

“Bomb Squad”

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EXT. LAX AIRPORT - NIGHT

A China Air-777 sits on the tarmac, passenger door open, stairs down. Next to it, an Ambulance and several LAX Airport police vehicles -- lights swirling. News helicopters circle overhead.

INT. LAX AIRPORT - AMERICAN TERMINAL - NIGHT

From the glass window inside the terminal, PASSENGERS and BYSTANDERS watch the action below. CNN shows the plane on the TV monitor as ANDERSON COOPER reports:

ANDERSON COOPER

(on monitor)

In what appears to be a foiled drug smuggling attempt, LAX Airport Police and Air Marshals have boarded American flight 137 from Amsterdam via London... alerted by a passenger's erratic behavior.

INT. AMERICAN AIRPLANE - COACH CLASS - NIGHT

A male PASSENGER (20's) shakes and sweats uncontrollably in his coach seat. He's surrounded by several AIRPORT POLICE, two FLIGHT ATTENDANTS, a DOCTOR and a US AIR MARSHAL.

A drug-sniffing shepherd stands by as the Doctor takes a portable x-ray of the passenger's abdomen.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #1

Had a Jack and Coke, then doubled over about twenty minutes later.

The passenger writhes in utter agony.

PASSENGER

Please... I'm dying!

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #2

Said some man gave him something to swallow back in Amsterdam for five thousand US.

Flight Attendant looks to the US Air Marshal:

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #1

Should you contact the D.E.A.?

AIR MARSHAL

(to passenger)

Are you a drug mule or just an ass?

Passenger pulls out the wad of cash, lets it crumble to the floor. He grabs onto the Doctor's shirt.

PASSENGER

You take it. Just get it out of me!

He starts to violently dry heave and shits his pants.

The x-ray shows -- a small dual-sided CANISTER visible inside the passenger's stomach.

DOCTOR

What the hell...?

The Air Marshal leans in for a closer look... the canister appears to bubble from the stomach acid and we SEE a blinking LED light.

The Marshal's face turns first from interest to realization and then... to HORROR as he yells:

AIR MARSHAL

(to Doctor)

Cut him open Doc!!

(into his shoulder mic)

Get me the BOMB SQUAD!!

The airplane EXPLODES into a million pieces.

End on Credit: **"BOMB SQUAD"**

EXT. CHINATOWN L.A. - STORES - NIGHT

Est. shot of the Chinatown Los Angeles skyline at night. Below, two figures walk hand-in-hand: ALI HASSAN (50s), a Middle Eastern Cleric and innocent young daughter, ZARA (6).

EXT./INT. RADIO SHACK - NIGHT

Hassan and his little girl enter a Radio Shack store. He purchases miscellaneous items: batteries, wire, switches.

INT. BEAUTY SUPPLY STORE - NIGHT

Hassan and Zara enter a Beauty Supply store. Hassan heads down an aisle, placing several boxes of hair color and a case of nail polish remover in his basket.

Zara reaches up to grab a brightly-colored nail polish, her father slaps her hand down.

A female SHOPPER walks by -- her fake breasts popping out of her low-cut top, skirt so short they can see a g-string and rose thigh tattoo when she bends over.

Hassan replies, under his breath in Arabic (all subtitled).

HASSAN
American whore.
(to his daughter)
A sex object... THIS is to blame.

He picks up a women's glamour MAGAZINE with a cover model in a sexually suggestive pose, shows it to Zara.

HASSAN (cont'd)
An evil temptation. YOU are an
intelligent, beautiful young lady,
a future caring wife and mother...
who will run my business one day.

Zara looks up, wide-eyed and responds back in Arabic.

ZARA
Yes, father.

INT. LANDSCAPING NURSERY - NIGHT

Last, Hassan and Zara enter a Landscaping Nursery and purchase some Miracle Grow fertilizer.

FADE TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN L.A. - FLOWER MART - EARLY MORNING

Chinatown skyline: night begins to turn to early dawn.

The Chinatown Flower District -- bursting with fresh, colorful beauties just starting to bloom. Early risers, BUYERS and SELLERS of every type prepare for the day.

INT. CHINATOWN L.A. - FLOWER MART - EARLY MORNING

Inside, one booth is particularly colorful -- selling all types, from the every-day to the exotic.

Hassan and Zara are behind the counter -- he sprinkles the Miracle Grow onto the flowers. Sleepy Zara takes colored crayons out of her small flowered FANNY PACK to draw.

Two young Middle Eastern CLERKS (16 & 20) load a cart full of brightly-colored arrangements.

Hassan reaches under the counter and opens his WALLET. CU on a very old, faded PICTURE of two young, handsome Middle Eastern MEN. He touches the photo lightly before taking out a large wad of CASH.

He hands the money to a striking Middle Eastern Woman, JANETH AMEL (30s) -- dressed in delivery attire, she's perhaps even more exotic than the flowers.

Next, he hands her a Sig Sauer-P239 9mm HAND GUN -- she conceals it, gives him a satisfied smile -- then pushes the cart away from the stall toward a white VAN.

CLOSE ON Zara's drawing: a night scene with a crescent moon and stars.

EXT. CHINATOWN L.A. - FLOWER MART - SAME

Janeth drives the white VAN, flowers visible in the windows, away from the Mart toward the freeway.

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

A body lies asleep in a bed. The jarring SOUND of a PAGER blares. A hand reaches over and shuts it off.

The CLOCK reads: 4:30 AM. The body rolls over and gets up --

-- this is MICKEY RILEY (late 30s), American Patriot, extremely cut, deadly serious and very driven. In her tank top and boy short underwear, she is tight. A few combat scars on her body.

She puts on her BOMB SQUAD uniform: black military style pants, black shirt and heavy duty boots. She finishes by strapping her GLOCK to her right leg.

Her bomb-sniffing chocolate LAB, RJ, comes over to greet her, tail going crazy. He jumps up to lick her face.

RILEY

Hi RJ. How's my good boy? Ready to go to work partner?

INT. MACLAREN'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

HENRY MACLAREN (late 30s), street-wise and shrewd, another E.O.D.(Explosives Ordnance Detection) Technician with great instincts. He's fucking a sexy, smart blonde -- doggie style. Sweat drips from their bodies.

His PAGER goes off. He continues pumping hard until he's finished. Done, he immediately gets up to get dressed.

BLONDE

Hey, what about me?

MACLAREN

We started at the same time.

BLONDE

Bastard.

Frustrated, she rolls over. MacLaren proceeds to clothe his naked muscular body into his black uniform, commando style.

He comes back over and KISSES the woman hard on the mouth. She responds.

MACLAREN

Rain check.

This is MacLaren's wife, KELLY MACLAREN (mid-30s). She's used to it.

KELLY

Don't wake the kids on your way out.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY - EARLY MORNING

Los Angeles skyline and intertwined freeways. Two black Suburbans scream down the Hollywood freeway, avoiding the early morning traffic.

Placards on the side read: "BOMB SQUAD." Sirens blare over Rage Against the Machines's: "Bomb track."

Riley drives the LEAD car. She weaves dangerously in and out of traffic -- the second Suburban follows closely behind. Her cell RINGS, she answers it using a phone headset.

DISPATCH
(V.O.)
Officer Riley?

RILEY
Go ahead dispatch.

DISPATCH
Are you en route to possible
suspicious device located at
Hollywood and Highland? Code three.

RILEY
Roger -- on my way.

Riley's speedometer quickly reaches over 100 m.p.h. She gets on the police radio to the other Bomb Squad members.

RILEY (cont'd)
Command Post will be just to the
rear of the Complex. MacLaren,
you're with me.

MacLaren grabs his radio while maneuvering the Suburban.

INTERCUT DIALOGUE:

MACLAREN
I'm right behind you, Riley.

RILEY
(smiling)
Try and keep up.

MACLAREN
Fuck off.

MacLaren's AM RADIO plays the WEATHER Channel: the WEATHER MAN recants...

WEATHERMAN
An unexpected cloud front moving
in... those one-hundred degree-plus
temps we predicted, now going to be
at least ten degrees cooler.

Riley chimes back in.

RILEY
One-oh-six-seven MacLaren.

MACLAREN
Roger.

He changes the station to 106.7. The 'Rage Against the Machine' song now BLARES in his Sub -- excellent driving music for Code-3 SPEED. He smiles.

Overhead, NEWS helicopters move in. Riley looks out her window at the choppers -- gets back on the radio.

RILEY
Who invited them?

MACLAREN
(over the radio)
Probably Hollywood.

A third Suburban joins them. Driving, is RAND EVERETT (aka "Hollywood", 30s) a slick news-hungry Bomb Squad member.

He fumbles with the radio, drops his GUCCI sunglasses and nearly loses control into the retaining wall.

EVERETT
I fucking hate it when Riley leads!

RILEY
(Over the Radio)
Hey Hollywood... did you call your friends to join us?

EVERETT
What do you think?

RILEY
You know how much I love the media.

EVERETT
Where are we meeting?

RILEY
The Kodak Theater. You wannabe.

Three more black Bomb Squad Suburbans enter the freeway and join the pack - forming a CARAVAN barreling toward the Hollywood sign in the distance.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD & HIGHLAND THEATER COMPLEX - MORNING

The six Suburbans race around the corner of the Hollywood and Highland complex. Arriving at the rear entrance to the Kodak theater, they screech to a halt in unison.

Several LAPD POLICE OFFICERS, a male MANAGER and female THEATER WORKER are there to greet them.

Riley, MacLaren, Everett and the others quickly jump out of their vehicles. One of the other Squad members is DOUGLAS HANSEN (early 30's), the new E.O.D. Tech, former patrol officer and very green.

Riley takes charge.

RILEY

Where's the suspicious device?

POLICE OFFICER

Upstairs inside the theater.

THEATER WORKER

My team found a note on a seat this morning before we opened up. It says "*for Bomb Squad*" on it.

MANAGER

We've already had a couple of threats over the phone this week so we're taking it seriously.

POLICE OFFICER

With the LAX blast, all officers are on high alert... Theater's on lock-down. Perimeter is set up and secure. Anything else you need, you let us know.

RILEY

(quietly to Everett)

Check the perimeter. Make sure those people are cleared. Take Dougie Fresh with you.

DOUGLAS

Yes, Ma'am.

EVERETT

You got it.

They take off toward the front of the complex.

A Ford Crown Vic pulls up at scene -- small red light swirling. Out steps FBI Agent, PATRICK FARLEY, JR. (50s), an alarmist who never strays from the Bureau's company line.

Agent Farley approaches and addresses the Squad - his stance revealing his gun and badge under his sport coat.

AGENT FARLEY

Who's in charge here?

Looks at MacLaren. MacLaren points to Riley.

ANGEL

We got word that there's a live device inside. Is that accurate Officer...?

She leans in to see his name on his chest.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Officer Everett?

EVERETT

I'm not at liberty to say, but you're in our way here.

ANGEL

Is this a threat against the upcoming Convention? Is there an LAX connection?

EVERETT

You need to leave -- now.

ANGEL

Ok, ok. I'm going.

Douglas tells the FEMALE DRIVER of the white NEWS VAN to move -- she pulls away.

Angel motions to her CAMERAMAN to follow her on foot.

The CAMERA above the intersection at Hollywood & Highland moves to follow them across the street.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SUNRISE

Connected to that camera is a video surveillance SCREEN --

-- on the screen, Angel and her cameraman walk across the street away from the complex toward the gathering crowd.

From this upper vantage point, someone WATCHES the action taking place on the monitors.

EXT. KODAK THEATER - SUNRISE

Riley, her dog RJ and MacLaren walk up the steps to the front of the Kodak theater with their gear.

RILEY

Let me run RJ first to see if he alerts. You hang back. Cell phones off.

MACLAREN

Roger.

MacLaren turns OFF his cell phone. Riley disappears inside the theater with her dog.

INT. KODAK THEATER - SAME

Riley leads RJ down the center aisle, to sniff the seats. They reach the third row and her dog immediately SITS.

Riley shines her flashlight down the row for a better look at -- the NOTE taped on the SEAT: "For Bomb Squad" typed on it.

RILEY

Good boy.

EXT. KODAK THEATER - SAME

Riley and RJ exit the theater and approach MacLaren.

RILEY

RJ alerted.

MACLAREN

You're up.

RILEY

You take RJ and I'll go in to x-ray it -- see what we're dealing with.

MACLAREN

Roger.

Riley takes the X-RAY machine out of her gear bag, puts FILM inside. She dons her secured head set.

RILEY

(to MacLaren)

Go to Com-3 secure.

MacLaren puts his headset on - adjusts the frequency.

MACLAREN

I'll buy you dinner later.

RILEY

You already owe me at least three.

Riley heads back inside the theater with her gear.

INT. KODAK THEATER - SAME

Riley approaches the suspect seat, carefully sets down the x-ray machine on the seat next to it. She adjusts her headset.

RILEY
You there MacLaren?

MACLAREN
(over the radio)
Reading you loud and clear Riley.

RILEY
X-raying seat now.

As the images come out of the x-ray machine, she examines them under her flashlight.

INTERCUT: MacLaren outside the theater on his headset.

RILEY (cont'd)
Looks like a couple of saw blades
pressed together inside the seat
cushion.

MACLAREN
(V.O.)
What else?

Riley continues to examine the x-ray films. It's UGLY.

RILEY
I've got two wires, a spring and a
blasting cap attached to what could
be a battery.
(beat)
Definitely enough C-4 in here to
blow the entire theater.

MACLAREN
A nice little booby trap.

RILEY
Rigged to be pressure sensitive...
Whoever was going to sit here would
have been in big trouble at the end
of the show.

Riley takes out her large KNIFE and a pair of WIRE CUTTERS.

EXT. ROOFTOP - MORNING

POV of someone viewing multiple camera monitors from above the complex. Dressed in dark gear, we see only their back.

The MONITOR shows: Riley inside the theater with the package.

Another SCREEN: MacLaren outside talking into his headset.

EXT. KODAK THEATER COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Outside, a CROWD is gathering - a strange mix of tourists and dressed-up freaks -- an "Edward Scissorhands," a "Spiderman," a "Snow White," a person in a "SCREAM" mask and black cape.

At the Command Post, SERGEANT FORRESTER (greying, early 50s, Bomb Squad's second in command) gets on his police radio.

FORRESTER
Everett, do you read?

Nothing. Static. He switches channels.

FORRESTER (cont'd)
(into the radio)
What's going on MacLaren? We've got crowds waiting to get in here.

MACLAREN
(V.O. over radio)
A live pressure release device in the theater. Riley is starting the render safe procedure.

Farley grabs the radio from Forrester.

AGENT FARLEY
Tell Riley she better hurry up or the City's gonna be breathing down my throat.

MACLAREN
No problem. Out.

Agent Farley throws the radio back at the Sergeant.

RILEY
Heard that -- enough with the useless radio chatter.

INT. KODAK THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Riley cuts into the trap - the SOUND of ripping fabric.

RILEY
(into the headset)
Cutting into the seat now.

MACLAREN
(V.O. over radio)
Take it slow Riley. I don't want to
eat dinner alone.

She shines her flashlight into the HOLE she's cut.

RILEY
It's definitely C-4 and live.
(beat)
Cutting the lead wires from the
blasting cap.

Focused, Riley reaches into the seat - the EDGE of the saw
blade nicks her hand. It starts to BLEED.

RILEY (cont'd)
That hurt.

She SNIPS the wire away from the BLASTING CAP -- places the
cap into a rubber holder, done.

RILEY (cont'd)
Blasting cap is secured and the
device is rendered safe.

She sees blood from her hand drip onto the CARPET... looking
again more closely -- the pattern on the carpet where she's
kneeling doesn't line up.

RILEY (cont'd)
Hold on. We might have a little
something else...

Riley gently removes the piece of carpet to reveal the
floorboard below has also been cut. Taking a roll of DUCT
TAPE from her vest, she cuts a piece and double sides it.

She uses the tape to lift the floorboard -- once it opens --

-- a BRIGHT FLASH goes off... blinding her temporarily. It's
a small KODAK DIGITAL CAMERA. The flash goes off repeatedly,
as the camera takes pictures of her.

-- leaning back to allow her eyes to adjust, she's able to
see 2 WIRES leading to another WAD of explosive.

Going with her gut, she cuts the 2 wires. The incessant flash stops, disrupting the photo cell initiator.

RILEY (cont'd)
That was clever.

As she starts to pack up, suddenly the FLASHING STARTS again.

RILEY (cont'd)
Oh, come on.

She pulls out a small can of LIQUID NITROGEN and sprays it on the digital camera -- it freezes solid. Using the butt of her knife, she SMASHES the device into a thousand pieces.

RILEY (cont'd)
(to MacLaren)
Second problem taken care of.

MACLAREN
You get dessert with that dinner.

EXT. KODAK THEATER COMPLEX REAR - COMMAND POST - MORNING

Using the CROWD as cover, Angel and her cameraman sneak back inside the perimeter.

ANGEL
What's happening inside?

FORRESTER
Somebody get her out of here!

Everett emerges from behind them, out of breath.

EVERETT
For your own safety, please get back behind the perimeter.

ANGEL
Is it a live device?

EVERETT
Ma'am you are now breaking the law.

ANGEL
Ok, ok.

Angel and her cameraman move away from the Command Post.

ANGEL (cont'd)
Manny's got our back from above.

They look up to the sky as the news CHOPPERS whip past. The seasoned PILOT in one, MANNY, gives them a wave.

ANGEL (cont'd)
 (to her cameraman)
 Let's get on the roof of the hotel.

CAMERMAN
 You got it boss.

They head toward the Renaissance Hollywood Hotel, the 24-story hotel overlooking the complex and all of Hollywood.

INT. KODAK THEATER - SAME

Riley loads up her gear, bags the pieces of both devices as evidence.

RILEY
 Let's debrief and we're outta here.

She heads outside with the inert package.

MACLAREN
 (into radio)
 We're heading back to the CP. RSP
 was a success.

EVERETT
 (V.O. Over radio)
 Roger.

Riley and MacLaren walk back toward the Command Post. She turns on her cell phone. The screen reads "*1 new message.*"

She dials the voice mail, listens -- her expression turns...

RILEY
 We have another problem.

She plays it again on SPEAKER:

RILEY (cont'd)
 Listen to this.

VOICE
 (distorted)
 The threat level's just gone up to
 yellow.

MACLAREN
 A psycho. Great.

The phone beeps as another call comes through. She clicks over, keeping the cell on speaker.

VOICE
(distorted)
Hello, Riley.

RILEY
Who is this?

VOICE
I'm your alter ego.

Riley motions to MacLaren to tape the conversation. He pulls out a little recorder from his gear bag and pushes 'play.'

RILEY
What do you want?

VOICE
Consider this a little
introduction.

RILEY
To what?

VOICE
My New World... There's another
device nearby.

RILEY
Where?

VOICE
Look up.

She and MacLaren focus on the 24-story RENAISSANCE HOTEL towering above them.

RILEY
The Hotel?

VOICE
The Presidential Panorama Suite has
a decadent view. Maybe it will be
the last view you'll ever enjoy.

RILEY
Who are you?

The phone clicks off.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

A gloved hand puts down the cell phone near the TV monitors.

The monitors now show the ROOFTOP of the Renaissance Hotel. Angel Torres and her cameraman are at the roof's EDGE capturing images below.

Image cuts to the inside of the ELEVATORS where we see Riley, her dog RJ and MacLaren, still in their bomb vests.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - SAME

Inside the hotel elevator, Riley pushes the Penthouse button. She gets on the police radio.

RILEY
Sergeant, get me Lieutenant White.

FORRESTER
He's already here. I'll put him on.

He hands the Command Post radio to:

LIEUTENANT WHITE (early 60s), is a seasoned Officer and former military E.O.D. Technician. He's the Officer in charge of Bomb Squad and a father figure to Riley.

INTERCUT: Riley in the elevator and White at the CP.

LT. WHITE
Talk to me Riley.

RILEY
Hi Lieutenant. Glad you're here.
The first RSP was a success.

LT. WHITE
Good work -- I listened to the audio. Sounds like there's a secondary in the hotel.

RILEY
We need to be ready for the possibility of others.

LT. WHITE
The Hotel Manager cleared out the top two floors. We have back-up waiting outside to clear the rest of the hotel if we need to.

RILEY
We're on our way up to the
Penthouse. I'll keep you posted
Sir.

LT. WHITE
I'll be waiting.

The elevator door to the Penthouse Suite opens. Using a small hand MIRROR, Riley checks for trip WIRES before exiting into the suite. RJ sits by her side.

RILEY
Penthouse entrance is clear.

The entry way is covered in beautiful marble and ornate decor. A magnificent fresh FLORAL ARRANGEMENT sits in the foyer --

-- glass windows show off a spectacular VIEW of Hollywood -- the SUN shines brightly inside.

The television is ON -- blasting the unfolding news coverage. MacLaren hangs back.

MACLAREN
Jesus that thing's loud. Shut that
bitch off.

RILEY
No -- it could be a rigged device.

MACLAREN
Whole suite could be a rigged
device. And it's like a hundred
degrees in here.
(beat)
I'll check the bedroom.

He heads into the rear of the suite, as Riley begins the perimeter search with RJ. A true team -- it's like a dance.

RILEY
Find it RJ!

They search the living area with the glass windows, she squints into the light -- puffy white clouds moving in.

RILEY (cont'd)
Nice view.

INTERCUT: MacLaren carefully looks for suspicious clues around the plush bedroom area and the bath -- making sure not to disrupt anything. Sweating, he wipes his brow.

Two NEWS helicopters whirl by the WINDOWS, dangerously close.

MACLAREN

Entire country knows we're here.

RILEY

Tell them to get the fuck gone!

MacLaren gets on the radio.

MACLAREN

Everett, tell your boys to scram.
With a possible live situation up
here, buzzing around is a negative.

FORRESTER

(V.O. on the radio)

It's Forrester. News crews are not
responding. Got word there's a
reporter on the rooftop above you.
Everett's checking on it.

MACLAREN

Get it done.

EXT. HOTEL ROOFTOP - DAY

Maneuvering the chopper, Manny the pilot points down to the
PENTHOUSE suite windows. He gives them the thumbs up.

Angel Torres and her cameraman are whipped in the wind as the
news helicopters pass overhead. They barely hear each other.

ANGEL

We've got something big here!

Her cameraman PANS the city view -- filming the rooftop
across the street, the Metro station and the Command Post.

His lens captures Lt. White, Sgt. Forrester, Douglas and
several other Bomb Squad technicians and uniformed LAPD
police officers. He PANS in closer to Forrester on his cell.

INT. HOTEL PENTHOUSE - SAME

Riley's search continues until RJ abruptly SITS next to the
large glass coffee table.

RILEY

Good boy RJ. Down. Stay!

RJ obediently lies down. Riley begins to scan the table... wrought iron base and legs, glass table top, another floral arrangement, coffee table books, coasters and a TV remote.

RILEY (cont'd)
 (to MacLaren)
 RJ's got something out here!

MACLAREN
 (coming back out)
 Looks clear in here. Whaddya got?

RILEY
 Could be something on top, a book
 or a coaster made of explosives.
 Not ruling out the wrought iron as
 a conductor. Wait a second...

We SEE a copy of *"The Anarchist's Cookbook"* on the table.

RILEY (cont'd)
 Bastard's got a copy of The
 Cookbook out here.

Checking the couch for trip wires first, she kneels in front of the table. She SCANS the remote control.

RILEY (cont'd)
 Something's off with the remote.
 I'm going to dismantle.
 (re: the blaring TV)
 God that's distracting.
 (to herself)
 Focus Riley...

On the TV monitor: news chopper footage of the crowd below, Angel and cameraman on the roof and the exterior of the penthouse suite.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME

The dark figure camouflaged among the rooftop pillars and vents... still watches the monitors.

CU on monitor showing Riley and MacLaren in the Penthouse.

Figure flips open his LAPTOP.

VOICE
 Show time.

He works the keyboard.

INT. HOTEL PENTHOUSE - SAME

Riley removes the cover on the remote. Underneath are HUNDREDS of tiny colored wires and a red blinking light.

RILEY
Damn, it's hot.

MACLAREN
I'll check the thermostat.

Suddenly the TV clicks over. On the screen is a MASKED MAN dressed in camouflage fatigues. The distorted voice again.

MASKED MAN
(on the TV screen)
Hi Riley.

RILEY
Son of a bitch!

MASKED MAN
Ready to continue your indoctrination? Think of this as our own scavenger hunt game... every time you find and disarm a device, someone gets to live. A second chance to learn something new.

RILEY
I'm not playing, you fucker.

MASKED MAN
You have exactly two minutes to disarm that little gem in your hand and find the next one... I think we're officially at level orange.

RILEY
(to MacLaren)
Get White on the line - we have another device. Evacuate the entire hotel NOW!

MacLaren gets on the radio.

MASKED MAN
Better hurry before school's out for you and your partner forever.

The TV clicks off.

RILEY

Fuck. MacLaren this is serious
shit. It looks like a 555 timer.

The TIMER inside the remote is counting down: 1:22.

RJ starts to whimper. He's antsy -- onto SOMETHING.

RILEY (cont'd)

It's ok boy. Go to Henry.

RJ trots over to MacLaren, grabs his arm gently in his mouth.

MACLAREN

Find it RJ!

He leads MacLaren over to the THERMOSTAT and sits.

MACLAREN (cont'd)

Looks like we've got a third device
in the thermostat.

RILEY

Timer over here's at 1:15.

MacLaren looks at his hand as it reaches for the heater face
plate -- his wedding RING glistens. He takes it off and puts
it in his pants pocket.

He removes the face plate and evaluates the inner workings.

MACLAREN

Rigged to the mercury movement.
Hotter it gets, closer we get to
detonation. Nice wad of C-2.

RILEY

Damn, this guy's a pro.

Riley takes out a handful of tiny metal clips from her bag
and starts attaching them to the wires.

CU on the intricate wires of different colors and textures.
Delicate work and there's NO TIME. CLOCK reads :30 seconds.

RILEY (cont'd)

Continuing the circuits with the
metal clips and then cutting. More
C-2. Not enough to blow us all to
kingdom come;

(beat)

This one was meant for me.

(taking a deep breath)

I love this shit.

Holding her breath, she starts cutting. :10 seconds.

RILEY (cont'd)
Breathe.

MACLAREN
Getting hotter in here or is it
just me?

RILEY
(sweating)
It's just you.

MACLAREN
Disrupting the circuit.

RJ whines. Goes back over to the table next to Riley, sniffs
and SITS. Sweet eyes visible among his chocolate coat.

The timer's counting down...

RILEY
I'm getting close over here - 95%
there. I've got 5 seconds.

She SNIPS another wire. Nothing happens. Relief.

RILEY (cont'd)
We're good. Let's finish off that
other device.

She heads over to MacLaren. RJ nips at her heels on the way
over, barks. Riley has an epiphany...

RILEY (cont'd)
Oh no -- the table.

She look back at the glass TABLE TOP, it's starting to
BUBBLE. Then back at the digital thermometer -- the
thermostat reads 99 degrees.

RILEY (cont'd)
MacLaren! The TABLE! It's rigged!!

MACLAREN
Run!!!

RILEY
The elevator!! Come on RJ!!!

All three run toward the opening to the elevator. RJ's paws
slip and slide on the marble -- he goes DOWN as...

... a HUGE EXPLOSION goes off inside the suite --

-- Riley and MacLaren are blown off their feet -- the suite's glass windows SHATTER out to the city below.

One of the NEWS helicopters gets caught in the explosion's fury --

-- as the chopper swirls to recover, the BLADES hit power lines and it goes DOWN.

EXT. HOTEL ROOFTOP - SAME

Angel Torres and her cameraman are knocked over from the BLAST WAVE on the rooftop.

INT. HOTEL PENTHOUSE - SAME

After several seconds, the rubble pile near the elevator starts to move -- MacLaren's body on top of Riley in a protective pose. They're alive...

RILEY

RJ??

Nothing.

Then... a little whimper.

RILEY (cont'd)

Oh thank God. Come here boy.

RJ tries to shake off the dust and limps over to lick Riley's dirty and bloodied face.

MACLAREN

Rain check on that dinner?

EXT. HOTEL ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Angel and her cameraman are extremely dazed -- they get up and brush themselves off. They still have a job to do.

ANGEL

What the hell?

CAMERMAN

This can't be good.

ANGEL

(realizing)

The news chopper... Manny!!

CAMERMAN

They didn't stand a chance Angel.

ANGEL

He was my mentor.

The two look over the rooftops edge to the wreckage below --
 -- HUNDREDS of people scream and run in a panic.
 Angel wipes her tears, recovers -- back to business.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Did you get the shot?

He checks the camera playback.

CAMERMAN

You bet I did.

ANGEL

Good -- keep shooting.

INT. BOMB SQUAD HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Inside the Bomb Squad main office, the morning debrief is underway. Lt. White and Sgt. Forrester address the group.

Present are: DON RAIDER (late 40s, Bomb Tech with a calm demeanor. One of Riley's mentors), BUCK CAGE (50s, the gruff but religious Bomb Tech), Rand Everett, Newbie Doug Hansen and the other 12 BOMB TECHS on the Squad.

TV monitors up front: the public news footage from Angel's cameraman plays back the entire hotel incident. The LAX plane explosion plays on a second monitor.

Riley, MacLaren and RJ limp inside -- multiple cuts on their faces, MacLaren has a sling around his shoulder and RJ a bandage around his rear leg.

LT. WHITE

Damage Control. That's what this week is all about.

(beat)

Hello you three.

RILEY

Good morning, Sir.

MACLAREN

Morning.

FORRESTER

Fractured scapula -- I'm surprised to see you MacLaren. Thought you'd still be in the hospital today.

MACLAREN

Fortunately, we're quick healers.

LT. WHITE

You two should know, we suspect terrorists.

FORRESTER

The taped cell phone conversation is being analyzed for any kind of a match to previous intel.

MACLAREN

Voice was intentionally distorted, the face masked, mocking the Homeland Security Threat Level.

RILEY

Whoever it was knew there was no way we could humanly disarm three devices in less than five minutes, and no time to bring in the robot.

LT. WHITE

What caused the actual explosion?

MACLAREN

Thermostat was rigged so the heater would continually rise. Nice little wad of C-2.

RILEY

The glass table top was also a live device -- covered with a thin layer of nitro glycerin rigged to detonate when the interior of the suite reached 100 degrees.

MACLAREN

The weather alone was supposed to be over 100 yesterday -- those puffy clouds may have saved our lives...

LT. WHITE

Jesus, down to the last detail. For now, the entire area's a crime scene.

FBI Agent Farley walks in. Throws down his notebook.

AGENT FARLEY

That was a circus. We have some big time fixing to do with the media.

LT. WHITE

Buck, I want you to work with Agent Farley on securing a secondary location for the Law Enforcement Convention. The Kodak Theater is definitely off.

BUCK

Already got a couple ideas, Sir.

LT. WHITE

Everett, I want you and Raider to follow up with CSI. Let's catch this guy before he does something else. Everett?

EVERETT

(distracted)

I'm on it, Sir.

LT. WHITE

MacLaren, Riley -- I want you two in my office now. Everett, you're next. The rest of you are on high alert until further notice. Meeting's adjourned.

INT. LT. WHITE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Lt. White's office is lined with distinctive awards and news articles -- a PICTURE of him, the Mayor and the Governor on the wall. A shelf above his desk has a prized collection of die-cast TOY CARS: police, military, domestic and foreign.

Lt. White pours a cup of coffee as Riley and MacLaren enter.

LT. WHITE

Have a seat. I want details. Things you may not have felt at ease discussing in front of the others.

MACLAREN

The devices were complex, not something I'd expect from a novice.

RILEY

Sir, I believe the suspect was targeting me. He knew I was the lead tech and addressed me in the hotel on a closed circuit TV monitor.

MACLAREN

That bastard knew our every move and we walked right into it.

LT. WHITE

The Bureau thinks the airport incident was random and unrelated. Quite honestly, I'm glad this one was you two. You're the best team I have... and that includes the mutt.

RILEY

Thank you, Sir.

Through Lt. White's window, we SEE Angel Torres inside the offices talking excitedly to the front desk Secretary, SHEILA ROBERTS (late-30s, brunette, plain but pretty).

Sheila calls Lt. White's office.

LT. WHITE

Tell her to sit down and wait like everybody else. Thank you, Sheila.

He hangs up.

LT. WHITE (cont'd)

My God, she's relentless. Riley, I'd like you to go deal with Angel Torres. She's been hounding us all morning for information.

(beat)

And when you're done, take the rest of the day off. Both of you. We'll call you when we need you. MacLaren you're IOD until your shoulder heals up some.

MACLAREN

But, Sir. This case...

LT. WHITE

No buts.

RILEY

I'd rather not deal with the media.

LT. WHITE
She specifically asked for you.

INT. BOMB SQUAD HEADQUARTERS - FRONT DESK - SAME

Riley passes Everett sitting in front of White's office. He diverts her gaze as she goes out to the front to meet Angel.

RILEY
I'm Officer Riley.

Angel firmly shakes her hand.

ANGEL
Glad to finally meet you.

RILEY
Follow me to the Conference Room.

She leads Angel down the hallways. Mock-ups of bombs and various devices line the shelves -- plaques and pictures of various past Bomb Squad members.

INT. BOMB SQUAD HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Riley motions for Angel to sit down at the large conference table. On the wall behind her is a picture collage of:

Ranked City Officials with GOVERNOR FRANK WESTON (60s), black LA MAYOR MARTIN SAMUELS (early 60s) at the head, below him are CITY COUNCILMAN JOE SEBASTIAN (50s) and CITY COUNCILWOMAN SUZANNA HUFF (50s).

The second to bottom row has pictures of Lt. White and Sergeant Forrester. The very bottom row has the Bomb Technicians, including MacLaren and Riley with her dog RJ.

Next to that, an "In Memoriam" wall with two PHOTOS of Techs KILLED in the line of duty: Arleigh McCree and Ron Ball.

ANGEL
That's quite a line-up.

RILEY
Powers that be -- the bottom row just follows orders from the top...
What can I do for you?

ANGEL
Tell me what happened yesterday.

RILEY

Well for one, I heard you were obstructing justice by being inside the perimeter of a crime scene.

ANGEL

What really happened.

RILEY

We had an incident at the Kodak Theater. Partner and I successfully disarmed a device. We were then instructed to go to the Renaissance Hotel for a secondary device. There was a third. End of story.

ANGEL

That's hardly the beginning. Come on Riley. Be straight with me and I'll make you look good.

RILEY

I don't need you to do anything for me. We did our jobs. Period.

ANGEL

Look, the City's in a panic. You know as well as I do that the media has the power to control their reactions. You want to avoid further panic, right?

RILEY

Are we done?

ANGEL

Was it terrorism? Was that our 9-11? Will there be more attacks?

RILEY

Possibly. Maybe. Hopefully not.

ANGEL

(turning on the charm)
Come on... What's your personal take on this? Off the record.

RILEY

Off the record?

ANGEL

Yeah.

RILEY
Save the charm.

ANGEL
Were YOU the target?

No answer.

RILEY
I think we're done here.

She gets up and heads to the doorway.

ANGEL
We were just getting started.

RILEY
I'm going home and going to bed
like a normal person.

ANGEL
We lost two members of our team
yesterday.

RILEY
I'm sorry for your loss.

Riley leaves Angel sitting alone staring up at the pictures.

INT. LT. WHITE'S OFFICE - SAME

Lt. White and Everett are in a heated discussion, trying to keep their voices down. Everett pleads his case.

EVERETT
I fucked up, Sir, I know. I promise
you, as God is my witness, I am
working off the debt. They own me
now...

LT. WHITE
Everett, I like you... but you know
I have to report this. And it's
going to be very ugly.

EVERETT
Internal Affairs isn't going to
help anyone.
(beat)
There's potentially millions in
extra funds in it for you if you
help. A win-win scenario.

LT. WHITE
(deeply considers)
How so?

EXT. LT. WHITE'S OFFICE - SAME

On her way out, Riley passes Lt. White's office -- she sees the mysterious exchange in play between White and Everett.

EXT. RILEY'S L.A. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Riley pulls up to her 10-unit townhouse complex in her Suburban and enters the garage.

Inside the garage, she parks and gingerly gets out -- checks the under carriage of the truck before shutting the door.

She takes RJ out of the kennel and heads toward the elevator to her unit.

Exiting the elevator -- they go down the hall -- Riley SEES several kid DRAWINGS in her neighbor's front window. Smiles.

INT. RILEY'S TOWNHOUSE - SAME

Riley checks the doorway with her small hand mirror for TRIP WIRES before entering. Simple home decor -- mail, magazines and newspapers piling up. Not there much.

Old pictures of her as a Patrol Officer and as a US Marine sit on her wall unit -- a United States flag on the wall.

Riley goes into her kitchen and puts some food in RJ's bowl.

RILEY
Here you go boy. Come eat!

Not hungry, RJ goes right over to his doggie bed and puts his mouth around a plush squeaky toy. It SQUEAKS as he falls asleep with it in his mouth.

RILEY (cont'd)
Me too.

Riley undresses on her way to the bedroom, leaving her uniform in a trail. Bruises line her legs.

In the bathroom, she sizes up her wounds in the mirror, wincing -- a nasty CUT over her eye bleeds. She places the butterfly bandage back over it, goes into the bedroom.

She closes the curtains to block out the daylight. The digital clock reads: 10:30 AM -- her pager and gun next to it on the night stand. In seconds, she's snoring.

Snoring quickly turns to a NIGHTMARE as we SEE:

INT. BEIRUT, LEBANON - MARINE CORPS BARRACKS - NIGHT

FLASHBACK:

Riley, younger, dressed in Marine Corps military combat cammies -- a second MARINE CORPS Military Police Officer and two Israeli Intelligence OFFICERS of the MOSSAD next to her.

In front of them is a LEBANESE MAN, dressed in black with no shoes. He lies inverted on a wooden board -- hands and feet tied with rope, head immobilized with a cloth over his mouth and nose.

As Riley looks on, one of the Israeli Officers pours water over the prisoner's mouth -- causing the sensation of DROWNING. The MAN begins to struggle terribly.

Riley looks at the clock on the wall.

RILEY

It's time. Take out the cloth.

The Israeli removes the cloth from the Man's mouth - he gags and gasps for AIR. They turn the board so he is standing tall in a POOL of WATER.

LEBANESE MAN

Please. I beg you.

RILEY

You have exactly 5 seconds to tell us who you are working with.

No response. She nods to her second to proceed.

The MP, wearing rubber boots, wheels over a generator with two electric jumper cables attached. The Man's eyes go wide... SOUNDS of electrocution follow.

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - SAME

Riley bolts awake from her NIGHTMARE to the loud SOUND of her pager. She checks it quickly.

RILEY

Jesus Christ.

The clock reads 11:30 AM.

RILEY (cont'd)
A whole hour.

She picks up the phone and dials. Grabs a pen and pad from her night stand.

RILEY (cont'd)
This is Riley - I got a 911 page.

FORRESTER
(V.O. Over the phone)
Riley, it's Sergeant Forrester.
We've got a situation at the Long
Beach Harbor.

She starts writing.

RILEY
Yes, Sir.

FORRESTER
There's a suspicious van parked
next to a tanker full of industrial
chemicals.

RJ comes in, lays down next to the bed.

FORRESTER (cont'd)
I know you're exhausted and
normally I wouldn't call you, but
something strange occurred.

RILEY
I'm listening.

FORRESTER
Someone handed a police officer on
scene a note that said "For Riley"
on it. Lieutenant White thinks you
should be here for this one.

RILEY
I'm on my way.

She hangs up, grabs her gun and quickly pets RJ.

RILEY (cont'd)
Let's go partner.

EXT. LONG BEACH HARBOR - DAY

The Port of Long Beach is alive with vessels and cargo. Massive propane tanks and hundreds of Connex boxes line the shipping area where several large tankers are docked.

LAPD patrol cars and OFFICERS form the perimeter -- marked off by blockades and yellow tape.

Parked next to the propane tanks is a white delivery VAN, conspicuously out of place.

Riley arrives at the scene in her Sub. Douglas waves at her from the perimeter.

INT. BOMB SQUAD BAT TRUCK - SAME

Inside, the "Bat Truck" is high-tech operation central: Bomb Squad equipment and tools line the walls.

Interior monitors track the remote cameras mounted outside the truck. Two fur-lined seats are next to a control console and joy stick.

Present inside are: Lt. White, Sgt. Forrester, MacLaren and Bomb Techs Don Raider and Buck Cage. Riley enters.

LT. WHITE

Ok, folks. We're gonna send Andros down to take a look.

CAGE

I'm ready.

EXT. BOMB SQUAD VEHICLE - DAY

"ANDROS," the ROBOT, is remotely removed via a ramp off the truck's back end.

A unique piece of titanium machinery -- it looks like a little tank with trellises. The CLAW-LIKE arms equipped with cameras, lights and weapons for disarming and destruction.

Andros slowly moves down range towards the white van. For a robot, he's kind of cute.

EXT. HARBOR - WHITE VAN - CONTINUOUS

At the rear of the van, Andros's camera moves up to look inside the windows.

The image shows an array of beautiful flower arrangements -- causing only half of the cargo area to be visible.

From inside the bomb truck:

RAIDER
Could be a facade.

RILEY
Go around front.

Cage maneuvers Andros away from the rear of the van.

Backing it up, the tracks stick in a large divot in the asphalt, stopping the robot cold.

CAGE
Shit! Come on...

He jams the joystick in reverse and the robot goes off the tracks completely -- rendering it immobile.

MACLAREN
See if you can open the door. At least we'll be able to gain entry into the cargo area.

The claw-like arm moves up to open the rear door. The handle of the van door breaks off. CU: on the rear door and the BROKEN HANDLE hanging in the claw. A small silver BEAD is visible in the door crease.

CAGE
Looks like a weld bead... they welded the rear door.

MACLAREN
If one is, they all are.

Lt. White is losing his patience. He looks at Riley.

LT. WHITE
Put on the suit.

RILEY
Roger L-T.

LT. WHITE
Fix the track and come back.

EXT. HARBOR - RILEY'S TRUCK - SAME

MacLaren helps Riley into the BOMB SUIT -- she looks smaller somehow inside the 80 lbs of protective layers. He begins to insert a headset inside her bomb helmet.

MACLAREN

You need this...

RILEY

(cutting him off)

No way. I am not using that.

MACLAREN

Don't fight with me. This communication system is the best.

RILEY

Don't tell me -- you rigged it up yourself.

MACLAREN

That's how I know it's the best.

Riley grabs her helmet, takes the headset out and hands it back.

RILEY

I'm good without it - don't need the chatter. I'll use hand signals.

She winks and puts the helmet on -- grabbing her small tool bag, she makes her way toward the van.

The bomb suit is heavy, awkward. It's really only meant to keep the body parts intact.

EXT. HARBOR - WHITE VAN - SAME

... Sounds of Riley's own breathing as ... She approaches the van -- sees the rear door is welded shut.

She looks inside and SEES -- a large industrial-sized blue plastic container behind the flowers.

Riley moves to the front of the van and to her surprise --

... there's the Middle Eastern flower CLERK (20) -- his wrists fastened together with plastic hand cuffs and duct taped to the steering wheel.

RILEY
 (inside her helmet)
 Uh oh.

She puts her tool bag down -- motions back to the group with hands like she's driving.

INT. BOMB SQUAD BAT TRUCK - SAME

Cage can see Riley on the monitor. He's confused.

CAGE
 What is she saying?

MACLAREN
 There's a driver inside.

CAGE
 Is she insane?

Cage puts on his headset and attempts to communicate with her via ANDROS's comm system.

CAGE (cont'd)
 (via the headset)
 Riley. Fix the tracks. Let Andros take care of this.

EXT. HARBOR - WHITE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Riley ignores him, taking out a small flashlight from her bag. As she shines it inside -- the CLERK's head turns directly toward her. Eyes wide and mouth duct taped.

Riley scans the driver's door -- WELDED SHUT. She pulls out a small white plastic spray bottle from her bag and uncaps it.

She sprays a blue foam ACID onto the entire perimeter of the door frame -- it sizzles slightly and POPS -- allowing her to remove the entire door and gingerly set it aside.

Scanning further, she sees a "seat belt" device around his lower body. Having difficulty seeing the workings, she removes her helmet and SEES --

-- attached to the device is a small fishing line running to: a MOUSETRAP with a silver tack in place of the cheese --

-- if it snaps down, metal-on-metal sets off the device...

... the only pressure holding it in place is the SEAT BELT -- if the driver moves, pressure releases, bomb explodes.

Noticing the PROPANE TANKS, she looks back toward the bomb truck - gives a thumbs up.

INT. BOMB SQUAD BAT TRUCK - SAME

Inside via the monitors, the team can see that she has taken off the door, but still can't see the Clerk nor the device.

LT. WHITE
Does she need assistance?

MACLAREN
Hell no.

CAGE
(via headset)
Riley, tell us what you've got.

EXT. HARBOR - WHITE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Riley's POV:

A MESS - the wire is so thin it can stretch at any second -- sending them both to the next lifetime.

What she DOESN'T SEE: a small PAGER behind the container with a BLINKING LED SCREEN.

In his terror, the Clerk tries to move and escape.

RILEY
(whispers)
Don't move...

She slowly removes the duct tape and he starts to talk. She puts her hand over his mouth.

RILEY (cont'd)
... and don't talk.

She puts the duct tape from his mouth on her sleeve, pulls out her KNIFE and begins to cut into the seat belt.

Sweating profusely, the Clerk's eyes go even wider. He starts to say something. Riley puts her finger to her lips... shhhh.

RILEY (cont'd)
Once I free your hands from the steering wheel, slide under the seat belt when I tell you.

He shakes his head "no!"

RILEY (cont'd)
You can do it.... on three.

Holding the pressure taught, she begins to cut the duct tape from the steering wheel...

RILEY (cont'd)
One... two...

His hands free, still bound together, shake uncontrollably.

RILEY (cont'd)
Three.

Driver slides under -- freeing himself from the device.

Keeping him from running off, Riley holds his arm with her free hand as she duct tapes the seat belt back together with her other -- causing the pressure release to remain taught.

RILEY (cont'd)
Let's go.

She grabs the handle of her bag with her foot, swinging it up to her free hand -- never letting go of the Clerk's arm.

They run back to the edge of the perimeter together.

EXT. LONG BEACH HARBOR - PERIMETER - CONTINUOUS

Just outside the perimeter, Riley delivers the Clerk to Douglas and a young FEMALE OFFICER (20s), barely 10 minutes on the job.

RILEY
Don't let him go anywhere. He's a key witness.

FEMALE OFFICER
You got it Officer Riley.

DOUGLAS
Can we take off these cuffs?

RILEY
No. And that's Ma'am to you Dougie.

FEMALE OFFICER
You forgot your helmet back there, Ma'am...

Riley heads back to the Command Post.

INT. BOMB SQUAD BAT TRUCK - SAME

Riley stands next to the open door of the bat truck.

RILEY

I freed the victim first, but the device is still live. There's a pressure release rigged up to fishing line going to a mousetrap and a large container in the rear of the van.

LT. WHITE

How the hell did all that get in here? Setting that up had to have taken some time.

RAIDER

Could have been an inside job. Port Authority tends to have a high turnover -- flowers get delivered occasionally.

LT. WHITE

Let's render this thing safe.

RILEY

Going back down range...

MACLAREN

There could be a secondary. Let me go too...

Something dawns on Riley... she looks behind her and sees -- Dougie trying to talk to the Clerk.

Clerk's agitated, his eyes darting around the perimeter -- he looks up -- his EYES LOCK on something up high.

The CLERK nods in that direction -- turns toward the young FEMALE OFFICER, and grabs her gun with his hand-cuffed hands.

The Clerk yanks the weapon from her holster, places the muzzle under his chin and pulls the trigger, killing himself.

Before anyone can do anything... the VAN EXPLODES -- causing a CHAIN REACTION --

-- the PROPANE TANKS next to it blow apart causing that entire side of the Port to go up in a MASSIVE FIREBALL.

The blast wave rocks the bomb truck and everything inside -- people, tools go FLYING. Metal projectiles fly.

-- Riley is thrown backwards onto the ground...

Despite the safety perimeter, the other officers are also blown down by the force of the wave...

Devastation rains down, the port side becomes a WALL of FIRE.

EXT. LOS ANGELES FEDERAL BUILDING - THE NEXT DAY

News vans line the sidewalk leading to the front walkway of the Federal Building. Reporters beg for a story.

L.A. MAYOR MARTIN SAMUELS (early 60s) arrives in a black limo with his team -- they're engulfed by the hungry REPORTERS, including Angel Torres.

ANGEL

Mayor Samuels!? What happened at Long Beach Harbor? Is it safe to travel?

His team hurries him up the steps.

FEMALE REPORTER

Was this a terrorist act?

ANGEL

Was it the same terrorists from Hollywood and Highland?

MAYOR SAMUELS

We don't know yet.

The Mayor heads inside as GOVERNOR FRANK WESTON (60s) pulls up with his entourage. Aside from the beard, he's a very buttoned down and professional-looking man.

MALE REPORTER

Governor!? Will the city still host the Federal Convention later this month?

GOVERNOR WESTON

No comment.

ANGEL

Are we at war?

The Governor's team rushes him inside.

INT. FBI OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Inside the Federal building, the Governor and the Mayor arrive at the FBI Conference Room.

Already there are Lt. White, Agent Farley, COUNCILMAN JOE SEBASTIAN (50's), Corporate Attorney-type and COUNCILWOMAN SUZANNA HUFF (50's), tough as nails and a force to be reckoned with. (Same from photos at Bomb Squad Headquarters).

On the wall is a massive computer screen -- it's full of PASSPORT PHOTOS, images of potential TARGETS around the world -- under them, the title: SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY REPORTING SYSTEM (SARS).

MAYOR SAMUELS

We've never seen acts of terrorism at this level in the City of Los Angeles.

GOVERNOR WESTON

I can't have the people of LA running scared.

Next to the computer screen is a TV Monitor -- footage plays of the white van exploding at the dock.

JOE SEBASTIAN

Samuels, you have got to control the media on this. Or else we're going to face billions of dollars in lost revenues in our state alone!

GOVERNOR WESTON

Shipping companies are refusing to use our harbors. Tourism numbers will drop.

MAYOR SAMUELS

This is financial terrorism! The budget cuts are killing us already. We're in a massive fiscal crisis here...

LT. WHITE

This situation has gotten WAY out of hand. The bleeding has to stop.

GOVERNOR WESTON

I know we need the revenue, but I suggest we move the Convention to another city. I can't have this city DESTROYED by terrorism.

JOE SEBASTIAN

We're not cancelling anything until we run it by legal first.

Councilwoman Huff has been listening quietly.

SUZANNA HUFF

Cancelling the Convention is not the answer. If this is indeed terrorism, they won't stop and we cannot fold under the pressure. That only feeds them - FEAR is what they thrive on.

AGENT FARLEY

Suzanna, you have experience from your days in Afghanistan. Do you think it's Al-Qaeda?

SUZANNA HUFF

Could be any number of extremist groups -- not just one. There are hundreds of them out there...

LT. WHITE

Could also be homegrown domestic. We have to look at WHO has access to explosives in these quantities, this level of sophisticated training.

GOVERNOR WESTON

Are you suggesting an inside job?

LT. WHITE

Can't rule that out.

AGENT FARLEY

From the FBI's standpoint, everyone's a suspect.

SUZANNA HUFF

We also have to consider why your female bomb technician appears to be the primary target.

LT. WHITE

No one said she was the primary target. Besides it would be pretty easy to just take out one tech.

SUZANNA HUFF

Not that one.

AGENT FARLEY

What do you suggest we do next?

SUZANNA HUFF

You have to unravel the web gentlemen. These networks are already here and a jihad knows no boundaries. Certain entities may be trying to teach the American people some tough lessons.

Farley gets up, clicks the computer screen over to a large world MAP - hundreds of tiny dots come up in various colors: an elaborate tracking system. Lots of RED.

AGENT FARLEY

We're tracking everything via SARS looking for any similarities world-wide.

LT. WHITE

LAPD is reallocating officers onto the streets -- more eyes. And, analysis of the bombings should shed some light on the devices and the materials soon.

AGENT FARLEY

Homeland Security raised the National Threat Level to Red.

GOVERNOR WESTON

In the meantime, the Convention stays put -- in two weeks we're going to have HUNDREDS of law enforcement agents from around the world here in our city. I want it at the Staples Center, I want the highest levels of security and, God Damn It -- I want it SAFE.

(beat)

Lt. White start planning your detail and preparing your team.

CU on LA-area flashing dots indicated on the SARS map.

EXT. CHINATOWN L.A. - TOY SHOP - DAY

Hassan and Zara walk hand-in-hand along a Chinatown street. They pass a rapper wannabe in low-hanging jeans, a gay couple in a fight and a transsexual. Hassan looks on in disgust.

A TEEN GIRL (16), in her tight expensive jeans, passes them -- talking evocatively on her iPhone to her boyfriend.

TEEN GIRL

Zach, totally meet me at the party
at 10 tonight.

Zara sees her father's disdain as they enter a Toy Shop.

HASSAN

(in Arabic, subtitled)
Remember, you are a lady. You are
my future.

INT. TOY SHOP - DAY

Hassan and Zara enter the Toy Shop -- an odd, creepy mixture of stuffed animals, toys, dolls and games. Despite the oddities, the store is busy - parents and children together.

In the back room is MOHSEN (60s), an old Middle Eastern Gepetto-type TOY MAKER. He puts the final touches on a scary-looking JACK-IN-THE-BOX toy --

-- he places a blasting cap and small 9-volt battery inside, pushes the Jack head down and closes the box gingerly. He quickly programs the CELL PHONE initiator next to it.

We SEE that he is missing his RING finger... the stump wiggles where it used to be. Zara runs in and hugs him.

MOHSEN

(all in Arabic, subtitled)
Hello my little Zara.

ZARA

What are you making?

MOHSEN

Another toy.

ZARA

For me?

MOHSEN

Not this one.

He places the toy on a very high shelf next to: a bizarre CLOWN doll, several toy CARS, an awkwardly-stitched stuffed BEAR and a cymbal-playing MONKEY.

INT. TOY SHOP - AFTERNOON

In the back corner of the Toy Shop, a small group of YOUNG MIDDLE EASTERN MEN and BOYS sit in a circle. They pass around a Shisha (a Hookah pipe). One of them places a black lump of Hashish into the bowl. The men smoke as...

... some of the TOYS begin to come to life in a surreal manner. A sort-of debate begins between the stuffed BEAR and the Cymbal MONKEY, as the other TOYS look on.

MONKEY

Crazy Americans. More concerned about finances and their toys than each other. So tolerant and yet, not.

BEAR

I don't care about any of that -- I only want to make a child smile.

MONKEY

I am an ambassador... finally able to do the job I was meant to do.

BEAR

I don't want a job like yours.

MONKEY

Can't you see what we represent?

BEAR

I hate it here.

The Bear starts to cry real tears as he touches the awkwardly stitched SCAR on his belly. The Cymbal Monkey just smiles his sinister smile in return... when the odd hallucination gets lost in a puff of white smoke.

EXT. RILEY'S L.A. APARTMENT COMPLEX - AFTERNOON

Riley walks down the hallway toward her townhouse, small bag of groceries in hand. RJ trots closely beside her.

Her neighbors are getting home: RITA WASHINGTON (30s, very pretty, African-American single parent) and her two adorable children, CARLY (5) and JUSTICE (7).

RITA

We haven't seen you in a while Mickey.

RILEY
Hey Rita. How are those adorable
kids of yours?

Carly comes out to Riley, hiding something behind her back.

RILEY (cont'd)
Hi Carly.

CARLY
Mommy has a secret admirer.

RILEY
Oh yeah?

RITA
Someone sent me flowers... probably
from the school. No note.

RILEY
Wow, she's a lucky lady.

CARLY
Here, I want to share her luck.

She reveals a beautiful single red CYPRESS flower - hands it
to Riley.

RILEY
Thanks Carly - it's beautiful.

RITA
Someone's been nabbing our
newspapers lately so Carly took in
some of yours. They were piling up.

RILEY
If it's yesterday's news, you can
burn them.

RITA
Pretty rough out there, huh?

RILEY
Life of a bomb tech -- 24/7. I'm
still longing for that white sandy
beach in the middle of nowhere.

Rita smiles, gets it. Riley looks at the new drawing in their
townhouse window -- a blooming meadow of flowers.

RILEY (cont'd)
Carly's artwork is really
progressing.

RITA

She's turning out to be a real artist -- top of her kindergarten class. Justice got his first guitar for his seventh birthday.

Justice runs inside their townhouse and comes out with a toy.

JUSTICE

We got RJ a new toy!

RILEY

You guys are gonna spoil him.

Riley takes the toy from Justice - a stuffed badger.

RITA

I gotta get the kids dressed for a party. Nice to see you Mickey.

RILEY

Take care Rita.

Rita shuffles her kids inside. Riley goes inside her place.

INT. RILEY'S TOWNHOUSE - SAME

Inside, Riley throws the new toy on RJ's bed, puts down the groceries and opens a beer. She places the small blooming Cypress in a vase - brings it over to her desk, sits down to do research.

A picture of her father, GENERAL RILEY, in his Marine Corps dress blues is nearby. Tired, she rubs her eyes, downs a couple aspirin with the beer.

She picks up the phone and dials.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION WITH:

INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - SAME

Henry lays on the couch -- Kelly hands him the phone.

KELLY

It's your partner.

MACLAREN

Hey Riley.

RILEY
(on phone)
How's the shoulder?

MACLAREN
Stiff, but I'll live.

RILEY
I'm sure the family's happy to see
you more than one day in a row.

Just then a soccer ball hits the window from outside -
Henry's two kids JILL MACLAREN (13) and BRANDON MACLAREN (15)
are kicking the ball around. Brandon shrugs to say "sorry."

MACLAREN
Kids are driving me fucking nuts.

RILEY
All the more reason to have dogs.

MACLAREN
I'm itching to get back to work.

RILEY
Soon, right?

MACLAREN
Counting the home-cooked meals...
Hey, have you seen Everett?

RILEY
Not in a couple days.

MACLAREN
Weird. He seems to have gone AWOL.

RILEY
I'm sure he'll turn up... probably
went to Vegas to gamble -- it's in
his blood.

MACLAREN
Probably. See you Monday.

RILEY
We'll re-group then. Be good.

He winces as he puts the phone down on the coffee table with
the sore shoulder.

INT. RILEY'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Riley looks at the clock (8:00 PM), finishes off her beer.

RILEY
It's not too early to go to bed,
right RJ?

RJ is fast asleep in his bed, new badger toy in his mouth.

Riley goes into her bedroom, takes off her pants, draws the curtains. Crashes.

The RING of the phone ruins her sleep. She squints at the clock and picks up the phone.

RILEY (cont'd)
Riley.

ANGEL
Riley, it's Angel Torres.

RILEY
It's ten o'clock at night. Why are
you calling me?

ANGEL
I need to talk.

RILEY
Whatever it is, it can wait.

ANGEL
I have some information I think
you'll want.

RILEY
Go ahead.

ANGEL
Not over the phone. Meet me at El
Carmen on Third. In the back.

RILEY
How'd you get this number?

Click. The phone goes quiet.

RILEY (cont'd)
Just one good night's sleep. Is
that too much to ask?

RJ picks his head up to see if he's going on a bomb call.
Nope -- he goes back to sleep in his doggie bed.

INT. DARKLY LIT GARAGE - NIGHT

A person dressed in dark camouflage is making a bomb -- we see close ups of the materials and gloved hands.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Molding the C-4

Setting the timer

Wiring a pressure release mechanism together

Placing the device in a small flowered fanny pack

Writing "*For Riley*" on it.

END MONTAGE.

EXT/INT. EL CARMEN BAR - NIGHT

Riley enters a dark tequila bar with red leather booths -- velvet pictures of masked wrestlers line the walls.

Riley approaches Angel, alone in a rear dark booth -- two empty tequila shot glasses in front of her.

RILEY

This better be good. I was asleep like a regular nine-to-fiver.

ANGEL

Have a tequila. They have about a hundred different kinds.

Tequila bottles line the bar -- one has a COBRA inside.

The cute WAITRESS comes over.

WAITRESS

What can I get you?

RILEY

I'll have a Sam Adams.

ANGEL

(points to the empty ones)
Two more of these.

WAITRESS

Two Patrons. You got it.

Angel smiles at the waitress, waits til she's gone.

ANGEL
I've been doing some homework and I
need you to confirm some things.

RILEY
Course of study?

ANGEL
The bombings.

The waitress comes back with the drinks.

WAITRESS
These are on me.

She winks at Angel and walks off.

RILEY
You charm everyone you meet?

ANGEL
(ignoring the question)
First of all, I know you're a
target.

She downs one of the shots.

ANGEL (cont'd)
And, I think it's someone from
inside the Bomb Squad.

RILEY
Pretty serious accusation.

ANGEL
The evidence is starting to point
in that direction.

RILEY
Hold on. WHAT evidence? We're a
highly trained team. We watch out
for each other. I have a hard time
believing one of us would stray.

ANGEL
I've got reliable sources. I know
someone was on that rooftop across
from the Renaissance hotel with
high level surveillance equipment.

RILEY
It's a huge can of worms.

ANGEL

You were being watched... played is more like it.

RILEY

What the hell is your obsession with this? You're a journalist, not a detective. Leave this case to them.

ANGEL

I know what it's like to be PLAYED... this case got a whole lot more personal for me when that chopper went down.

RILEY

Tread carefully. You don't want to find yourself in the wrong place at the wrong time. Good night.

Riley grabs the second tequila, downs it and goes.

ANGEL

I have a right to expose the TRUTH...

(beat)

Who wants you dead Riley?

INT. BOMB SQUAD HEADQUARTERS - EARLY MORNING

Alone, Riley does computer research at her desk. MacLaren arrives, eating a Snickers Bar. Hearing the wrapper noise:

RILEY

Using your good arm to eat?

He tries to impress her with the bad arm's range of motion, but cringes in pain about half way there.

RILEY (cont'd)

You sure you're ready to be back?

MACLAREN

I needed to. Bored out of my mind.

RILEY

Sorry to hear that. If you're still able to hear the phone -- see if you can subpoena the footage that Angel and her cameraman shot from Hollywood & Highland.

MACLAREN

What for? We've only seen it on the news a gazillion times.

RILEY

I want the footage that didn't air.

MACLAREN

Think you got a lead on something?

RILEY

Not sure -- I saw Angel Torres last night and she had a few ideas.

MACLAREN

I think she likes you.

RILEY

What's my motto again?

MACLAREN

Trust no one.

RILEY

Right. The phone awaits you.

MACLAREN

Whatever you say.

RILEY

I'll buy you an ice cream later.

He grabs the phone and starts to dial. He grabs his shoulder.

MACLAREN

(faking pain)

Ouch!

RILEY

I'm getting some more coffee.

Outside Lt. White's office, Riley pours the coffee. She SEES him on the phone, in a heated conversation. He waves her in.

INT. LT. WHITE'S OFFICE - SAME

Lt. White quickly finishes his conversation as Riley enters.

LT. WHITE

Good Morning Riley.

RILEY

You're here early L-T.

LT. WHITE
I had some East-Coast business. Sit
down for a second.

She sits down in front of him. He suspiciously covers a
DOCUMENT on his desk.

RILEY
What's up?

LT. WHITE
I got the forensics reports back
from the bombings.

RILEY
What were the findings?

LT. WHITE
Table in the suite was covered with
nitroglycerin. You were right. We
were also able to trace some of the
wiring and explosives materials
from the crime scenes to a common
overseas source. I want your
opinion.

RILEY
Ok, I'll take a look.

LT. WHITE
I trust you Riley. You're one of my
best kiddo.

RILEY
Thanks L-T.

LT. WHITE
Do me a favor and keep it quiet.

RILEY
No problem.

He hands her a large bundle of paperwork. She leaves.

INT. BOMB SQUAD HEADQUARTERS - DESK AREA - SAME

Riley comes back over to her desk with her coffee and the
large pile of research, drops the pile down. Startled,
MacLaren jumps.

MACLAREN
What's all that?

RILEY
Homework. Any news on that footage?

MACLAREN
I'm having it sent to your house. I didn't want anyone here *accidentally* getting their hands on it.

RILEY
Thanks. Normally I'd ask Hollywood, since that's his world.

MACLAREN
Yeah, he loves that shit. Look at his desk.

Everett's desk area is a mess. He has all kinds of movie paraphernalia, including a fake Oscar on his desk.

RILEY
What a slob. Wait a second.
(beat)
What the hell is that?

A small camera on top of his computer faces Riley and MacLaren's desk area.

RILEY (cont'd)
Is that a camera?

MACLAREN
No shit! Let's check it out.

MacLaren goes behind Everett's desk.

A screen-saver of movie clapboards moves across the screen. He hits return -- a pop-up message comes up: User online.

As the page loads, an image of Riley sitting at her desk forms. Her computer SCREEN is clearly visible in the image.

MacLaren turns the camera on himself. His IMAGE comes up.

MACLAREN (cont'd)
Son of a bitch.

Suddenly it clicks off. Another pop-up reads: User offline.

Buck Cage and Douglas walk into the bullpen -- carrying boxes full of ammunition, wires and various bomb making materials.

BUCK
Hey guys. Morning.

Cage sets the box down on the desk.

MACLAREN
What's with all the fixin's?

BUCK
White wants me to make some
training prototypes.

RILEY
What's the latest with the
Convention?

BUCK
Staples Center, one week. White's
calling a big pow wow to set up the
detail. The VP is coming to town
for it -- doing the sweeps for him.
Rumor has it that he's setting
himself up for the Presidential
election... hoping the second
time's a charm.

MACLAREN
Even the losers get lucky some
times.

Buck slaps Douglas hard on the back; he almost drops his box.

BUCK
Come on, Kid. Lemme show you how
easy it is to make a bomb.

Buck and Douglas go over to his desk, emptying the contents.

RILEY
(to MacLaren)
Let's get out of here.

MACLAREN
Ice cream?

RILEY
(to the others)
Tell the Lieutenant that we went
out to do some research.
(quietly to Henry)
Let's take your car.

Riley and MacLaren get up from the desk area -- she looks
back at Everett's computer. CU on the little internet CAMERA.

INT. MACLAREN'S SUBURBAN - DAY

Riley and MacLaren enter MacLaren's Bomb Squad vehicle. She has to move several candy bar wrappers, dodge a spilled Big Gulp and brush the passenger seat.

RILEY
I thought Everett was a mess --
your car is worse.

MACLAREN
What?

RILEY
And what happened to the diet?

She turns on the radio. It's on 103.4 playing some sappy love song. She cringes and changes it to 106.7. Turns it up LOUD.

RILEY (cont'd)
103.4? Come on!!

MACLAREN
Learn to love it.

RILEY
Speaking of Everett -- is his
family still getting those threats?

MACLAREN
Don't know. He fucked up pretty bad
with the loan sharks.

RILEY
And what's the deal with the I-spy
camera? He breached the internal
fire wall. That's not legal is it?

MACLAREN
I think he was trying to get a
clear shot of your breasts.

RILEY
You know its bad when you have to
go to Cold Stone for a little
privacy.

They arrive at Cold Stone Creamery and park in front.

INT. COLD STONE CREAMERY - DAY

Riley and MacLaren enter the ice cream shop and look at the hundreds of flavors. The SHOP GIRL comes over to serve them.

SHOP GIRL
What can I get you guys?

MACLAREN
I'll have the diet one -- the
peanut butter and chocolate with
Reeses Pieces on top in a cup.

SHOP GIRL
How about you?

RILEY
The usual.

SHOP GIRL
One nutty coconut with red, white
and blue sprinkles. You got it.

The shop girl goes about making the yummy creamy treats.

RILEY
The CSI reports came in from both
crime scenes and they've matched
the materials to the same place.

The shop girl hands them their ice creams.

SHOP GIRL
Those are on us.

MACLAREN
Thanks.

Riley puts a huge tip in the jar. They go sit in the corner.

RILEY
Materials were military grade and
were likely sourced from outside
the U.S. -- perp is probably
someone with military ties.

MACLAREN
What about foreign terrorists?

RILEY
I'm going to try and get some face
time with Suzanna Huff -- maybe she
can shed some light.
(beat)
And take a good look at the news
footage when I get home later.

Suddenly, both of their CELLS go off. They answer.

ANGEL

A holy land -- starts with an M.
Five letters.

Angel types in MECCA -- her breath short and uneven. Another clue: "5 Down - the one true GOD."

ANGEL (cont'd)

The one true God... five letters...
Jesus?

Riley answers from under the desk.

RILEY

No! Allah - A-L-L-A-H!

Angel types in Allah. Another clue: "3 Across - the holy book."

ANGEL

The holy book... There's an A in
it. Torah? NO, Shit!! A little help
here!

MACLAREN

Koran, the Koran!

ANGEL

Which spelling, K OR Q?! For
Christ's sake!

RILEY

(from under the desk)
Q-U-R-A-N

Suddenly, the computer screen goes BLACK. Everything slows down until...

RILEY (cont'd)

We're good here.

She comes up from under the desk.

RILEY (cont'd)

Now. Tell us what happened.

Riley disconnects the Flip Camcorder from the computer, nothing happens. Hands it to Angel.

ANGEL

This came to the office addressed
to me - no return address. It had
typed instructions to play the
video.

(MORE)

ANGEL (cont'd)
The game started when I tried to
download it to my computer.

Angel pushes play and a masked figure re-plays on the Flip
video screen.

MASKED MAN
Hello Angel. An offer is being
extended for you to join your
brothers in stemming the
Imperialist tide... you have the
power to reach millions. Help us in
our fight against the American
icons of economic and military
power. Find your roots...

It clicks off. Riley grabs the Flip and pries the back off.

There's an explosive inside next to a battery labeled "Made
in the USA." Riley severs the circuit once and for all.

ANGEL
Thank you, Riley!

Angel hugs her when... two cell phones RING --

| | | | |
|--------|-------|-----------|---|
| | RILEY | MACLAREN | * |
| Riley. | | MacLaren. | * |

-- it's another bomb call for Riley and MacLaren.

EXT. CHINATOWN L.A. - CHINATOWN - DAY

Chinatown -- a bustling area with small street vendors and
shops selling "knock offs" of famous designer clothes, toys,
jewelry and handbags -- a seedy, underworld quality to it.

Riley and MacLaren arrive at the scene, don their bomb vests.
Sergeant Forrester is there -- a small perimeter set up.

Hundreds of people mill around just beyond the yellow tape --
business as usual -- shopping and bargaining.

RILEY
What do we got Sergeant?

FORRESTER
From what I could understand, Voo
doo shop owner had a beef with the
toy shop down the way and some
threats. Suspicious package has
something written on it that
appears to be blood.

MACLAREN
Smelling the incense from out here.

FORRESTER
You'll probably get a false sit if
you bring in the dog -- better use
the x-ray equipment.

INT. VOO DOO SHOP - DAY

Riley and MacLaren enter the shop -- hundreds of candles,
religious icon pictures, trinkets and voo doo items inside.
Like one big altar -- the air thick with incense smoke.

RILEY
Ma'am? LAPD Bomb Squad.

A wild looking SCARY WOMAN with long jet black hair comes out
and leads them down the back aisle -- past the eerie pictures
and trinkets staring back at them. We SEE the closed JACK-IN-
THE-BOX on the shelf from the Toy Shop.

In the back is a large PACKAGE wrapped in brown trash bags.
On it is written "*Death at Dusk*" in blood.

RILEY (cont'd)
I'm going to have to ask you to
leave now.

SCARY WOMAN
No. I'm staying.

RILEY
Suit yourself.

Riley takes the x-ray equipment out of her gear bag.

CUT TO:

CU on the Jack-in-the-Box... the handle on the closed box
starts to slowly TURN...

-- while, Riley carefully x-rays the package and studies the
films. She gets on her radio to Forrester.

RILEY (cont'd)
Looks like a small skeleton.
Probably an animal of some kind.
Not an active device.

MACLAREN
Let's open it up.

SCARY WOMAN

No, no, no. We will be cursed!

RILEY

Opening the package.

She takes out her knife and opens the package. Inside is a bloody DEAD CAT -- not pretty.

MACLAREN

Damn that thing smells! Get it out of here now!

The scary woman starts making strange movements toward them. She's in some kind of trance - trying to bless them.

Riley quickly packs up, grabs her gear as MacLaren grabs the package and they head outside... they pass by the Jack-in-the-box and it POPS OUT... it emits only a small puff of smoke -- * a failed initiation.

MACLAREN (cont'd)

Jesus Christ!

Once outside, MacLaren shoves the dead cat at Riley, then pukes on the sidewalk.

RILEY

Bulimia kicking in?

MACLAREN

Ice cream and incense didn't mix.

He spits.

RILEY

I'm gonna go give those guys down the street a little tune up. Here.

She gives MacLaren the dead cat back and heads in the direction of the Toy Shop on foot.

EXT. TOY SHOP - DAY

As Riley approaches the Toy Shop, she sees several of the young MEN inside watching her.

INT. TOY SHOP - SAME

In the rear of the Toy Shop: the exotic woman, Janeth Amel is in the middle of a gruesome "operation" -- a surgeon removes EXPLOSIVES from her breast IMPLANTS. Hassan and several men and boys look on.

Seeing Riley approach, Hassan pushes the young Middle Eastern CLERK (16) toward the front door.

HASSAN
(in Arabic)
A diversion!

EXT. TOY SHOP - DAY

The young Clerk takes off running out the door.

RILEY
Really?

Riley runs after him, passing MacLaren on the way.

RILEY (cont'd)
Got a runner! Split up!

EXT. CHINATOWN L.A. - STREETS

A foot pursuit ensues taking Riley, MacLaren and the young Clerk through the nexus of colorful, crowded Chinatown shops and warehouses.

The chase brings them to the stairs above the packed Grand Central Marketplace.

MacLaren, out of breath and still holding the dead cat evidence -- hops onto the Angel Flight Trolley -- passengers smell the stench...

... He gets off and commandeers a vehicle instead.

INT. DODGE CHALLENGER - DAY

MacLaren points to his badge, pulls the DRIVER of a Dodge Challenger SRT8 out of the driver's seat and throws the evidence bag in the back seat. He floors it -- the HEMI engine roars as he leaves the shocked driver behind.

EXT. CHINATOWN L.A. - STREETS - DAY

MacLaren catches up to Riley on the other side of the Grand Central Market and pulls up next to her in the Challenger.

MACLAREN

Get in!

Riley gets in - breathing hard... sniffs suspiciously.

RILEY

What smells?

They SEE the young Clerk steal a DUCATI Motorcycle. He pulls out a small handgun, fires and tears around the corner.

A CHASE between the Challenger and the Ducati ensues through the Chinatown streets -- dodging cars, people, dogs, construction, buildings, glass and everything.

Finally... the Challenger and Ducati enter a parking garage. They wind up 15 levels to a rooftop... end of the road.

The Clerk guns the Ducati and jumps the bike to a near-by rooftop. He turns, shoots again.

Riley pulls out her Glock and fires off several rounds -- one shot hits the tire, one hits the GAS TANK...

Ducati and rider jump again from the rooftop onto the freeway overpass -- metal on metal sparks ignite the gasoline on the ground, causing an explosive fiery ball.

Amid the black smoke, the Clerk flies off the burning bike, on fire. He bounces hard on the concrete, tries to swat out the flames from his face and body and runs off into the distance.

*
*
*

EXT. CHINATOWN L.A. - CHINATOWN - DAY

MacLaren returns the Challenger to the bewildered Driver. Evidence bag in hand, he and Riley walk toward their Subs.

MACLAREN

That kid was a little punk-ass.

RILEY

He's gonna have some nasty breaks and burns... Get Douglas to check the hospitals.

*
*
*

Suddenly we HEAR... a voice of PANIC.

EVERETT

Riley!

She and MacLaren turn to SEE: the missing EVERETT stumbling through the CROWD toward them. As he gets closer, we see his hands are dripping BLOOD, fingers are gone...

EVERETT (cont'd)

Help me!

Riley goes into action.

RILEY

(to the crowd)

Everyone move... NOW!!

The CROWD starts to part, a mixture of fear and interest --

We SEE Everett more clearly now... strapped to his waist is the small flowered FANNY PACK. Written on it: "*For Riley.*"

MACLAREN

Jesus. Everett! Stop walking!!

He stops in his tracks, weak from blood loss, eyes pleading.

EVERETT

I'm so sorry...

The Fanny Pack body bomb EXPLODES - Everett's body becomes pieces that rain down on the bloody street.

Riley and MacLaren rush over to help their fallen comrade... Riley grabs Everett's severed arm in an attempt to save it -- it's no use, too many pieces.

From a distance, she HEARS loud voices and laughter coming from the TOY SHOP a half block away.

Blinded by anger, Riley turns and walks toward them. She SEES Hassan and several Middle Eastern MEN out front.

RILEY

Did you just *say something*?

The group goes inside, starts to close up shop. Riley runs now, MacLaren at her heels.

MACLAREN

Riley -- DON'T.

EXT./INT. TOY SHOP - LATE AFTERNOON

Riley enters the shop, SEES the surreal mixture of toys - each bizarre item a potential device. SIRENS can be heard closing in on the scene.

Several people move to the back of the shop in fear -- the CHILDREN and their MOTHERS terrified.

Hassan is behind the counter. Riley approaches, face to face.

HASSAN
May I help you?

RILEY
You're a sick fuck, you know that?

HASSAN
I don't know what you're talking about.

Riley pulls out her Glock, holds it against Hassan's cheek. Everett's blood dripping off her hands.

RILEY
What do you know about this?

HASSAN
I was just watching the show.

She chambers a round.

RILEY
You have exactly 5 seconds to tell me why the boy ran and what you SAW... five, four, three...

MacLaren sees the frightened CHILDREN -- grabs her arm, pulling the gun down.

MACLAREN
Come on, Riley. Let's go.

RILEY
Two...

Riley grabs her KNIFE from the sheath on her vest with the other hand - extracts the blade, and STABS it down hard just missing Hassan's ring finger.

RILEY (cont'd)
Don't FUCK with me... you'll be sorry.

HASSAN
 (in Arabic, subtitled)
 Adalah (justice) for my brothers.

MacLaren grabs the knife back and drags her out of the store -
 - Lt. White is waiting for them outside.

LT. WHITE
 We're here now...

Riley stumbles ever so slightly. The horror on their stricken
 faces clear as they see their fallen comrade in pieces.

LT. WHITE (cont'd)
 There's nothing you can do. He's
 gone... you're both running on
 fumes. Go home, let us handle this.

INT. RILEY'S BOMB SQUAD VEHICLE - EVENING

*

Riley drives home in her Suburban. She reaches for her cell
 phone... dials. We HEAR:

VOICEMAIL
 You've reached General Riley,
 please leave a message.

Beep... Riley hangs up without leaving a message for her
 FATHER. To herself:

RILEY
 Probably wouldn't take my call
 anyway.

Suddenly Riley's PAGER goes off and another call comes over
 the police radio. We HEAR:

RADIO DISPATCH
 (V.O.)
 We have an explosion at an
 apartment complex at 8500 Main St.
 Multiple injuries. Code three.

The address and then the SHOCK registers. Riley calls it in.

RILEY
 This is Riley. I'm on my way.
 (beat)
 That's my building...

She puts her lights and siren on, racing to get home. Within
 moments, she arrives home to another HORRIFIC scene.

EXT. RILEY'S L.A. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

The front of Riley's complex is a mix of FLAMES and SMOKE. The BLAST pressure of an explosion has destroyed the mailboxes and several town homes, including her's.

FIREFIGHTERS are on scene -- two ambulances arrive. A neighborhood CROWD has gathered in front.

Riley exits her Sub, hurriedly looks around and approaches the FIRE CHIEF.

RILEY
Was anyone hurt?

FIRE CHIEF
Officer Riley. Pretty rough scene - based on what the witnesses are saying, we're fairly certain this isn't a gas or electrical fire. Looks like the result of a bomb.

Just then Rita Washington and young Justice run outside -- Mother and son injured with multiple cuts and burns.

RITA
My baby! My baby!

The PARAMEDICS intercept them on the grass and go to work on their injuries. Little Justice sobs.

Riley runs over to her injured friends.

RILEY
Rita! My God what happened?

RITA
(hysterical)
My baby is still inside the complex! MY BABY! FIND MY BABY!!

RILEY
Where's Carly??!!

RITA
She wanted to bring a package to your door from the mailbox area. That was the last I saw of her. Find her! FIND HER!!

The paramedics whisk Rita into the ambulance. Fire fighters continue to put out the flames.

FIRE FIGHTER #1
 We have a possible third victim! I
 need some help over here.

Firefighters and paramedics come over to assist -- wrapping a
 small burned FIGURE in a blanket to move it.

Rita sees the bundle being carried out. She knows it's her
 beautiful daughter Carly. She RUNS over, sees the damage.

RITA
 (Sobbing uncontrollably)
 NO, no, no! They killed my baby!!
 THEY KILLED MY BABY!!!

The paramedics hold her back.

RILEY
 (losing it)
 God NO! Not Carly -- not NOW!!

MacLaren pulls up in his Suburban and finds an anguished
 Riley on the grass.

MACLAREN
 What the fuck happened here?!

RILEY
 Explosive device in a package meant
 for me... they killed Carly...

MACLAREN
 Come on. Back-up is on the way.
 You're too close to this.

RILEY
 She was afraid it might get stolen.

MACLAREN
 Let's get you out of here.

RILEY
 I need to stay with Rita and
 Justice!

MACLAREN
 They're going to the hospital.
 Nothing more you can do here.

RILEY
 You have to help me find whoever
 did this... I WILL kill them.

MacLaren grabs her around the shoulders and brings her over to his Suburban.

The ambulance screams down the street as NEWS trucks arrive.

CU on Carly's incredible DRAWING, the once-vibrant flowers charred black and lifeless on the ground.

EXT/INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MacLaren and Riley arrive at his residence and go inside -- RJ behind them. They look the worse for wear.

MacLaren's wife, Kelly waits for them, watching the news. On the television, Angel reports in front of Riley's complex -- fire engines still in the background.

KELLY

Thank God, you're alive.

MACLAREN

We've had a hell of a day. Let's set her up for the night.

RILEY

I'm fine on the couch.

KELLY

You sure? We can kick Jill out of her room.

MACLAREN

Whatever you need.

MacLaren fixes Riley a very large drink, straight up and brings it to her.

Riley fixates on Angel, back to business, reporting the story on the late night news -- a photo of EVERETT shown, she turns it up a little.

ANGEL

(on screen)

We believe this was the deliberate work of the same bomber who has terrorized this city in recent weeks. Just earlier today we received threats at the news desk, one of the LAPD's own was killed, and now...

(showing softer side)

Needless to say, this is a tragedy beyond belief.

(MORE)

ANGEL (cont'd)
Carly was just a little girl. A
little girl who had so much going
for her. So much promise...

Angel's cameraman pans down to Carly's drawing, ruined.

Riley can't take anymore and shuts it off. She downs the
drink in one gulp -- grabs the soft blanket from the side of
the couch and wraps it around her.

RJ comes over and lays at her feet.

RILEY
Can you guys leave me alone?

KELLY
You need anything...

MACLAREN
Good night.

She turns away from them as they turn out the lights, puts
her head down to sleep, but her eyes stay wide open filled
with tears. They eventually close.

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

ANOTHER NIGHTMARE BEGINS:

Riley's inside a small enclosed room stacked with wooden
crates stamped: "U.S. Military" and "Radioactive."

She slowly opens one of the boxes and sees military weapons.
The weapons turn into severed FINGERS that turn into deadly
COBRAS slithering out of the box. One strikes at her face and
HITS...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Riley gets up early, puts on her uniform, neatly folds the
blanket and leaves the still-sleeping family a note.

EXT. SUZANNA HUFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

Outside the City Council's Offices, Riley waits. She gently
pokes her fingers through the mesh cage behind her.

RILEY

Hey boy. One day we're going to retire and lay around all day on some white sandy beach far, far away from here.

RJ's tongue licks her fingers in agreement.

Suzanna Huff hurriedly arrives in the parking lot. Riley gets out of her truck to meet her half-way.

RILEY (cont'd)

Councilwoman?

Caught off guard, Huff turns and responds.

SUZANNA HUFF

Riley, I saw everything that happened last night.

RILEY

Can we talk?

SUZANNA HUFF

Come with me to my office.

The two of them head inside.

INT. SUZANNA HUFF'S OFFICE - SAME

Huff and Riley go inside her office. Once inside, Huff locks the door and closes the blinds.

SUZANNA HUFF

So what can I do for you Officer?

RILEY

I need some information.

SUZANNA HUFF

On or off the record?

RILEY

Off. Definitely off.

Huff takes her seat behind the desk. Looks at her watch.

SUZANNA HUFF

You have 5 minutes and then I have the Mayor, the Governor and the FBI coming in for a briefing.

RILEY
Thank you, Council Woman.

SUZANNA HUFF
And for God's sake, call me
Suzanna.

RILEY
It's common knowledge that a
majority of your constituents are
Arab... that you might have higher
aspirations.

Huff bristles, a bit defensive. Smiles.

SUZANNA HUFF
It's common knowledge that you were
a soldier in Lebanon... that you
might have pissed some people off.

RILEY
What do they think I know?

SUZANNA HUFF
I have my suspicions.

RILEY
One name, that's all I ask.

SUZANNA HUFF
Elections are coming...

RILEY
A deal then.

SUZANNA HUFF
(considers)
You know as well as I, Secret
Operatives are deep into the
workings of the United States and
have been for a long time. When
you're fighting the Infidels, one
officer isn't going to get in the
way of years of planning...
Generations will either follow in
the footsteps of their fathers or
turn their backs and walk away,
risk the consequences.

She looks at her watch again. Riley gets the hint, rises.

RILEY
Thank you, Suzanna.

SUZANNA HUFF

You have more years left on the force ahead of you -- try and stay alive until your retirement.

INT. BOMB SQUAD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Riley arrives at the offices to her fellow Squad members -- obvious they've all been talking about what happened.

At her desk, Raider and MacLaren sit in front of a half-eaten box of donuts.

RAIDER

We took up a little fund to help you rebuild. Hope you're not offended.

He hands Riley an envelope stuffed with CASH. It's against her nature to take handouts. Hands it back.

RILEY

Use it for Everett's funeral... Or I'll give it to Rita and Justice. You pick.

RAIDER

It's the least we can do.

Raider hands it back again.

RAIDER (cont'd)

Let us know if there's anything else you need, ok Riley?

RILEY

Sure Raider. Thanks.

MacLaren waits until he's gone. Picks up a donut, looks at it then sets it back in the box.

MACLAREN

You left pretty early this morning.

RILEY

I went to see Huff.

MACLAREN

Shed any light?

RILEY

How much do you know about her past in the Middle East?

MACLAREN

During the Gulf War, she was the only journalist, let alone female, to land interviews with key Al-Qaeda operatives.

RILEY

Do you know anything about her family or her past prior to that?

MACLAREN

Not really. Why?

RILEY

Doing a little research.

MACLAREN

The Lieutenant wants to see you before you leave.

He grabs that donut finally and starts to emotionally eat.

INT. LT. WHITE'S OFFICE - SAME

Riley walks over to White's office. He motions her inside.

LT. WHITE

How you holding up?

RILEY

A little beat up, but alive.

LT. WHITE

With Everett dead, the department is even more concerned about your welfare. So don't get jittery if you see the surveillance team following you.

RILEY

Is that really necessary?

LT. WHITE

You bet it is. We're putting you up in the Marriott Suites until your place is in order and this whole thing blows over. Since the VP is confirmed to attend, I need you alive for the Convention.

(beat)

By the way, the motorcycle incident has been deemed a serious accident. The file's considered closed.

*
*
*

RILEY
Appreciate it, Sir.

LT. WHITE
Take the weekend off. And Riley...
no one else gets hurt on my watch.

INT/EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY/NIGHT

We follow Riley to various locations as she tries to piece together the recent events of her life.

MONTAGE:

Attending Carly's funeral - hugging Rita and Justice as the casket goes underground.

Surveying the damage at the townhouse - packing some clothes in a duffle. The red CYPRESS flower now dead.

Researching at the Military Archives - scanning and printing images of the Gulf War, black & white photos of a platoon.

Arriving at the Marriott Suites Hotel - noticing the surveillance car on the street.

END MONTAGE.

INT. MARRIOTT SUITES HOTEL - NIGHT

Riley watches "Finding Nemo" on the hotel TV, looks like she's been run over.

Several empty beers sit on the night stand, her duffle bag unopened on the luggage rack. RJ sleeps on the bed with the stuffed badger toy next to him.

Riley picks up the phone and dials out.

MacLaren answers from his house. He's also watching "Finding Nemo," and eating chips. It's the scene where Bruce the shark goes crazy. He turns the sound down as he picks up.

INTERCUT their conversation:

MACLAREN
Feel like you're on vacation?

RILEY
Not exactly the white sandy beach I had in mind. Home for now. They've got a surveillance team on me.

MACLAREN

You taking the weekend off?

RILEY

White ordered me to.

She pulls out a FILE folder from her duffle and spreads the contents across the bed: several black & white news articles and photos. A headline reads: "Radioactive Material Linked to Gulf War Weapons."

RILEY (cont'd)

Said the camcorder initiator at Angel's office was traced back to a Chinatown area Radio Shack.

(beat)

Any word yet on the exploding package that killed Carly?

MACLAREN

Basic letter bomb -- rigged to detonate with the slightest movement. She probably didn't know what happened.

(pause)

Riley... the package had the footage from Hollywood and Highland.

Riley's mind starts to race.

RILEY

Whose office did it come from?

MACLAREN

Angel Torres.

RILEY

I think I may have found some other things of interest. I'd like to run some stuff by you -- in person.

MACLAREN

Kelly and I are barbecuing at the house tomorrow. Why don't you come by, have a burger, drink a few beers, try and relax for once.

RILEY

I could use a little of that.

MACLAREN

Come by at two then.

RILEY

See you then.

They both hang up. MacLaren goes back to Nemo and the chips, Riley stares at the black & white photos on the bed.

A knock on Riley's hotel door. RJ's ears perk up at the sound. He waits on the bed for her command.

Riley looks through the door peep hole and sees a female carrying a small PACKAGE. A baseball cap conceals her face.

RILEY (cont'd)

Who is it?

ANGEL

Angel.

RILEY

What do you want?

ANGEL

Let me in. I have important footage.

She holds up the package for Riley to see.

RILEY

Set it down and step back.

(beat)

RJ, Come here boy.

RJ comes over to the door as Riley opens it. The manila envelope is on the ground, RJ sniffs it -- nothing.

ANGEL

Come on -- I was just holding it. Do you think I'm stupid enough to carry a live device around?

RILEY

I don't know. Are you?

ANGEL

I'm not. Can I come in?

Before Riley can respond, she grabs the package, walks in and pets RJ. RJ wags his tail excitedly and licks Angel's face.

RILEY

(after the fact)

I guess so.

ANGEL

Put this in.

She takes one of two DVDs out of the envelope and hands it over to Riley.

Riley discreetly pushes all of the photos and paperwork from the bed back into the folder.

RILEY

Do you know what happened with the last package that came from your office?

ANGEL

After what we've already been through, you're just going to have to trust me.

Riley puts in the FIRST DVD and hits play. We SEE:

The mystery man on the rooftop at the theater complex. The camera work is chaotic and choppy, but Riley is able to pause directly on the figure - she moves closer to the screen.

CU on the figure -- in black, military-issue style clothing. It shows the monitors and laptop computer. The figure dials a cell phone as the footage ends.

Riley rewinds back to moments before. ECU on the face, though partially obscured by a black military-style hat --

-- it's EVERETT... Riley realizes the implications.

RILEY

Everett.

ANGEL

It gets worse.

Angel hands her the SECOND DVD, Riley inserts it.

A horrible situation unfolds: Everett sits tied in front of 6 TERRORISTS, faces concealed, weapons in hand. A huge pile of American CASH is strewn at his feet.

Behind them is the signature yellow and green flag of the Islamic terrorist group HEZBOLLAH - in its center, a defiant fist raises an AK-47 rifle.

RILEY

Hezbollah? Where did you get this one?

ANGEL
 Came directly to me at the news
 desk -- after the video. You're the
 only one who knows I have it.

Angel turns up the sound:

HEZBOLLAH TERRORIST
 (in Arabic)
 We will give you a last chance to
 convert to Islam... become our
 brother and LIVE.

EVERETT
 Fuck you!! I'm still an American!

They watch as the terrorists start to systematically CUT OFF
 Everett's fingers... BLOOD runs onto the money.

RILEY
 He sold out... God Damn it!!

Riley yanks the DVD out and destroys it.

ANGEL
 I'm sorry, Riley.

RILEY
 They knew you'd give it to me...
 did anyone follow you here?

ANGEL
 I don't think so. There's a car
 outside - looks like one of yours.
 (beat)
 I won't report what Everett did.

RILEY
 How do I know I can trust you?

ANGEL
 If you don't already, then don't.

Riley is conflicted... finally.

RILEY
 Get out.

There's a long stand-offish moment between them, clearly
 there is a dangerous chemistry.

ANGEL
 Why do you hate me so much?

Riley finally gives in.

RILEY

I don't.

ANGEL

Then what is it? I'm not asking for anything. I'm trying to help you.

RILEY

I've spent my entire life being a woman in a man's world. From trying to win my father's love, to proving myself in the military and now the Squad. I chose a path... and I don't need your help following it.

ANGEL

I don't want to see you get killed.

RILEY

Find someone else to use.

ANGEL

I know something about being used and that's not what's happening here... Did you know that my FATHER is Muslim? Torres is my Mother's maiden name...

Riley's expression changes.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I have every reason to follow the same path you do...

Angel unzips her jacket, takes it off. Starts to remove her t-shirt.

RILEY

Don't.

ANGEL

You need to see what THEY did to me.

She takes off her shirt and turns her back to Riley. Gang tatoos and DEEP SCARS line her back - evidence of the rape and torture she endured.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I HATE them as much as you do.

Riley approaches her from behind, slowly putting her arms around her protectively.

Angel turns to face her, they kiss passionately -- the anger turning to deep desire. Kindred spirits uniting...

EXT/INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Riley arrives at MacLaren's house with RJ in tow. She carries a shopping bag - she sets it down, gives Kelly a hug.

KELLY
Glad you could make it.

Riley lets RJ outside.

RILEY
The house looks great. You finally finished the pool.

KELLY
We're enjoying it.

RILEY
Henry must have gotten a raise I didn't.

Through the window we see Brandon and Jill outside with RJ. MacLaren mans his post at the barbecue, grilling.

Riley unloads her grocery bag -- some beer, buns, a pie and then the envelope with the DVD and her manila folder.

KELLY
More work? On a Sunday?

RILEY
Sorry Kelly.

Riley opens a beer and heads outside with the buns.

EXT. MACLAREN'S BACKYARD - SAME

MacLaren and Riley talk quietly over by the barbecue.

RILEY
After you and I talked, Angel paid me a little visit.

MACLAREN
She came bearing gifts?

RILEY

Bingo. Two DVDs. I brought one.

MACLAREN

I'd like to see it.

He puts a burger on a fresh, hot bun and gives it to Riley.

MACLAREN (cont'd)

Hey Kids! Come and get it!

Kelly comes out with the salad, bottle of wine and three glasses. She pours the wine and for a moment, life is good.

INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MacLaren and Riley are in the living room with RJ down by her feet. Kelly cleans up in the kitchen.

RILEY

Look at the DVD first.

He puts it into the DVD player and hits play. We see the same images as before -- the figure on the rooftop. Riley grabs the remote and stops it on the shot where EVERETT is visible.

MACLAREN

Damn.

RILEY

Angel and her cameraman were on the roof that day; that wasn't planned.

MACLAREN

I can't believe he turned.

RILEY

There was a second DVD.

MACLAREN

WAS?

RILEY

You don't want to know -- he SOLD us out. Sold himself out worse.

MACLAREN

Money always was his weakness.

Riley opens up the folder and pulls out the contents.

RILEY

Take a look at this.

MacLaren turns on the light next to him and squints to focus.

CU on the black & white photo -- a US Army platoon. Ten Army SOLDIERS stand next to each other in front of an Abrams tank.

MACLAREN

When was this taken?

RILEY

Early 90's. First Gulf War. A Special Ops platoon that was part of one of the most secretive operations during the war.

Riley points to someone in the back row. CU on the Soldier.

RILEY (cont'd)

Recognize him?

MACLAREN

Long shot, but it looks like Governor Weston, without the beard.

RILEY

And him?

She points again -- to a striking looking black male Soldier.

MACLAREN

Fuck if that isn't Mayor Samuels. I had no idea these guys served together -- much less in some covert Ops division.

RILEY

Here's my favorite.

She points one last time.

MACLAREN

The Lieutenant?

It's quiet for a second as this sinks in.

RILEY

It gets better. I think I may have found a reason why all these guys might be keeping in touch.

We hear the CRASH of glass in the kitchen.

KELLY
 (shouts from the kitchen)
 Can someone get me some paper
 towels from the garage?

RILEY
 I will. Go check on her.

Riley gets up from the couch and goes toward the garage. RJ follows her to the doorway.

CU on the black & white photo - there's a SECOND PHOTO behind it we can't see.

INT. MACLAREN'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Riley goes into the dark garage, turns on the light and heads over to the storage cupboards.

She moves boxes out of the way that are blocking the cupboard doors. Upon moving one, she sees several wires hanging out.

Curious, Riley opens the box. She covers her mouth in a gasp - it's materials to make a bomb: a timer, wires, blasting caps and a vial labeled TATP.

RILEY
 (softly to RJ)
 Come here boy.

RJ comes over, sniffs the box and immediately sits. He lets out a small whine.

RILEY (cont'd)
 (to herself)
 TATP... Shit! Why would he be
 keeping this out here!?

She grabs the paper towels and gently puts the box back. She turns out the lights and heads back inside with RJ.

INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - SAME

Riley heads into the kitchen and hands over the paper towels. MacLaren and his wife are picking up the broken glass pieces.

RILEY
 Hey guys. I'm gonna head out.

MACLAREN
 You sure? I'll just be a second.

RILEY

No big deal -- we can talk tomorrow
after the briefing.

KELLY

The kids really enjoyed seeing you.

RILEY

Tell them I said good night --
we'll show ourselves out.

MACLAREN

Call me later if you want to talk.

Riley picks up the photos and the DVD, takes them with her.

She and RJ leave and quickly get into the car. The waiting
surveillance car pulls out behind them.

EXT/INT. MARRIOTT SUITES HOTEL - NIGHT

Back at the hotel, Riley hurriedly empties out the envelope
with the DVD inside. A business card falls out.

RILEY

I knew it.

She turns it over and dials the number on the front.

RILEY (cont'd)

It's Riley. I need a favor.

INTERCUT scene with tight shot of Angel on the phone, in her
red Porsche.

ANGEL

What do you need -- I'm here.

RILEY

Some quick research.

ANGEL

Go on.

RILEY

Find out about Councilwoman Suzanna
Huff's background. I want to know
about her family, her friends, her
enemies, everything.

ANGEL

I'm on it.

RILEY
Meet me at the hotel bar at eleven.

ANGEL
Anything else?

RILEY
Thanks Angel... I owe you one.

CUT TO wider shot of Angel in her car -- *she's not alone.*

ANGEL
(into the phone)
Ok, I'll see you then.

Angel hangs up her phone and looks over at the passenger seat. She's in her car with *Henry MacLaren.*

INT. MARRIOTT SUITES HOTEL - SAME

Riley picks up her cell phone and dials out.

RILEY
Raider? It's Riley. Am I catching you in the middle of dinner?

RAIDER
(v.o.)
Hey Riley. I'm actually at the office. What's up?

RILEY
What do you know about TATP?

INTERCUT with Don Raider at the office on his cell phone.

RAIDER
Tri-acetone Tri-peroxide, TNT on steroids. Tiny amounts of it will typically come in a small vial. Too much heat, shock or friction and you've got some real damage.... it's only the deadliest man-made explosive on the planet.

RILEY
We never use it -- how would someone go about getting it?

RAIDER
There are only a few ways. Military access, the lab that makes it and possibly the black market.

RILEY
 Anyone we know doing a special
 project with the stuff?

RAIDER
 Not that I know of... Why?
 (he chuckles)
 Thinking about ending it all?

RILEY
 (joking)
 Maybe.

RAIDER
 It's hard to come by and it's
 pretty unstable. No one on the
 Squad would be using it without at
 least the Lieutenant knowing.

RILEY
 Thanks Raider, appreciate it.

RAIDER
 Call me if you need anything else.

He hangs up, looks perplexed.

Riley hangs up her phone and gathers her papers. She looks at
 the clock -- it's 10:58.

INT. MARRIOTT SUITES HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Angel sits in the corner booth waiting, empty shot glass in
 front of her. Riley comes over -- Angel's happy to see her.

RILEY
 What did you find?

ANGEL
 Jeez, all business. Can I at least
 order you a drink?

RILEY
 Sorry. Sure.

Angel motions to the BARTENDER - two more. It's JANETH AMEL,
 the exotic Middle Eastern terrorist. She holds up the tequila
 bottle -- Angel nods yes.

Angel pulls out her note book from her purse.

ANGEL
 First of all... hi.

Angel kisses Riley in public. The bartender notices, smiles to herself.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Ok... now, from what I was able to get on such short notice, Huff's maiden name is Ashraf. Don't be fooled by that died blonde look, she's of Muslim descent. Her father, Ali Ashraf, was a huge oil man and arms trader back in the 50's and 60's. When he was jailed for allegedly plotting a coup, she took over the business for a brief stint.

RILEY

That would explain her status both politically and financially.

ANGEL

People were afraid of her father -- even when he was in jail. Supposedly a real tyrant. I think she was afraid of him too.

RILEY

How did she make the leap to journalism?

ANGEL

She studied in the states at Yale, majored in political science and journalism before getting into the family biz.

Janeth brings the tequilas over. Lingers for a moment - Riley has EYE CONTACT with her before she goes back to the bar.

RILEY

What else?

ANGEL

She went to Afghanistan as a freelance journalist and ended up getting on the inside.

RILEY

Her arms contacts certainly didn't hurt the cause.

ANGEL

She been known to accept contributions from anti-Westerners.

RILEY
How about her husband?

ANGEL
John Huff. Texas Oil. Their families did business together for many years. Took over the business when his father died.

RILEY
That explains a lot.

ANGEL
Here's the best part -- she's recently made "friends" with Vice President Gaiser and his family. Presidential candidate or not, she knows that he's a businessman at heart -- he wins, everyone does.
(beat)
Cheers.

She downs her tequila.

RILEY
Cheers.

Riley smells it, then does the same.

ANGEL
Gaiser's father was a member of the Irgun, a militant Zionist group.

She throws a magazine article on Gaiser in front of Riley.

RILEY
Backed the Israeli Defense Forces.

ANGEL
The son still believes - a bit of a conflict.

RILEY
See what you can find out about D.U. shipments to the Middle East during the Gulf War.

ANGEL
What's that?

RILEY
Depleted Uranium.

INT. BOMB SQUAD HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Riley, MacLaren, Douglas, Buck and the rest of the Bomb Squad sit in the conference room. Lt. White and Sgt. Forrester address them -- a diagram of the Staples Center up front.

Agent Farley puts up an LA-area SARS map next to the Staples Center diagram. He points to several markers indicated in RED - a Mosque, the Harbor, LAX, the Toy Shop, among others.

AGENT FARLEY

We have surveillance teams around the City following up on every suspicious activity lead... If any of the evidence proves to be terrorist related, we'll shut it down -- strength in numbers.

LT. WHITE

The Vice President is arriving this afternoon, as are hundreds of law enforcement officials from across the world. Everyone's on high alert.

(beat)

Sergeant, please proceed with the details.

Sgt. Forrester uses a laser pointer to illustrate the team locations on the Staples Center diagram.

FORRESTER

Raider, I want you, Douglas and your team to oversee the front stage and podium. Riley and MacLaren, you're on the backstage area and rafters. Cage, you're in the Bat Truck with the equipment. My team has the Vice President and his entourage. I want everyone involved and all the dogs working. Questions?

Riley leans in to Douglas, punches his arm.

RILEY

You got the stage Dougie... your first bar-b-que. You ready?

DOUGLAS

Actually, I think the incident at the Harbor would technically be considered my first... Ma'am.

FORRESTER

Everyone meet at the CP 1800 sharp.
The Lieutenant will be in command.

LT. WHITE

See you this evening everyone.

Everyone gets up and leaves.

LT. WHITE (cont'd)

Riley, hang back please.

She turns and comes back into the room. MacLaren looks back.

LT. WHITE (cont'd)

Undercover detail leaving you
alone?

RILEY

Yes, Sir.

LT. WHITE

Have you received any additional
phone calls from our anonymous
"friends?"

RILEY

No, Sir.

LT. WHITE

I'm worried about you Riley. You've
been through a lot with no time
off. Once this convention is over,
I have plans for you.

He gives her a small wink.

INT/EXT. BOMB SQUAD HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

MacLaren waits outside the conference room for Riley to come
out. They walk over to the desk area together in silence.

MACLAREN

What's wrong with you today?

RILEY

Nothing.

MACLAREN

Come on Riley. I know you.

RILEY

(quietly)

Do you want to tell me what you're doing with TATP in your garage?

MACLAREN

The Lieutenant asked me to do some research on it. He got word that the terrorist group might be planning to use it this weekend and he wanted to know what he was possibly dealing with. He told me not to tell anyone.

RILEY

You need to tell me these things before I stumble onto them in your garage. Do you have any idea how potent that stuff is?

MACLAREN

I figured you had enough on your plate already. Sorry.

RILEY

Fine. Don't expect me to tell you everything then.

She socks him in the arm, really hard. Still wary.

Just then, the red Porsche pulls into the parking lot and stops in front of them.

ANGEL

Can we talk?

RILEY

Sure.

MACLAREN

Sure.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I mean Riley... Get in.

RILEY

(to MacLaren)

Hang tight.

He's left in the dust as Angel peels out of the parking lot.

ANGEL

Your partner is very tight-lipped about you.

RILEY

It's a code we follow.

ANGEL

He didn't break it.

(beat)

I found out more details about the depleted uranium... it involves the Vice President.

RILEY

Had a feeling.

ANGEL

Even though he's a Democrat, as the past head of the Senate's Finance Committee, he supported the US position overseas in the Middle East.

RILEY

And has for quite some time...

ANGEL

Exactly. During the Gulf War, he sanctioned the use of the Depleted Uranium to create a uniquely deadly form of firepower.

(beat)

"Lethality Overmatch."

RILEY

We were basically using radioactive weapons against the enemy.

FLASHBACK to the war-time military CRATES she stumbled upon.

RILEY (cont'd)

That's what I saw.

ANGEL

What? What did you see?

RILEY

It's all making sense now. The D.U. went into the wrong hands and they began using it to make their own weapons... Weapons meant to keep on killing us.

ANGEL

It gets worse... guess who was funding a major portion of the manufacture of these weapons?

RILEY

The Vice President's new friends?

ANGEL
Bingo. John Huff.

RILEY
Oil money.

ANGEL
The Vice President is expected to announce his plans to run for the presidency this weekend during the convention.

RILEY
That explains a lot.

ANGEL
Explains what? What aren't you telling me?? I want this story!

RILEY
That explains why someone wants to kill me.

EXT. LAX AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

Air Force Two, the Vice President's jet, lands on the airstrip. VICE PRESIDENT GAISER (early 60s, graying politician) and his SECRET SERVICE detail get off the plane and are taken away in a black limousine motorcade.

INT/EXT. VARIOUS - SAME

Our players preparing for the upcoming convention.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Suzanna Huff packs up her briefcase and exits her office.

The Vice President lays out a suit & tie in his hotel room.

MacLaren climbs up to the arena rafters.

Riley works RJ up and around the backstage area.

Hassan and Janeth make floral arrangements.

Mohsen, the Toy Maker, makes another live device.

END MONTAGE.

EXT/INT. STAPLES CENTER - DAY

Outside the Staples Center, hundreds of people enter the Federal Convention. News vans line the perimeter. Angel and her cameraman report on the event at the entrance.

Inside the doors, at each tunnel entry way, there are booths advertising the latest uniforms, spy equipment and weaponry.

The convention under way -- thousands of men and women have already filled up the interior seating areas.

At the podium, a line of chairs forms a backdrop -- among those sitting in them are Mayor Samuels, Governor Weston, Agent Farley and Vice President Gaiser.

Agent Farley rises to the podium and addresses the crowd.

AGENT FARLEY

Welcome to Los Angeles! On behalf of the local branch of the FBI, we welcome you to the 2010 Federal Law Enforcement Convention.

APPLAUSE fills the air.

AGENT FARLEY (cont'd)

You're going to hear from many of your American and international colleagues about what has been going on both in the states and abroad. See and test what the latest technology has to offer.

(beat)

Without further ado, I'd like to introduce you to the Mayor of our great city, Mayor Martin Samuels!!

APPLAUSE. The Mayor makes his way up to the podium.

MAYOR SAMUELS

Thank you, Agent Farley. As you all know, Los Angeles has had a great deal of terrorist activity in the past few months. I believe we have emerged a stronger and more unified City because of this. Even in the face of massive budget cuts, entities like the Counter-Terrorism Bureau, the FBI, the LAPD and the Fire Department, have worked extremely hard to make our citizens feel SAFE again.

(MORE)

MAYOR SAMUELS (cont'd)
Their mere presence alone takes a
feeling of TERROR in our people and
creates a feeling of SECURITY on
our streets...

(beat)

I would like to personally thank
those hardworking individuals for
their HEROIC and TIRELESS efforts.

More APPLAUSE from the crowd.

The Mayor's speech creates the backdrop for the activity
happening behind the scenes:

INT. STAPLES CENTER - BACKSTAGE AREA - SAME

Riley is backstage with RJ watching the action on stage. She
secures her headset and makes contact into the mic.

RILEY

Hey partner... how's the view up
there?

MACLAREN

(V.O. On radio)

Nothing major to report on my end.

RILEY

Let me know if anything changes.

MACLAREN

Roger.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - RAFTERS/STAGE - SAME

MacLaren is perched up in the narrow catwalk of rafters above
the arena. He has a perfect view of the stage and the score
board that hangs above the crowd.

The speakers on the stage are magnified a thousand times on
the jumbotron screen below him. CU on the screen as Mayor
Samuels delivers his speech to the crowd.

MacLaren takes a used candy bar wrapper from his shirt
pocket, folds a little paper airplane and aims it at the
seats below.

MACLAREN

(into his mic to Riley)

Watch this...

He lets it go and the little paper plane floats quietly from the rafters down into the crowd below.

POV of Riley from her backstage vantage point as she sees it glide downward.

RILEY

Very funny.

CU on the little paper airplane as it hits Suzanna Huff in the back of the head -- she doesn't even notice. She's sitting next to Councilman Joe Sebastian, who doesn't either.

RILEY (cont'd)

Nice shot. Now get back to work.

MACLAREN

Yeah, yeah. In a half hour, I'm coming down to check out the guns and cool spyware in the hallways.

He sets his CASIO WATCH alarm for :30 minutes.

RILEY

Just make sure someone's up there at all times.

She SEES Douglas enter the back stage area, look around.

RILEY (cont'd)

Hold on, here comes Dougie Fresh. I'll call you back.

He hands her a folded NOTE with "For RILEY" on the outside.

DOUGLAS

Someone gave me this for you. Said it was important.

Riley opens it, her expression changes.

RILEY

WHO gave you this?

DOUGLAS

One of the Vendors.

CU on the inside of the handwritten NOTE - it reads: "BOOM!"

RILEY

Which ONE?

DOUGLAS

Some woman - really pretty. Why?

Riley gets on her cell phone and calls out.

RILEY
Lieutenant, it's Riley. We have a situation.

LT. WHITE
Go ahead Riley.

RILEY
Just got an anonymous note indicating there could be a device in the arena. Says "BOOM!" on it, didn't give any additional clues about location or type.

LT. WHITE
Stay in position for now. I'll notify the team leaders and we'll start another sweep. Quietly.

RILEY
Roger. Starting backstage sweep.
(to Douglas, irritated)
Let me know if you see the Pretty Woman again and STAY alert.

She gets on her secured head set.

RILEY (cont'd)
You there partner?

All she hears is static.

RILEY (cont'd)
MacLaren, it's Riley. You there?

No answer.

RILEY (cont'd)
Have you seen MacLaren?

DOUGLAS
No. I thought he was with you.

RILEY
Go try and find him.

DOUGLAS
Yes, Ma'am.

Riley begins her sweep with RJ around the backstage area. Hundreds of electrical cords make it difficult to maneuver. She searches the perimeter, up to a series of wooden crates.

RJ sniffs the crates and sits down next to one -- an alert.

RILEY
Good boy RJ. Down.

Her dog immediately goes into a lying down position.

RILEY (cont'd)
Stay.

She gets on the secured head set again.

RILEY (cont'd)
L.T. - RJ just alerted next to a
wooden crate backstage.

LT. WHITE
(V.O. Over the radio)
I'm sending Raider over to assist.

Within moments, Don Raider comes over with his bomb vest on
and gear bag over his shoulder.

RAIDER
What do we got?

RILEY
Possible device in the crate.

RAIDER
Too tight to get the robot in.

RILEY
Let's x-ray it in pieces then put
them together like a puzzle.

RAIDER
Sounds good.

RILEY
(into the secured headset)
L.T. - Raider's here and we're
going to x-ray the crate.

LT. WHITE
(v.o. Over the radio)
Roger. Keep me abreast.

Raider takes out the x-ray machine and approaches the crate.
He methodically takes the films and hands them over to Riley.

She pieces them together with metal clips hanging from a
backstage light stand -- looks like medical laundry. Soon
there's an entire picture.

RILEY

Looks like several containers -- possibly dry cell batteries. Could be anything from military grade TNT to smokeless powder.

RAIDER

Or someone's laundry detergent. Let's see what else we got here.

He studies the x-rays with her. She gets on the headset.

INTERCUT with Lt. White outside at the Command Post.

RILEY

L.T. The x-ray is showing what looks like det cord and what could be TNT.

LT. WHITE

Are you in the Northeast corner of the backstage area?

RILEY

Affirmative.

LT. WHITE

Check all sides of the crate for any markings or labels.

Riley goes over to the crate and gingerly squeezes behind it.

RILEY

It says Property of APD.

LT. WHITE

Apparently the Arizona P.D. guys drove a crate of supplies over to do some demos during the convention. They forgot to notify us until now.

RILEY

There could be hundreds of little surprises all over the arena - RJ is going to alert on every one.

LT. WHITE

I'm having them move their crate out of the staging area now.

RILEY

There's no way we'll be able to know if these are real devices or not.

LT. WHITE

We're just going to have to rely on our instincts.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - UPPER/LOWER STAGE AREA - SAME

Raider goes underneath the darkened lower stage area, still wearing his bomb vest. The slightly muffled sounds of what's happening above him on the stage are audible.

INTERCUT with Agent Farley at the podium, upper stage area.

AGENT FARLEY

Thank you Mayor for your insight and generous comments about the brave men and women who make up the backbone of this city. Turning to more national interests, I'd like to introduce the Vice President of the United States, David Gaiser.

The Vice President makes his way up to the podium as we hear LOUD APPLAUSE from the crowd.

Under the stage, Raider has his flashlight out and is searching for anything that seems out of the ordinary. Sees an air-conditioning duct system pump air onto the stage and into the arena.

Raider shines his flashlight down and along the length of the ducts and the cords below --

-- realizes the cords provide power to the podium and microphone above. Also realizes there's a problem...

On the stage above, the Vice President addresses the crowd.

VICE PRESIDENT GAISER

It is a thrill and an honor to be among the world's finest agencies and intelligence officers committed to making our world a SAFER place. I know the kind of PRESSURE most of you are under on a daily basis and the demands that these types of positions can have -- the TOLL they can take on our personal lives.

(MORE)

VICE PRESIDENT GAISER (cont'd)

It is a tremendous responsibility keeping the world safe. I AM, and will always BE, committed to helping the American people sleep a little bit easier at night. And with that goal in mind, I would like to officially announce my bid for the office of PRESIDENT of the United States of America.

HUGE APPLAUSE from the crowd.

Meanwhile under the stage, Raider discovers tools scattered around the electrical elements leading up to the podium...

... follows the cords further and finds what appears to be a LIVE device with a red timer blinking down from 19:35. His RAD Monitor starts to beep - it's radioactive.

Suddenly, a dark figure comes up behind him wielding a large HAMMER and knocks him out cold.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - BACKSTAGE AREA - SAME

Riley is backstage watching the Vice President speak at the podium. RJ is still by her side.

There's a number of PRESS people back stage waiting for interviews with the various speakers -- Angel is among them.

RILEY

(into her secured headset)
MacLaren? Where the hell are you?

Angel sees Riley and comes over to her.

ANGEL

Pretty impressive turnout. How you holding up?

RILEY

A lot going on right now.

ANGEL

I interview the Vice President last night in his hotel room. He was pretty candid. I got an exclusive.

RILEY

Good for you.

ANGEL

No Riley, he was very candid. He really wants to WIN this election.

RILEY

Putting two and two together?

ANGEL

Put it this way... I'm not voting for him for President.

RILEY

I'm not sure how today is going to play out, but I'm going to trust you. I want you to break this story first.

Riley pulls out a folded black & white PHOTO from her vest and hands it to Angel. She unfolds it and looks at it.

ANGEL

No wonder they want you dead.

RILEY

This is way bigger than me.

ANGEL

I'm not afraid to run this. It's worth the risk.

RILEY

I knew you'd get your story.

ANGEL

Thank you -- I owe you huge.

RILEY

There's one problem -- I don't know who the Vice President has hired to do his dirty work.

Just then, Douglas comes backstage.

DOUGLAS

Have you seen Raider?

RILEY

He's on stage detail. Take RJ. I have to go find MacLaren.

DOUGLAS

Sure.

RILEY

I gotta go... good luck Angel.

Riley goes up the stage ladder toward the rafters.

ANGEL

You, too. Be careful.

Angel stands there for a moment trying to hide her shock.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - RAFTERS - SAME

Riley reaches the rafters and carefully begins to cross along the narrow CATWALK toward the center. She looks down, sees the crowd below, steadies herself.

The Vice President's image appears larger than life on the jumbotron as he continues his speech.

RILEY

(to herself)

God I hate heights. I'm gonna kill you MacLaren.... Where the hell are you?

She makes her way to the center area and stops in her tracks.

To her left is MacLaren, tied to the center stabilizing bar. His hands are bound, mouth gagged with duct tape and he's wearing a VEST BOMB. His eyes go super wide when he sees Riley.

RILEY (cont'd)

Not good.

She shimmies closer to him to assess the situation. We SEE the stuffed CYMBAL MONKEY toy placed upon his chest - eyes bulging, cymbals touching. MacLaren's CASIO WATCH is on the monkey's neck.

RILEY (cont'd)

Nice monkey. How'd you get yourself into this one?

She takes out her flashlight and scans along MacLaren's perimeter and the device. Four PACKS of C-4 are clearly visible on the front of the vest under the monkey.

She crawls over to him -- careful not to disturb the monkey, she pulls off the duct tape covering MacLaren's mouth.

MACLAREN

I never thought I'd be this happy
to see you partner.

RILEY

Looks like I'm just in time.

MACLAREN

Pretty sure the detonator is a
pressure release switch in my left
hand. It's totally asleep at the
moment, but I'm sure you can fix
that.

RILEY

No problem.

She shines her flashlight on his left hand -- duct taped to
the catwalk and holding down the DETONATOR switch.

RILEY (cont'd)

Who did this to you?

MACLAREN

Not sure - he hit me from behind.

Suddenly, MacLaren's WATCH starts to BEEP loudly. The cymbals
in the monkey's hands begin to open slowly. We SEE taped
inside the left cymbal is a vial of TATP explosive.

RILEY

Fuck! Looks like TATP!

She instantly grabs a GLOVE from her vest and shoves it
between the cymbals just before they CRASH together.

She takes out her KNIFE and duct tape, cuts off a long piece -
- wrapping it around the monkey's arms, preventing the
cymbals from moving any further than an inch either way.

RILEY (cont'd)

Monkey's down. Now, let's tape down
that pesky little switch and give
your left hand a break.

Riley cuts another piece of duct tape.

POV Riley as she peers down to the crowd below -- it's a long
way down.

INTERCUT scene with the following...

INT. STAPLES CENTER - LOWER STAGE AREA - SAME

Raider comes to in the area below the stage. He realizes the ramifications of where he is and looks up to see the DEVICE clock in front of him reading 3:00. He gets on the radio.

RAIDER

Lieutenant! It's Raider! We have a situation under the stage.

LT. WHITE

Go ahead Raider.

RAIDER

I have what appears to be a live RDD device under the podium area. It has a timer that's currently registering 2:50.

LT. WHITE

Radiological Dispersal? Jesus, is anyone there with you?

RAIDER

No, Sir. I'm on my own.

LT. WHITE

Damn it! Where are my people!?! Ok, I'll try and locate them from here. Can you disarm on your own?

RAIDER

I'm going to have to Sir.

The line clicks dead.

Shaking off the head trauma, Raider analyzes the device.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - RAFTERS - CONTINUOUS

Riley applies the duct tape to the pressure release switch, securing it. Careful not to disturb the cymbals, Riley cuts the monkey off MacLaren's chest -- it stares at her as she gently sets it aside.

Next, she cuts MacLaren's left wrist free -- he flinches and hits her hand -- causing the knife to slip and FALL.

POV Riley as she watches the knife land on the catwalk just below her. That could have been ugly.

RILEY

Easy cowboy.

MACLAREN

Sorry.

Riley examines the vest bomb and the C-4...

RILEY

Let's get you out of this.

MACLAREN

I think you should let L.T. know what we're up to.

RILEY

Right. I thought I'd just surprise him with the good news when you were free, but I'll call it in.

She gets on her radio.

RILEY (cont'd)

L.T.?

LT. WHITE

Go Riley.

RILEY

We have another situation. It's a live one.

LT. WHITE

That makes two -- Raider also has a live device. Under the podium. If you don't hear a big bang in about 2 minutes, it means he disarmed it. What do you got?

RILEY

I'm up on the catwalk above the jumbotron with MacLaren. He's wearing a live vest bomb, C-4, pressure release detonation switch.

LT. WHITE

Christ! There's no TIME --

RILEY

And, L.T., have SWAT take down that toy shop Chinatown -- just trust me and I'll tell you why later.

LT. WHITE

You're on your own with this one.

RILEY
I like it that way. Out.

She goes back to the vest.

RILEY (cont'd)
Since my knife is now down there,
I'm going to have to borrow yours.
Where is it?

MACLAREN
It's in my right pant's pocket.

RILEY
Good place for it.

MACLAREN
I know this goes without saying,
but ... be careful.

RILEY
Now don't take this personally...

Riley unbuckles his pants and pulls them down slightly, careful not to disturb the vest. Pants down a few inches, she reaches into the right pocket and takes out his knife.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - LOWER STAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Raider examines the wires tied to the clock. We can still hear the Vice President speaking and the crowd noise above.

Suddenly HASSAN comes up behind him....

... the terrorist takes out a long thin silver wire and wraps it around Raider's neck. He begins choking him!

Raider starts to gasp for air, falls on his back and kicks Hassan in the balls.

... he stumbles just long enough for Raider to grab a wrench from the floor and swing. He connects with Hassan's head, knocking him over.

CU on the device timer at :30.

RAIDER
I am too old for this shit!

He goes back to trying to find the right wire to cut.

Hassan begins to come to on the floor.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - RAFTERS - CONTINUOUS

With pocket knife in hand, Riley follows the wires from the detonation switch to the vest.

RILEY
Cutting into the vest.

She begins to cut into the vest with the knife.

At that moment: red, white and blue rose petals get released from the rafters above them. The two of them are surrounded by the sea of color.

Riley attempts to swat them away.

RILEY (cont'd)
Fuck this shit!

She completes the CUT into the vest and locates the WIRES connected to the C-4.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - LOWER STAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Raider and Hassan are going at it -- each one struggling to gain control over the other.

RJ comes from out of nowhere and BITES Hassan's leg, allowing Raider to get the advantage.

HASSAN
Filthy dog. Get off!!

RJ's jaw holds on tight -- drawing blood.

Finally, Raider manages to grab a live wire from the ground, complete the circuit and shock Hassan -- he begins to CONVULSE and then goes limp onto the ground.

Raider goes back to the device -- :02. He cuts the wire and disarms the device with one second to spare.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - RAFTERS - CONTINUOUS

Riley steadies the pocket knife and prepares to cut the wires inside the vest.

Suddenly, we hear screeching feedback from the stage mic below and it goes DEAD. Everything seems to freeze.

Riley and MacLaren hold their breath for a second --

She cuts the WIRES and renders the vest SAFE.

MACLAREN
Damn, you're good.

RILEY
Thanks partner. Let's get down from here. I gotta use the head something fierce.

She cuts through the tape binding his other hand and feet, freeing him. MacLaren buttons his pants back up.

MACLAREN
Was it as good for you?

RILEY
Absolutely. Never felt more alive.

Down below the crowd goes crazy in the sea of petals, as the Vice President does his politician's wave.

A woman hurriedly exits the arena... it's JANETH, the mission THWARTED, she goes into the Women's Rest room.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - WOMEN'S RESTROOM - LATER

Unaware, Riley walks into the Women's Rest room. Undoing her utility belt, she HEARS someone else in the stalls.

She looks under and SEES someone changing clothes in the stall... and a black BAG.

The woman comes out without the bag -- as she looks in the mirror, Riley RECOGNIZES Janeth as the hotel bartender.

She's buttons her blouse, a large bulge clearly visible underneath.

RILEY
Don't move.

Riley comes out of the stall, Janeth turns toward her - reveals the BODY BOMB.

RILEY (cont'd)
For fuck's sake... how many of you are there?

Riley pulls out her GLOCK and fires, hitting Janeth in the shoulder -- knocking her back against the wall.

She shoots again, her weapon JAMS.

Before Janeth can do anything else, Riley pulls her KNIFE and LUNGES at her all in one movement -- STABS her in the chest.

Unable to detonate the device, Janeth grabs for her hidden Sig Sauer WEAPON - Riley knocks it away - it slides across the bathroom floor.

As the beautiful terrorist lays there dying, Riley looks her in the EYES.

RILEY (cont'd)

Why?

Janeth spits blood in Riley's face.

JANETH

You killed my father.

In a final attempt to explode the bomb, she reaches... Riley STABS her repeatedly in the neck until she expires.

INT. BOMB SQUAD HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Riley goes into the darkened offices to shower. When she gets to the rear, she sees a small light on in the Lieutenant's office. She goes over there.

RILEY

L.T.? Is that you?

LT. WHITE

(barely audible)

Riley?

Riley is in shock when she sees him -- in his chair -- COLLAR BOMB around his neck, two around his ankles and one around his left wrist. His right hand has already been BLOWN OFF and lies bloody on the floor in front of him.

RILEY

Your hand...

LT. WHITE

Help me, Riley.

She dons her bomb vest, grabs her gear bag and comes back - moving in closer to assess.

LT. WHITE (cont'd)

That car... not mine.

A die-cast black HEARSE with a COFFIN inside is on the desk next to him -- another device.

Riley takes out what appears to be a LIGHT STICK from her vest. She crushes it together, forming a binary ACID, and pours...

The device sizzles and melts into an inert pool.

RILEY

One down.

Pulling out a small drill, she goes to work on the collar.

RILEY (cont'd)

Dear God... who did this?

LT. WHITE

In a way, I did it to myself.

RILEY

Why did you let it start?

LT. WHITE

More like continue... I made mistakes. By the time I knew what Everett had initiated, it was too late to fix. I'm sorry, Riley.

RILEY

When will it stop? I know why they want to kill me, why everyone else?

LT. WHITE

We all know too much. We're in the way. Money, politics and power take precedence over our lives. We're expendable.

RILEY

You aren't. We need you... I need you.

LT. WHITE

I have big plans for you, Riley. There are other options -- I can help you disappear.

RILEY

I looked up to you like a father...

CUT TO:

A view from outside the offices. Suddenly there's a huge flash of white light and the offices are OBLITERATED.

EXT. CEMETERY HILLSIDE - DAY

A military funeral is in progress. Men and women in their dress uniforms line two caskets, as bagpipes play.

The caskets are lowered into the ground -- the colorful flowers on top reminding us of the cycle of life and death.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

The SWAT Team raids the Toy Shop and takes into custody several of the terrorist men and the young boy who fled, his marred face and neck still badly burned from the accident.

Angel is in front of the US Capitol breaking the story on live television.

CU on newspaper headline: VICE PRESIDENT WITHDRAWS FROM PRESIDENTIAL RACE.

Below it, RILEY'S HIDDEN PHOTO:

The SECRET OPS Platoon posing with members of HEZBOLLAH, holding AK-47 rifles and their flag, all smiling.

CU on a second lower HEADLINE: COUNCIL WOMAN HUFF RESIGNS.

Henry MacLaren and Don Raider getting MEDALS of commendation.

RJ getting a medal of his own.

CU on the "In Memoriam" wall at the Bomb Squad: PICTURES of Everett, Lt. White AND Riley.

END MONTAGE:

INT. CHINATOWN L.A. - FLOWER MART - DAY

Mohsen, the Toy Maker, and Zara are tending to the flowers in the mart. The little girl puts the finishing touches on a beautiful arrangement, smiling up at him for approval.

EXT. RILEY'S L.A. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Rita Washington and her son Justice back home -- she gets a small package with no return address. Inside is a large pile of CASH and a white-sand beach scene post card.

She turns the postcard over -- it's blank. She smiles, aware.

EXT. WHITE SANDY BEACH - DAY

PAN down from above to the most beautiful REMOTE island in the middle of the ocean.

As we get closer all we can see is an incredible white sandy beach, blue skies and crystal clear water...

On the beach sits a single figure in a chaise lounge chair... It's Riley... far, far away from another life.

An exotic WAITRESS approaches her with a tray, an umbrella drink and a video CELL PHONE. Her ankle gives way in the soft sand, the drink tips slightly and splashes onto the phone.

Hiding her annoyance, the waitress sets down the drink.

EXOTIC WAITRESS

You have a message.

*

She wipes off the cell phone and hands it to Riley. The phone starts to play a VIDEO -- delivered by a masked man in black.

EXTREME CLOSE UP on the video screen as we SEE and HEAR:

MASKED MAN

One year among hundreds will not
stop the jihad -- the world of
infidels will bow in respect to
Allah or be destroyed.

*

*

Riley throws the phone as far as she can into the calm blue ocean as...

... A MASSIVE EXPLOSION fills the screen then we:

CUT TO BLACK.