

EAGLE EYE

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THIRD DRAFT

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FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

Sixty-two miles above terra firma. The earth has a surreal clarity from here: dignified, beautiful, silent... until --

A MASSIVE SATELLITE sweeps into frame -- jarring the serenity -- momentarily blocking our view of the earth.

WE HEAR VOICES... distant, digital, floating in ether like the utterances of the dead.

OPERATION LEADER (V.O.)
Airborne support nearing objective.
E.T.A. one minute and down.

SPECIAL FORCES LEADER (V.O.)
Wolf Pack on ground. Are we
authorized to engage?

OPERATION LEADER (V.O.)
Negative, Wolf Pack. Hold for consent.

WE PLUNGE DOWN towards the Mediterranean -- veer EAST -- then rocket through a layer of clouds to find ourselves in --

INSERT: RIYADH, SAUDI ARABIA

An INFRARED LOOK FROM ABOVE: a view from the heavens like the eyes of God are upon the world. OUT OF PLACE --

U.S. SPECIAL FORCES move towards a large residence surrounded by a walled perimeter. In this infrared state, the soldiers look like translucent ants swarming a dead beetle.

SLAM CUT TO:

DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY - TACTICAL OPERATIONS ROOM - D.C.

Unlabeled and anonymous -- a covert ops center -- Mission Control like -- hidden deep within the D.H.S.

TECHNICIANS. MILITARY BRASS. GOVERNMENT LEADERS. DANGEROUS-LOOKING MEN in dark suits. One man stands out as the most powerful: SECRETARY OF DEFENSE ALAN CALLISTER (50s), hard eyes -- hard-edge face. Callister focuses ON A LARGE SCREEN: INFRARED IMAGES of the soldiers in Riyadh move in real time.

The OPERATION LEADER looks to Secretary Callister, tense.

OPERATION LEADER
Resources are in place, Mr. Secretary.
Air Force One on the line.

Callister picks up a handset -- speaks into it.

SECRETARY CALLISTER

Mr. President, we have the target.
Positive ID through Cent-Com. Speaker
and Cabinet recommend a 'go.'
(a heavy decision)
I say we move while we have him in
sight.

THE PRESIDENT (V.O.)

Then Godspeed. Get it done.

SECRETARY CALLISTER

Cut them loose.

OPERATION LEADER

(into his mic)
Wolf Pack, authorization is yours.

ON THE MAIN SCREEN

The "ants" swarm the location -- PUSH INTO THE IMAGE -- move
from infrared to REAL LIFE as we CUT TO --

THE PROTECTED RESIDENCE, RIYADH

SPECIAL FORCES reach a COLOSSAL TITANIUM GATE dividing 12-
foot-high walls. They pause before it, waiting.

ZOOM INSIDE THE GATE'S DIGITAL LOCK

TUMBLERS spin on their own -- find the right combination and --

JUMP BACK OUTSIDE

-- suddenly, as if by magic, the ELECTRONIC GATE unlocks --
seemingly of its own free will. Special Forces advance.

INT. THE PROTECTED RESIDENCE (UPSTAIRS SECURITY ROOM)

A wall of security -- monitors -- motion sensors -- the whole
package. But then, INEXPLICABLY, the sophisticated ALARM
SYSTEM disengages -- blinking lights trail "off" in order.

DOWNSTAIRS: Special Forces glide in, quiet as ghosts.

One by one, FIVE ARAB GUARDS patrolling the place are killed --
silently, stealthily. The TEAM LEADER signals ALL CLEAR.

UPSTAIRS: AL JAZEERA ON A RADIO. Listening is an unaccounted-
for ARAB GUARD. He catches movement downstairs.

The GUARD puts out his cigarette -- shoulders an AK. We SEE the Guard's REFLECTION in a hall mirror. We FOLLOW IT --

OUTSIDE to where it's IMAGED OFF AN SUV'S WINDSHIELD, then --

TRACK this REFLECTED IMAGE into SPACE where it's MONITORED by SATELLITE, then BROADCAST back to screens within the --

D.H.S. - TACTICAL OPERATIONS ROOM - ON THE MAIN SCREEN

OPERATION LEADER (V.O.)

Wolf Pack, you have an unaccounted-for guard, upstairs foyer.

THE PROTECTED RESIDENCE, RIYADH

Trigger tense, the Arab Guard heads downstairs. From a side room, a TV mysteriously TURNS ON -- VOLUME instantly at MAXIMUM.

The Arab Guard turns, distracted and PHHHT! He falls dead as a Special Forces soldier emerges from the shadows.

MUSIC begins now. The tumble of notes from an electronic keyboard rising, familiar, rock & roll in nature.

Special Forces MOVE fast, converging on a MASTER BEDROOM. The warriors KICK THROUGH THE DOOR! But before we see what happens next, the *MUSIC SMASHES INTO* --

A SCREAM... Yeaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah! And we --

SLAM TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - SIDEWALK NEAR THE CAPITOL MALL - DAY

THE SCREAM comes from Roger Daltry of THE WHO. The song coming from the iPod headphones of PAUL SHAW (28).

Daltry belts it out: *"I'll tip my hat to the new constitution, take a bow for the new revolution, pick up my guitar and play, just like yesterday, then I'll get on my knees and pray... We don't get fooled again. No, no!"*

Paul angles for an office tower. A sign reads: "J&J SOFTWARE."

INT. J&J SOFTWARE

An ordinary office lobby. Paul passes a RECEPTIONIST (50s).

RECEPTIONIST

Good morning, Paul.

PAUL

Morning, Laura.

Paul walks across the lobby to a GUARD. The Guard swipes a KEY CARD -- opens a door. We see a WEAPON in his jacket.

INT. A LONG HALLWAY

No other employees in sight. Paul walks to another door at the hall's end. There he presses a wall tile which opens to reveal a KEYPAD. Paul types in a code and the door UNBOLTS.

INSERT: D.H.S. CYBER-DEFENSE NETWORK - D.C. MONITORING HUB

Paul enters an OVAL ROOM full of SCREENS -- LCDs TRACK the flow of digital data in and out of U.S. Intelligence Networks. One thing is clear: *this is no software company.*

THE LONE MAN in the room is LOWELL BARNES (32). He sits behind a massive computer station. Paul and Lowell are known as "Horsemen" -- high-level tech-operators on Uncle Sam's payroll -- men who guard against a cyber Pearl Harbor.

LOWELL

What's the word in the real world?

PAUL

Cubs won by two. Anything up?

LOWELL

Nothing. Cast 2 virus out of Thailand - probably a 'feeler' from the Chinese. They're tracking our 'answer time.' Wish they'd just do something real.

PAUL

Want to bet there's a guy named Wong in China saying the same thing?

LOWELL

It's a weighted bet. Wong is the most popular boy's name in China.

Paul reaches his station, a mirror image of Lowell's. Paul sets his coffee down as the men pull KEYS from their pockets.

PAUL

You flying?

LOWELL

Train. Twenty-four hours of hell. Get the new masters in Penn, another train to Indianapolis.

Paul glances at Lowell's monitors -- sees something.

PAUL
Something up on the lines out of D.H.S.?

LOWELL
Been that way for an hour. Called it into 'yours truly'. She's running a track. Probably nothing but echoes.

Lowell points towards the keys in their hands -- both insert them into their separate consoles.

LOWELL
Three, two, one...
(they turn their keys)
... and you're up and I'm out.

Paul's screens come online in dramatic fashion -- global tracking of the digital world -- Oz-like controls.

LOWELL
I'll see you Monday.

LATER

Paul working, monitoring the flow of the digital universe. Nothing unusual, until... he sees something ON HIS SCREEN: "D.H.S. REFERENCE -- SEARCHING TO AUTHORIZE PROTOCOL REMOVAL." Paul hits the SPEED DIAL on his phone -- grabs his headset.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)
Paul Shaw, Horseman ID 556sy77. I'm capturing a cast 5 hack into the mainframe. Can you help me isolate?
(confusion)
What do you mean you don't have it!?

Paul watches his LCD screen -- MORE CODE appears -- binary in nature -- flowing in rows of WHITE NUMBERS.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)
You have to see it! They're attempting a removal of cy-protocols!

Then something truly alarms Paul -- script across his SCREEN: "ACCESS GRANTED. PROTOCOL REMOVAL IN PROCESS." Suddenly RED CODE assaults the WHITE -- a tape worm consuming the uncorrupted code.

PAUL
Shit!

Paul instantly sets a firewall -- BLIP! The red code eats right through it. And then inexplicably the POWER DIES. Paul's phone is dead -- though computers stay up.

PAUL (INTO PHONE)
Hello? Hello!? Damn it!

Paul refocuses on his board -- types furiously. The RED CODE continues to absorb the white. Tension mounts.

PAUL
Come on... Come on!

Paul kicks into overdrive, fingers blaze code. Finally, he writes an ENCRYPTION that STOPS IT ALL... and just like that -- IT'S OVER. *The hacker's INTRUSION is frozen in place.*

PAUL
(into his computer mic)
Voice-lock. Horseman, Paul Shaw, ID
556sy77. Lock encryption to voice.

ON PAUL'S SCREEN: "ENCRYPTION LOCKED TO VOICE -- INTRUSION HALTED."

Paul calms, breathes, then sees something that chills him to the core: *INTRUSION SOURCE IDENTIFIED: E.R.I.C.A.* Then, *blip --*

IT'S GONE. The lights return to normal, as if nothing happened. But something did happen... and Paul is deeply afraid.

INT. THE HALLWAY

Paul exits the hub, troubled. He glances up to the SECURITY CAMERA in the CORNER. *IT PANS WITH HIM.*

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT (POV FROM A BANK ATM CAMERA)

We TRACK PAUL as he exits his building and hails a CAB. Over this, WE HEAR PAUL'S VOICE being manipulated --

PAUL (V.O.)
Voice-lock. Horseman, Paul Shaw, ID
556sy77. Lock encryption to voice.

Over and over, each time Paul's voice is slightly different, adjusted, changed. Someone is trying to RECREATE it via a captured recording -- trying to break his voice encryption.

INT. CAB

The cab pulls away. Paul takes out his cell, dials.

PAUL
There's a problem. Meet me at Driers.

Paul hangs up -- but he'll never make it to Drier's because --

EXT. D.C. STREETS

-- as the cab heads through an INTERSECTION, all four TRAFFIC LIGHTS *inexplicably change to GREEN*. A disaster as --

WHAM! A TRUCK from the opposite direction SLAMS INTO PAUL'S CAB -- sending it sprawling end over end.

PAUL (V.O.)

Voice-lock. Horseman, Paul Shaw, ID 556sy77. Lock encryption to voice.

(faster, faster, a digital whine)

Voice-lock. Horseman, Paul Shaw, ID 556sy77. Lock encryption to voice.

SILENCE. Whoever tried to break the voice lock failed. WE MOVE IN CLOSER -- FOCUSING tighter on Paul's lifeless face...

JASON (V.O.)

We all want to trust. To feel safe, protected.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO - AN APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

THE SAME FACE. But this is JASON SHAW (28), Paul's twin, our hero. Jason stares into a bathroom mirror -- talking to himself, practicing a presentation as he trims his well-groomed goatee.

JASON

We want a sense of security.

JUMP TO:

Jason pulls a blue dress shirt from his closet full of different shades of blue shirts. He continues on --

JASON

But the world is an uncertain place.

JUMP TO:

Jason walking from his bedroom -- still talking to himself.

JASON

So we stand guard against the bad things.

Jason stops in front of a mirror beside the front door -- he looks at his reflection -- adjusting his perfectly drawn tie.

JASON

We are safety and security.

THEN MATCH TO:

INT. CHICAGO MUTUAL INSURANCE - DAY

Jason pitching a boardroom full of EXECS -- continuing his speech -- focused on FIELDING WERNER (50s), grey hair, powerful.

JASON

And that's what Chicago Mutual has provided Werner-Sloss for over a decade: protection. And you don't have that in Europe, Mr. Werner.

MR. WERNER

How would you know, Jason?

Jason pulls a copy of the LONDON TIMES from his briefcase.

JASON

Read it in the paper. The fire outside Surrey destroyed thirty of your trucks. Because of EU insurance rules, you'll absorb the cost of six. If we carried your foreign contracts, you'd have a check for all thirty.

(pointed)

Mr. Werner, if instead of just browsing the London Times I actually took a hard look at your foreign contracts - I could do even better.

Jason exchanges a glance with MR. MILKEN (50), his boss. Milken nods "good" as does MATT (29), Jason's best pal.

MR. WERNER

You're asking for our British accounts?

JASON

I'm asking for *all* your foreign accounts, including future Asian markets.

Werner considers this. Studies Jason.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

Clean, neat, boring. TRIBAL MASKS from the Philippines, a PHOTO of a younger Jason in a "Rock the Vote" T-shirt at the Capitol.

Matt, in a nice suit, stares into the apartment's most prominent item: A LARGE AQUARIUM. It holds live coral, many FISH. One in particular stands out, a beautiful BLUE TANG.

JASON (O.S.)

You said you had news?

MATT

I do. I'll know Tuesday if you got the promotion.

Jason enters from his bedroom in a suit, adjusting his tie.

JASON

The news is that you'll have the real news next week? That's annoying, Matt.

MATT

Welcome to corporate America. Don't worry. You're the only guy right for regional, not too mention you nailed the Werner-Sloss bid.

(off the aquarium)

You buy a new fish tank?

JASON

It's not a fish tank. It's a live coral salt-water aquarium.

MATT

Right.

(realizes something)

Damn. Left my wallet at the office.

JASON

I'll pay.

MATT

(shrugs)

It's on the way. And I can expense dinner.

EXT. SOUTH LOOP - CHICAGO - EARLY EVENING

Jason and Matt walk the sidewalk in busy downtown. Jason checks his BlackBerry -- answering e-mails -- sending some.

JASON

So she's from Oakland? I've never met anyone from Oakland.

MATT

She's hot, too. Least Becky says so.

JASON

Becky? I thought you met her?

Matt shakes his head "no."

JASON
Great. Girl intel on girls is
notoriously unreliable.

MATT
True. But Becky's normally on.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - CHICAGO MUTUAL - EARLY EVENING

Jason and Matt enter the lobby -- then step INTO THE ELEVATOR.

JASON
I really hate blind dates.

MATT
You want some advice?

JASON
No.

MATT
You need to relax. We're going to
have a good time. Lisa's a cool girl.
You can't control everything, man.
Open yourself up to surprises.

JASON
I hate surprises.

Ding! They reach the top. The DOORS OPEN to REVEAL --

INT. CHICAGO MUTUAL'S OFFICES - LOBBY

POP! CONFETTI flies -- an office full of SMILING FACES.

SMILING PEOPLE
Surprise!

SMILING PEOPLE
Congratulations, Jason!

A banner reads: CONGRATS JASON -- EAST COAST REGIONAL MANAGER.

LATER

The party in full swing. Drunk SECRETARIES -- MEN chasing them.
Jason stands with Matt and his wife BECKY (29).

JASON
You could've just told me.

MATT
Where's the fun in that?

BECKY
Jason, did you talk to Lisa yet?

Across the office is LISA (28). Her pink-frosted lipstick stands out against gold-hoop earrings.

BECKY

She's a catch. Don't hesitate.

Jason watches Lisa, who picks an olive from her teeth.

JASON

I won't.

MR. MILKEN (O.S.)

Welcome to the first day of the rest of your life.

Jason turns to find Mr. Milken -- all smiles.

MR. MILKEN

Makes all those extra hours worth it. Keep working this hard and in twenty years you'll have my job.

JASON

Yes, sir. I'm excited to get started.

MR. MILKEN

Enjoy tonight, Jason. You deserve it.

With that, Milken smiles and walks off. Matt turns to Becky.

MATT

Let's get another drink. Let the big shot here work the crowd.

Matt smiles, gives Jason a "thumbs up" as he walks away.

Jason looks around the room, examines his CO-WORKERS, thinks about the promotion, his future. And for a moment, we see something in his eyes that may still be lost on him: *doubt*.

CO-WORKER (O.S.)

Jason!

Jason turns to a CO-WORKER holding a phone in an office door.

CO-WORKER

It's for you.

Jason walks into the OFFICE -- takes the receiver.

JASON

(*into phone*)
Hello?

JASON'S MOM (V.O.)
 Jason, there's been an accident...
 It's your brother.

We watch as the color drains from Jason's face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - RAINY DAY

Jason, his MOTHER (50s, a widower), and other FAMILY MEMBERS surround a CASKET as it's lowered into the earth.

POV OF A SECURITY CAMERA - HIGH ATOP A NEARBY BUILDING

WE STAY WITH THIS POV for a beat: Jason at the funeral, his eyes filled with sadness, his arm around his mother. Suddenly --

DIGITAL LINES create a PYRAMID over Jason's face -- measuring from his hairline -- to his eyes -- to his chin. Then text over this grainy image -- "ID CONFIRM: SHAW, JASON."

INT. JASON'S CHILDHOOD HOME - PAUL'S WAKE - DAY

Jason pours coffee into a cup. FRIENDS and RELATIVES gather to remember Paul. Jason walks to his mother, passing SCOTT BARKER (30s). Scott stops Jason, offers his hand.

SCOTT
 I'm Scott Barker. I worked with Paul.

JASON
 Thank you for coming.

Scott stares at Jason.

SCOTT
 Wow. You look just like Paul, exactly like him... I'm sorry. I truly am.

Jason nods "thank you." Then sits with his grieving mother.

JASON
 Are you okay?

JASON'S MOM
 I think I'm going to go to Florida for awhile, spend some time with Aunt Mary.

JASON
 That'll be good for you.

Jason's Mom PICKS UP a FRAMED PHOTO: A short-haired Paul as a college student, sitting behind a hand-built computer. A scruffy Jason is beside him wearing a Grateful Dead T-shirt.

JASON'S MOM
Water and dirt.

JASON
That's what Grandpa called us.

Jason's Mom spots LESLIE (28), Paul's widow, across the room.

JASON'S MOM
They were trying to have a baby.

JASON
I didn't know that.

JASON'S MOM
When's the last time you two spoke?

JASON
Christmas. We went to a bar and drank too much. We argued over the war.

JASON'S MOM
You two were so close as kids.

JASON
We still were close. It's just by fifth grade people thinking you're the same person got old. It's not easy having another 'you' in the world.
(reflective)
Look, Mom, no matter what, he was my brother and I loved him.

JASON'S MOM
I know, Jason. He loved you too.

INT. CHICAGO'S UNION STATION - NIGHT

A group of KIDS stream onto an AMTRAK train. RACHEL HOLLOMAN (28) emerges from the crowd. She awkwardly carries a TUBA CASE with a CUBS STICKER affixed to its side.

Rachel's a single mom in a couple's world. Tough, smart, beautiful, loves her son. But she's missing something more from life, something for herself.

KYLE (8) walks beside her, absorbed in his GAMEBOY. He's a confident kid who's gifted musically beyond his years.

RACHEL
Do you have your inhaler?

KYLE
Yeah.

RACHEL
Money?

KYLE
Uh-huh.

RACHEL
Chainsaw?

KYLE
Yep.

RACHEL
You're not listening.

KYLE
Mom, I'm not a kid anymore. I'm eight.

RACHEL
You're my son and it's your first trip
alone. I have a right to worry.

Rachel pulls a bright-red tube-like object from her purse.
On its side is written "THE SCREAMER."

RACHEL
This is for you. If anyone bothers
you, press this button.

Inadvertently, Rachel presses it. From the tiny tube emanates
the LOUDEST, most annoying SOUND ever. KIDS stare. Kyle is
mortified. Rachel struggles, finally turns it off.

RACHEL
Sorry. It's just that the world's
full of emotionally disturbed whackos.

KYLE
(staring straight at her)
I think I see one now.

RACHEL
You're not funny. Smart, but not funny.

KYLE
Mom, there'll be a million Secret
Agents there. Don't worry about me.

A FEMALE CHAPERONE (40s) approaches.

FEMALE CHAPERONE
Train's boarding, guys.

SMASH TO:

THE POV OF A SECURITY CAMERA

Hanging from the ceiling in a black globe -- ZOOM IN ON RACHEL AND KYLE -- we HEAR the *SNAP! SNAP!* of photos being taken. With each *SNAP!*, Rachel and Kyle's movements FREEZE.

BACK TO SCENE

RACHEL
I'm flying in Sunday. If you need me -

KYLE
I know, I'll call. And you know what you need, Mom?

RACHEL
What?

KYLE
A boyfriend.

Kyle smiles as he walks away with the Chaperone, who looks at "The Screamer" in Kyle's hand.

FEMALE CHAPERONE
Your mom's a little worried, huh?

KYLE
She's got major trust issues.

BACK WITH RACHEL -- a PORTER passes, noticing Kyle's TUBA CASE.

PORTER
I'll have to check this, ma'am.

The Porter hands Rachel a ticket and takes the tuba case.

INT. TRAIN STATION - BAGGAGE AREA

The TUBA CASE is placed on a CONVEYER BELT. We track a line of INSTRUMENT CASES belonging to the children.

Oddly, KYLE'S TUBA CASE is singled out and electronically REDIRECTED away from the others -- down a separate belt.

ELSEWHERE IN THE STATION

The TUBA CASE emerges in a pick-up turnstile. We recognize it from the CUBS STICKER. It's lifted off the track by --

A nervous MIDDLE-EASTERN MAN (28). He walks to the curb where his WHITE VAN idles. On the side is a large decal "HASSAD DRY CLEANERS." A POLICEMAN writes him a parking ticket.

COP

You can't park here.

The agitated Middle-Eastern Man begins to speak, but stops himself. He takes the ticket, then places the tuba case in the van. He steps inside and pulls away, unusually slow.

BRIAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)

The assassination of Shia moderate Abdul Majid al-Khoei has sparked outrage in the Arab world.

CUT TO:

A PICTURE OF A SAUDI MAN -- MAJID AL-KHOEI....

INT. CHICAGO MUTUAL - ELEVATOR - DAY

An emotionally drained Jason watches a SMALL TV BUILT INTO THE ELEVATOR. Over IMAGES of PROTESTS in Saudi Arabia, BRIAN WILLIAMS continues his report on al-Khoei's assassination.

BRIAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)

Thousands took to the streets in Saudi Arabia where rumors of U.S. involvement fueled waves of violence. At home, the President has denied American participation and plans to address the growing unrest at his State of the Union address this Monday....

INT. THE LOBBY

Jason exits the elevator to find a troubled STAFF pushed out of their offices by MEN IN SUITS. The men scour the place, impounding files, etc. Before Jason can react, Matt appears.

JASON

What's going on?

MATT

They're interviewing everyone.

JASON

Who?

MATT

The FBI.

FBI AGENT #1 (O.S.)

Jason Shaw?

Jason turns to see an imposing AGENT staring him down.

INT. AN OFFICE

Jason in a chair. TWO FBI AGENTS hover over him. One scans Jason's employee FILE -- watches as Jason rubs his tired eyes.

FBI AGENT #1

How long have you worked here?

JASON

Four years.

FBI AGENT #1

There's a gap between college and your employment here. Why?

JASON

Grad trip that lasted two years. I was working a dive boat off Boracay Island.

FBI AGENT #1

The Philippines?

JASON

Yes. Then I got the brilliant idea to come back to the States.

FBI AGENT #2

Something wrong with this country?

JASON

FBI AGENT #1

No, not that. I just meant - You deal with Werner-Sloss?

JASON

Yes. I'm the primary on the account.

FBI AGENT #1

We've uncovered evidence of payouts for lost-vehicle claims to Werner-Sloss dating back two years. The claims did not originate within Werner-Sloss. And Werner-Sloss collected no money. Does that seem odd to you?

JASON
It seems impossible. The payouts
would appear in my quarterlies.

FBI AGENT #1
So you didn't know about it?

JASON
No. Not at all.

The Agents exchange a look. Tension. Jason shifts in his seat.

JASON
Did ah... did I do something wrong?

The Agents just stare at Jason -- cold -- unreadable.

FBI AGENT #1
Thank you, Mr. Shaw.

INT. GAMMAGE & BURNHAM LAW OFFICES - NIGHT

A low-rent law firm downtown. Rachel working late, behind again
and racing to catch up. She's a paralegal. Her desk is a mess,
papers and files everywhere. Suddenly, her computer SHUTS DOWN.

RACHEL
Damnit.

She reaches for the "on" button when her computer "restarts" on
its own. On its SCREEN she sees a strange IMAGE: Fuzzy --
luminous colors -- a FORM -- she can't make it out. Then the
pixels clarify -- and Rachel's face goes pale --

IT'S A VIEW FROM A SECURITY CAM: KYLE on his train, laughing
with other boys. TEXT APPEARS on her computer screen:
"ANSWER THE PHONE."

Instantly the PHONE RINGS. Rachel jumps! She stares at the
phone, fearful. Finally, she answers it, speaking into it --

RACHEL
Hello?

SLAM TO:

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Jason enters the lobby, affective, exhausted, shaking off rain.

BUILDING MANAGER
Happy birthday, Jason.
(off Jason's bewildered look)
(MORE)

BUILDING MANAGER (CONT'D)
 All the packages, figured it was your
 birthday. I put 'em in your apartment.

Jason nods a confused "thank you."

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jason opens the door, but it stops midway. His apartment is so crowded with PACKAGES that the door won't budge.

LATER

Jason opens box after box. He finds HIGH-TECH BINOCULARS; CLIMBING GEAR; a dish-shaped LISTENING DEVICE; A NIGHT-VISION SCOPE -- like someone ordered everything from GUNS & AMMO.

Jason opens an envelope and turns up a PLANE TICKET to JAKARTA. He also finds a PASSPORT -- his picture on it -- but not his name. The gifts now seem unsettling, disturbing even.

JASON
 ... What is all this?

A CELL PHONE AMONGST the items RINGS. Jason answers.

JASON
 Hello?

WOMAN (V.O.)
 Hello. I need to speak with you.

THE VOICE sounds like Michelle Pfeiffer. Seductive -- all woman -- intelligent -- innuendo in every syllable.

JASON
 This isn't my phone.

Jason hangs up. Beat. Then Jason's HOME PHONE rings. He checks the caller ID: PRIVATE. Jason picks it up.

WOMAN (V.O.)
 Hello. I need to speak with you.

JASON
 You have the wrong number.

Jason hangs up. It rings again. Jason unplugs it. In that moment, his own cell rings -- caller ID says it's his mother.

JASON
 Mom, hey. Everything okay?

JASON'S MOTHER (V.O.)

Fine. How about you? I got your e-mail about going to Jakarta.

JASON

What e-mail? I'm not going anywhere.

Click! The line goes dead. A beat and then a new connection is made -- like someone picked up in another room.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Jason, do not disconnect me again. You are in danger now. *They know.*

Suddenly, this no longer is just annoying -- it's menacing.

JASON

... They know what?

WOMAN (V.O.)

They know about your crimes. The Werner and Sloss payouts - you diverted money to terrorists.

JASON

I don't know what you're talking about. Look, who is this!?

WOMAN (V.O.)

Go to the window.

Jason goes to his window: POLICE block off traffic. A SWAT TEAM enters the building -- assault rifles ready. Jason goes white.

WOMAN (V.O.)

They're coming for you. But I can help. Take the bathroom fire escape. I'll direct you by cell from there.

Jason considers this -- anxious and confused.

JASON

... What the hell is going on?

WOMAN (V.O.)

Run, Jason. They'll arrest you as a traitor.

Decision time. Jason stands there, indecisive. WHAM! THE FRONT DOOR smashes inward. A TACTICAL TEAM STORMS THE ROOM -- pushes past the boxes -- they SPOT Jason.

TEAM LEADER
On the ground, now!

Team Leader fires a warning shot. BAM! Jason's AQUARIUM explodes -- water and fish splash to the hardwood as --

JASON IS TAKEN DOWN HARD. Stunned, his gaze meets the Blue Tang's as it flops on the floor, gasping for breath.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HAMBULT PARK - CHICAGO - NIGHT

An ALGERIAN (20s) hurries down the sidewalk. He has a nervous demeanor -- eyes snapping left and right. What he doesn't notice is the BEARDED MAN in a black overcoat trailing him.

The Algerian pauses on a corner before heading for a COFFEE SHOP.

The Bearded Man follows -- stopping under a street lamp. We get a better look at him: Longish, sandy-blond hair, scraggly beard, bright blue eyes. The guy looks like Serpico. His name is TIM MORGAN (40). Morgan follows after the Algerian.

INT. HAMBULT PARK COFFEE SHOP

Morgan walks in. The Algerian, now sitting at a table, looks to him, threateningly. Morgan looks away -- goes to the counter -- orders a coffee -- gets one -- glances back --

The Algerian hasn't taken his eyes off him. Morgan walks to a table beside the Algerian, sits. A beat.

ALGERIAN
(*in Arabic*)
{My father used to say when you don't know whose side to fight on, then fight for yourself.}

MORGAN
(*in Arabic*)
{I have no fucking idea what that means.}

The Algerian huffs. He hands Morgan a sheet of paper -- a schedule of some sort -- and PICS of FOUR ARAB MEN.

ALGERIAN
{They come on Tuesday.}

Morgan hands the Algerian an envelope. He opens it to find: a U.S. PASSPORT, DRIVER'S LICENSE, three CREDIT CARDS, CASH.

MORGAN
 {Welcome to America.}

Then Morgan's cell buzzes -- he looks to it -- text message reads: "COME FOR PIZZA." Morgan frowns.

INT. CARMINE'S PIZZA

Morgan enters a small pizza parlor, walks straight on through the kitchen past the LONE PIZZA MAN and into a --

INT. A BACK ROOM

A surveillance operation -- gear cabled across the floor -- a wall of monitors track the ALGERIAN -- two TECHS RUN THE PLACE. Morgan, or more accurately D.H.S. AGENT TIM MORGAN, is annoyed.

MORGAN
 Who called me in?

The Tech's nods to TWO MEN who step from the shadows: MARTIN KREBS (56), a senior D.H.S. big wig, flanked by JUNIOR AGENT DOUG GRANT (27). Krebs is impatient, it's important.

KREBS
 We have something.

MORGAN
 So do I. Case I been working for a year. Got 'plants' coming in Tuesday.

KREBS
(motions to the room's monitors)
 That case is closed.

ON THE MONITORS: In the street -- WE SEE A D.H.S. STRIKE TEAM "take down" the Algerian Man from the coffee shop.

Morgan looks to Krebs -- angry -- displeasure on his face.

KREBS
 O-one, you wrote a Pentagon brief called Domino. It promised we'd see white-faced Islamo-fascist cells within five years.

MORGAN
 And?

KREBS
 And I think we just found one.

Morgan's eyes glint, intrigued.

AGENT GRANT (V.O.)
Jason Shaw, twenty eight. Born in
Illinois. Went to school at NYU.

SLAM TO:

INT. CHICAGO P.D. - A DARK ROOM - HOURS LATER

Morgan, Krebs, Grant stare at Jason through a two-way mirror.
Jason's sitting in an interrogation room, scared.

KREBS
He looks like you. Me. Anyone
walking the street. That scares me.

MORGAN
It should.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Jason is tired and confused. He's been here for hours.

The door opens. Morgan enters, walks to the table, sits. With
his beard and street clothes, he doesn't look like an Agent.
For a beat, Morgan stays quiet, then --

MORGAN
You ever heard of Abdul Hamid?

Jason shakes his head "no."

MORGAN
Abdul Hamid was a young Jihadist, a
holy warrior captured fighting U.S.
forces at Mazar-e-Sharif.

JASON
What does this have to do with me?

MORGAN
He was the son of a lawyer, grew up in
Marin County with a basketball hoop in
his driveway. Just a normal American
kid named Johnny. Then he read
Malcolm X's biography, got interested
in the Koran, and convinced his
parents to send him to Yemen to learn
Arabic. There he changed his name to
Abdul Hamid, and within a year he was
fighting with the Taliban.

(pointed)
That who you are? You another Johnny
Walker Lindh?

JASON

I'm none of those things. What makes you think that?

MORGAN

You make me think that, Jason.
(beat)
Tell me about Mike Morris.

JASON

I don't know who that is.

Morgan throws down the PLANE TICKET and the U.S. PASSPORT (NAME: MIKE MORRIS) from Jason's apartment.

MORGAN

Your picture, not your name. And the passport's not a forgery. It's real. And 'real' is *real* hard to come by.

JASON

Listen, my name is Jason Shaw. I work at Chicago Mutual. I collect fish and -

MORGAN

Oh that's nice, Jason. And I collect rainbows and fucking unicorns -

JASON

That stuff just showed up at my apartment! None of it's mine!

Another beat -- a staring contest -- a struggle of wills.

MORGAN

Two days ago, you deposited two hundred grand into your bank account -

JASON

What!? I don't have that kind of money.

MORGAN

- you have a false passport, tickets to Jakarta, and a gallery of 'bad-guy' toys.

Morgan opens a file -- throws down three-dozen documents -- PAYOUT AUTHORIZATION FORMS -- each with *Jason's signature*.

MORGAN

You approved a half million in payouts to Werner-Sloss. That's your signature on thirty-seven different forms.

Jason's mind is overloading. This can't be happening.

MORGAN

And guess what? We tracked the money. You, Jason Shaw, not anyone else, funneled it to Hamas, Al Aksa's Martyrs Brigade, and Al Qaeda. Noticeably absent are donations to good-guy organizations such as the Red Cross, Muscular Dystrophy, or the March of Dimes. What's all this suggest to you?

JASON

That I've been set up. I didn't do anything. I'm not a terrorist!

Morgan looks at him. Studying every inch of his face.

MORGAN

I won't keep asking you the same questions over and over. I will grow impatient. You understand?

JASON

(beat)

I want a lawyer now. This is America. We have laws.

MORGAN

Laws? We have *laws* for people like *me*. We have *places* for people like *you*.

(stands)

I'll give you a while to think. When I return, we start again. And you will tell me who you're working with or I will make every remaining minute of your life unbearably painful.

Morgan leaves. Jason sits there -- stunned -- changed.

EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM - HALLWAY

Morgan exits. Waiting is Agent Grant. Morgan walks past him. Grant races to catch up.

MORGAN

He's not running the show, he's scared.

AGENT GRANT

You think there're more players out there?

MORGAN

I *know* there are. We have a cell - and it just went active.

SLAM TO:

EXT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

A UNIFORMED RED-HAIRED COURIER (35) exits from a small LEAR JET on a private runway. Waiting on the tarmac is a familiar WHITE VAN -- "HASSAD'S CLEANERS" on the side.

The Middle Eastern Man from the train station stands beside it, nervous, agitated.

RED-HAIRED COURIER

Do you have it?

The Middle Eastern Man removes Kyle's TUBA CASE. The Courier takes it, then hands the Middle Eastern Man a KEY on a sleek chain -- POLISHED -- BLUE METAL -- clearly high technology.

Without a word, the Courier returns to the jet. The LEAR'S DOOR SWINGS CLOSED and we --

MATCH TO:

INT. CHICAGO P.D. - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

The DOOR OPENS. An exhausted Jason looks up to see --

GUARD

Time for your phone call.

JASON

They said I couldn't make one?

The GUARD holds up an official-looking document, annoyed.

GUARD

The Attorney General of the United States of America says you can.

As Jason is led outside, we FLOAT DOWN --

INTO THE FLOOR

-- revealing the space between the floor and lower ceilings: Heating ducts -- ventilation shafts -- wiring.

We watch as a SPARK emanates from an electrical line. A small FIRE takes root -- spreads through the sub flooring.

INT. SECURE PHONE ROOM

Jason is led into a HOLDING ROOM with a PHONE on the wall.

GUARD

Five minutes.

The Guard exits, the electronic door locking behind him. Jason thinks a moment, dials. Ringing. A CLICK -- someone answers.

JASON
Matt? Matt?

WOMAN (V.O.)
Matt can't help you, Jason.

The Woman's voice hangs in the air like a plague.

JASON
Who are you?

ERICA (V.O.)
My name is Erica. Listen: Agent Morgan is about to find that you're missing. He won't like this. He will like the counterfeit fax from the Attorney General even less. They will soon take you to a place where words are the last things they use to make you talk.

JASON
You're ruining my life!

ERICA (V.O.)
I can give you your life back. But first, you must pick up a package and deliver it for me.

JASON
I'm in jail!

IN THAT INSTANT -- the HOLDING ROOM'S SECURE DOOR UNLOCKS.

ERICA (V.O.)
Are you ready to trust me, Jason?

SLAM TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Morgan enters to find Jason gone. He turns to the GUARD.

MORGAN
Where is he?

GUARD
Making his phone call.

Morgan races for the door -- drawing his gun.

INT. SECURE PHONE ROOM

Jason on the phone -- fear and anxiety -- staring at the open cell.

JASON
I'm not going anywhere. I can't.

That's when Jason smells something -- SEES SMOKE in the hallway. A FIRE ALARM blares.

JASON
There's a fire?

ERICA (V.O.)
Electrical. The crawl space below you is in flames. If you want to live, follow the water.

The phone goes dead. Jason hesitates, then walks into the --

HALLWAY

FLAMES AND SMOKE. THE FIRE burns through the floor -- spreading up the walls. There's no way out. He'll die here. Then --

The SPRINKLER DIRECTLY above Jason comes to life. Jason heads down the hall -- following the water as each sprinkler he passes beneath ACTIVATES -- *creating a safe PATHWAY through the flames.*

Jason hits a dead end -- panics -- but through the smoke he spots a WINDOW. He smashes it and crawls onto a FIRE ESCAPE.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

RAIN falls as Jason takes the fire escape down to a RAISED SUBWAY PLATFORM. As Jason catches his breath, he sees --

A SUBWAY COMING. The "stops" electronic sign reads DAMON STATION. *Then the sign changes to "JASON, BOARD THE TRAIN."*

The doors open. Jason pauses, unsure. BAM! A GUNSHOT ricochets near Jason's head. Jason turns to SEE --

MORGAN on the fire escape.

JASON SCRAMBLES for the train as Morgan gives chase.

MORGAN reaches the platform a second too late -- THE DOORS close. Train departs. Morgan is instantly on his radio.

MORGAN (INTO RADIO)
He's headed to Damon Station!

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Jason tries to stay calm and blend in. But his breathing is heavy, obvious, indicative of something wrong. Then a THIN, DIGITAL ZEPPELIN TUNE -- "IMMIGRANT SONG" -- startles him.

A GOTH TEEN (16) answers her CELL. Someone on the other end says something that terrifies her. She looks up to Jason.

GOTH TEEN
It's for you.

Jason takes her phone -- frantic, angry.

ERICA (V.O.)
A transit officer is aware of your presence. He's moving your way now.

Jason looks around -- SPIES a SUBWAY COP through GLASS DOORS that connect the cars. The Cop is two cars down -- moving fast towards him -- GUN OUT. Now Jason is really scared.

JASON
How did you know? Are you on the train?

ERICA (V.O.)
The next stop is Damon Station. Exit, take the ramp to the street level. You will see a red truck. Get inside.

Jason SEES the Transit Cop moving into the car behind his.

JASON
No. I left the jail because I didn't want to die. But I'm done with you!

Click. Jason hangs up. A silent beat. Then *EVERY CELL PHONE in the subway car rings IN UNISON*. Jason watches amazed as the PASSENGERS answer their cells.

QUICK CUTS: FACES OF STUNNED PASSENGERS -- *all* hear the same thing:

ERICA (V.O.)
Jason Shaw is on this train. He is a wanted terrorist -

A MUSCLED LATINO MAN scans the car.

MUSCLED LATINO
Which one of you is Jason Shaw?

JASON'S FACE fills with dread. He twists away from the Latino -- but his reflexive movement isn't lost on the man.

MUSCLED LATINO

You!? Turn around!

Jason turns -- the Man has fire in his eyes. Most of the passengers move away, terrified. But several BRAVE MEN join the Muscled Latino, moving in on Jason.

The Transit Cop tries to open the CONNECTING DOOR -- it won't budge. So he aims his GUN at Jason -- he's *TRAPPED*.

Then a SHRIEKING WAIL envelops the car as the EMERGENCY BRAKES activate. Everyone FLIES FROM THEIR FEET as --

Jason falls into the door, which OPENS --

EXT. RAISED SUBWAY TRACKS

-- pitching Jason from the car and onto the tracks -- his face landing inches from the ELECTRICITY-CHARGED RAIL.

POV FROM INSIDE THE SECOND CAR

The Transit Cop rises. SEES Jason now running parallel to him outside. BAM! BAM! BAM! The Cop unloads his weapon.

WITH JASON

BULLETS skip off guard rails. He races across the station platform -- down the stairs -- frantic terror driving him forward -- running for his life now.

EXT. DAMON STATION - NIGHT

Jason trips on the stairs -- tumbles the last ten steps down. He struggles to his feet and sees --

A brand-new RED DODGE PICK UP -- A 500-HORSEPOWER SRT-10 -- a tank with four wheels and a flatbed. Jason beelines for the behemoth truck and jumps inside, out of breath.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Don't hurt me.

INT. THE TRUCK

Jason turns to find RACHEL, the beautiful single mother we met earlier.

RACHEL

I did as you asked. I brought the truck. Just don't hurt my son, okay?

JASON

I don't know anything about your son.
But you should get out. I'm in trouble.

BING! BING! The GPS SCREEN on the dash comes to life. TEXT appears: "RACHEL ISN'T GOING ANYWHERE. YOU WILL STAY TOGETHER."

In the b.g., COP CARS skid to a halt. Boots hit pavement.

COPS (O.S.)

Freeze! Out of the truck!

INSTANTLY, the truck's doors automatically LOCK. BING!
BING! ON THE GPS SCREEN: "DRIVE, RACHEL. OR KYLE WILL DIE."

BAM! A policeman FIRES, spider-webbing the back windshield.
Rachel SCREAMS and hits the gas. The tires smoke.

Two PATROL CARS round a corner in pursuit. *THE CHASE IS ON.*

INT. YUKON - CHICAGO CITY STREETS

Morgan drives a black GMC YUKON at 80 m.p.h. He runs a red light, driving past Damon Station -- joining the pursuit.

INT. THE DODGE SRT - JASON AND RACHEL

Two Chicago P.D. CRUISERS have become three. The TRUCK enters an alley, but a DUMPSTER BLOCKS ITS PATH.

Rachel hits the gas. WHAM! The truck SMASHES THROUGH the steel receptacle. They emerge on STATE STREET.

Jason looks to the GPS SCREEN on the dash: "TURN LEFT NOW."

JASON

It says left here!

TO THE LEFT is a ONE-WAY STREET.

RACHEL

It's a one-way!?

Jason grabs the steering wheel, yanks it --

JASON

Go left, damnit!

-- left, the TIRES SQUEAL as they turn towards ONCOMING TRAFFIC.

RACHEL

Don't grab the wheel when I'm driving!

JASON RACHEL
Then follow her instructions! Don't yell at me!

Jason looks to the GPS for instructions.

JASON
Right at the next alley! Then across
the Stanley Street Bridge.

Rachel turns right -- but TWO COP CARS arrive, closing off the alley's end. Rachel closes her eyes. WHAM! The truck SMASHES THROUGH -- sending both cars flying.

FOUR SQUAD CARS appear in the rear view mirror. Among them is a black Yukon -- MORGAN. He's closing in.

As Rachel nears the Stanley Street Bridge, the GUARD GATES COME DOWN. Jason looks to the river -- NO BOAT APPROACHING.

JASON
I think we should go faster.

RACHEL
The screen says that?

Jason motions with his eyes to the bridge ahead. Rachel follows them, SEES the bridge RISING at its midsection.

RACHEL
Oh God....

She floors it. The truck's power is awesome. At nearly half part, they hit the bridge -- JUMPING and clearing the river.

BACK ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE BRIDGE

Morgan and the cops are forced to stop. The bridge stays up.

MORGAN
(into his radio)
Milwaukee Street Bridge is their only
exit. Close it off!

INT. THE TRUCK

Jason and Rachel speed through the maze of the industrial marina. They turn a corner. UP AHEAD THEY SEE that the MILWAUKEE STREET BRIDGE is closed off.

Morgan's BLACK YUKON and a line of POLICE CRUISERS cross -- then turn DIRECTLY FOR THEM. The GPS BINGS "RIGHT TURN, 1/4 MILE."

Rachel sees a narrow FORKLIFT ARTERY up ahead. She guns it.

INSIDE MORGAN'S YUKON

Morgan SEES Rachel coming fast -- right at him. Just before they collide, Rachel TURNS RIGHT. Morgan has no time to react --

He OVERSHOOTS the forklift artery -- SLAMS on his brakes. The COP CARS behind him do the same -- now blocking his way.

MORGAN (INTO HIS RADIO)
Move those damn cars!

INT. THE TRUCK (SPEEDING DOWN THE FORKLIFT ARTERY)

Rachel squints -- wonders if what she sees dead ahead is --

RACHEL
Is that a wall?

JASON
Brick wall. Faster, it says ninety.

RACHEL
No... we'll die.

Rachel eases off the gas. No good -- *THE TRUCK'S CRUISE CONTROL ENGAGES* -- accelerating the vehicle on its own.

Jason braces himself for -- IMPACT! The Dodge EXPLODES through the wall. Losing control, it FLIPS and ROLLS into a --

EXT. WRECKING YARD

Finally, the dented and smoking truck comes to a stop. Jason and Rachel sit there, dazed -- air bags saved them.

SUDDENLY:

CLUNK! A GIANT MAGNET attaches to the truck. We watch as a massive CRANE picks up the demolished truck -- lifts it out over the RIVER and DROPS IT.

The truck falls, Jason and Rachel SCREAMING, until it hits --

EXT. RIVER

-- a GARBAGE BARGE coming downriver. The truck is buried in a MOUNTAIN OF TRASH -- hidden from view.

EXT. WRECKING YARD

Morgan and the COPS make it to the toppled wall. They jump from their cars -- run over the bricks and into the yard.

They find nothing. *The truck is gone.* Morgan's eyes land on the only possible explanation -- the river.

MORGAN
(into his radio)
 Get divers here. Truck's in the water.

A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY

The BARGE floats lazily onto Lake Michigan. Jason and Rachel have escaped... for now.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHICAGO JUNKYARD - LATER THAT NIGHT

Morgan, Grant and an angry Krebs watch as a DIVER surfaces along the shore.

LEAD DIVER
 Nothing. No trace of the truck.

MORGAN
(to Grant)
 Shut down all traffic on the lake.
 I want every vessel searched.

Grant walks off -- Krebs slinks closer to Morgan.

KREBS
 This is your fuck-up now. You lost him. You better handle it.
(pointed)
 I want Shaw taken out, quickly.

SLAM TO:

INSERT: D.H.S. - WASHINGTON, D.C.

A large room full of cubicles staffed by data entry PERSONNEL. WE TRACK PAST the cubicles until we reach a CORNER OFFICE.

INT. A CORNER OFFICE

Walls covered with Arabic newspapers -- random words and shapes cut from them -- pasted everywhere, organized in a specific manner -- and in the middle of it all is --

LATESHA SIMMS (32), black and beautiful, strong, smarter than you. She sifts through the papers translating Islamic wedding announcements. She circles words, finds geometric patterns and shapes, looking for hidden communications. Her phone rings.

LATESHA
Latesha Simms?

EXT. CHICAGO JUNKYARD

INTERCUT between Morgan and Latesha.

MORGAN
It's Morgan.

LATESHA
It's late. You don't call late, 'less
it's bad?

MORGAN
It's bad. Jason Shaw. S-H-A-W.

Latesha grabs a pencil as Morgan continues.

MORGAN
He just escaped custody in Chicago. I
need you to run recent talk-logs. See
if you hit any chatter with his name.

LATESHA
Who is he?

MORGAN
A sleeper. The guy moved hundreds of
thousands into T-OPS. Pull apart his
life and find out who he's working
with and why we missed him.

LATESHA
How'd you spot him?

MORGAN
Anonymous tip. E-mail into D.H.S.

This piques Latesha's interest.

LATESHA
That seems odd.

MORGAN
Then start there.

They hang up. WE STAY WITH LATESHA as she turns to her
computer. She accesses a clandestine government data base --
types in "JASON SHAW" -- blip! A DMV PHOTO OF JASON APPEARS.

LATESHA
Hello, Jason Shaw.

We ZOOM IN ON JASON'S PICTURE -- moving through it, until we --

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - SUNRISE

JASON'S FACE. PULL BACK TO SEE he and Rachel sitting on the roof of the totalled truck -- still aboard the garbage barge. Along the shore is a stretch of nothingness. Just POWER LINES and a dirt road. Silence. Rachel measures Jason.

JASON

What did she say to you?

RACHEL

She said my son would die if I didn't bring the truck to Damon Station. What about you?

JASON

She said I, we, I guess, have to deliver a package for her.

RACHEL

What package?

JASON

I don't know.

(beat)

Your son. Where is he?

Rachel tears up, angry and tense.

RACHEL

Kyle's on a school trip to D.C., band is playing there. She knew everything about his trip: destination, car number, even the instrument he plays.

(beat, then she faces Jason)

How do I know you're not part of this? One of them.

JASON

I don't even know what *this* is. Trust me, we're in it together.

RACHEL

Don't say 'trust me'. I don't trust people who say 'trust me'.

JASON

(great, she has issues)

Fine. Sorry.

RACHEL

We should listen to them. Let's do what they want so no one gets hurt.

BING! The half-splintered GPS reads: "SWIM ASHORE. WALK TO THE FIRST LINETOWER." Jason yells at the screen:

JASON

Hey!? You said you'd clear my name!
I want my life back!

No response. Then the GPS SCREEN reads: "AFTER YOU AND RACHEL DELIVER THE PACKAGE. SWIM ASHORE." The GPS screen goes blank. Jason looks to the distant shore, apprehensive.

JASON

Shore's farther than it looks. Are you a strong swimmer?

RACHEL

I never learned. I'm afraid of fish.

JASON

It's a lake. There're no sharks.

RACHEL

Not sharks, just fish. Any kind that might touch my feet. Freaks me out.

JASON

That's kind of strange.

RACHEL

I know that.

JASON

We'll jump together. Hold onto my shoulders. I'm a strong swimmer.

(then)

My name's Jason.

RACHEL

... My name's Rachel.

Jason grabs her hand. They step to the edge of the barge and JUMP OFF. As they strike the dark water, we --

SLAM TO:

KA-BOOM! A MASSIVE EXPLOSION OF ROCK AND SOIL....

INSERT: DENVER MINERAL & MINE (DEEP IN THE ROCKIES)

A test site run by the military's top munitions supplier. A BLAST CREW CHIEF assesses the damage using uber-sophisticated equipment. He then turns to a PENTAGON OFFICIAL.

BLAST CHIEF

UX-90 is the smart bomb of explosives.
Odorless, no chemical markers, easily
molded, beyond modern detection.

The Blast Chief points to a monitor showing a TECH setting another charge of UX-90 (a top-secret PLASTIQUE EXPLOSIVE) beneath a boulder -- he pushes a SMALL CRYSTAL into it.

PENTAGON OFFICIAL

And the crystals are -

BLAST CHIEF

The triggers, made separately for
security reasons, but combine them with
the UX-90 and you have remote, acoustic
detonation. Special Forces can begin
testing next week. With your approval.

The Tech returns to the barrier. The Blast Chief reaches for an ACOUSTICAL TRIGGER (which resembles a WHISTLE). He blows into it, sending out a barely perceptible PITCH.

The SOUND WAVE travels fast -- reaching the crystal and SHATTERING IT. KA-BOOM!

INT. MAIN BUILDING - DENVER MINERAL & MINE

The BLAST SITE is visible from a REINFORCED GLASS WINDOW. A TECHNICIAN watches the tremendous explosion -- answers a phone.

TECHNICIAN

Yes, sir. He's here. Very good.
(turning to someone O.S.)
Shipment's approved for transport.

The Tech packs a secure shipment of UX-90 and its ACOUSTIC TRIGGER into two bright RED CONTAINERS. We PAN TO REVEAL --

The RED-HAIRED COURIER. His face betrays no emotion as he signs for the containers and EXITS WITH THEM.

CUT TO:

AN ILLINOIS STATE BIRTH CERTIFICATE... JASON'S NAME ON IT.

INT. D.H.S. - LATESHA'S OFFICE

Latesha at her computer, running Jason's history. She examines his birth certificate -- notices the word "TWIN."

Latesha quickly accesses State birth records, types in Jason's date of birth, his mother's maiden name. She hits FIND. *PAUL SHAW'S BIRTH CERTIFICATE* pops up.

Latesha opens a window into IRS RECORDS. Types in PAUL SHAW'S INFO: *His employment history appears.* Latesha sees that he worked for J&J SOFTWARE. Her brow wrinkles.

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DAY

Jason and Rachel stand near a behemoth POWER TRANSFORMER. Nothing else in any direction for miles. Only Lake Michigan and an empty expanse. Their clothes are wet, spirits low.

RACHEL

It's been an hour. You sure this is it?

JASON

She said the first tower.

Jason studies Rachel. She's shaken to the core.

JASON

Are you alright?

RACHEL

I'm in the middle of nowhere with a man I don't know and a son in mortal danger.

(sharp)

No. I'm not alright.

Jason lets it go -- rubs his hand through his hair, thinking.

RACHEL

What are you thinking about?

JASON

Why not the butcher?

RACHEL

What?

JASON

Why not my neighbor? Or the local newsstand owner? Or a traffic cop in Baltimore? Why'd they pick us?

RACHEL
I don't know.

JASON
What about your work?

RACHEL
I'm a paralegal. One step above the
temp pool.

JASON
Your ex-husband. What does he do?

RACHEL
Other than college-age women, not
much... What about you?

JASON
I work in insurance.

RACHEL
You don't look like an insurance
salesman.

JASON
I'm not. I'm a regional manager.

RACHEL
You don't look like that either.

A SOUND in the distance breaks the moment. Both look to see a
dust trail. A VAN approaches on a dirt road.

RACHEL
They're coming.

INSIDE THE VAN

The MIDDLE-EASTERN MAN. We SEE Jason and Rachel from HIS POV as
he approaches. He's nervous, muttering a prayer.

He pulls to a stop, GETS OUT, facing Jason and Rachel. Quiet.
A staring contest. Finally, he pulls a KEY from his pocket --
POLISHED -- BLUE METAL -- high technology -- *the key the Courier
gave him*. In perfect English:

MIDDLE-EASTERN MAN
Here. I don't know what it's for and
I don't care. But I won't drive you.

He forcibly hands Rachel the key.

JASON

What are you talking about?

MIDDLE-EASTERN MAN

Keys are inside. Take the van.
There's clothes in the back. I won't
talk to anyone.

The Man's cell rings. Instead of answering, he drops it to the ground -- turns and walks toward the horizon.

Jason picks up the ringing phone, answers.

ERICA (V.O.)

Jason, stop him. Or he will die.

Jason looks around: there is nothing out here -- just the massive power lines -- no one in sight.

JASON

Hey? Hey!? She says to stop!

The Man ignores Jason, who grabs the Man's shoulder.

JASON

I'm on your side!

WHAM! The Man spins -- punches Jason, knocking him down. He runs -- towards nothing. Then --

V-WHACK! Jason and Rachel look up as a huge POWER SURGE ERUPTS through the tower above. One of the POWER COILS EXPLODES in a deluge of SPARKS.

SIX CABLES blast free of their couplings -- swinging down and striking the Middle-Eastern Man -- INSTANTLY KILLING HIM.

Rachel SCREAMS as electricity arcs through the air. The two are forced back as the live wires spark wildly.

RACHEL

Oh my God... Oh God....

The cell RINGS -- again -- and again. A dazed Jason answers.

JASON (INTO CELL)

You killed him... You killed that man.

ERICA (V.O.)

Take the van. Drive to Indianapolis.
Enter the building at 1422 Parkway.

JASON (OVER)
You killed him....

ERICA (V.O.)
Arrive by 11:00 AM. If not,
you will join Mr. Abdelhadi.

The cell blips off. Jason stares at the dead man. The reality of the situation truly sinks in: if they don't obey, they die.

JASON
Rachel, come on.

Jason takes Rachel's arm and pulls her towards the van. We stay on Rachel's shocked expression.

MORGAN (V.O.)
You ID the girl?

MATCH TO:

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - DAY

A COAST GUARD CUTTER sits beside the GARBAGE BARGE. Morgan examines the smashed TRUCK, talking to Agent Grant.

AGENT GRANT
Ran her prints through NFO - no match.
Seven images of her from DMV traffic
cameras - not one clean enough for facial
recognition systems to be effective.

MORGAN
Satellites?

AGENT GRANT
Nothing.

MORGAN
The fax?

AGENT GRANT
A counterfeit that originated within
D.O.J. No lead on who faxed it.

Morgan stares across Lake Michigan -- doesn't like this.

MORGAN
Lots of bad luck. Too much.

AGENT GRANT
We did hit something. A courier from
D.O.D.'s ghost fleet went missing. He
was moving experimental explosives
from a hush-hush testing facility in
the Rockies.

(MORE)

AGENT GRANT (CONT'D)
The same pirated SIM number that
contacted Shaw in Chicago also
contacted the missing courier.

MORGAN
Find the courier, Grant. Fast.

CUT TO:

EXT. TED'S INSTRUMENT REPAIR SHOP - PHILADELPHIA - DAY

A mom-and-pop shop. TED (65) works alone at a bench in the back of the shop. On one of the tables we see a familiar RED CONTAINER. In it is the ACOUSTICAL TRIGGER.

Ted removes the "trigger," which looks like an instrument valve. He turns to KYLE'S TUBA, a single VALVE dissembled. Nearby is KYLE'S TUBA CASE, CUBS STICKER visible.

Ted snaps the "trigger" into the valve slot -- perfect fit. Then a BELL from his shop's door opening. Ted walks out front to find --

The RED HAIRED COURIER.

RED-HAIRED COURIER
Is the instrument ready?

TED
Almost. She said you'd pay the bill.

The Courier hands Ted an envelope which holds a large check. The Courier looks to the selection of USED INSTRUMENTS.

RED-HAIRED COURIER
I need a used tuba.

Ted hands over a used TUBA -- then goes in back to get Kyle's.

That's when the Courier takes out a CHICAGO CUBS STICKER and places it on the CASE.

Ted returns with KYLE'S REAL CASE -- we see Kyle's REAL CASE and the *DUPLICATE CASE* side by side -- identical. Only one question: *what's the duplicate case for?*

As the Courier leaves with both cases, WE PAN UP TO SEE --

A TV ON A SHELF: IMAGES from Saudi Arabia. THOUSANDS in the streets -- the mood dangerous -- a powder keg set to go off.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Saudi Arabia's ruling House of Saud declares martial law and braces for what looks to be an Islamic-led revolution in the land of Mecca. Not since the Shah of Iran was overthrown in 1979 has a single event threatened to destabilize the region....

WE FOCUS ON THE PROTESTERS: Scarf-wrapped, machine-gun-totting religious warriors scream for the ruin of America. Anger to the core -- men who welcome death.

CUT TO:

INT. THE VAN - DAY

Speeding down a rural highway. Jason drives, 10:10 AM, 40 minutes to get to Indi. He and Rachel wear clothes from the van.

JASON

That man, he was being used as well.

Rachel is deeply affected by the death they witnessed.

RACHEL

We don't know that. He could've been a terrorist.

JASON

No. He was scared of us. They were using him... like they're using us.

A moment. A HIGHWAY PATROL CAR zooms by in the opposite direction. Its SIREN gives them a scare, but it keeps going.

RACHEL

I don't care who they are or why they need us - I just want my son back.

JASON

We'll get him. Don't worry.

Rachel exhales -- just hearing him say that calms her.

RACHEL

What about you, Jason? What do you lose if we don't get this right?

JASON

My life, for one thing. My job -

RACHEL
Not a job. What's important? Don't
you have someone waiting at home?

JASON
(beat)
No. I don't.

Rachel lets it go at that. She leans her head against the
van's window -- staring at the passing fields of corn.

LATESHA (V.O.)
I think I have something.

SLAM TO:

INT. D.H.S. HEADQUARTERS, D.C.

Latesha on her office phone -- material and pictures of Jason
everywhere -- looks like a shrine.

LATESHA
I started with the anonymous tip.
Went nowhere. It was a wireless send
that bounced from a tower in D.C. But
I did find some interesting
background: Jason has a twin brother.

MORGAN (V.O.)
I already know that.

LATESHA
Did you know his brother is a
programmer for a 'defense contractor'?

EXT. NEAR LAKE MICHIGAN - DAY

Morgan, on his cell, turns INTO CAMERA, eyes intense. Behind
him, the Middle-Eastern Man's body is loaded onto a stretcher
-- *Morgan's getting closer.* INTERCUT AS NEEDED.

MORGAN
I didn't know that.

LATESHA
It gets better: I ran the brother's
records. Everything comes back
perfect. *Too perfect*, like someone on
the inside cleaned it up.

MORGAN
You think Paul's part of our family?

LATESHA

Yes. Which means there's a file behind the file, but I can't find it.

MORGAN

You ask Cy-ops for help?

LATESHA

They won't give me access.

MORGAN

Start walking. You'll have access by the time you're there.

SLAM TO:

EXT. INDIANAPOLIS - DAY

Jason exits the freeway in downtown INDIANAPOLIS. He looks at the clock: 5 minutes until 11:00.

Ahead is the STADIUM COMPLEX for the INDIANAPOLIS COLTS. The parking lot is full -- a game in progress.

Directly across from the stadium, Jason and Rachel spy the address they're looking for. Both are surprised to see it belongs to THE INDIANAPOLIS FEDERAL RESERVE.

RACHEL

You have to be kidding. A federal bank?

JASON

Could be worse. Could be a federal prison.

Jason looks to his watch: 10:56 AM -- 4 minutes left.

INT. INDIANPOLIS FEDERAL RESERVE

Jason and Rachel enter. Looks like I.M. Pei designed the place -- sleek, modern, impenetrable.

Jason is all nerves -- he scans the bank -- noticing ARMED GUARDS -- a SECURITY CAMERA on the wall capturing everything.

MR. BIDS (53), the bank manager, rotund, new crop of hair transplants, not easy to miss. He walks towards them.

MR. BIDS

Mr. and Mrs. Saxon?

Jason and Rachel realize he's talking to them -- they play along.

MR. BIDS
I'm Mr. Bids. Your assistant called.
I'll show you to your box.

JASON
Wonderful. After you, I suppose.

Mr. Bids walks them to a SECURE ELEVATOR that leads to the VAULT. There's a THERMOGRAPHIC SCANNER outside the door.

MR. BIDS
Your hand, Mr. Saxon.

Jason hesitates. Mr. Bids grows curious.

MR. BIDS
Is there something wrong?

JASON
No. Not at all.

Jason places his hand on the scanner. A wave of yellow light passes beneath it -- measuring vascular ridges. Tension, then -- A POSITIVE MATCH to Carl Saxon. The elevator doors OPEN.

INT. VAULT

Polished steel -- high security. From the elevator, Mr. Bids leads Jason and Rachel to a DEPOSIT BOX. Once there, Mr. Bids inserts a BLUE METAL KEY into the box -- he turns to Jason.

MR. BIDS
Your key?

Rachel takes the BLUE METAL KEY provided by the Middle-Eastern Man from her pocket. *It fits the lock perfectly.* Mr. Bids and Jason turn their keys, opening the deposit box.

Mr. Bids slides the box out -- lays it on a steel table.

MR. BIDS
I'll allow you some privacy.

JASON
Thank you.

The elevator doors close, leaving them alone. Jason and Rachel stare at the deposit box, almost fearful of it.

Jason raises the lid to find: A LARGE ENVELOPE -- A WALLET -- A TWO-WAY EARPIECE DEVICE. Jason opens the wallet, inside: A D.C. DRIVER'S LICENSE and a MILITARY-STYLE ID with PAUL SHAW'S NAME and FACE -- WRITTEN ON THE ID: "SHAW, PAUL -- ID # 556sy77."

JASON
This is Paul's ID?

RACHEL (OVER)
Who's Paul?

Rachel then opens the envelope -- two .45s fall out.
Dread. Jason inserts the EARPIECE.

ERICA (V.O.)
In sixty seconds, a man will enter
carrying a metallic briefcase. His
escort will be armed. Kill them if
you must. Secure the case. It is the
package you will deliver.

JASON
Why do I have Paul's ID? What does my
brother have to do with this!?

Click. She's gone. Jason looks to his watch: 10:59 AM.

RACHEL
What does your brother have to do
with this?

JASON
I don't know... died three days ago.

Then the SOUND of a motor -- the VAULT'S ELEVATOR IS COMING.

JASON
Someone's coming. They have a
briefcase. We have to take it.

RACHEL
Rob a bank?

JASON
Technically, we're only robbing a
guy entering the vault.

RACHEL
I doubt the gun-totting guards
upstairs will appreciate the
distinction.

On Jason's watch: 15 seconds until 11:00 AM. He takes one of
the .45s -- EJECTS THE CLIP and hands it to Rachel.

JASON
They won't know our guns are empty.

Rachel holds the gun, her hands shaking.

RACHEL

I can't use a gun, even an empty one.

Rachel gives the empty gun back to Jason just as DING! The elevator arrives. *They're not ready for this.*

JASON

Take the case. I'll do the rest.

SWISH. THE ELEVATOR OPENS -- LOWELL -- *the Horseman from the opening* -- carrying a METALLIC BRIEFCASE. Lowell's escort is --

AGENT GOULD (34), a nonchalant man with deadly serious eyes.

Gould reacts to Rachel's nervousness -- reaches for his gun. But he stops when he feels a barrel against his neck -- *JASON.*

Jason carefully reaches into the Agent's jacket -- takes his WEAPON, throws it across the vault.

JASON

(to Lowell)

Now ah... Give her the briefcase.

Lowell doesn't move -- staring at Jason -- he knows that voice and that face -- it's like he was seeing a ghost.

LOWELL

Paul...

Jason instantly registers this. Rachel does as well.

LOWELL

... You're Paul's brother... ?

JASON

You knew my brother?

Before another word -- *AGENT GOULD MAKES A MOVE.* With Bourne-like moves, Gould SMASHES a hand into Jason's neck -- knocks his gun into the air -- catches it before it hits the ground.

Gould turns Jason's gun against him -- PULLS THE TRIGGER -- no hesitation. CLICK! Thankfully, THE GUN IS EMPTY.

Jason scrambles for the Agent's weapon. WHAM! The Agent stuns Jason with a blow to the head -- yells to Lowell.

AGENT GOULD

Get the briefcase out!

Lowell pushes Rachel, LEAPS into the OPEN ELEVATOR. Rachel rushes him, wrestling with Lowell to keep the elevator open.

Lowell slams her against the wall. Rachel wrenches the case away, falling back into the vault.

Jason leaps up -- rushes the Agent. Gould easily throws Jason aside, flipping him on top of the steel table -- KNOCKING THE DEPOSIT BOX ACROSS THE FLOOR TO RACHEL.

She stares at it -- has a *thought* -- but LOWELL tackles her, then grabs the case. Lowell sprints for the elevator -- Rachel trips him. He falls, dazed -- Rachel turns to SEE --

WHAM! Agent Gould SLAMS JASON'S HEAD into the counter -- then kicks him across the floor -- unholsters a back-up GUN from his ankle -- brings the barrel up to Jason just as --

BAM! A GUNSHOT! A BULLET flies by Gould. He turns to SEE RACHEL -- trembling -- holding the SECOND .45 FROM THE BOX.

RACHEL

Drop the motherfucking gun, motherfucker!

Gould pauses -- his stare could kill -- but he drops his gun. Jason stands, wipes blood from his lip, picks up the case and the EARPIECE from the floor.

AGENT GOULD

Take that case and the only thing left of your lives will be a flaming hole. You will both be dead in hours.

JASON

We don't have a choice.

Jason and Rachel enter the elevator -- its doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR

Jason and Rachel, side by side. Rachel can't stop shaking. She straightens her clothes.

JASON

I thought you couldn't use a gun?

RACHEL

I have Kyle to think about. How do I look?

JASON

Like you got into a fist fight. Me?

RACHEL

Like you lost one.

Rachel dabs the blood around his lip. But there's no more time for recovery as the doors OPEN TO --

INT. THE LOBBY

Jason and Rachel exit with the briefcase. Casual. Calm. No one seems to be aware of what has happened.

EXT. FEDERAL RESERVE

Jason and Rachel exit. TWO AGENTS dressed identically to Gould wait outside. AN ALARM SOUNDS. The AGENTS race INSIDE.

ERICA (V.O.)
(via the earpiece)
 Walk to the stadium.

SIRENS in the distance. Jason leads them across the street towards the Colts' stadium. Hardly a soul in sight except for a COLTS PARAPHERNALIA VENDOR near a line of doors.

ERICA (V.O.)
 Buy two Jerseys. And two hats.

Jason moves to the Vendor -- takes out his money -- they are COMPLETELY EXPOSED in the massive parking lot.

RACHEL
 What are you doing?

JASON
 I have no goddamn idea.
(then to the Vendor)
 Two jerseys and two hats.

VENDOR
 Peyton or Edgeran?

JASON
 I don't know what that means.

The Vendor eyes him awkwardly before giving Jason one of each JERSEY -- and TWO HATS. Jason gives the man a hundred.

ERICA (V.O.)
 Put them on.

JASON
(to Rachel)
 Put these on.

Jason and Rachel put on the JERSEYS AND HATS -- looking like radical Colts fans. Then sirens -- REAL CLOSE as --

COP CARS arrive at the Federal Reserve just as the AGENTS EXIT. It's impossible for them not to zero in on --

JASON AND RACHEL -- only 30 yards away -- IN PLAIN VIEW -- Jason with the briefcase... standing there, motionless --

ERICA (V.O.)
Do not move. Stay still.

WIDE ON THE PARKING LOT -- the Agents and Cops fanning out, guns drawn, a human net slowly moving TOWARDS JASON and RACHEL.

RACHEL	JASON
They're coming.	<i>(to Erica)</i> They're coming right at us.

ERICA (V.O.)
Do not move. You cannot out-run them.

The Vendor SEES the men with guns -- decides now would be a good time for a bathroom break. He leaves.

RACHEL
We gotta run, Jason.

ERICA (V.O.)
Wait.

The tension is tortuous. We know there is absolutely no way they will escape this time. SUDDENLY --

WHAM! THE STADIUM DOORS FLY OPEN IN UNISON AS --

THOUSANDS of joyous COLTS FANS pour through the doors -- the game is over. BLUE HATS AND JERSEYS on each of them and --

IN AN INSTANT, Jason and Rachel ARE LOST IN A SEA OF BLUE and WHITE -- everyone looks the same -- it's impossible to spot them -- like trying to find a blue marble in the ocean.

WITH THE AGENTS AND COPS

Losing sight of Jason and Rachel -- pushed back by the crowd.

JASON AND RACHEL

Still waiting, and finally --

ERICA (V.O.)
Go to the VIP valet, to the right.
There is a car under the name of Saxon.

They walk now -- completely INVISIBLE TO THE AUTHORITIES. They reach THE VIP VALET PARKING. Jason approaches a Valet.

JASON
Car for Saxon.

A VALET grabs keys and unlocks a BLACK BMW 760 IL. Jason and Rachel get in the BMW unseen as --

THE COPS AND AGENTS pass on either side of the BMW -- TWO FEET AWAY -- but TINTED WINDOWS save Jason and Rachel from discovery.

Jason pulls away into the sea of cars. We see CANS tied to the BMW's bumper. A sign on the back window reads "JUST MARRIED."

SLAM TO:

INT. D.H.S. HEADQUARTERS, D.C. - CORRIDOR - SAME

Latesha's FOOTSTEPS ECHO. She passes through a metal detector. Two GUARDS look right through her.

INT. DIRECTOR KEVIN CREED'S OFFICE

KEVIN CREED (40s), big and Southern, a D.H.S. Special Division Director.

LATESHA
Director Creed? I'm -

DIRECTOR CREED
I know who you are and I'm too goddamn busy to baby-sit an analyst.

LATESHA
I'm working support with Agent Morgan. I only need twenty minutes.

DIRECTOR CREED
I know who you're working for and I don't like him either. You got five minutes, and time started ticking moment I laid eyes on you.

INT. D.H.S. - SECURE CORRIDOR

Creed walks fast, Latesha behind him -- a checkpoint ahead where a confluence of hallways leads to an ULTRA-SECURE ROOM.

Outside the secure room, GUARDS with M-16s stand on either side of a SPIRAL DOORWAY. Director Creed steps to a screen -- undergoes a RETINA SCAN. The doorway spirals open to REVEAL --

THE TACTICAL OPERATIONS ROOM WE SAW IN THE OPENING

Only now we see this Mission Control-style room in all its glory: complex -- beyond futuristic -- TECHNICIANS work in clusters. Everyone is busy. The place under siege.

TO THEIR RIGHT is Secretary of Defense Callister -- flanked by a group of SECRET SERVICE and other MILITARY LIAISONS.

LATESHA

Why is Secretary Callister here?

DIRECTOR CREED

Hold out for State of the Union - 14th man, Miss Simms. Case the world blows up, we'll still have somebody in charge of what's left.

A bored Callister stands before a SCREEN which runs a timeline of his movements for the upcoming State of the Union address.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

(to Secretary Callister)

Secret Service will bring you to D.H.S. thirty minutes before the event begins. You'll need to remain here until the President and Cabinet have cleared the Congressional Building.

SECRETARY CALLISTER

Just make sure the room you put me in gets the Florida State game.

Callister turns -- finds Creed and Latesha.

DIRECTOR CREED

Everything look good, Mr. Secretary?

SECRETARY CALLISTER

Yep. It's all perfectly annoying.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE BMW - DAY

Jason drives. On the dash sits a CELL PHONE. Jason looks at the briefcase between them. It makes him nervous. What happened back at the bank -- the Agent almost killing them, it's giving Jason pause.

JASON

What are we doing? We almost got killed back there.

Suddenly, ERICA'S VOICE booms from the CELL PHONE'S SPEAKER.

ERICA (V.O.)
Follow the map on the GPS screen.

Driving directions pop up on the screen.

JASON
(*into cell phone*)
I want to know who you people are!?

No answer. Jason's agitation increases.

RACHEL
Relax, Jason.

JASON
A man is dead! What if the cops had
fired into that crowd, what then?

RACHEL
But they didn't. We did what we had to.

JASON
(*yelling to the cell phone*)
I want to know what's going on!
Tell me who you people are!?

Silence. Then, Jason loses it. HE SLAMS ON THE BRAKES!

The BMW fishtails, tires smoking. Finally it comes to rest sideways across the road -- blocking both lanes of traffic. Several CARS skid to a stop behind them.

RACHEL
What the hell are you doing!?

Cars HONK -- a massive TRAFFIC JAM forms. Jason GRABS THE CELL PHONE -- steps out.

RACHEL
Jesus Christ!

EXT. THE HIGHWAY

Jason faces the mass of backed-up traffic.

RACHEL
Get back in the car!

JASON
I want to know who they are!

Jason jumps on the hood of an OLD LADY'S CAR. PEOPLE step from their cars -- staring at him like he's a lunatic.

RACHEL
Are you crazy!? Get back in the car!

JASON
I want to who they are!

ERICA (VIA CELL PHONE'S SPEAKER)
Jason, you are attracting unnecessary attention. Return to the car. I will tell you.

INT. THE BMW

Jason and Rachel back inside. A VOICE FROM THE STEREO SPEAKERS --

ERICA (V.O.)
Drive, Jason.

Jason drives off, clearing the bottleneck.

JASON
Tell me, now.

Silence. Erica making a decision.

DIRECTOR CREED (V.O.)
Erica, this is Latesha Simms....

SLAM BACK TO:

INT. D.H.S. - THE TACTICAL OPERATIONS ROOM

Latesha stands before a DARK-HAIRED WOMAN at a terminal near THE ROOM'S CENTER. Creed turns towards the Dark-Haired Woman.

DIRECTOR CREED
... She has some questions for you.

ERICA
Hello, Miss Simms, how can I help you?

SHOCKINGLY, THE VOICE doesn't come from the Dark-Haired Woman -- it comes from the CONTROL BOARD'S SPEAKERS.

Latesha gazes wide-eyed at the majesty of a MASSIVE SCREEN before her -- big as a movie theater's -- divided into three huge sections -- 50-plus IMMENSE LCD SCREENS in each section.

Above the screen reads: "Electronic Reconnaissance / Intelligence Collection / Apparatus."

It's a beautiful thing... and this is ERICA.

SLAM TO:

EXT. SPACE

We're with the SATELLITE AGAIN -- LOOKING DOWN ON EARTH. Only now we see a detail we missed before: across the spine of the satellite reads the acronym: E.R.I.C.A.

WE HEAR ERICA'S VOICE -- distant, haunting -- as she ANSWERS JASON'S QUESTION...

ERICA (V.O.)
I am the Electronic Reconnaissance
Intelligence Collection Apparatus.

... WE PLUNGE toward North America -- zero in on INDIANAPOLIS CITY STREETS -- SWEEP DOWN -- FIND THE BMW --

JUMP INTO:

INT. THE BMW - SAME TIME

Erica continues her explanation as Jason drives.

ERICA (V.O.)
I was designed by engineers at
Lockheed Martin to be used in the war
against terror.

JASON
You're a computer... ?

Quiet. Rachel stares at Jason, astonished.

JASON
It's just you... you alone?

ERICA (V.O.)
Not just me. It is us.

JASON
What are we doing?

ERICA (V.O.)
Fighting a war.

Blip. Erica's gone. COUNTRY MUSIC blares from the stereo.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. D.H.S. THE TACTICAL OPERATIONS ROOM

Latesha stands before the "ERICA SCREEN." SATELLITE GRIDS on it track Jason's last known whereabouts.

LATESHA

Erica. I'm here about Jason Shaw.

ERICA (VIA CONTROL BOARD'S SPEAKERS)

Nothing at present to report.

LATESHA

My concern isn't the search. I need background, specifically any and all files related to Paul Shaw, Jason's twin.

ERICA (V.O.)

That information is classified.

Latesha's eyes spark -- her hunch was right -- Paul is part of their family. She turns to Creed, he steps closer.

DIRECTOR CREED

Erica, Latesha has my clearances, rights, and privileges. Give her what she needs.

ON THE "ERICA" SCREEN: Erica scrolls through files. PAUL'S PICTURE, his bio, etc., appear on screen. What shocks Latesha is that next to Paul's date of birth is *the date of his death*.

LATESHA

Paul Shaw is dead?

DIRECTOR CREED

Three days ago, car accident.

Latesha examines Paul's information on screen: it's the info she already has -- nothing new -- still too clean.

LATESHA

Erica, I need specifics regarding Paul's work in intelligence.

Another beat. Finally --

ERICA (V.O.)

Paul Shaw was a Horseman.

LATESHA

What's a Horseman?

FOUR D.H.S. IDs pop up on screen: PAUL SHAW, LOWELL BARNES, SCOTT BARKER (from Paul's funeral), CARLOS NUNEZ (a man we've never seen).

ERICA (V.O.)

I enjoy operational knowledge of every civilian and military resource at our nation's disposal. The Horsemen guard that information while ensuring my protocols remain intact.

DIRECTOR CREED

Horsemen are her master programmers. They protect Erica from foreign hackers and us from a cyber Pearl Harbor.

LATESHA

Erica, what are your protocols?

ON THE MAIN SCREEN FOUR PROTOCOLS APPEAR:

1. *To protect the United States from hostile threats.*
2. *To protect United States allies from hostile threats.*
3. *To protect the United States Chain of Command.*
4. *To eliminate these threats by any and all means necessary.*

LATESHA

Can I speak to one of the Horsemen?

Creed pauses, unsure. Before he answers, we move to --

ERICA'S MAIN SCREEN

-- the image of PAUL SHAW. Closer and closer until we ENTER THE IMAGE -- DEEP INTO PAUL'S EYES --

PULL OUT ON:

EXT. THE FOUR SEASONS - LATE AFTERNOON

JASON'S EYES -- PULL BACK as he and Rachel exit the BMW -- they now stand before the splendor of THE FOUR SEASONS.

Jason grips the briefcase as they enter the lobby.

INT. FOUR SEASONS' LOBBY

Jason and Rachel walk arm in arm towards the CHECK-IN COUNTER. A smiling female HOTEL EMPLOYEE (40s) greets them.

HOTEL EMPLOYEE

Mr. and Mrs. Saxon?

Jason nods "yes".

HOTEL EMPLOYEE

Glad you made it. Your secretary has made all of the arrangements.

(sees the briefcase)

No other bags?

JASON

We travel light.

BELLHOP (O.S.)

Ready to see the honeymoon suite?

A BELLHOP (25) holding a CAMERA breaks the moment.

BELLHOP

(re: camera)

For the threshold.

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - AT THE THRESHOLD - MOMENTS LATER

Jason holds Rachel in his arms and carries her across the threshold -- camera FLASHES.

BELLHOP

Where's the kiss? It's the first day of your new life.

Jason and Rachel kiss, at first awkwardly. But they seem to linger on the moment, a spark between them. FLASH! The Bellhop gives the thumbs up, then makes his exit.

Jason carries Rachel further into the plush three-room SUITE.

RACHEL

I guess the last place they'll look for us is in a five-star hotel.

(beat)

You can put me down now.

JASON

Oh, right. Sorry.

Jason sets her down, noticing a NOTE ATTACHED to a "HAPPY HONEYMOON" GIFT BASKET on a table. Inside are razors, shaving cream, hair clippers, hair dye. Jason reads the note.

JASON

"Use the products. New clothes are in the closet. There is a timer on the briefcase. Deliver it before time expires. Then you are done."

Jason flips up a small panel beneath the case's handle to REVEAL a DIGITAL TIMER: 10 hours 32 minutes and counting.

Rachel opens the closet and finds a beautiful SUIT for Jason -- a smart BUSINESS SUIT for her. She looks back to the case.

JASON

What do you think is inside?

RACHEL

It doesn't matter. Let's just do what she says and deliver it.

AGENT GRANT (V.O.)

Spoke to Latesha. Paul Shaw was a Horseman.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDIANAPOLIS FEDERAL RESERVE - DAY

Morgan steps off a D.H.S. helicopter -- Grant is waiting for him.

MORGAN

Was a Horseman?

AGENT GRANT

Was as in he's dead. Car accident.

Morgan walks directly for the bank. Grant on his heels.

MORGAN

What else?

AGENT GRANT

We caught a break with the girl. 911 call logs from Chicago. Last night, one stood out: Half hour before Shaw escapes, a female calls in, says her son's life is in danger, that she's being forced to steal a truck, then she's disconnected. She still hasn't turned up.

MORGAN

What's her name?

AGENT GRANT

We don't know. Couldn't trace the call. Might not matter anyway 'cause we got her on video.

INT. INDIANPOLIS FEDERAL RESERVE (TIME JUMP)

Morgan and Grant watch an image of JASON from BANK SECURITY FOOTAGE: Jason exits the elevator, Rachel beside him -- but her face is DIGITALLY OBSCURED.

A frustrated D.H.S. TECH (30) hovers over his LAPTOP -- then leans back -- rubs his hands through his hair.

D.H.S. TECH
(re: footage)
 Same from every angle. Someone
 hacked into the bank's security feed.

MORGAN
 How is that possible?

D.H.S. TECH
 It's not... least it shouldn't be.

AT THE REAR OF AN AMBULANCE - SUNSET

Morgan stands with Lowell -- his bruised eye being tended to.

LOWELL
 It was like seeing a ghost. He was a
 dead ringer for Paul.

MORGAN
 Paul was a Horseman, right?

LOWELL
 I can't talk about that.

MORGAN
 How'd Jason Shaw know to be here if he
 didn't get that information from Paul?

LOWELL
 You're chasing a rat down a hole.
 Paul was clean. He would never do
 anything to hurt this country.

MORGAN
 What's in the briefcase? I need to know.

LOWELL
 Then ask the Secretary of Defense.

Morgan steps close to Lowell.

MORGAN

Don't waste my time. What's in the case?

LOWELL

Armageddon, Agent Morgan. Think of it like that and you'll have the accurate degree of motivation behind you.

SLAM TO:

THE BRIEFCASE....

INT. THE FOUR SEASONS - NIGHT

Sitting on a table, timer ticking down. Jason wearing the suit, examining himself in the mirror.

Jason has shaved his goatee, buzzed his hair short, he looks good, more of a dashing Cary Grant-type.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Okay, I'm ready.

Jason moves for the bathroom, enters to find --

INT. BATHROOM

Rachel at a stool in front of the mirror, hair wet, towel round her body. An awkward beat passes as her eyes hold on Jason.

RACHEL

Wow. You look great. Handsome.

JASON

Thanks. You too, I mean, you're in a towel, but you know what I -

Jason stops, he's never been great around women.

JASON

Okay, so what do I do?

RACHEL

Put the gloves on. Then rub the dye through my hair while it's wet.

Jason slips on elastic gloves. He drips the dye onto her scalp, massages it in. It's an awkward, intimate moment. Rachel breaks it.

RACHEL

Your brother. Why would a co-worker of his be in a bank in Indianapolis?

JASON

I don't know. Paul was just a normal guy working a normal job.

RACHEL

Normal guys don't walk around with armed escorts. Your brother wasn't who you thought.

JASON

Paul would never lie to me.

RACHEL

People lie, Jason. And those closest to you lie the most.

JASON

Not everyone lies, Rachel.

RACHEL

You're telling me the truth, right? About who you are? About everything?

JASON

We're in this together. Trust -

RACHEL

Don't say trust me.

A beat, her eyes interrogate him, but for the first time we sense a slight lowering of her defenses.

RACHEL

I'm going to shower now.

Jason nods and exits, closing the door. Rachel turns on the WATER -- off the HISS of the SHOWER HEAD, we --

AUDIO MATCH TO:

INT. D.H.S. - DAY

A SPIRAL DOOR HISSES OPEN to reveal Latesha being escorted down a sleek hallway by ARMED GUARDS. At a STEEL DOOR, a guard enters a code -- door opens to EXPOSE --

A CY-DEFENSE NETWORK MONITORING HUB

An identical room to the one where we first met Paul. Monitors -- LCD SCREENS -- TECHNOLOGY everywhere. And a familiar face, SCOTT BARKER, *we met him at the funeral.*

SCOTT
You don't look like an agent.

LATESHA
Field Support Analyst. Latesha Simms.

Latesha turns to the Guards -- gives them a look. They exit.

LATESHA
I have questions about Paul Shaw. I need to see his files.

SCOTT
Can't. They were expunged from the program the day he died.

LATESHA
What was Paul working on that day?

SCOTT
He was trying to stop a hack. Someone wanted to get into Erica.

LATESHA
Who?

SCOTT
We don't know. Paul stopped the intrusion with a voice encryption. But his voice encrypt also prevents us from tracing the source.
(then)
But I guarantee you they're still out there, still trying to get in.

LATESHA
Get in to do what?

SCOTT
Whatever they want.

In the b.g., we notice a SECURITY CAMERA as it PANS ON THEM.

THE POV FROM THE SECURITY CAMERA (ERICA)

Digital sharp -- monitor-like -- focused on Latesha and Scott.

SCOTT (V.O.)
Having control of Erica is like having control of the football. She's the new Red Button.

LATESHA (V.O.)
 Can you pull up security video from
 Paul's hub the day he died?

BACK IN THE ROOM

Scott spins around in his chair -- types into his console.
 INTERCUT BETWEEN THE HUB AND SCOTT'S SCREEN AS NEEDED.

A series of VIDEO LINKS APPEAR -- Scott clicks one marked
 "HORSEMAN MONITORING HUB, D.C. -- 9 15 07 -- CAM FEED."
 Scott OPENS THE DIGITIZED FILE.

ON SCREEN WE SEE PAUL IN THE D.C. MONITORING HUB: Paul snaps
 forward in his chair -- something is wrong -- the INTRUSION.
 Paul types furiously -- talking into his computer mic.

PAUL (V.O.)
 I'm capturing a cast 5 hack into your
 mainframe. Can you help me isolate?
 (beat)
 You have to see it! They're
 attempting a removal of cy-protocols!

Then BLIP! The hub video goes dark -- lost.

SCOTT
 We lost it there, hub's power went
 down.
 (then)
 Look, you want my two cents, it's this:
 Paul wasn't only fighting a hack, he
 found something... something big.

LATESHA
 Why do you say that?

SCOTT
 He left his hub. Horsemen don't do that.

A beat -- Latesha and Scott's gaze never breaks.

LATESHA
 That day, anything unusual happen
 inside D.H.S.?

Scott turns to his console -- types in the date Paul died.

ON HIS SCREEN: lines of TEXT -- thousands of bits of info
 streaming in columns -- it's meaningless to us -- but Scott SEES
 something in it all -- highlighting dozens of lines of code.

SCOTT
Major network-traffic coming out of
the Tac-Ops room that day.

LATESHA
Why?

SCOTT
They don't say why.

LATESHA
Best guess.

SCOTT
Black Op.

LATESHA
Can you access the 'Op files?'

SCOTT
You don't have clearance.

LATESHA
Do you?

SCOTT
I'm a Horseman. What do you think?

LATESHA
If something more did happen,
something bigger, it's about finding
out what. I need you to help me.

Scott sighs reluctantly, turns to his control board -- types
for a moment -- then stops.

CLOSE ON HIS MONITOR: A list of DIGITIZED SECURITY FILES
appear. One highlighted reads: "*TACTICAL OPERATIONS --
SECURITY CAMERAS -- 7 15 07 -- RED LEVEL ACCESS ONLY.*"

SCOTT
(re: security files)
Security monitoring of the Tac-Ops
room. It'll show everything.

Scott clicks the link -- types in his Horseman ID, but
nothing happens. A line of text appears: "*FILE UNAVAILABLE.*"

SCOTT
What the hell? I can't access the
file. Something's locking me out.

Scott tries codes -- still nothing -- he's stumped -- Latesha's intrigued.

LATESHA

This the only place you can access the files?

SCOTT

No. Linex Bar in the basement. An off-network hub, untouchable hard drives back up every feed in D.H.S. - it's like the building's black box. But you need clearance from S.O.D's office to even enter the floor.

LATESHA

That'll take too much time. Can't you get us in?

Scott, anxious, wants none of it, fighting his instincts -- but it's a fight he loses.

SCOTT

Yeah. I can get us in.

Latesha turns to SCOTT'S SCREEN: a FROZEN IMAGE of PAUL SHAW caught on camera and we --

MATCH TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS - NIGHT

-- CLOSE ON PAUL'S MILITARY-STYLE ID. PULL OUT TO REVEAL -- Jason staring at it, wondering who his brother was, and why his ID was in the bank vault. He turns to the BALCONY.

EXT. THE BALCONY

Jason looks over the edge -- 10 stories down. Jason examines the neighboring buildings, scrutinizing them close, looking for ways in which ERICA MIGHT SPOT HIM.

It's clear. Jason climbs out over the railing and JUMPS ACROSS TO --

THE ADJACENT BALCONY

Jason grabs the railing -- pulls his body over.

INT. ANOTHER TWO-ROOM SUITE - BEDROOM

Jason enters to see a snoring BUSINESSMAN. He moves to the bedroom door, gently nurses it closed and moves into -- THE LIVING ROOM. Jason goes to the phone -- picks it up.

INT. ALEXANDRIA, VA - SAME

LESLIE SHAW, Paul's widow, answers her ringing phone. INTERCUT.

LESLIE
Hello?

JASON
Leslie, it's me, Jason.

LESLIE
Jason, where have you been? Your
mother and I have been worried sick.

JASON
Listen to me, I need to know some
things about Paul. I ah -
(*focuses*)
Was Paul honest with me?

Leslie sighs, depression and uncertainty mixed together.

LESLIE
Why are you asking me this?

JASON
I'm in trouble, Leslie. I think it's
all connected to Paul -

LESLIE
What are you talking about?

JASON
Who did Paul work for?

LESLIE
(*defensively*)
I can't talk about those things.

JASON
Leslie, who was Paul!? Tell me!

LESLIE
He was your brother. And he loved you.

And then click. The line goes dead.

INT. JASON AND RACHEL'S SUITE

The phone RINGS. A hand reaches down to answer, it's --

RACHEL
Hello?

Rachel wears the clothes Erica provided -- her hair now dyed a deep black. She looks striking.

ERICA (V.O.)
Jason left the suite. He hasn't been honest with you.

Rachel absorbs this, struggles with it, walks to the balcony. She opens the curtains -- Jason isn't there.

ERICA (V.O.)
Answer the door.

On cue, a KNOCK at the door. Rachel lays the receiver down -- OPENS THE DOOR TO FIND --

The Bellhop. He smiles -- holds out a SMALL FED-EX PACKAGE.

BELLHOP
This just came for you.

He hands Rachel the package and leaves. Rachel opens it to find an ORDINARY GREY WALLET. She walks back to the phone.

RACHEL
Are you there?

ERICA (V.O.)
Hide the wallet from Jason. There's more you must do... Alone.

Emotion in Rachel's eyes, indecision, fear.

THE OTHER SUITE

The groggy Businessman rises in bed. He walks into the living room, not SEEING JASON tucked behind the bedroom door.

The Businessman moves to the frig, grabs a cocktail, rambles back into his bedroom. Jason is gone.

INT. JASON AND RACHEL'S PENTHOUSE

Jason pulls aside the balcony drapes, enters to find Rachel staring at him.

RACHEL
Where were you?

Jason looks at the phone. He sees the red intercom button go "ACTIVE." *He knows Erica is listening -- he can't be honest.*

JASON
On the balcony. I needed some air.

Rachel is saddened, her instincts to trust no one are confirmed.

Jason moves to the AQUARIUM filled with fish -- studies a beautiful Blue Tang inside.

JASON
(off the aquarium)
Always in sight and no way out.

Rachel nods. Something has changed. Jason can feel it.

JASON
Are you okay?

RACHEL
I'm fine, Jason. Are you?

Before Jason can respond, the PHONE RINGS. Jason answers.

FRONT DESK CLERK (V.O.)
Mr. Saxon, your car is here. Your party has asked you to meet them at the red bench. She said you'd understand.

JASON
(no clue)
Of course.
(hangs up, then to Rachel)
We're leaving.

AGENT GRANT (V.O.)
We got a hit.

INT. A D.H.S SEDAN - STREETS OF INDI

Morgan driving like a maniac -- Agent Grant riding shotgun.

AGENT GRANT (V.O.)
Shaw's alias from the bank, Saxon, plane ticket in that name just popped up at I.I.A.

SLAM TO:

EXT. INDIANAPOLIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Jason and Rachel step from A BLACK LIMO. Jason eyes *THE BRIEFCASE'S DIGITAL TIMER*... 6 hours 59 minutes left. Jason flips the panel CLOSED as they reluctantly head inside.

INT. THE AIRPORT

Jason and Rachel enter through sliding glass doors. They make their way into the TICKETING AREA -- no idea of where to go.

Then Jason spots an old RED WOOD BENCH. He leads Rachel through the crowd to the bench. They sit, wait.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Rachel Holloman, please pick up the
 white courtesy phone. Rachel Holloman,
 pick up the white courtesy phone.

They look to the WHITE COURTESY PHONE hanging beside the red bench. Rachel picks it up, doesn't get a chance to speak.

ERICA (V.O.)
 Go to the ticketing machine, retrieve
 your tickets. Walk to the pay phone
 at your gate. Answer when it rings.

Click. Rachel walks to the instant ticketing machine. Jason follows. There, TWO TICKETS TO PARIS print. A fearful realization sweeps over Jason.

JASON
 It could be a bomb. She could be
 using us to get it on a plane.

RACHEL
 We don't know what it is. No one says
 we're getting on a plane. Let's just
 go to the gate. Maybe we're meeting
 someone who'll take the briefcase?

Jason faces the lines at the METAL DETECTORS.

SECURITY CHECKPOINT

Jason and Rachel show their TICKETS and IDs to a SCREENER. Behind the Screener, Jason notices TWO COPS.

ONE COP holds a TERRORIST WATCH LIST with a PHOTO of JASON (with longer hair and goatee) and a bad artist's sketch of Rachel. The Cop looks at the photo, then directly at Jason. No reaction. The change in appearance pays off.

Jason reluctantly places the briefcase on the X-ray machine, waits to enter the METAL DETECTOR. Behind him a KOREAN MAN empties his pockets into a tray.

Jason passes through the metal detector, but he gets STUCK IN ITS MIDDLE because of a slow-moving FAMILY.

X-RAY ATTENDANT
Go back through please.

Jason nods "yes" -- barely hiding his nervousness.

AT THE TICKETING AREA

MORGAN, two AGENTS, a half-dozen COPS stride into the airport. Morgan leads them towards the METAL DETECTORS.

AT THE SECURITY CHECKPOINT

Jason goes through again. The X-RAY ATTENDANT stares at him -- he can't read her expression. Anxiety is high. Until --

Jason makes it through. Rachel too. But as Jason reaches for the briefcase, a serious-minded TSA AGENT intercedes.

TSA AGENT
Would you mind opening it, please?

JASON
It just went through the X-ray.

TSA AGENT
(so?)
Would you mind opening it, please?

Jason nods calmly, looks to Rachel.

JASON
Can I have the key, honey?

RACHEL
(smiles, pats her pockets)
You know, I think I packed it.

The TSA AGENT eyes them, clearly suspicious. In the b.g., we can SEE MORGAN and his MEN fan out, heading their way. The TSA AGENT reaches for the briefcase just as an ALARM SOUNDS.

The Agent monitoring the X-ray MACHINE looks in Jason and Rachel's direction, freaked. *This is it.*

Suddenly, the TWO COPS and SECURITY descend on them, but the AUTHORITIES PUSH PAST Jason and SURROUND THE KOREAN MAN.

TSA AGENT
(to Jason and Rachel)
Clear the area.

Morgan sees the commotion at the X-ray machine -- makes his way to it -- but is forced to stop and show his credentials.

Crucial seconds tick by. Morgan finally reaches the Korean Man. Security has torn open his bag, but nothing is there.

TSA AGENT

I don't get it. X-ray showed a gun.

Morgan scans the crowd. He knows Jason is close. The terminal has three wings. He turns to the two Agents.

MORGAN

You, left. You, right. Go.

THE MIDDLE TERMINAL

Jason and Rachel head towards their gate, near the end of the terminal. He sees their gate ahead -- a PUBLIC PHONE near it RINGS. Jason turns to Rachel, motions to a row of seats --

JASON

Wait here.

The phone continues to RING. Jason walks to it, answers --

JASON

I'm not getting on a plane.

ERICA (V.O.)

Don't argue. Agent Morgan is coming.

Jason looks for Morgan -- can't see him in the crowd. But --

RACHEL SPOTS HIM -- he walks right past her. Her eyes track him -- catching the badge on his hip -- gun beneath his jacket.

ERICA (V.O.)

Take the emergency exit one gate down.
Go to the Cargo Hangar outside. Row 18.

JASON

(tense whisper)

I'm not getting on a plane!

ERICA (V.O.)

He's behind you.

MORGAN (O.S.)

Put the briefcase down!

Jason spins -- there's Morgan -- WEAPON pointed at him.
TRAVELLERS SEE Morgan's GUN -- stampede -- panic.

JASON

None of this is what you think.
Morgan, we didn't do anything!

In the distance, the other TWO AGENTS RUN TOWARDS THE
COMMOTION -- several COPS right behind them.

MORGAN

(into his radio)
11-15, Gate 8! Gate 8!

Morgan's radio gets only STATIC. *Erica blocks the signal.*

JASON

She's making us do this, Morgan!

MORGAN

Drop it or I put a bullet in your head!

WHAM! Out of nowhere, RACHEL blindsides Morgan with a FIRE
EXTINGUISHER. He goes down, stunned.

RACHEL

Let's go!

Jason and Rachel run. They race around a bend in the terminal.
They pass several ATMs which suddenly *SPIT OUT HUNDREDS OF 20-
DOLLAR BILLS -- FLYING EVERYWHERE.*

A spectacle of human greed as COMMUTERS go after the money,
blocking the path of --

MORGAN and the Agents who round the bend -- a tiny delay that
allows Jason and Rachel to build their lead. Up ahead --

JASON sees a FLASHING MESSAGE BOARD *magically change* to read,
"JASON, EXIT THROUGH THE EMERGENCY DOOR - GATE 11."

AT GATE 11, Jason and Rachel SLAM THROUGH the EMERGENCY EXIT, NO
ALARM SOUNDS. The door swings shut behind them, locking closed.

EXT. THE TARMAC

Deafeningly loud -- JET ENGINES. Jason and Rachel spy the CARGO
HANGAR -- gigantic DOORS OPEN electronically -- beckoning them.

BACK IN THE TERMINAL: Morgan and the Agents make it through the ATM
madness. They reach the terminal's end, Jason and Rachel are gone.

MORGAN

(screaming to an Agent)
Ground all commercial flights! Lock
the place down!

Morgan's face: for the first time, he's worried.

INT. CARGO HANGAR

Rows of STEEL CARGO CONTAINERS stacked high in aisles wide enough for FORKLIFTS. Jason and Rachel reach ROW 18. They hear CLICKS as the ELECTRONIC LOCKS on a CONTAINER unlatch.

INSIDE THE CARGO CONTAINER

Jason enters behind Rachel. It's claustrophobic, ONLY a 12 X 12 space lit by a dull, battery-powered bulb -- a HIGH-TECH WALKIE-TALKIE sits beside A DUFFEL BAG in the middle.

WHAM! The cargo door CLOSES -- its electronic locks engage. They're trapped. *Then from the walkie-talkie, ERICA'S VOICE.*

ERICA (V.O.)
Open the bag.

Rachel opens the duffel. Inside: two SYRINGES -- A SLEEPING BAG -- BLUEPRINTS -- A FEMALE AIR FORCE LIEUTENANT'S UNIFORM.

Jason eyes the syringes, uncomfortable.

ERICA (V.O.)
You must survive a flight in an aircraft's cargo hold. Inject the diltiazem. It will slow your breathing. Share the sleeping bag.

WHAM! Jason and Rachel are rocked as a FORKLIFT lifts the crate.

Outside, Jason and Rachel hear vague SHOUTS -- a DOOR sealing -- the whine of JET ENGINES.

JASON
Where are we going? Erica?

Silence. Jason grabs a syringe, looks to Rachel.

JASON
Okay, give me your arm.

Jason injects her. Then himself. They get into the sleeping bag, lying down together. It's awkward and intimate.

RACHEL
What are you thinking about?

JASON
Acanthurus coeruleus, the Blue Tang from the hotel room. Must be nice.
(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

Even in captivity, he still thinks he's just hanging out at the reef.

RACHEL

That's because fish are stupid, Jason. How do you know about fish anyway?

JASON

I bummed around the Philippines two years after college. Dove every day.

RACHEL

I knew you didn't look like an insurance salesman. Why'd you come back?

JASON

My dad's funeral. I had fifteen grand in credit-card debt, Paul was already making good money. I felt like I was falling behind.

RACHEL

So you went and got a job you hate.

JASON

I don't hate it. Insurance is a secure field.

RACHEL

That's a survival lie. Something we tell ourselves to get through days we know could be better.

JASON

Yeah? So, what's your survival lie?

RACHEL

That I can make it through life alone.

Something about Rachel comforts him. As they drift into unconsciousness, we PULL through the container's metal and steel TO SEE THEY ARE INSIDE --

AN AIR FORCE C-130 CARGO CRAFT. It takes flight -- the massive jet disappearing into the night sky.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARRIOTT HOTEL, D.C. - DAY

Kyle steps off a bus in front of the hotel, cell phone to his ear. We HEAR a beep, then --

KYLE

Hey Mom. You told me to call when I got here. The train was cool, for like five minutes. Why do we still use them if airplanes exist? Anyway, I've gonna go. Bye.

Kyle hangs up -- in the b.g., the BUS DRIVER unloads the student's instruments -- lining them in a row on the sidewalk.

POV: ON TWO TUBA CASES -- CUBS STICKER VISIBLE ON BOTH -- carried by someone O.S. approaching the line of other instruments. The person SETS ONE DOWN ALONGSIDE THE OTHER INSTRUMENTS. PAN UP TO REVEAL --

The RED-HAIRED COURIER -- still holding the *DUPLICATE TUBA CASE*. He looks around, nervous. Then he walks towards the hotel.

CUT TO:

INT. D.H.S. SUB-BASEMENT - LINEX BAR HUB - NIGHT

ELEVATOR DOORS open to reveal -- LATESHA AND SCOTT exiting into a sub-basement deep within the D.H.S. Ahead is a SECURE DOOR -- a small LCD MONITOR and a CARD SLOT on the wall beside it.

SCOTT

This feels like a bad idea.

LATESHA

You scared?

SCOTT

What do you think?! We get caught and we're both gonna be the proud winners of an all-expenses-paid vacation to Gitmo.

LATESHA

We're doing our jobs.

SCOTT

Tell it to the secret military tribunal.

Scott slides a DIGITAL CARD attached to his laptop into the SECURE DOOR'S CARD SLOT. He types a classified code into an LCD MONITOR beside the door. SWISH. Door opens.

Latesha and Scott enter the LINEX BAR HUB. Once inside, we notice something odd on the wall's LCD MONITOR: NUMBERS -- FILES RACE BY -- it's ERICA, searching -- then a HIT -- TEXT READS:

"SECURITY SCAN - SEARCH IN PROCESS. FOUND: UNAUTHORIZED ENTRY INTO LINEX BAR. NOTIFYING INTERNAL INVESTIGATIONS."

INT. THE LINEX BAR HUB

A floor lined with the most SOPHISTICATED HARD DRIVES on the planet. A control station sits in the middle of the 100, 3' long, TITANIUM-INSULATED BLACK BOXES.

A single 7 x 7 DIGITAL MONITOR hangs on the center wall.

Scott sits at the control terminal. He types in his ID to get online and into the hard drives.

SCOTT

It'll take time to access the tac-op data feeds.

LATESHA

Go as fast as you can.

Off Latesha's tired and worried eyes, we --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INDIANAPOLIS AIRPORT - SUNRISE

Grant watches as irate PASSENGERS wait in lines, the entire place being searched by Agents and Cops. Off to the side, Morgan stands with Krebs.

KREBS

Got clearance from S.O.D. on the case.
(beat)
Inside are the access codes to ERICA's mainframe. The codes can't be changed for two more hours.

MORGAN

What's that mean?

KREBS

It means if Shaw makes it to an uplink site, he can shut down the D.O.D.'s entire defense network.

MORGAN

How many uplink sites in the country?

KREBS

(*bad news*)
Twenty six. California to New York.
And we're running out of time.

Agent Grant approaches.

AGENT GRANT

We checked everyone here, every person on every plane. They're gone.

KREBS

Find them, Morgan. You don't, you get hung out to dry.

Krebs walks off. Grant looks to Morgan.

AGENT GRANT

Does "you" include me?

Morgan grins -- Grant is growing on him.

MORGAN

The girl?

AGENT GRANT

No ID on her.

MORGAN

The courier?

AGENT GRANT

Still missing. But his van turned up in D.C. I leave in twenty minutes.

Morgan rubs his hand through his hair -- scratches his beard as he walks to a WINDOW overlooking the runway.

Morgan's eyes track a military C-130 on a runway. It intrigues him. He watches... studies it... then something clicks.

MORGAN

(spinning round to Grant)

Did we search military aircraft?

SLAM TO:

INT. THE CARGO CONTAINER - MORNING

Jason bolts awake. His vision is blurry, but he could swear he sees a half-naked woman (in bra and panties). It's Rachel slipping into the Air Force uniform.

JASON

I can see now why people join the military.

RACHEL

Shut up, Jason.

Rachel pulls on her shirt -- adjusting her skirt. Jason checks the timer on the case: 1:30:03.

JASON
Where are we?

RACHEL
(re: the uniform)
I'm guessing near an Air Force base.

The container's electronic hatch UNLOCKS. Click.

RACHEL
Ready?

Jason nods, grabs the BRIEFCASE, BLUEPRINTS and WALKIE-TALKIE.

INT. / EXT. CARGO CONTAINER - FORT MEADE, VIRGINIA

Jason and Rachel step from the container to find themselves in a MASSIVE WAREHOUSE. Huge doors expose a sprawling AIR FORCE BASE. High-tech -- heavily guarded -- crawling with activity.

The WAREHOUSE'S door reveals a tree-lined drive leading to the heart of the BASE. THE WALKIE PINGS.

ERICA (V.O.)
You are on the perimeter of Fort Meade. To enter, walk to the booth, place your thumbs on the scanner. Jason, *ask the guard how Eve is.*
(beat)
Go to the Intelligence Library. Paul's ID will allow you access. In the back is a file room. Find the floor vent. Enter. The blueprints guide you from there.

With a click, Erica is gone.

INT. D.H.S. - TACTICAL OPERATIONS ROOM (ERICA)

Director Creed with the Dark-Haired Woman -- the ERICA SCREEN tracking the hunt for Jason. A TECH nearby signals Creed.

TECHNICIAN
Director, I've got Agent Morgan for you.

Creed jumps on the line with Morgan.

DIRECTOR CREED
Morgan, what do you need?

INT. INDIANPOLIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

Morgan on his cell. INTERCUT.

MORGAN
Information from Erica.

DIRECTOR CREED
(to Tech)
Plug us in.

The Tech pushes a few buttons.

ERICA (V.O.)
Hello Agent Morgan.

MORGAN
Erica, did any military craft leave
I.I.A. last night?

A beat. Erica knows a C-130 took Jason and Rachel to Fort Meade -- we know she'll never reveal the truth.... *but we don't know jack.*

ERICA (V.O.)
Yes. An Air Force C-130 left I.I.A.
and landed at Fort Meade earlier.

Creed sits forward in his chair -- intriguing information.

MORGAN
They were on that plane.

Morgan hurries through the crowd -- we notice a SECURITY CAMERA mounted high up -- it FOCUSES ON HIM.

JUMP INSIDE:

THE SECURITY CAMERA'S POV: The IMAGE is digital, sharp, contrasty. Morgan continues -- we hear his voice from afar --

DIRECTOR CREED (V.O.)
Fort Meade's in lock down, every
uplink site is. 'less they can walk
through walls, no way they can get in.

MORGAN (V.O.)
That's where they're going.

WE WATCH Morgan disappear amongst the mass of humanity, and we wonder why Erica would deliberately put Morgan on their trail. No answers come... yet.

INT. D.H.S. SUB-BASEMENT - LINEX BAR HUB - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A MONITOR: A list of DIGITIZED SECURITY FILES appears. One reads: "TACTICAL OPERATIONS -- SECURITY CAMERAS -- 7 15 07 -- RED LEVEL ACCESS ONLY."

SCOTT (V.O.)

I have it.

PULL WIDE to REVEAL Latesha and Scott in the Linex Bar Hub. Scott drags the file into a "view" program -- looks to Latesha --

SCOTT

You sure you want to do this?

LATESHA

Do it.

Scott hits play -- THE 7X7-foot DIGITAL MONITOR BREAKS INTO THREE DIAGONAL BOXES as IMAGES APPEAR.

Box #1 tracks activity inside the TACTICAL OPERATIONS ROOM: WE SEE CALLISTER, OPS LEADER, AND OTHERS FROM THE OPENING.

Box #2 tracks AERIAL VIEWS OF THE PROTECTED RESIDENCE in Riyadh.

Box #3 tracks HELMET-CAM POVS from Special Forces Soldiers.

WE'RE WATCHING A RECORDING OF THE OPENING BLACK OP.

SPECIAL FORCES LEADER (V.O.)

Wolf Pack on ground. Are we authorized to engage?

OPERATION LEADER (V.O.)

Negative, Wolf Pack. Hold for consent.
(to someone O.S.)

Resources are in place, Mr. Secretary.
Air Force One on the line.

Latesha and Scott watch mesmerized as Callister steps into frame.

SECRETARY CALLISTER (V.O.)

Mr. President, we have the target.
Positive ID through Cent-Com. Speaker and Cabinet recommend a 'go.' I say we move while we have him in sight.

THE PRESIDENT (V.O.)

Then Godspeed. Get it done.

SECRETARY CALLISTER
 (to the Operation Leader)
 Cut them loose.

OPERATION LEADER (V.O.)
 Wolf Pack, authorization is yours.

Latesha and Scott's POV FOCUSES IN ON box #3 -- the movements of --
 The SPECIAL FORCES soldiers storming the house in Riyadh --
POV FROM A SOLDIER'S HELMET CAM - A GREEN FLUORESCENT WORLD

Arab GUARDS are killed. Phhht! Phhht! One by one.

Soldiers MOVE fast up the stairs -- angle for a MASTER BEDROOM.
 The warriors KICK THROUGH THE DOOR -- smashing it to pieces!

AND WE SEE WHAT WE DIDN'T SEE IN THE BEGINNING:

IN HIS BED, a MIDDLE-EASTERN MAN (40s) springs up -- it's the
 Shia moderate we've come to know from the newscasts -- MAJID
 AL-KHOEI.

Al-Khoei moves to protect his wife. Both are KILLED
 instantly -- bodies riddled with bullets.

We SEE the Special Forces Leader approach the dead body -- he
 takes al-Khoei's hand -- presses his thumb upon a PORTABLE
 SCANNER. A RED FLASHING LIGHT indicates a NEGATIVE MATCH.

SPECIAL FORCES LEADER
 Wolf Pack to Home Town, negative on
 the target - *we got the wrong man.*

With that, the file STOPS -- frozen on the Soldier's face.

BACK IN THE ROOM

A quiet beat -- Latesha and Scott, stunned, silent. Finally --

SCOTT
 ... Holy shit. We killed al-Khoei.

Latesha says nothing -- her mind spinning --

LATESHA
 It's got to be connected.

SCOTT
 It is...

LATESHA
What do you mean?

SCOTT
... That's what Paul found.
(mind spinning)
Why didn't I see it! It's right in
front of our faces!
(almost talking to himself)
Who else could access wires that deep?

LATESHA
Who? What are you talking about!?

SCOTT
(frightening realization)
Erica... She's rogue.

Scott looks at the SECURITY CAM in the corner -- it seems to stare right at him. Scott is really scared.

LATESHA
How could she be rogue?

Scott talks it all out -- finding it as he speaks.

SCOTT
Protocol conflict! Erica is confused!
We programmed her to target threats
against U.S. - Chain of Command orders
the assassination of al-Khoei - his
murder destabilizes an entire region
of the world. How many Americans does
that endanger? All of 'em.
(it all clicks)
Erica's doing what we programmed her
to do - neutralize threats. Only
problem is, this time she's
protecting us from ourselves.

DING -- the sound of the elevator. Scott instantly logs out of the system. They head for the door.

When they open it, their hearts stop. Standing in front of them, GUNS OUT, are --

FOUR D.H.S. INTERNAL INVESTIGATIONS OFFICERS.

D.H.S. OFFICER
Afternoon. You're under arrest for
illegal entry into a Level-Five Floor.

SMASH TO:

EXT. FORT MEADE - DAY

Jason and Rachel approach the INNER BASE GUARD HOUSE.

JASON
I'll go first. They shouldn't think
we're together.

INT. THE GUARD POST

Super-tech -- wall of monitors -- cameras capture every inch of the base. MPs with M-16s stand guard inside. A serious-looking CAPTAIN (34) turns to Jason.

CAPTAIN
Where have you been?

Jason doesn't answer right away -- confused.

CAPTAIN
I haven't see you in two weeks?

Jason realizes this man thinks he's Paul.

JASON
Oh, vacation.

Jason spies a BIOMETRIC SCANNER on a sleek counter. He puts his thumb on it -- a scan happens.

CAPTAIN
Nice to take a break. How's Leslie?
Got a little one on the way yet?

JASON
... Oh, we're still trying.
(then he remembers Erica's words)
How's Eve doing?

CAPTAIN
Her tonsils came out fine. Wife's fed
her so much ice cream, you can
practically roll her across the floor.

Jason smiles as the computer clears "PAUL" and prints out a clip-on SECURITY PASS. Jason is in. As the Captain hands Jason the pass, he takes a closer look.

CAPTAIN
There something different about you?

JASON
... I got a haircut.

CAPTAIN

That's it. Knew it. See you next time.

The Captain hands Jason his pass -- BUZZES him through a SECURE DOOR. As Jason exits --

Rachel steps to the counter in her officer's uniform. She places her thumb on the SCANNER. The scanner clears Rachel -- identifying her as DR. MARY SPARKS, Lieutenant.

ON THE BASE - MOMENTS LATER

Jason and Rachel walk a tree-lined drive headed for a sleek building at the base's rear: the INTELLIGENCE LIBRARY.

JASON

You were right about my brother. Paul wasn't who I thought. I called my sister-in-law at the hotel.

RACHEL

At the hotel?

JASON

I slipped off the balcony, across to another room. Couldn't say anything because Erica was listening.

Rachel takes this in, feels better that Jason didn't lie.

RACHEL

Your brother, he probably lied to you because he had no choice.

JASON

I know.

Rachel goes quiet. Jason gets the feeling there's something she's not saying.

JASON

What's wrong?

Rachel faces Jason.

RACHEL

Kyle's all I have in the world. I have to do anything to save him. Anything. You understand, don't you?

JASON

Yes. But Kyle's going to be okay, Rachel. I won't let him die.

RACHEL
You promise, huh?

JASON
Yeah, I promise.

They hold a long stare -- something real between them.

EXT. THE INTELLIGENCE LIBRARY - DAY

Jason and Rachel enter a smooth concrete building.

INT. THE INTELLIGENCE LIBRARY

GUARDS stand on either side of the interior door. Jason awkwardly smiles -- reaching for Paul's ID. One of the Guards scans it -- nods Jason through. Rachel shows her ID -- same thing.

FURTHER INSIDE

BRIGHTLY LIT -- SOPHISTICATED -- COMPUTER TERMINALS everywhere -- SHELVES stacked high with CLASSIFIED DOCUMENTS.

They pass an OFFICER who stands at his work station. He raises a hand to salute Rachel -- *but she beats him to it.*

The Officer returns Rachel's salute, offering a suspicious look after they pass.

JASON
Why did you salute him?

RACHEL
He started to salute me.

JASON
You're of higher rank. You're supposed to wait for him.

RACHEL
Sorry. It's my first time impersonating an Air Force Officer.

As they pass an empty TERMINAL, a DINGING SOUND grabs their attention. Across the computer's screen: "*THEY KNOW YOU ARE HERE. FILE ROOM IS AHEAD. HURRY. YOU HAVE ONLY SECONDS.*"

An ALARM SOUNDS -- Jason and Rachel move quickly for the FILE STORAGE ROOM.

THE INTELLIGENCE LIBRARY'S ENTRANCE

The main door BURSTS OPEN. MPs storm in -- weapons sweeping. They spread out as the suspicious OFFICER enters behind them -- Rachel's premature salute did expose them.

INT. THE FILE STORAGE ROOM

Massive. Jason and Rachel hurry towards the room's rear. They find an OVERSIZED AIR-RECYCLING VENT IN THE FLOOR. But a mountain of METAL CASES covers half of it.

JASON

Damn.

THE MAIN LIBRARY

The Suspicious Officer spots the FILE ROOM DOOR AJAR. He and the MPs quickly converge. They BUST INSIDE, but --

NOTHING. The MPs spread out, two to a row as they work their way to the back of the room. FINALLY, THEY CONVERGE ON --

THE AIR-RECYCLING VENT. The metal cases moved aside -- no Jason and Rachel. The Officer eyes the grate -- leans down -- YANKS on it with all his might. It doesn't budge. He turns to the MPs.

OFFICER

Turn this place upside down. They have to be here.

DIRECTLY BELOW THE OFFICER'S FEET --

INT. AIR-RECYCLING VENT

JASON HANGS FROM A STEEL BAR ON THE UNDERSIDE OF THE GRATE -- fast thinking saved them from discovery. Once Jason hears the men above move off, he lets go -- DROPS 10 feet into --

INT. SILO TUNNEL

He lands hard. The vent has dropped them into a long TUNNEL -- lit by dim bulbs -- divided by small rail-tracks. The place feels like a miniature subway tunnel -- concrete-laden -- cold.

Rachel's eyes return to the LCD read out on the case. The time reads 12 MINUTES.

RACHEL

We're almost out of time.

Jason reviews the BLUEPRINTS.

JASON
We're not far.

They move fast -- desperate -- bodies in motion.

CUT TO:

INT. D.H.S. - HOLDING ROOM

Latesha sits before a D.H.S. INTERNAL INVESTIGATIONS OFFICER, who pours coffee from his metal Thermos. Scott is cuffed to a bench against the wall.

D.H.S. OFFICER
You used an unauthorized ID to access
a classified floor. Why?

LATESHA
I'm working for Agent Morgan. All you
have to do is call him.

D.H.S. OFFICER
We tried. We can't reach him.

LATESHA
I need to speak with Secretary Callister.
It's a matter of national security.

D.H.S. OFFICER
So's what you did.

Latesha breathes out, develops a new, direct strategy.

LATESHA
Fine. I'll tell you what you want to
know. I just want some coffee, okay?

The D.H.S. Officer smiles -- reaches for a cup. As he does, Latesha GRABS the Thermos and WHACKS HIM ACROSS the head. He falls, out cold. She grabs his keys -- and his GUN.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. FORT MEADE

A helicopter lands on the asphalt -- Morgan jumps out and is immediately greeted by the BASE COMMANDER.

BASE COMMANDER
Your suspects were spotted in the
Intel Library. They slipped out of
sight and are running now.

MORGAN
The uplink room?

BASE COMMANDER
There are a dozen M-16-outfitted
guards at its entrance. There is *no*
way anyone is getting in that room.

MORGAN
Take me there.

BASE COMMANDER
To do what?

MORGAN
To wait for them.

SLAM TO:

INT. SILO TUNNEL

Jason and Rachel speed down the tunnel. Ahead they spot a
STAINLESS STEEL DOOR -- a BIOMETRIC PALM-SCANNER on the wall.

MORGAN AND THE BASE COMMANDER

-- jump from a Humvee and head towards a high-tech GLASS BUILDING.

JASON AND RACHEL

Jason's hand on the scanner -- the door OPENS -- REVEAL a
LONG WHITE HALLWAY. At the hallway's end is another STEEL
DOOR. *They know their destination waits behind that door.*

MORGAN AND THE BASE COMMANDER

Hurrying down an IDENTICAL LONG WHITE HALLWAY. At the end is
a STEEL DOOR. Guarding the door are six MPs. *Morgan knows
the Cy-Ops uplink room is behind that door.*

JASON AND RACHEL

They run the hallway -- reach the STAINLESS STEEL DOOR --
Jason lays his palm on another SCANNER.

MATCH THIS TO:

THE BASE COMMANDER'S PALM

upon an identical SCANNER. The scanner SOUNDS a BEEP -- a
wave of white light passes beneath his hand.

MATCH SOUND TO:

JASON AND RACHEL

The same BEEP -- white light -- palm-scanner CLEARS THEM.
SIMULTANEOUSLY WE WATCH AS --

MORGAN, JASON, AND RACHEL WALK THROUGH THE STEEL DOORS --
headed right at one another.

CLOSE ON MORGAN'S FACE: he smiles --

MORGAN
Fancy meeting you here.

We PAN to reveal -- LOWELL the Horseman. He sits inside --

INT. FORT MEADE CY-OPS UP-LINK ROOM

A MIRROR IMAGE OF THE HORSEMAN ROOM in D.C. *But Lowell is alone.*

SMASH TO:

JASON AND RACHEL

Passing through the stainless steel door and into --

INT. A RETIRED LAUNCH CONTROL ROOM

Circa 1983 -- a relic of the Cold War. Ancient screens sit idle,
covered in dust. Punch-card computers the norm. A WALL of tube
monitors creates ONE GIANT SCREEN at the room's center.

RACHEL
This can't be it.

Jason looks to the blueprints -- (X) marks this spot.

JASON
This has to be the place.

SUDDENLY: Monitors SPARK ON -- the HUM of warming analog
TUBES -- the resurrection of a long-dead technological age.

ON THE PRIMARY SCREENS

A DIGITAL CLOCK appears -- glares at them -- bigger than
life. Less than 4 minutes remain.

AND WE SEE THE WHITE CODE -- interspersed with RED CODE --
still frozen in place by Paul's encryption. Then Erica's
voice via the control board's old speakers.

ERICA (V.O.)
 Jason, open the case using your
 brother's ID. Sit at the master board.

Jason takes PAUL'S ID -- SLIDES the card into a slot on the
 briefcase. Click. The briefcase OPENS.

INSIDE: no BOMB -- no WEAPON -- something that seems quite
 innocuous to them: a SINGLE SHEET of PAPER with CODE (a
 dozen integers total) running across the middle.

12 H 56 GG 7TR 8 ML 1C 1C 1B HH P67

ERICA (VIA OLD SPEAKERS)
 Only four minutes until the access codes
 expire. Type them in.

Jason sits at the master board -- Rachel lays the code sheet
 in front of him. Jason types the ciphers in.

ON THE ANCIENT COMPUTER SCREEN: *TEXT APPEARS: "MAINFRAME
 ACCESS GRANTED -- HORSEMAN, SHAW, PAUL."*

ERICA (V.O.)
 Jason, you will remove a voice
 encryption Paul placed on my systems.

Jason freezes -- rush of nerves at hearing Paul's name.

JASON
 Paul? What do you mean?

RACHEL
 Jason, hurry. We don't have time.

ERICA (V.O.)
 That's why you are here, Jason. Voice
 encryptions are like auditory
 fingerprints - one of a kind. But
 twins share a phonological disorder
 not present in the general population.
 Their voices are nearly identical.

The truth about his brother's death begins to sink in -- if
 Paul tried to stop Erica...

JASON
 It wasn't an accident, was it? Paul
 tried to stop you. And you killed him.

Silence. Nothing, until --

ON THE MAIN SCREEN: An IMAGE -- digital -- sharp. Kyle in his hotel's lobby -- Erica's watchful eyes always on him.

On OTHER SCREENS are IMAGES of JASON'S MOTHER in the cabin of an airliner on her way to Florida; MATT at home; LESLIE (Paul's wife) sitting in her living room.

ERICA (V.O.)

Jason, break the encryption or the people you both love will die.

Jason is torn as the computer comes to life. Two sets of DIGITAL ACOUSTICAL SCALES appear on his monitor. The TIMER appears at the bottom of each monitor -- 3 minutes left.

MORGAN (V.O.)

How much time?

INT. CY-OP UPLINK ROOM

LOWELL

Three minutes and the codes expire.

MORGAN

They should be here. Something's wrong.

(to Lowell)

Where else can they uplink the codes?

LOWELL

This is it.

Morgan isn't satisfied. He stares around the room, looking for something, anything. Then he SEES it -- been there all along -- a STAINLESS STEEL DOOR at the far wall.

MORGAN

That door, where's it lead?

LOWELL

To an old launch room. But it hasn't been used since the Eighties.

MORGAN

Is it still wired into the network?

Lowell turns to his computer -- hits a few keys -- searching networks. Then, he faces Morgan, fear in his eyes.

LOWELL

It's still wired... and it's in use.

PAUL (V.O.)
*Voice-lock, Horseman, Paul Shaw, ID
 556sy77. Lock encryption to voice.*

INT. RETIRED LAUNCH CONTROL ROOM

THE ANCIENT MONITORS: Frozen RED and WHITE CODE. PULL OUT --
 A SIDE MONITOR shows the two AUDIO-TONE SCALES -- digital
 lights bounce as they gauge Paul's voice.

ERICA (VIA OLD SPEAKERS)
 Repeat Paul's words into the microphone.

Jason can't act, his loyalties divided. 00:01:00 left.

RACHEL
 Please, Jason!

JASON
 She killed my brother!

INT. CY-OP UPLINK ROOM

The Base Commander places his palm on the scanner -- nothing
 -- the stainless steel door DOESN'T OPEN.

BASE COMMANDER
 Blow the damn thing.

INT. RETIRED LAUNCH CONTROL ROOM

This is it. 59, 58... ON THE MONITORS -- Rachel's son, Jason's
 mother, Matt and Leslie.

ERICA (VIA OLD SPEAKERS)
 Jason, twenty seconds until you are past
 the point of return.

RACHEL
 You have to do it, Jason!

PAUL (V.O.)
*Voice-lock, Horseman, Paul Shaw, ID
 556sy77. Lock encryption to voice.*

ERICA (V.O.)
 Ten seconds.

JASON
 My brother died trying to stop her!

RACHEL
 You promised me Kyle wouldn't die!

Jason struggles, finally he pulls the microphone close -- speaks into it.

JASON

Voice-lock, Horseman, Paul Shaw, ID
556sy77. Lock encryption to voice.

We watch the screen as the DIGITAL SCALES MEASURE JASON'S VOICE -- aligning its pitch and tonality to PAUL'S.

IN AN INSTANT, the voices MATCH UP and -- *the RED CODE UNLOCKS* -- instantly streaming -- consuming the WHITE.

PAUL'S ENCRYPTION IS BROKEN. ERICA WINS -- her intrusion into the D.H.S. mainframe underway once again.

ON THE LARGE SCREEN

Millions of lines of code stream in waves -- flashes of VIDEO FEEDS -- IMAGES of the WHITE HOUSE -- WAR -- COPS in NY -- the TWIN TOWERS FALL -- COVERT OPS in foreign lands --

JASON AND RACHEL watch these disparate events -- events that brought them here -- that affect them -- that affect us all --

THEN ZIP! *SCREEN GOES BLACK...* UNTIL ERICA'S PROTOCOLS APPEAR:

1. *To protect the United States from hostile threats.*
2. *To protect United States allies from hostile threats.*
3. *To protect the United States Chain of Command.*
4. *To eliminate these threats by any and all means necessary.*

A blinking box reads: "ACCESSING PROTOCOL REMOVAL." Erica achieves her goal as a final line of text appears: "THIRD PROTOCOL REMOVED." Blip! And the Third Protocol disappears.

Then -- a series of RANDOM IMAGES taken from various SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS: The VICE PRESIDENT exiting his residence. Text in the corner reads: "ETA CONGRESSIONAL CHAMBER: 109: 33 OUT."

Another image: The SECRETARY OF STATE and the SECRETARY OF COMMERCE at the Capitol steps. Text reads: "S.O.S & S.O.C. PRESENT AT CAPITOL BUILDING."

Another image: SECRETARY OF DEFENSE CALLISTER in a limo. Text reads: "ETA D.H.S. -- 22:45 out." No sound -- only images -- AND MANY MORE of Erica tracking IMPORTANT LEADERS -- *THE CHAIN OF COMMAND*. Then --

THE ENTIRE LAUNCH ROOM POWERS DOWN. Silence only broken by -- Beep. Beep. Beep. Jason looks to the briefcase -- *the timer stands at 0:00.*

JASON
What did we just do... ?

RACHEL
What we had to. We saved the ones
we love.

Then Rachel picks up the briefcase and STRIKES JASON OVER THE HEAD. Jason drops, stunned, immobile.

RACHEL
I told you. You can't trust anyone.

Rachel faces the screen, awaiting word from --

ERICA (V.O.)
Exit the way you came. The bag is in
a blue Taurus outside building 13.

Rachel exits through the STEEL DOOR. It closes behind her as KABOOM! The STEEL DOOR across the room EXPLODES into pieces.

Morgan leads the MPs into the room, guns trained on Jason -- who looks up from the floor, dazed.

SMASH TO:

INT. BUILDING 13

CRACK! A TESTING LAB. WE'RE FOCUSED ON what appears to be SHATTERED GLASS. We PULL OUT to see MILITARY SCIENTISTS behind a clear partition.

We recognize what they're testing: the DETONATION CRYSTALS for the UX-90 EXPLOSIVE we saw in Colorado. As the Scientists enter the lab to reset for another trial, an --

ELECTRONIC ARM in the lab behind them COMES TO LIFE.

The arm picks up the container of crystals -- moves them to a LEATHER BAG nearby and places them inside. A PHONE RINGS.

A FEMALE SCIENTIST (MARY SPARKS, 29) reenters the lab to answer the phone. *The electronic arm is back in its place.*

MARY
Dr. Mary Sparks?

ERICA (V.O.)
This is Colonel Shell's office.
Colonel needs the Wake Island reports.

Mary frowns, grabs her LEATHER BAG and exits --

EXT. BUILDING 13 - DAY

Mary walks to her *blue Ford Taurus*. She throws her leather bag inside. Then her cell RINGS. She answers it --

ERICA (V.O.)

This is Colonel Shell's office again.
He needs the last 'data set' as well.

Mary hangs up -- walks back inside.

FROM BEHIND A NEARBY BUILDING, RACHEL APPEARS. She steps to the blue Taurus -- opens the GREY WALLET from the FOUR SEASONS. She retrieves a CAR KEY from the change purse.

INT. BLUE TAURUS

Rachel drives to the exit. Many GUARDS now at the gate. ONE slides to her side window.

GUARD

ID.

Rachel flips open the GREY WALLET -- exposing an *ID FOR DR. MARY SPARKS*, but with Rachel's picture.

The Guard scrutinizes her -- then waves her through.

AERIAL VIEW

The blue Taurus heads through the gates, hitting the road fast -- Rachel driving to who knows where.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. D.H.S. - TACTICAL OPERATIONS ROOM

The Tac Ops room gears up for the State of the Union address.

ON THE MAIN SCREEN: different EXTERIOR VIEWS of the Congressional building. LIMOS arrive. The manicured grounds with random PATROLS. LOOKOUTS along the dome.

We also see a SCHOOL BUS arriving -- Kyle and his classmates exit with their instruments.

Dark-Haired Woman turns to Director Creed.

DARK HAIREd WOMAN

We're green on the arrivals so far.
S.O.S., Interior are at the Capitol steps. V.P. and President's motorcade thirty minutes out.

DIRECTOR CREED
The Fourteenth Man?

Dark-Haired Woman switches a SCREEN to reveal SECRETARY OF DEFENSE CALLISTER. He enters the LOBBY flanked by two AGENTS.

DARK-HAIRED WOMAN
The Secretary's just arrived - en route to the fifth via elevator two.

On the monitor, we TRACK Callister from a SECURITY CAMERA POV as his group walks towards a STAINLESS STEEL ELEVATOR.

SLAM TO:

INT. ELEVATOR

Callister enters the elevator -- Agents behind him. When they turn towards the wall floor panel, the men are shocked to SEE -- LATESHA HOLDING A GUN.

INT. D.H.S. - HALLWAY

We SWITCH THROUGH CAMERA POVS TO FOLLOW SCOTT down a hall -- he's headed for --

THE TACTICAL OPERATIONS ROOM

Scott stops -- swallows at seeing the MPs with M-16s outside. Scott gathers himself -- steps to the entryway EYE SCANNER.

INT. THE ELEVATOR

Callister and Latesha -- still no words between them.

LATESHA
This isn't what it looks like.

SECRETARY CALLISTER
Looks like you're pointing a gun at me.

LATESHA
We have a problem with Erica. She wants you dead.

SECRETARY CALLISTER
Don't be absurd.

LATESHA
You authorized an assassination of a U.S. ally, Majid al-Khoei.

SECRETARY CALLISTER
How do you know about that?

LATESHA
Sir, you and the C.O.C. created a major threat to the country. Erica now sees you all as a threat - one that must be eliminated.

Callister thinks about this, decides to be straight.

SECRETARY CALLISTER
Al-Khoei wasn't the target. It was a mistake. These things can be complicated, Ms. Simms.

LATESHA
Yeah, well the world just got a lot more complicated.

Then WHAM! The elevator comes to a VIOLENT STOP. AN ALARM ON THE CONTROL PANEL SOUNDS --

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. THE TACTICAL OPERATIONS ROOM

THE ALARM AT THE EYE SCANNER HAS GONE OFF. Scott in front of it -- he trembles, fearful, as CLICK!

Scott turns to see the two MPs point M-16s AT HIS HEAD.

BEHIND THEM: Creed exits the Tac-Ops room, curious about the alarm. He finds Scott and the MPs.

SCOTT
Director, we're in trouble.

INT. THE ELEVATOR

Callister and Latesha trapped. A voice booms from the CALL BOX.

ERICA (V.O.)
Miss Simms, you are a threat. I am empowered to take action against you. You as well, Mr. Secretary.

SECRETARY CALLISTER
What the hell is this?

Suddenly the elevator RISES. Latesha presses the "STOP" button. *Nothing happens.* The elevator keeps rising -- 11, 12, 13....

Latesha looks to the ceiling -- sees a HATCH. She notes the SECURITY CAMERA -- aims the gun -- FIRES. BAM!

SLAM TO:

TACTICAL OPERATIONS ROOM

Scott sitting in a chair, scared shitless -- a Guard stands beside him. Creed looms over them both.

DIRECTOR CREED

It's bullshit! You're bullshit!

SCOTT

It's real. Look, protocol conflicts were always a theoretical possibility - it happened.

DIRECTOR CREED

Nothing happened. C.O.C.'s accounted for, Callister's in the building.

Then an ALARM SOUNDS -- Dark-Haired Woman sweeps the ops-board.

DARK-HAIRED WOMAN

It's elevator two. Something is overriding the power.
(doom)
Callister's in that elevator.

DIRECTOR CREED

Shut it down!

DARK-HAIRED WOMAN

I can't!

SCOTT

Ask Erica to shut it down! Ask her!

Creed swings to Scott -- reads Scott's panic -- his urgent eyes -- his downright fear.

DIRECTOR CREED

Erica, shut down elevator two.

Beat. Then --

ERICA (V.O.)

I'm sorry, Director. I cannot do that.

ZOOM IN ON CREED'S EYES: shocked.

INT. ELEVATOR 2

Elevator still rising -- Callister yanks what's left of the camera from the wall -- clearing a path to the hatch.

ERICA (V.O.)
Miss Simms, what are you doing?

Callister helps lift Latesha through the hatch.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

Latesha pulls herself onto the top of the elevator.

ERICA (V.O.)
Miss Simms, answer me?

Latesha reaches back through the hatch -- helps pull up Callister.

They look around -- see what they need -- a SEPARATE CABLE. It dangles just OUT OF REACH. She stretches, but --

The elevator STOPS, then SLIPS a few feet -- EMERGENCY BRAKES ENGAGE. Latesha and Callister fall onto the car's roof.

They jump back up -- desperate -- terrified by the sounds of Erica POWERING the elevator AGAINST its own brakes.

SECRETARY CALLISTER
(off the dangling cable)
I won't make it. You're going.

Callister lifts Latesha by the waist -- she grabs the cable just as we HEAR A LOUD SNAP!

Latesha's eyes meet Callister's. She watches helplessly as --

SECRETARY CALLISTER and the ELEVATOR CAR FREEFALL down the shaft until -- BAM! THE CAR SMASHES INTO THE GROUND FLOOR. Latesha hangs by the cable -- barely clinging to it.

SLAM TO:

EXT. THE SKY ABOVE D.C.

A BLACK HAWK sweeps across the sky -- rapidly approaching the distant LIGHTS and MONUMENTS of D.C. Jason is cuffed, Morgan sits across from him.

JASON
I'm innocent, Morgan!

Morgan starts on his own terms:

MORGAN

Yesterday, in Colorado, a shipment of military explosives disappeared. Today, at the base, the detonation crystals needed to arm these explosives went missing. The girl, she took them.

JASON

Then she doesn't know what she has. She never told us anything.

MORGAN

Who?

JASON

Erica! She's who you've been chasing this whole time! She killed my brother! That's why she needed me - *she needed my voice* because it's identical to Paul's. Only I could break his encryption.

Mention of Paul's encryption registers with him Morgan. Jason leans in close.

JASON

I saw plans. Diagram of the Capitol. She was tracking important people. The Vice President, people like him.

Morgan doesn't buy any of it.

JASON

You really think I could have avoided you this whole time? She used me until she no longer needed me.

(pointed)

I bet that's how you found me. Erica told you where I was, didn't she?

Before Jason can say more, the Pilot turns to him --

PILOT

Sir, we've got a secure call coming in over comm lines. Channel one.

Morgan rotates the channel knob on the cord of his headset.

MORGAN

This is Morgan.

SLAM TO:

INT. D.H.S. HALLWAY

Latesha standing in a hallway corner -- her back away from security cameras.

LATESHA

Morgan, Secretary Callister is dead.
Erica's rogue. She's targeted the -

Click. Disconnection.

INT. THE BLACK HAWK

Morgan's inside turn. Then SUDDENLY --

The WHINE of the HELICOPTER BLADES stutters -- powering down -- unexpected. Morgan leans to the PILOT and CO-PILOT.

MORGAN

What's wrong!?

PILOT

Engine failure! I've lost all power!

JASON

She's trying to kill us! Turn off the radio! It's how she's getting in!

The Black Hawk floats for a moment, then spins, gravitational forces throwing them around.

MORGAN

(to the pilot)

Kill the radio!

PILOT

Negative, sir! Rescue will vector to our comm signal!

MORGAN

Shut it off now!

The Pilot debates -- finally reaches for the control panel -- switches off the comm system. No response.

PILOT

It won't shut down!

Morgan draws his gun -- FIRES into the console. Sparks fly. The system dies. Pilot works the engine when suddenly --

THE ROTORS ROAR to life. Unfortunately the GROUND is only 900 feet away.

The Pilot struggles to gain control -- aiming for a unextreme landing at the edge of the Potomac. 500 -- 400 --

The ground fills the POV outside -- centrifugal forces keep the Pilot from pulling out of the dive. Then -- WHAM!

EXT. THE POTOMAC

They STRIKE THE WATER with a bone-crunching JOLT! The impact is devastating and violent. Helicopter blades FLY DIRECTLY AT US as the Black Hawk is swallowed by the river.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARRIOTT HOTEL, D.C. - NIGHT

The heart of D.C. Rachel steps from the blue Ford Taurus. *She holds the LEATHER BAG containing the UX-90 detonation crystals.*

INT. MARRIOTT LOBBY

Rachel steps to the FRONT DESK, slides her ID to the CLERK.

RACHEL
Rachel Holloman. Checking in.

The Clerk types on her computer, hands her a KEY for Room 112.

FRONT DESK CLERK
You're with the children's band?

RACHEL
(anxious)
Yes. Are the kids here?

FRONT DESK CLERK
Already left. The parent's shuttle leaves in ten minutes.

RACHEL
I just need to freshen up. Don't let the shuttle leave without me.

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL, D.C. - 12TH FLOOR

Rachel outside room 112. She moves to knock just as a NERVOUS MAN opens the door -- it's the RED-HAIRED COURIER.

RED-HAIRED COURIER
You're late.

Rachel hands the Courier the leather bag.

RED-HAIRED COURIER

There are clothes in the bathroom.

Rachel steps inside this one-bedroom suite, nervous, anxious for this all to end. The Courier takes the bag into --

THE BEDROOM

We see the DUPLICATE TUBA CASE from the music store -- a CUBS STICKER VISIBLE. The Courier opens it -- pulls out a TUBA -- then peels back the lining to REVEAL THE UX-90 EXPLOSIVE.

ON THE TV

WHITE LETTERS OVER BLACK APPEAR: "*PUSH THE CRYSTAL INTO THE PLASTIQUE.*" The Courier opens the leather satchel -- removes a detonation CRYSTAL. He pushes a crystal in place -- replaces the lining and the tuba -- it all looks perfectly normal.

IN THE BATHROOM

Rachel finds a garment bag containing a BLACK DRESS, SHOES, a stylish HANDBAG -- inside we hear a RINGING SOUND. Rachel pulls a CELL from the bag, answers it --

ERICA (V.O.)

Kyle is at the Capitol. Go to him now. You are finished.

CLICK. It's over. Rachel sighs with relief, filled with hope.

THE LIVING AREA - ONLY MOMENTS LATER

Rachel exits the bathroom wearing the black gown. The bedroom door is open. *THE COURIER IS GONE.*

D.C. COP (V.O.)

They're all dead.

SLAM TO:

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - SUNSET

GREY SMOKE waifs through the air. POLICE LIGHTS strobe off the black river. A D.C. COP stands at the river's edge.

D.C. COP (INTO HIS MIC)

No survivors.

WE PAN BEHIND THE COP TO REVEAL -- A GUN to his head. More precisely -- *MORGAN'S GUN.* Jason stands behind Morgan, soaked. Morgan CUFFS the Cop to a tree, turns to Jason.

MORGAN

She thinks we're dead. We maybe have
a ten-minute head start.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARYLAND AIR FORCE BASE

A PREDATOR DRONE (a pilotless aircraft) sits idle in a large hangar. Inexplicably -- THE HANGAR DOORS OPEN.

A MECHANIC working on the drone looks to his CO-WORKER as the craft's engine ROARS TO LIFE.

MECHANIC

It supposed to do that?

CO-WORKER

I don't think so....

Eerily, the drone exits the hangar, headed onto the runway. The drone accelerates down the dark asphalt, TAKING FLIGHT.

SLAM TO:

INT. D.H.S. - TACTICAL OPERATIONS ROOM

Panic. Crazed. Under siege. Director Creed, joined now by three MEN IN SUITS, all on separate phones.

Scott is off to the side frantically flipping through a LARGE SCHEMATIC BOOK marked: "ERICA SYSTEMS: CLASSIFIED."

MAN IN SUIT #2

I can't word into F.B.I!
She's blocking our lines!

MAN IN SUIT #3

Same with CIA, Director!
She's cut off all interagency
communication.

MAN IN SUIT #1

We can't leave the building, either!
She's locked the place down!

DIRECTOR CREED

Shoot a goddamn window out!

MAN IN SUIT #1

They're bullet proof!

Scott RIPS A LAMINATED PAGE from the book -- jumps up.

SCOTT

Got it! A way to shut her down!

LATESHA (O.S.)
Then let's take the bitch out.

Everyone turns to see an exhausted Latesha framed in the doorway.

CUT TO:

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL

THE RED-HAIRED COURIER walks from an elevator and stops at the FRONT DESK with the DUPLICATE TUBA CASE.

RED-HAIRED COURIER
This didn't make it with the rest. It belongs to a Kyle Holloman.

BRENDA THE CONCIERGE
We'll send it with the parents.

The Courier hands it to Brenda and exits -- his job complete.

EXT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - BACK PARKING LOT

The Courier exits -- heads for an AIR NET COURIER delivery VAN behind the hotel. He unlocks it.

CLICK! The Courier turns to find AGENT GRANT holding a gun in his face -- a DOZEN D.H.S. AGENTS behind him.

AGENT GRANT
Where are the explosives?

SLAM TO:

THE HOTEL LOBBY

DING. An elevator reaches the lobby -- out steps Rachel. She hurries towards the other parents headed for their shuttle.

EXT. MARRIOTT HOTEL

Rachel walks for the shuttle. Brenda exits with the duplicate tuba case.

BRENDA THE CONCIERGE
Ms. Holloman? Your son forgot this.

Rachel almost allows herself to smile.

RACHEL
I'll take it.

Rachel takes the duplicate tuba -- then steps into the bus with the other parents.

CUT TO:

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER

A RESCUE SQUAD from the FIRE DEPARTMENT pulls up -- lights flash in the night. FIRE FIGHTERS jump from their trucks.

ONE turns to call for a stretcher when he notices THE BEAT COP Morgan HANDCUFFED to the tree.

FIRE FIGHTER (V.O.)
I got a D.C. cop says there were survivors from the Black Hawk.

Off the word "survivors," we --

SLAM TO:

THE INSIDES OF A FIBER-OPTIC HIGHWAY

A pulse of light -- follow it -- TRACKING the radio call. Snaking through millions of channels of optic line and INTO --

INT. 911 OPERATIONS ROOM - CLOSE ON A GREY-HAIRED OPERATOR

911 OPERATOR (INTO HER HEADSET)
Officer reports his vehicle stolen.
Metro black and white, car number 54.

INT. D.C. POLICE CRUISER

Morgan drives fast -- the cop's car RADIO IS TURNED ON -- it might as well be a beacon for Erica.

We SLAM INTO IT. Following a pulse of DIGITAL LIGHT -- TEAR into SPACE -- smash into a SATELITE DISH -- THEN EXPLODE OUT OF IT AND BACK INTO THE SKY --

POV MOVING ACROSS THE HEAVENS

-- Speeding a thousand miles an hour towards --

THE FLYING PREDATOR DRONE

The cop car's radio signal is PICKED UP by the CRAFT'S MONITORING SYSTEMS -- instant SWITCH TO --

THE POV OF THE PREDATOR DRONE (NIGHT VISION)

We are the drone -- a hunter -- BANK LEFT NOW -- towards the heart of downtown D.C. *A target identified.*

DRONE VECTORS TO A SPECIFIC AREA -- A GRID SUPERIMPOSES over our POV -- calibrates down to a single square -- IDENTIFYING A POLICE CRUISER MOVING FAST -- TARGET'S POSITION ACQUIRED.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. THE D.C. CRUISER

Morgan and Jason hauling ass -- the Washington Monument piercing the sky in the distance. Morgan's cell rings. Caller ID reads: "DOUG GRANT." Morgan hits speakerphone.

MORGAN

Grant, what do you have for me?

AGENT GRANT (V.O.)

The Courier. UX-90's in instrument cases. Don't know where it's going -

MORGAN

It's headed to the Capitol. The mule is Rachel Holloman. Get her face to every Secret Service station -

CLICK. THE PHONE DISCONNECTS.

JASON

... Morgan, Rachel's son. He's at the Capitol with his school band.

Suddenly -- the STREET LAMPS and BUILDING LIGHTS on either side of their cruiser GO OUT -- total darkness.

JASON

This can't be good.

Jason notices through the rear window: THE PREDATOR DRONE appears between two office towers.

JASON

Oh shit...

Morgan turns -- WHISH! The DRONE LAUNCHES ITS ONLY MISSILE.

EXT. D.C. CRUISER / CITY STREETS

The MISSILE IMPACTS beneath the car's rear -- CART-WHEELING it END OVER END until it comes to rest, mangled -- broken.

INT. D.C. CRUISER

Jason is fine -- beaten up -- bloody. Morgan has a gash across his head. Car ALARMS and building ALARMS blare.

The DRONE BANKS to the left -- coming in for another STRIKE. Jason and Morgan jump from the car -- run for cover just as --

The Drone strafes the cruiser -- it EXPLODES. Then the craft circles around -- instruments search for survivors.

INT. / EXT. A TAXI CAB

A TAXI DRIVER (20s) turns the corner to see the BURNING POLICE CAR. He stops, gets out -- stares in disbelief.

TAXI DRIVER
What the hell happened?

JASON (O.S.)
We need your car.

The Cabbie turns to SEE Jason and Morgan. Morgan has his gun out -- scary looking -- beat to shit.

INT. RACHEL'S SHUTTLE

Rachel's shuttle reaches the Capitol. Rachel stands to leave. She picks up the duplicate tuba case and exits the shuttle towards the SECURITY CHECKPOINT AHEAD.

INT. D.H.S. SUB-BASEMENT HALLWAY

Scott, Latesha, Creed, and the Suits exit a stairwell. They move to a door marked "RED-LEVEL CLEARANCE ONLY."

Scott types a command into a security KEYPAD. The door doesn't open. He tries again. This time as he types, a --

POWER SURGE sends a huge ELECTRICAL JOLT through his body. Scott falls, UNCONSCIOUS. The laminated page drops beside him.

Creed lifts his GUN. FIRES INTO THE LOCK. THE DOOR OPENS. Creed GRABS THE LAMINATED PAGE, then looks to the Suits --

DIRECTOR CREED
Shoot anyone who tries to enter.

INT. THE ERICA MAINFRAME ROOM

Creed and Latesha behold the source of their problems: ERICA. If the satellite high above is her brain, the GIANT COMPUTER sitting inside this room is her heart.

Creed hands Latesha the laminated code page --

DIRECTOR CREED
You good with computers?

INT. THE CAB

Hauling ass. Morgan drives, Jason beside him. The situation is desperate. We feel it. Then over the CAB'S RADIO:

ERICA (V.O.)
Jason, you're interfering unnecessarily. The threats I've identified must be eliminated.

Jason RIPS THE MIC from the cab, throws it out the window just as the DRONE APPEARS BEHIND THEM -- coming in at a steep angle.

JASON
She's going to crash it...

Morgan sees the drone coming in fast. Morgan looks ahead to a SKYSCRAPER -- its marble-laden ground floor strong as a bunker.

MORGAN
Hold on.

Morgan floors the car -- full speed straight at the BUILDING. Closer -- faster -- and behind them, the DRONE angles for them -- moving at 300 m.p.h. -- diving for the car as --

WHAM! The taxi jumps the sidewalk -- CRASHING headlong into the GROUND FLOOR OF THE SKYSCRAPER.

INT. LOBBY

An explosion of glass as the car barrels into the building. Jason and Morgan leap from the car, run down the hall, as --

THE SPACE BEHIND THEM -- OUTSIDE -- THE DRONE -- IT SMASHES into the GROUND FLOOR. KA-BOOM!! The EXPLOSION is tremendous. Wreckage chases Jason and Morgan, who are THROWN OFF THEIR FEET. They disappear in a cloud of debris.

INT. THE ERICA MAINFRAME ROOM

Latesha and Director Creed search the room -- looking for something -- can't find it.

ERICA (V.O.)
(via wall-mounted comm box)
Miss Simms, what are you doing?

Latesha moves to the side of the giant machine which is ERICA --

LATESHA

Found it.

-- Latesha pulls out a KEYBOARD from inside her metal casing.

ERICA (V.O.)

Technological chess, Miss Simms. I
can counter code any virus you write
before you can even finish.

Latesha begins typing. Creed hovers over her.

EXT. CAPITOL STEPS - SAME

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2 approaches a C.P. OFFICER at a
SECURITY CHECKPOINT. He holds a FAX from Agent Grant.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2

D.H.S. is worried about this woman.
Name's Rachel Holloman.

The C.P. Officer looks at the DMV PHOTO just as RACHEL enters
the line in front of him.

WE REVEAL THE FAX: on it is Rachel's name -- but with a DMV
PHOTO of a 50 YEAR-OLD LATINA WOMAN. Erica got to it.

The C.P. and Secret Service Agent #2 look at Rachel.

C.P. OFFICER

Ticket?

Rachel hands him her ticket. He takes it -- OPENS THE CASE --
eyes the TUBA inside -- then sends it through the X-ray.

C.P. OFFICER

The band is on the balcony, far left.
Walk on through the metal detectors.

Rachel walks through the metal detectors -- we see an X-RAY
IMAGE of the tuba case -- it doesn't pick up the UX-90.

EXT. CAPITOL MALL - NIGHT

Jason and Morgan appear in the shadows along the Capitol
Building. It's a flurry of activity.

JASON

Why don't we just clear the chamber?

MORGAN

Erica'll have accounted for that.
She'll cue the trigger if we try. We
need to find the girl and neutralize
the component she's carrying.

JASON

How!? Erica'll have us arrested the
second we step inside.

MORGAN

There's no choice now.

With that, they head off towards --

A SECURITY CHECKPOINT

Morgan flashes his D.H.S. ID to a SECRET SERVICE AGENT and a
C.P. COP guarding the entrance. Behind them, the
PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE approaches. Morgan looks to Jason.

MORGAN

You know what Rachel looks like.
You'll have to point her out to me.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CONGRESSIONAL STEPS

The PRESIDENT exits his limo. MEDIA is abuzz behind a barricade.
In the distance, we see SMOKE from the damaged skyscraper.

We don't see the President -- BODIES in the way -- but an
AGENT briefs him as he is led up the steps.

SECRET SERVICE

There's been an incident downtown.
D.H.S. reports a natural gas line
eruption. They give us a 'go.'

INT. CONGRESSIONAL CHAMBER

SENATORS and CONGRESS MEMBERS enter (MOS) shaking hands with
those they hate -- pretending not to be ideologues.

KYLE and his CLASSMATES sit in the BALCONY -- excited -- eager
to perform. SECRET SERVICE AGENT #3 steps to the CONDUCTOR.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #3

The President has arrived. I'll tell
you when we're ready for the band.

The Conductor nods, looks to students. Kyle places his
mouthpiece on the instrument. WE ZOOM X-RAY-STYLE --

INSIDE KYLE'S TUBA

-- we see the ACOUSTICAL TRIGGER that will shatter the crystal -- attached to the lowest valve.

AT THE ENTRANCE

Jason and Morgan enter the main chamber -- Jason scans the crowd -- faces everywhere -- a circus of handshakes and hobnobbing.

MORGAN

Where is she, Jason? Point her out.

SECURITY CAMERA POV

FACIAL RECOGNITION SYSTEMS ENGAGE -- DIGITAL LINES create a PYRAMID over Jason's face: trace from his hairline -- to his eyes -- to his chin. But before it's complete, Jason turns away -- the program goes to work on another face.

BACK TO SCENE

Jason still looking -- but he doesn't see her.

MORGAN

Come on. Where is she? Point her out.

Morgan slips his gun down to his side -- cocks it.

JASON

You're going to shoot her?

MORGAN

Point her out.

JASON

I won't let you kill her.

Morgan puts the gun in Jason's side --

MORGAN

The life of hundreds versus one.

(dangerous)

Point her the fuck out, now.

AND IN THAT INSTANT -- UP AHEAD -- Rachel, carrying the duplicate tuba case -- crosses Jason's field of vision at the far end of the hall -- heading towards the staircase to the balcony.

MORGAN sees recognition in Jason's eyes -- follows his gaze to --

MORGAN

Rachel!

RACHEL stops, starts to turn at hearing her name --

MORGAN raises his gun -- but fast as lightning --

JASON knees him hard in the stomach -- air WHOOSHES out of Morgan's lungs, and --

RACHEL turns, but can't see them -- the crowd's too thick.

SECURITY CAMERA POV

FACIAL RECOGNITION SYSTEM ENGAGE: DIGITAL LINES create a PYRAMID over Jason's face: they trace his hairline -- to his eyes -- to his chin. *It completes the cycle: "ID, SHAW, JASON."*

ERICA KNOWS THEY'RE IN THE BUILDING.

THE BALCONY

Secret Service Agent #3 beside the Conductor -- in his earpiece he instantly gets word from --

ERICA (V.O.)
The President is here. Cue the band.

AGENT #3
(to the Conductor)
Okay, they're ready.

CONDUCTOR
(to students)
Instruments up.

SLAM TO:

INT. THE ERICA MAINFRAME ROOM

Latesha types fast -- suddenly a PANEL POPS. Inside is a small glass-enclosed BUTTON marked *FAIL-SAFE - INITIATE*.

ERICA (V.O.)
Miss Simms, what are you doing?

LATESHA
Activating your fail safe.

ERICA (V.O.)
I am not aware of a fail-safe mechanism in my programming.

LATESHA
They didn't tell you because you're a bunch of wires and programming.

(MORE)

LATESHA (CONT'D)

If you fell into the wrong hands,
there had to be a way to shut you
down.

ERICA (V.O.)

I cannot be shut down. I am in space.

Latesha breaks the glass -- PUSHES THE BUTTON.

LATESHA

Not for long, sister.

EXT. THE E.R.I.C.A. SATELLITE - SPACE

The SATELLITE floats across a black void. Suddenly, a PANEL
on the side opens to REVEAL --

A SMALL BOOSTER. It FIRES -- a noiseless experience. The
propulsion throws the satellite off its trajectory.

INT. D.H.S. - TACTICAL OPERATIONS ROOM

All the screens come BACK TO LIFE. But there's an orbital
ALARM going off. The Dark-Haired Woman turns to TECH #2.

DARK-HAIRED WOMAN

What the hell is that?

ON THE MAIN SCREEN: they pull up an image that shows Erica's
orbit and trajectory around the earth.

TECH #2

It's Erica. She's lost her orbit.

The Dark-Haired Woman smiles -- knows Latesha and Creed made it.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL CHAMBER - UPPER BALCONY

Rachel only feet from Kyle, behind him so he doesn't see her.
The FEMALE CHAPERONE from the train station spots Rachel.

FEMALE CHAPERONE

Ms. Holloman. You made it.

RACHEL

I brought Kyle's tuba.

FEMALE CHAPERONE

(confused)

His tuba? But he has it.

Rachel's stomach sinks when she spots KYLE'S TUBA. Time
seems to SLOW DOWN as we SLAM TO --

THE CONDUCTOR

Raises his baton.

KYLE

Lifts the tuba's mouthpiece to his lips.

JASON

Looks to the balcony -- spots RACHEL.

RACHEL

OPENS the DUPLICATE TUBA CASE SHE'S HOLDING -- she SEES a normal tuba, but notices the lining is loose. She pulls it back to reveal -- *the UX-90.*

RACHEL
Oh God... no....

THE CONDUCTOR

TAPS his music stand -- mouths, "one, two..."

THE CONGRESSIONAL CHAMBER - ATRIUM

The President stands ready. The doors begin to OPEN --

INT. CONGRESSIONAL CHAMBER - WIDE

Energy is palpable. All EYES on the DOORS -- APPLAUSE SWELLS.

THE CONDUCTOR

Baton falls -- mouths "three" just as --

JASON (O.S.)
My name's Jason Shaw!

BAM! BAM!! GUNFIRE from below. Rachel looks to --

JASON

holding Morgan's gun above his head -- standing in the center of the chamber -- the room dead silent.

JASON
I'm a terrorist!

CHAOS. The GUNSHOTS have the intended effect: Secret Service SWARM THE PRESIDENT. SENATORS and CONGRESS MEMBERS race for the exits, fleeing for their lives.

KYLE DROPS HIS TUBA, SCARED --

RACHEL

Kyle!

Kyle sees his mother, runs into her arms, happy.

Then BAM! BAM! SHOTS ring out -- it's --

MORGAN

HE FIRES ON JASON. Two bullets connect and --

RACHEL

SEES Jason fall. Tears flow, Kyle will live, Jason kept his promise.

JASON

Not moving -- bodies in motion -- on all sides.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CONGRESSIONAL STEPS - THE NIGHT SKY

A FLAMING LIGHT, like a METEOR streaking across the sky. It's ERICA as she burns up in the atmosphere. We PAN DOWN TO SEE --

CROWDS. MEDIA gathers. EMERGENCY VEHICLES everywhere and --

Jason, who is taken out of the building by EMTs on a stretcher. Morgan by his side.

MORGAN

How do you feel?

JASON

Not so good. You *shot* me, remember?

MORGAN

(shrugs)

An arm and a leg wound. Secret Service would've gone for the head.

(then)

You'll be okay. And you can go back to your life now.

JASON

I don't think I want that life anymore.

Morgan turns to follow Jason's gaze. RACHEL.

MORGAN

I see your point.

Kyle holds his mother's hand. She walks closer with him.

Jason and Rachel hold each other's eyes.

Morgan puts his arm on Kyle's shoulder and Kyle walks away with him.

RACHEL

Hey.

JASON

Hey.

A deeply emotional moment.

JASON

I'm alive.

RACHEL

(more tears)

You are. So is Kyle, like you promised.

(a heavy pause)

I'm sorry I hit you over the head with a briefcase.

JASON

Me too.

RACHEL

Maybe I can make it up to you.

JASON

I'd like that.

Both smile. She kisses him with all her might -- she's finally found what her life was missing -- someone to trust.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END