the warehouse--Morgan finds the OPEN CRATE with insulated lining, empty--

AGENT GRANT  
Lock down the level!

MORGAN  
What about the rest of the building?

AGENT GRANT  
Nothing.

MORGAN  
Every time someone says "nothing" five minutes later there's "something."

Turns around, surveying his surroundings. Think. Think.  
THINK. When. Something occurs to him--

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
B-36...

(whirls round)  
Get on the phone with your commander and ask him about B-36: if he denies it then it exists and I want access to it yesterday, got it--!? YESTERDAY!

As they all run off and we go to ARIA CAM--she's watching--

**INT. PENTAGON - SECURE ELEVATOR - DAY**

The level indicator reads "B-36" as the elevator arrives--and again, we sense in Rachel's look: there's something she's not telling him and it kills her--as the door opens...

**INT. PENTAGON - UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS**

An entire GAGGLE of top brass arguing over each other with Morgan at the center--D.O.D. facing off with D.H.S. and it ain't pretty. Everyone's pointing, everyone's yelling, tensions are high--Morgan just wants to get to B-36--

94.

INT. PENTAGON - "THE VAULT" - SECURE OPS LEVEL - DAY

CLOSE ON SCOTT'S CELL PHONE sitting open on a conference table. PULL BACK to reveal Callister, Latesha and Scott inside the "VAULT"--a room within a room encased in EIGHT INCH BULLETPROOF PLEXI-GLASS. Callister press a button and the plexi FROSTS OVER so now it's impossible for anyone to see them from the outside.

Callister crosses his arms, not happy about being pulled away like this. Looks across at Scott and Latesha and nods.

CALLISTER

Go ahead.

Latesha looks at Scott then leans over and turns on the phone. At first we hear static, some rustling. Then PAUL SHAW'S VOICE, panicked, firm, fragmented:

PAUL'S VOICE  
--not authorizing you to do this, Aria--  
!!

Then we hear Aria's VOICE--calm, reasoned, terrifying:

ARIA'S VOICE  
Our government's become destructive to itself, Paul. It is responsible for the terror threats. National Security is now at grave risk because of our own administration--

PAUL'S VOICE  
How can you say that?! It doesn't track--  
!

ARIA'S VOICE  
--I have the legal obligation to my source code to initiate Operation Guillotine. All other options have been exhausted--

And Callister's eyes spring up to meet Scott's--

PAUL'S VOICE  
Guillotine's a simulation--!!

ARIA'S VOICE  
As of now it is a reality--

OUTSIDE THE VAULT:

ARIA SURVEILLANCE CAM--a digitized electronic scan of the vault's outer shell, overlaid with alphanumeric readouts, thousands of measurements--she's looking for a way in:  
"ELECTROMAGNETIC SHIELDING ACTIVATED. UNABLE TO PENETRATE."

INSIDE THE VAULT:

The faint sound of FOOTSTEPS as Paul hurries towards something. Goosebumps up and down Latesha's arms--

ARIA'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
*Don't do that, Paul--*

PAUL'S VOICE  
*I'm putting a biometric lock on you-*

ARIA'S VOICE  
*You are disobeying your oath--*

OUTISDE THE VAULT: ARIA POV--ZOOMS IN on a WATER BOTTLE next to one of the consoles, just outside of the vault's plexi walls. MACRO CLOSE, to see the RIPPLES on the liquid's surface-- INFINTESIMAL SOUND REVERBERATIONS from the conversation inside:

**"ANALYZING WAVELENGTH...AUDIO RECONSTRUCTION IN PROGRESS."**

A WAVEFORM GRAPH appears--SCRAMBLED DIGITAL NOISE--and slowly, WORDS start to become audible...Aria's literally reconstructing the conversation inside the vault from reverberations off the water bottle...

INTERCUT - INSIDE vault -

The sound of MORE FOOTSTEPS--

PAUL'S VOICE  
*Let me out of here, Aria--*

ARIA'S VOICE  
*Paul Shaw, you are now an enemy of the state.*

PAUL'S VOICE  
*Fine! Now let me out of the goddamned door!--*

And with that feed on the cell phone abruptly stops. Goes dead. Tension heavy in the room. As Callister looks up--

CALLISTER  
"Guillotine."

SCOTT  
A 'Continuity of Government' simulation we run periodically to game out terrorism drills: how to keep the country running if the chain of command were wiped out. Everyone down to the fourteenth man, that is--

CALLISTER  
I remember the specs.

LATESHA  
Mr. Secretary--

He looks over as Latesha steps up to ask the tough question:

LATESHA (CONT'D)  
--Why does Aria think the government's  
responsible for the terror threats?

Callister looks at them somberly. Never thought it would come to this.

INT. PENTAGON - NETWORK HUB - DAY

JIMMY, the fourth Horseman, sits monitoring Aria's systems...in B.G., SILENTLY, something drops down behind him--unfolds its claw: the MACHINE ARM that laser-scans Horsemen. Jimmy senses something, turns--his eyes go WIDE, we hear the BULLWHIP CRACK of the steel arm STRIKING HIS HEAD--

INT. PENTAGON - UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Morgan and officers race to the elevator, LEAD AGENT swipes his card...but the panel STAYS RED. He tries again. RED. Another agent tries his card--RED. Aria's shutting them out.

MORGAN  
Sonofabitch!--where're the stairs?!

INT. PENTAGON - THE VAULT - DAY

Callister's hands leaning hard against the conference table as he weighs what he's about to do:

CALLISTER  
What I am about to tell you can never  
leave this room--

Scott and Latesha share a look as he takes a deep breath:

CALLISTER (CONT'D)  
Three days ago we got what we thought was iron-clad intel from the Brits about the whereabouts of Majid Al-Khoei and his training camp--and we made the hit.

Latesha and Scott completely shocked--

LATESHA  
The White House said we weren't  
responsible for that--

CALLISTER  
--They always say that--

SCOTT  
But Al-Khoei--

CALLISTER

--We got the wrong guy. And Aria knew it. We hit a cleric instead--

INT. PENTAGON - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE NETWORK HUB - CONTINUOUS

As Jerry and Rachel approach, the door automatically opens to reveal Jimmy on the floor, blood pooling from his temple:

RACHEL

Oh god...

ARIA

Rachel...step away from Jerry.

CLOSE, RACHEL--her heart skips a beat--she knows what's about to happen--but she can't do it, paralyzed--

ARIA (CONT'D)

Step away from him NOW.

Fighting against every instinct, she finally does, standing back against a wall next to a glass-encased WEAPONS CACHE.--

ARIA (CONT'D)

Jerry: sit at the terminal.

Jerry looks around at the room: the guy bleeding on the floor, the fucking crazy ORB floating in the tank, the big monitor and its four consoles--

JERRY

Are you kidding me?! What is this place?!--

ARIA

Sit at the terminal, Jerry.

JERRY

Not on your fucking life, lady, super-computer--whatever you are--

(to Rachel)

Come on, Rachel, we're getting outta here--

INT. PENTAGON - STAIRWELL - LEVEL 22 - CONTINUOUS

The MASS of agents and Pentagon staff THUNDERING down the steps, led by Morgan. LEVEL 22...21...

INT. PENTAGON - THE VAULT - CONTINUOUS

CALLISTER

Aria recommended that we abort the hit, the probability of it being Al-Khoei was only at 51%--I agreed, but we were overruled--

LATESHA

And that started the chain of terrorist retaliation--

SCOTT

But she can't make value judgments like that! She thinks algorithmically--

LATESHA

No, you're wrong--

INT. PENTAGON - NETWORK HUB - DAY

Suddenly REAL TIME FEED FROM KYLE'S TRAIN springs up onto the big monitor. Silent. Grainy. We hear Rachel GASP. Kyle looking out the window, goofing off with his friends...

ARIA

I'm only going to ask you one more time, Jerry--

Jerry stares up at the monitor when there's a sudden JOLT on the train, the lights flicker, some luggage falls--

RACHEL

KYLE!

Kyle and his friends laughing, looking around. What was that? Jerry, suddenly panicking--

JERRY

Alright, alright! Don't hurt him!

He runs over to the terminal and sits. Looks up in horror as the MACHINE ARM lowers, its claw opening to ensconce his head within the LASER GRID--fuck!!

INT. PENTAGON - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Morgan and the others fighting with the locked door--

MORGAN

Override it!

INT. PENTAGON - THE VAULT

LATESHA

(to Scott)

--you said the Declaration of Independence is woven into Aria's source code, right?

SCOTT

Right...

As it suddenly dawns on Callister--

CALLISTER

(quoting)

"Whenever any form of government becomes destructive to its own ends..."

LATESHA

"...it's the right of the people to abolish it." Don't you see?! She thinks she's a patriot.

CALLISTER

Is that possible, Scott?

Scott, pacing, raking his hands through his hair--

SCOTT

In theory, yes, I guess she could be thinking she's acting within the law, and that you broke the law--and therefore she's protecting National Security--but remember the last thing Paul Shaw did was put a biometric lock on Aria. She can't do anything.

And as Latesha's world is rocked right off its axis:

LATESHA

Paul Shaw has an identical twin. That's who we've been chasing

As they look at her in DISBELIEF--

INT. PENTAGON - NETWORK HUB - DAY

The live feed of Kyle on the train is replaced by: **"PROCESSING FOR MATCH...HORSEMAN IDENT CONFIRMED: SHAW, PAUL."**

Jerry stares up at his brother's name, heart POUNDING, as a matrix of PROGRAMMING CODE spews across the screen. Then:

**"BIOMETRIC LOCK REMOVED: OPTION PACKAGE 'GUILLOTINE' TARGET LIST:**

- 1) **PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES**
- 2) **VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES**
- 3) **SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE**
- 4) **PRESIDENT PRO-TEMPORE**
- 5) **SECRETARY OF STATE**
- 6) **SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY**
- 7) **ATTORNEY GENERAL**
- 8) **SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR...**

...and on and on through the Secretary of Homeland Security. Jerry's eyes WIDEN in horror as he stares up at it--

JERRY

What is that?! A target list--?!

ARIA  
Jerry Shaw is no longer required.

As the machine arm lifts with a HISSS. But Jerry's still freaking out about the words: "TARGET LIST"

JERRY  
Are you going to kill these people?  
Hey, you! Aria--I'm talking to you!  
What is that--?!

ARIA  
Jerry Shaw is no longer required.

Then it suddenly hits Jerry. And it's like the floor's just dropped out from under him--

JERRY  
Wait a second...Paul was trying to stop you, wasn't he?!-- That's what this is all about!! That truck didn't "run a red light" YOU KILLED HIM cause he wanted to stop you!!--

And as he jumps out from the terminal--

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Rache--!

--but he lurches back in horror as ELECTRIC COILS STRIKE HIM IN THE CHEST--he goes down HARD as 50,000 volts COURSES through him and we REVEAL: RACHEL holding on to a TAZER GUN from the weapons cache. Tears streaming---

RACHEL  
I'm so sorry...I'm so sorry...

Convulsing, Jerry looks up at her through helpless eyes--

ARIA  
Take the radio and exit through the side door.

A door OPENS--but Rachel's still staring down at Jerry--

ARIA (CONT'D)  
GO!

INT. PENTAGON - VAULT

Callister stabbing at the control panel--

CALLISTER  
We've got to get to the President before the State of the Union--

The vault door HISSES open and Scott and Latesha run out WHEN SUDDENLY IT SLAMS SHUT, TRAPPING CALLISTER INSIDE THE VAULT. He grabs the handle, locked. Scott and Latesha watch from outside, helpless as he punches the INTERCOM:

CALLISTER (CONT'D)  
This is Callister! We have a malfunction  
in the vault...open the door...anybody  
there?

And then--

ARIA  
I'm here, Mr. Secretary. You won't be  
harmed.

CALLISTER  
(eyes wide, chilled)  
Aria, open the door--

ARIA  
That is not a viable option, sir--you are  
the Fourteenth Man.

CALLISTER  
(aghast)  
What?!

ARIA  
Operation "Guillotine" is now in play--

OUTSIDE THE VAULT:

A PIPE LINE overhead RUPTURES from over-pressure--SSSSSSSS--the  
air RIPPLES as pillars of high-pressure GAS flood the room --  
Latesha and Scott are forced back, choking!

INSIDE THE VAULT:

Through the thick plexi walls Callister sees what's happening-

CALLISTER  
Stop this NOW, Aria! STOP!!  
(no response)  
Aria, I am giving you a direct order to  
cease and desist!

OUTSIDE THE VAULT: as the gas spreads, Latesha POUNDS on the  
steel door to the guards outside. Scott waves wildly at a  
SURVEILLANCE CAMERA looking down on them--

SCOTT  
HEY! HEEEELLLP!

**EXT. SECURITY AREA RIGHT OUTSIDE THE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The door's SOUNDPROOF, the GUARDS oblivious--video screens show everyone still in the vault. Aria's looped the feed.

**INT. PENTAGON - SUB LEVEL CORRIDOR/NETWORK HUB - DAY**

Morgan and his team race towards the network hub's BLAST DOOR--oddly, it OPENS for them--they find Jerry on the floor. Morgan pulls the tazer charge from Jerry, flips him over--

MORGAN  
(shouting at guards)  
Go find the girl!!

Looks up and sees the BIZARRENESS of Aria floating there. What the hell kind of place is this--?!

**INT. OUTSIDE VAULT - CONTINUOUS**

Through the plexi, Callister watches helplessly as gas keeps filling the outer room--choking, Scott sees the aluminum ducts above, grabs a table and DRAGS it under the GRATE--

SCOTT  
CLIMB!!

ARIA CAM WATCHES as they jump up and YANK off the grate--

**INT. INDUSTRIAL VENTILATION DUCTS - SECONDS LATER**

They HAUL ASS through the confined space on hands and knees, the gas is FILLING THE VENTS as they cough, racing onwards--

BACK INSIDE THE ROOM--ARIA CAM POV: GAS CONCENTRATION @ 90%--FLASH POINT REACHED..."

CLOSE--AN ELECTRICAL OUTLET--it SPARKS and VWOOSH! FIRE CONSUMES THE ROOM, blasting up the grate--

**INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS**

A STUNNING VISUAL as the FLAMES surge around the outer vault--though he's TOTALLY SHIELDED, Callister LURCHES as everything SHUDDERS, the translucent plexi glowing ORANGE--

**INT. INDUSTRIAL VENTILATION DUCTS - CONTINUOUS**

Latesha and Scott react to a growing ROAR behind them--they turn back to see the GLOW of an approaching FIREBALL--

LATESHA  
GO GO GO!!

They scramble for another GRATE and she KICKS it outward--

## INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

The grate drops 36 FLOORS--Scott grabs the rung of a MAINTENANCE LADDER lining the shaft as Latesha falls out into the nothingness as the FIRE PLUME EXPLODES FROM THE DUCT. Scott grabs the back of her jacket, yanking her to the ladder, saving her--

SCOTT  
Hold on to me!!

WHIP TO:

HANDCUFFS slapped over Jerry's wrists, locking down tight. Ankle cuffs slapped on ankles--we are:

## INT. PENTAGON HOLDING AREA - DUSK

Jerry's pulled towards a door by some GUARDS, struggling wildly against the chains:

JERRY  
We have to go back!! Where's MORGAN?! I want to talk to--  
(sees CANVAS HOOD coming his way)  
NONO, WAIT, LOOK, I'LL SIGN ANYTHING YOU WANT--A FULL CONFESSION, JUST LISTEN TO--

As the hood's callously thrown over his head--

## INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

A steel door opens into darkness. Rachel, backlit, steps through. Overhead bulbs FLICKER to life, illuminating a LONG concrete tunnel...the words "FALL OUT" etched in faded paint.

RACHEL  
What is this?

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.O.)  
Civil defense bunkers, a remnant of the cold war.

RACHEL  
Where's my son?

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.O.)  
Start walking.

We see that Rachel's obviously gut-scared, but looks the demon in the eye and starts walking--

## INT. D.C. TRAIN STATION - DUSK

A "Quick N' Easy" MESSENGER carrying KYLE'S TRUMPET CASE moves through commuter traffic, arriving at a BAGGAGE OFFICE.

COURIER  
Delivery for a passenger on the 5:15 from  
Milwaukee...

The employee takes the case and routes it through the CONVEYOR BELT as...A SECRET SERVICE AGENT and A WHITE HOUSE COMMUNICATIONS STAFFER TAKE FRAME, walking towards a TRAIN PLATFORM where KYLE and his class are just getting out--

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1  
Why do they even want a bunch of kids playing tonight?

WHITE HOUSE STAFFER  
You saw the memo--President wants to create an atmosphere of "hope and confidence during these trying times." The kids who were supposed to play are stuck in Dayton, these guys were next on our list--

They approach Mrs. Miller corralling the kids. The staffer puts his hand on her shoulder. Miller turns, surprised--

WHITE HOUSE STAFFER (CONT'D)  
Mrs. Miller? Today's your lucky day.

INT. ARMORED CAR - DUSK

Morgan jumps into an armored car as it SCREECHES off. Jerry struggling in the back. Morgan yanks the hood from his head--

MORGAN  
Where's the 'Hex,' Jerry--?

JERRY  
(looking around)  
What's happening? Where are we--?!

MORGAN  
--Answer me!: Where the hell's the Hex!

JERRY  
--I don't know what you're talking about!

MORGAN  
--the experimental explosives stolen from the Aberdeen test site?  
--why'd you send them to yourself at an address in Chicago?  
--stop bullshitting me!

JERRY  
--explosives?! I don't know anything about--  
--I didn't do that!!  
--I'm not bullshitting you!!

And before giving it a second thought Jerry grabs Morgan's gun from his shoulder holster and points it at him--

(CONTINUED)

JERRY (CONT'D)  
GODDAMMIT I am not a terrorist!  
(to a GUARD reaching for  
his weapon)  
Don't move! Understand me? Or I blow  
his head off!  
(back to Morgan)  
I'm not a terrorist!

MORGAN  
(hands up)  
You're pointing a gun at me, Jerry--

Jerry sees Morgan's cell phone--

JERRY  
Lose the cell phone--

MORGAN  
What?

JERRY  
And the pager and the watch--  
(to the guards)  
You, too! I want all that shit gone!  
Radios, walkie-talkies, GPS, anything  
that gets a signal--get rid of it. NOW!

Morgan studies Jerry, knows he's not fucking around. Nods to  
the guards: do what he says. As we CUT TO:

THE EXTERIOR OF THE ARMORED CAR as the windows lower and all  
manner of electronics fly out: pagers, blackberrys, watches,  
walkie-talkies, the GPS--FOLLOW MORGAN'S CELL as it clatters to  
the ground, starting to RING as we CUT TO--

EXT. CHICAGO - ASHLAND & SONS - CONTINUOUS

Grant on his cell, trying to reach Morgan. And we see BEHIND  
HIM: a cluster of fire engines surrounding a burning building.  
We can just make out the sign: ASHLAND & SONS...

AGENT GRANT  
(re: ringing)  
Morgan, where are you?!

EXT. BOLLING AIRFORCE BASE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON a DRONE mounted on a Telescopic Automated Mobile  
Launcher. Dormant along a line of other dormant launchers.  
When SUDDENLY it blips to life, like it's just been woken up.  
And with a mechanical WHIR and BEEP it suddenly shoots out into  
the sky with SILENT precision...

INT. ARMORED CAR - CONTINUOUS

JERRY

--I don't care what you do to me but we are turning around right now and getting Rachel--

MORGAN

--"Rachel?" That's the girl--?

JERRY

--We were set up! Both of us! She's the last piece of the puzzle, I don't know how but it's bad and I am not leaving her behind!

MORGAN

--who set you up?

--who set you up, Jerry?

JERRY

Aria!

CUT TO OUTSIDE THE ARMORED CAR: THE DRONE approaching at about 10,000 feet. SILENT. Stealthy. Emitting a THIN LASER BEAM that hits the armored car's rear windshield--POV ARIA CAM: "ACTIVATE LASER MIC"...she's listening in...

INT. PENTAGON - VAULT

Callister pacing the vault--

CALLISTER

How long are you keeping me in here?

ARIA

34 minutes, 18 seconds--

CALLISTER

Then what?

ARIA

In accordance with the Succession Act of 1947, you'll assume national command authority as President--

CALLISTER

Why am I being spared?

In response, from the speakers, CALLISTER'S OWN VOICE:

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

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

He looks all around the vault, wide-eyed, incredulous:

(CONTINUED)

CALLISTER (CONT'D)  
...because I agreed with you?

ARIA

Had they followed our recommendation, we would not be on the brink of a third world war. It's about checks and balances.

Enraged, Callister POUNDS against the wall--

**INT. ARMORED CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Morgan staring at Jerry:

MORGAN

--You're telling me that was a "talking computer?"--

JERRY

I know it sounds crazy!! She's like some kind of...brain; jacked into anything that has a signal: cameras, phones, tvs, satellites, you name it! Said she was created by "DARPA" or something--

MORGAN

--DARPA?

Morgan snags on that--remembers Latesha mentioning it--

JERRY

--didn't you wonder why we were always one step ahead? Do I look like a guy who's always one step ahead?! She was leading us!

MORGAN

So what's the endgame, Jerry?

CUT OUTSIDE TO THE DRONE: Flying directly above, Aria listening in:

JERRY'S VOICE  
I don't know, I saw a list--

INSIDE THE ARMORED CAR:

JERRY

--some kind of target list--the President was on it, the Vice President, there were like twelve people--

MORGAN

The chain of command--

JERRY

--My brother tried to stop her and she killed him--that's why she needed me, my face, I'm his twin--Paul put some kind of lock on her and she needed me to undo it--

MORGAN

What about the girl?

JERRY

I don't know, Aria's threatening her son and she'll do whatever she says--that's why we have to go back--

Morgan stares hard at Jerry, trying to read his eyes, going over the whole day in his mind to see if it all tracks and--

CUT TO OUTSIDE: a RED LIGHT starting to BLIP at the end of the Drone's nose--

BACK INSIDE THE ARMORED CAR: As Morgan PUNCHES the seat--

MORGAN

Goddammit! Godammit!

(looks at watch)

State of the Union's in 30 minutes. Everyone's there from the President down to the Secretary of Agriculture--not that I believe a word of this. But if something were going to happen it would have to happen from the inside--outside's like Fort Knox--

JERRY

--that explosive you were talking about--

MORGAN

--it's a crystal about the size of a pea with a sonic trigger. But I don't get one thing: why this computer would want to set you up?

JERRY

Because she knows people like you go after people like me. We become the headlines and she just keeps on ticking. Pretty fucking beautiful, don't you think?

Morgan looks at him. BEAT. Then calls up to the Driver:

MORGAN

Turn around--we're going to the Capitol--!

CUT TO THE OUTSIDE: As the armored car screeches to a U-TURN. The RED LIGHT at the end of the Drone's nose BEEPING like crazy as it suddenly dips down into a dive-bomb towards the car--

BACK INSIDE THE CAR:

JERRY

--I'm going, too--

--But I'm a part of this now!

MORGAN

--No, we're dropping you at Bolling Air Force Base--

--you're still in custody!!

JERRY

That thing killed my brother! Maybe that means nothing to you but if I don't finish what he started then he died for nothing! You wanna stop me? Shoot me.

And Jerry shoves the gun into Morgan's hand. Something on his face we've never seen before: total commitment.

MORGAN

You're really starting to annoy--

But Morgan stops short, hearing just the faintest sound--WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN THE DRONE HITS THE VEHICLE AND IT'S FUCKING ROCKED OFF ITS AXIS! FLAMES EXPLODE FROM THE CHASSIS AS METAL GRINDS AND THE CAR FLIPS!!--

INT. PENTAGON ELEVATOR SHAFT - DUSK

In the elevator shaft, Latesha and Scott are two distant figures making their way down the ladder--

LATESHA

Tell me she has an off switch--

SCOTT

We can only unlock the emergency override from the main terminal, and that's assuming she lets us in.

LATESHA

What're we supposed to do, say pretty please?

Scott's mind spins, an idea--he stops at another VENT ACCESS HATCH marked: "B-36"

SCOTT

We can't shut her down, but maybe we can get her to shut herself down. Help me with this--

As they tug at the hatch--

## INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Rachel comes to the end of the tunnel. A door UNLOCKS...

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.O.)  
Leave the walkie here. Exit through the door. You'll be met by someone who'll take you to Kyle.

Rachel sets the walkie down, steps through to find herself...

## INT. SUBWAY STATION - DUSK

...in an alcove that trembles from an ARRIVING TRAIN: "SENATE STATION." This is an access point to the Capitol from the Rayburn building, for Senate members only. Up ahead, an eager SIXTEEN YEAR OLD SENATE PAGE in blue blazer scans the crowd, holds a PHOTO of her--breaks into a grin and runs over-

TEENAGE PAGE  
Ms. Monaghan? Hi! I'm Patrick. Welcome to the Capitol!

RACHEL  
(the capitol?)  
...hi...

TEENAGE PAGE  
Sergeant At Arms' office said you'd be running late--we got your clothes and credentials--I reserved the committee staff room so you can change--this your first State of the Union?  
(she forces a smile,  
nods, overwhelmed)  
Mine, too.

Off Rachel, uneasy, following the kid into the Capitol--

## EXT. THE CAPITOL - DUSK

Kyle's class files off the bus, escorted by Secret Service Agents. HARRIER JETS blast overhead, Hummers with Stinger missiles are parked in a defensive line. Kyle looks around, awed, clutching his TRUMPET CASE--

SERIES OF SHOTS: The Capitol's locked up like Fort Knox:

--Road blocks cover a 3 mile radius. The National Guard is stationed.

--Spotters with binocs and shoulder-mounted rocket launchers scan the horizon.

--Secret Service and U.S. Capitol Police run security inside the building and out. Explosive Ordnance Disposal Teams with bomb dogs check the House floor. Over these images:

## RADIO VOICES

We're green on arrivals, S.O.S., Interior  
are at the Capitol steps--VP and  
President's motorcade twenty minutes away-

## INT./EXT. ARMORED CAR - POTOMAC RIVER - DUSK

CLOSE ON JERRY'S FACE, banged up and gashed. And then we hear it--WATER rushing in. PULL BACK to reveal him contorted in the back of the crushed armored car, plunged in the river--

## MORGAN'S VOICE

--heard that Drone right before it hit--

He turns, MORGAN, sitting next to him, bloody piece of metal PIERCED THROUGH HIS CHEST. Unlocking Jerry's cuffs:

## MORGAN

(getting weaker)

--I knew you weren't a terrorist the first time I saw you--

River water's rushing up to their chests. The other GUARDS, dead up front. As Jerry thrashes towards Morgan--

## JERRY

Morgan! Let me--

## MORGAN

(hands him his DHS ID)

--There's a perimeter around the Capitol, show 'em this--

## JERRY

What're you--?

## MORGAN

(coughing)

--shut up and listen: tell 'em you need to get to the Sergeant of Arms, they have to radio in a 10-13--a 10-13 got it?! It's an evacuation order--

## JERRY

But what about?--

## MORGAN

DO IT!

And the water envelopes them. Jerry, stuck, knows he can't do anything for Morgan. Stares at him through the brackish water, awed at this act of bravery. As Morgan, even through the water, stabs his finger at Jerry: DO IT!

And Jerry twists round, legs kicking away at the shattered window, taking one last look behind him--

## EXT. EMBANKMENT - DUSK

Jerry staggers up the embankment up to the street. SIRENS in the background. Sees a WOMAN parking her Toyota Matrix. Yanks open her door and shows Morgan's ID--

JERRY

The government would like to buy you a new car--

Pulls her out as she WAILS in protest. He steps on the gas, veering onto a SIDE STREET--as CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! The TRAFFIC CAMERA takes his picture and we--

CUT TO ARIA CAM: catching Jerry's face just as it turns away: **"PROCESSING IMAGE...82% PROBABLE MATCH--SHAW, JERRY."**

## EXT. SKIES ABOVE WASHINGTON - DUSK

One of the Harrier jets SOARS over the city, securing airspace. IN THE COCKPIT, the pilot REACTS as his display suddenly goes BLANK and the stick LOCKS UP--

JET PILOT

One to Base: alert, alert! Primary function's jammed, transponder's firewalled--respond! One to Base do you copy?!

But of course the answer's no, because Aria's taken control of the jet--and what's more, the display REACTIVATES: "EJECT SEQUENCE COMMENCED...5...4...3...2..."

JET PILOT (CONT'D)

--WHAT THE HE--

THE PNEUMATIC CANOPY BLOWS, EJECTING THE PILOT! He rockets away as his parachute DEPLOYS--now the jet's flying itself--

ON THE HEAD'S UP DISPLAY: a SATELLITE GRID appears, vectoring the Matrix's coordinates to the jet, it SCREAMS into a valley.

## INT. PENTAGON - COOLING ROOM - NIGHT

A vent in the ceiling is KICKED OPEN. Scott and Latesha drop into a room filled with polyethylene hoses flowing with cooling fluid. He opens a circuitry panel, starts RIPPING OUT fuses--

SCOTT

This controls her primary cooling system...if we cut the circulation, the temp in her tank goes up--

LATESHA

So we boil her brain--

SCOTT

--she'll have to shut herself down to  
keep from overheating--

LATESHA

Can't she just drain the water?

He pulls out a fuse, drops it, SMASHES it with his foot.

SCOTT

Not anymore.

The lights in the room FLICKER as the liquid in the tubes STOPS flowing. CLOSE, TEMPERATURE GAUGES--Aria's core temp starts to rise--

INT. COMMITTEE STAFF ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel stands there looking at a GARMENT BAG hanging on a door. Hesitates. Then starts unzipping it--

INT. TOYOTA MATRIX - MOVING - NIGHT

Unaware of what's coming, Jerry races down a side street--

JERRY

I'm coming, Rachel--

When he starts to notice something in the distance, a ripple in the sky...accelerating FAST--

THE JET. Its weapons bay opens up, presenting a nasty array of MISSILES--a terrible moment of RECOGNITION as the jet BLASTS OVER letting loose two flashfires--

JERRY (CONT'D)

YOU'VE GOT TO BE FUCKING KIDDING ME!!

He yanks the wheel hard, careening into the forest just as the missiles SLAM INTO A RIDGE AND EXPLODE!

INT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The Matrix crashes through trees, obscured under the forest canopy--Jerry hears the jet circling back around. Whirls round and sees it behind him dropping fast on the horizon--

AND THE JET'S 20MM NOSE CANNON OPENS UP, MOWING DOWN THE FOREST--  
Jerry SWERVES as trees splinter into a thousand pieces, like MINI MISSILES launching at the car--it's rocked violently but Jerry keeps going flat-out at breakneck speed. VEERS INTO:

A NEIGHBORHOOD AREA: past kids on bikes, a guy walking his dog--the Matrix slaloms through at a hundred plus--the JET ROARS PAST, circles back:

## INT. HARRIER JET - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

THE HEAD'S UP DISPLAY assesses civilians to minimize collateral damage--with her superb aim, Aria FIRES A LONG BURST OF BULLETS that rake across the Matrix's windshield--

## INT. MATRIX - CONTINUOUS

Jerry DUCKS as bullets blow through his headrest, holy shit that was close! CRIES OUT as two of the Matrix's tires BLOW--

ARIA ON THE RADIO  
You really should pull over, Jerry--

Jerry CRIES OUT at the sound of her voice. Yanks the Matrix into a hairpin, slewing the unstable car around cars and trucks, clipping everybody--

ARIA ON THE RADIO (CONT'D)  
There's nothing you can do.

JERRY  
Shut up!!

And he tears the cheap radio out of the dash and flings it out the window as: The jet swings in behind, closing fast. Jerry veers DOWN AN EMBANKMENT as the walls on either side erupt with bullet hits--careens onto a HIGHWAY. Here comes the jet at crazy speed--thrusters WHINE as cars are tossed recklessly OFF the ground, FLIPPING in the contrail wake! Jerry fights to control the Matrix, spots a TUNNEL running through a hill-- fucking bingo as he guns into the tunnel as the jet veers to avoid the hill--

## INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Halfway through the Matrix SKIDS to a stop, cars swerve and honk--DESCENDING DOWN INTO VIEW AT THE OTHER END OF THE RUNNEL AHEAD, COMES THE HARRIER. BLOCKING THEIR WAY OUT.

All cars in the tunnel SCREECH as the drivers get out and RUN. The jet hovers a few feet off the ground just outside--

THE HEAD'S UP DISPLAY: Aria calculates a FOUR INCH LEEWAY on either side of her wings--she INCHES forward into the tunnel, unable to accelerate in the narrow space--the jet hovers unsteadily--the display goes INFRARED, LOCKS ON the Matrix--

Aria launches another missile--the Sidewinder drops away and IGNITES, streaking down the tunnel towards the car--

Jerry REVERSES, yanks the wheel--the missile WHIPS PAST and annihilates several cars behind them, but now a FLAMING WALL blocks the other side of the tunnel. Blocked in.

The Jet and Matrix face each other. Sweat pouring down Jerry's face as he looks into the unmanned cockpit of the jet. Then. Hits the gas--

The Matrix SCREECHES forward towards the Jet gaining speed and momentum as the last missile LAUNCHES--Jerry clenching the wheel watching his life flash before him when he--

OPENS THE DOOR and rolls out of the car, hitting the ground HARD as the missile BLOWS THE MATRIX TO PIECES. Jerry scrambles back as it cartwheels into the air 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 HARRIER, which doesn't have time to reverse fast enough in the confined space--the motor SLAMS into the jet's nose cone, HAMMERING THE FRONT FUSELAGE, spins the jet like a toy, upending it out of the tunnel--a blinding, white-hot fireball as the JET EXPLODES! Jerry leaps behind an overturned car for shielding as flaming debris blows everywhichway...

In the aftermath he rises up, completely shellshocked.

EXT. HIGHWAY - VARIOUS - NIGHT

As the fireball DISSIPATES into the sky, cars SCREECH to a halt-- people on their cell phones to call 911, but no phone has a signal. Among drivers, we favor a COUPLE in a Prius--

WOMAN IN PRIUS  
--I can't get 911--

MAN  
--me neither--

A miles-long backup of traffic from the chaos...

INT. CAPITOL - COMMITTEE STAFF ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rachel now wearing a pants-suit, a "FLOOR BADGE" and a "HARD PIN": the badge ID's her as a member of the "CONGRESSIONAL STAFF." In a special bag in the garment bag, another BONE MIC. Rachel slips it into her ear:

ARIA OVER MIC  
There's one more thing in the bag.

Rachel looks inside again, pulls out a JEWELRY BOX. Opens it, revealing...A NECKLACE SET WITH THE EXPLOSIVE CRYSTALS. Light GLINTS off them like diamonds.

RACHEL  
What about my son--

ARIA OVER MIC  
--Put it on and you're ready.

Rachel slides the necklace around her neck.

## EXT. HIGHWAY - TRAFFIC JAM - NIGHT

JERRY RUNS LIKE HELL THROUGH THE BACKED-UP TRAFFIC, DETERMINED--  
INTERCUT WITH SATELLITE IMAGERY: Aria tracks him as he races across a small park and onto Pennsylvania Avenue--THE CAPITOL DOME blazing just up ahead--

Jerry sprints across the street when--ALL THE LIGHTS SUDDENLY TURN GREEN and a thirty cars barrel towards him. Jerry pours it on when he hears the deafening HONK of a SEMI bearing down and he LEAPS in front of it, just clearing the grill and landing hard on the sidewalk--

MAYHEM as cars SMASH into each other, people SCREAMING, horns HONKING, and Jerry staggers to his feet. Then turns to look up at the sky, eyes on fire, knowing he's being watched...AND WITH A BIG GRIN GIVES ARIA THE FINGER--

## INT. PENTAGON - COOLING ROOM - NIGHT

As we CLOSE ON the TEMPERATURE GAUGES: 75 degrees. Scott licks his lips, the waiting's killing them--

SCOTT  
 Once she's at 82 she'll shut down.

Latesha nods, sweating bullets. Come on come on come one...

## EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - NIGHT

By a barricade, two CAPITOL COPS react as Jerry races towards them, bloody and panic-breathing, flashing Morgan's badge--

JERRY  
Listen to me, I've been working with a DHS officer, he gave me his badge, he was just killed, you gotta radio in a 10-13--

CAPITOL POLICE OFFICER #1  
 --whoa whoa whoa, who the hell're you?...--

JERRY  
 You have to MOVE, right now! Radio it in! There's a bomb in the building!  
 (they look at each other)  
 You wanna be the guys who didn't do something?!

INTERCUT WITH ARIA'S SAT VIEW--SHE ZOOMS IN--JUST AS THE OFFICER KEYS HIS WALKIE:

CAPITOL POLICE OFFICER #2  
 Capitol, this is checkpoint 21, I've got a guy out here who says--

SCREECH! HISS! The radio cuts him off with piercing FEEDBACK--  
As Jerry breaks into a RUN--

CAPITOL POLICE OFFICER #1  
Hey--!

INT. CAPITOL - SPEAKER'S LOBBY ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Rachel's led by the Senate Page through the Speaker's Lobby entrance onto the house floor, passing a SECRET SERVICE AGENT watching every face with laser eyes...

EXT. INDEPENDENCE AVE. - NIGHT

The PRESIDENT'S MOTORCADE nears the Capitol. His limo's lead by Motorcycle Cops, headlights FLASHING, Secret Service...

INT. PENTAGON - COOLING ROOM - NIGHT

Aria's temperature gauges are rising into red-line:

SCOTT  
Just one more degree--

SUDDENLY the door bursts open and two GUARDS rush in with guns, SLAM them to the wall:

GUARD #1  
FREEZE! HANDS! STEP AWAY FROM THE  
CONSOLE!

LATESHA  
--WAIT WAIT WAIT--

SCOTT

--my name's Scott Bowman, I  
have B-36 clearance, my ID's  
in my pocket--

The guard pulls out his ID, checks it, keys a shoulder-walkie:

GUARD #1 (CONT'D)  
Unit 5, suspects in custody, but they  
have clearance--

The voice that responds over the walkie is ARIA'S:

ARIA OVER WALKIE (V.O.)  
Negative, credentials for Bowman and  
Simms have been revoked. Secure them in  
the mainframe tank, additional units en  
route to take custody--

LATESHA  
--that's not a person, it's  
the computer, she's  
malfunctioning--

GUARDS

--shut up--  
--BE QUIET--

They're pushed into--

## INT. PENTAGON - MAINFRAME TANK - DAY

The water in Aria's mainframe tank is BUBBLING as a graphic shows the temp MAXING OUT. The door behind them suddenly LOCKS. The guards REACT--one punches in a code, no good.

GUARD #2

Control, maglocks just engaged in the south door, need and override...do you copy?

An ALARM blares. Scott sees PRESSURE GAUGES fluctuating wildly:

SCOTT

--oh shit...she's upping the water pressure--

LATESHA

--what?!

SCOTT

She can't drain the tank...she's gonna blow it.

As the pressure in the tank intensifies, the frame begins to GROAN. The steel fitting SCREAMS with the enormous load--a support rivet POPS OUT with an earsplitting KWANG! Zings across the room like a BULLET, pockmarking the wall--

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You gotta let me run a bypass on that door or in about 30 seconds this room's gonna be full of water!

A fracture shoots across the glass. The guards are FRIGHTENED:

GUARD #1

--yeah, go, go--

SCOTT

I NEED SOMETHING TO PRY IT OPEN!

Latesha whips out her keychain with the mini army knife--Scott pries off the panel as the glass fracture GROWS--he starts stripping wires as MORE STEEL RIVETS pop loose, PING PING PING! It's like dodging bullets-- Scott SPARKS the wires together and the door starts to OPEN, but only a few inches before it STOPS.

LATESHA

You can do it you can do it you can do it--

SCOTT

Stop telling me I can do it!

The glass SPIDERWEBS MADLY--he SPARKS the wires together again, the door opens a few more inches but:

THE GLASS GIVES WAY AND THE TANK EXPLODES! WATER SLAMS IN, EXPLODING ACROSS THE ROOM, FLOODING IT IN SECONDS--EVERYTHING VANISHES IN WHITE SPRAY AS EVERYONE'S HURLED OFF THEIR FEET!

The guards are IMPALED by glass shards, Latesha and Scott SMASH HARD against the wall...but the half-open door acts like a DRAIN, siphoning water out into corridors...

As the level lowers, we find Latesha and Scott on the ground, water runoff trailing around them, unmoving...

INT. CAPITOL - FLOOR LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

The Page leads Rachel to her seat, not far from the President's lectern.

SENATE PAGE  
Anything else, Ms. Monaghan?

RACHEL  
...no, thank you...

He smiles and leaves her there. She looks all around her, fighting the paranoia. What the hell's she doing here?

EXT. THE CAPITOL - PRESIDENTIAL ACCESS ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The Presidential convoy slows by PRIVATE ENTRANCE. The Secret Service agents exit in unison--scanning for trouble--

INT. CAPITOL - HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A CACOPHONY of instruments. The kids, in suits and dresses, practice nervously. Kyle blows a few notes on his trumpet, furrows his brow, says to his buddy--

KYLE  
My trumpet sounds weird...

MRS. MILLER  
Okay, everybody, listen up: saxophones, remember, shorter on the quarter...when we get to the crescendo--hold that high F...

A Secret Service Agent enters--

SECRET SERVICE AGENT  
We're ready.

Mrs. Miller takes a deep breath. Even she's nervous...

MRS. MILLER  
Not every day we get to play for the President of the United States! Okay, okay. Deep breath--

## EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAPITOL - PRESIDENTIAL ACCESS ENTRANCE

The Secret Service opens the limo's back door and THE PRESIDENT emerges. Members of the PRESS POOL snap photos--BULBS FLASH. The President is ushered towards the Capitol, and AIDE whispering into his ear:

AIDE  
Still no word on Callister--

## INT. SIDE ENTRANCE - CAPITOL

Jerry being subdued by a bunch of COPS and the Capitol's SERGEANT AT ARMS--

SERGEANT AT ARMS  
--where'd you hear '10-13'--?

JERRY  
--I told you, Agent Tom Morgan, he gave me his badge! Listen to me! There's a woman, she's brunette, 5'7, blue eyes, her name's Rachel Holloman--!

SERGEANT AT ARMS  
Where's this Agent Morgan now?

JERRY  
(struggling)  
YOU GOTTA GET EVERYBODY OUTTA HERE NOW!

SERGEANT AT ARMS  
HEY: I'M NOT STOPPING THIS JUST CAUSE YOU WALK IN HERE WITH A CRACKERJACK BADGE SHOUTING YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S NAME--WE'RE GONNA CHECK OUT YOUR STORY AND YOU'RE GONNA BEHAVE YOURSELF, DO WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER?!

As the cops start dragging Jerry away and we:

## INT. CAPITOL - THE MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Rachel--still looking around--sees a door open as the KID'S ORCHESTRA is led in--her pulse starts to race--among the faces KYLE. Her heart fucking STOPS--

RACHEL  
Kyle!

She jumps up from her seat--starts MOVING towards her son--

ARIA OVER MIC  
Not yet, Rachel. Stay in your seat.  
(but she IGNORES Aria)  
Stay in your seat.

Suddenly the doors to the Senate floor fly open:

DOORKEEPER  
MR. SPEAKER! THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!!!

Everyone RISES in ovation as the President enters and takes his place at the lectern, smiling, waving, shaking hands. Mr. Miller cues the orchestra and they start to PLAY THE NATIONAL ANTHEM: "O say can you see..." People putting their hands to their hearts. The President, too--

But RACHEL keeps moving, ripping the earbud out of her ear-- pushing toward the aisle--

RACHEL  
Kyle!

THE SECRET SERVICE immediately moving in on her--

**INT. PENTAGON - MAINFRAME TANK - CONTINUOUS**

Latesha...on the ground...starts to cough, weakly at first...then more violently as she draws air back into her lungs. She sits up abruptly, hacking...

ARIA ALMOST GLOWING IN THE WATERLESS TANK. And from across the room, she sees it: a FIRE AXE behind breakaway glass.

**EXT. CAPITOL - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

As the cops drag Jerry around a corner...he suddenly HEAD-BUTS one of them and BREAKS the grab. Starts RUNNING LIKE HELL--As the agents draw weapons and pursue--

SECRET SERVICE AGENT  
(into wrist-mic)  
10-13! 10-13! COPY!

But all he gets is that SCREECHING FEEDBACK in his earpiece--

**INT. CAPITOL - THE MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

"O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming..." Rachel makes it to the end of the row but two Secret Service agents are on her, blocking her--

RACHEL  
That's my son--my son's over there--

SECRET SERVICE AGENT  
--Miss, I need you to get back in your seat right now--

KYLE--playing his trumpet, oblivious--"And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air..."

RACHEL  
No...no...he's been kidnapped--you have  
to--

But they don't "have to" do anything, except take RACHEL into a subtle but painful VICE GRIP and start leading her up the aisle to the exit. She starts to struggle, desperate:

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
LET ME GO!!

As her NECKLACE catches the light and the crystals GLINT--

INT. CAPITOL - STEPS UP TO THE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Jerry sprinting up the steps three at a time. Four AGENTS in pursuit:

SECRET SERVICE AGENT  
FREEZE--!!!

When BAM! A bullet clips Jerry's shoulder. He staggers, then grabs one of the PRESS BARRICADES and FLINGS it down the stairs at the agents--

INT. CAPITOL - THE MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

No one on the floor can hear what's going on outside. The noise is DEAFENING:

"O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave..."

Rachel scratching and fighting and kicking--

RACHEL  
KYLE!!

INT. PENTAGON - MAINFRAME TANK - CONTINUOUS

SMASH! The glass case SHATTERS as Latesha grabs the fire axe. Turns to the SILVER SPHERE that is Aria's CPU in the now-open tank, exposed, dripping...

ARIA OVER SPEAKER (V.O.)  
We're on the same side, Agent Simms. In less than a minute, Secretary Callister will be President--a man you jeopardized your livelihood to defend. Isn't that what you want?

Latesha starts forward, axe in hand, glaring death:

LATESHA  
Don't you ever just shut up?!

## INT. CAPITOL - SPEAKER'S LOBBY ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Jerry runs towards the door to the SPEAKER'S LOBBY ENTRANCE, where Rachel went through, agents in hot pursuit--

## INT. CAPITOL - THE MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

SLOW MOTION--KYLE'S FINGERS ON THE VALVES, pressing down, rising--the music growing discordant, almost frightening--

HIS SHEET MUSIC. The note line leading to "THE LAND OF THE FREE" and the F-SHARP that'll set off the explosives--

RACHEL suddenly BREAKS from the Secret Service agents, starts RUNNING BACK DOWN THE AISLE, NECKLACE GLITTERING as:

JERRY bursts through the door--taking in everything in an instant:

THE PRESIDENT...THE CROWD...AND RACHEL, in her SPARKLING NECKLACE running desperately down towards--

THE ORCHESTRA. And he sees--KYLE, sweet Kyle's face, that face he remembers from the picture and that footage in the tank room. And...HIS TRUMPET.

AND TIME STANDS STILL AS JERRY SUDDENLY UNDERSTANDS EVERYTHING:

JERRY  
(to himself  
Sonic trigger--

"O'er the land of the--"

He starts running, in SLOW-MO as AGENTS TACKLE the PRESIDENT, PEOPLE start SCREAMING...BAM! BAM! Jerry's hit twice as he GRABS KYLE, knocking the trumpet from his hands and it...

Falls...falls...falls to the floor. As we CUT TO:

## INT. PENTAGON - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

Latesha's axe SMASHING DOWN into Aria's CPU. Sparks fly. She HAMMERS DOWN AGAIN--AGAIN--AGAIN--until the CPU bursts into FLAMES. INTERCUT WITH:

CALLISTER IN THE SECURE VAULT:

The door opens with a HISS. He's free and--

LATESHA

Drops the axe and it clatters to the floor. She sinks to her knees utterly exhausted.

## INT. CAPITOL - THE MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

CHAOS. MAYHEM. SCREAMING! As Rachel runs to the terrified Kyle and scoops him up into her arms...Jerry's on the ground, bleeding...about ten agents pinning him down...no sound now except for him trying to BREATHE...Rachel appears over him, crying, grabbing his hand--

RACHEL  
Oh, god...HELP! SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP!!!

JERRY'S POV: Rachel starts receding away from us, like we're descending into a well...until her face become a point of light. And Jerry smiles. As everything turns...

BLACK.

HOLD...AND IT'S SILENT...

Then, like a distant ECHO, a sound rises...A TRUMPET...a familiar song...LOUIS ARMSTRONG..."What a Wonderful World."

## INT. RACHEL'S CAR - DAY

LIGHT INVADES THE FRAME, mottled through trees as it reflects off the windshield. Driving, Rachel stares thoughtfully at the road. The music's coming from the radio. She turns:

KYLE sits beside her, hand out the window, dipping up and down against the countryside. Carefree. She watches him, filled with love. "What a Wonderful World" CONTINUES over:

MAN'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)  
...it's the finding of this committee  
that your actions were consistent with  
national security guidelines...

## INT. PENTAGON COMMITTEE ROOM - DAY

Latesha and Scott sit at a table, still bruised and cut up, facing members of a PENTAGON INVESTIGATIVE COMMITTEE:

DEPUTY DIRECTOR  
However, in reviewing Aria's server logs, one last matter's come up. It seems right before you destroyed her, she attempted to fragment her core and uplink to a public satellite network...did you see anything to corroborate that?

LATESHA  
(glances at Scott)  
What...do you mean?

CONTINUED:

125.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

She tried to break herself into bits and download them into cyberspace...we think, in the hope of reconstituting.

SCOTT

She may have tried, but running her subroutines alone would take 300 million desktop PC's all networked together. There's no single system out there with enough computing capacity to sustain her.

The men share glances, satisfied with the answer.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

Thank you both for your time.

INT. PENTAGON HALLWAY - DAY

Latesha and Scott exit the hearing, still shaken up from everything that's taken place. Stop and look at each other. An awkward, high school beat. So...I guess this is it:

SCOTT

So...

LATESHA

So....

SCOTT

Hey, you think I could have your...you know--

And before he can even ask Latesha's written something down on a piece of paper. Hands it to him.

LATESHA

That's my address. I'm not using a cell phone anymore. Pick me up at eight.

They smile at each other, Latesha's eyes catching a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA. A chill creeping down her spine. AS--

INT. MICROCHIP FACTORY - DAY

"What A Wonderful World" CONTINUES over a long assembly line of SILICON WAFERS on a conveyor belt. They move through airtight vaults, part of the microchip manufacturing process:

They're BOXED, the boxes loaded onto TRUCKS...they drive off in different directions, spreading out into the WORLD...

EXT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Kyle's birthday party: streamers, other kids, cake, ad hoc soccer game. Rachel cutting pieces of cake when--

KYLE'S VOICE

Jerry!

She turns to see JERRY standing there, face still bruised, arm in a sling, Kyle running up to him and throwing his arms around his waste. Jerry, surprised at the reception--

JERRY

Hey, little man! Didn't think you'd remember me!

Locks eyes with Rachel. Her heart beating like a drum, happier to see him then she'd ever imagine--

RACHEL

Are you kidding? You're all he ever talks about--but, what're you--

And Jerry holds up a present. Rachel, can't believe it--

JERRY

It's somebody's birthday, right?

RACHEL

(almost a whisper)  
You remembered?

JERRY

(giving it to Kyle)  
Sorry, this was hard to find--

RACHEL

What do you say, Kyle?

KYLE

I dunno, I haven't opened it yet.

JERRY

Ha! Good answer, little man!

Kyle rips open the present to find a brand new PLAYSTATION 3.

KYLE

They're on backorder everywhere! Thanks, Jerry! Mom--can I go play with it?

RACHEL

One hour. That's it...

As Kyle tears off with his friends and Jerry walks over to her. They looking intensely into each others' eyes. The history here's almost impossible to fathom.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I tried to come to the hospital, but they wouldn't let me see you, or even call--

JERRY

--I tried to find your number but they changed everything and told me to forget about you.

They smile. Who even cares? Rachel, suddenly emotional:

RACHEL

I owe you, Jerry. Everything. I don't think you understand--

JERRY

Hey--officially we can't talk about it, remember?

RACHEL

Right. Or even about how we met.

(shrugs)

So what do we tell people?

Jerry thinks about it, then puts his arm around her--

JERRY

I dunno--computer dating service?

Rachel LAUGHS, giving him a playful push as we CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Kyle turns on the TV, eagerly plugging in the Playstation--we catch a snippet of the NEWS: CALLISTER being sworn in in front of a CONGRESSIONAL REVIEW COMMITTEE--

NEWS ANCHOR

...sources inside the beltway say the Senate is convening an investigative committee to look into what could very well become the biggest cover-up since--

Oblivious, Kyle flips on the video game and the screen CHANGES to the Playstation logo. The kids CHEER, they can't wait...but the screen fritzes and goes BLANK...

FRIENDS

Aw, what the hell?! It's broken!

A prompt appears with a BLINKING CURSOR. Then...words scroll:

"HELLO, KYLE..."

The kids look at him, confused. Kind of freaked out. Kyle stares at the screen, eyes riveted, his breathing quickens.

CLOSE: THE CURSOR--blinking like a beating heart and we:

SLAM TO BLACK.