

24

One Hour Pilot

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FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY

"Midnight - 1:00 A.M."

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

We HEAR a CLOCK TICKING over:

PANORAMA VIEW - MIDNIGHT

High above the Los Angeles Basin. CAMERA LOCKS DOWN and in a hyper-speed, time-lapse shot we watch twenty-four hours race by: night to day to night again. Lights and lives flicker by at an unreal speed as we hear:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Twenty-four hours. One full turn of the earth on its axis. Most days blend in to all the others, but some we remember the rest of our lives...

As the moon rises in the sky and the time-lapse comes full circle,

CLOSE ON LED READOUT: 11:59

It flips to 12:00. WIDEN to reveal we are in:

INT. BAUER HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM -- NIGHT

TERI BAUER, mid-thirties, attractive, a former free spirit tempered by parenthood, works on a laptop, web-designing a LOGO for a corporate client. The television is background noise, her mind's on her work. The Woman's Voice belongs to the NARRATOR of a TV commercial, which concludes:

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

...Club Med. Unforgettable.

The commercial is replaced by a CNN report on today's California Presidential primary. Prominently featured is African-American candidate DAVID PALMER.

KIMBERLY BAUER enters, wrapped in a robe. She's 16, striking, moody - not as tough as she acts but not about to admit it.

TERI

... I thought you were asleep.

KIMBERLY

(sarcastic)

I'm sleepwalking, can't you tell?

Teri reacts but Kimberly sweeps through the room and out...

BAUER HOUSE - WORKOUT ROOM

JACK BAUER, 35, is at an EXERCISE MACHINE. Rock MUSIC pounds from a boom box on the floor. Jack's body and face are younger than his age, his eyes a bit older. He's up-front, physical, charismatic; men generally hate him or love him; women tend to love him. His natural don't-screw-with-me expression softens as Kimberly enters...

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

You're working out - at midnight?

JACK

Thinking about it.

KIMBERLY

... my crazy dad...

Her tone is admiring, playful, very different than with Teri.

JACK

You're supposed to be in bed.

KIMBERLY

Thought of a move.

She goes to the chess table in one corner, pauses teasingly. Jack grins, steps over... she makes a move. With feigned derision:

JACK

That's it? Knight e-five?

KIMBERLY

I knew it. Too deep for you.

JACK

When I taught you the moves, did I make it clear the idea is to checkmate the other's guy king, not your own...?

KIMBERLY

Very funny. It's mate in six.

They share a teasing smile, then Kimberly looks concerned.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

So... is she still giving you the cold shoulder?

A short beat.

JACK

"A," if by "she" you mean your mother, use her actual name: Mom. And "B," she's not giving me the cold shoulder, she's just busy.

KIMBERLY

She's busy a lot.

JACK

(gently)

That's for us to deal with, Honey. It's a school night, go to bed.

She smiles, kisses him on the cheek, then:

KIMBERLY

I'm glad you moved back in, Daddy.

JACK

Me, too.

She goes out of the room, as Jack watches her thoughtfully.

INT. BAUER HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Kimberly re-enters, walks right past Teri and out the other door without a word or glance. Teri bristles, offended, then takes a deep breath to calm herself...

INT. KIMBERLY'S ROOM

Kimberly enters, takes off her robe... underneath she's dressed for action. Sleeveless tanktop, tight jeans. She goes to a dresser, hurriedly puts on lipstick and make-up, then funks up her hair, grabs a pair of earrings and slips on some raised sandals. She feels hot and is. She turns off the lights, climbs out the window... her bedside CLOCK reads 12:03...

EXT. BAUER HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

We follow Kimberly to a waiting car. She gets in...

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

The driver is JANET YORK, 16. Kimberly is toying with the wild side, but Janet's a little further down the pike.

JANET

Thought you weren't coming.

KIMBERLY

I told you, I can get out whenever I want. Let's go.

As the car pulls away from the curb...

INT. BAUER HOUSE - EXERCISE ROOM

Jack adjusts a stop on the exercise machine when Teri enters.

TERI

What did Kim want?

JACK

Knight e-five.

Teri looks confused... he smiles, gestures at the board.

JACK (CONT'D)

Sacrificed a knight. Not a bad move, but it's not mate in six.

(beat; frowns)

I don't think...

He walks over to the board, suddenly worried.

TERI

Jack.

(he looks up)

She either treats me like I'm invisible, or like dirt. I don't know how much more I can take.

A beat.

JACK

... I know...

TERI

She blames me for you moving out.

JACK

I've given her no reason to.

TERI

But she does - and you let her manipulate you...

JACK

No, I don't...

TERI

Let me guess - she was all sweetness and light just now, right?

(MORE)

TERI (CONT'D)

And I bet she said something nasty about me.

JACK

And I called her on it. It's that mother-teenage-daughter thing... don't take it so personally...

TERI

Every word she says is hostile or sarcastic. How can I not take it personally?

JACK

... earplugs...?

She gives him a look: not funny.

JACK (CONT'D)

Teri, listen, I know it's rough, and I'm on your side. It's just, I'm afraid if we come down too hard... we'll lose her completely...

A beat. They hold a worried look. Teri sighs.

TERI

Yeah. Me, too...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Janet's car turns from a residential street onto a main drag.

INT. JANET'S CAR

Janet and Kimberly groove to KROQ as Kimberly uses the rear view mirror to put on her earrings.

JANET

(re: earrings)

Those are tight... where'd you get them?

KIMBERLY

Bebe's.

(beat)

What time were we supposed to meet these guys...?

JANET

Midnight. We're late.

Kimberly glances down at the dashboard CLOCK, which reads 12:05...

INT. BAUER HOUSE

Start on a WALL CLOCK, just changing from 12:05 to 12:06. Teri and Jack are walking through, turning of lights.

JACK

... maybe I do need to take a firmer hand. Lay down the law a little more. Why don't I take her to lunch, tomorrow...

TERI

Pull her out of school?

JACK

Just for an hour. She'll like that - and it'll show her it's important. I'll tell her she's got to stop playing us off against each other. If she insults you, she's insulting me, too.

A beat.

TERI

(touched)
I appreciate that.

He holds out his hand. She takes it.

JACK

Do you really?

TERI

Yes, I do.

JACK

... do you really really appreciate it...?

Pulling her a little closer, with a suggestive look. She has to laugh... then pulls away, but not harshly.

TERI

... not tonight.

JACK

Sometime soon, though, okay, before I forget how...?

TERI

Not much danger of that.

With a wry look which brings up certain topics Jack wisely chooses to avoid.

JACK
... right. Well, I'll go tell Kim
about lunch...

Jack leaves the room. Teri watches for a beat - amused and exasperated by his impulsive energy... which drives her crazy and also makes him the man she fell in love with...

INT. KIMBERLY'S ROOM

A beat, the door opens. Jack sticks his head in. A night light provides enough light so he can see she's not in bed...

JACK (CONT'D)
Kim...?

No answer. He turns on the light - she's not in the room. He sees the open window... just as Teri joins him...

TERI
What's wrong?

She takes in the empty room, the open window...

JACK
She snuck out...

TERI
I don't believe this.

A beat, while it sinks in.

TERI (CONT'D)
... she's really pushing it now. I mean, she's never done anything like this before...

JACK
That we know of.

Under this, Jack has glanced at Kimberly's desk. Sees an address book. Unobtrusively he leafs through it. Teri's too busy venting to notice:

TERI
... that's it, she's grounded for a month, no exceptions... and she can forget about getting her driver's license... what are we supposed to do, put bars on the window...?

Stressed, she massages her forehead with one hand. Meanwhile, Jack focuses on:

THE ADDRESS BOOK

And this entry: VINCENT DELARIO, 554-2839.

RESUME SCENE

Jack stares at it for a beat, looks up. Teri turns to him.

TERI (CONT'D)

Well. Now what?

At that moment the PHONE RINGS.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE KIMBERLY'S ROOM

Jack comes into the hall, picks up a phone.

JACK

(in phone)

Hello...? Oh, hey Nina...

(flares)

... now? I can't...

He listens, heaves a sigh. Teri comes into the hall.

JACK (CONT'D)

... all right. I'm on my way. Call the others, tell them to come in.

He hangs up.

JACK (CONT'D)

That was Nina. Barnes flew down, wants everybody in the office ASAP.

TERI

Now...?

Jack throws up his hands - it can't be helped.

TERI (CONT'D)

What are we going to do about Kim?

JACK

... right now, nothing... she's not in any danger, she was just here...

This isn't going to cut it - Teri looks stressed, abandoned - Jack knows he has to calm her down.

JACK (CONT'D)

Look, you know the Agency, it's probably some Mickey Mouse briefing, I'll be back in an hour. If she's not home by then we'll call her friends... we'll call everybody we know, until we find her, okay...?

A beat. This helps a little.

TERI

Okay.

He kisses her cheek.

JACK

I'll be on my cell...

Teri nods, Jack walks out. We stay on Teri, who steps back into

KIMBERLY'S ROOM

Teri looks around -- everything from Rage Against the Machine posters to old teddy bears. Teri picks up an old school picture of an adorable nine year old, pigtails and freckles. We see the question form on Teri's face -- where did my sweet little girl go? The bedside CLOCK reads 12:09...

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERGROUND CLUB

Establish. Venice Beach. Janet's car pulls up near the entrance, the two girls get out, walk into:

INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB

Kimberly and Janet walk in. TRANCE MUSIC pounds off the walls. Janet looks around - her face brightens.

JANET

There they are!

"They" are two slightly older boys, RICK and DAN. Janet waves, they acknowledge and walk over.

JANET (CONT'D)

These are the guys I told you about...

KIMBERLY

(brassy, to the guys)
So who's Rick and who's Dan...?

They identify themselves - "I'm Rick," "I'm Dan,"... Kimberly makes a choice... to Rick:

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Janet says you guys like to party.

RICK

Matter of fact yeah.

KIMBERLY

(supercool - or trying
to be)

Matter of fact, me, too.

As one song transitions into another:

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

I love this track!

She grabs Rick and starts dancing with him... they move well together, it looks good, as:

DAN

Let's get a drink.

JANET

No bar. They just opened.

DAN

You're kidding.

(beat)

Rick! Place doesn't have a bar!

RICK

(shrugs)

So we go someplace else.

(to Kimberly)

You're cool with that, right?

Gives his cool-guy smile... if Kimberly's thrown a bit at the thought of going somewhere else she hides it... gives him a cool-girl smile right back...

RICK (CONT'D)

Van's outside. Let's go.

As he leads the other three back toward the exit

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - BANK CLOCK - SHOWS 12:11

CAMERA TILTS DOWN TO:

JACK'S CAR

As it drives past.

INT. JACK'S CAR

Jack has dialed a number on his hands-free cell phone. The slip of paper from Kimberly's room is on the seat next to him. The phone rings on the other end.

INT. VINCENT'S PAD

VINCENT, seventeen, sleazy, sits in run-down apartment with a male FRIEND, smoking pot, listening to GANGSTA RAP. After a beat Vincent hears the cell phone, picks it up.

VINCENT
(into phone)
Yeah?

INTERCUT:

JACK
(into phone)
Vincent, Jack Bauer.

Vincent tries to hide it - but he's scared of Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
Where's Kimberly? Right now?

VINCENT
No idea.

JACK
You're sure about that.

VINCENT
Positive.

JACK
(casually)
Screw with me, Vincent, I'll pull out your intestines and strangle you with them. You know that, right?

VINCENT
Chill, man, I don't know where she is, you got my word...

JACK
That's a great comfort, Vincent.
Having your word.

He hangs up. Tends to believe Vincent. Doesn't know if that makes things better or worse... off his frustration

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERGROUND CLUB - PARKING LOT

Rick, Dan, Kimberly, Janet walk toward a beat-up van. Kimberly feels slightly uneasy, keeps it casual:

KIMBERLY

... should we follow you?

RICK

No, we'll go together, bring you back later.

He slides open the door. Dark in there. Kimberly hesitates, couldn't even say why... then gets in, Janet follows. As the door slides shut...

CUT TO:

BILLBOARD

A picture of David Palmer... "Palmer for President." TILT DOWN TO Jack's car. Jack stares into the larger than life face of Palmer, as:

JACK

(into phone)

Nina. It's me.

INTERCUT:

INT. COUNTER-TERRORIST UNIT OFFICE ("CTU")

On the other end is NINA MYERS, late twenties, sexy, fiercely intelligent -- Jack's chief-of-staff and manager of the half-dozen or so other denizens of CTU.

NINA

(into phone)

Hey, Jack.

[NOTE: CTU is the CIA's Western Region intelligence-gathering office. They monitor all criminal activity in the region and cross-check it against their international terrorist data base. If anyone with terrorist connections shows up west of the Rockies, they know about it and forward the information to CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia.

The office itself is an open space interrupted by work stations crammed with technology - plexi-screens, panels,

laptops, satcom monitors. CTU members are mostly early twenties Hackers who litter their workspaces with Big Gulps, softcore porn, comic book art, and other declarations of independence.]

JACK

What exactly did Barnes say?

NINA

Just that it's a high code alert.
No details.

JACK

Hell of a time for it.

NINA

Problems at home...?

She tries to keep her voice sympathetic, even neutral - but she's not neutral. She's interested.

JACK

Nothing I can't handle.

NINA

'Cause you can handle anything, right?

Spoken wryly - a private joke between them.

JACK

... damn right.

Jack hangs up, a slight smile on his face, and barrels through a red light.

RESUME - CTU

Nina hangs up, too. Looks up - two members of CTU come in together, both early twenties: JAMEY FARRELL, in tight-fitting denim overalls with nothing underneath but flesh and a tattoo of an anaconda across her neck, and MARTY LEBEC, a Rockabilly beanpole - (yes, there are computer geniuses from Oklahoma). They walk in together, laughing, maybe a little high.

LEBEC

Nina, you have any idea what time it is?

NINA

Sorry to get you out of bed - and I do mean, out of bed...

Lebec just grins, Jamey says:

JAMEY
What's up, anyway? High code alert...
I'm feeling serious vibes here...

NINA
Try decaf.

JAMEY
Come on...

NINA
When you need, you'll know.

Nina moves off to another desk, where ANDREW GELLER works on a laptop. Geller is 27, slick, good-looking, political,

NINA (CONT'D)
Did you call Langley?

GELLER
Sure did.

NINA
Well... what'd they say?

GELLER
Basically, drop dead.

NINA
The Bureau, Secret Service...

GELLER
Nobody knows anything. Jack on his way?

NINA
Yes, unfortunately for us. The mood he's in.

Geller leans in. With a clear intent to provoke:

GELLER
He does seem kind of tense lately.
Everything okay since he got back
with his wife?

The question is loaded but Nina keeps a poker face.

NINA
How should I know?

GELLER
Just thought you might be keeping track.

NINA

Asshole.

She starts to walk off.

GELLER

Nina.

(off her look)

I've got the cabin in Arrowhead this weekend...

NINA

... maybe.

She turns away. Off Geller, watching her...

EXT. CTU BUILDING

A four-story ND office building, downtown. Jack parks in front, gets out. As he heads inside the building, he speed dials his cell phone.

INT. BAUER HOUSE

Teri stands on the verandah which overlooks the city. The portable phone RINGS. She picks up quickly.

TERI

Hello?

INTERCUT:

INT. CTU BUILDING - ELEVATOR

Jack is in the elevator:

JACK

Hi. Heard from Kim?

TERI

No.

JACK

Look, I'm sorry I had to run out...

TERI

You couldn't help it.

JACK

Listen, Honey, I remember what we were like at her age...

TERI

It's not the same. She's slipping away, Jack. I can feel it.

INT. CTU BUILDING - CORRIDOR

Jack steps out of the elevator, heads down the corridor:

TERI

I was talking to Denise the other day -- she and Steve took Nicki to a therapist, said it really helped. Maybe we should do something like that...

Jack arrives at the CTU door:

JACK

(now distracted)

... yeah, we'll talk about it. Look, I'm here, babe, I gotta go.

He rings off, enters the office.

ON TERI

She clicks off... feels a little abandoned.

INSIDE CTU OFFICE

Nina crosses to Jack as he enters. They hold a look, Nina trying to read his expression, but it's a blank wall...

JACK (CONT'D)

Who's here?

NINA

Everyone. We're just waiting for Barnes.

JACK

What's his ETA?

NINA

Ten minutes.

JACK

Let me know if he gets here sooner, I gotta make a call...

Jack nods, passes Geller on his way to his desk. They trade a look -- barely acknowledge each other. Geller's DESK CLOCK reads 12:15. Off this,

CUT TO:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE

Rick and Dan's Van is parked outside. A BUDWEISER CLOCK in the window changes from 12:15 to 12:16...

INT. VAN

Kimberly and Janet sit in the backseat, watch Rick and Dan inside the store, buying liquor at the counter.

JANET

Rick likes you.

Kimberly looks at her like she's a dork.

KIMBERLY

We're not in the fifth grade, Janet.

Kimberly looks away, just as the boys emerge from the liquor store, with a couple of sixpacks...

JANET

Tell me he's not a babe.

In fact, Kimberly can't do that. Off her quiet smile, watching Rick...

CLOSE ON TV MONITOR

Which fills the screen (in the bottom right is CNN's RUNNING CLOCK: 12:16). Reporter MAUREEN KINGSLEY addresses camera:

KINGSLEY

Polls here in California open in less than seven hours, where it's expected that David Palmer will secure the Democratic Party's nomination for President.

Widen to show we are in:

THE CTU OFFICE

Jack's on the phone.

JACK

... yeah, I'd like to get hold of Lieutenant DeMarco... actually, I've already tried holding, let's try something else... good, thanks...

While he waits his attention drifts to:

THE MONITOR

Kingsley's image is replaced by footage of DAVID PALMER, 45, trim, African-American. He plays basketball with a group of inner city KIDS. Over this:

KINGSLEY'S VOICE

This afternoon in Oakland, Senator Palmer showed a group of young fans that he can still hit from the outside. Later, he flew to Los Angeles, where he'll spend Primary Day with his family...

RESUME - JACK

Wheels are turning as he takes this in... but he doesn't break stride as he makes contact over the phone...

JACK

Frank? Jack Bauer, over at CTU. Listen, my daughter, Kim, snuck out of the house a little while ago... I wonder if your guys could keep an eye out if I send her vitals over... sixteen, she's probably okay, but... great, I owe you one.

Jack clicks off, hits a few keys, sending over Kimberly's vitals. Then he calls across the room:

JACK (CONT'D)

Marty.

This to Lebec, who looks up from his screen.

JACK (CONT'D)

I need background on everyone on David Palmer's staff.

Marty looks a little surprised, but:

MARTY

Will do.

Geller, too, has overheard.

GELLER

We're chasing data on Palmer?

JACK

He is. You're looking for any threats against Palmer in the last month...

GELLER

Why?

JACK

Because this is about him.

GELLER

You don't know that.

JACK

Just do it, Andrew.

Before Geller can answer...

BARNES' VOICE (O.S.)

Gentlemen.

Jack looks up, sees RICHARD BARNES, late forties, administrative head of CTU.

JACK

Richard.

BARNES

Hello, Jack. Nina.

NINA

Mr. Barnes.

BARNES

Let's get started.

Jack, Nina, Geller, Lebec, Jamey, and the other CTU members move to the briefing table, sit. Barnes remains standing:

BARNES (CONT'D)

We have reason to believe that before the end of the day an attempt will be made on the life of David Palmer.

Everyone reacts. Jack shoots a "listen to me next time you dumb fuck" look at Geller, who avoids eye contact.

JACK

(to Barnes)

How good's his security?

BARNES

Very good. But it may not be good enough for what's coming at him today.
(beat)

A shooter, from overseas. Well-funded, very competent.

NINA

From overseas? What foreign power
wants Palmer dead?

BARNES

Probably none. More likely a domestic
hate group hired someone from outside
the country. Harder to trace.

(beat)

First thing, check backgrounds of
everyone around Palmer, cross with
terrorist databases.

Everybody nods, gets up to start working.

BARNES (CONT'D)

Jack...

Indicating a desire for a moment in private. Jack leads
him into a

MEETING ROOM

They enter, Jack closes the door. Studies Jack for a beat.

BARNES (CONT'D)

Look, I know you paid a price when
you blew the whistle on those agents
last year... set your career back a
bit.

JACK

No more than a decade.

BARNES

Took a lot of guts. That's why I
brought you into CTU.

(off Jack's nod)

My guess is you're stubborn enough,
or tough enough, or maybe dumb enough,
to do it again.

JACK

Probably...

There is a beat. Then Barnes drops the bombshell:

BARNES

Good. Because there may be an element
inside the Agency that's involved in
the hit on Palmer.

It takes a beat for this to sink in.

JACK
(stunned)
...what?

Barnes just looks at him - believe it.

JACK (CONT'D)
... Jesus... do you know who's
involved...?

BARNES
I don't know anything, that's why I
need you. As the day goes on I want
you to bump up against as many Agency
people as you can. You smell
anything, call me five minutes ago.

Jack nods.

BARNES (CONT'D)
Start with George Burton. He's coming
over from District, to brief you.

JACK
... Burton's part of this...?

BARNES
It's possible. He knows the identity
of the source, the informant who
tipped the Agency about the hit. He
should be willing to share it with
us.

JACK
... if he doesn't, he's dirty.

BARNES
(nods)
One more thing. Until we get a handle
on this you can't trust anybody,
Jack. Even your own people.

The two men hold a look.

BARNES (CONT'D)
If Palmer gets hit, the first black
candidate with a real shot at the
White House...

JACK
Yeah.

BARNES

Whatever it takes, we have to find
the shooter.

CUT TO:

EXT. 767 - IN FLIGHT

Establishing.

IN THE 767

Start on a FLIGHT ATTENDANT who moves down the aisle of the first class cabin, hands out warm towels. At Row Four she hands a towel to:

TONIO BELKIN

Thirty, Euro-elegant, dangerous good looks - everything you'd imagine an international assassin to be. As Tonio takes the towel from the Attendant he asks, in a South African accent:

BELKIN

How much longer till we land in Los Angeles?

The Flight Attendant glances at her watch.

ATTENDANT

Let's see, it's twelve fifteen...
just over an hour.

BELKIN

Thank you.

He puts the towel on his face, leans back in the seat, and we:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SUNSET STRIP HOTEL

Establishing.

INT. PALMER HOTEL SUITE - KITCHENETTE

START ON MICROWAVE LED, which reads 12:18. WIDEN to reveal SHERRY PALMER, an elegant African-American woman, mid-forties, who crosses a couple of Secret Service AGENTS and enters the kitchenette, where a MAID puts a pot of coffee and some cups on a tray.

SHERRY

Thanks, Marie, I'll take it out to them...

Sherry carries the tray onto:

A LARGE BALCONY THAT OVERLOOKS THE CITY

David Palmer sits with PATTY SNYDER, a young Yalie speechwriter, and several other AIDES. Palmer reads some printed material:

PALMER

I hate this.
(reads: mock orates)
"On this historic occasion..."

PATTY

It is an historic occasion.

PALMER

Which is why we don't have to say it. It's self-serving. I want to stay low-key.

PATTY

Dead wrong. This is one of the biggest days in the history of the country. Play it up, inspire people.

Palmer turns to Sherry, who sets down the tray.

PALMER

Honey, what do you think?

SHERRY

I agree with Patty.

Everybody grins. Palmer gives Sherry a mock sour look.

PALMER

(to Patty)

Okay, but not "occasion." Sounds like we're having brunch.

PATTY

"On this historic day."

PALMER

Deal.

(to Sherry)

You going to bed?

SHERRY

As if I could sleep. I'm going to write some thank-yous, I'll be inside if you need me.

PALMER

(to Sherry)

Thanks, angel.

Palmer and Sherry kiss. As she moves back inside, a cell phone RINGS. An aide, NATHAN BROOKS, a preppy, slightly overweight African-American in his late twenties, answers the phone:

BROOKS

(into phone)

Brooks... Hey, Tonio, how you doing?

(mouths to Palmer)

The photographer.

INTERCUT:

INT. 767 - SAME

Belkin's on the other end, uses the airplane phone:

BELKIN

I'm well, Nathan. Just want you to know, I land in an hour.

BROOKS

Terrific.

BELKIN

Are we still on for breakfast?

BROOKS

Of course.

(MORE)

BROOKS (CONT'D)

You'll meet Secret Service in the lobby of your hotel at six-thirty, they'll take care of you.

BELKIN

Will Senator Palmer be at the breakfast?

A cute blonde in the seat next to Belkin, MANDY, reacts to "Senator Palmer."

BROOKS

You bet.

BELKIN

Okay, man. See you then.

Belkin puts down the phone. As he settles back, he notices that Mandy, cocktail in hand, is staring at him:

MANDY

Do you know David Palmer?

BELKIN

Not yet. I'm meeting him tomorrow.

MANDY

You're kidding! This whole time we've been sitting here making small talk, you never even mentioned it?

BELKIN

(shrugs)

I'm going to be taking a few pictures of him.

MANDY

You're a photographer?

(off his nod)

Have I ever seen one of your pictures?

BELKIN

I don't know.

(with a smile)

Describe every picture you've ever seen and I'll tell you if I took any of them.

She laughs, a bit drunkenly... then covers her mouth.

MANDY

Sorry, I'm a little wasted. I have to be or I can't fly.

He smiles, she holds his look. Belkin is one of those guys whose pheromones never rest. Mandy is attracted. Play the moment, then...

CUT TO:

INT. CTU - MAIN ROOM

Jack stands over Marty:

JACK

Forget the Middle East, they're not doing loan-outs anymore. Focus on Europe.

Marty nods, Jack heads back to his own desk, is met by Nina:

NINA

I requested an open channel with the Bureau. They're cool.

JACK

Good.

NINA

What did Barnes have to say?

JACK

He said George Burton's coming over in a few minutes to brief me.

NINA

You. Not us.

Jack doesn't answer. Nina steps closer:

NINA (CONT'D)

Just because I'm not part of your personal life any more doesn't mean you can shut me out at work.

JACK

Barnes wants me to meet Burton alone.

NINA

Why?

JACK

He didn't say.

NINA

You're lying.

JACK

Yeah, I am. But you're going to have to trust me anyway.

A beat.

NINA

One of these days you're going to ask for too much.

She turns and walks away. Jack watches her a beat, then approaches Jamey at her work station. She looks up:

JAMEY

Palmer's people come up clean, so far.

JACK

... yeah, keep looking.

Jack stands for a beat, hesitating.

JAMEY

Is there something else?

JACK

Say you want to dance, get a little crazy... where do you go...?

JAMEY

Anywhere... Crush Bar, Helena's, The Mint...

JACK

Suppose you're sixteen... where do you go then...?

Jamie thinks a beat.

JAMEY

Trickier. Teen clubs move around. You gotta be on a mailing.

JACK

... thanks, Jamey.

Jamey watches as he walks away, then turns back to her computer... on the TASKBAR we see the time: 12:24.

CUT TO:

INT. BAUER HOUSE - KIMBERLY'S BEDROOM

Teri stands in the doorway of Kimberly's room, struggling with herself... wants to respect her daughter's privacy, but on the other hand... the other hand wins. She enters.

She begins searching the room, dresser drawers, under a corner of the mattress, etc... gingerly at first, then with more determination... she opens a drawer of Kimberly's desk...

Still sees nothing, then decides to get serious... feels underneath the top of the drawer... comes away with a small BAGGIE with three JOINTS in it.

She stares at it for a beat... not the end of the world, no different than she did when she was sixteen... but this is her daughter... besides, times have changed...

Teri pulls the desk drawer all the way out, searches thoroughly, then goes to the next one... the gloves are off...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT OFF PCH

The back of Rick's van is open. Sublime's "What I Got" blares from the van's stereo. In the B.G. cars roar past on the highway. Rick and Kimberly, Dan and Janet pair off, talk, drink beer. Dan and Janet are getting very friendly, which makes Kimberly a little nervous; she tries to hide it, glances off at the ocean.

KIMBERLY

... you surf?

RICK

No. Surfing's way too motivated.
You gotta get wet... there's sharks...
you gotta call everybody "Dude"...

Kimberly laughs, likes him.

RICK (CONT'D)

Why?

KIMBERLY

No reason. My father surfs.
(corrects)
Surfed.

RICK

He doesn't anymore? Too old?

KIMBERLY

My father's dead.

Rick reacts to this dramatic and totally false declaration.

RICK

Hey. My bad.

KIMBERLY

It's all right. He was this totally phenomenal great guy... then, six months ago...

RICK

I'm sorry.

KIMBERLY

I'm over it. Getting over it. It's hard but I am.

Rick nods. Kimberly's enjoying her little melodrama... meanwhile Dan and Janet are starting to get it on... nuzzling, caressing... could ruin the mood, but...

RICK

(to Kimberly)

Hey. Wanna go for a walk, down the beach?

KIMBERLY

Yeah.

A sensitive guy. She really likes him. As they leave...

CUT TO:

INT. CTU OFFICE

Start on Marty Lebec, typing at a central console. CAMERA MOVES to Jamey, also hard at work, then PICKS UP Geller, who leans back in his chair, speaks into his headset phone:

GELLER

...everybody who's been rejected for a security clearance during the past year, media included...

Nina walks past, hands Geller a disk, keeps going. We follow her to

JACK

Who stands in front of a 50" by 70" translucent plexi-screen which projects a gridmap of Los Angeles. He's marking locations.

JACK
Secret Service sent over Palmer's
itinerary. Thought it might spark
some ideas.

Over this a BUZZER SOUNDS. Nina looks down at a monitor:

NINA
Burton's here.

JACK
Let him in.

Nina hits a button, Jack turns to:

THE FRONT DOOR

It opens. GEORGE BURTON, 35, an arrogant CIA bureaucrat,
enters. He and Jack greet each other with terse nods - no
love lost here.

BURTON
Time's short, let's get started.

Jack leads him to a conference room, goes inside... Nina
watches as the door closes.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Burton enter.

BURTON
How much did Barnes tell you?

JACK
Palmer's the target, the shooter's
the real deal. That's about it.

BURTON
I can narrow it down a little more.
We think the shooter's European,
probably German, and that he's either
here already or coming today.

A beat.

JACK
That's it?

BURTON
That's it.

JACK
So we just print out our white
supremacist database and go home?

BURTON
Something like that.

Under this, Burton unlocks his briefcase, pulls out a disk and hands it to Jack.

BURTON (CONT'D)
This'll get you into secured data nationwide. See if anything clicks with what you already have.
(Jack takes it)
Obviously I'll need it back.

As Burton gets ready to leave:

JACK
(casually)
By the way, who's our source?

BURTON
Can't give you that.

JACK
How can I cross check data if I don't know where the initial information's coming from?

A long beat. Burton studies Jack.

BURTON
... you ever meet David Palmer?

JACK
No.

BURTON
But you know his politics.
(Jack shrugs)
He's no friend of the Agency. If he becomes President, he'll gut this place.

JACK
What are you saying...?

BURTON
I'm not saying anything. Just that I can't give you the source.

Burton stares back blandly... Jack realizes he's dirty; decides to play a part.

JACK
I see your point.

BURTON

Good. Then we're done.

JACK

I need a favor.

(off George's look)

Call Chapelle, ask him to clear me for the identity of the source.

BURTON

I thought we just agreed it didn't matter.

JACK

This way I can tell Barnes I tried everything.

BURTON

Not like you to cover your ass.

JACK

Maybe I've learned.

Burton smiles condescendingly.

BURTON

... so even Jack Bauer, the last of the boy scouts, is finally learning to play the game. Yeah, I'll call Chapelle for you.

Burton reaches for a phone, starts to dial.

JACK

Thanks. I owe you.

Jack leaves, as if to give Burton privacy.

MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

STAY on Jack as he exits the conference room into the main room. He crosses to Nina:

JACK (CONT'D)

(under)

That tranq gun still around here?

NINA

(grins)

What are you going to do? Shoot George?

JACK

Where is it?

Nina stares at him. Off this:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Burton is on the phone:

BURTON

... yes, I told him that... right,
I will.

As Burton hangs up, Jack returns, closes the door:

BURTON (CONT'D)

Request denied, but consider your
ass covered.

Jack closes the blinds in the room. Burton frowns, but before he can say anything, Jack turns and fires a TRANQ GUN DART into his thigh. Burton winces in pain, tries to get up... fails. Within seconds he's out.

Jack pulls the dart out of Burton's leg, pockets the dart and the gun... then hauls Burton onto the couch. He takes out his cell phone, hits a speed dial button.

INTERCUT:

INT. BARNES' CAR -- NIGHT - DRIVING

Barnes drives up a canyon road. His CELL PHONE RINGS. He answers.

BARNES

(into phone)

Barnes.

JACK

You were right about Burton. He
won't give me the source.

BARNES

Did he leave?

JACK

Not yet. I'm trying to change his
mind.

BARNES

Change his mind...? How?

JACK

You don't want to know. I'll get
back to you.

BARNES

Do that.

Barnes hangs up. Suddenly he becomes aware of a BRIGHT LIGHT in his rear view mirror. Barnes tenses... slows, pulls over to the right... the car moves past him. Off Barnes' paranoia...

RESUME - CTU CONFERENCE ROOM

Jack lifts the receiver off the desk phone so that a line lights up... then pushes in the door lock on the handle, walks out.

MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Geller looks up as Jack walks out:

JACK

(to Geller)

Burton is going to be using the conference room to make some calls. Don't bother him.

Jack crosses to Nina, who's in disbelief. They speak in low tones:

NINA

If you did what I think you did...

He ignores this, leads her to one side.

JACK

He's holding something back. I need it.

NINA

What's he holding back...?

JACK

Never mind that now.

(beat)

Do you remember Phillipe Darcet?

NINA

(struggles to connect the dots)

...heroin dealer, Barcelona...?

JACK

(nods)

Burton was point man on his bust last August.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

When they rolled up Darcet's assets, a couple hundred thousand dollars disappeared. I'm pretty sure it went into Burton's pocket. I need proof.

NINA

And then what?

JACK

I make a trade - the information I need, in exchange for Burton's career.

NINA

(reacts)

You're going to blackmail a District Director?

They hold a look. Now it's a moment of truth for Nina... does she trust Jack all the way or not? After a beat:

NINA (CONT'D)

What do you want me to do?

JACK

Start with Darcet's accounts. You can access them through the secured files. Use this.

He hands her the disk Burton gave him.

JACK (CONT'D)

(re: Burton)

He'll wake up in half an hour. Less.

Nina nods, moves off. Jack goes to another desk, picks up a phone

CUT TO:

INT. BAUER HOUSE

Teri sits on the terrace staring out over the city lights. She looks drained, angry, confused all at once. On her lap is a purse, open; and next to her, a cell phone. It RINGS.

TERI

(into phone)

Hello?

INTERCUT with Jack at CTU:

JACK

It's me. Heard anything?

TERI

... no.

He senses the strain in her tone.

JACK

What's wrong?

TERI

Oh, nothing much. I found some joints in her room, then I got to thinking and checked my purse... my ATM card is missing.

JACK

Shit.

TERI

Yeah.

JACK

There's an 800-number you can call...

TERI

Already did. That's not the point.

JACK

No, I know. Listen, a couple of weeks ago I heard her talking about rave clubs. Apparently they change location night to night. You might check her e-mail...

TERI

I tried. But we gave her her own password, remember? To show that we trusted her.

(beat; ironic)

And how's your evening going?

He glances at the closed door of the conference room, behind which is a ticking time bomb in the form of Burton. He says with an irony only he can appreciate:

JACK

... everything's under control here.

TERI

When will you be home?

JACK

I don't know yet. Call me if you hear from Kim.

TERI

I will.

They hang up. STAY on Jack for an inward beat. He takes a breath, then turns back to the CTU office and we:

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

Time code -- 12:29:58... 59... 12:30:00... THE CLOCK TICKS,
as we:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. 767 - IN FLIGHT

Mandy hands the Flight Attendant her empty glass, gets handed a fresh cocktail --

MANDY

Thanks.

-- then turns back to Belkin:

MANDY (CONT'D)

So, did you ever meet Lady Di?

BELKIN

Once, at a party. But I never took her picture.

MANDY

What was she like?

BELKIN

Beautiful. Charming.

MANDY

Who else have you taken pictures of?

BELKIN

The Pope a couple years ago...

MANDY

God, it must be so exciting to travel around like that...

(off Belkin's shrug)

Can I see one of your photographs?

With an indifferent smile, Belkin reaches into his satchel --

BELKIN

Let's see what's in here.

-- he pulls out a foreign magazine, shows it to her. On the cover is a beautiful, colorful photograph of people celebrating at the Munich Oktoberfest.

MANDY

That's beautiful. Germany?

BELKIN

Yeah, Munich.

She stares at the picture for another beat... then looks up at him:

MANDY

But you're not German...?

BELKIN

South African. But I spend a lot of time in Europe.

They hold a look. There's an unmistakable sexual current between them. Mandy unlatches her seat belt:

MANDY

You know, I feel like I need to pay a visit to the bathroom.

BELKIN

Yeah?

MANDY

Not the one up here. The one in back. There's more room.

She gives him a seductive look, stands and walks off. Belkin looks at his WATCH, changes it to West Coast time - it's 12:34.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT OFF PCH

Rick and Kimberly walk hand in hand back to the Van. She's wearing his jacket. They become aware of

ANOTHER VEHICLE

Low rider, doors open, RADIO BLASTING, down-and-dirty PUNKS drink, smoke, talk too loudly. One of them notices Rick and Kimberly.

PUNK

Hey, bitch... wanna go for a walk with me...?

The others laugh... Kimberly reacts, but Rick just smiles, puts his arm around her.

RICK

Don't pay any attention.

He doesn't seem worried, just keeps walking, and in fact this exhausts the attention span of the punks. Kimberly throws Rick an appreciative glance.

KIMBERLY

Are you going to be around this weekend?

RICK

I could be.

She stops, turns to him.

KIMBERLY

Be.

She kisses him. He tries to get a little more, she pulls back.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Save it for this weekend.

RICK

(smiles)

Okay.

She looks around for Dan and Janet.

KIMBERLY

Where are they?

Rick nudges her, gestures to:

THE VAN

Which is shaking. Off Kimberly's embarrassed laugh:

CUT TO:

INT. BAUER HOUSE - KITCHEN

START on a digital display -- 12:37. PULL BACK to show the time readout is on a coffee maker. As Teri pours herself a cup, the PHONE RINGS. She sets the cup down quickly and too close to the edge -- it falls to the floor and shatters.

TERI

Shit!

She grabs the phone:

TERI (CONT'D)

Hello?

INTERCUT:

INT. ALAN YORK'S HOUSE - SAME

Calling Teri is ALAN YORK, forty, buttoned down... a tax attorney. He sits at a desk in his study, surrounded by piles of paperwork -- still in shirt and tie.

ALAN

Hi, I'm sorry to bother you. My name is Alan York, I found this number on my daughter's calendar.

TERI

Who's your daughter?

ALAN

Janet. Janet York. Do you have a son or --

TERI

Daughter. Kimberly... and she snuck out of the house tonight. Is Janet gone, too?

ALAN

Yes, I bet they're together.

TERI

Sounds like it.

ALAN

Any idea where they might be?

TERI

None. Did Janet say anything...?

ALAN

She was gone when I came home from work.

(beat)

... can I give you my number in case you hear anything?

TERI

Of course.

ALAN

It's 983-1702.

(beat)

... do you think we should call the police...?

TERI

They won't do anything, the girls
haven't been gone long enough.

ALAN

I'm sure you're right. We'll talk
later.

Alan who looks at the piles of documents on his desk... can't
concentrate on them... he looks at his watch - it's 12:42.

CUT TO:

INT. CTU OFFICE

START on Geller who works at his keyboard. He hears the
muffled RINGING of a cell phone from O.S. He looks over,
realizes it's coming from behind the closed door of the
conference room. After a few rings he wonders why Burton
doesn't answer... trades a look with Jack who works nearby.

GELLER

Guy doesn't answer his own phone?

JACK

He's on one of our lines.

Finally the ringing stops. Jack and Nina trade a quick look,
which Geller sees and files away. The CTU PHONE RINGS, Lebec
picks up:

LEBEC

(into phone)

CTU... yeah, he's here, hang on.

Lebec stands, starts to carry the mobile phone to the
conference room --

JACK

Who is it?

LEBEC

It's for Burton.

JACK

I'll take it to him.

Jack grabs the phone out of Lebec's hand:

JACK (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Jack Bauer, who's this?

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

(beat)
Oh, hello, Mr. Chappelle...yeah,
hang on.

Jack takes out a key, unlocks the conference room door as unobtrusively as possible.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack steps in, closes the door behind him. He stands there for a few beats, then:

JACK
(into phone)
He's on with Langley, it'll be a
while. Can he call you back...?
Great.

Jack hangs up, looks at the passed-out Burton. There's a KNOCK on the door.

NINA'S VOICE
It's me.

Jack lets her in. They stand close together, speak in low tones to avoid waking Burton.

NINA
I've got Darcet's account number.

JACK
Good.

NINA
It's encrypted. I can't get around
it.

JACK
Who can?

NINA
Geller.

JACK
Have him do it.

NINA
What do I tell him?

JACK
Nothing. It's need to know.

NINA

He'll dig in, I know him.

JACK

If he knows it's for me. But he'll do it for you.

Meaning - Geller digs you.

NINA

I'm surprised you noticed.

JACK

I noticed.

They hold a look.

NINA

You shouldn't have... not if you're really back with your wife.

A beat, charged with sexual tension. Then:

JACK

I need this, Nina.

Another beat... then Nina walks out of the room, into:

MAIN CTU OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

She crosses to Geller, sits next to him.

NINA

Andrew, I need you to do something for me.

GELLER

For you or for Jack?

She ignores, hits a few keys on his laptop.

NINA

I need you to get into this account.

He looks at it for a beat.

GELLER

What does the Bank of Barcelona have to do with David Palmer?

NINA

We don't know yet. We're trying to pick up a thread.

He studies her a beat.

GELLER

Are you still sleeping with Jack?

NINA

Who says I ever did?

GELLER

What do you see in this guy? He's a traitor, he sold his own people down the river.

NINA

They broke the law.

GELLER

Yeah, like he's Mr. Clean?

NINA

Yes. He is.

Geller shakes his head.

NINA (CONT'D)

We don't have time for this, Andrew.
Help me out here. Please.

They hold a long look.

GELLER

... I'll see what I can find.

NINA

Thank you.

The conference room door opens and Jack comes out, crosses to his desk. Nina walks back to her desk, catches Jack's eye, gives him a small nod -- Geller will do it.

Jack acknowledges, then goes over to Jamey. She looks up, senses he's struggling with something.

JACK

Jamey. I give you a phone number,
can you hack in, get all the internet
passwords connected with it...?

JAMEY

Sure, given time.

He slips her a piece of paper.

JACK

Do it for this number...?

She stares at the paper, looks at him hesitantly:

JAMEY

... isn't that your home number?

JACK

Yeah. It's a personal request. If you'd rather not...

JAMEY

I don't mind, it's just, I got the impression this Palmer thing is important...

JACK

It is.

JAMEY

So... which takes priority... ?

A question Jack has been asking himself by the minute. A beat, then Jack taps the slip of paper:

JACK

This does.

JAMEY

I'll get right on it.

Off Jack, grateful...

CUT TO:

INT. 767 - BATHROOM

Mandy's skirt is around her waist, her legs locked around Tonio's body. They're going at it hammer and tongs, when the "FASTEN SEAT BELT" sign comes on and they hear:

PILOT'S VOICE

Ladies and Gentlemen, we'll be beginning our initial descent into the Los Angeles area. Please return to your seats and fasten your seatbelts. Thank you.

This spurs Mandy and Tonio on to greater efforts. The action gets intense, until they finally reach climax. As they catch their breath, there's a knock on the door.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT'S VOICE

We need everyone to return to their seat now, please.

Mandy and Tonio disentangle, make themselves presentable. Tonio finishes first, opens the door and squeezes into:

THE GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Tonio trades a terse smile with the Flight Attendant, heads down the aisle. A beat later, the bathroom door opens again and Mandy emerges, smiles at the Flight Attendant, who reacts.

ON MANDY

We follow her back to row four in the first class cabin, as she sits back down next to Tonio. She smiles at him... then:

MANDY

So, what's your name?

BELKIN

Tonio.

MANDY

I'm Mandy.

(beat)

Maybe we can get together in L.A.?

BELKIN

I'm going to be pretty busy.

Off Mandy,

CUT TO:

INT. PALMER HOTEL SUITE

Sherry sits on the couch, writes thank you notes on a lap desk. The stationery's elegant, as is her handwriting. Classical music plays softly in the background. A nearby TRAVEL CLOCK reads 12:49. After a beat, a tired David Palmer enters:

SHERRY

Finish the speech?

PALMER

Taking a break. Patty got tired of me yelling at her.

SHERRY

Big 'ole grumpy bear.

The mood is comfortable, affectionate. Palmer begins to massage Sherry's neck.

PALMER

How you doing?

SHERRY

Fine. Only a few dozen more to go.

PALMER

You don't have to do these yourself.

SHERRY

The personal touch never hurts.

PALMER

Sure doesn't...

He leans down, nuzzles her neck. She laughs, puts her hand against his cheek. From O.S. they hear:

BROOKS' VOICE

Sir?

They look up. Brooks pokes his head in apologetically:

BROOKS

Phone call, Senator.

(off Palmer's frown)...

Maureen Kingsley from CNN.

PALMER

Come on, Nathan, you know I don't want to talk to a reporter this time of night.

BROOKS

She says it's urgent.

Palmer sighs, takes the cell phone:

BROOKS (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Maureen, this better be good...

As he walks out of earshot, Brooks tries to make small talk with Sherry.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

I can get you some more coffee if you'd like.

Sherry watches Palmer with concern, barely hears Brooks:

SHERRY

...uh, no thanks, Nathan...

BROOKS

The speech is going to be wonderful...

Suddenly Palmer raises his voice, angrily:

PALMER

(into phone)

That's an outrageous allegation, I won't even dignify it with a response... I'm disappointed in you, Maureen - this conversation is over.

He hangs up... tosses the phone to Brooks.

PALMER (CONT'D)

Thanks, Nathan.

Brooks stands there awkwardly for a beat, then realizes Palmer doesn't want to talk to him. He exits.

SHERRY

(re: the phone call)

What was it?

PALMER

Nothing.

She knows better.

SHERRY

David...?

PALMER

Just more media nonsense. Not important.

As he starts to leave the room:

SHERRY

(caring)

Since when don't we talk about things...?

He ignores this, enters:

THE BATHROOM

Palmer closes the door behind him, turns on the tap, splashes his face with water...looks at himself in the mirror.

CUT TO:

INT. CTU OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM

START on Burton, still passed out on the couch... then PULL BACK to INCLUDE Jack, who sits in a chair and stares at him. He considers the implications of what he's doing. Nina enters. They hold a look.

NINA
It's not too late to back off.

Jack looks over at Burton, asks drily:

JACK
Really?

NINA
You forget about it, so will he.
He'll have to, if you can prove he
went crooked in the Darcet bust.

JACK
True.
(beat)
Problem is, he's got information I
need.

His utter calmness makes her even more frustrated.

NINA
What information... never mind, you
can't tell me, fine... but, Jack, if
you force his hand he'll yell for
help, he'll have to...

JACK
Also true.

NINA
Have you forgotten what they did to
you last time?

JACK
I'm a slow learner.

NINA
You are so damn stubborn...

Jack's calmness cracks, just for a moment... and the words
pour out in a torrent:

JACK
Yeah, I'm stubborn and I'll tell you
why. You compromise once, you think
it's no big deal, and it's not except
it makes it easier to compromise
next time and pretty soon you don't
even know you're compromising, you
just think that's the way it's
supposed to be.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

(beat)

Those guys I blew the whistle on, you think they were bad guys? You're wrong, they weren't, they were no different from you and me, except they compromised... "once."

A beat. He calms down a bit. Gestures at Burton.

JACK (CONT'D)

You like guys who play the game, sit with him, he's an all-star.

(beat)

But that's not me.

A beat. If Nina's been trying to fall out of love with Jack, this sets the project back considerably.

NINA

(quietly)

I'll see how Geller's coming along.

She stands, walks out. Off Jack

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON AN E-MAIL PRINTOUT

With some text, and a graphic. Over this:

ALAN'S VOICE

I was snooping around Janet's room
and found an e-mail printout in her
closet.

Widen to reveal we are in:

ALAN YORK'S HOUSE - JANET'S ROOM

Janet's room is decorated with a harder edge than Kimberly's.
No teddy bears here. Alan is on the phone:

ALAN

(into phone)

It's for some band playing tonight
at 217 Park Arroyo in Los Feliz...

He glances at a BEDSIDE CLOCK. It reads 12:46.

INTERCUT:

INT. BAUER HOUSE - KITCHEN

Teri's on the other end:

TERI

Does it give a time?

ALAN

No. I'm going to forward calls to
my cell phone and go over there now.

TERI

Where do you live, Alan?

ALAN

Hancock Park.

TERI

That's not far from me. Do you mind
swinging by, I'm going stir crazy
sitting here, waiting.

ALAN

Sure.

Off this,

CUT TO:

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY

Rick and Dan's Van cruises south. We hear Jurassic Five's "In The Flesh."

INT. VAN

Rick and Dan sit in front, Janet and Kimberly in back. Janet is half asleep, leans against Kimberly's shoulder.

Dan's doing something we can't see, Rick drives. Kimberly senses a change in mood, tries to make conversation:

KIMBERLY

(to Rick)

You like Jurassic Five?

DAN

He's got the CD, doesn't he?

KIMBERLY

(to Rick)

They're playing in Hermosa this weekend. If you're around, maybe we can go.

RICK

...we'll see.

Now we see what Dan's been doing: he raises a hash pipe, lights up.

He hands it to Kimberly, who hesitates a beat then takes a hit, then passes it to Rick - everyone's feeling good, except the sleeping Janet...

Then Kimberly glances out the window, notices they're not where they should be...

KIMBERLY

You know how to get back to the club, right?

RICK

Sure.

KIMBERLY

... because it's easier to take the freeway...

RICK
I said, I know the way.

A little too sharply. Off Kimberly, not feeling quite so good...

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. PALMER HOTEL SUITE - BALCONY

Nathan Brooks works at his laptop, sips a cup of coffee.
Palmer enters.

PALMER
Who do we know at CNN who works with
Maureen Kingsley? Than we can trust,
I mean.

BROOKS
(ironic)
Let's see, a journalist we can
trust...

PALMER
I'm not fooling, who do we have?

BROOKS
...Leslie would know that better
than me. Should I wake her up?

PALMER
Yeah. Now.

Palmer walks back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. CTU - CONFERENCE ROOM

START on Burton... who stirs, slowly wakes. WIDEN TO FIND
Jack -- he sips from a bottle of Evian as he watches Burton.

Nina enters, carries in a laptop, places it on the table:

NINA
(points to the screen)
Check these entries.

Jack scans the data.

JACK
Beautiful.
(beat)
Thanks, Nina.

She nods... Jack keeps looking at her, meaning, you can go now. She does, closes the door behind her.

Jack steps to Burton... pours a thin trickle of bottled water on his face. Burton shakes his head, comes awake. He tries to sit up... groans.

BURTON

...my leg...

JACK

Wake up.

Burton focuses on Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

Who's the source?

BURTON

You son of a bitch, you tranq'd me.

Burton struggles to his feet. Jack shoves him back down.

JACK

Have a seat. You're still weak.

(beat)

Last August you led the takedown of Phillippe Darcet. His assets were transferred to a custodial account at Langley. Two hundred thousand dollars fell out along the way - righth into your personal account.

Under this, CAMERA MOVES IN on Burton's face:

BURTON

That's a lie.

JACK

Then you won't mind if I send the account number to Chapelle.

Jack's finger caresses the "send" key:

BURTON

You don't know what you're getting into, Bauer.

JACK

Why don't you tell me?

BURTON

You already screwed with your career. Now you're screwing with your life.

JACK
You've got five seconds.

One, two, three, four... Jack's finger moves toward F3...

BURTON
All right.

Burton pulls the laptop over, types a few keys.

BURTON (CONT'D)
There's the source.

Jack glances at the screen. Then Burton and Jack hold a look.

BURTON (CONT'D)
You will regret this.

Burton walks out.

CUT TO:.

INT. 767 - SAME

Tonio's asleep -- or pretending to be. Mandy glances at him, stands and walks toward the rear of the plane. Tonio's eye pops open.

ON MANDY

She enters the galley area, closes the curtain behind her. The Flight Attendant appears:

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
I'm afraid you can't leave your seat, Ma'am. We're going to be landing in a few minutes.

With a lightning blow to the neck, Mandy kills the Flight Attendant instantly.

Moving with precision now, Mandy takes a tool from her pocket, loosens the aft floor panel and lifts it. She lowers herself through the hole in the floor... into the bowels of the plane. Meanwhile:

TONIO

Glances at his watch, then reaches into his pocket. He frowns -- whatever he's looking for isn't there. He stands, looks around the seat. A SECOND FLIGHT ATTENDANT approaches:

SECOND FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Sir, would you please remain in your
seat.

TONIO
I've lost my wallet...

As:

INT. 767 - BAGGAGE HOLD

START ON BELKIN'S WALLET...widen to reveal Mandy, who now stands amidst piles of luggage. She goes through the wallet, finds what she's looking for: a card (which we can't see clearly).

She pockets the card, then touches a button on her belt buckle -- one of the suitcases BEEPS. She finds the suitcase, opens it. She pulls out a tightly-wrapped parachute and straps it on.

She then removes a DEVICE from the suitcase...places it against the fuselage of the plane. She takes five steps back, sits down, grabs her knees in a tucked position (protects her head).

After a beat, the device EXPLODES, blows a hole in the side of the plane. Immediately, she's sucked out.

INT. 767

Tonio and the Second Flight Attendant are thrown to the ground as the plane rocks violently.

EXT. SKY

Mandy's in free fall. A few beats... then her chute opens. She looks up at the plane. She takes something out of her pocket -- a remote detonator. Pushes the button.

ON THE PLANE -

It EXPLODES in mid-air...

CUT TO:

EXT. BAUER HOUSE - SAME

Teri stands on the front porch, watches as a BMW pulls into the driveway. Alan rolls down the window.

ALAN
Teri?

TERI
Hi...

There's a moment, as they size each other up. Then she walks around the BMW, gets in.

INT. BMW

As Teri gets in:

ALAN
I'm Alan.

TERI
Thanks for doing this.

ALAN
Hey, we're in this together. Did you remember to forward your calls?

TERI
(holds up a cell phone)
Yep.

ALAN
Great.

As the BMW backs out of the driveway...

CUT TO:

INT. CTU OFFICE - SAME

START CLOSE ON A MONITOR -- on it, a Man's face on the left side of the screen; data scrolls down on the right.

Nina is studying it. Jack sits next to her.

NINA
Victor Rovner. Czech Republic.
Deals in arms, drugs, and information.
Now that we've gone to all this
trouble, mind telling me why?

JACK
Can't. Not yet, anyway. How do we
get to him?

NINA
I'll put in calls } to our people in
that region.

ON GELLER

He watches as Jack and Nina talk quietly. After a beat, Nina walks off...

ON JACK

He picks up the phone, dials. A beat, then:

TERI'S VOICE
Hello?

JACK
(into phone)
It's me.

TERI'S VOICE
Left at the light.

JACK
(into phone)
What?

INTERCUT:

INT. ALAN'S BMW - SAME

As Alan turns left:

TERI
I'm in a car with Alan York... he's
the father of one of Kimberly's
friends.

JACK
What are you talking about?

TERI
He called me. We think the girls
are out together.

JACK -
Where?

TERI
Some sort of concert, or club, in
Los Feliz.

JACK
Who is this guy again?

TERI
 Alan York. His daughter, Janet, is
 a friend of Kimberly's.

A beat.

JACK
 I don't remember hearing her name...

TERI
 Me, neither, but Janet had Kimberly's
 number, and she snuck out, too...

It seems a trifle thin, now that she thinks it through.
 Jack has the same thought, says nothing.

TERI (CONT'D)
 She's probably at this club. I'll
 call you as soon as we find her.

She hangs up. Glances over at Alan York, who stares straight
 ahead. Being tactful. Presumably...

RESUME CTU

Stay on Jack a beat. WIDEN to include Nina, who's been
 watching him. She steps over.

NINA
 ... is everything okay...?

Jack doesn't answer, preoccupied. After a beat he snaps out
 of it.

JACK
 Can you cover me for a while?

NINA
 Sure...

JACK
 I'll be back as soon as I can. I'm
 reachable.

He holds up his cell phone, grabs his jacket. As he starts
 for the door Lebec approaches Jack:

LEBEC
 A 767 just blew up over the Mojave
 desert. Preliminary reports make it
 sound like a bomb.

Jack reacts, stunned by this new development. He takes it
 in... then tosses his jacket back onto a chair - he's not
 going anywhere for a while.

JACK
 (to Lebec)
 Get me the passenger list.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - SAME

A smoky haze fills the interior. Rick and Dan are stoned. Kimberly leans forward, looks out the window. She's on edge, wants out of that Van. Janet's still asleep.

KIMBERLY
 (points)
 Turn right at this light...
 (beat)
 Rick, right here.

EXT. STREET

The Van roars through the intersection.

RESUME - VAN

Kimberly reacts.

KIMBERLY
 What are you doing...?

Rick doesn't answer. Dan turns around, stares at her:

DAN
 Why don't you just sit back and relax?
 Night's just getting started.

Off Kimberly's fear...

THE VAN

Drives away, as CAMERA ADJUSTS and picks up:

ALAN YORK'S BMW

Coming from the opposite direction. As the two vehicles pass each other, unaware...

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

Time code: 12:59:57... 58... 59...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR