

E N D W A R

by

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OVER BLACK. Silence at first...

...then a gentle BEEPING sound... slowly building... a rhythmic pattern, repeating itself over and over again. An iconic sound we'll come to recognize each time we hear it...

-- BEEP -- DUM -- DUM -- BEEP -- DUM -- DUM -- BEEP -- DUM -- DUM -- BEEP -- DUM -- BEEP... before fading again...

FADE IN:

An endless body of water. Serene. Beautiful. The first light of day casting its warm glow across the...

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAWN

...as the night stars above slowly fade from the sky.

The roar of twin turbo engines grows. A Boeing 747-200B glides through frame.

Not just any Boeing. This is AIR FORCE ONE, the President's plane. An escort of two F-16 FIGHTER JETS on each wing, as we PRELAP with:

PRESIDENT BECKMANN (V.O.)
...you'll get to spend a few days
in Paris. You love Paris.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - CABIN - DAWN

A relaxed atmosphere as Presidential assistants move down the aisle. Secret service agents sipping coffee. Flight attendants serving it.

We close-in on a pair of feet raised off the floor, planted on another seat, using it as a foot rest.

The man behind the voice, PRESIDENT BECKMANN, slouched back in his seat, tie loosened, reads documents over spectacles as he talks on his phone.

PRESIDENT BECKMANN
What, I'm supposed to feel sorry
for you, is that it?
(beat)
Honey, please, at least pretend to
be enjoying yourself. Drink his
champagne. Smile for the photos.
Give your speech. You'll be back
home in no time.

A flight attendant tops up his coffee. He rolls his eyes, gesturing that his wife won't quit talking. She smiles.

PRESIDENT BECKMANN (CONT'D)
Tell him that joke of yours. You
know, the one about the French.
See how he likes it.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAWN

Fox-1, the fighter jet to Air Force One's left-side, drops back a hundred or so feet.

The right-side jet pilot, Challenger-1, notices him backing away. He talks into his radio headset.

CHALLENGER-1 PILOT
Fox-1, you've broken formation. Is
there a problem?

He receives no answer.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - CABIN - DAWN

President Beckmann turns page after page as he talks to the First Lady. He focuses on a data file and photograph of BRANDON WEAVER. Mid-level CIA operative.

PRESIDENT BECKMANN
I know we need to talk about Julia.
I want her in an East coast college
too, but it's her decision, not
ours. Can we please talk about
this when you get back?

We move past the President, to the rear of the cabin, passing the feet of many other passengers, until we arrive at a pair of black shoes of secret service agent DAWSON.

Strangely, he DROPS the newspaper he's reading. He casually stands. Pulls out his GUN. Clicks the safety off -- but --

AGENT #2 (O.S.)
What the hell are you doing?

Dawson turns to see one of his colleagues standing behind him, already clocking the gun in his hand.

AGENT #2 (CONT'D)
I asked you what you're doing?
Holster that weapon, now. What the
hell is wrong with you?

Dawson raises his gun -- *BLAM!* -- killing agent #2.

The entire plane ERUPTS in PANIC. The President spins in his seat. A flurry of agents drag him to his feet, running with him in a protective huddle towards the front of the plane.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - COCKPIT - DAWN

Air Force One's pilot and co-pilot turn to each other.

AIR FORCE ONE PILOT
What the hell was that? What's
going on back there?

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - CABIN - DAWN

A pair of other agents, #3 and #4, weapons drawn, slowly edge towards the rear of the cabin. Agent #3 talks into his wrist mounted radio.

AGENT #3
Somebody talk to me. Who fired
that shot? Anyone?

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAWN

Challenger-1 continues to receive no response from the other fighter jet.

CHALLENGER-1 PILOT
Fox-1, are you experiencing
communication difficulties?

Suddenly, his dashboard computer lights up -- alarms blare!

CHALLENGER-1 PILOT (CONT'D)
Jesus! What the --

Fox-1 fires a MISSILE at Challenger-1 -- it screams through the air --

-- but Challenger-1 spins sideways -- barely evading the missile as it shoots past, disappearing wide into the sky.

Challenger-1 turns hard, breaking away from the President's plane. He screams into his radio...

CHALLENGER-1 PILOT (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing?

But Fox-1 fires another MISSILE -- Challenger-1 makes another hard turn in the opposite direction, trying to shake it off, but he's not fast enough this time --

-- BOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!! -- the jet explodes --

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - COCKPIT - DAWN

Alarms blare. The co-pilot catches a glimpse of the explosion somewhere to his side.

AIR FORCE ONE CO-PILOT
Jesus, we got missile fire.

AIR FORCE ONE PILOT
Evasive Maneuvers.

They pull back on the throttle hard, changing direction.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - CABIN - DAWN

As agents edge down toward the rear, the exploding fireball outside the window steals their attention --

-- just as Dawson pops out -- FIRING -- hitting each agent. But agent #3 isn't dead. He fires off a single round --

-- piercing Dawson through the neck, knocking him to the floor. Dawson scurries for cover as blood spews from him.

Near the front of the plane, the protective huddle of agents push the President into a small...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - GALLEY - DAWN

...pausing as they study the terrain. The head agent signals two of his men to scout ahead. They move out, checking every nook and cranny, as scared service staff cower on the floor.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - CABIN - DAWN

At the rear, Dawson looks to one of the many cabin WINDOWS. He fires three shots -- then he's empty. Two embedded in the wall. One in the window itself...

...its crack growing inch by inch...

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAWN

Fox-1 straightens out -- lining up Air Force One in its sights -- fires another missile --

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - COCKPIT - DAWN

The pilot's flight computers light up with more WAILING ALARMS. A monitor flashing red.

CO-PILOT
They have missile lock, inbound.

They turn the plane with a violent pull of the throttle.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - CABIN - DAWN

At the rear, the CRACKING WINDOW finally gives in -- the plane DEPRESSURIZES. A row of seats rips free from the floor -- sucked out through the window --

-- taking out half the wall with it -- a dozen Presidential assistants pulled out too.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAWN

Aching metal GROANS as the plane drops fast -- momentarily saving it from destruction as Fox-1's missile plows over it, missing it by an inch -- disappearing into the distance.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - GALLEY - DAWN

The huddle of agents hold position, steadying themselves against the ferocious winds rippling over them.

HEAD AGENT
(into wrist radio)
Someone talk to me.

SCOUT AGENT
All clear ahead.

The huddle drag the President to the forward section, toward the stairwell that leads down to a lower level.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - COCKPIT - DAWN

The pilots strain as they fight to regain control of the falling plane. More monitors flashing red.

AIR FORCE ONE PILOT
They've armed weapons. They have
missile lock again.

The co-pilot reaches for the 'counter-measures' switch.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAWN

Fox-1 fires another missile -- but hundreds of RED FLARES stream out the rear of the Boeing.

The missile hits them -- detonating in mid-air, mere feet away from the rear of the plane -- severely rocking it.

Its explosive debris IGNITES the tail end of the plane. Fiery smoke spilling from it.



INT. AIR FORCE ONE - CABIN - DAWN

The explosion knocks President Beckmann and the huddle of agents down the stairwell --

-- crashing to the lower deck. The President sits upright, blood gushing down his face.

The agents jump up, dragging him to his feet...

HEAD AGENT
Move! Move! Move!

...and push him along the underbelly of the plane.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAWN

Fox-1 fires THREE missiles -- each one speeding towards the Boeing at incredible speed --

-- its counter-measures detonating the first two missiles on contact. But the third missile hits --

-- KA-BOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!! --

-- turning Air Force One into a colossal FIREBALL.

Massive sections of its WING rolling back through the air at Fox-1. The jet spins, trying to avoid debris, but a piece hits the windshield, cracking the glass --

-- another piece sucked into its turbine, ripping through its engine.

Fox-1's pilot pulls the seat's ejector chord -- but it MALFUNCTIONS. The plane's windshield doesn't blow free.

Fox-1 nosedives, spinning down into the ocean at high speed.

The rest of Air Force One's fiery debris rains down to a watery grave.

A piece of its hull bobbing on the surface. The familiar blue stripe with the words: "THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA" slowly sinks...

...fading as it's swallowed up by the ocean.

The title sears onto screen:

E N D W A R



EXT. SPACE

From a high Earth orbit, we see DAY chasing NIGHT across the United States. The night glow of city lights on the Eastern Seaboard fades as sunlight creeps over the nation.

In a **SERIES OF SHOTS...**

...we move through the heart of America, and the homes of its people:

In a Tennessee farmhouse - the television FLICKERS. Strange distorted coding scrambles across the screen. We hear that same rhythmic pattern repeating.

As a man watches, his eyes seem to glaze over. He stands, then exits the room. His wife confused that he's leaving.

In a Brooklyn apartment, a Latino teenager blinks at her flickering tv. She stands and then leaves.

In a San Francisco high-rise, a young boy tries to fix the radio that is spilling out distorted sound. He turns to see his mother leaving, slamming the door behind herself.

In a rundown RV in the Nevada desert, an old man climbs out of his bed, past the strange static on his tv.

In a Los Angeles 7-Eleven, a customer tries to purchase items, but the cashier stares at his cctv monitor, then exits the store, leaving the confused customer to stand alone.

In a Texan garage, its owner slides out from under a car he's working on to adjust his blaring radio, but his co-worker is already leaving.

We see the same thing everywhere. Arizona motels. A Miami call center. A Las Vegas casino. A rural cabin in Oregon.

Mass numbers of people, seduced by the rhythmic beat, leaving their homes or place of work, to carry out a mysterious task.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A frenetic New York morning like any other. Horns blare as traffic pushes through the streets of...

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

On a narrow side street, a taxi driver beeps his horn as he's stuck behind a double-parked delivery van blocking his way. Its driver wheeling goods into a grocery store.

TAXI DRIVER
What the hell are you doing?

The delivery man shrugs, raising his hands.

DELIVERY MAN
Hey, they ain't gonna deliver themselves. Why don't you just relax for two seconds?

TAXI DRIVER
Why don't I put my foot up your ass?

Further ahead, the lights turns green. The taxi driver pulls out, going wide around the van, momentarily blocking oncoming traffic. More angry horns blaring at him.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)
(leaning out window)
This fucking city. Someone needs to bulldoze the whole goddamn thing.

As the taxi heads out onto the main street --

-- *WHAM!* -- it's hit at 60mph by a truck.

Out of nowhere, ANOTHER car slams into the truck too. Cross traffic HITS cross traffic. A cacophony of endless crashes --

-- vehicles slam their brakes -- skidding -- some not fast enough -- *WHAM!* -- cars toppling over each other.

Not just here, but all over Manhattan. As we glide over the island, endless streams of traffic smash into more vehicles.

EVERY TRAFFIC LIGHT in the city turning GREEN. Not a single red light in sight.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

Several hundred miles off the East coast, a pair of BLACK HAWK helicopters cut through the sky, and swoop down on the deck of a gigantic AIRCRAFT CARRIER.

Two DESTROYER BATTLESHIPS trailing further behind it.

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - DAY

As the helos settle on the deck, two separate units, alpha and beta, of 1st Special Forces Operational Detachment-Delta step off...



...otherwise known as **DELTA FORCE** -- the world's most elite combat unit.

From the beta-team, Commander TOM EISNER hits the deck first. Late 30s, calm, silent, efficient, but haunted.

He takes in the view of the carrier. Doesn't bother to turn around as...

EDWARD CALVIN staggers off, collapsing onto his hands and knees, puking on the deck.

CALVIN
Someone put me out of my misery,
would ya?

PHILLIP VANCE hops off the chopper, Calvin's brother in arms, smile plastered on his face as he watches Calvin heaving.

VANCE
Suck it up, you little bitch.

CALVIN
I think I've been poisoned. What
the hell did you guys put in my
ration packs?

VANCE
I don't think you've got the
stomach for this line of work. I
think you're being a pansy ass
little bitch, then again what's
new?

Vance nods over at the alpha unit Delta Force stepping off their helo. Each of the alphas trying to hide their smiles.

VANCE (CONT'D)
You're embarrassing us.

CALVIN
Suck it.

Vance grabs Calvin's head, starts mimicking a blowjob.

VANCE
No, you suck it, it's all you're
good for.

KIRA SIMMONS, focused, deadly force hidden behind beauty, jumps off the chopper, watching the theatrics.

SIMMONS
Oh, that's hot.

She turns to DILLON 'BEAR' WALTERS as he steps off.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)
These guys are total degenerates.
You know that, right?

Bear pats Calvin on the back.

BEAR
You'll be alright. Breathe in that
sea air, it's good for you.
(pushing Vance)
Leave him alone.

VANCE
But he's got such a pretty mouth.

Bear notices Eisner staring into... nothing. He approaches him.

BEAR
Hey, you've been kinda quiet
recently. I just wanted to ask --

EISNER
I gotta get some rest, that's all.

Eisner walks away, heading to his quarters. Bear, left standing, not sure what to do.

SIMMONS
Hey, what's up with Eisner?

BEAR
I don't know, I think... I think
it's his wife.

SIMMONS
Yeah, it's been tough on the guy.

BEAR
I wouldn't know. He doesn't talk
to me anymore.

He turns to the group.

BEAR (CONT'D)
Okay, let's all get some sleep.

VANCE
Sleep? Are you kidding me? We
just got off the clock. We can
sleep when we're dead.
(MORE)

VANCE (CONT'D)

I got a bottle of Jack Daniels
that's got our name written all
over it.

SIMMONS

I think you'll find it's Jack's
name on the bottle.

CALVIN

I'm not drinking. Look at me, I
can't drink shit.

Vance looks down on him with disgust.

VANCE

Someone tell me how this guy even
got in this unit?

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - EISNER'S QUARTERS - DAY

Faucet gushing water. Eisner stares at himself in the
mirror, draws his hands over his tired face.

But this is more than just tiredness, this is exhaustion.
Physical. Emotional. His moist eyes begin to leak tears...

He quickly cups water, splashes it on his face, washing them
away. Turns off the water. Pats his face dry with a towel.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - DAY

As we glide over the Capitol, we see that the streets are
grid-locked just like New York. Every light GREEN.

Crashed vehicles lay strewn with black smoke pouring from
their engines. Pedestrians pull victims from damaged cars.
Ambulances desperately try to squeeze through traffic.

A few miles west of DC, we're in the...

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

A mass of vidscreens. Computers streaming data. Analysts
and techs race between terminals. We note one of the screens
lists "AIR FORCE ONE - status: UNKNOWN".

The head DEPUTY DIRECTOR turns as...

CIA operative BRANDON WEAVER enters the room, the man who's
photo we saw earlier. Late 30's. Focused. Dangerously
efficient.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

Talk to me.

WEAVER

We've just gone to DEFCON level 3.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

So we have a confirmed hit?

WEAVER

The hit is confirmed. A search and rescue team has been dispatched. Waiting for intel on any survivors.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

Last thing this country needs right now. Do we know who did this?

WEAVER

We're working on it.

Weaver looks at the main vidscreen, seeing lines of gridlocked traffic on a Washington DC map. He taps the shoulder of...

...computer analyst TIM EMERSON, 30s, a high-strung tech guy. Easily agitated.

WEAVER (CONT'D)

What am I looking at here?

EMERSON

Traffic's going nuts out there. Every light green.

WEAVER

I dream of getting nothing but green lights.

EMERSON

This isn't a malfunction. Someone is doing this.

Weaver turns to the Deputy Director.

WEAVER

With Air Force One down, I think it's safe to assume this is no coincidence.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

Of course it's no coincidence. Find me whoever's behind --

Suddenly, lines of a strange INTERFERENCE pulses across every vidscreen in the room.

EMERSON
Jesus! What was that?

TECH #2
Damn... I just got locked out of my
computer.

Another tech speaks up.

TECH #3
Hell, me too.

EMERSON
My god...

Weaver races to Emerson's terminal.

WEAVER
What is it?

EMERSON
...we're... we're being hacked.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - EISNER'S QUARTERS - DAY

A knock on his door. He opens it. Just Simmons, staring into his soul.

EISNER
Can we do this another time?

She steps into his room, closing the door behind her.

EISNER (CONT'D)
I'm okay. You don't have to look
at me like that. I just want to
sleep.

Simmons stares at him. He can't help but talk more.

EISNER (CONT'D)
Okay, maybe I'm not doing great...

Simmons sits on his bed, waiting for him to bare his soul.

EISNER (CONT'D)
Do you ever think about the people
we've lost?

SIMMONS
You mean the people you've lost?

Eisner, suddenly angered...

EISNER
That's not fair.

SIMMONS
But that's what you meant, the
people that YOU lost?

Eisner can't find the words.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)
You're right though, it's not fair,
because we lost those people too.
And it's not fair that you keep
blaming yourself.

EISNER
Who am I supposed to blame?

Simmons stands up.

SIMMONS
People die. You can't control
that.

EISNER
Do you have any idea how many
people I've lead to their deaths?

SIMMONS
That's not what you do?

EISNER
That's exactly what I do.

She touches his chest.

SIMMONS
This is going to eat you alive from
the inside out.

EISNER
I don't think I can do this
anymore.

SIMMONS
This is all you can do. This is
what you were made to do.
(beat)
You need to pull yourself together.

She kisses him on the cheek. Opens the door to leave...

EISNER

And how am I supposed to live with
myself if I lose you?

(beat)

Or Bear, or Vance, or --

SIMMONS

You're not going to lose me, or
anyone else.

Eisner opens a bag, pulling out dozens of dog tags.

EISNER

Try telling that to them.

SIMMONS

Get it together.

She leaves, closing the door behind her.

Eisner sits on his bed.

EXT. CHICAGO - DAY

Heavy traffic speeds through the streets -- but all red
lights suddenly turn GREEN --

Cross traffic HITS -- cars SMASH -- trucks SWERVE -- people
SCREAM -- vehicles topple over each other -- a whole slew of
them tumbling into the Chicago River in a brutal frenzy.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Weaver paces the room as the Deputy Director watches.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

How is this possible? Nobody could
break through that level of
encryption.

EMERSON

Well, somebody is. I don't believe
this, they're getting past all my
firewalls.

Another computer tech slams his hands down in frustration.

TECH #4

I just got locked out of my system
too.

EMERSON

I'm still in, but they're getting past every one of our security measures.

WEAVER

Tell me, can you get a lock on their location?

EMERSON

I'm trying, but they're working hard to keep me out.

Emerson shouts over to a female tech.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

Keep them off my back until I can locate them.

Weaver moves over to the female tech.

WEAVER

Whatever you do, do not let them lock him out.

The Deputy Director's assistant, holding a phone in one hand, shouts across the chaotic room.

ASSISTANT

All our hard lines just went dead.

WEAVER

Goddamn it, we cannot lose our communications. I don't care what it takes.

Emerson, fingers flying over his keyboard, suddenly pauses...

EMERSON

You're not going to believe this. I've traced it back to one of our own stations.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

A CIA station? That's not possible.

WEAVER

Which one?

EMERSON

East coast. Substation 219.

WEAVER

Give me the coordinates to that.

Emerson pulls up the coordinate data. Weaver quickly writes them on a scrap of paper.

At the back of the room, we notice an AGENT's demeanor change. His eyes glaze over. Face falls flat.

That same rhythmic beat again: BEEP -- DUM -- DUM -- BEEP -- DUM -- DUM -- BEEP -- DUM -- DUM -- BEEP...

The agent unlocks an ARMORY LOCKER stacked with Heckler and Koch MP5K's. Takes one in each hand -- and OPENS FIRE on the room -- terminals EXPLODE -- people duck -- techs SCREAM --

The Deputy Director takes three shots through the chest. Weaver dives over a desk. Techs riddled with bullets. A massacre --

-- but two ARMED GUARDS burst in the room from the hall -- one hit through the head -- the other is hit too -- but not before he gets a shot off himself -- killing the AGENT.

Immediate SILENCE looms over the room. A long moment. Then, the murmur of injured people. Weaver, unscathed, peaks over his desk.

WEAVER (CONT'D)

Hey... who's with me? Someone talk to me.

Emerson pushes a dead tech off of himself. A bullet graze to his arm. Weaver crawls over to him.

WEAVER (CONT'D)

Have you been locked out the system yet?

EMERSON

Jesus... I... I need a doctor --

WEAVER

Are you still in the system?

Emerson catches his breath. Focuses. Looks to his terminal.

EMERSON

I'm in. But I won't be for long.

Weaver pulls him to his feet. Sits him in front of his computer.

WEAVER

I need you to send a priority-one message, right now.

EMERSON

A message? A message where?

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - MESS HALL - DAY

The Deltas have invaded one little corner, keeping it all to themselves, drinking shots of whiskey.

Nearby sailors, eating breakfast, eye the Deltas, agitated by their disregard and noise pollution.

SIMMONS

ON THREE, TWO, ONE...

Each Delta knocks back another shot, and slams their glasses down on the table.

VANCE

That'll put hair on your chest, Simmons.

SIMMONS

Screw you. I'm about to drink all your asses under this table.

CALVIN

Not me. I can't drink any more of this shit.

SIMMONS

You're gonna let a girl beat you?

CALVIN

Yeah, you beat me. I need some food in my system.

VANCE

You're such a bitch.
(raising his voice)
Such a whiney, little bitch.

Some of the sailors look up from their meals, agitation building. Vance clocks their dirty looks.

VANCE (CONT'D)

Hey, what's up, boys? Can I help you with something?

Bear grabs Vance by the arm.

BEAR
Hey, cool it.

VANCE
No, if they got something they want
to say, why don't they just come
right out and say it.

Vance stands up, addressing the room.

VANCE (CONT'D)
What are they all looking at? What
the hell are you all looking at?
You like what you see here, is that
it?
(exposing his six-pack)
We all know what you Navy boys
like.

A group of sailors look at each other. Anger building
exponentially.

BEAR
Vance, sit the fuck down.

Vance climbs on top of the table, pulling Calvin up on to his
feet too, pointing at him.

VANCE
See this guy? He's such a faggot
little bitch, you don't even know.
But he could kick each and every
single one of your asses.

He pushes Calvin forward.

CALVIN
I'm more a lover, not a fighter.

VANCE
Don't let these guys scare you.
(to the room)
Which one of you want to take him
on?

A huge, muscle-freak Navy guy stands, kicking his chair away -
- just as a HAND grabs his shoulder -- Eisner's hand.

EISNER
Sit down. You'll live longer.

The muscle-freak holds back his anger. Defiant, but slowly
sinks back down into his seat.

Eisner casually moves over to his group.

EISNER (CONT'D)
What are we celebrating?

They exchange puzzled looks.

VANCE
We're... celebrating... our health,
our youth, our life.

Bear looks to Vance. That's something he shouldn't have said. But he meant nothing by it.

Eisner breaks the tension.

EISNER
Sounds good to me.

He sits. Pours himself a drink. Knocks it back in one.

BEAR
Hey, like we even need a reason,
right?

SIMMONS
Not me.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - DAY

Emergency vehicles squeeze through gridlocked streets. Crowds of scared people EVERYWHERE, confused by the strange situation, desperately trying to use their cell phones...

...but none of them work. Police officers make multiple attempts to use their radios, but they don't work either.

Then, sporadic people in the crowds turn, sensing something approaching.

They clock a FLEET of FIGHTER JETS closing in on the city from afar. Hard to make out at first. More people turn, noticing the jet's ROARING engines growing louder.

Suddenly -- MISSILES fly from them -- white streaks of smoke trailing as they zero-in -- civilians scream --

-- they STRIKE the ground -- debris ERUPTING -- mushrooming FIRE. Hordes of people desperately trying to outrun carnage.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Weaver paces back and forth as medical staff attend to injured personnel. Emerson types furiously.



WEAVER
Come on, come on...

EMERSON
I'm doing it, I'm doing it.
They're running me in circles.
These guys are good.

WEAVER
How are they doing this?

EMERSON
I don't even know who 'they' are,
but they're working their asses off
to keep me out.

WEAVER
How much longer?

Suddenly, the main vidscreen flashes red with the words:
"Missile lock".

EMERSON
What the hell...

Weaver steps back in shock.

WEAVER
Shit, they've locked onto this
building!

Medical staff and armed guards race out the room. Emerson,
eyes going wide, gets up to leave --

-- but Weaver pushes him back down in his seat.

EMERSON
Are you nuts?

WEAVER
You've got less than one minute to
send that message.

EXT. VIRGINIA - LANGLEY - DAY

We're MOVING incredibly fast, attached to the underside of an
air-to-ground MISSILE.

More missiles further ahead of us -- racing toward their
target -- CIA HEADQUARTERS -- each one hitting the building
first -- multiple sections blowing -- before we finally hit --

SMASH TO BLACK:

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - DAY

A FLEET of FIGHTER JETS, crossing over this vast body of water -- each jet fires a VOLLEY of MISSILES at the...

EXT. CHICAGO - DAY

...skyline. Its wall of skyscrapers taking the first wave of attack -- SHATTERED CONCRETE rains down on screaming citizens as they desperately run for cover.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - BRIDGE - DAY

The First Officer stares through binoculars at one of the Destroyer Battleships (USS AURORA) trailing a few hundred yards behind them, just as the CAPTAIN enters.

CAPTAIN

This better be good.

FIRST OFFICER

Sir, we've lost communications with the USS Aurora. The last thing we heard... was...

CAPTAIN

Spit it out.

FIRST OFFICE

Screams... before the radio cut dead.

The Captain takes the binoculars. Looks out at the Aurora.

CAPTAIN

This a joke?

FIRST OFFICER

No, sir. We've not only lost communications with the Aurora, we've lost them with... everyone.

The Captain turns to him, thinking hard.

CAPTAIN

Get it working. I don't care what it takes, I want comms back up.

The First Officer tears a piece of paper from a comm machine.

FIRST OFFICER

We were receiving a high priority message when comms went down.

The Captain hands the binoculars to the Petty Officer. He takes the paper. Reads it.

CAPTAIN

The CIA?

FIRST OFFICERS

Yes, sir, looks like it's for our special guests downstairs. I'll take it right to them.

The First Officer goes to leave --

PETTY OFFICER

What the hell are they doing?

The Petty Officer screams out as he stares through the binoculars.

PETTY OFFICER (CONT'D)

The Aurora just turned their cannons on us.

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - DAY

The Aurora's main gun turrets turn broadside -- now aimed at the carrier -- FIRES -- devastating Mark 7 shells --

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - BRIDGE - DAY

Bridge crew thrown off their feet as the carrier takes a HIT.

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - MESS HALL - DAY

The Deltas go flying -- hurled up against a wall -- dozens of sailors tumbling over tables too. Brutal.

BEAR

What the hell was that?

CALVIN

Did we just crash?

EISNER

Not a chance. We were just hit.

Sailors get to their feet and race to their stations.

SIMMONS

What do we do?

EISNER

Suit up.



Vance, dizzy, tries to shake it off.

VANCE

I was blind drunk less than ten
seconds ago. Never got this sober,
this fast.

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - BRIDGE - DAY

The Captain staggers to his feet, amid a sea of broken glass and blown control terminals. The First Officer grabs the binoculars, looking out at the Aurora.

CAPTAIN

What the hell are they doing over
there?

FIRST OFFICER

I see... I see small arms fire. On
their deck. They're shooting each
other over there.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - ARMORY - DAY

Eisner pulls on BODY ARMOR / Vance picks up his M4 ASSAULT
RIFLE / Simmons slams a magazine into her weapon / Bear
slides his knife into a sheath / Calvin holsters a sidearm.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - BRIDGE - DAY

The First Officer watches as the Aurora banks to its left,
swinging all gun turrets to face the carrier.

FIRST OFFICER

They're coming around for another
shot.

CAPTAIN

About turn. Give me everything we
have. Get us out of here.

FIRST OFFICER

We'll never pickup speed in time.
No way we can outrun them.

The Aurora -- FIRES --

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - CORRIDOR - DAY

As the Deltas race toward a stairwell --

-- a BLAST punches a hole through the carrier, missing them
by mere feet.

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - TOP DECK - DAY

The Deltas emerge on the deck as chaos rains down over them. Hundreds of sailors running to their posts.

The First Officer spots them. Pushes through the crowds to Eisner.

EISNER

Hey, what can we do? How can we help?

FIRST OFFICER

You can help by getting in your helos and getting out of here.

EISNER

What?

FIRST OFFICER

They're your orders.

VANCE

We're Deltas, we don't take orders from you.

BEAR

(to Vance)

Hold that tongue, soldier.

FIRST OFFICER

Orders aren't from me. They're from Langley.

He hands Eisner the paper -- just as a SWARM of FIGHTER JETS fly over them, heading toward land.

SIMMONS

(to First Officer)

Put us in this fight. We can help.

EISNER

No, he's right. Orders are from Langley.

BEAR

What are our orders?

EISNER

Coordinates. A location.

VANCE

This is bullshit! We need to get in whatever fight this is.

The Deltas flinch as the carrier is HIT again.

EISNER
(to First Officer)
Who's doing this? Who's firing on
us?

FIRST OFFICER
The Aurora, three hundred yards off
our Starboard.

VANCE
But why? Have I just woken up in
the twilight zone?

FIRST OFFICER
Not a clue. Whole worlds gone
crazy. But you have your orders.
Your pilot's waiting.

The First Officer leaves them, heading back to the bridge.

EISNER
Deltas, on me.

Eisner races towards the two Black Hawks on the far end of
the deck.

EXT. EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

HUNDREDS of fighter jets in long rows and on tarmac. Even
more pilots and military personnel congregating around
aircraft hangers and temporary communication hubs.

INT. AIRCRAFT HANGAR - DAY

Military Generals pace back and forth as comm techs re-tune
radios, trying to pick up broadcasts -- but they get nothing.

EXT. EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

In the huge crowds of pilots awaiting orders, we notice
several of the men's eyes glaze over. Their demeanor
changing. Becoming emotionless. Cold.

They walk towards F-35B (vertical take-off) fighter jets and
climb up into the open cockpits.

Crowds turn as the jets rise -- then shoot forward,
accelerating away into the sky.

An officer races out of the hangar.

FLIGHT OFFICER

What the... why are they taking
off? Who ordered them to take off?

As he watches, the fleet only get so far before CIRCLING BACK around toward the base. Then -- each jet FIRES a series of missiles down on the grounded aircraft and hangars.

FLIGHT OFFICER (CONT'D)

Down! Down! Down! Everyone down!

Hundreds of pilots dive for cover as EXPLOSIONS surge over the area in a rolling wave of fire.

The fleet continue on toward a new destination.

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER/INT. BLACK HAWK - DAY

The rotors on both Black Hawks already spinning. The alpha unit already climbing onboard their helo.

The beta unit jumps onboard their helo too. Eisner hands the coordinates to the pilot.

EISNER

How long?

BLACK HAWK PILOT

Why are we going there?

EISNER

How long?

BLACK HAWK PILOT

We're about an hour out.

The Black Hawks begins to rise -- just as another CANON BLAST rips across the deck -- cutting through stationary jets -- spilling dozens of them over the edge of the carrier --

-- one jet TUMBLING right at the Black Hawk.

EISNER

Get this thing in the air.

The Black Hawk takes off just in time -- as the tumbling jet rolls underneath them -- missing by an inch.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

As the two helos rises, we get an overview of the battle below -- as the Aurora fires its canons again.

INT. BLACK HAWK - DAY

Down on the carrier's deck, the Delta's spot small arms gunfire too, between sailors shooting each other.

VANCE

What the hell are they doing?

Bear turns to Eisner.

BEAR

We need to get back down there.

EISNER

No. We have our orders.

BEAR

They're killing each other down there.

EISNER

Whatever's going on, it's not our concern now. We have a job to do.

The two Black Hawks speed away, leaving the brutal fight to continue.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

In the heart of the city, all traffic lights are GREEN. Vehicles gridlocked along almost every street.

Further out, on the crisscrossing, multi-level overpass...

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAYS - DAY

...frustrated drivers pray for movement --

-- until they spot FIGHTER JETS high above -- closing in on their position -- then releasing DOZENS of MISSILES -- long trails of white phosphorous smoke streaming in their wake --

-- exploding through sections of freeway --

-- holy shit! -- panicked drivers hit reverse in an attempt to escape -- smashing into other vehicles behind them.

On a top level overpass, the driver of an 18 WHEELER SEMI pushes forward -- forcing cars out of the way --

-- but the truck driver oversteers -- swerving too far out -- plowing through the guardrail -- crashing down onto the next level -- EXPLODING -- FLIPPING over -- down to the ground --

-- other vehicles caught in its wake -- dragged down with it, hurtling to the freeways below.

INT. BLACK HAWK - DAY

The helo rattles like hell as it speeds through the air. Eisner pulls off a radio headset and hands it back to the co-pilot.

BEAR

Anything?

EISNER

Dead, completely dead. Every frequency jammed.

VANCE

What the hell could jam every frequency?

Simmons checks her cell phone.

SIMMONS

Not just military frequencies. Phones are dead too.

VANCE

Okay, so what are we talking here? Russians? Koreans? What?

Eisner stares at the paper with the coordinates.

EISNER

Something is very wrong here.

BEAR

What?

EISNER

All of it. None of it makes sense.

BLACK HAWK PILOT

Hey, heads up.

The Deltas turn. Their jaws drop as they approach...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

-- but this isn't the New York we know.

FIGHTER JETS scream through the skyline. APACHE HELICOPTERS weave in between buildings. TANKS rolling down streets.

This is a WAR ZONE.



Raging fires. Layers of black smoke. Explosions rocking the entire cityscape. Welcome to hell.

INT. BLACK HAWK - DAY

As they approach the island of Manhattan...

SIMMONS

My god...

A fighter jet flies STRAIGHT AT US -- *WHOOOSH!* --

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN - DAY

-- cutting in between the two Black Hawks --

INT. BLACK HAWK - DAY

-- so close the helo VIBRATES.

BLACK HAWK PILOT

Jesus... what the hell are these
assholes doing?

EISNER

Find us a landing zone - fast.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN - DAY

The two Black Hawks rise as they approach a wall of downtown skyscrapers further ahead.

Eisner leans out of the open side-door, gesturing to the alpha Delta unit, giving hand-signal instructions, pointing ahead --

-- just as a MISSILE hits the alpha unit helo -- turning it into a BALL of FIRE.

INT. BLACK HAWK - DAY

EISNER

Jesus Christ!

The same jet that fired the missile screams past.

VANCE

Get us out of here!

BEAR

Put us down now, or we're all dead!

Eisner spots another missile up ahead, heading right at them.

EISNER

Incoming!

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN - DAY

The pilot banks hard -- the missile skimming past them.

But... a pair of APACHE helicopters swoop in -- firing a stream of machine gunfire at the...

INT. BLACK HAWK - DAY

-- bullets splintering the windshield, hitting the co-pilot.

Bear reaches over, putting pressure on his neck wound as he gargles blood.

BLACK HAWK PILOT

Everyone hold tight.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN - DAY

The pilot fights to control the helo -- makes a steep dive -- below the level of the skyscraper rooftops.

But the two Apaches give chase...

The Black Hawk swings around buildings -- making tight, fast turns -- streams of machine gunfire whipping past them.

Left turn -- right turn -- left -- another left -- then a right --

50. cal bullets ripping across the faces of each building they pass.

INT. BLACK HAWK - DAY

As Bear desperately tries to stop the co-pilot's bleeding, his body goes limp, taking in his last breath.

BEAR

Damn it. I'm sorry.

The pilot barely registers it -- too busy desperately outrunning the two Apaches.

CALVIN

What's the plan?

BLACK HAWK PILOT

The plan is shut your mouth, and keep your head down.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN - DAY

The Black Hawk swings around another corner -- just as a fighter jet cuts across their path -- missing them by inches.

Apaches closing the gap -- gaining on them fast -- this time unleashing an unrelenting volley of small HELLFIRE MISSILES.

The pilot expertly maneuvers out of their way, as they dart past -- overshooting -- the faces of buildings crumbling all around them. Concrete raining down on the streets below.

INT. BLACK HAWK - DAY

Left turn -- right turn -- right turn -- left turn...

EISNER
We gotta lose these guys.

BLACK HAWK PILOT
I'm working on it.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN - DAY

As we follow the two Apaches around another corner, the Black Hawk pilot pulls them into a trap...

BLACK HAWK PILOT
Everyone hold tight.

The helo makes a sharp dive -- forcing the Apaches to follow too -- the first Apache running straight into the path of a fighter jet -- blowing it to hell.

VANCE
Yeahhhhhhh!

The other Apache cuts through the fire ball, still on the Black Hawks tail -- firing everything it's got.

INT. BLACK HAWK - DAY

EISNER
What do you want us to do?

BLACK HAWK PILOT
Sit back and pray.

SIMMONS
We're not the praying type. We're the killing type.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN - DAY

We sweep around more sharp corners -- dozens of hellfires skimming past.

INT. BLACK HAWK - DAY

BLACK HAWK PILOT
Listen up, I need someone on the
door gun, left-side.

Eisner moves to the GATLING door gun, facing out of the side of the helo.

BLACK HAWK PILOT (CONT'D)
I'm gonna line this fucker up for
you. You're only gonna get one
shot at this.

EISNER
I only need one shot.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN - DAY

As the Apache continues to unleash hell, concrete debris crumbles -- a wave of DUST momentarily blocks its view --

-- and the Black Hawk pilot uses the moment to make the SHARPEST TURN he can -- tighter than 90 degrees.

The Apache overshoots the turn -- but stops -- swings back around. A huge increase in the GAP now.

But the Apache gets right back on its tail. It spots the Black Hawk making a left turn further ahead -- quickly follows, trying to close the gap again.

It makes the same left turn, but -- unexpectedly --

-- the Black Hawk is now STATIONARY, hovering sideways --

INT. BLACK HAWK - DAY

-- Eisner, on its side-door gun, pointing it straight out at the Apache -- opening fire --

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN - DAY

-- ripping through the apache -- turning it into a ball of fire -- crash-burning back to Earth.

Vance leans out, shouting...

VANCE
Chew on that, bitch!

The Black Hawk rises above the skyscraper rooftops.

INT. BLACK HAWK - DAY

BLACK HAWK PILOT
Okay ladies, where am I dropping
your sorry asses? Let's make this
quick --

-- but gunfire from a passing jet rips through the Black Hawk.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN - DAY

It spins in endless circles, almost uncontrollable.

INT. BLACK HAWK - DAY

BLACK HAWK PILOT
Shit, we're going down...

Eisner leaps forward, trying to help with controls.

BLACK HAWK PILOT (CONT'D)
No, forget that.

EISNER
I'm a pilot, I can help.

BLACK HAWK PILOT
No, we're going down no matter
what. You gotta get out of here.
Get your drop-lines.

CALVIN
Put us on the ground.

BLACK HAWK PILOT
We'll be dead before we hit the
ground. I'm putting you down on
that roof.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN - DAY

Ahead of them, a giant seventy floor skyscraper, the PANTHEON TOWER, looms over the city.

As the pilot fights to control the beast, he heads towards the rooftop -- but more random gunfire hits the tail. Black smoke pouring from it.

INT. BLACK HAWK - DAY

BLACK HAWK PILOT
Shit, I can't hold this much
longer. Get out of here.

The Deltas throw their drop-line ropes out of each side, as the helo spins in circles above the...

EXT. PANTHEON TOWER - ROOFTOP - DAY

Calvin and Vance, one on each side, slide down first -- their feet crashing hard against the roof.

EXT. BATTERY PARK - DAY

On the ground, in a temporary command post, a paramilitary squad leader notices the Black Hawk spinning in the distance, high above the Wall Street buildings. Black smoke bellowing from it.

He reaches for his binoculars. Through his viewfinder, he watches as the Deltas slide down their ropes onto the roof.

More of his squad notice what he sees. They quickly grab their weapons.

EXT. PANTHEON TOWER - ROOF - DAY

Simmons and Bear slide out -- but the spinning helo unexpectedly loses height, lashing each of them down and across the rooftop.

Eisner, last out, slides down his rope -- but it swings out past the edge of the roof as the helo spins --

-- drag-force threatening to rip his hands clean off the line -- but he holds -- barely -- swinging back over the roof again -- he lets go and slides across the roof's floor

-- and OVER THE EDGE -- his fingertips gripping it just in time before he falls to his death.

The others dive for cover as the Black Hawk HITS -- crash rolling -- its spinning blades slicing into the roof -- barely missing Bear and Simmons before rolling to a stop.

Eisner pulls himself up. Stares out at the burning city.

EISNER
Welcome to New York. We hope you
enjoy your stay.

Calvin checks the pilot's pulse. Dead.



VANCE

Well, this town went to hell.

Eisner gets up on his feet.

EISNER

We need eyes.

CUT TO:

VIEW THROUGH BINOCULARS...

...panning across Manhattan. A fast moving blur until we stop on the southern tip of Central Park. M1 ABRAMS TANKS plowing across the grass.

We quick pan across to other skyscrapers. Fighter jets speeding between them. Tracer machine gunfire darting across the city.

Tilt down to streets, looking down the length of fifth Avenue. Lines of gridlocked cars everywhere. Most of them now abandoned, burning wrecks.

Our view slides to a stop over the east side bridges that connect Manhattan to Brooklyn and Queens --

-- just as a fleet of missiles slam into them -- each one collapsing, falling into the water below.

EXT. PANTHEON TOWER - ROOF - DAY

The Deltas, each lying down, spying over the roof's edge on the city below, passing the binoculars between themselves.

SIMMONS

Well, it's official, we're screwed.

VANCE

What the hell is happening here?
Has everyone gone crazy?

EISNER

Sure looks like it.

VANCE

Who are we even fighting? Why has everyone turned on us?

EISNER

From this point on, we trust no one.

Bear sits upright.

BEAR

I got a lot of movement down here.

They stare down the south side of the building as a large horde of people race into the Pantheon Tower's main entrance. HOSTILES -- twenty plus men and women. And more following.

EISNER

Well someone doesn't want us here.
We gotta move, right now.

INT. PANTHEON TOWER - TOP FLOOR - DAY

The Deltas exit the roof access stairwell, racing to the elevators -- but they freeze --

VANCE

Oh no! No, no, no!

The digital screens above each elevator door scroll up through numbers. Elevator cars rapidly moving up the building.

EISNER

Take cover.

The Deltas spread out, each one hiding around corners, nestled into small alcoves and blind spots, waiting...

...waiting... waiting...

SIMMONS

Who the hell are these guys?

EISNER

No idea, but I have a feeling this
is about to get ugly. Watch your
cross fire.

...eventually the elevators PING -- doors open -- and it's instant chaos --

-- paramilitary -- civilians -- uniformed cops -- suits -- workmen -- all wielding guns and automatic weapons --

-- unfocused -- erratic -- at least ten of them pouring out the elevator -- already firing --

-- Eisner returns fire first -- the other Deltas just a microsecond behind him. A deafening clash -- that barely lasts a few seconds.

The Deltas quickly annihilate the hostiles. Eisner roll dives -- taking out the last two. Then all is silent.

BEAR

Clear.

VANCE

All clear.

They check the bodies. Eisner kneels down for a closer look. We notices their FACES -- veins below the surface bulging -- something not right about their look.

Bear spots the other three elevator screens now counting up from the first floor.

EISNER

Grenades.

INT. PANTHEON TOWER - ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

The Deltas force the elevator doors open. Each one of them pulling a pin on a grenade.

EISNER

Wait for it...

Eisner stares down the shaft waiting for the cars to get a little higher...

EISNER (CONT'D)

Now!

They drop their grenades. Each one falling over a hundred feet before CLUNKING on the elevator roofs.

Within seconds of each other, the grenades EXPLODE -- demolishing the cars -- ripping through elevator cables.

INT. PANTHEON TOWER - TOP FLOOR - OFFICE - DAY

The Deltas race to the windows, looking down on the streets below. Countless more people swarming towards the building's lobby.

CALVIN

We gotta get out of here.

Eisner moves to the...

INT. PANTHEON TOWER - TOP FLOOR - STAIRWELL - DAY

...and looks down. The distant ECHO of feet below pound their way up the stairs.

BEAR
That's a lot of floors they gotta
cover. Gonna take them some time
to get up here.

EISNER
They're gonna get up here sooner or
later. We're leaving, right now.

Eisner turns to Vance.

EISNER (CONT'D)
Cable launcher!

EXT. BATTERY PARK - DAY

The paramilitary squad leader grabs an IR LASER TARGET
POINTER from inside a command tent.

Sets it up on a tripod. Pinpoints the laser on the Pantheon
Tower -- marking the target for destruction.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN - DAY

Four F-16 fighter jets see the laser pinpoint glaring off the
building. They scream past, confirming their target --

-- then make a wide arc, circling around so they can come
back for a second shot.

INT. PANTHEON TOWER - LOWER FLOOR - DAY

The Deltas exit a stairwell several floors down. They race
to the windows, desperately searching...

EISNER
Find me a rooftop people.

SIMMONS
I got one, I got one.

Simmons points over at a nearby building: the BRYSON PLAZA.
Its rooftop a few floors lower than them.

EISNER
That'll do it.

Bear shoots out the window. A strong GUST of wind hits them.

Vance reaches into his pack. Assembles two pieces of
equipment together that combine to make a CABLE LAUNCHER gun.



Simmons removes a long coil of high strength CABLE from her pack. Attaches a high velocity DART to one end. Slots it in the gun.

Vance aims -- fires -- the dart out the window. It sails through the air, cable trailing behind it like a snake -- piercing into the rooftop.

Simmons secures the other end of the cable to a pillar behind her.

SIMMONS
Ladies first...

She clamps on. Slides out into the...

EXT. MID-AIR GAP - DAY

...between the two buildings -- over the dizzying height. Then Vance follows. Each sliding to a stop on the Bryson Plaza rooftop.

INT. PANTHEON TOWER - LOWER FLOOR - DAY

Calvin packs up the cable launcher. Bear turns to Eisner.

BEAR
You're up next.

EISNER
No, you're next. Get out of here.

BEAR
Stop screwing around. You're up.

Eisner, pissed, gives in. He clamps on and slides out...

EXT. MID-AIR GAP - DAY

Calvin slides out right behind Eisner --

-- just as another HOSTILE BLACK HAWK sweeps in, emerging from behind another building. Its onboard soldier opens fire with the GATLING door gun on Calvin and Eisner.

Eisner and Calvin fire back as they slide. Bear hooks onto the line too and slides out -- firing -- trying to take out its pilot.

EXT. BRYSON PLAZA - ROOFTOP - DAY

Vance and Simmons take shelter behind a ventilation unit, firing at the helo as it sweeps around.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN - DAY

The squad of fighter jets circle around -- lining up their crosshair displays with the Pantheon Tower in the distance --

-- each jet firing a VOLLEY of MISSILES --

-- they hit hard -- EXPLODING through the Pantheon Tower's lobby and midsections --

EXT. MID-AIR GAP - DAY

-- INTENSE VIBRATIONS ripple along the cable -- just as Eisner and Calvin reach Bryson Plaza --

-- but Bear is still on the line as the Pantheon Tower COLLAPSES in on itself --

-- the cable SNAPPING free from PANTHEON TOWER --

-- Bear falls -- drop-sliding down the remaining slack of cable that hangs from Bryson Plaza -- jerking to a sudden stop at its knotted end --

-- as it swings hard against the windows, six floors down from the rooftop.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN - DAY

The chopper tilts and weaves -- narrowly missing huge chunks of falling debris.

EXT. BRYSON PLAZA - ROOFTOP - DAY

The Deltas grab the cable and start pulling Bear back up -- but Simmons screams out...

SIMMONS

We gotta move!

The Black Hawk rises out of the dust cloud -- its gatling gun laying waste to the rooftop -- the Deltas roll and dive out of the way as it sweeps over them.

EXT. SIDE OF BRYSON PLAZA - DAY

Further down, Bear fires up at the Black Hawk above, but barely makes a dent at this range.

EXT. BRYSON PLAZA - ROOFTOP - DAY

Simmons fires -- hitting the gatling gun operator -- he falls out of the chopper, screaming to his death.





The Deltas race to the roof access door, and disappear down the stairwell.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN - DAY

A new gunner takes over of the gatling gun as the helo circles the building.

He spots Bear hanging further down the side and fires down on him. Windows and concrete splintering around Bear.

EXT. SIDE OF BRYSON PLAZA - DAY

Bear pushes off the glass, swinging outwards -- then shoots out the window as he swings back in -- crashing through the splintered glass -- barely escaping the gunfire from above.

INT. BRYSON PLAZA - OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

Three floors down from the roof, Eisner and the Deltas emerge from a stairwell. They scan the floor. No movement. Eisner spots the cable hanging down outside the window.

He looks out, but sees that Bear is not connected to it.

SIMMONS

Where is he? Did he fall?

EISNER

I don't know.

The Black Hawk lowers into view -- opening fire on them --

-- they dive for cover -- hundreds of spent shells pouring out the gatling gun --

-- Eisner's hit in the arm, sending him flying over a desk -- his assault rifle skidding away from him across the floor.

The other Deltas flip desks over for makeshift shields as chaos reigns over them -- they pop up, returning fire, but their small arms are no match for the helo.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN - DAY

The Black Hawk slowly circles the building, firing across the length of the floor -- the Deltas constantly adjust position to avoid its gunfire.

INT. BRYSON PLAZA - OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

Eisner spots his rifle, but can't reach it. He unloads his pistol, barely leaving a dent. He crawls over to Calvin.

CALVIN
We need to get back to the
stairwell.

Eisner doesn't answer. He reaches into Calvin's backpack,
pulling out the CABLE LAUNCHER gun.

Vance throws a coil of high-strength cable over to him.
Eisner attaches it to the dart. Slides it into the gun.

He leaps to his feet -- running towards the windows as the
chopper continues to circle around --

-- and roll dives as gunfire slices over him.

He fires the cable out towards the chopper --

-- but the pilot reacts fast, tilting the helo out of the way
as the cable shoots past -- the dart instead stabbing into
the face of another building.

VANCE
Shit, he missed!

The gatling gun operator starts firing again --

-- but Eisner THROWS out the rest of the coil -- which gets
TANGLED up in the rotor blades --

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN - DAY

-- jerking the helo to a sudden stop in mid-air --

-- it falls -- but the taut cable pulls and swinge it down
against the face of the opposite building -- exploding on
contact.

INT. BRYSON PLAZA - OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

The Deltas take a deep breath.

EISNER
Well, this has been a pleasant trip
so far.

MOVEMENT behind them -- they spin -- assault rifles raised --

-- but it's just Bear coming up out the stairwell.

SLATE
Jesus! I almost shot you.

BEAR
Let's get out of here.

INT. BRYSON TOWER - LOBBY - DAY

Simmons scans the room from the stairwell doorway. No movement. She moves out, the Deltas on her heels --

-- just as there's movement ahead, outside the main entrance.

Simmons stops, crouches -- the Deltas duck too -- as a GROUP of people race along the street. The Deltas let them pass.

BEAR

How far away are we?

EISNER

It's about one klick north.

SIMMONS

Looks like a whole world of trouble out there.

EISNER

We stay low. Move fast.

Eisner moves out onto the street. The others quickly follow.

EXT. SPACE

High Earth orbit. A dormant SATELLITE gently floats through frame. A serial number on its side: XV9 OMEGA.

We hear a sound -- an *ELECTRONIC HUM* -- data transferring --

-- it suddenly activates. Solar panels emerge from its side, opening up like a butterfly, glinting sharp, white sunlight.

Its thruster engines ignite. The satellite flies away from us, finding itself a new geosynchronous location.

EXT. MANHATTAN - DOWNTOWN STREETS - DAY

The Deltas stay low, weapons raised, moving with military precision from street... to street... to street...

...weaving in and around burnt out car wrecks -- as violent dogfights rage in the skies above them.

Eisner, ahead of the others, stops, ducks down low. The others quickly do the same.

A large PARAMILITARY UNIT steps out ahead of them on a cross street, trailing by the side of a slow moving TANK.

Bear peeks over the hood of a car. As the unit eventually passes...



BEAR
All clear.

The Deltas quickly move out again.

LATER: on another street, they find various military corpses.
Bear kneels by one, inspecting the dog tags.

BEAR (CONT'D)
Damn, these are... Navy Seals.

SIMMONS
Seals? Why is there a Seal team
here?

Eisner considers them for a moment.

EISNER
Maybe they're here for the same
reason we are.

EXT. CHAMBERS ST. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

A low moving helicopter sweeps over the area. Moving slow,
searching. It finds nothing. Disappears around a corner.

The Deltas rise up, each one hidden behind concrete debris.

CALVIN
Is this the place?

EISNER
This is it.

BEAR
So where's our contact?

Eisner looks around.

EISNER
No way he's going to stay up top.

He points to the entrance down into the...

INT. CHAMBERS ST. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

The Deltas ease their way around a burned-out wreck that
partially blocks the stairwell.

Further inside, they hop over the turnstiles. Rifles
scanning their environment. Creeping slowly. Precise.

-- suddenly *NOISE* behind them -- they turn -- it's just Vance
entering the subway from another street stairwell.

VANCE
Clear this side.

EISNER
Where the hell is this guy?

BEAR
Maybe he didn't make it.

They spread out in separate directions.

Just the distant rumble of explosions echoing from somewhere above when -- *CLICK!* -- a hammer being pulled back --

-- Eisner spins, snapping his rifle up, to see --

-- BRANDON WEAVER, pistol in hand, pointing it at his face -- half-hiding behind a pillar.

EISNER
Lower your gun.

WEAVER
You first, hotshot.

The other Deltas, weapons raised, slowly spread out, trying to circle him.

WEAVER (CONT'D)
If your guys don't stop moving, I'm gonna unload this entire clip.

The Deltas freeze. The tension palpable.

VANCE
Easy there, tiger.

EISNER
You'll barely get a shot off.

WEAVER
I only need one shot.

A RIFLE gets pushed against the back of Weaver's head. Unbeknown to him, Simmons had already flanked him.

SIMMONS
So do I. Now drop it.

WEAVER
I wouldn't do that if I was you.

Eisner quickly snatches the gun away from Weaver's hand.

SIMMONS

Why is that?

Eisner pulls Weaver's other hand from his pocket -- in it, he holds a live GRENADE.

WEAVER

I misplaced the pin. You mess with me, we're all going down.

The other Deltas slowly back away.

EISNER

You got a death wish or something?

WEAVER

No, but I'm not taking any chances. I don't know you. You might have noticed the world has gone to hell up there.

EISNER

I noticed. For all I know, you're one of the crazies.

WEAVER

Do I look crazy?

VANCE

No. Grenade in your hand with no pin, you're a picture of sanity.

EISNER

Cut the shit. Who are you?

Before Weaver can answer -- Calvin backs up, and stumbles upon SOMEONE ELSE hiding behind a pillar.

CALVIN

Freeze!

TIM EMERSON, the tech wizard, throws his hands up, clutching a revolver, nervous as hell.

EMERSON

Jesus, don't shoot, don't shoot me!

Weaver turns. Smiles.

WEAVER

Don't worry, Emerson, he's not going to shoot you.

CALVIN
I don't think you know me well
enough to make that call.

EISNER
(to Weaver)
I asked you a question. Who are
you?

WEAVER
CIA.

EISNER
Your name?

WEAVER
Brandon. Weaver.

Weaver looks back to Emerson.

WEAVER (CONT'D)
That guy over there, he's my
fearless bodyguard.

EISNER
Brandon Weaver. Never heard of
you. You're not my contact.

WEAVER
You wouldn't know who your contact
is. Wasn't named in the message.

EISNER
That's right.

Weaver smiles.

WEAVER
Clever. So, who are you?

EISNER
You asked us here, and you don't
know who we are? That doesn't make
a whole lot of sense.

WEAVER
I asked a lot of people here.

EISNER
Yeah, we found your Navy Seals up
top. How many more people did you
invite to this party.

WEAVER
More than you know. But so far,
you're the only ones who made it.

EISNER
We almost didn't.

WEAVER
Congratulations then.

Eisner looks at Weaver's grenade.

EISNER
Put the pin back in the grenade.
Now, asshole!

Weaver smiles. Takes the pin from his pocket. Puts it
safely back in the grenade --

-- but Eisner slams the butt of his rifle into Weaver's
stomach, dropping him to the floor.

Calvin simultaneously snatches Emerson's gun away.

WEAVER
What the hell are you doing?

EMERSON
Jesus, these guys are gonna kill
us, they're gonna kill us!

Eisner points his rifle down on Weaver.

EISNER
I'm not going to give you the
chance to point a gun at me again.

VANCE
What are we doing? We wasting
these guys? Just say the word.

EMERSON
Jesus, no don't, don't --

Weaver points at Eisner.

WEAVER
If you do that, we're all dead.
Everyone one of us.

BEAR
What are you talking about?

WEAVER

Stand down and maybe I'll tell you.

Eisner puts his gun against Weaver's face.

EISNER

Talk, asshole.

Weaver, defiant, doesn't say another word.

-- *THUNK!* -- *THUNK!* -- *THUNK!* -- the Deltas turn as something drops down the stairwell, clunking on each step --

-- another GRENADE, from up top, finally comes to rest.

SIMMONS

Everyone down!

The Deltas duck -- *BOOOOOOM!* -- pillars of concrete collapse. Dust everywhere. Gunfire suddenly cuts through the haze.

They jump back up, returning fire.

Eisner pulls Weaver to his feet.

EISNER

We gotta move.

WEAVER

Emerson, I need Emerson.

Simmons grabs Emerson. They move deeper into the subway, down more stairs, onto the train platforms.

As the smoke begins to clear, we can make out the shapes of hostile paramilitary soldiers closing in.

The Deltas move onto an empty subway train parked on the tracks. They race down the aisle.

Emerson grabs Calvin.

EMERSON

Gun. Give me my gun.

Calvin slaps the gun into his hands. Emerson fires at the hostiles -- *CLICK!* -- *CLICK!* -- *CLICK!* -- but it's empty.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

What the hell?

The Deltas reach the last car, smashing open the rear door and dropping down onto the tracks. A bullet rips past Vance's leg, tripping him, but Calvin pulls him to his feet.

EISNER
Bear, Thermite.

Bear pulls out two blocks of C4 - THERMITE PLASMA BREACHING CHARGES. Passes one to Eisner. Each of them planting one on the walls of the tunnel.

They back away, laying cover fire as the hostiles pour onto the subway train and along its aisle.

The Deltas pass around the bend in the tunnel.

EISNER (CONT'D)
Light it up.

Bear hits the detonator -- BOOOOOOMMMM! -- the entire tunnel rumbles as a wave of fire floods through it, washing over the Deltas, throwing them to the ground. And then it's gone.

Emerson furiously waves his arm, dampening a flame.

Part of the tunnel is now collapsed, blocking it off from any hostiles that might have survived, still on the platform.

Emerson jumps to his feet, pissed.

EMERSON
God damn it, I can't do this. I'm not built for this shit.

SIMMONS
Relax, big guy, you're okay.

EMERSON
Okay? You call this okay?

He turns to Weaver, holding up the dud gun.

EMERSON (CONT'D)
And what do you call this? You gave me an empty gun.

Weaver laughs, taking it from him.

WEAVER
You think I'm giving you a loaded weapon? You'd have only shot your foot off. Or my foot.

EMERSON
You're an asshole, Weaver.

EISNER
Tell us something we don't know.



Weaver turns to Eisner, slaps his magazine into the gun.

WEAVER
Comes with the territory.

EISNER
And what's that?

WEAVER
Being an asshole, when ordering
grunts like you around.

Eisner, pissed, raises his gun. Weaver does the same. Then the other Deltas, except for...

BEAR
Stop! Not again. We've already
played this game. Lower your
weapons.

The other Deltas lower their guns, but not Weaver and Eisner.

WEAVER
This is my operation, Commander.
I'm giving the orders here. If it
wasn't for me, you'd still be at
home eating your cornflakes right
about now.

EISNER
We had no intel. No prep. No idea
what we were coming into. That's
all on you, and you can bet your
ass I'm gonna see to it that you
pay.

WEAVER
What, you think you're gonna make a
call to my superiors? Have me
reprimanded or something?

EISNER
Or something.

WEAVER
I don't think you understand what's
going on here.

EISNER
Why don't you explain it to me.

WEAVER
The whole system is on the edge of
a catastrophic breakdown up there.
(MORE)

WEAVER (CONT'D)

You think you can just pick up the phone and make a call? To my superiors? Or the police? Or the local pizza parlour?

BEAR

What are you talking about?

WEAVER

The world just went to hell, ladies and gentlemen. Every city in the country has just been turned upsidedown. After us, you can expect Europe, Asia and Russia to follow. This is just the beginning.

SIMMONS

The beginning of what?

WEAVER

The beginning of the end. The end for all of us.

EISNER

Keep talking.

WEAVER

Keep listening. This is my operation and I'm giving the orders here. If you can't follow them, I'll have your second in command relieve you of duty.

Weaver turns to Bear, expectant of him. After a moment...

BEAR

You don't have to do that.

(to Eisner)

Eisner, please, lower your weapon. He's right, he's in command here. Let's just do as he says.

Eisner thinks hard. Doesn't make a move.

BEAR (CONT'D)

Eisner, goddamn it, don't make me.

Reluctantly, Eisner slowly lowers his weapon.

EISNER

Okay, Weaver, this is your show now.

WEAVER

I don't want to have this conversation again. Is that understood, Commander?

Weaver pushes past him.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

Ships. Everywhere. American Navy Destroyers. Aircraft carriers. Battleships. Leaderless, but converging on a single point.

No radio comms between them, but on the top decks...

EXT. NAVY BATTLESHIP - TOP DECK - DAY

US Navy sailors scramble to send coded messages to other vessels using powerful signal lamps, flashing Morse code --

-dee-dee-dee-dat-dee-dee-dat-dee-dat-dat-

EXT. NAVY DESTROYER - TOP DECK - DAY

...other sailors scramble to write down the messages. Then race to their Captains.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

Small speedboats race between larger ships. A beaten up fleet beginning to pull together, re-organizing its forces.

INT. MAINTENANCE SUBWAYS TUNNEL - DAY

The Deltas break off into a network of smaller maintenance tunnels. Weapon flashlights illuminating their way.

Weaver checks his wrist watch. A digital timer counting down:

15:38 (hours: minutes)...

Eisner notices him checking it every few minutes.

Finally, the group reach a rusty maintenance door. Weaver wrenches it open. Behind it is an another door, slick and shiny. A keypad built into it.

BEAR

I don't think we have enough C4 to punch through that.

EMERSON

Don't need it.

Emerson takes apart the keypad, exposing circuitry behind it. He connects a small electronic data pad to them with clip-on wires.

BEAR
What's he doing?

WEAVER
Disabling the alarm.

EISNER
What is this place?

WEAVER
CIA substation 219. Just one of many hidden under cities throughout the US.

VANCE
You CIA guys work down here in the gutter? How do you tell each other apart from the rats?

Weaver doesn't justify that with an answer.

EISNER
Why the hell are we breaking into a CIA station of all places?

WEAVER
I just need you to do what I tell --

EISNER
And I need to know what we're doing. Why we're here. And I need to know what's on the other side of that door. You want me to do my job, I need to know what my job is.

Weaver takes a pause. Lets his anger pass.

WEAVER
We lost control of this station several hours back. Whoever's leading this attack used this place to hacked into our network. They crashed traffic light across multiple cities. Air traffic control too. Power grids. Gas lines. Everything they could get their hands on.

CALVIN
Why?

EISNER

Chaos. Easiest way to control an enemy is to disrupt it, right? Their supply lines. Food. Medical. Cut off trade routes. Confuse the hell out of them. Run them in circles.

WEAVER

That's right.

(beat)

I don't know what's in here exactly, but I know that we need to shut them down.

Emerson unclips his data pad.

EMERSON

Okay, I've killed the door alarm. The rest is up to you.

Weaver dials a code into the keypad.

WEAVER

My access codes should still carry some weight around here.

The Deltas raise their weapons. The door unlocks. Weaver looks to Eisner.

EISNER

Bear, I want you at the rear with Weaver and Emerson --

EMERSON

What? I'm not going in there. Why don't I wait out here until you guys secure the place?

EISNER

No one's waiting out here. Not alone anyway. I need all my guys inside, so that means you too.

WEAVER

Relax, Emerson, you'll be okay, just stay behind me.

EISNER

Vance, you're up front with me.

Vance moves to Eisner's side. Each of them attaches a silencer onto the end of their rifles.

EISNER (CONT'D)
Stay sharp. On three, two, one...

EMERSON
Can I at least get a gun?

EISNER
Move!

Vance pulls the door open. Eisner moves inside the...

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - DAY

...directly into a STAIRWELL leading down. Vance moves in directly behind him. Simmons and Calvin next, weapons forward, scanning their new location.

Bear pushes Weaver and Emerson through.

Two armed hostiles casually emerge from below -- clocking the Deltas -- Eisner fires two shots -- *PHFT!* -- *PHFT!* --

-- both of them dead before they hit the floor. Eisner and Vance step over them.

Finally, they reach the bottom. Crack open the door that opens out into a...

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - CORRIDOR - DAY

No one in sight. They creep out.

Most doorways lead into now empty rooms. Ransacked. Piles of important paper work scattered on most of them.

Eisner stops, peaks around a corner. No movement. He calls Weaver to come closer.

EISNER
Which way?

WEAVER
Straight ahead, make a left at the end.

Ahead, three more armed hostiles step out of a side room --

-- *PHFT!* -- *PHFT!* -- *PHFT!* -- Vance and Eisner put them down. He signals Calvin and Simmons to take an alternative route through the maze of corridors.

They silently break off, circling around.

As Eisner is about to round another corner -- multiple *SCREAMS* blare from another room -- almost as loud as the gunfire that accompanies it.

The Deltas freeze -- waiting -- until the deathly screams fade to nothing.

EMERSON

What... what was that?

At the end of the corridor, Eisner peaks around the corner, sees nothing. Moves out slowly. Spots Calvin and Simmons further ahead emerging from another corridor.

Each of them stop either side of the doorway into a massive...

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

A wall of vidscreens. Computer terminals lining the floor. A center stage area with long, thick cables hanging from the ceiling --

-- but none of them plugged into anything. An empty stage.

Twenty plus armed guards milling around, and some people manning the terminals.

As Eisner peeks inside, he sees an OLD MAN in a wheelchair being wheeled out of attached briefing room by a guard. An oxygen mask over his mouth. Pale and sickly looking.

The wheels of his chair spreading a long smear of blood across the room.

Weaver edges up to Eisner. Nods to him. This is the place.

The Deltas prepare to breach. On Eisner's silent three second countdown, they burst inside...

-- *PHFT!* -- *PHFT!* -- *PHFT!* -- short controlled bursts -- dropping four hostiles before any have the chance to fire back.

-- deafening MACHINE GUNFIRE erupts -- the Deltas split, taking cover behind terminals, laying precise, controlled fire --

-- clean headshots and chest shots -- taking out guards left and right --

Emerson, hiding out in the...

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - CORRIDOR - DAY

...with Weaver, suddenly notices two hostiles behind him, racing toward the gunfight.

EMERSON

Shit!

Weaver turns, fires his pistol, killing one guard, but the other opens fire. Weaver has no option -- he drags Emerson into the...

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

...the frying pan, into the fire, both ducking under a desk.

A bullet skims past Vance -- blood spraying from his arm as he loses his gun -- skidding across the floor away from him.

He pulls his sidearm, killing two armed guards.

Eisner empties his clip on three hostiles, ducks, reloads.

Simmons runs -- slides into cover -- upturns a desk, using it as a temporary shield. Bullet holes stinging through it, missing her by an inch.

Bear reloads, stands, fires.

Eisner moves along the wall, checking doorways of adjoining rooms -- when a hostile steps out on him -- each of them too close to fire -- Eisner rushes him, swinging fists.

The hostile pushes back -- each of them tumbling over a desk.

Calvin throws a frag grenade into an adjoining room -- a burst of light -- smoke -- three guards pour out -- dead before they know it.

Eisner, wrestling with a hostile, slams his hand into his neck, crushing his windpipe.

As Emerson, low to the floor, hides behind Weaver, a guard drops dead in front of him.

Emerson reaches out for the guard's rifle. Grabs it. Smiles. But more hostiles burst in from the corridor.

Weaver snatches the rifle from him, wasting the soldiers.

Bear fires the last shot in his clip. Smashes the butt of his rifle across a hostile's face.

Vance empties another clip from his sidearm.

VANCE
Shit, I'm out --

He ducks as terminals behind him explode with gunfire.

Calvin leaps over a terminal. Grabs Vance's rifle on the floor, sliding it back to him --

-- a lifesaving move for Vance -- just as a bullet blows through CALVIN's head.

VANCE (CONT'D)
Nooooooooo!

Vance, anger in his eyes, rises to his feet, wasting five hostiles all at once.

Then, it's over.

BEAR
All clear.

The Deltas rise to their feet. Weaver too, pulling Emerson up with him. The others spot Calvin's body slumped over.

SIMMONS
God... no. No.

Vance drops to his knees in front of Calvin. Closes his eyes. Then jumps to his feet, kicking a desk over in anger.

VANCE
Motherfuckers!

BEAR
Hey, relax.

Vance tries to hold it in. But catches sight of Weaver.

VANCE
You! This is on you, motherfucker!

He lunges at Weaver, but Bear catches him, pins him up against a wall.

BEAR
I told you to relax.

After a moment, Bear releases him.

WEAVER
Don't blame me. Blame him.

He points to the only guy left alive -- the old man in the wheelchair.

EISNER
Who is he?

WEAVER
Good question.

Vance reloads his rifle.

VANCE
I got a bullet with his name on it.

BEAR
I told you to stand down. I'm not going to ask you again.

VANCE
If someone doesn't waste this guy, I will.

Weaver turns to Emerson.

WEAVER
I need intel. Tell me what you can about what they were doing here.

Emerson moves to a control terminal. Starts pulling up info on the vidscreen.

Simmons walks around the room, looking into adjoining offices. She stops by the briefing room.

SIMMONS
Shit, come take a look at this.

Weaver and Eisner look inside. In its center, a pile of corpses. The previous employees of this place.

Scientists. Computer techs. Agents. All dead. A mass EXECUTION.

Weaver's turn to be angry, but he's better at subduing it. He moves over to the old man. Rips his oxygen mask away.

WEAVER
Are you responsible for this?

The old man doesn't say a word. He just stares.

EMERSON
Hey, I found it. You were right.

Emerson pulls up blueprint diagrams of a large...

SPHERICAL MACHINE

Strange short rods sticking out from it. Similar to how an old navy explosive MINE might look. But this is not a mine.

EISNER

What is that thing?

Weaver ignores him.

WEAVER

Emerson, where is it now? Can you track it?

EMERSON

It has a built-in tracking device, but it's going to take me sometime.

Weaver glances up at the security cameras in the room.

WEAVER

Can you pull up the video feeds of this room?

EISNER

Weaver, what is it?

On the mainscreen, Emerson scrolls back through streams of video footage, until he sees scientists standing around the spherical machine on the center stage, seeing them disconnecting it from large thick cables.

EMERSON

Looks like they hauled it out of here a few hours back.

Weaver, pissed, smashes his hands down on a desk.

OLD MAN

You'll never find it.

Weaver looks to the old man.

WEAVER

Where is it?

OLD MAN

We knew you were coming here. That's why it's gone.

WEAVER

How did you know?

OLD MAN

We have our people everywhere. In places you couldn't possibly imagine. We know you better than you know yourselves.

WEAVER

You're a disease.

OLD MAN

Then you are the host.

The Deltas look to each other, not sure what they're talking about.

WEAVER

You're gonna talk.

OLD MAN

Why would they tell me? I stayed behind to finish the job. My sacrifice is so the new world can continue.

SIMMONS

The new world? What's he talking about?

Weaver picks up his sidearm, checks the magazine. The old man smiles.

OLD MAN

I have never been closer to death. How do you expect to scare me?

WEAVER

I don't. Your sacrifice has been duly noted.

Weaver raises his gun -- the old man's face fills with realization -- *BLAM!* -- and he's dead.

Vance looks on, his anger now subsided, almost impressed with Weaver.

Weaver sits down, takes a moment. Eisner stares at him.

EISNER

What is that... machine? Who was that old man?

Weaver rubs his eyes. Eisner anxious for answers.

WEAVER

There's a society... a secret organization operating out of the shadows for decades... no, longer than that, centuries.

EISNER

What kind of organization?

WEAVER

They're known by many names. The one most fitting...the New World Order.

BEAR

The New World Order? I think I've heard the name... somewhere...

WEAVER

Most people have. The name exists in history books. In fiction too. Most people believe them to be a myth, or at least something that no longer exists any more. But I know better.

EISNER

What do you know?

WEAVER

I know that they're real. That they crave control.

BEAR

Control of what?

WEAVER

Control of the world.

EXT. SPACE

The satellite races around the curve of the Earth, finally coming to a stop above a specific location.

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Eisner paces back and forth as the Deltas collect ammo from the dead guards.

WEAVER

They're loyal to no government, or nation, but themselves.

(MORE)

WEAVER (CONT'D)

I've studied them all my life, but that's not easy when most consider them to be nothing but a fantasy. But I got some people to listen. Even got myself in a room with the President, discussed with him what I know about them. Think he even listened too.

EISNER

How are they doing this? How the hell has this New World Order taken on America?

WEAVER

The rest of the world will follow soon enough.

EISNER

How?

WEAVER

They're like a disease. Like a virus. For centuries, the heads of various nations, governments, businesses, people who considered themselves elite, who felt themselves better than the common people, created this... this New World Order. They've placed themselves in key positions within every organization on the planet. Every government. Into military. Politics.

Eisner, beginning to understand...

EISNER

Like a virus.

WEAVER

Taking over from the inside out. And now, they've decided to strike.

Bear spots something on one of the vidscreens: 60 seconds to target location.

BEAR

Hey... hey... what is that?

Weaver moves to Emerson's terminal, leaning over his shoulder.

EMERSON

Looks like they've hacked something else.

WEAVER

What?

EMERSON

Looks like a military satellite weapon.

WEAVER

Tell me they're not aiming that thing at us?

The Deltas freeze, throwing anxious looks at each other.

EMERSON

No, not at us. Looks like it's some sort of EMP weapon.

VANCE

EMP?

WEAVER

Electro-magnetic pulse. Takes out all electronic equipment.

SIMMONS

Where are they aiming it?

WEAVER

Can you seize control of it?

Emerson's hands fly across the keyboard.

EMERSON

I'm trying, but they're locking me out of all their systems.

Emerson, frustrated, shakes his head.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

I can't stop this thing, I... I don't have enough goddamn time.

EXT. SPACE

The satellite's reflective solar panels change into a new configuration, morphing into a new beast, high above the...

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

The leaderless NAVAL FLEET continues to build its mass.

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - DAY

Pilots race to their fighter jets. Firing up their engines. Choppers circle above. Bridge officers bark orders to their crew -- who shout them along to other personnel.

Chaos slowly becoming order again -- but --

The SATELLITE high above FIRES a devastating EMP laser.

Everything electronic in the fleet suddenly fries. Sparks erupt. Terminals explode. Smoke rises.

The flying choppers suddenly nosedive down onto the decks -- crash rolling into fireballs -- taking out jets too.

The ship's massive engines stop churning.

EVERYTHING just stops. Dead.

EXT. SPACE

The satellite's solar panels fold in on itself and then moves across the globe again, finding a new target.

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The Deltas watch the overhead view of the fleet, then the screen cuts to black. They turn to each other, the defeat cutting into them.

EMERSON

Maybe... maybe if I had more time I
could have... maybe I could have...

WEAVER

Emerson, forget about that. It's
over. I need you to find me that
sphere. Nothing else matters but
that machine.

We close-in on one of the small vidscreens: Unbeknown to any of them, we see diagrams of the substation and all the exit doors on the outer walls begin to flash red -- LOCKED!

INSERT - CLOSE-UPS: various angles of metal security doors quietly sliding closed over exits, making them impenetrable from either side.

BACK TO SCENE

EISNER

Weaver, how do we stop what's happening here? What is that... that... sphere?

WEAVER

That sphere is the key to everything.

EISNER

How?

WEAVER

Its function is twofold. It broadcasts its own signal, through existing technology, tvs, radios, computers, everything, overlapping the original signal.

SIMMONS

Overlapping? So that's why nothing's working? That thing's jamming all communications?

WEAVER

Exactly.

EISNER

But what is the signal?

WEAVER

Mind-control.

VANCE

Mind-control? You're kidding, right?

WEAVER

No, I'm not. That machine is literally controlling the minds and actions of the people fighting up there. Feeding them orders.

BEAR

Bullshit! How is that possible?

We hear that same RHYTHMIC PATTERN again, repeating itself, over and over.

WEAVER

The CIA has experimented with mind-control for years. Over ten percent of the population are susceptible to hypnotic suggestion.

VANCE

What? It's hypnotizing people?

WEAVER

Not exactly, but it's using the same function in those people minds, basically hacking the neural cortex, and instructing them to do what they want them to do.

EISNER

And what do they want? What's the endgame in this?

WEAVER

War. Which is exactly what they got. And when they rise from the ashes, this world will be theirs.

EISNER

Okay, so we destroy it.

Weaver shakes his head.

WEAVER

Impossible. Well, almost impossible. It's a giant titanium ball. A computer core in its center, shielded with a nanite shell, and three feet of reinforced titanium. You could drop that thing in a volcano and it would sit there for years, with barely a dent.

VANCE

How would you get it in? The thing must weigh a tonne.

Weaver dismisses the comment at first -- but then whips his head around, realizing something...

WEAVER

Yeah, you're right.

VANCE

I am?

WEAVER

It's extremely heavy. How the hell did they get it out of here so fast? They'd need, like, a hundred men. No way could they get it out of here so fast.

Eisner, realizing...

EISNER
It's still here?

WEAVER
I don't know... maybe...

Weaver races to Emerson. Starts pulling up more video of the base -- Then he spots it on a live video stream.

ON MONITOR: a motor pool filled with black CIA vehicles and military trucks. A small ARMY of hostiles, using a crane, loading the SPHERE onto the back of a truck.

Weaver races into the...

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - CORRIDOR - DAY

...and at the end he reaches a massive door, with a bullet proof window, looking into the motor pool, just as they drop the sphere onto the truck.

Weaver shouts back to Emerson.

WEAVER
Emerson, get this door open.

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Emerson's hands fly over the keyboard.

EMERSON
I'll try... I... oh shit...

EISNER
What is it?

Emerson's small monitor shows a diagram of all the main access doors around the substation sealing shut -- locked. Weaver races into the room.

WEAVER
The sphere, it is still here.

Emerson points at his monitors.

EMERSON
They're locking us inside.

Emerson pulls up a digital clock on the main video screen, counting down from:

02:08 (minutes: seconds)... 02:07... 02:06... 02:05...

VANCE
What the hell is that?

WEAVER
They're blowing the base.

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - CORRIDOR - DAY

Eisner and Bear race out the room, down to the motor pool door, looking through it's window, as the truck and a fleet of humvees fire up their engines.

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Emerson's hands fly over the keyboard.

SIMMONS
Can you shut it down.

WEAVER
Open that door.

VANCE
No, shut down the countdown.

WEAVER
Forget that. Open the door.

VANCE
Are you nuts?

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - CORRIDOR - DAY

Bear places a couple of C4 thermite charges against the motor pool door. Through the window, the vehicles begin to pull out, moving up a shallow sloping tunnel towards the surface.

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - CORRIDOR - DAY

On the screen: 01:17... 01:16... 01:15...

Vance grabs Emerson -- Weaver grabs him back.

VANCE
We need to stop the countdown.

WEAVER
We need to get that door open and
get out of here.

Emerson stands.

EMERSON
Everyone shut the hell up!

Vance and Weaver stand back. Emerson sits down again. Sweat pouring off his brow as he furiously types.

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - CORRIDOR - DAY

Bear and Eisner insert detonators into the C4. They race back into the...

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

...for cover.

BEAR
Everyone down.

Bear clicks his remote detonator -- *BOOOM!* -- the muffled explosion rocks the room.

WEAVER
You'll never get through it with that.

They step back out in the corridor. The door barely has a scratch on it.

BEAR
Shit!

On the monitor: 00:47... 00:46... 00:45... 00:44...

VANCE
Oh my god, we're dead...

Emerson hits the final keystroke. And out in the...

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - CORRIDOR - DAY

... the motor pool door opens. Weaver grabs Emerson.

WEAVER
Go! Go! Go!

Everyone races out of the room, and into the...

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - MOTOR POOL - DAY

Where some hostile soldiers remain to take on the Deltas.

The Deltas move and fire, ducking behind vehicles. They split, climbing into two humvees.

00:21... 00:20... 00:19...

Bear hops into the drivers' seat of the first one. Eisner and Vance jump inside with him.

Weaver pushes Emerson into the back of the second humvee, then gets behind the wheel. Simmons hops inside with them.

They hit the gas, speeding out, up along the sloping...

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

...up toward the surface, accelerating as fast as they can along the narrow space.

00:12... seconds 00:11... 00:10... 00:09...

Bear spots the truck further ahead. Two hostile vehicles trailing it.

Eisner reaches out of his window -- firing up ahead at them...

00:02... 00:01... 00:00...

-- BOOOOOM! --

Explosive FIRE rips through the...

INT. SUBSTATION - DAY

-- the very air itself burns -- every molecule of oxygen incinerated with liquid heat -- expanding into every room and corridor -- and shooting up the...

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

-- ENVELOPING the Delta's vehicles --

-- but stopping short of the hostiles by a few feet --

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

High above the city, looking down, as a massive area of downtown COLLAPSES in on itself -- roads and buildings sinking into the ground.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

From the flames -- the Delta's emerge -- outrunning hell itself. Patches of fire licking the hood and roof. Eisner shakes the flame out on his arm.

But behind their humvee, the tunnel is COLLAPSING -- a wave of expanding destruction on their heels -- catching up fast. Their rear tires barely an inch ahead of the crumbling road --

-- the tunnel's ceiling raining concrete on them --

EMERSON
Put your foot down!

-- until finally, the collapse dissipates -- stability returning.

Eisner and Vance lean out of their windows, firing ahead.

The hostiles return fire, before a sharp corner in the tunnel. The hostiles make the hard right.

The turn allows Eisner's vehicle to catch up, closing the gap between them, as the Delta's fire --

-- a bullet hits the driver of a hostile humvee -- in the head -- his car crashing -- bursting into flame -- tumbling over and over.

Bear swerves hard, plowing through its fiery debris. Behind him, Weaver follows in his footsteps.

Up ahead, a GATE in the tunnel, remotely opened by the hostiles as they speed through it, begins to CLOSE again.

Bear spots it, eyes going wide, gives it more juice, speeds through it -- but it begins to close faster as Weaver approaches.

SIMMONS
Weaver, punch it...

EMERSON
Oh my god, I can't take this anymore.

WEAVER
Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

His eyes intense as the gate slides closed --

-- the side of his humvee sparking as it barely scrapes through, wing mirrors sliced clean off.

The hostiles ahead, finally come up to ground level, inside of an old, derelict-looking...

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

...careening out through open loading bay doors into the lot, and away...

Bear's humvee dives up out of the ramp, followed closely by Weaver, daylight hitting them as they speed out into the lot, and out onto...

EXT. ELEVENTH AVENUE - DAY

...back into the half destroyed war zone of NYC, heading downtown. Eisner firing -- until his clip runs empty again.

Vance throws him another. Both lean out, firing again.

On the truck, a hostile grabs a ROCKET LAUNCHER -- tries to steady it on his shoulder, aiming it right at them...

BEAR

Guys...

Vance fires his rifle -- striking the hostile in the arm -- and the rocket FIRES -- but misses, going wide, hitting a row of buildings to their side. Brown stone raining down on Weaver as he swerves to avoid it.

At the front of the truck, one of the hostiles lights a RED FLARE, colored smoke pouring from it, waves from side to side. A signal for help.

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

In the dog fighting skies above, the hostile pilot, of a Lockheed F-35 vertical thruster jet, spots the flare smoke.

EXT. ELEVENTH AVENUE - DAY

Weaver quickly catches up with Eisner's car, each of them swerving around burnt out wrecks strewn across most roads.

Eisner looks out through the top hatch of his humvee, and finds the attached .50 cal machine gun. He aims up ahead -- lets loose -- wasting another hostile vehicle.

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

...just as the F-35 jet above, still a long way out, fires a MISSILE.

EXT. ELEVENTH AVENUE - DAY

Bear glances at his rearview mirror -- spots the jet and missile in the shuddering, vibrating reflection.

BEAR

What the... hold tight!

He swerves hard as the missile streaks past him -- blowing a hole in the surface of the street.

WEAVER

Jesus Christ, what was that?

Simmons looks back as the F-35 fires again.

SIMMONS

Incoming!

Weaver hits his brakes, turning the wheel -- his car SPINS to a stop, all four tires screeching -- as the missile somehow misses him by an inch -- plowing into the street surface.

Eisner concentrates on the truck, firing relentlessly, bullets ricocheting off the sphere too --

-- but a hostile humvee taps its brakes, causing Eisner's humvee to hit the back of it. Vance pops out, laying waste to its driver.

Further back, Weaver starts up again. Pedal to the metal.

Up ahead, the truck makes a hard turn onto a cross street, then turns out onto...

EXT. TENTH AVENUE - DAY

...heading downtown again.

As Eisner follows, he lays waste to the last hostile humvee that still trails the truck.

Not far behind, Weaver, following, makes the same turn onto the cross street, just as another missile from the F-35 speeds down, missing his rear by an inch --

-- destroying a convenience store on the corner.

Up ahead, Eisner runs out of .50 cal ammo. He ducks back down into the humvee, searching for more.

A truck hostile pulls the pin on a grenade, drops it out the back -- *DINK!* -- *DINK!* -- *DINK!* -- it hops along the road -- Bear SWERVES as it explodes.

Eisner finds a box of ammo, loads it into the .50 cal gun -- more grenades drop from the truck -- Bear speeds up, trying to overtake the rolling grenade -- *BOOOOM!* --

-- the rear end takes some of the explosion, forcing the Bear's humvee to spin out, crashing to a sudden stop.

EISNER

Goddamn it, get this thing started.

Bear guns the ignition. But it just stutters. Lifeless

BEAR

Come on, come on!

Weaver rockets past them, still in hot pursuit of the truck.

WEAVER

Simmons, we have to end this right now. If we lose that truck, this is over.

Simmons slams another clip into her rifle.

SIMMONS

Great, no pressure then.

She leans out of her window, firing short, controlled bursts. Kills a hostile just as he pulls the pin on his grenade -- dropping to the street --

-- Weaver swerves -- BOOOOM! -- lifting his humvee up on two wheels -- almost knocking it over -- but it falls back onto all four wheels.

Simmons empties her clip. Reaches for another one. But she's out. Shit. She throws her rifle into Emerson's hands.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)

Hold this.

She reaches over the back seats into the rear. Finds more ammo and grenades. But pushes them aside, opening a large box.

Inside, a ROCKET LAUNCHER. She quickly pulls it out.

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

But in the skies above, the F-35 jet, still trailing, only two missiles left, locks-on to Weaver's Humvee -- FIRES!

EXT. TENTH AVENUE - DAY

Simmons rises out of the top hatch, aiming the rocket launcher on her shoulder, trying to keep it steady --

-- but Weaver clocks the incoming missile --

WEAVER

Get down.



-- Weaver swerves hard -- -- the missile skims past --
destroying half the street -- the force of it sends the
humvee tumbling over --

-- Simmons is wrenched back inside the vehicle as it tumbles
and crash rolls -- skidding along the road on its roof -- and
finally coming to rest.

Weaver, upside down, hanging by his seatbelt, watches the
truck speed away. Hope in his eyes fading.

He quickly scrambles out of his seatbelt. He sees Emerson is
okay, but that Simmons is unconscious.

WEAVER (CONT'D)
Emerson, help Simmons.

The F-35 swoops in, using its vertical thrusters to hover
above the street a little further ahead, pulling to a quick
stop. It pivots around, turning to face the upturned humvee.

Weaver crawls out. Pulls Simmons as Emerson pushes her.

The F-35 pilot locks-on to the upturned humvee -- about to
fire his missile at close range --

-- but Bear's humvee, out of nowhere, pulls out onto Tenth
Avenue further behind Weaver's car.

The pilot spots it. Eisner, a hundred feet away, rises up
through the hatch, cocking the .50 cal. He opens fire.
Bullets ricocheting off the jet.

The pilot repositions his hovering jet, passing over Weaver.
He re-targets, locking-on to Eisner in the distance --

-- FIRES -- the missile streams along the street. Eisner
dives out of the humvee. Bear and Vance make a run for it
too --

-- direct hit -- EXPLODING -- throwing all three of them ten
feet in the air, hurling them at the sidewalks.

They clamber back onto their feet, firing their rifles.
Their bullets barely making a scratch on the jet at this
range.

The pilot hovers towards them. No missiles left. Instead,
firing his onboard MACHINE GUNS. All three of them duck low
behind concrete debris as machine gunfire rips up the road.

But Weaver, by his upturned humvee, grabs the ROCKET LAUNCHER
that Simmons had just reloaded -- fires at almost point black
range --

-- BOOOOOOOOM! -- the jet disintegrates into a burning wreck.

Weaver turns back to the truck, now nothing but a dot in the distance.

EMERSON (O.S.)
She's not breathing.

Weaver turns to Emerson, who's stood over Simmons. Weaver puts his ear to her chest. Checks her air passage. Nothing.

Starts pushing down on her chest. Then breathes into her mouth. Still nothing. He presses on her chest again: one, two, three, four, five. Breathes.

Eisner, Bear and Vance race over.

WEAVER
I'm not getting anything.

VANCE
Keep trying.

Tears build in Eisner's eyes. He PUSHES Weaver away and takes over himself. One, two, three, four, five. Breathes.

Nothing. One, two, three, four, five. Breathes.

Nothing. Eisner stops. Stares at her face. Drops his head against her, tears pouring from him.

The others watch, not sure what to say.

Bear takes his arm. But Eisner pulls free.

EISNER
No!

He slaps Simmons' face.

EISNER (CONT'D)
Breathe! Fucking breathe!

He slaps her again. Bear grabs his arm, but he hits it away. Goes back to her chest. One, two, three, four, five. Breathes. One, two, three, four, five. Breathes.

BEAR
That's enough.

Bear grabs him, pulling him up. Eisner fights him off, pushing him to the ground.

EISNER
Don't you fucking touch me. You
touch me again, I'll kill you.

He kneels, strikes Simmons' chest with a fisted hand.

EISNER (CONT'D)
Breathe! God damn you, you
breathe!

One, two, three, four, five. Breathes. Nothing. One, two,
three, four, five. Breathes.

The others glance at each other, subtly nodding their heads,
knowing it's over. But --

-- Simmons GASPS for air. Excitement washes over the group,
hardly believing it.

Eisner gently holds her head. Smiles down on her.

SIMMONS
Hey...

EISNER
Hey.

SIMMONS
What... what happened?

EISNER
You went away for a while... but
you came back, just like I knew you
would.

He looks up at the others. All smiles on their faces.

Except Weaver. He stares down the road, his mind on the
truck that got away. He checks his wrist watch again:

12:17 (hours: minutes)...

INT. ABANDONED POLICE STATION - DUSK

Up on the third floor of a burnt out, half demolished police
station, Eisner and Vance carry Simmons, barely conscious,
and gently place her on a desk.

BEAR
Sun's going down. This looks as
good a place as any.



EISNER
Okay, I want lookouts. Two hour shifts.

WEAVER
Negative, we gotta keep moving.

EISNER
Not like this we're not.

Eisner gestures towards Simmons, who's barely conscious.
Blood trickles through Bear's fingers as he holds his side.

BEAR
Yeah, I don't think we're going anywhere any time soon.

Vance sits Bear down. Starts seeing to his wound.

WEAVER
We have to keep moving.

BEAR
Moving where? That machine is gone. What can we do?

EISNER
It's almost dark. How are we going to find it at night?

Weaver turns to Emerson. Worry in his eyes. Something not right between them.

Eisner notices the awkward glance they both share.

HOURS LATER

Nightfall. Weaver and Emerson talk in hushed tones across the other side of the floor.

Eisner watches them, distrustful, as Vance tends to a wound on his leg. He watches Weaver check his wrist watch again:

09:23 (hours: minutes)...

EISNER (CONT'D)
They're up to something.

Bear overhears, turns to him.

BEAR
Up to what?

EISNER

I don't know. But they're hiding something. I don't like this, not one bit.

VANCE

You want me to talk to them? I can be real persuasive when I want to be.

EISNER

No, I got this.

Weaver and Emerson walk back to the main group.

EMERSON

We got any water here?

Vance throws him his canteen. Aggressively.

WEAVER

I think we've rested long enough. It's time to get --

EISNER

Why are you here, Weaver?

WEAVER

What? Did you just sleep through the last day?

Eisner stands.

EISNER

What's your deal? I mean, really, what are you doing here? With him?

Eisner points at Emerson.

EISNER (CONT'D)

He's not cut out to be here.

WEAVER

I don't know what you're getting at?

EISNER

What were you talking about back there? What are you not telling us?

WEAVER

I've told you, this is my operation.

(MORE)

WEAVER (CONT'D)

You take your orders from me, not the other way around. Now get your shit together, we're moving out.

VANCE

We're not going anywhere.

Weaver looks to each Delta. None of them make a move.

EISNER

You better start talking.

Weaver, knowing they won't move without answers, but he's not sure how to put it...

WEAVER

The US government runs war game scenarios all the time, constantly evaluating potential threats, designing tactical operations to counteract any of those threats.

Weaver slowly paces back and forth.

WEAVER (CONT'D)

If any American city is lost, to an enemy force, biological epidemic, whatever... it's been pre-determined that the best course of action is... eradication.

The Deltas swap worried glances.

EISNER

What?

WEAVER

Destruction of said city. Cut off the limb to save the body. They'd rather lose a city than allow an enemy strong hold to exist on American soil.

Eisner grabs Weaver by the collar.

EISNER

They're gonna destroy the city? You don't think that's something you should have mentioned?

WEAVER

Get your goddamn hands off me.

Weaver pushes him away.

EISNER

How long?

WEAVER

24 hours after a city falls into enemy hands, the US government will initiate the 'Endwar' protocol.

EISNER

The 'Endwar' protocol? I don't believe what I'm hearing here.

WEAVER

It's not my choice but it's the way it is. We have roughly 9 hours left, that's 10:00am, before they take out this city. Could be a nuke, or they may settle for a non-nuclear tactical warhead. Either way, this city will be destroyed.

VANCE

This is not happening. There is no way they would do that.

WEAVER

You better believe it, son. And you can count on Washington, Chicago, San Francisco, and LA won't be far behind.

Eisner PUNCHES Weaver across the face, throwing him back over an old desk.

EISNER

You son of a bitch.

Pulls him to his feet.

EISNER (CONT'D)

You were just gonna let us all die, is that it?

Weaver kicks Eisner in the stomach, drags him over a desk, throwing him down hard at the ground.

Eisner jumps to his feet. Both men fists up.

WEAVER

The only way we can end this is to destroy that machine. That is the key. Then we can get communications up.

Eisner swings, pelting Weaver to the ribs and face. Kicks him backwards.

WEAVER (CONT'D)
Listen to me. Once we have communications up, our forces can coordinate their plans to retake this city. The nuke doesn't have to be dropped.

Eisner swings, but Weaver ducks. He comes up, kneeing Eisner in the stomach.

WEAVER (CONT'D)
They're blind right now. We need to give them the ability to take back this city. To take back this country.

Eisner punches him. Pulls him closer, slams his knee into his stomach, then throws him.

Weaver, blood pouring from his nose, runs at him hard. Slamming his shoulder into his stomach, lifting him high, and dropping him hard. They wrestle for control on the floor --

-- when Bear spots movement outside. He ducks, quickly moves to the Eisner, grabbing him, separating the two of them.

BEAR
Shut up! Everyone down. Everyone get down.

But Eisner doesn't let go of Weaver.

BEAR (CONT'D)
Hey, shut the hell up already. Let go off him. Everybody quiet.

-- CLANK! -- movement down the stairwell. Flashlight beams coming up them. The Deltas quickly scurry in different directions, looking to hide.

Vance moves to the fire, quickly douses it out, plunging the room back into darkness.

From the stairwell, flashlights emerge, cutting through the dark. But they're not held by any person, they're connected onto a small floating DRONE.

A quadrotor system, allowing the recon-assault machine to hover. Machine gun and cameras located on the front. Its movements almost silent as it floats through the room.

The drone stops. Scans the room, searching for movement. Doesn't see anything. Moves on again.

Six following soldiers step up out of the stairwell, weapons raised.

Eisner, low to the ground, makes eye contact with his hiding unit, giving them silent instructions to stay low and still.

One of the hostiles holds an remote control device, controlling the drone, and seeing through its onboard camera on his display monitor.

Bear reaches up to Simmons on the desk, gently pulls her off it, and out of view.

One of the soldier's feet stops right by Vance's head, but doesn't see him.

Eisner glances out, through broken, crumbling wall, down at the street, seeing a whole army of hostile soldiers moving down the street, semi-casually searching the area --

-- when another DRONE rises up, searching through the windows. He quietly scurries around debris as its search light shines through.

Then another drone, and another drone, and another drones rises too. Elegantly floating along the side of the building, hunting any potential prey.

Emerson looks to Weaver, scared as shit. Doesn't want to move, but can't help it --

-- Weaver quickly grabs him, putting his hand over Emerson's mouth, trying to hold him still and quiet --

-- but one of the soldiers stops, hearing something - maybe. He turns the drone around. Moves it towards the noise.

Vance moves his rifle to his eye. Ready to take out the soldier, if he has to.

Eisner eyes Vance. Shakes his head.

The drone hovers over the desk Weaver and Emerson are under, but can't see them.

A long moment. The soldier turns the drone around, moves away again.

But the last hostile, stood by Vance, spots Emerson's leg twitching. He raises his rifle --

-- but Vance rises, slamming his hand over the soldier's mouth, sticking a knife through his throat, twists it -- pulls him over the desk to the ground, barely making a noise.

A silent kill.

Another soldier turns, but doesn't see anything, shrugs it off. The hostiles go down another stairwell, rejoining the rest of their search party outside --

-- unaware they're now one man down.

EXT. ABANDONED POLICE STATION - ROOFTOP - DAWN

Vance keeps guard, looking down on the street, as the first light of dawn begins to spread across the city.

INT. ABANDONED POLICE STATION - DAWN

Emerson takes water to Weaver, but he doesn't take it. He just stares straight ahead, pissed. Glances down at his wrist watch:

05:06 (hours: minutes)...

Simmons slowly stirs awake, seeing Eisner standing over her.

SIMMONS
How long have I been out?

EISNER
Most of the night.

SIMMONS
Oh, no wonder I feel so... great.

Simmons coughs hard. Then tries to sit up.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)
We gotta find that --

EISNER
No, you don't have to do anything.
I want you to get your strength
back. I'm getting you out of here.

He eases her back down.

Weaver watches from across the room. Gets to his feet.

WEAVER
I already told you, Commander,
we're not leaving. We have a job
to do.

EISNER

We have five hours to get as far away from this city as we can. That's not long.

BEAR

I think we make for a chopper. Plenty of them dotted around here now. You're a pilot, Eisner, you can fly us out.

WEAVER

You're cowards.

Eisner stands.

EISNER

What did you just say?

WEAVER

You're a god damn coward. All of you.

EISNER

You got us into this without giving us any intel. You lead us into a suicide mission.

WEAVER

This was always a suicide mission you stupid son of a bitch. You don't think I know that. But what would you rather me do, just sit at home? Let the world fall to pieces around me?

EISNER

The machine is gone. There's nothing else we can do. The only thing we can do now is get out of here. You can stay if you like.

Eisner helps Simmons to her feet.

WEAVER

God damn you, Eisner, I need you. Millions of people will die if you don't help me.

Eisner stops, feels the eyes of the other Deltas on him.

WEAVER (CONT'D)

What the hell do you stand for anyway?

(MORE)

WEAVER (CONT'D)

(beat)

We can still change this. We can end this today, right now. Are you willing to die for your country?

EISNER

Don't you dare ask me that you son of a bitch.

He points at the other Deltas.

EISNER (CONT'D)

These people have families. I've served my country more times than you could ever imagine, but that does not include suicide missions. I will not lead my people into certain death. We're getting out of here.

Weaver sits down, deflated emotions.

EISNER (CONT'D)

It's not about winning any more. We can't win. Now it's about surviving, and that is not the same as giving up.

...just as Vance races down the stairwell.

VANCE

Hey, you gotta see this.

EXT. ABANDONED POLICE STATION ROOFTOP - DAY

Vance points out across the war zone of Manhattan. Gives Weaver the binoculars.

VANCE

That's it, right?

BINOCULAR POV: Weaver follows a helicopter moving across the skyline, heavy lift cables hanging from its underside, connected to a giant titanium ball -- the **SPHERE** --

WEAVER

Yeah. That's it all right.

BEAR

Where's it going?

Weaver follows it, as it's placed on one of the multiple-level rooftops of a skyscraper, THE ECHELON TOWER, a downtown office building, now re-purposed as an enemy stronghold.

WEAVER

I think that's the Echelon Tower,
downtown.

Weaver turns to Eisner.

WEAVER (CONT'D)

Are you just going to leave, when
we're so close?

(beat)

I don't know about you, but I am
willing to die to try to save my
country. You do what you have to
do.

Eisner takes a step back, thinking hard. He feels those same eyes on him again.

A long moment. Finally... he turns to Bear.

EISNER

I need you to take Simmons and get
her out of here.

SIMMONS

What --

EISNER

Just listen to me. Take Vance too.

VANCE

No way am I leaving.

EISNER

You only have a few hours to get as
far away from the blast radius as
possible. It's not much time, but
it might be enough if you move
fast.

BEAR

What are you telling me?

EISNER

Get a vehicle, drive inland as far
and as fast as you can. Or get to
a boat, something fast, the fastest
thing you can find. Don't stop for
anything. Just get out of here.

BEAR
Eisner --

EISNER
You're a good man, Bear. I need
you to do this for me. I'm not
asking. This is an order.

This leaves the Deltas speechless. Eisner turns to Weaver.

EISNER (CONT'D)
You've got me, and that's all
you've got. We don't have a shot
in hells chance of getting to that
machine, but this is what you
wanted. You ready?

Weaver nods. Ready.

Weaver grabs Emerson.

EMERSON
Can I leave with the others?

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - DAY

Eisner, Weaver and Emerson jog down street/after street/after
street --

-- stopping to hide behind debris as enemy units pass by.

They quickly get to their feet again. Dart away further
downtown.

After several miles, they stop four blocks out from...

THE ECHELON TOWER

...getting a good look at it. Now a formidable fortress.
Machine gun nests on each of its multiple-level rooftops.

Soldier roadblocks surrounding its base. Impenetrable.

WEAVER
My god...

EMERSON
We'll never get in there. This is
hopeless.

Weaver drops his head.



WEAVER

What have I done? I've killed us all.

EISNER

What?

WEAVER

You were right, we should have left this city while we still had the chance. We're... we're dead.

EISNER

Hey, asshole, you get your shit together. You dragged my ass here, and now you're falling apart on me? Suck it up.

Weaver checks his wrist watch:

02:13 (hours: minutes)...

WEAVER

You're a pilot, right? What about... a chopper. You can fly our asses up there.

EISNER

Those machine gun nests would see us coming a mile away.

Suddenly, MOVEMENT behind them -- Eisner turns, snapping his rifle up --

-- but it's just the other Deltas -- Simmons, Vance and Bear.

SIMMONS

Hey, you miss us?

EISNER

What the hell do you think you're doing? I gave you an order.

VANCE

We've got pretty good at breaking them. Learned from the best.

EISNER

Damn you, Bear --

BEAR

They wouldn't listen to me. What was I supposed to do?

EISNER
You just killed them. And
yourself.

VANCE
All due respect, Commander, we're
here now and there's no chance
we'll ever escape the blast radius.
So we might as well do everything
we can to stop it. That's our only
choice.

Eisner, pissed, can hardly find what to say next.

EISNER
Okay, listen up...

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

We drift over the war zone, towards the Echelon Tower, and then past it, towards its neighboring skyscraper, the DYAMIS PLAZA. Most of the top floors still under-construction.

One of the top floor windows shatters outwards. Vance stands with a silenced pistol on the inside, peeks out over the edge.

INT. DYAMIS PLAZA - DAY

Simmons throws Vance a rifle with a scope on it. He lies on the floor, points it across to the Echelon tower. He quickly counts the floors.

VANCE
We're gonna slide in on their
sixtieth floor. Looks like the
sphere is a little higher though,
up on... seventy one, I think.
We'll have to go up.

SIMMONS
Is sixty clear?

VANCE
Looks like it.

SIMMONS
Then punch it.

Weaver and Emerson stand behind Vance, watching as he takes a shot, shattering a window on the sixtieth floor of the Echelon Tower.

EXT. FOUR BLOCKS FROM ECHELON TOWER - DAY

Down below, Eisner and Bear open every door to abandoned military humvees, many with dead soldiers still inside them. They collect belts with grenade pouches.

Bear races over to Eisner, who hotwires a working humvee. The engine roars to life.

Bear throws the grenade belts into the back seat, with the stash of other grenades. Then he straps his last block of C4 inside the humvee.

EISNER

Are we set?

BEAR

Almost.

INT. DYAMIS PLAZA - DAY

Vance takes out the cable gun. Simmons attaches the dart onto a length of cable and feeds it into the gun.

SIMMONS

Let's hope we don't catch anyone's attention.

VANCE

Lot of activity over there.
Hopefully they're too busy to notice us.

Vance aims -- FIRES the cable -- it shoots across the mid-air gap. A slight downward angle as it flies toward the open window, then through it, piercing into a concrete pillar.

Simmons ties the other end of the cable onto a concrete pillow next to her.

SIMMONS

Okay, let's get ready to do this.

EXT. ONE BLOCK FROM ECHELON TOWER - DAY

Eisner and Bear slowly creep their humvee towards the Echelon Tower.

They pull to a gentle stop. Eisner passes Bear the remote detonator for the C4.

EISNER

Okay, this is where you get out.
I'm going to drive as close to the
lobby as I can. It doesn't matter
if I make it out of this vehicle or
not. You blow it regardless.

BEAR

No, forget about it, I'm driving.
You blow it.

EISNER

Bear, just listen to me. I'm
driving. I need you to blow it
regardless of what happens to me.
They need this diversion.
Everything counts on this, or
they'll never make it across
without being seen.

BEAR

Eisner --

EISNER

Jesus, Bear, don't make me ask you
again.

Bear stares at him. A long moment. He reluctantly agrees --

-- but GUNFIRE suddenly rips through the humvee. Eisner
rolls out of the car. Bear ducks low.

From the surrounding roadblocks, some hostiles have spotted
them, sending gunfire their way. Eisner sees more soldiers
way behind them too, advancing fast. Shit!

INT. DYAMIS PLAZA - DAY

Simmons hooks a sling under Emerson's arms. Gently leads him
to the window. Hooks him onto the taut cable.

EMERSON

Oh my god, I can't do this, I
cannot do this.

SIMMONS

You're fine, you're okay, just
don't look down, just look at me.

EMERSON

Oh my god, what the hell am I
doing?

He tries to unhook himself from the cable, but Weaver stops him.

EMERSON (CONT'D)
Computers. I'm just a computer
guy. I'm not built for this shit.

WEAVER
Emerson, you're doing this.

Emerson peeks out, looking down at the heart stopping drop below. His eyes go wide. Anxiety hitting him.

Suddenly, a guard patrolling the highest rooftop of the Echelon Tower, spots Weaver and Emerson across the way. He fires down at them --

-- Weaver dives out of the way --

-- Emerson goes to move -- but he's still hooked on. He tries to get as far away as possible, but the concrete pillar won't allow him to move far --

-- as bullets dance around his feet.

EMERSON
Jesus Christ...

Weaver runs at Emerson, slamming into him -- both of them going out the window, into the...

EXT. MID-AIR GAP - DAY

...between the two buildings, sliding fast down the cable. Weaver not tied on, but holding onto Emerson for dear life.

The rooftop guard follows their movement, continues firing down at them -- but Vance leans out, taking a shot, hitting the guard --

-- he falls off the roof, screaming.

Just as Weaver and Emerson slide into the sixtieth floor of the Echelon Tower.

EXT. ECHELON TOWER - LOBBY - DAY

Down at ground level, the falling guard hits the ground like a rock.

Other hostiles in the lobby spin, seeing him splatter. They look up, their eyes focusing in on the cable between the buildings.

EXT. ONE BLOCK FROM ECHELON TOWER - DAY

Eisner, low against the humvee, fires at the hostiles approaching from the rear - then to the roadblock hostiles, who are making their way up the street towards them.

Inside the humvee, blood trickles through Bear's fingers as he holds his stomach.

BEAR

Oh man, I'm clocking out. You gotta get out of here.

EISNER

Bear, listen to me --

BEAR

No, you listen to me, get out of here now. Make a run for it.

EISNER

I'm not leaving you.

BEAR

I know you're not. I'm the one leaving you.

Bear climbs into the driver's seat, starting up the engine.

BEAR (CONT'D)

It's been an honor.

Bear hits the gas, rockets forward, plowing through a crowd of hostiles, then straightens out towards the lobby.

Eisner rises to his feet, running fast, ducking and weaving around other vehicles and debris. Bullets skimming over him as he dives for cover.

He watches as Bear speeds away.

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

Bear weaves around roadside debris, accelerating as he approaches the lobby. Hostiles firing from every direction, splintering his windshield.

He drives up a small slope of steps, pulling the wheel hard -- the car tumbles, crashing through the...

INT. ECHELON TOWER - LOBBY - DAY

...skidding inside on its roof. Dozens of guards firing on it.

Bear reaches for the detonator -- presses it --

-- BBBOOOOMMMMMMMMMMM! --

The lobby erupts into a ball of fire.

EXT. ONE BLOCK FROM ECHELON TOWER - DAY

Eisner watches, eyes wide.

EISNER

Bearrrrrrrrr!

But more shots fly over him. No time. He darts away, racing into an alleyway.

INT. DYAMIS PLAZA - DAY

The explosion below echoes for eternity. Vance helps clip Simmons onto the cable.

VANCE

Looks like that distraction went to waste.

Vance leans out the window, looking up on the Echelon Tower rooftop. Seemingly clear.

VANCE (CONT'D)

I don't see anyone else up there.

SIMMONS

Only one way to find out.

Simmons slides out, her legs flailing as she goes. Vance reloads his weapon. Takes off up the stairwell of the Dyamis Plaza.

EXT. ECHELON TOWER - ROOFTOP - DAY

But up above, another hostile runs to the edge and looks down, seeing Simmons sliding across. He fires down on her.

She returns fire as she slides, blowing a hole through his chest, knocking him back to the rooftop floor. But he's still alive.

Simmons moves fast in through the window of the sixtieth floor...

INT. ECHELON TOWER - 60TH FLOOR - DAY

Weaver and Emerson grab Simmons, slowing her down. She unhooks herself.

EMERSON

Okay, so, I think I'm having a heart attack. Seriously.

WEAVER

No you're not.

EMERSON

I'm not a field op. I can't take any more of this.

Weaver pulls out a REVOLVER. Shows him it's fully loaded this time.

WEAVER

This will make those bastards think twice.

Emerson's eyes go wide with joy. Weaver tucks it into Emerson's belt. But Emerson quickly changes his mind.

EMERSON

No, forget it, I don't want a gun. I want to go home.

SIMMONS

Knock that shit off. We're running out of time. We gotta go up. Stay on me, or I'll shoot you myself.

EXT. TWO BLOCKS AWAY FROM ECHELON TOWER - DAY

Exits another alleyway, moving and shooting, as hostiles pursue him.

He turns and sees a group of F-35 JETS parked in a clearing. A temporary landing zone. Only a couple of hostiles keeping guard. He quickly takes them out with his last bullets.

Checks hi magazine -- empty. No other ammo on him.

EISNER

Shit!

He looks at the jets. Can't take his eyes off them. An idea forming...

MOMENTS LATER

...the pursuing hostiles, guns raised, slowly edge their way out of the alleyway, hunting him --

-- instead, they're met by an F-35 jet taking off vertically.

They fire, but their bullets just bounce off the jet's frame.

INT. F-35 JET - DAY

Eisner FIRES back with the jets devastating .50 cal machine guns -- slicing through dozens of hostiles.

He adjusts his thruster controls, moving higher.

EISNER

Time to do some damage.

INT. ECHELON TOWER - STAIRWELL - DAY

Simmons and Weaver race up the stairwell, pushing Emerson up it -- but Simmons pauses -- listening. The echo of *FOOTSTEPS* not far behind them.

She slides off her pack, reaches inside it.

WEAVER

What are you doing?

SIMMONS

Keep moving. Go, go, don't wait for me.

Weaver and Emerson take off again.

A few floors above, as they move up it, a pair of hostiles step through a stairwell door, not expecting to see Weaver.

Weaver pulls his gun, putting a shot through their chests, killing them instantly. He takes an assault rifle.

Simmons quickly catches up to them, just as they reach the...

INT. ECHELON TOWER - 72ND FLOOR - DAY

Weaver opens the door an inch, peeking through at a temporary control room area...

The SPHERE sits in the middle, hooked up by large cables to supercomputers.

A few armed hostiles and computer technicians dotted around.

Simmons bursts into the room first, killing three hostiles. Weaver right behind her, opening fire, taking out another three.

The technicians rise, firing handguns, quickly taken out by Simmons.

Weaver grabs Emerson, pushing him toward a computer terminal.

WEAVER
Shut this thing down.

Emerson starts typing rapidly on a keyboard.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN/INT. F-35 JET - DAY

Eisner maneuvers his jet, hard and fast. Hostiles jets all over the place. Multiple targets. Opens up fire with his machine guns --

-- slicing through a hostile aircraft, sending it crashing through a high-rise building.

He rises and dives, snaking his way through the skies, avoiding other speeding aircraft that crisscross his path.

Then, he spots another jet, dead ahead, coming right at him. Could be a game of chicken... but it's not.

The enemy aircraft locks-on to Eisner with a MISSILE.

He locks-on to it too. Both fire simultaneously. Their missiles screaming past each other --

-- at the last second, Eisner rolls his craft, spinning it on its side -- the missile whipping past him, missing him by an inch, plowing into a helo behind him.

But the enemy jet can't escape its missile lock -- direct hit -- destroyed in a nanosecond.

INT. ECHELON TOWER - STAIRWELL - DAY

A group of hostiles, still racing up the stairwell towards Simmons.

But a few steps above them, we notice a TRIPWIRE has been set by Simmons, connected to the pin of a grenade, just as a hostile's foot rips it free --

-- it EXPLODES, fast and shocking. All dead in an instant. But further below, still more hostiles continue to climb the stairwell.

INT. ECHELON TOWER - 72ND FLOOR - DAY

Simmons, standing behind Emerson, turns as the explosion vibrates through the building.





SIMMONS

Move you're ass, Emerson. We're gonna have more company any minute now.

EMERSON

I'm going as fast as I can.

EXT. ECHELON TOWER - ROOF - DAY

The rooftop hostile, bleeding from the hole Simmons put through his chest, painfully crawls his way towards a belt hanging over a rail. A bunch of RED FLARES in its pouches.

He lights the end, searing bright red, colored smoke pouring from it. He desperately waves it, signaling, calling attention to the Echelon Tower.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN - DAY

In the skies high above, it attracts the attention of a AC-130 GUNSHIP. A hulking mass of raw fire power. A beast of the sky.

EXT./INT. AC-130 GUNSHIP - DAY

The pilot inside nods to his co-pilot, who also notices the red flare smoke below. They bank the plane, circling the building with a wide berth --

-- then they open fire on the...

EXT. ECHELON TOWER - DAY

Insane CANNON GUNFIRE rains down on the building.

INT. ECHELON TOWER - 72ND FLOOR - DAY

Simmons, Weaver and Emerson hit the deck as gunfire slices through the floor.

SIMMONS

Jesus Christ!

WEAVER

They're gonna rip down this whole goddamn building.

SIMMONS

Why would they do that? What about their machine?

WEAVER
They'd rather bury it than let us
shut it down.

SIMMONS
What?

WEAVER
Buried or not, the machine will
still function. It doesn't matter
to them. They just don't want to
let it fall into our hands.

The AC-130's fire power slices through other parts of the
giant tower, momentarily leaving the 72nd floor untouched.

Weaver grabs Emerson, putting him back in his chair.

WEAVER (CONT'D)
Do not stop! Do not stop!

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN/INT. F-35 JET - DAY

Eisner skims across the sky, weaving in and around other
aircraft. Hard to tell who's good and who's hostile.

But he spots the AC-130 in the far distance, high above. Its
rapid fire power cutting through the Tower.

Eisner adjusts his thruster controls, pursuing it.

INT. ECHELON TOWER - 72ND FLOOR - DAY

Simmons, overlooking a stairwell, hears *FOOTSTEPS* thumping up
them towards her.

SIMMONS
This is about to go down.

Weaver races to a second stairwell, keeping guard -- just as
a hostile bursts through it -- and they're suddenly too close
to fire their rifles --

-- they grab each other, wrestling for control. The hostile
rams into Weaver, picking him up off his feet, slamming him
down on a desk, but doesn't let go.

But there's more hostiles behind this one.

Simmons raises her rifle, firing across the floor, laying
waste to them as they pour out of Weaver's stairwell.

But there's too many. She flips a desk, using it as a
shield, popping up to waste as many as she can.

Then, behind her, from her own stairwell, she sees the first hostile moving up out of it. She rolls, pulls her sidearm -- *BLAM!* -- *BLAM!* -- *BLAM!* -- drops him in a heartbeat.

Weaver, still locked in a fight, pulls a knife from the hostiles belt -- stabs it through his shoulder -- then breaks free, kicking the hostile back.

They both jump to their feet again. Weaver spots his rifle on the floor a few feet away, tries to reach it --

-- but the hostile pulls the knife from his shoulder, slashing it through the air at Weaver --

-- *BLAM!* -- a bullet blows through his head, killing him instantly. Behind him, low on the floor, Emerson holds the smoking revolver. Lifesaver.

Simmons pulls out a grenade, releases the pin, throws it down her stairwell -- *BOOM!* -- killing enough of them for the moment.

Simmons rises over her desk shield, wasting more hostiles pouring in from Weaver's stairwell.

Clear for now.

Weaver moves to a window, looks up, seeing a trail of red flare smoke stretching away from the roof of the building.

He knows he's got to stop it, as more AC-130 fire power cuts through the building. He races to the stairwell.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)
Hey, where you going?

WEAVER
I gotta go up.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN/INT. F-35 JET - DAY

Eisner, approaching the AC-130, fires his machine guns at other hostile jets that cross his path, blowing them to hell.

He locks-on to the AC-130 with a missile, as it continues to shoot down on the Echelon tower. He fires --

-- direct hit, blowing it in half, most of the rear destroyed. The forward section tumbles back to earth, half its crew flailing in mid-air.

EXT. ECHELON TOWER - ROOF - DAY

The flare, in the hand of the injured rooftop hostile, goes dead. He grabs another one and lights it. More red smoke rises from the roof.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN/INT. F-35 JET - DAY

Eisner, about to head back down, spots another two AC-130's even higher, each coming from different directions, beginning to circle the war zone below --

-- each of them spotting the red smoke. The beasts of the sky start firing down on the Echelon Tower.

INT. ECHELON TOWER - 72ND FLOOR - DAY

As Emerson types furiously, the entire building reverberates with gunfire. Objects on his desk vibrating off the edge.

Simmons, standing guard by the stairwell...

SIMMONS
How long, Emerson?

He doesn't answer. Too lost in the coding that scrambles across his screen.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)
How long, damn it?

He shakes his head.

EMERSON
It's not working. It's not enough time.

Three hostiles burst through the second stairwell. Simmons turns, takes out the first one, but her weapon jams --

Emerson and Simmons ducks as they fire at them --

-- but the hostile's heads explode with gunfire.

INT. DYAMIS PLAZA - DAY

Vance holds the SCOPE of a rifle to his eye, sniping more hostiles entering the same floor as Simmons and Emerson.

INT./EXT. ECHELON TOWER - LOBBY - DAY

Gunfire, from two different gunships, slice through the lobby, ripping through structural support pillars on the lower floors of the tower.

INT. ECHELON TOWER - 72ND FLOOR - DAY

As Simmons unjams her weapon, she pauses -- feeling the building *CREAKING* -- the tower beginning to LEAN, ever so slightly.

SIMMONS

Jesus Christ... this building's coming down.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

We descend from a great height, bulldozing through the heavy ocean water, to find a SUBMARINE moving below the surface.

INT. SUBMARINE - BRIDGE - DAY

The First Officer receives command orders through the Emergency Action Message (EAM) through the secure military channel.

The Captain opens a safe, removing a key and sealed hard plastic envelope. He snaps it open, finding a code inside.

SUBMARINE CAPTAIN

Authenticate the order.

The First Officer reads the EAM.

FIRST OFFICER

Fire order authentication code
Alpha, Zeta, Omega, Foxtrot,
November, Juliette, Bravo.

The Captain reads the envelope code.

SUBMARINE CAPTAIN

Alpha, Zeta, Omega, Foxtrot,
November, Juliette, Bravo. The
order's authenticated.

FIRST OFFICER

I concur.

On the bridge: the Captain and First Officer enter, handing the EAM to the Weapons Targeting Chief.

Each of them inserts their key into the control panel.

WEAPONS CHIEF

Captain, coordinates are locked-in
on...

(beat)

... Manhattan, New York.

SUBMARINE CAPTAIN

New York?

The room turns deathly quiet.

FIRST OFFICER

Oh my god, tell me we're not doing
this?

All eyes on the Captain.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN/INT. F-35 JET - DAY

Eisner snakes through the skies, approaching the second AC-130, coming up behind it.

He targets it with a missile -- FIRES -- direct hit, blowing it to pieces --

-- but the third AC-130, also circling the tower, far from Eisner's position, spots his jet.

It stops firing down on the tower -- and instead fires across at him -- a couple of its shots skimming his side.

He quickly drops, losing himself in the endless crowds of aircraft below.

The AC-130 returns to firing on the tower again.

EXT. DYAMIS PLAZA - DAY

Vance takes shot after shot, sniping hostiles on various floors.

Then, he spots an APACHE helicopter curiously circling the rooftop, as it sees red flare smoke pouring from it.

It backs away to avoid the heavy gunfire from the AC-130s above, but joins it in shooting small HELLFIRE MISSILES at the building.

Vance fires at the Apache, but his rifle shots bounce off it like they were nothing.

He slings his rifle over his shoulder, and then heads up a stairwell.

INT. ECHELON TOWER - 72ND FLOOR - DAY

As Emerson continues to type, Simmons tries to steady herself against the thunderous firepower raining down on the tower, as well as the hellfire missiles hitting lower sections.



She races to a window and spots the Apache randomly firing at the building, moving higher and higher.

She grabs Emerson, rushing him into a small office and ducking low -- just as the Apache rises to their level --

-- firing endless hellfires, hitting floor after floor, above and below, glass and steel raining down on them. She huddles over Emerson, trying to protect.

The building *CREAKS* and *SHUDDERS* drastically. The floor shifting with a heavy groan. Concrete pillars cracking. The entire tower leaning further, inch by inch by inch.

EMERSON

Oh my god.

The Apache runs out of missiles. The pilot switches to machine guns. He scans the floor, searching for any targets.

Simmons raises her head, peeking through a hole blown through the office wall -- but the pilot spots her -- opens fire --

-- she ducks, rolling away, pulling Emerson as well --

-- when, outside, out of nowhere...

EXT. ECHELON TOWER - DAY

...a gigantic CONSTRUCTION CRANE, swings past, smashing through the Apache -- and then into the Echelon Tower itself, ripping up and across floors.

INT. CONSTRUCTION CRANE CAB - DAY

On the upper sections of the Dyamis Plaza, Vance sits in the crane's cab, operating its controls. He wedges it up against a concrete pillar in the leaning building...

...as it continues to inch forward, providing a temporary support to stop the tower leaning any further. The crane creaks and strains, metal bending under the enormous weight of the building --

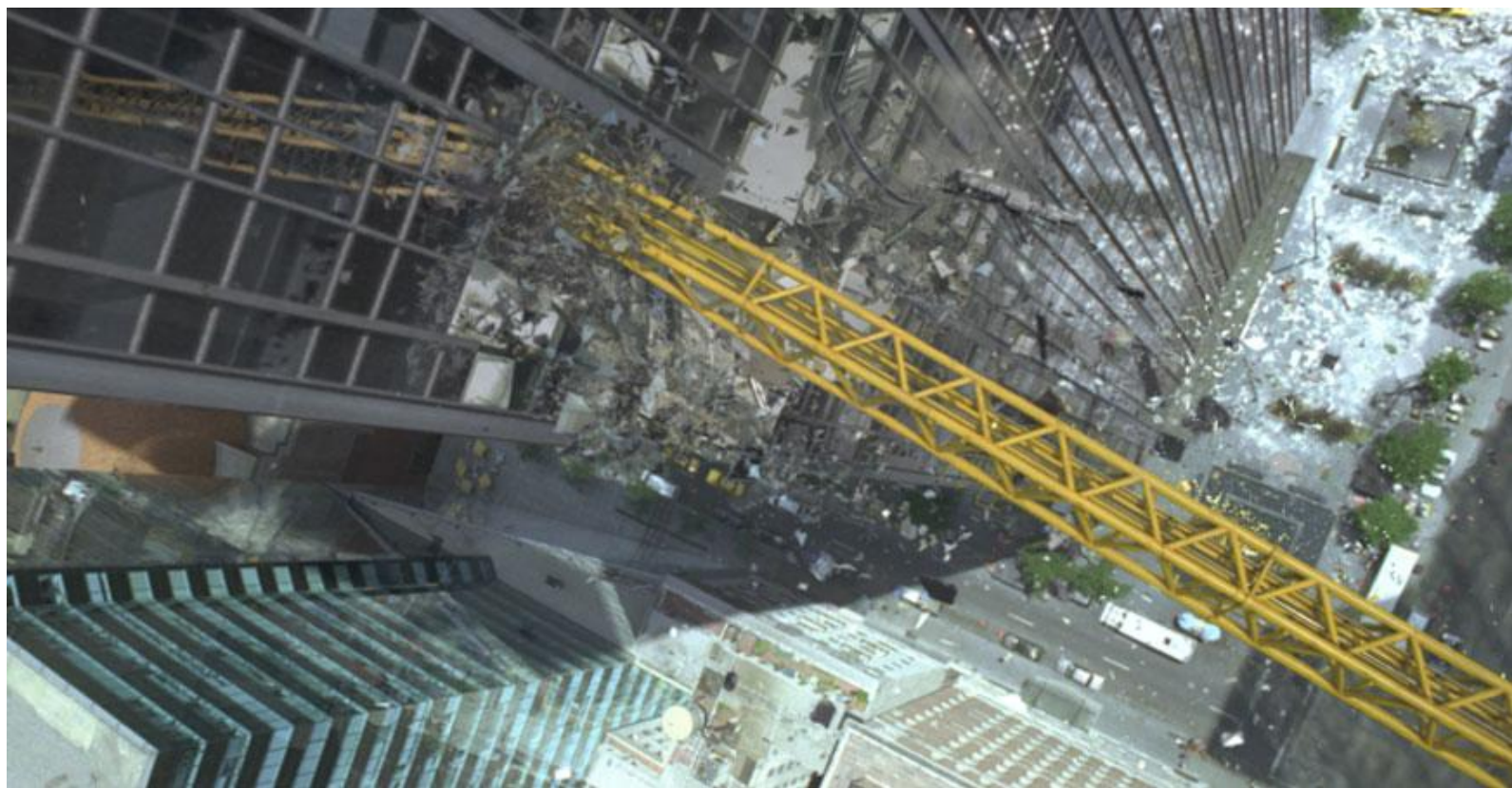
-- but it works. The tower's lean comes to a standstill.

INT. ECHELON TOWER - 72ND FLOOR - DAY

The SPHERE begins to ROLL on the gentle sloping floors -- but it's yanked to stop by a group of thick electrical cables that are still attached to it, barely holding it in places.

SIMMONS

Jesus, you gotta hurry.



Simmons grabs Emerson, seating him back at his terminal.

INT. SUBMARINE - BRIDGE - DAY

The crew argue under the heavy atmosphere of the bridge.

FIRST OFFICER
Listen to me, this is a huge
mistake.

SUBMARINE CAPTAIN
We have our orders.

FIRST OFFICER
We cannot fire on American soil.
On our own people.

SUBMARINE CAPTAIN
Orders are orders, and I expect you
to follow them.
(to Weapons Chief)
Commence fire.

FIRST OFFICER
Sir, please --

SUBMARINE CAPTAIN
If you say another word, I'll have
you removed from the bridge.

The First Officer turns to the Weapons Chief.

FIRST OFFICER
Do not fire. I'm ordering you not
to fire --

The Captain points at a pair of sailors standing guard.

SUBMARINE CAPTAIN
Remove him from the bridge.

The sailors grab the first officer.

FIRST OFFICER
This is a mistake, we can't fire on
our own people. We can't.

His voice echoes down the corridor as he's dragged away.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN/INT. F-35 JET - DAY

Eisner rockets across the city, weaving around buildings,
before gaining height, giving chase to the third AC-130.

On his control screen, he checks the last remaining missile under his left wing. Selects it to lock-on to the AC-130 --
-- FIRES -- the missile screams through the air, quickly gaining on the...

INT. AC-130 GUNSHIP - DAY

Alarms in the cockpit blare as 'missile lock' flashes on the display screen. The pilot flicks a switch...

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN/INT. F-35 JET - DAY

Eisner watches as counter measure FLARES pour from the rear of the plane. The missile hits them, detonating in mid-air, leaving the AC-130 unscathed.

EISNER

No!

INT. ECHELON TOWER - 72ND FLOOR - DAY

The AC-130's cannons sweep through the floor, cutting through some of the cables that holds the sphere. The titanium ball slides further down the sloping floor -- before jerking to a stop again. Not much holding it now.

Emerson types furiously.

EXT. ECHELON TOWER - DAY

As the building continues to shake, Vance moves across the top of the crane, towards 74th floor -- but he pauses as the crane shudders violently -- almost throwing him off.

INT. ECHELON TOWER - STAIRWELL - DAY

Weaver races up the stairwell as fast as he can, sweat pouring off him. He checks his wrist watch:

00:14 (hours: minutes)...

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN/INT. F-35 JET - DAY

Eisner gains height again, coming up right behind the AC-130. He opens fire with his machine guns, but he quickly runs out of ammo.

EISNER

Shit! Goddamn it. I don't believe this.

He looks down, seeing the Echelon Tower in major trouble, leaning drastically.

When suddenly, the rear loading door of the AC-130 in front of him begins to open. Multiple hostiles inside. One of them with a handheld ROCKET LAUNCHER on his shoulder --

-- he aims at Eisner -- then fires --

Eisner turns -- sidwinding -- the rocket skimming past him.

The hostile reloads -- takes aim again -- fires --

Eisner spins on his opposite side, the rocket skims him again -- but clips his wing -- most of the explosion missing him, but some small debris rips a hole through his jet.

Eisner strains to hold it steady.

He looks at his monitor, the words: 'Eject' flashing on his screen. But he looks down on the Echelon Tower, knowing it can't take much more.

The hostile begins to reload his rocket launcher again.

Eisner, quickly thrusts his controls forward --

-- plowing his jet INSIDE the open rear of the...

INT. AC-130 GUNSHIP - DAY

...slicing of his own wings as he wedges inside its cabin, crushing some of the onboard hostiles -- skidding to a stop in the body of the gunship.

He flips open his windshield, rises out of his seat with his sidearm, killing more hostiles.

He jumps out of his jet's cockpit, taking cover behind cargo crates, popping out to fire.

The gunship's cockpit door opens, the co-pilot firing his assault rifle out. Eisner dives for cover again, then fires back, hitting him in his shoulder, knocking him over.

Eisner races to the cockpit door, but the co-pilot kicks it shut, locking it on him.

Eisner grabs a dead hostile's rifle, emptying the clip on the door, but it's too thick.

Inside the cockpit, the pilot makes a drastic move, pulling back on the throttle, gaining incredible HEIGHT at a steep angle, throwing Eisner off his feet.

Eisner tumbles backwards, down towards the open rear of the plane -- but grabs hold of a cargo net.

His wingless jet slides backwards -- but wedges in place.

Eisner desperately climbs back up the almost vertical plane as it gains momentous height.

Then, he spots the hostile's rocket launcher, caught higher up in more cargo net. He crawls up to it -- desperately reaches for the trigger -- only inches away -- pulls it --

-- the ROCKET shoots up the inside of the plane, hitting the cockpit door -- EXPLODING through it -- blowing the top end of the plane clean off.

Leaving the AC-130 now just a hollow tube, open at both ends, flipping over and over in an endless spin cycle, falling back to Earth.

Eisner's wingless jet shudders free, sliding out and away from the hollow tube.

Eisner, spinning relentlessly, over and over, holds on for dear life, but it's a pointless task.

He jumps free of it, diving out into mid-air...

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN - DAY

...FREEFALLING back to Earth.

INT. ECHELON TOWER - 72ND FLOOR - DAY

Simmons and Emerson notice the intense firepower of the AC-130 has now ceased.

SIMMONS

Someone just cut us a break.

But Emerson doesn't stop. His fingers fly over the keyboard.

EXT. ECHELON TOWER - DAY

Vance, carefully moving along the straining metal of the crane's arm, reaches its end, moving into the Echelon Tower.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN - DAY

Mid-air -- as Eisner tumbles and flails -- he spots his WINGLESS JET below, falling back to Earth.

He straightens his body out, streamlining himself, shooting down towards the jet like a dart.

As he reaches it the tumbling jet, he stretches for it, trying to grab hold of the front section, but it rips away from him as it spins.

He makes another attempt, grabbing loose wiring, but it snaps free. Almost impossible for him to get a grip on this thing.

The ground quickly gaining on him. Heart racing.

He streamlines himself again, closing the gap -- grabbing a piece of the open cockpit, won't let go for anything.

As it flips over and over -- seeing Earth, sky, Earth, sky, Earth, sky -- he pulls himself inside, fighting against cyclonic winds, barely managing to crawl back into his seat.

Ground rushing up to meet him -- he hooks his arms into the seatbelt. Locks it. Reaches down for the EJECTOR CHORD --

-- pulls it hard -- the EJECTION SEAT shoots out of the spinning wreck --

-- just as the wingless jet smashes into an unlucky hostile aircraft.

Eisner's parachute whips out -- billowing in mid-air -- his heart racing like never before -- impossible for him to catch his breath.

He detaches the seat, letting just the parachute carry him to Earth. He pulls the toggles, steering himself toward the Echelon Tower, where he sees the red flare smoke.

He misses the top level rooftop,, but circles around the building, spots the crane arm, and aims towards it...

...lands fast and hard -- grabbing hold, but the high-winds almost drag him off again. He quickly detaches the chute.

EXT. ECHELON TOWER - ROOF - DAY

The injured hostile's red flare runs empty again. He staggers to his feet, moves over to another and ignites the end. Red smoke smolders from it --

-- just as Weaver kicks open the roof access door, shoots the hostile dead. He grabs the flare, tosses it over the edge --

-- just as a hostile F-35 vertical thrust jet rises from below. Shit. Weaver turns, dives back into the roof access door as the jet opens fire with machine guns.

Weaver rolls down the...

INT. ECHELON TOWER - STAIRWELL - DAY

He creeps out onto the top floor, and sees the jet slowly descending past the windows, hunting for others.

He quickly races down the stairs, loosely following the jet to each floor as it moves down the building.

INT. ECHELON TOWER - 72ND FLOOR - DAY

As Emerson types, Vance and Simmons stand guard, watching over his shoulder.

Movement behind them -- Simmons and Vance spin, rifles raised -- just as Eisner enters the floor.

SIMMONS
Jesus, how the hell did you get up here?

EISNER
You mean how did I get down here?

SIMMONS
What?

EISNER
Never mind.

VANCE
Hey... where's Bear?

Eisner stops. Looks at them. Doesn't need to say anything.

VANCE (CONT'D)
No, not Bear. How?

EISNER
He died... saving my life.

Their eyes drop closed with sadness.

Eisner looks at the sphere, seeing its thick, electrical cables straining as they're the only things holding it in place on the sloping floor.

EISNER (CONT'D)
Emerson, how long?

EMERSON
I'm close, I'm right there --

The F-35 jet suddenly lowers down in front of their windows.

Eisner grabs Emerson, pulling him behind a computer terminal. Simmons and Vance dive into doorways -- the jet opens fire, ravaging the entire floor.

Eisner rises, firing a slew of shots at its windshield. Most of which bounce off it. He ducks again as gunshots sweeps over him --

-- its machine gunfire slicing through the last remaining cables -- except for ONE -- just a single cable is the only thing holding the sphere in place.

INT. ECHELON TOWER - 75TH FLOOR - DAY

A couple of floors above them, Weaver races to the windows, looking down on the F-35 jet.

He grabs a loose, metal pipe hanging off a wall. Then raise his gun at the window, splintering it with gun shots.

EXT. ECHELON TOWER - DAY

As the jet lays firepower across the 72nd floor -- the office windows ABOVE, on the 75th floor, smash open -- as Weaver JUMPS through it --

-- landing on top of the jet's body. The pilot feels his weight hit the topside. He spins in his seat, trying to see Weaver. He stops firing.

Weaver precariously tries to stand as the jet turns and arcs in mid-air, trying to shake him off it.

It spins 360 degrees. Weaver crawls towards the front, hanging on as the pilot tilts the wings left and right.

Weaver slams the metal pipe into its topside THRUSTER FAN mounted on the roof of the jet -- jerking the spinning blades to a sudden stop.

The pilot fights to control it, as the jet now spins involuntarily. Weaver slides to the end of the left wing, barely staying on top of it.

As the spinning jet skims the building -- the force THROWS Weaver off it, and into...

INT. ECHELON TOWER - 72ND FLOOR - DAY

...at high speed, sliding across the floor, and stopped by Vance. The other Deltas rise to their feet to see:

The jet spinning out of control -- plowing into the building, several floors below -- EXPLODING -- into a fireball.

WEAVER
Jesus... did that really just
happen?

Emerson rushes back to his terminal. Types furiously --
-- just as the last cable holding the sphere SNAPS free.

EMERSON
No!

The titanium ball rolls. Simmons dives out of the way as it
almost crushes her, before smashing through a window...

EXT. ECHELON TOWER - LOBBY - DAY

And drops to the streets below -- crushing an armored tank,
but leaving barely a scratch on the sphere itself.

INT. ECHELON TOWER - 72ND FLOOR - DAY

The Deltas are left speechless as they stare down at the
sphere, now just a dot on the ground.

WEAVER
God damn it! God damn it!

VANCE
What... what does this mean?

WEAVER
It means we're dead. We're all
fucking dead.

EISNER
The hell we are. We didn't come
all this way for nothing. We go
down there and we hook that thing
back up to some computer.

WEAVER
There's no time.

Weaver checks his watch, just as the countdown rolls to zero:

00:00 (hours: minutes)

Times up. Emerson drops his head in his hands.

EMERSON
I was so close. I was so damn
close.

Silence looms over the room.

SIMMONS
That's it then. It's over.

INT. SUBMARINE - BRIDGE - DAY

The Captain stares at the Weapons Chief, his fingers hovering over the 'missile fire' key.

SUBMARINE CAPTAIN
What are you waiting for?

He doesn't respond. He just stares, frozen with doubt.

SUBMARINE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
I gave you an order.

The Weapons Chief slowly rises to his feet.

WEAPONS CHIEF
I'm... I'm sorry, sir... I can't
carry out that order.

SUBMARINE CAPTAIN
Son, you're about to make the worst
decision of your life.

WEAPONS CHIEF
I'm sorry, sir --

SUBMARINE CAPTAIN
Get out of my way.

The Captain pushes past him. Sits down at his console. He takes a moment --

-- then hits the 'FIRE' key. Mammoth vibrations shudder through the vessel.

SUBMARINE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
God forgive us.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

A mammoth NUCLEAR MISSILE fires up out of the submarine - breaking out through the surface of the water -- and up into the sky, making its way to a high speed, high earth orbit.

INT. ECHELON TOWER - 72ND FLOOR - DAY

Eisner, deflated, hangs his head. Simmons moves over to him, hugs him tight. He whispers into her ear.

EISNER
I'm sorry I couldn't save you.



SIMMONS

It's not your job to save me. We
did our best. We tried. And
that's not for nothing.

Suddenly, a computer monitor lights up on Emerson's terminal.
The words 'incoming' flashes on the screen.

VANCE

What is that?

EMERSON

A nuke's been detected. We don't
have long.

Eisner spots something else on another monitor. His eyes go
wide, mind racing.

EISNER

Wait a minute. I don't know... I
don't know if this is even
possible, but... I've got an idea.

WEAVER

What?

EISNER

Maybe we can kill two birds with
one stone.

EXT. HIGH ATMOSPHERE - DAY

On the edge of space, we follow as the NUKE races across the
sky at high velocity.

INT. ECHELON TOWER - 72ND FLOOR - DAY

Vance, binoculars in hand, stands at the window, desperately
searching the horizon.

VANCE

I don't see anything. Not yet.

Weaver stands over Emerson as he furiously types into a
computer.

WEAVER

We've got just over one minute.
Please tell me you can do this?

EMERSON

Well, we're about to find out.

Eisner paces back and forth. Vance suddenly screams out.



VANCE

I see it. Jesus, I see it.

Binocular POV: Even through the powerful binoculars, we can only see a small, thin phosphorus white line etching across the sky, but travelling extremely fast.

The monitor counting down the incoming missile:

42 seconds... 41... 40... 39...

WEAVER

Less than forty seconds.

Weaver quickly moves to other computer terminals, turning them off.

WEAVER (CONT'D)

Turn everything off that we don't need right now.

Simmons and Vance do the same, flicking switches.

Emerson finishes typing.

EMERSON

That's it, I'm in, I've got control.

EXT. SPACE

Out of nowhere, the SATELLITE moves into frame, repositioning itself above the Earth -- begins to power up.

INT. ECHELON TOWER - 72ND FLOOR - DAY

Emerson goes to hit the 'enter' key -- but Weaver grabs his hand.

WEAVER

No, wait.

EISNER

Are you crazy?

WEAVER

Timing is everything. Too soon and we miss our shot. Give it a few more seconds.

Vance continues to watch the missile through his binoculars.

VANCE

Oh, man, it's almost on top of us.



SIMMONS
Do it, do it.

WEAVER
Just wait.

Suddenly, more HOSTILES burst up through each stairwell, firing their weapons. One hitting Emerson through the hand. Weaver dives, dragging him to the floor.

The Deltas hit the deck, roll, fire back. Weaver pulls Emerson behind a desk.

EISNER
Simmons, grenades?

SIMMONS
I'm out.

He glances at the monitor, its countdown running dangerously low: **15 seconds... 14... 13... 12...**

Eisner jumps to his feet, fires, rolls over a desk, fires again, precise, fast, deadly --

-- but gets hit in the shoulder -- screams as the bullet spins him around.

11 seconds... 10... 09...

EXT. SKIES ABOVE MANHATTAN - DAY

The NUKE dives down towards the city at incredible speed.

INT. ECHELON TOWER - 72ND FLOOR - DAY

Eisner jumps to his feet. Runs. Jumping high off a desk -- bullets whizzing past him -- he dives, returning fire in mid-air, taking out the last three hostiles all at once --

05 seconds... 04... 03...

-- he slams his hand down on the keyboard, striking the 'enter' key...

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The SATELLITE fires an EMP beam of blue light down on...

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

...cutting down through the atmosphere, hitting the center of the island -- a concussive shockwave of raw energy expands in a every direction in less than a nanosecond --



-- frying every electrical circuit it touches --

-- the NUKE hits the expanding EMP energy bubble. We zoom into the...

NUKE'S CIRCUITRY -- tiny electrical nodes spark, melting to nothing, killing its internal power.

The giant nuke shuts down in mid-air -- hits the ground with a violent thud, but doesn't detonate. Its ferocious momentum carrying it forward, flipping over and over --

-- plowing through concrete buildings -- tumbling along streets -- finally coming to rest in Central Park.

Sparks of electricity arcing over every object in the city, then dissipating to nothing. Light-smoke wisping from powered items.

We find the SPHERE again, at the base of the Echelon Tower. Buzzing electricity spider-webbing over the titanium ball. We zoom into the...

SPHERE'S CIRCUITRY -- to see complicated motherboards overloading. Nodes frazzling away, killing the machine dead.

Two birds, one stone.

That same RHYTHMIC PATTERN again, but it FADES drastically, morphing into distorted white noise, before dissipating completely.

Hostiles, all around the city, all around the country, blink away their confused, mind-controlled state. Normality returning to them. Victims given back their freedom.

INT. ECHELON TOWER - 72ND FLOOR - DAY

The calm after the storm. Eisner raises his head. The others too. All of them speechless. They slowly rise to their feet.

WEAVER

Jesus, Eisner, you think you could have left it any later?

Eisner smirks. Maybe the first time we've seen him do it.

VANCE

I don't believe it. I do not believe it. I thought we'd be toast by now for sure. How are we still standing?

The building creaks and strains.

EISNER

We might not be standing for long.
Let's get out of here.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - DAY

We notice hostiles, all around the city, dropping their weapons. No memories of what's happened. Confusion washing over them. Returning back to normality.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

The Deltas hobble across the grass, each one nurturing their injuries.

VANCE

Well, no one's shooting at us
anymore. That's gotta count for
something.

Eisner stops, sitting on a bench. The others drop around him, lying on the grass.

EMERSON

I've lost my finger. My finger.
I'll never type again.

WEAVER

Of course you will. It's just the
tip, barely a scratch. I'll see to
it you're okay.

Weaver turns to Eisner, seeing his deflated expression.

WEAVER (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Eisner looks out at the looming skyline of the city, half of it destroyed and pouring with smoke.

EISNER

How do we come back from this?

SIMMONS

Hey, a good thing happened here
today. You saved millions of
lives.

WEAVER

Billions, maybe.

EISNER

No, I didn't do anything. We did.
All of us.

VANCE

You give us too much credit.

EISNER

Fine, he did then. He saved us.

Eisner points at Emerson.

EISNER (CONT'D)

Without you, none of this was
possible. You're a hero. Probably
the bravest man I've met.

Emerson is speechless. Can't believe the attention he's
getting. Eisner stands. Shakes his hand.

Weaver smiles at Emerson, giving him a knowing nod.

EISNER (CONT'D)

Weaver, you want to listen to what
I'm about to say, because I don't
say it often.

WEAVER

Go ahead.

EISNER

I was wrong... about you. You
saved a lot of people's lives
today.

Weaver, taken back by the statement, can hardly find any
words.

WEAVER

Thank you.

Eisner puts his hand out. Weaver smiles. Shakes it.

VANCE

It's a good question though. How
the hell do we come back from this?

WEAVER

We push through it. We rebuild.
Rebuild our future. And we fight
back.

SIMMONS

What do you mean?

WEAVER

This... New World Order... it isn't over. The puppet masters behind it are still out there. And I'm going to find everyone one of them.

EISNER

And how do we rebuild our nation, for the people?

WEAVER

We need hope. Something to inspire them. Someone to push us forward.

We rise above the group, slowly pulling back to see the entire island of Manhattan. Buildings demolished. Fires raging. Debris covering almost every inch.

EXT. NAVY SHIP - DAY

Out in the Atlantic, large pieces of WRECKAGE are hauled up on the deck, recovered from the sea. Pieces of a large aircraft.

We make out the words "United States of America" written across several pieces.

A sailor races to his commanding officer.

SAILOR

Sir, you have to see this.

In the water, a few small speed boats surround some kind of CAPSULE. An emergency escape pod.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN/INT. BLACK HAWK - DAY

A convoy of Black Hawk helicopters race across the ocean, away from the ship.

The co-pilot talks into his microphone.

CO-PILOT

ETA 30 minutes to Washington. He's in good health, but have medics standing by.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The helos land in the grounds of the semi destroyed building, greeted by a group of Secret Service personnel.

They quickly pull the IMPORTANT PASSENGER off the chopper, and across the lawn.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Dozens of feet race across the floor as the tight security huddle move towards the...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

...where a television CAMERA and lights are already set up. Media crew behind them.

The passenger, PRESIDENT BECKMANN, arm in a sling, grazes over his face, somehow still alive, is brought into the room.

Last minute jacket and tie is put over him. His hair is slicked back, nice and neat.

He enters the tv camera's frame, and sits at his desk, looking right at us.

TV DIRECTOR

We're live in five, four, three...

...the director continues in a silent countdown, "two, one."

The President addresses the nation.

PRESIDENT BECKMANN

This last twenty four hours have been the darkest in our history. We've not only been brought to the brink of war, we were pushed over it.

We move through the homes of the people of America.

Through Ohio, Montana, Florida, Idaho, Oregon. Every corner of the country. Families huddled on the floor watching television.

PRESIDENT BECKMANN (V.O.)

I know there's a lot of scared people out there right now, who have been without any communication until now. For that, I am sorry. Many believed we had been pushed beyond the point of no return, but that is not true. When we were knocked on our knees, the brave men and women of this country performed an almost impossible miracle and put us back on our feet. Ladies and Gentleman, the war is over.

People, all around the country, emerge from their houses. Throughout the main cities, destruction lays strewn across most streets.

PRESIDENT BECKMANN (V.O.)
We have tough times ahead of us,
there is no doubt about that.
Times will be hard. For the next
thirty days I am declaring Martial
Law in order to enable full power
to our military to reestablish
order.

Military, police and construction crews dig through wreckage, hauling away debris, finding survivors trapped below concrete and twisted metal.

PRESIDENT BECKMANN (V.O.)
But this is not something we can do
alone. I need your help. We...
need your help. Together, we will
rebuild, better than we've ever
been.

Cities across the country begin rebuilding.

PRESIDENT BECKMANN (V.O.)
Like a Phoenix, we will rise from
the ashes. Of that, there is no
doubt. The forces that tried to
annihilate our way of life have
failed. We will bring them to
justice. They thought we would
fade into the night. They were
wrong.

The President, eyes intense, stares straight down the lens.

PRESIDENT BECKMANN
This is the United States of
America, the greatest nation on
Earth. We did not fall today. We
will not fall tomorrow.

City streets, filled with thousands -- no, millions of people
-- CELEBRATING -- fireworks shooting up into the air. Large
masses CHEERING and APPLAUDING.

The sound of their joy almost DEAFENING.

FADE OUT.