

**NATIONAL TREASURE:
Book of Secrets**

Screenplay by
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Based on a Story by
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FADE IN ON:

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER, 1865 - NIGHT

The Civil War has just ended. We know this because both CONFEDERATE and UNION SOLDIERS are walking home, side-by-side. In the distance, FIREWORKS dazzle over the Capitol.

EXT. STREET, WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

People celebrate in the streets. KIDS wave sparklers. COUPLES hold hands. CROWDS enjoy the fireworks.

A well-dressed DANDY GENTLEMAN seems to be ignoring the festivities as he ties his horse to a post. He meets up with a DISHEVELED MAN, who is here waiting for him.

The dandy points to his shirt pocket, on which we see that he wears a GOLD "KGC" PIN. The disheveled man buttons up his coat, concealing the pin, and they enter...

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

A PIANO PLAYER plays the Union anthem. PATRONS throw back whiskey. A mustachioed BARKEEP reads a newspaper.

IN THE BACK ROOM NEAR A FIREPLACE, THOMAS GATES (30s) studies a map at a table piled with books. His son CHARLES CARROLL GATES (9) fidgets at his side.

The dandy and the disheveled man step up to their table.

DANDY GENTLEMAN
Are you Thomas Gates?

Thomas eyes the men, sizing them up.

THOMAS GATES
Yes?

DANDY GENTLEMAN
They say you got a mind for conundrums
and such.

CHARLES GATES
He's the best.

The dandy pulls a leather-bound DIARY from his pocket.

DANDY GENTLEMAN
We got something we were hoping you
would take a look at.

The dandy opens the diary to a page and lays it on the table. Thomas regards it. So does Charles.

DISHEVELED MAN
It's a coded message.

CHARLES GATES
It's a Playfair cipher!

The men regard the kid, annoyed. Thomas doesn't miss it.
He pulls out a sparkler and hands it to Charles.

THOMAS GATES
Here.

Charles' face lights up as he takes the sparkler.

THOMAS GATES (CONT'D)
Try not to burn down the Capitol. They
just built it.

Charles rushes out. Thomas turns back to the men.

THOMAS GATES (CONT'D)
That cipher's impossible to decode
without the key.

DISHEVELED MAN
What do you mean by key?

THOMAS GATES
A keyword or a phrase.

DANDY GENTLEMAN
I believe what you need is right here.

The dandy points to a phrase on the diary page that we don't
see. Thomas studies the phrase and the Playfair cipher.

DISHEVELED MAN
So? Can you decode it?

THOMAS GATES
It'll take some time.

Thomas grabs a reference book and leafs through it. The
dandy checks his pocket watch. His colleague notices.

DISHEVELED MAN
Go on. I'll meet up with you later.

As the dandy gentleman exits he passes the BARTENDER who
recognizes him.

BARTENDER
I know you. You're that actor fella,
aren't ya?!

DANDY GENTLEMAN
Yes, I am.

BARTENDER
Well, you'll never be the actor your
father was.

DANDY GENTLEMAN
Perhaps, but I will soon be the most
famous.

EXT. TAVERN - NIGHT

We FOLLOW the dandy gentleman as he exits the tavern, mounts his horse and rides away. REVELERS run past.

EXT. THEATER, STAGE DOOR - NIGHT

The dandy gentleman rides up in this back alley. He dismounts and hands the reins of his horse to a YOUNG STAGE HAND as other theater types hang out back.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

An AUDIENCE is enjoying a performance of "Our American Cousin" in this lush 19th century theater. It's a full house.

The State Box is draped with the American Flag. Here, PRESIDENT LINCOLN sits with his wife MARY and another COUPLE (MAJOR RATHBONE and his fiancée CLARA HARRIS).

INT. THEATER, BACK STAIRS - NIGHT

The actors' voices and laughter echo through the walls.

The dandy ascends the stairs and flashes a note to a VALET seated outside a door at the top of the steps. The valet reads the note and then lets the dandy pass.

INT. THEATER, BACK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The dandy comes to the State Box door and stoops to peer in through a small hole. The dandy pulls a DERRINGER out of his pocket.

INT. THEATER, STATE BOX - NIGHT

We now realize that the dandy gentleman is JOHN WILKES BOOTH. He enters the box and steps up behind President Lincoln.

The audience erupts with LAUGHTER in the background as Booth pulls the trigger.

Major Rathbone reacts to the gunshot by leaping to his feet. He charges to the President's aid, but Booth pulls a knife and slices his arm.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

The crowd ripples with murmurs of confusion as...

Booth steps onto the railing and leaps down from the State Box. His spur catches the American flag, and it TEARS as he falls to the stage.

ON THE STAGE, the awkward fall has broken Booth's ankle. Rising, Booth turns theatrically to the audience, brandishing a knife. He shouts his immortal Latin phrase.

BOOTH
Sic semper tyrannis!

"Thus always to tyrants!" With that, he limps away.

EXT. THEATER, STAGE DOOR - NIGHT

Booth bursts through the stage door, grabs his horse, and rides away, furiously clapping spurs.

EXT. THEATER - NIGHT

Booth gallops down the street just as the theater doors burst open, and PEOPLE pour out...

AUDIENCE MEMBER
The President's been shot!!!

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Charles hides behind the doorway, eavesdropping on everything the men say. We now realize Charles never left.

Thomas has made some progress. He's scribbled the decoded words: ...**GOLD FOR CONFEDERACY**. The last word stops Thomas.

THOMAS GATES
Confederate gold. This is a treasure map!

He looks up to the disheveled man who's now leaning forward over the table. His coat hangs open slightly. Thomas spots... THE GOLD KGC PIN.

THOMAS GATES (CONT'D)
(realizing)
KGC...You're Knights of the Golden Circle.

The man looks down, caught. He quietly pulls out his pistol and levels it under the table at Thomas.

DISHEVELED MAN
I'd much appreciate it if you would finish deciphering that code now.

Just then, a frantic MAN bursts into the tavern.

MAN FROM THE STREET
The President's been shot! The President's been shot!!

Incredulous, everyone rushes out of the tavern to go see.

Thomas seizes the moment and snatches the DIARY, but the disheveled man grabs it too. The two men struggle with the diary for a moment. Finally, the disheveled man SHOTS THOMAS in the stomach!

CHARLES GATES
Dad!

Thomas falls back, RIPPING A HANDFUL OF PAGES from the diary as he does. Charles rushes to his father's side as he collapses onto a chair near the fireplace.

CHARLES GATES (CONT'D)

Dad!

Thomas stares daggers at the disheveled man...

THOMAS GATES

The war is over.

With that, Thomas DUMPS THE DIARY PAGES INTO THE FIRE! The disheveled man scrambles for the burning pages and fishes out ONE BURNING PAGE and pats the fire out.

DISHEVELED MAN

You're wrong about that. The war has only just begun.

The disheveled man grabs the diary, stuffs the burnt page into his pocket, and then hurries out.

CHARLES GATES

Someone! Please, help! My dad's been shot!

But there is no one here. They're all outside. Thomas is pale and dying fast, blood seeping through his shirt.

THOMAS GATES

(fighting to remain conscious)

The debt that all men pay...

His voice trails off...too weak to continue. Tears stream down Charles's face.

CHARLES GATES

Dad, don't die. You can't die.

Thomas reaches out, puts his hand on his son's head, and utters his final words...

THOMAS GATES

The debt that all men...

Thomas dies, leaving Charles devastated.

INT. MUSEUM, EXHIBITION HALL - DAY

BANNERS decorate the hall, "THE CIVIL WAR--CIVILIAN HEROES." A seminar is in progress. Ben lectures from a dais to a group of HISTORIANS and AMATEUR TREASURE HUNTERS.

BEN

The Knights of the Golden Circle was a Southern extremist group operating in the north to subvert Union efforts. Had Thomas not burned those pages that night, the KGC may have gotten their
(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)
hands on that gold, and the Union may
very well have lost the Civil War.

The audience APPLAUDS. Sitting in the front row, PATRICK GATES applauds alongside museum curator, DR. WILLIAM NICHOLS. A SNOOTY HISTORIAN raises his hand.

BEN (CONT'D)
Yes?

SNOOTY HISTORIAN
So, you expect us to believe that the
missing pages of the Booth diary were
actually burned by your ancestor because
they contained a treasure map to a cache
of Confederate gold?

BEN
Actually, it was a secret message leading
to the map, not the map per se.

SNOOTY HISTORIAN
Well, pardon my saying, but that's just
crazy.

BEN
(grins wryly)
Pardon my saying, but my family's been
accused of saying crazier things.

SNOOTY HISTORIAN
Did Charles Gates ever come forward
with this information after Lincoln's
assassination?

Just then we hear *Yankee Doodle* begin to play. It's an embarrassing moment, but the audience laughs with Ben. He glances at the Caller ID. "Herney's Movers." He silences the song.

BEN
There is someone that can answer this
question far better than I. My father...
(gestures to Patrick)
...Patrick Gates. Without his passion
for history, none of this would have
been discovered. Dad, please come up.

Patrick steps onto stage as Ben moves away. Ben's phone rings again.

PATRICK
(eager to join in)
Yes, Charles Gates did come forward,
but he was only ten. There was no proof
of the KGC's involvement. Until we
found that pin. Now, the KGC was a
very secret group, and very little is
known about them...

Ben moves into the hall and answers his phone.

BEN

Hello?

INT. NEW ENGLAND MANOR, FOYER - DAY

A fully restored, majestic colonial estate. A team of MOVERS parade in and out of the foyer, carrying boxes and furniture. A MOVER stands in the adjacent dining room, on his cell phone.

MOVER

I'm at the house, and there's a lady here sitting in one of the chairs you have tagged for us to move.

We PAN to reveal that ABIGAIL is the lady he's talking about. She's sitting in an antique chair, arms crossed defiantly.

MOVER (CONT'D)

She won't let us take it.

ABIGAIL

That's because it's not his.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BEN AND THE MOVER TALKING ON THEIR PHONES.

BEN

Which chair?

The mover glances at the chair and shrugs.

MOVER

Uh...the ugly one.

ABIGAIL

(calls out)

Tell him it's the Queen Anne, and it's mine!

MOVER

She said--

BEN

--I heard her. Tell her I found it.

MOVER

He says he found it.

ABIGAIL

And I painstakingly restored it.

BEN

I liked it the way it was!

MOVER

He says he liked it the way it was.

ABIGAIL

It didn't even have a seat cushion!

The mover offers Abigail his cell phone.

MOVER

Maybe you two should talk to each other.

He offers the phone to Abigail.

ABIGAIL/BEN

No!

The mover sighs.

MOVER

Look. I don't get battle pay. As long as the lady's in the chair, the chair stays.

Abigail grins, victorious.

INT. MUSEUM, EXHIBITION HALL - DAY

BEN

Fine.

Ben clicks off his phone and heads back out to the podium. In the front row, Dr. Nichols stands.

DR. NICHOLS

If there are no other questions, I would like to thank Ben and Patrick Gates and say what a wonderful addition Thomas Gates is to our Civilian Heroes exhibit.

PATRICK

I only wish my grandfather were still alive to see it.

The crowd begins to applaud.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE (O.S.)

One last question!

All heads turn to see a man standing in the back row. This is MITCH WILKINSON (40s). He has a strong face, confident, determined. A briefcase sits at his feet.

BEN

Yes, of course.

MITCH

What do you think ever happened to that Booth diary page? The one Michael O'Laughlen snatched out of the fire that night?

Mitch smiles, a bit of charm underlying his intellect.

BEN

We'll likely never know. The secret died in prison with Michael O'Laughlen.

MITCH

Perhaps.
(again the smile)
Perhaps not.

Mitch makes his way forward with the briefcase.

MITCH (CONT'D)

You see, I have one of those great-great
granddaddies just like you do, way up
there in my family tree, by the name of
Silas Wilkinson. I'm Mitch Wilkinson.
Mitch.

He dials the combination on his briefcase as he talks.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Silas used to tell a story about the
night Lincoln was killed. He worked at
the tavern where Booth and O'Laughlen
met with a group of men, one by the
name of Thomas Gates.

Ben and Patrick exchange a look.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Only that's where your granddaddy's
story and mine part ways. You see, as
Silas tells it, Booth didn't seek out
Thomas Gates regarding a treasure map
that night.

(beat)

It was Thomas Gates who called the
meeting. A KGC meeting.

Heads in the audience turn to Patrick and Ben.

PATRICK

That's ridiculous!

Heads turn back to Wilkinson.

MITCH

Yes, Silas said the men had an argument.
Guns were drawn. Thomas was killed.
One of the men tore some pages out of a
book, threw them in the fire...but...

Now, Mitch pops open his briefcase and pulls out a PIECE OF
ANCIENT PAPER sealed in plastic.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Later, Silas searched the fireplace,
found a page...and passed it down through
the generations of my family...

Mitch holds up a PAGE, burnt around the edges but obvious
what it is...

MITCH (CONT'D)
...one of the missing Booth diary
pages...

The audience gasps...could it be?

MITCH (CONT'D)
(to Dr. Nichols)
...which I've come to turn over to the
museum.

Dr. Nichols, Patrick, and Ben are shocked.

INT. MUSEUM, EXHIBITION HALL - LATER

CLOSE ON the Booth Diary page. It's dated "April 12," and
half is burned away, but a list of names is clearly written.

Surratt--copiae
Spangler--equus
Atzerodt--heres imperatoris
Payne--legatus

At the bottom of the list is: "*Thomas Gates--artifex.*" Ben
and Patrick are incredulous.

DR. NICHOLS
It's the names of the Lincoln
conspirators...and Latin?

MITCH
Booth was a student of the classics.
He shouted, "Sic semper tyrannis" after
he shot Lincoln.

PATRICK
"Thus always to tyrants," we know.

Dr. Nichols reads the first line.

DR. NICHOLS
"Surratt--Copiae"?

MITCH
"Military supplies." Mary Surratt was
convicted and hanged for supplying Booth
with a rifle and field glasses.

But Ben's and Patrick's eyes are locked on Thomas's name.

BEN
Thomas Gates, "artifex"?

MITCH
Latin for "designer" or "mastermind"...he
planned the assassination.

PATRICK
It could mean mastermind of anything!
(points to the charred edge)
It's burned off right there.

MITCH

I'm sure this must be very difficult
for you, Mr. Gates.

BEN

Why wasn't this given to the authorities
after the assassination?

MITCH

There were powerful men at that KGC
meeting, men high up in the government.
Silas didn't know whom to trust. After
a time, the family started to wonder if
it really was a page from Booth's diary
at all. Then I heard about your story,
so I went and dug up the page. I thought
maybe I'd find myself a treasure map.
Instead, I found the name "Thomas Gates"
written on it.

PATRICK

Thomas Gates was a patriot! He would've
never plotted to assassinate the
President.

DR. NICHOLS

May I?

Dr. Nichols reaches for the page. Mitch hands him the page.

PATRICK

It's a forgery! It's a lie! You're
calling my grandfather a liar!

MITCH

I'm sorry, sir. I really am, but with
all due respect, now you're calling my
great-great-granddaddy a liar.

As they argue, Dr. Nichols pulls out his keys and unlocks
the BOOTH DIARY DISPLAY CASE. He slides out the display
case shelf. On it, the BOOTH DIARY lies open.

PATRICK

This isn't some garbage you read in a
history book. My grandfather told me
the story himself. I saw the truth in
his eyes.

Ben tries to console his father.

BEN

Dad, please try to calm down. Crazy
stuff like this surfaces all the time.
I'm sure they'll prove it's a forgery.

All eyes watch as Dr. Nichols holds the ripped edge of the
BURNT PAGE up to the RIPPED EDGE in the diary. The pattern
of the rips line up exactly... a PERFECT MATCH!

PATRICK
(mumbles to himself)
It can't be... It just can't be...

Dr. Nichols feels bad for the Gates men.

DR. NICHOLS
Of course, it'll have to be tested
thoroughly to authenticate it.

Ben and Patrick just stare at the burnt page, gut-punched.

EXT. BORDERS BOOK STORE, D.C. - DAY

A new arrival is featured in the store window. On the cover is the unfinished pyramid from the Great Seal. A sign in the window reads, "BOOK SIGNING TODAY!"

INT. BORDERS BOOK STORE, D.C. - DAY

Crowded with CUSTOMERS. In the HOBBIES section, RILEY sits at an empty table, doing a crossword puzzle.

Next to him, his book is displayed, STACKED IN A PYRAMID. Now, we see the title, The Templar Treasure and Other Myths that Are True by Riley Poole.

A LADY steps up. Riley watches her out of the corner of his eye as she grabs a copy of his book and peruses the cover.

ON THE BACK COVER, there is a picture of the Templar Treasure on display at the Smithsonian. The lady's eyes light up...

LADY CUSTOMER
Oh, wow! Is this a book about that
treasure?!

RILEY
Well, yes, but it's also about other
myths and urban legends, like Area 51
and--

The lady sees the "MEET THE AUTHOR" sign on the table.

LADY CUSTOMER
--The author's here, signing copies?

RILEY
(proudly)
Yes. I'm the author.

LADY CUSTOMER
You are?

RILEY
(pointing to his name)
See? Right there. Riley Poole. That's
me.

LADY CUSTOMER
I thought that guy Benjamin Gates found
the treasure.

RILEY
Well, yes, but I assisted him.

LADY CUSTOMER
And a publisher paid you to write a
book about it?

RILEY
Actually, no. I published it myself.

LADY CUSTOMER
I see.

The lady leaves without the book. A cute COLLEGE GIRL
approaches next, notices the book, then looks to Riley,
excited.

COLLEGE GIRL
Ohmigosh! Are you Ben Gates?

RILEY
(a beat, then)
Yes. Yes, I am.

COLLEGE GIRL
Do you own a red Ferrari?

RILEY
(proudly)
Yes, I do.

COLLEGE GIRL
I think it's being towed.

She gestures to the window. Riley looks out and sees his
FERRARI being towed away. His face falls as he rushes out.

EXT. APARTMENT ROW, GEORGETOWN STREET - DAY

Riley walks home. He comes to an apartment complex to find
BEN sitting on the front steps, waiting for him.

BEN
Ferrari in the shop?

RILEY
IRS impounded it.

BEN
Didn't you pay your taxes?

RILEY
Do you know what the taxes are on
\$5,000,000? Six million dollars. Trust
me. It is. Especially after your tax
man sets up a corporation for you on an
(MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)
island that doesn't exist and assures
you that that's how rich people do it.
(then)
But what's new with you?

BEN
Well, my girlfriend kicked me out. I'm
living with my dad and my family killed
Lincoln.

RILEY
It could be worse. Maybe not.

BEN
I need your help.

RILEY
Does it involve treasure?

EXT. NEW ENGLAND MANOR, GROUNDS - NIGHT

Riley and Ben move stealthily across the lawn toward the
front of the house. They talk in whispers.

RILEY
This is insane.

They creep to a window and duck down low. Ben peeks into
the house. Everything is dark.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Can't you just ask Abigail to help?

BEN
Not only did she change the locks and
alarm codes, she won't talk to me.

They cross silently to the porch. Riley slips off his back
pack and pulls out an 8-piece lock pick set.

RILEY
What happened between you two?

BEN
I don't know. She started using the
word "so" a lot.

RILEY
So?

BEN
Yeah, she would start sentences with
the word "so." Like "so, I guess you
don't care," and "so, what I say doesn't
matter."

RILEY
Ah, right. So is bad.

BEN
I don't know what happened.

RILEY
Maybe getting to know someone in the
midst of a historic treasure find is
not the best way to determine
compatibility.

Just then...CLICK! Riley finally unlocks the lock. He
reaches for the doorknob and looks to Ben.

RILEY (CONT'D)
OK. We have 30 seconds to disable the
alarm before it goes off. Ready?

INT. NEW ENGLAND MANOR, FOYER - NIGHT

Riley hurries to the ALARM KEYPAD mounted on the wall. He
slips a hand-made, hand-held device out of his backpack, and
quickly runs a bypass, which instantly disables the alarm.

The KEYPAD's light goes green. The LED reads, "UNARMED."

BEN
That only took you 8 seconds.

RILEY
That's why I always tell people to get
a dog.

INT. NEW ENGLAND MANOR, STUDY - NIGHT

Ben searches the desk and finds Abigail's MUSEUM KEYCARD.

BEN
Got it.

Just then, headlights sweep across the room through the
windows as a car pulls up outside and parks.

RILEY
Good, let's go.

Riley turns to go, but Ben is drawn to the window.

BEN
That's not Abigail's car.

Through the window, we see a handsome man (DR. CONNOR
HAMILTON) climb out of the car and open the passenger door.
Abigail climbs out, dressed up and looking great.

BEN (CONT'D)
She's on a date.

Connor wraps his arm around Abigail as they head to the door.

RILEY
Ben, you guys broke up. She's hot. It happens. Let's go.
(then)
Isn't that the White House curator?
Boy, he didn't waste any time, did he?

INT. NEW ENGLAND MANOR, FOYER - NIGHT

As Ben and Riley pad quietly across the living room, we can overhear Abigail and Connor flirting on the front porch.

CONNOR
So...the White House Easter Egg Roll is next Monday. If you've never been to one, they're a lot of fun.

ABIGAIL
I always wondered...what happens if the kids don't find all the eggs during the Easter egg hunt?

CONNOR
I believe the Secret Service is specially trained to locate and retrieve all MIA eggs.

We hear Abigail laugh. Riley makes a face and whispers.

RILEY
Wow. She's laughing at his lame lines. She must really like him.

Ben looks around and grabs a box.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Ben, you're going to get caught--

BEN
--I know.

EXT. NEW ENGLAND MANOR, PORCH - NIGHT

Abigail keys open her door to find Ben (but not Riley) standing there in the foyer, holding a box. Abigail is not amused.

ABIGAIL
What are you doing here?

BEN
I came to pick up some final things.
(to Connor)
Connor. Good to see you again.

CONNOR
Gates.

ABIGAIL
(to Ben)
How'd you get in?

INT. NEW ENGLAND MANOR, FOYER - NIGHT

Abigail pushes by Ben and looks around, suspicious.

ABIGAIL
Riley! Come out here!

Riley sheepishly emerges from the closet.

RILEY
Hi, Abigail. Did you--

ABIGAIL
--I haven't read it yet.

RILEY
(to Connor)
Riley. Hi. We met.

CONNOR
Oh, yes. Ben's assistant, right?

Riley grumbles. Connor turns to Abigail.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Maybe I should go. How about dinner
tomorrow night?

ABIGAIL
Actually, I already have plans.

BEN/CONNOR
You do?

ABIGAIL
But I'm free Friday.

CONNOR
Great.

Abigail kisses Connor on the cheek, and Connor leaves.

RILEY
(sing-song)
Awkward.

Abigail enters and drops her purse, miffed.

ABIGAIL
I can't believe you broke in. What did
you take?

BEN
Items of a personal and necessary nature.

She grabs the box from Ben and looks inside it, perplexed.

ABIGAIL
Ben, this is dish soap and dental floss.

She stops, studying Ben, realizing...

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Hand it over.

She puts out her hand, and Ben gives her back her KEYCARD.

BEN

I need to see the page.

Abigail sighs and sets down the box.

ABIGAIL

Why? Because you don't believe the seven document conservation experts who authenticated it?

BEN

No, I don't.

ABIGAIL

You saw the page yourself. There is no treasure map on it.

RILEY

(to Ben)

I thought you said there was.

BEN

It's not a treasure map per se. It's a cipher leading to a treasure map.

(to Abigail)

Did anyone spectral-image the page?

ABIGAIL

No need to. All of the ink writing on the page is clearly visible.

BEN

Something could've been erased or could have faded. You're the Director of Document Conservation. You know that.

That stops Abigail. He has a point. But she's unsure.

ABIGAIL

It's not up to me. It's not my department.

BEN

That department reports to your department.

Abigail mulls it over.

BEN (CONT'D)

Come on, Abigail. Just one peek with infrared?

(then)

You can have the Boston Tea Tables.

ABIGAIL

Both of them?

INT. MUSEUM, CONSERVATION LAB - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE BURNT HALF-PAGE mounted in an arcane machine, which is submitting the page to a spectrum of infrared light. Image results are displayed on a screen. We're in...

A dark lab...except for the dull glow from the screen. Ben, Riley, and Abigail study the screen where the iron ink writing is illuminated in various color forms.

RILEY

I don't see anything.

BEN

There are thousands of bands of infrared wavelengths. It takes time for the digital processing to bring out any latent images.

ABIGAIL

Ben, there's nothing.

There is indeed nothing. Riley feels bad for Ben.

RILEY

Look at it this way. 100 years from now, no one will remember anyone involved in the Lincoln assassination besides Booth.

BEN

That's not true. Do you know that expression, "his name is mud"?

RILEY

Well, yes.

BEN

Do you know the origin of that expression?

RILEY

Does anyone but you?

BEN

Dr. Samuel Mudd was convicted of being a co-conspirator in the Lincoln assassination. The evidence was circumstantial, and he was later pardoned, but it didn't matter. Mudd's name still lives in infamy. I will not allow Thomas' name to be mud.

Just then, Abigail sees something appearing on the screen.

ABIGAIL

There!

They all scrutinize a fluorescent smudge slowly appearing.

RILEY
Oh yes, it says, "smudge."

But now, Ben sees it too. CLOSE ON THE SCREEN. As the computer classifier runs, the smudges slowly start taking shape, and...BROKEN FRAGMENTS of handwriting appear!

RILEY (CONT'D)
(incredulous)
Letters!

Everyone studies the screen as the character recognition software estimates the characters, filling in the spaces in the broken fragments.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Backwards letters.

BEN
(realizing)
Residual ink from the facing page.

RILEY
OK. Backwards letters from the facing page that spell nothing.

BEN
It's a cipher. See how the letters are coupled? Playfair ciphers encode letters in pairs. It's exactly what Grandpa Charles said was in the Booth diary. This proves his story.

ABIGAIL
Ben, they're random letters. It doesn't prove anything.

BEN
Until we crack it. All we need is the keyword.

RILEY
Which is...?

BEN
I don't know yet.

RILEY
Ah, Ben, you do realize the English language just reached one billion words recently, right?

BEN
Can I get a print-out of this?

Abigail pushes a button on the machine, and a color photo of the page starts to print.

ABIGAIL

This won't stop Dr. Nichols from announcing the discovery of the page to the American Historical Consortium tomorrow.

BEN

Tomorrow? Can't you ask him to wait until I can prove Thomas is innocent?

ABIGAIL

What makes you so sure he is? What if you decipher the code and confirm Thomas was involved in Lincoln's assassination?

BEN

I refuse to believe that.

Abigail looks at him hard.

ABIGAIL

You know, the man I once fell in love with cared about the truth, not just about being right.

BEN

I am searching for the truth.

ABIGAIL

Are you?

INT. FBI BUILDING, SADUSKY'S OFFICE - DAY

FBI AGENT SADUSKY (our pensive veteran) is studying a case file. AGENT HENDRICKS enters with a newspaper.

HENDRICKS

Looks like our old friend Ben Gates is in the news again.

SADUSKY

Oh yeah, what'd he find now? Atlantis?

HENDRICKS

No, a guy came forward with a missing Booth diary page.

Sadusky's curiosity is piqued.

HENDRICKS (CONT'D)

But that's not the best part. Listen to this...

(reads)

"...on the page are the names of the conspirators in the Lincoln assassination as well as a previously unknown conspirator, Thomas Gates. Thomas Gates is said to be the great-great-grandfather of renowned treasure hunter Benjamin Franklin Gates."

Hendricks hands him the newspaper. Sadusky reads it.

HENDRICKS (CONT'D)

And I thought my relatives were bad.

CLOSE ON THE NEWSPAPER, there is an article, "Missing Page of John Wilkes Booth Diary Discovered."

Sadusky finishes and hands the newspaper back to Hendricks.

SADUSKY

What do we know about this Wilkinson?

HENDRICKS

Sir?

SADUSKY

Guy claims he had this page for 140 years and just suddenly comes forward with it? Why?

HENDRICKS

I don't know.

SADUSKY

Not the kind of response we like in the Bureau.

HENDRICKS

I'll find out.

SADUSKY

Better.

INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE, STUDY - EVENING

ON A COMPUTER SCREEN is the AMERICAN HISTORICAL CONSORTIUM website. Recorded coverage of the earlier announcement plays.

Dr. Nichols stands before a small gathering of REPORTERS. Standing by his side is Mitch Wilkinson.

DR. NICHOLS (ON THE SCREEN)

We're extremely grateful to Mr. Wilkinson for coming forward with what we believe to be one of the missing Booth diary pages.

We WIDEN to reveal we're in Patrick's study.

INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE, STUDY - EVENING

PATRICK is watching the conference on his computer, growing angry. His study is crowded with miscellaneous ANTIQUE FURNITURE and MOVING BOXES stacked everywhere.

DR. NICHOLS (ON THE SCREEN)

On the page is the name of a previously unknown conspirator, Thomas Gates.

PATRICK
Look at Nichols. What a pompous--

BEN (O.S.)
--Dad, will you stop watching that?

Patrick turns to find Ben standing in the doorway.

PATRICK
It's on the internet! There's no
stopping it now.

DR. NICHOLS (ON THE SCREEN)
Many historians have long contended
that the pages of the Booth diary were
destroyed to suppress incriminating
evidence of other conspirators--

PATRICK
'Many?' Now all of a sudden it's 'many?'

DR. NICHOLS (ON THE SCREEN)
...We believe Thomas Gates may have
been the architect of the assassination
plot --

PATRICK
'Architect!!'

REPORTER
The Gates Family maintains that Thomas
Gates wasn't a conspirator, that instead,
he stopped the conspirators from finding
a treasure they would have used to renew
the war.

MITCH
Well, if the Gates family can produce
this treasure, I'll be the first to say
Thomas Gates is innocent... but, until
then, I stand by my theory.

Ben turns off the computer. Patrick paces, upset.

PATRICK
You know Nichols has pulled the Thomas
Gates memorial.

BEN
I know.

PATRICK
How can they do this? Don't they
understand the value of a family's name--
a legacy?! Thomas Gates saved the Union.
Our family stopped the KGC from funding
their war! He died for it!
(almost unhinged, then)
And no, I'm not having a stroke.

BEN

Dad, I know it hurts, believe me. It's killing me. But do you want to beat this guy?

PATRICK

You bet I do.

BEN

Then, let's prove that Booth cipher leads to a treasure map.

Patrick gathers himself, focuses.

BEN (CONT'D)

Look...I've been thinking. Thomas must have broken the cipher. Yes? Refusing to give them the answer, he burned the pages, and that's what got him killed.

That stops Patrick, gets him thinking.

PATRICK

Yes. Thomas had to know the key.

BEN

Right. Now, what was it that Thomas said to his son Charles when he was dying --

PATRICK

Grandpa said it was "the debt that all men pay." That old soldier's epitaph.

BEN

Right. But Thomas was a civilian. Why would he use a soldier's phrase?

They share a look...could it be?

PATRICK

Let's try it!

INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - EVENING

Ben and Patrick enter. More moving boxes and furniture are piled in here. Riley regards a framed picture on the wall.

IN THE PHOTO, Ben is receiving the Lindbergh Award from the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES on the White House lawn. Patrick, Abigail, and Riley stand at their sides.

RILEY

(re: the photo)

Look at me. I was so rich back then. I miss my Ferrari.

BEN

Try "death."

RILEY
Yeah, I guess that would be worse.

BEN
No. As the keycode. "Death." The
debt that all men pay is death.

Riley moves to his laptop and enters "DEATH." Immediately,
the results appear on his laptop screen:

L-A-B-O-U-L-_-_-E-L-A-D

RILEY
(disappointed)
Nope. Gibberish --

But Ben and Patrick study the letters.

PATRICK
Laboul...elad?

BEN
LABOULAYE!

Ben types the "L" and the "A" into the blank spots.

RILEY
Laboulaye, of course! What is that?

BEN
It's a who. Édouard Laboulaye. Where's
the phone?

PATRICK
Who knows? I can't find anything in
this mess.

Ben helps Patrick move some boxes.

BEN
It's only temporary. Until I find a
new place.

PATRICK
Find your old place. I like her.

Ben clears a spot, revealing the phone.

INT. CP STEAK RESTAURANT, D.C. - EVENING

Modern with gorgeous views of the Capitol. Abigail enters
and crosses to the bar, where...MITCH WILKINSON sits. He
stands when he sees her.

MITCH
Dr. Chase. Thank you for agreeing to
meet.

ABIGAIL
Please, Abigail.

Abigail takes a seat on an adjacent stool.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I was going to call you anyway about the diary page.

MITCH

Well, lucky for me, we share a common interest...an excuse to get to know you better.

He flashes a disarming smile. Abigail studies him.

ABIGAIL

Or getting to know me is an excuse to discuss our common interests.

MITCH

Either way, I come out ahead. But yes, I am curious about the diary page.

She smiles, a bit flattered, and then opens her satchel.

ABIGAIL

We found some latent letter fragments.

She pulls out a multispectral photo of the Booth diary page. Abigail measures Mitch as he stares at the image, curious.

MITCH

Random letters. A cipher?

Abigail shrugs.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Has Dr. Gates seen this?

ABIGAIL

He's the one who made the discovery. Of course, Ben and Patrick have a theory--

MITCH

--Right. The treasure map. Confederate gold. Well, you know, I've found that in order for there to be a treasure map, there has to be a treasure. They're still convinced?

ABIGAIL

Adamant.

Just then, Abigail's phone rings. She checks the caller ID and looks to Mitch.

MITCH

Go ahead. It's fine.

She nods and quickly answers it.

ABIGAIL

(into the phone)
I'm busy.

INTERCUT BEN AND ABIGAIL ON THEIR PHONES.

BEN
We cracked the cipher.

Abigail smiles at Mitch, who pretends not to listen.

BEN (CONT'D)
It's "Laboulaye." The cipher spells
Laboulaye.

ABIGAIL
So?

BEN
So, why would Booth have a coded missive
referencing a French mason, who wasn't
KGC or even a Confederate?

Abigail gestures apologetically to Mitch as she steps away
from the bar and lowers her voice.

ABIGAIL
Maybe the KGC was planning to kill
Laboulaye too. Laboulaye was a zealous
advocate of Lincoln.

BEN
Or maybe there was a treasure map like
Thomas Gates said there was, and
Laboulaye had it.

ABIGAIL
A treasure map? To what? Confederate
gold? That makes no sense. Besides,
the Confederacy was bankrupt by the end
of the war--

But Ben isn't listening.

BEN
--We only got a partial on the next
word...
(looks at the laptop screen)
Laboulaye and then L-A-D. Lad? Ladder?

ABIGAIL
Lady!

Now, Abigail's interest has been undeniably piqued.

BEN
Thank you, Abigail! "Laboulaye Lady."
You know what Laboulaye was planning
right around the time Lincoln was
assassinated?

Abigail looks over to Mitch, sitting alone at the bar, and
realizes she's being rude.

BEN (CONT'D)

--What?

ABIGAIL

I have to go.

BEN

No, what? This is important. I'm telling you there is a map--

ABIGAIL

--I'm hanging up now.

INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - EVENING

Ben hangs up. Riley studies the decoded word.

BEN

She hung up on me.

PATRICK

Well, she took your call.

RILEY

You know, there's a 27% chance that permutations of incorrect cipher keys will result in legible phrases. Meaning, this could be a false positive.

BEN

No, it's right. You know who first proposed the idea of the Statue of Liberty, Lady Liberty...

INT. CP STEAK RESTAURANT, D.C. - EVENING

Abigail moves back to the bar.

MITCH

Dr. Gates?

ABIGAIL

Yes, sorry about that.

Abigail tucks away her phone.

MITCH

I take it he cracked the cipher?

(off her look)

I couldn't help but overhear. Laboulaye? As in Edouard Laboulaye?

ABIGAIL

That's what he thinks, at least.

MITCH

Wasn't Laboulaye the one who first came up with the idea for the Statue of Liberty?

INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - EVENING

RILEY

So you're saying, there's a treasure map hidden in the Statue of Liberty?

PATRICK

Laboulaye was a mason. They built clues into everything.

RILEY

I know. I wrote a whole chapter on it.

INT. CP STEAK RESTAURANT, D.C. - EVENING

Abigail tries to change the subject.

ABIGAIL

It doesn't track. The page was written in 1865.

MITCH

Right. The Statue of Liberty hadn't even been built yet.

INT. CP STEAK RESTAURANT, D.C. - NIGHT

Abigail regards Mitch, curious.

ABIGAIL

You have an interest in history?

MITCH

I'm a nut about it. Especially the Civil War. And I'm not just saying that to impress you.

Again, the smile. She's charmed by him.

MITCH (CONT'D)

My family is descended from General Albert Pike, the only Confederate officer to be honored--

ABIGAIL

--with a statue in D.C. Yes, I've seen it.

Mitch contemplates something for a moment, then...

MITCH

A remarkable man, but what is history, if not the markers of deeds done by great men?

(he believes this)

You have but one lifetime, Abigail. But history can remember you forever.

INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

PATRICK
So, the question is, which Statue of
Liberty?

RILEY
There's more than one?

BEN
There are three actually. One in New
York, one in the Luxembourg Garden, and
the third on the River Seine in Paris.

PATRICK
But Laboulaye only referred to one as
his "lady."

INT. FBI BUILDING, SADUSKY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sadusky is working late. Agent Hendricks enters with AGENT
SPELLMAN.

HENRICKS
So, it turns out Mitch Wilkinson has
two brothers, Seth and Daniel, who are
both linked to a strip mining operation
in Uganda 1997 and the looting of the
Baghdad Museum in 2003.

He hands Sadusky a dossier. Sadusky quietly peruses it as
they continue.

SPELLMAN
Mitch Wilkinson studied history at
Virginia Military Institute. Graduated
1978. He ran a private security company
which had contracts in Iraq during the
invasion and in Uganda in the late 90s.

HENDRICKS
These guys are trained mercenaries in
addition to being black-market
antiquities dealers.

Sadusky now looks up from the file.

SADUSKY
So...why does a black market antiquities
dealer give up a rare Civil War artifact,
something he could have sold to a private
collector for a good deal of money?

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Carrying take-out, Patrick keys open his front door.

INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick enters just as a SHADOW appears behind him, grabs him, stabs his arm with a needle, and plunges the needle. Patrick struggles and then loses consciousness.

Two MEN step out of the shadows. Their names are SETH and DANIEL. Now, the man who grabbed Patrick is revealed...

It's MITCH WILKINSON. Mitch searches Patrick and quickly comes up with his CELL PHONE. He tosses it to Seth.

INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick's cell phone lies open. Seth is working a SWAMP BOX (used for cloning cell phones) which is reading Patrick's SIM CHIP and programming another.

The swamp box BEEPS...PROGRAMMING COMPLETE.

Seth reassembles Patrick's cell phone, then puts the new SIM chip into his own cell phone, and tosses it to Mitch.

MITCH

Test it.

Seth pulls up "MY CELL" on the dial log.

SETH

202-555-0177.

Mitch moves to Patrick's land line phone and dials the number. A moment and then both Patrick's cell phone and Mitch's new cloned cell phone RING simultaneously.

Mitch closes his cloned phone, satisfied. Daniel enters.

DANIEL

He's ready.

INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Wilkinsons enter, and we find Patrick bound to a dining room chair and blind-folded by duct tape. He's wearing large headphones and is hooked up to...

A POLYGRAPH MACHINE that sits on the dining room table.

Mitch cracks some smelling salts and runs it under his nose. Patrick comes to...realizes he's bound.

PATRICK

What's going on?

He struggles with his binds to no avail.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Who's there?! Is somebody there?

Mitch takes a seat across from Patrick and speaks into a microphone set up on the table.

MITCH

I want you to live. I assume you do too. So listen well, and think before you answer, because how you do will decide your fate.

(then)

Are you comfortable?

PATRICK

No.

The polygraph pins don't move. The lines are smooth.

MITCH

Good. You're hooked up to a polygraph...

FROM PATRICK'S POV, we see nothing but black and hear Mitch's voice, distorted by a digital processor, unrecognizable.

MITCH (FILTERED) (CONT'D)

...so keep telling the truth, and this will be over soon.

PATRICK

Who are you? What do you want?

MITCH

Tell me about Edouard Laboulaye. What did he know about the treasure map?

Patrick is stunned. How did this person know about that? He plays dumb.

PATRICK

What are you talking about?

MITCH

The cipher, Mr. Gates. How is Laboulaye linked to the treasure?

PATRICK

(defiantly)

I don't know.

The polygraph pins all jump.

MITCH

Well, I don't have to tell you that you're lying. You know that already. That's strike one.

Mitch looks to Daniel, who pulls out a gun. Patrick flinches at the touch of the cold metal against his cheek.

MITCH (CONT'D)

You don't want two more. Now, tell me. Why did the cipher say Laboulaye?

PATRICK
(thinks about it, then)
Because while imprisoned, Jean Lafitte
gave Laboulaye a map--

As he talks, the polygraph pins all move wildly.

MITCH
--Mr. Gates, we're treasure hunters.
Let's not kid ourselves about what we're
capable of. Now, that was strike two.

PATRICK
If I tell you, what's to stop you from
killing me?

MITCH
Your son commits crimes to a specific
purpose, and I am no different. I will
only kill you if you don't tell me.

Patrick considers that.

MITCH (CONT'D)
As I said before I want you to live.

Daniel presses the gun more firmly into Patrick's cheek.
Patrick finally sighs, defeated.

PATRICK
It's the Statue of Liberty. Laboulaye
hid a clue in the Statue of Liberty.

This time, the pins don't move. They all settle into a calm
rhythm. Mitch and his brothers exchange confused looks.
Seth reaches over and switches off his microphone.

SETH
That's impossible.

DANIEL
Maybe he's getting better at lying.

MITCH
He's not lying.

Mitch turns the mic back on.

MITCH (CONT'D)
(to Patrick)
The Statue of Liberty wasn't built at
the time that cipher was written.

PATRICK
But Laboulaye began his plans in 1865.
The clue is in the torch.

The pins don't move.

MITCH
How do you know?

PATRICK
Laboulaye was a poet. He wrote a poem
entitled, "My Lady." The book is on my
desk.

Mitch switches off the microphone. Seth disappears for a
moment and then returns with a book of 19th Century French
Poetry. He hands it to Mitch who flips it open.

Mitch stops on a page. CLOSE ON A PAGE. Indeed, there is a
French poem by E. Laboulaye entitled, "Ma Dame."

MITCH
*"Ma Dame
Elle attend, l'Oh qu'elle attend
Un modele de liberte
Son secret cache dans as lumiere"*
(translates)
*My Lady
She waits, oh she waits
A model of liberty
Her secret hidden in her golden light"*

Mitch looks to his brothers.

SETH
How're we supposed to get to the torch?

EXT. LIBERTY ISLAND, AERIAL - DAY

A striking AERIAL PORTRAIT of the Statue of Liberty, standing
in New York Harbor. The grounds are crowded with TOURISTS.

EXT. LIBERTY ISLAND - DAY

Pick up MITCH, meeting up with Seth and Daniel at the base
of the statue.

MITCH
The original torch is in the museum
back there, but I didn't see anything
that looked like a clue.

SETH
To be honest, even if I found the clue,
I don't know I'd know I'd found a clue.

Something catches Mitch's attention.

DANIEL
None of the park rangers remember seeing
Gates or Poole.

Mitch nods, but he's growing suspicious. As Seth and Daniel
move off, he looks UP, toward the statue--

EXT. STATUE OF LIBERTY - DAY

ANGLE--the statue against the sky. A helicopter buzzes past
it.

ANGLE--the statue--the CAMERA move reveals that behind the statue is the EIFFEL TOWER. The helicopter buzzes in toward it again.

EXT. PARIS, BRIDGE - DAY

Ben looks over Riley's shoulder as Riley works the FRENCH-MADE remote. Taped to the remote is a small monitor that shows the view from a camera mounted on the helicopter.

POLICE OFFICER
(in French)
Excuse me, gentlemen, a word?

BEN
Yes, officer, how can I help you?

POLICE OFFICER
Ah, American. Of course you see no problem with disturbing everyone's pleasant morning with your buzzing.

BEN
You know, I've never understood this tension between France and America. Do you know how much our constitution was influenced by your man Montesquieu?

POLICE OFFICER
You know Montesquieu?

EXT. LIBERTY ISLAND - DAY

ON MITCH, looking at a historical marker on a rail. He inclines his head toward the marker. The marker is titled "LIBERTY'S SISTERS" and shows that there are two smaller replicas of the statue in Paris.

MITCH
The poem said "The model of liberty," remember? That's one of those two, not this one. The old man tricked us.

EXT. PARIS, BRIDGE - DAY

ON THE REMOTE/MONITOR - as Riley pilots the helicopter slowly over and around the torch--he spots an inscription, frames it up, presses a button on the monitor, freezing the frame.

RILEY
Ben?

He looks over--sees Ben and the Police Officer, laughing, getting along like old friends.

POLICE OFFICER
...And, of course, "government should be set up so that no man need be afraid of another."

Riley has joined them, rolls his eyes at the geekery. Still working the remote one-handed (he's a pro), he hands the monitor to Ben. Ben sees the inscription is in FRENCH.

RILEY
Hope you read French.

POLICE OFFICER
May I?
(reading/translating)
"Across the sea, these twins stand
resolute to preserve that which we seek--
Laboulaye, 1876."

RILEY
"What we seek"--Huh? Huh? So it's a
riddle... twins stand resolute. Do we
need to go look at the other statue in
that garden place?

POLICE OFFICER
There is no mention of statues.

BEN
He's right. And, technically, the
statues are triplets. So, resolute...
twins...

He gets it, of course, so easy.

BEN (CONT'D)
The H.M.S. Resolute. A British ship
that got lost in the Arctic in the 1800s.
It was salvaged by American whalers,
and then Congress returned it to England.
When the ship was finally retired, Queen
Victoria had two desks made from its
timbers. Resolute twins.

RILEY
Where are the desks now?

BEN
Well...the closest one's in London.
How fast can we get there?

The Police Officer blows his whistle, commandingly gesturing
a taxi to stop.

POLICE OFFICER
(to driver; in French)
*Bring these gentlemen to the airport.
And don't treat them like tourists.*

The Driver gives him a little salute. The Police Officer
opens the door for Ben and Riley.

BEN
Thanks.

RILEY
You have kids?

POLICE OFFICER
Oui. Two boys.

RILEY
(hands the remote to the Police
Officer)
Tell 'em, viva la France.

ANGLE-The Taxi burns rubber away from the curb, revealing the Police Officer, delightedly piloting the helicopter.

EXT. STATUE OF LIBERTY, NEW YORK - DAY

Seth pulls the RAZR phone from his pocket.

SECRETARY
He's calling Ben...

He starts to hand the phone to Mitch.

SETH
...it's on mute... he can't hear you.

INT. TAXI - DAY

ON BEN AND RILEY in the back seat--Ben's cell phone rings.

BEN
Hi, dad.

THROUGHOUT THE CONVERSATION, Ben and Riley have to deal with the physics of being in the back seat of a taxi weaving in and out of traffic and around corners at breakneck speed.

INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick paces, groggy, on the phone. INTERCUT with Ben and Riley in the taxi.

PATRICK
Ben, you're in danger. I was attacked.

BEN
What? Dad, are you all right?

RILEY
What happened?

BEN
I'm coming home.

PATRICK
Son, I'm fine. Really.

BEN
I'm coming home.

PATRICK

No. Listen to me. They knew about the cipher. You have to find whatever that cipher leads to before they do.

BEN

Who?

PATRICK

I don't know. They blindfolded me and disguised their voices.

BEN

Why would they go through the trouble...
(realizing)
...You must've known them.

PATRICK

They threatened me...

INT. LIBERTY ISLAND MUSEUM - DAY

Mitch on the cloned phone. INTERCUT with Ben and Patrick.

PATRICK

...So, I told them about the Statue of Liberty and the torch, but I didn't tell them which one.

BEN

But they'll figure it out eventually.

PATRICK

And they'll come after you!

BEN

Don't worry, dad. I won't be here. We're going to Buckingham Palace--

PATRICK

--Don't tell me anymore. What if they come back? I don't want to know! Just watch yourself--

MITCH

(to his brothers)

The map is in Buckingham Palace.

EXT. TAXI - DAY

IN THE TAXI, Ben hangs up and looks to Riley.

BEN

Someone else is after the treasure.

RILEY

Someone else is always after the treasure. It's like an Axiom of Treasure Hunting.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

The cab CHIRPS to a stop at the curb.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON - DAY

The Victoria Monument and great bronze and wrought iron gates greet visitors to the magnificent home of Her Majesty.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, OFFICE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Riley sits on a sofa outside an office, thumbing through a British tabloid. A cute SECRETARY sits at her desk, working on her computer. Riley holds up the tabloid.

RILEY

Oh look, the House of Commons is haunted.

But the secretary just sighs, frustrated with her computer.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Yeah, those CBC X-Pro 2000s can get a little pesky, if the system version doesn't match the user upgrades.

SECRETARY

You know computers?

Riley glances down at a device in his hand...a tiny EMW "GUN" (Em-wave transmitter). The light on it is GREEN.

RILEY

Hey, I had a collection of hand-held calculators when I was nine. Want me to take a look?

SECRETARY

Do you mind?

The secretary moves out of the way. He fakes a few commands, checks the back of her CPU.

RILEY

Ah, here's the problem.

CLOSE ON: THE CPU, as Riley surreptitiously pulls a WIRELESS ANTENNA from his pocket and plugs it into the ethernet port.

RILEY (CONT'D)

There.

Riley switches off his tiny EMW gun as the secretary moves back to her computer. She hits a key and sighs with relief.

SECRETARY

(back to business)

Thank you.

Just then, the office door opens, and the Ben exits, followed by the BUCKINGHAM PALACE CURATOR.

BUCKINGHAM CURATOR
You understand. The Resolute desk is
in her Majesty's private wing. Not
even I'm allowed in there.

BEN
I understand. Thank you for your time.

BUCKINGHAM CURATOR
Of course.
(they shake hands)
Nasty business about your ancestor.

BEN
Yes, well, it's not true.

BUCKINGHAM CURATOR
("of course, it is")
Of course, it's not.

Buckingham Curator goes back into his office as Ben heads
for the door. Riley steps up beside Ben.

BEN
Plan B.

RILEY
Give me five minutes, and then make a
gigantic ass of yourself.

BEN
Will do.

They go out the door, head in opposite directions.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY

Ben loiters shiftily, casts a wary glance toward two SECURITY
GUARDS. They eye him suspiciously. Ben checks his watch.
He's wearing an earplug, to keep in contact with Riley.

RILEY (O.S.)
Okay, Ben... showtime.

Ben takes out a mini-bar sized bottle of whiskey, dabs it on
like perfume, a bit on his tongue--bleah--

Unseen by Ben, Abigail has come in, heads for the Security
Guards--the spots Ben. She heads over as Ben gathers himself,
turns around--

--Startled to find Abigail right there.

BEN
Abigail?

RILEY (O.S.)
Abigail? Abigail's here?

BEN
What are you doing here?

ABIGAIL

Patrick called, and said the next clue is here.

BEN

Wait. You throw me out of our house, but the second my dad says "Go to London," you hop on a plane? Kind of inconsistent, don't you think?

ABIGAIL

He didn't say "go." I came because I know how important your family is to you, and I wanted to help, but you know what? Sorry. I'm sorry for not realizing that Ben Gates has figured it all out himself. Just like you figured out all by yourself that you should move out!

She's gotten a bit loud; Ben tries to quiet her.

BEN

C'mon, sh, you're making a scene.

RILEY (O.S.)

Don't we want to make a scene?

Ben sees his point. He goes for histrionic.

BEN

(really loud)

But if that's what you want, then fine, let's have this out right now!

Abigail is taken aback, tries to quiet him.

ABIGAIL

Ben--

BEN

Oh, let me guess! It's the wrong time, it's the wrong place, I'm wrong again! Wrong about us, wrong about Thomas Gates, wrong that you'd like the Queen Anne chair!

She can't let go, and she can't keep herself from raising her voice:

ABIGAIL

You weren't wrong that I'd like the chair, you were wrong to assume I'd like the chair!

BEN

See? See? Even being right doesn't keep me from being wrong!

ABIGAIL

I'm not saying that, I'm saying, can we consider all the possibilities before you decide what's right?

BEN

Just because I come up with an answer quickly doesn't make it wrong!

ABIGAIL

Not if the right answer is one we should figure out together!

GUARD #1

You and the missus, take this outside.

BEN

Oh, look, now you've brought the bobbies down on us!

(to the Guard)

You take the missus outside, I'm staying here!

The Guard reacts to Ben's breath.

GUARD #1

Sir, have you been drinking?

ABIGAIL

(surprised)

You don't drink.

BEN

Just a nip. Just popped down to the pub for a pint! Bit of all right! Going to arrest a man for that? Going to detain a blighter for enjoying his whiskey?

Abigail is suspicious, drinking is way out of character for Ben. She spots the EARPHONE in Ben's ear. She knows he and Riley are up to something.

GUARD #1

(getting sharp)

Sir, that's enough.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, SECURITY AREA - LATER

Ben and Abigail are escorted along by two guards.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, GUARD ANNEX - DAY

Ben and Abigail drop their keys, coins, cell phones, and a CAMERA into a tray and then step through a metal detector.

BEN

And what's wrong with being right?

ABIGAIL

Nothing. You should try it some time.

BEN
I'm never right?

ABIGAIL
I didn't say that.

BEN
So I'm wrong again.

ABIGAIL
See, there you are correct.

The Guard rolls his eyes, boy, this pair is really hopeless.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, MEN'S RESTROOM - DAY

Riley slips INTO A STALL and locks the door.

He shucks off his backpack and his jacket and hangs them on the door hook. He pulls something out of the pocket and clips it to the jacket. It's a WIRELESS CAMERA HUNTER, the size of an ipod with a mini display screen.

Next, Riley opens his attache case and pulls out an OSCOR (Omni-Spectral Correlator). He sits on the toilet and opens it up, revealing a mini-surveillance unit: CPU, vid screen, headset, and two antennas.

Riley unzips the backpack and unloads his laptop next, He plugs the laptop and camera hunter into the OSCOR, turns everything on, pulls up the antennas, and dons the headset.

When all is done, Riley has turned the bathroom stall into a sophisticated surveillance console.

RILEY
(into mic)
Did I miss anything?

But there is no response.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Ben and Abigail follow the guard into the security room.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, BATHROOM STALL - DAY

Riley works on his laptop.

ON HIS SCREEN, multiple windows are open: the NETWORK listing, a PASSWORD SCREEN, and scrolling HEXADECIMAL CODE. After a moment, the NETWORK PASSCODE is decrypted.

Riley keys it in, and on his screen, the BUCKINGHAM PALACE "THE MOAT" SECURITY SOFTWARE WELCOME SCREEN appears.

RILEY
(to himself)
The moat. Cute.

Riley brings up a screen showing all the security points in the palace. His camera hunter starts locking in on the wireless signals of the multiple surveillance cameras in the palace and feeds them to his OSCOR.

RILEY (CONT'D)
OK, down with the drawbridge...

Riley types in several commands and hits a key.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, SECURITY ROOM - DAY

GUARD #4 is just about to put his feet up on a console when one of his security lights blinks to red. Then back to green. Another light goes to red. Then to green.

He sits up straight, stares at the lights. Guard #5 looks over his shoulder, speaks into his mic--

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, SECURITY CENTER - DAY

Ben and Abigail sit in the waiting area of the Security Center.

ABIGAIL
I won't be spoken to like this.

BEN
So, why don't you give me a list of what it's all right for me to say, or not to say?

ABIGAIL
It's sad that you don't know already.

Guard #1 holds his earpiece, listening to something.

GUARD #1
You two lovebirds, hold tight.

The Guard exits, locking the door behind him. Ben and Abigail drop the facade, go quickly to the door.

BEN
You were good back there. Very convincing. Almost seemed real.

ABIGAIL
How do you know it wasn't real?

Ben shoots her a look.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, BATHROOM STALL - CONTINUOUS

Riley talks into his mic.

RILEY
I guess I did miss something.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, SECURITY CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Ben checks the door. Still locked.

BEN
Not much...Open up, Riley.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, BATHROOM STALL - DAY

Riley is busy entering commands on his laptop.

ON SCREEN: Riley comes to a menu--fire safety circuit. He moves to one of the sensors--

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, SECURITY ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: A FIRE SPRINKLER. It ACTIVATES briefly, stops--
CLICK! The locked door to the security room OPENS.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, BATHROOM STALL - DAY

Riley watches on his screen as the guard exits the security corridor. He talks into his mic.

RILEY
You are cleared for take-off.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, SERVICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Abigail hurries after Ben. They talk in whispers.

BEN
You can't come with me.

ABIGAIL
Call security.

They arrive at another door. This one is steel with magnetic locks and a keycard reader. It's unlocked. They go through and into--

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, SERVICE CORRIDOR - DAY

This is the servants' area of the palace. Kitchen, laundry, etc. Ben is followed by Abigail.

ABIGAIL
What about the Queen?

BEN
There's no flag flying. She isn't here.

Ben arrives at the DUMBWAITER and stops.

BEN (CONT'D)
...there's not enough room.

He opens the dumbwaiter to demonstrate. Just then, we hear FOOTSTEPS approaching!

No choice. Ben grabs Abigail, and they climb into the dumbwaiter together.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, DUMBWAITER - DAY

Ben and Abigail squirm and adjust to the tight squeeze. The footsteps are almost on them...

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, SERVICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Ben reaches out and hits the UP BUTTON. The dumbwaiter doors close just as...

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, DUMBWAITER - DAY

They ride the dumbwaiter faces close in forced intimacy.

BEN

Why did you follow us here?

ABIGAIL

If that page leads to something significant, I should be a part of it. Do you not want me here?

BEN

I didn't say that.

(then)

You think I'm right.

ABIGAIL

I think you're a lot of things.

A long, uncomfortable beat and then...Ben smiles.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

What?

BEN

You're wearing the perfume I bought you.

Abigail isn't sure how to respond to that, so...

ABIGAIL

So?

The dumbwaiter reaches its destination and stops. Ben cracks open the doors and peeks out. All clear.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, PRIVATE WING - DAY

Lavishly decorated with English Regency furniture and art.

The dumbwaiter opens. Ben and Abigail climb out, move along the hall--a MAID, running a vacuum, looks over at them. Ben displays the flowers, puts them on the end table; Abigail rearranges a single bud; Ben puts it back--the MAID returns her attention to her vacuuming-- Ben opens a door, and he and Abigail slip inside.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, QUEEN'S STUDY - DAY

Ben and Abigail enter this gorgeous, 18th century study.
Ben locks the door. Abigail is worried--

BEN

That's it.

--they fall silent when they see it...an antique WRITING
DESK.

ABIGAIL

That's the Resolute Desk.

BEN

A Resolute Desk. The inscription
mentioned the Resolute twins.

They both stare at it, struck by its history.

BEN (CONT'D)

We're looking for writing, a pattern in
the carvings...it could be anything.

ABIGAIL

This one looks nothing like the other
Resolute Desk.

BEN

So they're fraternal twins.

Abigail pulls out a drawer, and Ben finds a stamp under it,
"Malcolm Gilvary, 1880." It gives Ben pause.

BEN (CONT'D)

Look at this. Malcolm Gilvary, 1880.

ABIGAIL

That's odd.

BEN

Furniture maker's stamp?

ABIGAIL

Everyone knows that Morant, Boyd, and
Blanford made the Resolute Desk.

RILEY

Not everyone.

INTERCUT RILEY as he runs a search on the name.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Here he is. Malcolm Gilvary. Well, he
didn't make furniture; he made puzzle
boxes and magicians' cabinets. Huh, I
missed that booth at career day.

Now, Ben notices inset ball-bearings used as glides along
the bottom of the drawer.

Ben pulls out the other drawers. They all have the same glides.

BEN
It's a puzzle box.

Ben pulls out the drawers to demonstrate.

BEN (CONT'D)
I think these drawers work like the tumblers in a safe.

ABIGAIL
Four drawers, a four-digit combination, how many possibilities?

RILEY (O.S.)
Ten thousand, less zero-zero-zero-zero.

BEN
Nine thousand, nine hundred, and ninety-nine.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, SECURITY DOOR #7 - DAY

The guard checks the door and resets it.

GUARD
(into his radio)
Security door #7 reset.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, BATHROOM STALL - DAY

Riley monitors his system, watching as the blinking green DOOR #7 goes SECURE. He keys in another command.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, MAIN SECURITY ROOM - DAY

The BORED GUARD checks his screen. Several other doors are now BLINKING "UNSECURED" GREEN.

BORED GUARD
Now, doors 8 through 10 are going off.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, SECURITY DOOR #7 - DAY

The guard sighs.

GUARD
Bloody new system.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, QUEEN'S STUDY - DAY

ABIGAIL
Wait, four digits--could it be a year?

BEN
A year... there was a year on the inscription...

RILEY (O.S.)

1876.

BEN

1876!

Ben and Abigail pull out the drawers, 1-8-7-6... There is a MUFFLED THUNK! The secret compartment unlatches. Ben and Abigail look at each other.

BEN (CONT'D)

(teasing)

Should we open it, or do you want to consider all the other possibilities first?

ABIGAIL

(a half-smile)

I knew you were going to say that.

They open the compartment. Inside is a DUSTY PIECE OF ANCIENT WOOD with Native American glyphs on it. They are mesmerized by the sight...and confounded.

BEN

New rules.

ABIGAIL

(impossibly)

This must be older than the Civil War by centuries. What do you think it means?

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, SECURITY DOOR #10 - DAY

The guard swipes his card through the reader, pulls it open, and closes it. The blinking light goes red.

GUARD

(into his radio)

Doors 8 through 10, cleared and reset.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, QUEEN'S STUDY - DAY

Ben gingerly lifts the plank from its hiding place. He and Abigail study the markings.

ABIGAIL

What do you think it says?

BEN

Well, I doubt it has anything to do with the plot to assassinate Lincoln.

ABIGAIL

Well, I doubt it has anything to do with Confederate gold either.

BEN

How can this not convince you there's a treasure?

ABIGAIL

Ben, it's not about convincing me.
Don't get ahead of facts. The treasure's
not real unless we find a treasure.

BEN

Okay. Good Point. You're right.
(beat)
Unless we find a treasure?

It hangs there between them--

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, BATHROOM STALL - DAY

Riley checks the MOAT PROGRAM WINDOW. All of the blinking
UNSECURED sectors are now SECURE again.

RILEY

Guys, you really need to get back now.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, QUEEN'S STUDY - DAY

No time to discuss that "we" thing. Ben tucks the plank
into his jacket, and Abigail closes up the desk.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, SECURITY CORRIDOR - DAY

We FOLLOW the guard as he returns to the security office.
He unlocks the door and enters to find...

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, SECURITY WING, HOLDING ROOM - DAY

...Ben and Abigail ARE GONE!

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, MAIN SECURITY ROOM - DAY

The guard enters and looks to the bored guard.

GUARD

Where'd the detainees go?

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY

Thronged with tourists. Ben and Abigail meet up with Riley,
head toward the Canada Gate. Behind them, MITCH comes into
view, following them.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, CANADA GATE - DAY

Ben, Abigail, and Riley pass SETH and DANIEL. Mitch joins
up with them, and they continue to follow.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM SIDE STREET - DAY

Ben removes the plan from under his jacket.

RILEY

Can I see it?

He takes the plank from Ben to examine it. He's not
impressed.

RILEY (CONT'D)
I went to Buckingham Palace, and all I
got was this moldy old plank.

BEHIND THEM--Mitch sees the plank. To his brothers:

MITCH
Whatever that is, get it.

ON BEN ET AL as they pass a TAXI, idling in front of a hotel.
Mitch and his brothers are reflected in the large back window.
Ben glances at it--gives it a second look. He frowns, puts
it together. He starts moving them faster toward the car.

BEN
Hurry. Wilkinson's back there.

Abigail's surprised, she glances back--
Mitch sees her glance back.

MITCH
They've made us.

The car alarm chirps as Ben auto-unlocks the doors. The
Mercedes is parked nose-in at the end of the cul-de-sac.

BEN
He's the someone else after the treasure.

RILEY
I'll drive!

He hops in--

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

--On the passenger side: no steering wheel. Ben slides into
the driver's seat, Abigail in the back seat. Ben gives Riley
a quick GRIN, starts the car--

He glances in the rear view mirror--sees SETH draw a GUN--

BEN
Gun! Get down!

They duck down as the back window EXPLODES.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM SIDE STREET - DAY

Mitch shoves Seth's gun hand down.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

BEN
Hold on!

He throws the car in reverse, stomps on the gas, and reverses
at top speed, using the rear-view monitor to navigate.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM SIDE STREET - DAY

Mitch and Daniel get out of the way. In defense, Seth fires another shot, then must jump clear. The Mercedes takes out a baggage trolley in front of the hotel, then one of the hotel canopy supports, then veers into the street. Mitch and Daniel run after the Mercedes as it backs away--

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Ben fights the wheel, sees in the rear-view monitor: a DOG being walked by his OWNER--they're headed straight for it--

EXT. BUCKINGHAM SIDE STREET - DAY

The Mercedes brakes, STOPS inches from the dog.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

The rear-view monitor shows a close-up of the dog's nose, sniffing the lens. Ben shifts into drive, accelerates, sits up--

EXT. BUCKINGHAM SIDE STREET - DAY

--Guides the car in a 180 turn, and rockets up the street.

The RANGE ROVER follows along with the taxi.

NEAR THE HOTEL: Seth hops into the idling cab.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

In the rear-view mirror, Ben sees the Range Rover coming after them; behind it, the cab making a U-turn to follow. Riley wants to know why his life is now in danger:

RILEY

If Wilkinson's after the treasure, why would he make the page with the cipher public?

BEN

Because he's not following clues--he's following us.

RILEY

That doesn't explain how he knew to ask your dad about the poet guy.

In the back, Abigail looks sidelong out the window, not really wanting to speak up--

EXT. BUCKINGHAM SIDE STREET - DAY

The Mercedes DRIVES FAST. The Rover and Taxi give chase. Thousands of fascinated Palace tourists watch the chase.

EXT. ADMIRALTY ARCH - DAY

The Mercedes, Rover and Taxi emerge from three archways.

EXT. BIRDCAGE WALK WITH VIEW OF BIG BEN - DAY

The Mercedes, Rover and Taxi speed along the street.

EXT. HORSEGUARDS PARADE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

The Mercedes blasts into Whitehall at top speed.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Abigail musters her courage:

ABIGAIL

Ben. I was with Mitch... Wilkinson...
when you called. He overheard our
conversation. That's how he knew about
the Laboulaye Lady.

Riley's eyebrows shoot up, he watches Ben warily for his
reaction. Ben processes the information, dozens of questions
going through his mind. Finally settles on:

BEN

You went on a date with "Mitch"?

ABIGAIL

It wasn't a date. It was business.
Business drinks. You're getting ahead
of the facts again.

RILEY

Turn turn turn turn turn!

EXT. HORSEGUARDS PARADE - DAY

The Mercedes skews around a corner and SLAMS into a London
red bus, followed by the Rover, then the Taxi. Mitch's Rover
HITS the Mercedes from behind, propelling it forward.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

BEN

I'm not getting ahead of the facts.
I'm trying to ascertain the facts.
What did you wear?

ABIGAIL

What?

BEN

I know what you wear when you want to
look hot. What did you wear?

ABIGAIL

My plain gray dress. But you should
also know by now, it's not about what
I'm wearing, it's what I'm wearing
underneath.

RILEY
If anyone cares, I'm growing very
uncomfortable with this conversation!

EXT. BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

Weaving and dodging, the Mercedes, Rover and Taxi leave a trail of fender-benders as the cars race across the bridge.

EXT. REGENT STREET - DAY

The Mercedes, Rover and Taxi speed along.

EXT. ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

Hundreds of BLACK-CLAD PRIESTS are taking a break outside, standing around and talking in groups spread all around the square. Suddenly, the Mercedes is trapped by slow moving traffic and pedestrians and takes a left turn. The Rover, following, misses the turn. The Taxi follows the Mercedes into the square--

EXT. STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS - DAY

A LECHERY OF PRIESTS look up to see the commotion of the speeding vehicles. The Mercedes takes the long way, skirting the crowd. The Range Rover cuts THROUGH THE CROWD.

INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

Mitch hits the horn a couple of times, but otherwise makes little effort to avoid anyone. Daniel crosses himself.

EXT. STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS

The priests get out of the way of the Range Rover. The Taxi is moving slower, and the priests take their ire out on it.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Riley looks back at the angry priests, waving their fists at them as they speed away.

RILEY
Wow, priests sure can curse, can't they?

EXT. ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The Mercedes emerges from the square and smashes into the rear of the Rover, which is trying to block the Mercedes' exit. The Rover spins out from the impact. The Mercedes tears away. The Rover recovers and resumes the chase, followed by the Taxi.

EXT. BISHOPSGATE - DAY

The Mercedes, Rover and Taxi blow by two police cars, which join the chase.

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

The Mercedes, Rover and Taxi TURN into a new street.

EXT. KING WILLIAM STREET - DAY

The Mercedes is trapped behind a BEER TRUCK. It blocks the street, and oncoming traffic makes it difficult to pass. They are boxed in.

INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

Mitch draws his gun.

MITCH
Stop the truck to blockade 'em!

EXT. KING WILLIAM STREET - DAY

Mitch and Daniel fire at the Mercedes.

Bullets stitch the KEGS OF BEER and the chain that releases the truck-bed gate, breaking it. The truck-bed gate falls open...

PUNCTURED KEGS DROP LIKE DEPTH CHARGES and SHOOT OFF IN ALL DIRECTIONS!

EXT. KING WILLIAM STREET - CONTINUOUS - DAY

A KEG BOUNCES in front of the Mercedes. It arcs and cartwheels overhead as Ben SWERVES to avoid it.

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Ben slaloms through the shooting and exploding kegs.

EXT. KING WILLIAM STREET - CONTINUOUS - DAY

One keg smashes into a STATUE OF A HORSE and RIDER. One keg smashes into an ornate window. One keg spears a telephone box.

EXT. KING WILLIAM STREET - CONTINUOUS - TAXI POV - DAY

One keg flies by the swerving Rover--

EXT. KING WILLIAM STREET - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- And that same keg contacts with the Taxi grill, bursts open and covers the Taxi in beer.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Seth switches on the windshield wipers to clear the beer froth.

EXT. KING WILLIAM STREET - CONTINUOUS - DAY

A flying keg HITS a police car, causing it to swerve and CRASH into a second police car.

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

Ben finds a gap and accelerates.

EXT. KING WILLIAM STREET - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The Mercedes finds a gap in the traffic, then cuts in front of the beer truck by pulling a swift left hand turn into a side alley. The beer truck brakes suddenly and swerves into an oncoming truck -- they CRASH.

EXT. KING WILLIAM STREET - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Both the Rover and the Taxi collide with the rear of the braking beer truck. The whole road is scattered with beer kegs. The whole scene is a big mess with the beer truck blocking the alleyway. The Taxi and Rover are stuck.

EXT. KING WILLIAM STREET - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The BEER TRUCK DRIVER steps down from his truck, furious--he sees: Seth climbing out of the taxi with a GUN. The Beer Truck Driver turns and runs.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

A street market, crowded with pedestrians. The Mercedes is forced to crawl along to pass through.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Ben grips the wheel, impatient, keeps checking the rear-view mirror.

BEN
(through gritted teeth)
C'mon, c'mon...

RILEY
(yelling at the pedestrians)
Hurry up! Hurry up! This is why you
lost your empire!

BEN
Find us the quickest route to the
airport... we need to be there before
the police close in.

Riley unlimbers his laptop.

ABIGAIL
London's one of the most heavily
surveilled cities in the world. Closed
circuit video, traffic cameras at almost
every intersection... they'll already
know who rented this car.

RILEY
Well, good luck to 'em finding Sunjiah
B. Rutherford.

Some of the pedestrians they passed are now passing them in a hurry. They are startled by RUNNING FOOTSTEPS on the ROOF of the car, a figure jumps down on the hood and runs away from them--

Ben checks the rearview mirror, Riley and Abigail look out the rear window--

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Pedestrians run TOWARDS the car, fleeing in front of--

The BEER TRUCK-- coming down the alley, smashing through the market stalls, a juggernaut--more people run around and over the Mercedes, clearing the ground between it and the truck--

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD--people running from the truck, jamming the alleyway-- no where to go--

BEN
Brace yourselves!

INT. BEER TRUCK - DAY

The Beer Truck slams into the back of the Mercedes. Ben, Abigail, Riley are thrown forward. Seth looks ahead.

POV - Seth -- over the top of the Mercedes, beyond the people running for the mouth of the alley, directly across the street from the mouth of the alley: A BIG STONE WALL.

Seth grins, guns the accelerator. The Mercedes, pushed by the Beer Truck, picks up speed. Heading for people still running for safety.

ABIGAIL
Ben! The people!

Ben slams on the BRAKES. The Mercedes' tires SMOKE, slowing both the truck and the Mercedes a little, but not much. The mouth of the alley is coming up fast; beyond it, the stone wall.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

People flood out of the alley, scattering for safety--

--Followed by the Mercedes.

Ben cranks the wheel over hard. The Mercedes slews as it turns away from the wall, takes out a post box on the sidewalk. Seth hits the BRAKES on the truck, locking up the wheels, stopping just short of the wall. The Mercedes guns off down the street. The Rover skids around a corner, falling in just behind the Mercedes. The Beer Truck reverses away from the wall.

INT. ROVER - DAY

Mitch has his cell phone; driving with one hand, he speed-dials someone--

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

A cell phone RINGS. From Abigail's purse. She pulls it out, checks the screen. She's surprised. Proffers it to Ben.

ABIGAIL

It's him.

Ben's surprised, takes the phone, thumbs it to life.

BEN

Hello, Mitch. This has got to end before someone gets killed.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ROVER - DAY

MITCH

I don't want to see anyone get hurt--

BEN

Tell that to my father.

MITCH

Let me finish, Ben. Unless it's necessary. If I get what you found at Buckingham Palace--it won't be necessary.

Ben frowns--then sees something ahead of him: an intersection with a traffic light. He starts to formulate a plan:

BEN

You want the plank?

MITCH

That's what I said.

And now he's got a plan--

BEN

Okay, you got it.

He shuts off the phone, tosses it back over his shoulder to Abigail--a bit too hard, it bounces on the rear deck and slides out the broken window--

BEN (CONT'D)

(keeping his eyes front)

Hand me the plank.

Ahead of them, at LOTHBURY INTERSECTION, the traffic light goes from YELLOW to RED. Ben looks beyond it to--

The TRAFFIC CAMERA.

RILEY

Ben--

Ben grabs the plank from Riley, holds it up in front of his face glyph-side out--

EXT. LOTHBURY INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

The Mercedes roars into the intersection--

A SERIES OF BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOS ARE SNAPPED by the traffic camera: the Mercedes, license plate, the plank (which hides Ben's face).

--the Mercedes clears the intersection--

The Rover follows--car brakes SCREECH TO avoid collisions. The BEER TRUCK trundles through, bringing up the rear.

EXT. THE BANK JUNCTION POLICE ROADBLOCK - AFTERNOON

Bank Junction is where five avenues meet. It's a spiral of roads and alleyways like spokes from a wheel. The police have closed off all the streets, corralling the chase into the main junction. A dozen police cars block the streets, officers deploy strips of road spikes. The Mercedes veers up onto the sidewalk, avoiding the spikes. The Rover goes over the spikes. The Beer Truck smashes aside a police motorcycle. The Mercedes approaches SOUTHWARK BRIDGE, followed by the Rover and the Beer Truck.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

BEN

(to Riley)

I need you to hack into the City of London Police data base and get a copy of the picture from that traffic cam.

RILEY

Oh, sure, "Hey, Riley, tap a few keys, run a couple of icebreaker programs, and breach yet another high-security government network, okey-dokey?"

BEN

So, you can't do it?

RILEY

Oh, no, I can do it. I just don't like that you assume I can do it.

In the backseat, Abigail laughs. Ben gives Riley a look, then eyes back on the road.

He **HOLDS THE PLANK OUT THE WINDOW.**

EXT. SOUTHWARK BRIDGE - ON THE ROVER - DAY

Veering in and out of traffic, the Rover pulls alongside the Mercedes.

EXT. SOUTHWARK BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

At the other end of the bridge, road construction in the Mercedes' lane.

EXT. SOUTHWARK BRIDGE - ON THE ROVER - DAY

Mitch and Daniel both see that Ben is holding the plank.

EXT. SOUTHWARK BRIDGE - ON THE MERCEDES - DAY

Ben THROWS IT -- UP AND OVER THE ROOF OF THE MERCEDES, over the side of the bridge.

INT. ROVER, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Mitch slams on the brakes.

EXT. SOUTHWARK BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The Mercedes veers in front of the Rover, escaping the lane closures and construction.

EXT. SOUTHWARK BRIDGE - ON THE ROVER - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The Rover skids to a halt... and SLAM! The Beer Truck slides into the Rover.

EXT. SOUTHWARK BRIDGE, WIDE VIEW - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The bridge in traffic chaos. The Mercedes speeds away.

EXT. SOUTHWARK BRIDGE - DAY

Mitch runs to the edge, looks down. The plank FLOATS in the river far below. Mitch looks at his brothers. Seth looks at Daniel.

SETH
You're the youngest.

MITCH
One of you, go!

Daniel climbs onto the rail--

EXT. THAMES, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE - DAY

And jumps.

INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Someone's at the door. Patrick comes down the stairs with a baseball bat. Then, the door opens to reveal it's Ben and Riley. Ben carries his overnight bag.

PATRICK
Welcome home! Can't wait to see what
you got!

Abigail enters behind them. Patrick lights up.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Abigail! What a pleasant surprise!

ABIGAIL
Hello, Patrick.

She gives Patrick a peck on his cheek. Patrick beams.

PATRICK
How nice to see you two together again!

ABIGAIL/BEN
Oh, well--/--We're not.

PATRICK
Oh. That's too bad. I was hoping to
get rid of some of these boxes.

BEN
Dad, this isn't about Confederate Gold.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER. CLOSE ON RILEY'S LAPTOP SCREEN. On it is
the photo of the plank from Buckingham Palace.

The group has gathered around. They study the photo.

RILEY
Here we go.

BEN
Dad, have a look at this.

PATRICK
How did you get this?

RILEY
Wireless data transfer.
(then)
I emailed it to myself.

Patrick's eyes are locked on the glyphs.

PATRICK
Well, I can't read the whole thing, but
after my years with you-know-who, I can
tell you these are definitely pre-
colonial Native American markings.

BEN
Easily over 500 years old.

PATRICK
Easily.

BEN
Do you think it's Olmec?

PATRICK
I don't know, but I can identify this
symbol right here.

Patrick points to the screen. Ben studies it.

BEN
Sacred calendrical symbol?

PATRICK
No, this one.
(pointing)
Do you know what that is? Cíbola.

BEN
(incredulous)
The City of Gold.

INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE, STUDY - DAY

CLOSE ON AN OPEN BOOK on the coffee table. ON THE PAGE,
there is an ink drawing of 16th century shipwreck on a beach.

BEN (V.O.)
In 1527, a Spanish ship wrecked on the
Florida coast. There were only four
survivors. One was a slave named
Esteban...

Ben turns the page to a drawing of the slave's arrival at a
Native American village. Their chief lay ailing. Ben reads
the caption.

BEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...who saved a local tribe's dying chief
with his knowledge of herbs and
medicines. As reward, he was taken to
their sacred city, a city built from
solid gold...

Again, Ben turns the page. Now, Esteban kneels before THE
CITY OF GOLD. It's annotated, "*Esteban Mira Cíbola, 1533.*
The DRAWING FILLS THE SCREEN.

BEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Later, when Esteban tried to find the
city again...he never could. But the
legend grew, and every explorer came to
the New World in search of it--Pizarro,
de Soto, and Coronado. None would ever
find it.

Riley and Abigail stare at the ink drawing, in awe. Patrick
is staggered by the realization of it all.

PATRICK
Ben, can you imagine...if the KGC and
all those who supported Booth had found
the City of Gold... My God!

BEN
I'm going to go talk to her, dad. And
you're coming with me.

PATRICK

No!

BEN

Dad, no one else can translate this.

PATRICK

There are several others.

BEN

For ancient Native American, there is
no one better

PATRICK

I can't go with you. It's been what?
25 years?

BEN

32.

PATRICK

That long?

Riley looks to Abigail like, "Who are they talking about?"

ABIGAIL

(to Riley)

His mom.

PATRICK

(to Ben)

There's a reason we haven't spoken in
32 years. We have nothing in common!

BEN

Me!

PATRICK

(softens)

Yes, of course. And I'm sure she's
proud of you just as I am--

BEN

(an order)

--You're coming with me. We need a
united front.

PATRICK

So, I go in, the first wave? She mows
me down, leaving a clearing for you?

BEN

Dad, come on. You know it won't be
like that.

PATRICK

(to himself)

Oh, please, no.

Done!

INT. UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND, RANDALL HALL, CORRIDOR - DAY

Ben, Patrick, Riley, and Abigail move down the corridor.
Patrick gets more and more anxious as they go.

BEN

Dad, will you relax? It'll be fine.

Patrick tries to compose himself.

PATRICK

You're right. It's been a long time.
Maybe she's lost her memory--and she
won't recognize me.

They approach an office door and stop. Stenciled on it:

DR. EMILY APPLETON

Linguistics Department Chair

Just then, the office door flings open as an UNDERGRADUATE
GIRL storms out of the office, grumbling...

UNDERGRAD STUDENT

What a witch!

The undergrad pushes by them. Patrick watches her go.

PATRICK

Well, that's not the same nickname I
had for her, but it's close.

Riley parks himself on a bench outside the office.

RILEY

I'm taking myself out of the line of
fire.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND, EMILY'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. EMILY APPLETON (60) works at her desk. She's beautiful,
a woman who could've easily gotten by in life on her looks,
but the two Ph.Ds behind her name tell us that her brains
match her beauty.

The group enters. Emily addresses them without looking up.

EMILY

No, I don't grade on a curve. No one
got higher than a C-minus. And no,
there will be no make-up--

BEN

--Hi, mom.

Emily sees Ben and Abigail and instantly lights up.

EMILY

Benjamin! Abigail! What a nice
surprise!

And then she sees Patrick.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Oh.

PATRICK

(to Ben)

See? One syllable, a knife to the heart.
She can do that.

EMILY

I can also locate my toothbrush.

PATRICK

I wasn't the one who left our
toothbrushes in Marrakesh. I stowed
them both in the travel case, as
instructed--

The pair instantly pick up an old argument...with real venom.

EMILY

--And who was in charge of arranging
the taxi? You.

PATRICK

--And who was in charge of loading the
luggage? You--

EMILY

--I couldn't fit anything into the
luggage because you bought that carpet
with the secret stitching.

Abigail watches the tennis match in curious awe.

ABIGAIL

(to Ben)

Those two really haven't seen each other
in 32 years?

BEN

Uh, mom. I need you to look at this.

Ben shows Emily the PHOTO of the plank. It stops her.

EMILY

What's that a picture of?

BEN

We think it might be Olmec.

She studies the photo. Patrick moves to the couch and sits.

EMILY

Yes, definitely proto Zoquean.

PATRICK

We were hoping you could translate it.

EMILY
Of course, you were. Does it involve
another treasure?

BEN
Mom. Please. It's important.

Emily studies her son, then sighs.

EMILY
All right.
(studies)
This glyph here means "tall" or
"towering," and this means "stand."
Stand at the highest point.

Ben grabs a pad of paper from Emily's desk and starts writing
down the translation.

Patrick stands and moves to look, curious, but Emily shoots
him a look, and he sits back down. Emily continues.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Find the noble bird which sits on the
warrior fallen in tears. He will take
your hand and give you passage to...
(looks up, realizing)
I know what you think this is. A
treasure map to Cibola.

Patrick stands and approaches the group.

PATRICK
That's exactly what it is.

EMILY
Not necessarily. This glyph means "axis
mundi," the center of the world.

PATRICK
Cibola was the axis mundi to the Native
Americans.

EMILY
No, Patrick. Axis mundi is simply a
sacred place. Treasure is your axis
mundi.

That stings Patrick a little.

PATRICK
You know, you used to like that. You
fell in love with me on a treasure hunt.

BEN
Dad--

EMILY
--That wasn't love. That was excitement,
adrenaline, and tequila.

BEN

Mom--

EMILY

--And I was getting course credit.

PATRICK

Well, the treasure hunting paid off, in case you haven't read the papers lately.

EMILY

That was Ben. Ben found the treasure.
You've done nothing.

Ben just stares at his parents, agape.

BEN

I had dysfunctional parents. I am just realizing this now.

Emily and Patrick shift guiltily.

PATRICK

Ben, we did our best--

EMILY

The only reason I got married was--

ABIGAIL

--Why don't we just figure out what else is on this plank?

Emily looks back to the photo.

EMILY

That's all. These glyphs here, they're only partials. Looks like you've only got half a treasure map here.

(at Patrick)

I'm not surprised.

The trio deflates.

EMILY (CONT'D)

And so begins another generations-long quest for treasure.

PATRICK

Well. It's been nice. Let's do this again in 32 years.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND, LAWN - DAY

Ben, Patrick, Abigail, and Riley cross the lawn.

PATRICK

You know, the Lakota Indians believed axis mundi to be in the Black Hills in South Dakota. People have long suspected those mountains to be rich in gold.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)
General Custer himself led an expedition
there looking for it.

RILEY
Little Big Horn. That worked out well.
(continues)
But no one ever found it, right?

PATRICK
Not the City of Gold.

BEN
We have to get the rest of the map.

RILEY
Yes.

ABIGAIL
Right.

Ben, Riley, and Abigail exchange knowing looks. Patrick
doesn't miss it. Although Riley thinks he knows what's going
on, he really doesn't.

PATRICK
What? You know where it is? Why didn't
you tell me?

BEN
Well, Dad, I didn't tell you because
you have a tendency to...
(searches for a word)
...overreact!

PATRICK
Whatever would make you think that?
(trying to remain calm)
Where is it, son?

BEN
Well, you see the inscription on the
Paris statue said, "These twins stand
resolute."
(annoyed)
Abigail, why don't you tell him.

ABIGAIL
(to Patrick)
Well, the map must have been divided
between the two Resolute Desks.

That hits Patrick like a ton of bricks.

PATRICK
The Resolute Desk. The Resolute Desk?

RILEY
(smugly)
Unfortunately, yes.

PATRICK
That's the President's desk!

Now, that hits Riley like a ton of bricks.

RILEY
Wait. The President. Our President?

ABIGAIL
Unfortunately, yes.

RILEY
But that...so the...
(doesn't want to be right)
...the White House?

BEN
The Oval Office, to be exact.

INT. DR. NICHOLS'S HOUSE, STUDY - NIGHT

The office is cluttered with Civil War collectibles. Dr. Nichols nervously pours himself a drink.

DR. NICHOLS
You murdered a judge.

We REVERSE to reveal that he's talking to Mitch, who is sitting on a leather couch. Daniel and Seth are also here.

MITCH
Well, pardon my saying, Dr. Nichols,
but good manners only get you so far.
(then)
Now, will you please try to focus on
the task at hand?

Dr. Nichols moves to the coffee table where the PLANK sits.

DR. NICHOLS
It looks Pre-Colombian. Very early.

DANIEL
Can you translate it?

DR. NICHOLS
Are you kidding? This is an extinct
and exceedingly rare language. There's
only a handful of people who study
languages like these.

SETH
And where are we to find them?

DR. NICHOLS
Universities, I suppose, but you don't
even have the whole thing.

DANIEL
What do you mean?

DR. NICHOLS
These glyphs here, they're cut off.

Seth and Daniel study the partial glyphs.

SETH
How're we supposed to find it?

MITCH
We won't have to. Gates will.

Dr. Nichols downs the rest of his drink, distracted.

DR. NICHOLS
Maybe this was a mistake. What if they
trace the murder back to me?

MITCH
Now, how would that happen?

DR. NICHOLS
Judge Turman was a 33rd Degree Master
Mason. I'm a Mason.

MITCH
(as if talking to a child)
Well, I'm not going to tell anyone you
told me he had the Booth diary page.
Are you going to tell anyone?

DR. NICHOLS
Of course I'm not.

MITCH
Good. Because the Masons will never
admit to ever having had that page.

Dr. Nichols considers that...but it's not enough.

DR. NICHOLS
I should've never told you about that
page.

MITCH
Dr. Nichols, you told me about that
page because you want the treasure as
much as I do.

DR. NICHOLS
I'm sorry, but I don't have the stomach
for this. I want out.

The Wilkinsons exchange a knowing look.

DANIEL
You want out?

DR. NICHOLS
I don't want anything. You can have my
share.

MITCH

Shares aren't the issue, Dr. Nichols.
This is my life's work.

DR. NICHOLS

I told you. I don't want anything.
Just out.

MITCH

Very well.

Mitch whips out his gun, and we CUT AWAY as...BLAM!

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE, SOUTH LAWN - DAY

It's the Annual White House Easter Egg Roll. There's face-painting, egg dyeing, the Egg Roll races, Easter bunny and cartoon character walkabouts...a carnival-like atmosphere.

Abigail stands with Ben at a ring toss booth. Ben tosses a ring and catches a Coke bottle neck.

The CARNY WORKER hands Ben his prize, a SMALL STUFFED BUNNY. Ben stuffs it in his jacket pocket.

ABIGAIL

You have quite an aptitude for childish pursuits.

Just then, an 8-YEAR-OLD BOY tugs on Ben's coat.

8-YEAR-OLD

I know you!

Ben looks down and smiles at the boy.

8-YEAR-OLD (CONT'D)

Your great-great-grandfather killed President Lincoln.

BEN

(smile fades)

No, that would be John Wilkes Booth.

8-YEAR-OLD

Eisenschiml says that Booth was just a tool in a greater conspiracy that involved men in Lincoln's own cabinet.

BEN

Eisenschiml's book is filled with spotty research and false assumptions.

8-YEAR-OLD

Oh yeah? How do you explain why Lincoln's bodyguard left his post that night?

BEN
President Lincoln had never been
accompanied by guards when attending
the theater, especially on Good Friday.

8-YEAR-OLD
Oh yeah? How do you explain why all
bridges out of Washington were closed
except one...the one Booth needed to
escape?

Ben stops, annoyed.

BEN
How old are you?

8-YEAR-OLD
Eight and a half.

BEN
Why don't you come back in 9 1/2 years,
and I can tell you what I really think
and use all those colorful words that
your parents don't want you to hear
yet?

The boy points to the bunny in Ben's pocket.

8-YEAR-OLD
Can I have your bunny?

BEN
No.

The kid makes a face and leaves. Ben forces a smile.

BEN (CONT'D)
Cute kid.

A voice from behind interrupts.

CONNOR (O.S.)
Abby!

She turns to find Connor stepping up behind them.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
So glad you decided to come.

Ben turns. Connor is a little annoyed by his presence.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
And Gates.

It's awkward. Abigail explains...

ABIGAIL
We just ran into each other.

BEN
(to Abigail)
So, are you going to ask him?

CONNOR
Ask me what?

ABIGAIL
Nothing.

CONNOR
No, really. What?

ABIGAIL
I wouldn't want to impose.

BEN
(to Connor)
What she means is, she doesn't think
you can.

ABIGAIL
Ben...

CONNOR
Doesn't think I can what?

BEN
She wants to see the Oval Office.

ABIGAIL
(quickly, apologetic to Connor)
I know. It's too much to ask.

CONNOR
No, I can do that.

Abigail and Ben exchange feigned looks of surprise.

ABIGAIL
You can?

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE, THE WEST WING CORRIDOR - DAY

Connor stands with Abigail and Ben as they sign in at a desk
where a stone-faced SECRET SERVICE AGENT sits.

CONNOR
(to Abigail)
This is actually a good time. The
President is out of town.
(to the Secret Service agent)
You're missing the egg hunt...
(checking his name tag)
...Tim.

The agent barely reacts, keeping a straight face, as Connor
leads Abigail and Ben down the hall.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE, THE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The trio enters the famous office. There are portraits and busts of Presidents past as well as other pieces of art and antique furniture. Connor pauses, taking in the moment.

CONNOR

Here we are.

BEN

(looking around)

Empire furnishings. Crenelated
mouldings.

CONNOR

Amazing feeling isn't it? Standing
here.

There is a sitting area with two sofas and a chair. On the left sofa, there is a line of stuffed plush bunnies.

ABIGAIL

Yes, amazing.

Abigail plops down on the sofa, causing Connor to wince a little. Abigail gets the message and stands.

CONNOR

If these walls could talk.

(corrects himself)

Wall. One wall.

(joking, twirls his finger)

Oval.

Connor laughs at his own joke, but Ben and Abigail's eyes are locked on the RESOLUTE DESK, which sits near the Rose Garden windows.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

That's the Resolute Desk.

Connor leads them to the desk. Abigail walks around it.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

You might recognize it from the famous
photo of JFK Jr. playing underneath
while his father worked.

Connor opens and closes the desk panel to demonstrate.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Many people don't know that this desk
has a twin that sits in Buckingham
Palace.

BEN

Isn't that something.

ABIGAIL

Who knew?

Abigail and Ben steal glances as she makes her way back to the sitting area.

CONNOR
Every President since Rutherford B.
Hayes has used this desk except Johnson
and Nixon.

ABIGAIL
And Ford.

CONNOR
(condescending)
No.

ABIGAIL
Yes.

Abigail shoots Ben an annoyed look like, "What an idiot."

BEN
Abigail, did you lose an earring?
Abigail touches her ear, covering her earring.

ABIGAIL
Did I? Oh no, I did!
She deftly slips off her earring and pretends to be upset.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
These earrings were given to me by my
grandmother, Connor.

CONNOR
Are you sure you lost it in here?

ABIGAIL
I must have.

CONNOR
Of course.

Abigail looks around, searching the carpet.

BEN
Well, I suppose we had better look for
it. We wouldn't want anyone finding an
earring that doesn't belong to the First
Lady in the Oval Office.

CONNOR
Excellent point, considering we're not
supposed to be in here.

BEN
We should retrace your steps.

ABIGAIL
Good, yes.

Ben moves to the desk.

BEN
I'll check over here.

ABIGAIL
And I'll check down here.

Abigail drops to her knees near the right sofa, and Connor joins her.

BEHIND THE RESOLUTE DESK, Ben checks on Connor and then quietly pulls out a drawer. Indeed, it has a serrated edge just like the other desk.

IN THE SITTING AREA, not finding anything, Abigail crawls to the chair. Connor follows, watching her backside as he follows her on his knees.

BEHIND THE RESOLUTE DESK, Ben quietly starts pulling out the drawers to the 1-8-7-6 combination. As he does, Ben notices...the 8-YEAR-OLD BOY from earlier staring in at him through the French doors that lead to the Rose Garden.

Ben gestures like, "Go away!" The boy shakes his head, "No."

IN THE SITTING AREA, Abigail moves to the left sofa, saying...

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
I sat on that sofa, didn't I?

She notices the boy and turns to Connor to distract him.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Maybe it's over here.

BEHIND THE RESOLUTE, Ben is still dealing with the boy. He pulls the stuffed bunny out of his pocket and holds it up like, "I'll give you this, if you go away." The kid nods like, "Deal" and leaves.

IN THE SITTING AREA, Abigail and Connor search the bunnies and the cushions.

BEHIND THE RESOLUTE DESK, Ben pulls the last drawer out...the rosettes POP OUT. He turns them. We hear a muffled CLUNK as the fluted corner slides out!

IN THE SITTING AREA, Connor hears the noise and looks up. Abigail thinks fast and drops her earring next to his hand.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Connor, you found it!

CONNOR
I did?

Connor looks down to see the earring on the rug by his hand.

BEHIND THE RESOLUTE DESK, Ben peers into the hidden compartment. This time, however... THE COMPARTMENT IS EMPTY!

In the plank's stead, the PRESIDENTIAL SEAL (with the eagle, holding a scroll in his left foot instead of arrows) has been STAMPED ONTO THE WORN FELT. Ben SNAPS a photo.

IN THE SITTING AREA, Abigail scoops up her earring.

ABIGAIL

Thank you so much!

Abigail hugs Connor, looking over his shoulder to...Ben who's not ready yet. He motions for her to "stretch." So Abigail does by...KISSING CONNOR!

BEHIND THE RESOLUTE DESK, Ben quietly closes the compartment and stands up to see Abigail and Connor still kissing. And kissing. Ben watches them.

BEN

Aww, not in the Oval Office.

Abigail pulls out of the kiss, leaving Connor a little dazed. Ben forces a smile, jealous.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE, SOUTH LAWN - DAY

The 8-YEAR-OLD boy runs across the lawn, waving the bunny.

8-YEAR-OLD

Mom! Look what I won!

EXT. LAFAYETTE PARK - DAY

Ben and Abigail have rejoined Riley and Patrick in the park.

PATRICK

The brightest men in our country have sat at that desk for over 100 years. Of course, one of them found the map.

RILEY

My money's on little John John.

BEN

There was a symbol stamped onto the felt.

He pulls up the digital photo he took of the symbol. They all take a look.

PATRICK

The Presidential Seal.

ABIGAIL

No, that's not the seal. It's holding a scroll instead of olive branches.

Riley stares at the trio, agog.

RILEY

Did none of you read my book?
(MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)
(off their guilty looks)
The eagle clutching the scroll?

BEN
What does it mean?

Riley opens his mouth to answer, then...

RILEY
No. I'm not going to tell you.

BEN
Riley--

RILEY
You can read about it...IN MY BOOK.

EXT. D.C. STREET - DAY

Ben pops open the trunk to his classic Land Rover. Ben rummages around and finds a package.

RILEY
You never opened it?

BEN
I was moving.

Ben rips open the package to reveal Riley's book.

RILEY
Chapter 13.

Ben flips to Chapter 13. He reads the title.

BEN
"The President's Secret Book"?

RILEY
Yes!

Ben tosses the book back in the trunk of his car.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Don't tell me you've never heard of the President's secret book.

Riley scoops the book up and opens it again.

RILEY (CONT'D)
The book filled with stuff only the President gets to know? Like who really killed JFK, the 18-1/2 missing minutes of the Watergate tape, the designs for the water-powered automobile, and what's really going on in Area 51.

ABIGAIL
That's an urban legend.

BEN
Come on, Riley. That's just--

RILEY
--what? Crazy? Because we pretty much
make our living on crazy...

With that, Riley turns the page to...

A PHOTO of a Top-Secret Government Memo "RE: ROSWELL" dated 1947. Most of the text has been blacked out, but clearly stamped in the corner is the SAME EAGLE CLUTCHING THE SCROLL.

The trio studies the photo, interest undeniably piqued.

PATRICK
Hmm. It's the same symbol.

BEN
That a real photo?

RILEY
(scoffs)
Of course, it is! Released in '66 under
the Freedom of Information Act.

Riley turns the page. There's another MEMO. "Marilyn Monroe, Autopsy," also stamped with the EAGLE AND SCROLL.

Ben takes the book back and reads a paragraph.

BEN
"In 1814, President Madison was away
when British troops sacked and set fire
to the White House...

Riley mouths along, proudly.

BEN (CONT'D)
"...First Lady Dolly Madison courageously
rescued the famous Gilbert Stuart
portrait of George Washington from the
flames as well as a wagon filled with
valuables, reportedly including a leather-
bound book...a book that she later denied
saving or even that it existed."

Ben looks to Riley. He smiles.

RILEY
The eagle and scroll.
(pokes the symbol)
That means whatever was in those memos
has been put into the President's book.

PATRICK
You think whatever was on that plank...is
now in the President's book?

RILEY

Ben, if this were you trying to convince me, you'd have less evidence and I'd believe you by now.

ABIGAIL

But how do we prove it?

RILEY

How do we find it?

BEN

I know a man who knows all about Presidents...and symbols.

INT. FBI BUILDING, SADUSKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Sadusky sits at his desk. Ben sits across from him. Sadusky stares at the camera.

He slides the camera back to Ben.

SADUSKY (CONT'D)

I suggest you not show this to anyone else.

BEN

Then, you know what that symbol means.

Sadusky turns and pulls a book off a bookshelf behind him.

SADUSKY

The Eagle with the Scroll? Conspiracy theorists like to believe it's the symbol for the President's secret book.

Sadusky puts the book on his desk and slides it to Ben. It's Riley's book. Ben glances at it, surprised.

BEN

You bought Riley's book?

SADUSKY

Your friend writes a book about government conspiracies, and you don't think we know about it? Check out Chapter 13. It's quite thorough.

BEN

But is it true? Does the President have a secret book or not?

SADUSKY

Now, why would I know that?

BEN

Because of the 43 men who have ever been President of the United States, 15 of them are confirmed Freemasons. You're a 33rd-Degree Master Mason. If anyone
(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)
I know knows if that book exists, it's
you.

Sadusky considers it a long moment and then comes to a
decision.

SADUSKY
You like ducks?

EXT. CAPITOL - DAY

Civil War memorial statues decorate the park. Ben and Sadusky
stand at a duck pond. Sadusky feeds the ducks.

SADUSKY
There is a book.

BEN
Why tell me out here?

SADUSKY
In my office, I'm a federal agent. Out
here, I'm speaking to you as a Mason.
(then)
Do you know who Judge Gregory Turman
is?

Ben shakes his head, "no."

SADUSKY (CONT'D)
He died three weeks ago. He was the
highest 33rd Degree Master Mason in the
order.

BEN
Friend of yours?

SADUSKY
He was the custodian, for a time, of an
artifact of some significance--the Booth
diary page.

Ben is stunned by the realization...

BEN
Wait a minute. Wilkinson stole it?

SADUSKY
I can't prove it. There's no evidence
that Judge Turman ever had the page in
his possession.

BEN
Why would the Masons hold onto the page?

SADUSKY
Because like you, they believe it might
contain...information. Information
that was intended for them. Information
(MORE)

SADUSKY (CONT'D)
that I gather you figured out, but
they couldn't.

BEN
The missive the KGC intercepted in 1865
was intended for a Mason?

SADUSKY
Not a Mason. The Mason. Confederate
General Albert Pike. The page was
recovered after O'Laughlen died in
prison. There were residual markings
that later faded but it was useless
without the key.

Ben considers that.

BEN
Sadusky, I need to see the President's
book. Where is it kept?

SADUSKY
Only the current President knows. The
book is passed from President to
President, and each one changes its
hiding place.

BEN
Can you get it for me?

SADUSKY
I would like to see that book as much
as you would. I'm sorry. The only way
you're ever going to see that book is
if you get elected President.

INT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DUSK

Ben is staring up at the Gettysburg Address. We FOLLOW his
eyes as they read the powerful words...

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought
forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in
Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all
men are created equal."

Ben's eyes scan to another part.

"...from these honored dead we take increased
devotion to that cause for which they gave the
last full measure of devotion--

INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

Ben sits calmly at the table while Riley, Patrick, and Abigail
pace around him anxiously.

BEN
All I need is a few minutes with him.

RILEY

A few minutes? Even if you were married to the President, he'd never admit the book exists, let alone tell you what's in it.

BEN

Not when he's surrounded by his handlers, he won't. But if I can get him alone--

ABIGAIL

--The Secret Service is never going to leave you alone with the President.

PATRICK

Wilkinson will find a way to get to the other half of the map and get to the City of Gold.

(to Ben)

But how are you going to get the President alone?

RILEY

Yeah, how're you going to get him alone?

A long beat.

BEN

Before the Civil War, the states were all separate...

BEN (CONT'D)

...People used to say, "the United States are." It wasn't until the war ended that people started saying, "the United States is." Under Lincoln, we became one nation.

PATRICK

And Lincoln paid for it with his life.

BEN

So did Thomas...with his life.

(beat)

Which is why we cannot have him remembered as a conspirator in the assassination of the man who brought this nation together.

(to the others)

So, how am I going to get him alone?

(off their looks)

I'm gonna kidnap him.

(then)

I'm gonna kidnap the President of the United States.

Everyone is stunned.

PATRICK

So now you want to ruin your life? Son, you've done all you can.

RILEY
Yes, this is crazy.

ABIGAIL
Ben, I know you believe you can do this--

BEN
--No, I don't know that I can. But I
know I should.

PATRICK
And exactly how are you planning on
doing this?

BEN
I was thinking Mount Vernon.

That stops Patrick. He grins.

PATRICK
I like it.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE, PRESS SECRETARY'S OFFICE - MORNING
A hive of activity. Several AIDES work at computers while
others man the phones. The President's PRESS SECRETARY is
juggling three things at once as an AIDE approaches.

AIDE
Problem. Some historian is claiming
the Spencer Landmark Hotel was used for
regular Klan meetings in the late 1800's.

This is not good news.

PRESS SECRETARY
Do we know if that's true?

Behind them, a second AIDE shouts...

AIDE #2
I've got *The Washington Gazette*. They
want a quote on...
(reads)
"Is the President trying to make a
statement by holding his birthday party
at a hotel affiliated with the Ku Klux
Klan?"

Aide #1 shoots the Press Secretary a look.

AIDE #1
Does it matter if it is true?

PRESS SECRETARY
Get me the list of approved alternates.

Aide #3 calls a list up onto his computer screen.

AIDE #3
Let's see. Monticello is booked...

INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

QUICK SHOTS: Riley and Patrick are on their phones.

RILEY
(into his phone)
I know it's short notice, but a pipe
burst in the place we booked...

Riley crosses a name off a list of hotels.

PATRICK
(into his phone)
Yes, a retirement party for 75 guests...

INTERCUT WITH THE PRESS SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

AIDE #3
...So is Gunston Hall and Tudor Place.
(scans list)
Looks like the Denby Hotel is available.
So is Mount Vernon...

Riley crosses another name off a list.

RILEY
(into his phone)
...The Grand Ballroom if it's available.
Oh it is? Great!

INTERCUT WITH THE PRESS SECRETARY'S OFFICE. On the aide's computer screen, the Denby Hotel flashes, "UNAVAILABLE."

AIDE #3
...Strike that. The Denby Hotel was
just booked.

The aide scans his list. Only one left.

AIDE #3 (CONT'D)
Mount Vernon's all we got.

PRESS SECRETARY
Book it before someone else does.

EXT. MOUNT VERNON, AERIAL - NIGHT

A fly-over REVEAL of the gorgeous manicured grounds of Mount Vernon, an estate that once belonged to George Washington. An outdoor PARTY is in progress.

SECRET SERVICE screen tuxedo'd MEN and WOMEN in designer gowns as they arrive.

More SECRET SERVICE agents lead bomb-sniffing dogs down a long line of limousines, town cars, and luxury sedans as they pull into the traffic circle.

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - NIGHT

Multiple PATROL BOATS cruise the Potomac, maintaining the perimeter.

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER, DOWN RIVER - NIGHT

A lone fishing boat idles in the darkness. The lights of nearby Mount Vernon are visible in the distance.

INT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

Ben zips up his drysuit. Patrick watches the patrol boats in the distance.

PATRICK

Whatever happened to you and Abigail anyway?

BEN

Not a good time, dad.

PATRICK

I like her. All a parent ever wants for his children is for them to be with someone that loves them. And she's pretty handy in a jam, and you're a guy who gets in jams.

Ben squirms.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

All relationships go through ups and downs. These are little things. You gotta learn to stay the course.

BEN

What about you and mom? Why didn't you stay the course?

PATRICK

Oh, well, that's another story. Your mother was a...unique case.

(then)

Although I really shouldn't speak badly of your mother. Most of your best attributes come from her. Your quick wit, your ability to focus, your need to always be right.

Ben shoots him a look.

BEN

Maybe the Gates men just weren't meant to live with other people.

PATRICK

So, you should live with me?

Ben grabs his rebreather. Patrick grows nervous.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
One bubble, and they'll spot it.

BEN
This is a rebreather. No bubbles.

PATRICK
You know, this is my first felony.

BEN
You're doing good so far.

Ben moves to jump in.

PATRICK
Wait!

BEN
What?!

PATRICK
Don't forget the gift.

Patrick grabs a present sealed in a bag, stuffs it into Ben's waterproof pack, and then Ben falls backwards into the water.

EXT. PATROL BOAT - NIGHT

SECRET SERVICE (UNIFORM DIVISION) scan the water with spotlights...catching sight of Patrick fishing in his boat.

Patrick reacts innocently, spotlight in his face.

EXT. FISHING BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

Secret Service pull alongside Patrick's boat.

BOAT PATROL
Good evening, sir.

INT. POTOMAC, UNDERWATER - NIGHT

We REVEAL that BEN is hiding under the fishing boat.

INTERCUT PATRICK and the SECRET SERVICE.

BOAT PATROL
This is a restricted area.

PATRICK
It's also where all the fish are.

As Patrick stalls, Ben swims stealthily to the keel of the patrol boat.

BOAT PATROL
I'm sorry, sir, but you're going to have to move upriver.

PATRICK
Not according to Article 1, section 25
of the Maryland Constitution which says
I have the right to fish on public lands.

Under the water, Ben attaches himself to the underside of
the hull with a suction cup.

BOAT PATROL
And we have the right to detain you for
48 hours without cause.

PATRICK
Well, since you put it that way maybe
I'll fish upriver. Your boats probably
scared away all the fish anyway.

EXT. PATROL BOAT, MOVING - NIGHT

The Patrol scans the water and shoreline with binoculars and
searchlights.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Ben detaches from the hull and swims silently toward shore.

EXT. POTOMAC - NIGHT

The patrol boat continues on. A beat and then Ben barely
breaks the surface of the water. He shucks off his rebreather
and lets it sink to the bottom.

EXT. MOUNT VERNON, WOODS - NIGHT

Ben slips into the woods, ducks behind a low wall, pulls off
his waterproof pack, and unzips his drysuit, revealing that
he's wearing a perfectly dry TUXEDO underneath.

BEN
Just once, I'd like to wear this thing
to a party I was actually invited to.

Ben next reaches into the waterproof pack, pulls out the
gift as well as a bottle of champagne and TWO FLUTED GLASSES,
and hops over the wall.

EXT. MOUNT VERNON, GROUNDS - NIGHT

TWO SECRET SERVICE AGENTS patrol the grounds.

BEN (O.S.)
Hey!

The agents turn and see Ben approaching, dressed in his tux
and carrying the two glasses filled with champagne.

BEN (CONT'D)
You guys didn't happen to see a cute
brunette...
(looks around)
...wandering around here, did you?

The agents shake their heads, no.

BEN (CONT'D)
I went to get her a drink...and...
(gives up looking)
...last time I trust a Liberterian.

Ben toasts one of the glasses, downs it, and heads back toward the party.

EXT. MOUNT VERNON, BACK LAWNS - NIGHT

The party is in full swing. A small string QUARTET plays. SECRET SERVICE abound. Ben adjusts his tie and breezes his way through the party. He smiles amiably at a group of GENTLEMAN sipping champagne.

BEN
Good evening, Senators.

The Senators nod to Ben as he continues past. Whoever he is, he looks important. Ben wends his way toward the PRESIDENT, who chats with a GROUP of movers and shakers.

PRESIDENT
Remember, and spread the word, campaign contribution limits are not enforced on the President's birthday.

The group laughs as the President turns away...

BEN
Happy Birthday, Mr. President.

The President recognizes Ben but can't quite place him.

BEN (CONT'D)
Ben Gates. The Templar Treasure?

PRESIDENT
(realizes)
Right, Ben Gates! My Lindbergh Award winner.

BEN
I can't tell you what a thrill it is to be invited here.

They shake hands.

PRESIDENT
You probably have the Secret Service hopping right now, considering your newly discovered lineage.

Ben chuckles good-naturedly.

ACROSS THE LAWN, SECRET SERVICE observe the party. The LEAD AGENT intently watches the President talking with Ben.

BEN

I thought you might want to take a look
at this...

Ben hands the wrapped gift to the President.

BEN (CONT'D)

I know you're a great admirer of George
Washington.

CLOSE ON THE GIFT--A FRAMED HAND-DRAWN MAP OF MOUNT VERNON,
signed by George Washington, dated 1778. There is also what
looks to be Washington Family Coat of Arms stamp.

PRESIDENT

This is a map of Mount Vernon drawn by
George Washington himself!

BEN

Exactly right, sir.

PRESIDENT

I studied Architectural History at Yale.

BEN

I did not know that. It's Kismet...
that's what it is.

(re: the map)

It belonged to my great uncle. He got
it from the granddaughter of a slave
named Charlotte who once worked here at
Mount Vernon. We're standing right
here...

CLOSE ON THE MAP. Ben points to a spot on the grounds.

BEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...and right over here is an underground
tunnel...

CLOSE ON THE MAP. Ben points to a long dotted line.

BEN (CONT'D)

...an escape route for Washington's
family and servants in the event they
ever came under attack during the
Revolutionary War.

PRESIDENT

There's been rumors of such a tunnel
but no indication of where it might be
in any of the known maps of Little
Hunting Creek.

The President looks up, grinning excited like a little kid.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Do you think it's really there?

BEN

There's only one way to find out.

PRESIDENT
Well, are you busy?

BEN
Absolutely not.

PRESIDENT
You want to go take a look?

BEN
Can we do that, sir?

The President shoots him a look like, "You realize who you're talking to, right?"

ON THE LEAD AGENT. He watches as the President moves away with Ben.

LEAD AGENT
(into his wrist mic)
Falcon is leaving zone 3.

EXT. MOUNT VERNON, STABLES - NIGHT

Ben and the President wait by an open CELLAR DOOR which leads down under the stables. A beat, and then a SECRET SERVICE AGENT emerges from the cellar, holding a flashlight.

AGENT #2
All clear, sir.

The President and Ben follow the agent down the stairs.

INT. MOUNT VERNON, CELLAR - NIGHT

The agent leads Ben and the President into the cellar. It's a long bricked room with several alcoves. The cellar is empty and completely bricked in.

The President refers to the map and moves into an alcove.

PRESIDENT
(to Ben)
According to this map, it should be here somewhere...

President turns to find the agent right on his heels.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
Craig, I appreciate your doing your job, but I have no enemies down here.

The agent gets the message and moves to stand by the stairs.

BEN (O.S.)
Over here.

Ben stands before a heavy iron Washington Family Coat of Arms faceplate mounted on a cornerstone in another alcove. The President moves to it, comparing it to the map.

PRESIDENT
The mark of Washington.

CLOSE ON THE MAP--Ben points to the Coat of Arms stamp.

BEN
Only it's slightly different.

Ben feels the iron faceplate. The axes are in different positions. So is the arrowhead.

BEN (CONT'D)
These axes...

Ben pushes one of the axes, and...it MOVES! Ben pushes the other ax. It moves as well, but nothing happens. Now, the President notices...

PRESIDENT
The arrowhead...it's upside down.

The President reaches over and turns the arrowhead.

Now, the mechanism releases, and behind them, a section of brick wall recedes an inch with a SCRAPING SOUND.

ON THE AGENT. Did he just hear something? Curious but not alarmed, he starts moving toward the alcove.

IN THE ALCOVE, together President and Ben push the brick section. Finally, the mechanism catches, the section of wall slides to one side, shaking off 200 years of dust.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
(agape)
My God! There it is!

INT. MOUNT VERNON, SECRET PASSAGE ENTRY - NIGHT

The President steps into the tunnel, leading with the flashlight as Ben quickly closes the door behind them.

INT. MOUNT VERNON, CELLAR - NIGHT

Agent #2 arrives at the alcove just as the SECRET PASSAGE DOOR CLOSES with a THUNK!

AGENT #2
(into his wrist mic)
We have a breach in zone 9!

EXT. MOUNT VERNON, VARIOUS - NIGHT

Instantly, the SECRET SERVICE AGENTS are all on the move.

LEAD AGENT
(into his wrist mic)
Repeat?

INTERCUT THE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS as they enact their situational protocol.

AGENT #2
There is another door in zone 9...a
secret door!

Agent #2 frantically feels around the wall, calling out...

AGENT #2 (CONT'D)
Mr. President!

LEAD AGENT
(impossibly)
A secret door?!

AGENT #2
(into his wrist mic)
Falcon has left the nest. Repeat.
Falcon is in the open!

INT. MOUNT VERNON, SECRET PASSAGE ENTRY - NIGHT

Ben tests the wall...solid, secure, unopenable. The President waves his flashlight down the tunnel.

PRESIDENT
Look! It goes on and on...

But his voice trails off as he turns and realizes that Ben has sealed the exit.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
Gates, what are you doing?

BEN
I'm sorry, Mr. President. I need to ask you a question which I know you couldn't answer unless we were alone.

The President moves to the door, searches for some kind of latch, but there is none.

PRESIDENT
I'm not answering any question, and you are going to prison. How soon you open this door will determine for how many years. Right now, you're looking at 5 to 10.

BEN
I can't open the door. It's designed for escape and locks upon closing. The only way out is forward.

The President pushes past Ben and heads down the tunnel.

INT. MOUNT VERNON, SECRET PASSAGE - NIGHT

The President heads down the cramped tunnel. Ben follows.

BEN

Mr. President. Sometime between 1880 when the Resolute Desk was placed in the Oval Office and now, one of our presidents found a secret compartment in it.

PRESIDENT

You realize you are now Number One on the Secret Service, NSA, CIA, and the FBI's Most Wanted Lists?

The tunnel opens up into...

INT. MOUNT VERNON, SECRET PASSAGE MAZE ROOM - NIGHT

The President and Ben find themselves in a circular hub room with five more tunnels leading out like spokes. The President stops, which way to go? Ben continues.

BEN

Hidden inside was a plank with Native American writing...a treasure map to Cibola, the legendary City of Gold.

PRESIDENT

You did this just to ask me about a treasure map?

BEN

That treasure map is the key to proving Thomas Gates' innocence. Now, I know for a fact that the plank is no longer in the Resolute Desk--

PRESIDENT

(even more irked)
--You've been in my desk too?

BEN

I believe the whereabouts of that plank is now hidden in the President's book.

The President doesn't react, giving away nothing.

BEN (CONT'D)

The book known only to our Presidents. It contains all of our nation's secrets.

PRESIDENT

That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard.

INT. MOUNT VERNON, CELLAR - NIGHT

SECRET SERVICE AGENTS spill into the cellar, swarm the alcove, and push on the walls to no avail.

LEAD AGENT
(calls out)
I want a crowbar! I want a jackhammer!
I want a bulldozer! And I want them
now!

The agents scatter. Then...

LEAD AGENT (CONT'D)
(into his wrist mic)
Alert the Vice President.

INT. MOUNT VERNON, SECRET PASSAGE MAZE ROOM - NIGHT

The President shines his flashlight down one of the tunnels.
Many dark choices.

BEN
I saw the seal in the desk. The map
was there.

The President glares at Ben.

PRESIDENT
And you won't tell me which way to go
unless you get what you want.

BEN
The way out is that direction.
(points to a tunnel)
I'll show you.

The President regards Ben, perplexed.

PRESIDENT
You don't negotiate very well, do you?

BEN
No, sir.

INT. MOUNT VERNON, CELLAR - NIGHT

The cellar is teeming with AGENTS in an explosion of activity.
AGENTS are furiously trying to break through the brick wall
with crowbars and hammers, making little progress.

LEAD AGENT
Where the hell are my jackhammers?!

INT. MOUNT VERNON, SECRET PASSAGE STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Ben leads the President down the tunnel.

PRESIDENT
I don't get you, Gates. You do all
this...you risk going to prison just to
clear your ancestor's name?

They come to a rusted iron spiral staircase. Ben pauses on
the stairs.

BEN

Thomas Gates gave his last full measure of devotion to his country to stop the KGC. When someone dies for their country, I believe they should be honored.

The President eyes Ben. He recognizes that phrase.

PRESIDENT

"Last full measure of devotion."

BEN

Lincoln is my favorite President, sir. No offense.

PRESIDENT

None taken. He's my favorite too.

BEN

Sir, I know the book exists, and the question is, "Will you agree to let me see it?"

PRESIDENT

Even if something like that really did exist, why do you actually think I'd just give it to you?

BEN

Because...it will probably lead us to the discovery of the greatest Native American treasure of all time...a piece of culture lost. You can give that history back to its descendants...and because...you're the President of the United States, sir... the highest office in the land. Whether by innate character or by the weight of history that falls upon you, I believe you to be the most just and honorable man in the country. I know you will make the right decision.

PRESIDENT

Gates, people don't believe that stuff anymore.

BEN

But they want to believe it.

The President studies Ben, considering it. But he offers nothing.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A mound of dirt shifts as a rotten wooden door is pushed open from underneath. The President and Ben crawl out. Ben stands, dusts himself off. Ben points to the distance.

BEN
The nearest highway is that direction.
You'll understand if we part ways here.

PRESIDENT
That's it?

BEN
Unless you want to hear my speech about
Samuel Mudd?

The President can't help but crack a smile at that then...

PRESIDENT
You risked your life to protect the
Declaration of Independence. And for
that, the following conversation never
happened. The book exists.

BEN
Where is it?

PRESIDENT
Where else do you keep a book? The
Library of Congress.

The President pulls a slip of paper from his wallet and reads
from it.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
Xy234786.

BEN
Thank you, sir.

Ben turns to go. But the President stops him with...

PRESIDENT
Once there, you'll need to know this...
3-7-9-4.

BEN
(committing to memory)
3-7-9-4 and Xy23...

PRESIDENT
...4786.

BEN
4786. Got it.

Ben starts off again, but again the President stops him.

PRESIDENT
One more thing.

BEN
(afraid to ask)
Sir?

PRESIDENT

I'm rooting for you. I might even share your theory. But I can't stop the Secret Service from coming after you. 200 people know you had me against my will, and I can't tell them why. I can't tell them about the book. If you fail to find what you're looking for, there's nothing I can do for you. You will be charged with kidnapping the President of the United States.

BEN

I understand.

PRESIDENT

And Gates. Page 174.

BEN

Excuse me?

PRESIDENT

Just take a look. If you get a chance.

EXT. WOODS, DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Patrick's car sits parked on a dirt road. Suddenly, Ben emerges from the woods.

INT. PATRICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Ben climbs in as he dials a number on his cell phone.

BEN

(into his phone)

Riley, meet us at the Library of Congress in 20 minutes.

Ben hangs up and looks to his dad. They drive off.

INT. MOUNT VERNON, CELLAR - NIGHT

The cellar is teeming with AGENTS in a explosion of activity. THREE AGENTS are JACKHAMMERING through the brick wall.

INT. MOUNT VERNON, SECRET PASSAGE - NIGHT

Blackness. The sound of jackhammers. Finally, one punches through. The lead agent shines a flashlight through to see ...AN EMPTY UNDERGROUND PASSAGE!

LEAD AGENT

(incredulous)

It's a tunnel!

INT. DR. NICHOLS' HOUSE, STUDY - NIGHT

Agents Hendricks and Spellman lead Sadusky in.

SPELLMAN

Neighbor found him a couple of hours ago.

On the floor, a body is covered by a sheet. Spellman pulls it back to reveal a dead Dr. Nichols.

SPELLMAN (CONT'D)

Dr. William Nichols. He was the guy in charge of the Booth diary page.

Sadusky studies the body. He glances at Dr. Nichols' hand. On his finger, a MASONIC RING. Hendricks follows his gaze.

HENDRICKS

He's got a ring just like yours.

Sadusky bends down.

SADUSKY

Find out if any of this was purchased through Wilkinson.

Just then, Sadusky's cell phone rings. He answers it.

SADUSKY (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

This is Sadusky. We'll be right there.

Sadusky hangs up, grumbling under his breath...

SADUSKY (CONT'D)

Gates.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The President hikes through the woods. Headlights of the highway are about a half-mile away.

EXT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS - NIGHT

Acting look-out, Patrick sits in his parked car.

EXT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS - NIGHT

Patrick's car drives up to the curb. Ben jumps out and runs up the steps of the Library of Congress. He meets Abigail and Riley halfway up and they run up the steps to the entrance.

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Ben, Abigail, and Riley enter through metal detectors and then start across the marble foyer past the LINCOLN EXHIBIT. (PRODUCTION NOTE: Post signs indicating we're in the Library of Congress.)

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, ROTUNDA - NIGHT

The trio moves briskly into the Library of Congress Rotunda.

RILEY
Where do we start?

ABIGAIL
XY is a book classification code.

BEN
They stand for special collections,
very, very special books... Where are
they?

ABIGAIL
Who knows...Let's start here.

She points to the left and they all follow her.

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, ENTRANCE TO THE STACKS - NIGHT

An old man comes out of the stacks with a book cart. Just before the door closes Ben grabs the door and Ben, Abigail, and Riley slip in.

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, 1ST FLOOR STACKS - NIGHT

The trio is searching the stacks. Ben meets up with Abigail.

BEN
Nothing?

ABIGAIL
Let's go up.

BEN
(calling out to Riley)
Try the next floor.

Ben heads up a narrow staircase. Riley and Abigail exchange unsure looks and then hurry after him.

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, 2ND FLOOR STACKS - NIGHT

The trio continues searching for the XY classifications.

BEN
Nothing?

ABIGAIL
Nothing. Let's try this way.

They all head for the swinging doors. As they push through the doors they are on the balcony overlooking the Rotunda. They continue along the balcony stacks.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
(searching the shelves)
This way. XA...XC..XM...

They move on, coming to a door. There is an old brass push-button lock below the handle.

He quickly punches in a code, and the door unlocks.

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, PRESIDENT'S STUDY - NIGHT

This room overlooks the Rotunda through the archways. There is a privacy curtain, a desk, a chair, and some bookshelves. Ben closes the door.

ABIGAIL

What did you say the number was again?

BEN

234786?

INT. MOUNT VERNON, CELLAR - NIGHT

The AGENTS work furiously, knocking out bricks and opening up a large hole in the wall, through which agents pour into...

INT. SECRET PASSAGE - NIGHT

We FOLLOW the agents as they hurry down the tunnel, fanning out into the maze.

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, PRESIDENT'S STUDY - NIGHT

Ben and Abigail work their way through the "XY" books toward each other.

ABIGAIL/BEN

2347.77-78-79.../2347.92-91-90...

They each reach the spot where the book should be, but...

ABIGAIL

There are no 80s.

RILEY

Maybe someone checked it out?

ABIGAIL

Why would he send us here if there was no book?

RILEY

Maybe he wanted us to get caught.

Ben grabs the book ladder and climbs up - He pushes books aside, handing them down to Riley...He peers under the shelf to see an OLD 6-DIAL COMBINATION LOCK on the underside of the top shelf.

BEN

It's a 6 dial combination lock...

(excited)

The location is the combination!!

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL PARKWAY - NIGHT

The President finally reaches the shoulder of the highway. Cars and trucks blast past, oblivious. The President has no choice. He sticks out his thumb.

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, PRESIDENT'S STUDY - NIGHT

Ben quickly spins the dials to 23-47-86 and...CLICK!

A DOOR SWINGS DOWN, revealing...THE PRESIDENT'S BOOK OF SECRETS! Abigail sucks in a breath. Riley gasps.

RILEY

I was right!

Ben takes the book from the compartment and climbs down the ladder.

BEN

Well done, Mr. Poole.

He sets it down on the desk - the book is thick and stuffed with loose pages. The trio stares at the book, a reverent moment. ON THE FIRST PAGE is George Washington's signature.

BEN (CONT'D)

This goes back all the way to George Washington.

RILEY

Let's get to the good stuff.

Ben flips forward to an Air Force Dossier, "TOP SECRET" and "RE: AREA 51." Ben leafs right past it.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Area 51!

He keeps flipping...the words "Kennedy Assassination" leap off a page. Riley is apoplectic.

RILEY (CONT'D)

And Kennedy Assassination...Skip it.

BEN

We don't have time.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL PARKWAY - NIGHT

An 18-WHEELER stops to pick up the hitchhiking President. The President climbs up and opens the door. The TRUCKER regards him and his suit, which is a muddy mess.

TRUCKER

What happened to you?

PRESIDENT

You got a cell phone?

The trucker hands him his cell phone, eyeing him.

TRUCKER

Anyone ever tell you you look like the President?

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, PRESIDENT'S STUDY - NIGHT

Ben is still searching through the President's book. ON THE PAGE, there is an entry titled, "CITY OF GOLD."

BEN

(reads the entry)

"1864. Pike in contact with Queen Victoria. Requested funding to finance Confederate cause. April 1865, Queen Victoria sends Pike two coded missives. The first is received. Contains information regarding the New World treasure. The City of Gold."

RILEY

The Queen wanted to help the Confederacy?

ABIGAIL

A divided America would have been weaker and in England's best interest.

BEN

They needed cotton from the South.
"The second missive thought to contain location of gold was intercepted."

(realizing)

By the KGC...the message Thomas tried to burn that was on the Booth Diary Page.

RILEY

The one we have.

BEN

Exactly. "1880. The Resolute Desk arrives in Washington sent by The Queen to President Hayes"... There's a mention of a letter...

There is a letter stuffed in the pages. Ben reads it.

RILEY

What does it say?

BEN

"I divide her timbers to unite our two great countries. Please accept this gift as a token of peace. Her Royal Highness, Queen Victoria."

ABIGAIL

Sounds like the Queen was trying to make amends to the new Union.

Ben turns the page. There is a photo stuffed in the pages.

BEN

Look at this.

He sees the photo. He takes it out of the book. It's an aged B&W PHOTO OF THE AMERICAN HALF OF THE MAP. He hands it to Abigail.

BEN (CONT'D)

Here's the final entry by President Coolidge.

(reads)

"1924. I found plank in secret desk compartment. Plank photographed and then destroyed.

(continues)

Borglum commissioned to destroy landmarks in sacred Black Hills mountains."

RILEY

What's that?

ABIGAIL

Borglum...Mount Rushmore?

BEN

(realizing)

He carved Mount Rushmore in order to erase the landmarks and protect the sacred area.

RILEY

Mount Rushmore is a cover up?!

Just then, we hear SIRENS. THROUGH THE WINDOW, Riley sees government SEDANS and POLICE CARS skid to stops in front of the building.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Oh look, my tax dollars at work, coming to arrest me.

BEN

They aren't coming for you, Riley.

They're coming for me.

(continues to Riley and Abigail)

Go to the car. I'll meet up with you.

Abigail and Riley run out of the President's study.

ABIGAIL

This way.

Ben quickly snaps photos of the B&W PLANK PHOTO with his cell phone. Ben now turns to the balcony and looks over to see...

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, ROTUNDA - NIGHT

Riley and Abigail hurry across the reading room.

EXT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, GREAT HALL - NIGHT

SECRET SERVICE, FBI, and POLICE spill into the library entrance, set off the metal detectors and run across the marble lobby.

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, UPPER LEVEL - NIGHT

Ben moves to the circular staircase and looks down to see...

SECRET SERVICE surging up the stairs, coming at him from all directions.

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, ROTUNDA - NIGHT

Abigail and Riley run into the Reading room and into the MASSIVE CENTRAL DESK AREA. Abigail flashes her LIBRARY OF CONGRESS ID CARD at the LIBRARIAN.

ABIGAIL

Great work!

As they run down the steps, the FBI with the Secret Service enter the Rotunda. Two FBI follow Abigail and Riley.

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, BASEMENT STACKS - NIGHT

Abigail leads Riley down some stairs and into the stacks. Here there are cramped aisles of books and conveyor belts used to transport books.

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, INTERIOR TUNNELS - NIGHT

Abigail and Riley run through the tunnels.

ABIGAIL

This way.

RILEY

How do you know where you are going?

ABIGAIL

I dated a librarian.

They disappear down a hallway.

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, INTERIOR TUNNELS - NIGHT

FBI try to follow them but they lose sight of them.

EXT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS - NIGHT

SECRET SERVICE and FBI have secured the area. Sadusky, Spellman, and Hendricks head toward the building.

HENDRICKS

So Gates abducts the President of the United States, lets him go, and then heads to the Library of Congress? Why?

SADUSKY
Maybe he wants to check out a book.

SPELLMAN
Must be one heck of a book.

SADUSKY
Wait.

Spellman and Hendricks wait at the entrance to the Library of Congress while Sadusky hurries inside.

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, BASEMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Riley and Abigail race to a service door. They push it open and come face-to-face with...

EXT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, LOADING DOCKS - NIGHT

TWO FBI AGENTS, guns drawn. Riley freezes. Abigail holds up her Smithsonian badge.

ABIGAIL
We were told to evacuate.

The agents study her badge. Satisfied, they wave them past.

RILEY
What's going on?

The agents ignore him as they rush into the building.

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, TOP FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Ben hurries to a ROOF ACCESS DOOR.

EXT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, ROOF - NIGHT

BOOM! Ben bursts out of the roof access stairwell. The roof has multiple levels and is formed in quadrangle.

As Ben hurries across the roof, he takes out his cell phone and dials a number.

INT. CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

A cell phone rings. Mitch flips it open but says nothing, only turning it on SPEAKERPHONE.

BEN (ON THE PHONE)
Dad!

PATRICK (ON THE PHONE)
Ben! You gotta get out of there. Secret Service is everywhere!

INT. PATRICK'S CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Patrick is driving. INTERCUT BEN AND PATRICK talking on their phones.

BEN
I'm sending a picture of the rest of
the map to your phone.

PATRICK
You can do that?

BEN
Take it to mom. We need her to translate
it.

Ben sends the photo to Patrick's phone.

INTERCUT PATRICK. His phone finally receives the photo.

PATRICK
Got it. What about you?

BEN
We're going to Mount Rushmore. Meet us
there.

INT. CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Mitch checks his cell phone screen to see the PHOTO OF THE
MAP has downloaded. He then closes the CLONED PHONE. The
Wilkinsons exchange curious looks.

SETH
Did he say his mom could translate the
plank?

MITCH
Find out who she is.

EXT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, WEST ROOF ACCESS - NIGHT

Sadusky bursts out a roof access door, moves along a metal
catwalk, and spots...

Ben climbing down a ladder which leads to a section of roof,
paneled with large stained glass squares that decorate the
Great Hall below.

SADUSKY
Gates!

Ben looks up but doesn't stop.

SADUSKY (CONT'D)
(into his radio)
Gates is on the roof.

EXT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, VARIOUS - NIGHT

AGENTS swarm the roof in search of Ben.

EXT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, STAINED GLASS/ROOF - NIGHT

Ben gingerly steps across the stained glass panels. Some of the panels CRAAAACK as he goes, forcing him to choose other panels.

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, UPPER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

AGENTS look up to see a shadowy image crossing over the STAINED GLASS ceiling panels above.

EXT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, STAINED GLASS/ROOF - NIGHT

Ben makes his way across the skylight.

SADUSKY (O.S.)

Ben!

Ben half-turns back, sees Sadusky standing there. Sadusky pulls aside his jacket, revealing a snub-nose .38 revolver in a belt holster.

Sadusky shakes his head warningly.

Ben looks toward the edge of the roof, an escape.

SADUSKY (CONT'D)

(brings gun up)

Don't!

Ben looks back at him. The glass beneath Ben's feet CRACKS beginning to spiderweb...thin ice. Ben decides.

BEN

I'm sorry to put you in this position.

And then he TURNS HIS BACK TO SADUSKY and makes his way toward the edge of the roof.

SADUSKY

Gates!

He unSNAPS the strap on the holster. Ben's shoulders tense at the sound, but he does not stop. Reaches the edge of the roof.

Sadusky wants to stop Ben, but drawing his gun means he's committed to killing someone--something he does not want.

Ben goes over the edge, is gone.

Sadusky silently curses Ben, snaps the strap in place, exits the roof.

EXT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, LOWER ROOF LEVEL - NIGHT

Ben lands hard on another section of roof 15 feet below. He shoulder-rolls to his feet, and takes off running.

EXT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS - NIGHT

Ben uses a downspout to climb down the side of the building.

EXT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, ROOF - NIGHT

SECRET SERVICE and FED search for Ben. But he's gone.

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, UPPER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sadusky moves to the study door. He checks the door. It's locked. He studies the doorknob, ponders something for a beat, and then pulls out a handkerchief and wipes it off.

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, REAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ben's car is parked in this small covered employee lot.

INT. MERCEDES SUV - NIGHT

Abigail and Riley wait in the car.

RILEY

Start the car and put it in gear.

Just then, someone taps on the window. It's Ben. He climbs into the driver's seat.

EXT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, REAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

As the Mercedes SUV starts pulling out of the lot, TWO FEDS exiting the building spot it. Abigail guns it. The agents race to their cars, getting on their radios...

FED

Close the gate! Close the gate!

They jump in, and BOTH CARS PEEL OUT toward the exit...

INT. SECURITY KIOSK - NIGHT

A GUARD gets the call. He SLAMS a BUTTON on his console.

EXT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS - NIGHT

The Mercedes barrels over the HYDRAULIC BARRIERS as they suddenly spring up. Just clipping the Mercedes' back bumper.

--And punching through the lead FED's car's back-end, lifting it and stopping it instantly. It's tires spin mid-air. The other FED's car slams on his brakes, and his car slews and smashes sideways into the barriers.

EXT. D.C. STREET - NIGHT

The speeding Mercedes is picked up by a POLICE HELICOPTER.

INT. MERCEDES SUV, SPEEDING - NIGHT

Riley spots the chopper.

RILEY
You think that's for us?

The chopper's searchlight hits them.

RILEY (CONT'D)
OK. Hi.

Ben looks ahead and makes a hard turn.

EXT. D.C. TUNNEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The police chopper loses Ben's car as it disappears into a TUNNEL.

INT. D.C. TUNNEL, AERIAL - NIGHT

Light traffic. The Mercedes SUV pulls up alongside a MICROBUS. Inside is a RASTAFARIAN.

INT. MERCEDES SUV, MOVING - NIGHT

Abigail looks over to the Rastafarian. He catches her gaze. She flashes a sweet smile.

EXT. SKY ABOVE D.C. TUNNEL - NIGHT

The police chopper is waiting for the Mercedes SUV to exit. As soon as it does, the searchlight is on it.

The chopper tracks it as it continues along the highway. But we don't follow them. We FOLLOW...

...The Rastafarian's MICROBUS which takes a different turnoff.

INT. RASTAFARIAN'S MICROBUS, MOVING - NIGHT

Ben is driving now. Abigail rides shotgun, and Riley sits in back, amused by his surroundings.

RILEY
Um, I think some of the stuff back here
could get us arrested.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND, EMILY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Emily is packing up to go when Mitch enters uninvited.

MITCH
Dr. Appleton.

EMILY
This office is closed. Office hours.
Office hours begin tomorrow at 8am.

But Mitch closes the door behind him and crosses to her desk, undaunted. Something about him sets Emily at unease.

MITCH
I do apologize for the late hour. My
name is Mitch Wilkinson. I have
something I need you to look at. It'll
only take a moment.

He pulls out the cloned phone, brings up the photo, and shows
it to her. She recognizes it, realizing...

EMILY
You're a treasure hunter.

MITCH
No, ma'am. I'm a man looking to make
his mark on history.

EMILY
I'm sorry. I don't know that language.

She hands him back his phone, but now, Mitch notices the
PHOTO of the British half of the plank on her desk.

MITCH
Well, it certainly doesn't look that
way. I see you've already been to work
on the other half.

Just then, Mitch's cell phone rings. He answers it.

MITCH (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Yes. Got it.
(hangs up, turns to Emily)
Your ex-husband's on his way here. He
wants the translation. Tell him anything
but the truth. Lie to him, get rid of
him.

As Mitch tucks away his phone, Emily sees that he has a GUN
tucked in a holster.

MITCH (CONT'D)
His life depends on it.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Patrick moves down the empty hallway, stopping before Emily's
office. He knocks.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND, EMILY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Patrick pushes open the door to find the office empty.

PATRICK
Emily?

Emily emerges from the copy room.

EMILY
Patrick.

PATRICK

I know I'm the last person you want to
see, and I don't want to be here either.
(off her look)
Please don't make me beg. Ben sent me
here--

EMILY

--If it's for Ben, of course. What is
it? A translation?

Patrick pulls out his cell phone.

PATRICK

It's on here. I'm not quite sure how
to bring it up--

He fumbles with his cell phone. Emily gets annoyed.

EMILY

--Oh, just give it to me.

Emily snatches the phone away, moves to the couch, and sits.
He sits next to her as she brings up the photo.

PATRICK

We know it leads to Mount Rushmore.

She studies the photo.

EMILY

Yes.

(translating)

Islands of stone in a sea of grass.

(then)

That's what the Lakota and the Sioux
used to call the Black Hills in South
Dakota.

PATRICK

What else?

She studies the photo for a long beat, then...

EMILY

Find where the moon touches the Earth,
and release the hummingbird.

She hands him back his phone.

PATRICK

That's it?

EMILY

It's never "it," Patrick. As a treasure
hunter, you know that.

Patrick takes the phone, stands, then regards her.

PATRICK

Did it ever occur to you...and I can't believe I'm saying this...that I did what I did to impress you?

EMILY

No, you didn't. You did what you did because you wanted to. And I would've done the same, but one of us had to grow up and stay home with Ben, and it wasn't going to be you. Did it ever occur to you that I made sacrifices for us that you never did?

That hits Patrick like a thunderbolt.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Of course not. And I hate you for it. Now, go away.

Patrick exits but then pauses and turns back.

PATRICK

Look, in the next few hours you might be seeing Ben on the news...and not in a good way.

Emily considers that, a little concerned, but...

EMILY

Well, it can't be any worse than stealing the Declaration of Independence.

Patrick guiltily. It is worse. Much worse. Then...he leaves. Emily watches him go...

In the hallway, Patrick pauses, considering something.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(quietly, to herself)
Go, Patrick. Go.

Patrick finally leaves.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Bloody tequila.

Now, MITCH emerges from the copy room.

MITCH

Don't feel bad. Your son would've never found the treasure anyway.

EMILY

You don't know Benjamin.

MITCH

Perhaps not. But I have this.

With that, Mitch pulls an aged letter out of his shirt pocket and shows it to Emily. She reads the envelope, confused.

CLOSE ON THE LETTER. It's wax seal is broken, and it's addressed in calligraphy: *"To Albert Pike, Brigadier General Confederate Forces. From Queen Victoria of England."*

EMILY

A letter to Albert Pike from Queen Victoria?

MITCH

The Queen was partial to the Confederate cause.

Emily tries to open the letter, but Mitch takes it back.

MITCH (CONT'D)

It's been handed down in my family for 140 years. It contains a vital piece of information...a final clue if you will.

He pulls out his Zippo lighter.

MITCH (CONT'D)

...without which the map is worthless.

He snaps open his lighter and sparks the flame.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Of course, this information was equally worthless without your translation of the planks.

(then)

You can't imagine how this sort of thing can haunt my family.

EMILY

Oh, I think I can.

Mitch touches the letter to the flame. It catches fire.

MITCH

Ironic, isn't it? This all started with the burning of pages, and now it ends with the burning of this...

He drops the burning letter into a ceramic tray on her desk.

MITCH (CONT'D)

...Making me the only one who can find Cibola.

EMILY

Only if I tell you what's on that plank and how do you know I won't lie to you too?

MITCH

If you do, you will have killed your own son.

Emily knows by the fierce look in his eyes...this is no bluff.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Now, let's go.

EXT. MOUNT RUSHMORE - MORNING

The President's look out over the sweeping Black Hills vista, an oasis of pine-clad mountains with rocky outcroppings. It truly does look like an island of stone in a sea of trees.

EXT. MOUNT RUSHMORE, LINCOLN/BORGLUM MUSEUM - MORNING

Ben, Abigail, Riley, and Patrick scrutinize the granite cliffs in the distance.

ABIGAIL

I haven't seen anything that even remotely resembles a hummingbird.

RILEY

That sort of looks like a turtle.

Ben and Patrick study Mount Rushmore, stumped.

BEN

A hummingbird, the moon, the earth...

PATRICK

It doesn't make any sense.

INT. MOUNT RUSHMORE, BORGLUM STUDIO - MORNING

Abigail and Patrick pour over maps and photos of the area. Riley stands nearby. Ben looks out a window to the monument.

PATRICK

I don't even know what I'm looking at.

BEN

Did mom say anything else?

PATRICK

She got a jab in about how she made sacrifices I didn't.

BEN

Sacrifices?

PATRICK

Because she stayed home with you when you were a child. She always has to remind me of that.

BEN

(a light bulb)

That's right.

PATRICK

Well, I can't change the past, son.

BEN
No, that's right. That's where the hummingbird comes from. It was a story she used to tell me when I was little. It was an Aztec myth about the hummingbird, the god of sacrifice.

Patrick is stunned, realizing...

PATRICK
She gave me a false clue and sent me on a wild goose chase.

ABIGAIL
She wouldn't do that. She knew the information was for Ben not for you.

RILEY
But why that story?

BEN
Because she was trying to tell us something...In the story, the hummingbird sacrifices itself to protect its family, the earth and the moon...

Now, Ben and Patrick exchange knowing looks.

PATRICK
You don't think...?
(realizing)
...she's the hummingbird? Release the hummingbird!

RILEY
Wilkinson was there?

Ben takes the phone out of his pocket and dials.

PATRICK
I should've known something was wrong when she took my hand.

Ben and Abigail exchange surprised looks, "she took his hand?"

EXT. REI SPORTING GOODS - DAY

Mitch waits in an SUV, guarding Emily. Emily's cell phone rings. Mitch digs it out of her purse, checks the caller ID, and answers it.

MITCH
Hello, Dr. Gates. I had a feeling you would call.

INTERCUT Mitch and Ben talking on their cell phones.

BEN
Put my mother on.

MITCH
It's good to hear from you.

BEN
Put my mother on.

Mitch holds the phone to Emily's ear.

EMILY
Benjamin, there is a final clue to the
treasure that only Wilkinson knows--

But Mitch grabs the phone and flips it shut.

INT. MOUNT RUSHMORE, BORGLUM STUDIO - MORNING

Ben hangs up and looks gravely to the others.

PATRICK
We have to do something.

RILEY
Those guys have guns.

Ben considers that for a long moment.

BEN
I've got to turn myself in.

OFF THEIR STUNNED LOOKS, we CUT TO...

EXT. MOUNT RUSHMORE, PRESIDENT'S TRAIL - MORNING

Wearing backpacks, the Wilkinsons wend their way along the boardwalk, surreptitiously holding Emily captive. The monument peeks through the trees from above.

SETH
We're never going to find a "Great Cat"
who "Guards an Island of Stone in a Sea
of Trees" on this path.

Emily eyes Seth, amused, as he ponders their surroundings.

EMILY
Benjamin would've found it by now.

MITCH
We're not looking for the cat.

Mitch casually holds up the guide book for the others to see. ON THE PAGE is an old B&W photo of the cliffs before they were Mount Rushmore.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Cougar Peak was destroyed during the
first phase of construction of Mount
Rushmore. We've got to get to the
highest point. This trail is the only
way up.

EXT. MOUNT RUSHMORE, HIGHER ON THE TRAIL - MORNING

The group continues up the trail. Suddenly, Sadusky steps out from behind some boulders and greets Mitch.

SADUSKY
You're a long way from home, Mitch
Wilkinson.

On instinct, Seth and Daniel reach for their weapons, but then freeze as they look up to see...SPELLMAN and two additional agents perched above them, guns covering the three men.

HENDRICKS steps out of the trees and disarms the Wilkinsons.

SADUSKY (CONT'D)
I am Special Agent Peter Sadusky, FBI.
You are under arrest for the illegal
capture and detention of Dr. Emily
Appleton...
(to Emily)
...isn't that correct, ma'am?

EMILY
Yes, it is.

As Sadusky and Hendricks put flex cuffs on the Wilkinsons, Ben steps out from behind a boulder as well.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Ben!

Ben moves to her.

BEN
Mom, are you all right?

EMILY
(proudly)
I knew you'd figure it out!

Emily notices that BEN IS HANDCUFFED too.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Oh Ben--I'm sorry. What did you do
this time?

SADUSKY
Your son kidnapped the President of the
United States.

That stuns Emily. Then...

EMILY
Forgive me, Agent Sadusky, but I'm oddly
proud that he pulled that off.

SADUSKY
Your boy does have certain skills, Ma'am.

BEN

Thanks. Mom--we need him, right?

He indicates Wilkinson. She nods.

EMILY

He had a letter, addressed to Confederate General Pike--

BEN

--From the Queen of England.

WILKINSON

How'd you know that?

BEN

Sadusky, I know I promised to cooperate, and I will, eventually, but--

SADUSKY

You're hardly in a position to make demands.

BEN

I took it.

TIME CUT--Sadusky's other men have pulled back. Ben and Sadusky have moved several steps from Wilkinson and Emily.

BEN (CONT'D)

I need you to release me...and Wilkinson.

SADUSKY

While I am delighted that you even would think to ask me that...no. Now tell me you did not take the President's book.

BEN

Why don't you call him and ask?

Sadusky regards Ben. The two men measure each other.

SADUSKY

I can't do that.

Ben stares at him. He knows Sadusky is in a tight spot.

SADUSKY (CONT'D)

Clever, you know it's the one thing that I can't take a chance on losing.

BEN

I have to find the City of Gold. It's the only way to justify what I've done.

SADUSKY

If I let you go, how do I know you're going to tell me the truth about where the book is?

BEN

When you do let me go and I tell you
where the book is, how long will it
take before you catch me again?

Sadusky grins. That's what he was planning to do.

SADUSKY

About twenty minutes. Maybe less.

BEN

So either way I'm caught, but this way
you also get the book.

Sadusky measures Ben. Removes his cuffs. Ben backs away.

BEN (CONT'D)

The lookout, Harney's Peak.

Ben turns away. The race is on.

EXT. MOUNT RUSHMORE, PARKING AREA - DAY

Sadusky rejoins the agents and their prisoners. Hendricks
and Spellman load Seth and Daniel into a federal sedan.
Hendricks closes the door and then turns to Sadusky.

HENDRICKS

Sir, not to question your methods, but
didn't we come here to arrest Ben Gates?

SADUSKY

Priorities shifted. O.B.E.

With that, Sadusky walks away. Hendricks turns to Spellman.

HENDRICKS

O.B.E.?

SPELLMAN

Overtaken By Events.

EXT. MOUNT RUSHMORE, AERIAL - DAY

A SWOOPING AERIAL SHOT moves across the faces of the
Presidents. We continue past the faces and find...

...Ben, Emily, and Mitch hiking up the mountain.

EXT. MOUNT RUSHMORE, TRAIL, HIGHER UP - MORNING

The group meets up with Patrick, Abigail, and Riley (all
wearing hiking gear). Patrick is relieved to see Emily.

PATRICK

Emily, I'm sorry I got you into this
mess.

EMILY

I believe the last time you said that
to me was right before our wedding.

Riley eyes Mitch, in wrist ties.

RILEY

(to Ben)

I thought the idea was to get him arrested.

BEN

There was a slight change in plans.
Come on.

They all continue up the trail.

EXT. GRANITE PLATEAU, AERIAL - DAY

As the group ascends the second staircase, we continue our AERIAL SHOT which moves behind the faces of the Presidents, revealing that...

The monument is actually built into the southern face of a two-mile-long virtual island of granite in a sea of trees. In the center of the plateau...a LAKE.

EXT. HARNEY PEAK LOOKOUT, TERRACE - DAY

The views are stunning. Spellman and Hendricks wait in the wings and watch as...

Sadusky finds a plastic bag stashed in a corner. He reaches in and pulls out the book to find that it's...RILEY'S BOOK. Sadusky opens it up.

CLOSE ON THE INSIDE COVER. *"The book is safe. I told you that you could trust me. --Ben"*

Sadusky grumbles to himself. He can't believe he fell for that. He turns to Spellman and Hendricks.

SADUSKY

Notify the locals...police, rangers. I want every person and vehicle in the park ID'd and searched. I want Ben Gates found.

EXT. BLACK HILLS, VARIOUS - DAY

Various shots. POLICE. Sirens. The manhunt for Ben Gates descends on the Black Hills region.

EXT. GRANITE PLATEAU, RIDGE - DAY

The group hikes up to this rocky ridge overlooking the lake.

BEN

We're at the highest point.

Ben clambers up onto the highest rock and looks around.

RILEY

Now all we gotta do is fine the bird that sits on the crying dead guy...

PATRICK

The bird sits on the warrior fallen in
tears.

Ben looks and spots a peninsula of stone jutting out into
the lake. It looks like a fallen warrior.

BEN

There! The tears are the lake.

EXT. GRANITE PLATEAU, STONE PENINSULA - DAY

The group searches the rocks on the peninsula.

ABIGAIL

I still don't see any noble bird.

Ben looks to Mitch.

BEN

All right, Wilkinson. What'd the letter
say? What's the final clue?

Mitch holds up his tied wrists.

MITCH

Actually, there were three clues. If
you cut this off, I'll tell you.

BEN

I'll consider it after you tell us.

The two men stare each other down. Mitch relents.

MITCH

All right. I'll give you one for free.
"The entrance shall only be revealed
under a cloudless rain."

Everyone deflates. It's a sunny day.

RILEY

So...we come back when it's raining?

BEN

No. Cloudless means you need the sun.
(to the others)
We need water.

Ben grabs a bottle of water from Mitch's backpack and shakes
the water on the granite. When the granite is wet, certain
crystals in the stone reflect the sunlight and change hue.

Everyone sees it, and they all grab their water bottles and
start pouring water onto the granite...

EXT. HELICOPTER, FLYING - DAY

A chopper ROARS just above the treetops. Inside, AGENTS
scour the dense woods.

EXT. GRANITE PLATEAU, STONE PENINSULA - DAY

As the group quickly shakes water on the granite, the shape of an eagle is revealed.

ABIGAIL
There it is! An eagle!

Everyone is excited.

BEN
The noble bird...will take your hand...

EMILY
...and give you passage."

BEN
It's a rock. It can't do anything.

RILEY
Maybe it's...magic?

MITCH
Well, we can all stand here and keep guessing, or I can tell you the answer.

Mitch holds up his wrists again. Ben measures him.

MITCH (CONT'D)
You may disagree with my methods, but if it weren't for me bringing that page forward, none of us would be standing here...on the verge of making history. But without the last two clues, you've got nothing.

Ben regards Mitch. A moment passes between them. Ben turns to his dad.

PATRICK
This guy has lied to us from the beginning.

Ben nods, but they have no choice. He puts out his hand, and Patrick grudgingly hands him his pocket knife. Ben slices off Mitch's wrist ties. Mitch rubs his wrists, grinning.

MITCH
"To awake the warrior, he must be nourished."

EMILY
The eagle is the symbol for the warrior.

ABIGAIL
But nourish it with what?

EMILY
Anything. An offering.

Ben kneels and studies the bird. There is a thin crevice where the eagle's mouth would be.

BEN

Yes, of course. For the eagle to take one's hand, one must first offer it.

Ben moves to slip his hand into the crevice.

EMILY

Benjamin.

(off Ben's look)

You should know that the eagle is the deadliest warrior in Mesoamerican culture. This could very well be a trap.

PATRICK

Son, she's right.

MITCH

Well, it'd certainly be a pity to get this close and not even try, now wouldn't it?

Ben tentatively reaches into the crevice, all the way up to his elbow. Then...THUNK! Everyone jumps, startled. Did he lose a hand?

BEN

It's a latch!

Ben pulls something we cannot see. The rock they're standing on suddenly rumbles as several yards away...

A boulder slowly ROTATES open...revealing an OPENING BETWEEN THE BOULDERS, barely wide enough for one person to pass through. Nothing but blackness beyond.

Mitch sidles inside. The others follow.

INT. CAVE, PASSAGE ENTRANCE - DAY

The group enters one-by-one. They unload flashlights and shine them on the door's ancient mechanism of vine-like ropes, logs, and boulder counter-balances.

As Abigail enters the cave (with Ben trailing just behind), one of the VINES SNAPS, and a counterbalance GIVES WAY!

Ben grabs Abigail, and they lunge through the entrance, falling together to the ground just as...

...THE MASSIVE STONE DOOR crashes back into place, and the entire mechanism crashes and disintegrates, filling the cavern with dust.

Ben and Abigail find themselves lying on the ground together.

Their eyes meet for a moment, but flashlights are shined in their eyes, breaking the moment.

EMILY/PATRICK

Ben! Abigail!/Are you all right?

They pull apart, awkward.

BEN/ABIGAIL

Fine./Good. Yes.

Ben helps Abigail up.

Riley tries to push on the boulder, but it must weigh tons.

RILEY

I hope there's another way out.

Mitch moves down the steps...

MITCH

Only one way to go now. Forward.

EXT. MOUNT RUSHMORE, SKY ABOVE THE GRANITE PLATEAU - DAY

The chopper roars over the landscape. Below, there is no indication of the secret passage.

INT. CAVE, PASSAGE ENTRANCE - DAY

Ben shines his light ahead. Stone stairs lead down to another chamber...

EMILY

My god, look at this...

INT. CAVERN, MAP ROOM - DAY

Carrying flashlights, the group enters this chamber. Ancient Mesoamerican art is etched into the stone.

EMILY

I've never seen so many relics, so well preserved.

Ben shines his light on a stone pillar carved with glyphs.

BEN

Olmec? Or maybe Zapotec?

EMILY

Earlier than that. I don't recognize them.

Patrick shines his light ahead to a muraled wall. Emily is drawn to it. Patrick, Ben, and Abigail follow her.

Emily studies the mural in which an epic history is depicted.

EMILY (CONT'D)

It's a story. An ancient prophecy.

(translating)

Strangers will arrive in great ships,
in search of gold...

PATRICK

The arrival of the Conquistadors had been foretold. It was part of their mythology.

Emily continues. In the mural, warriors are slaughtered on the steps of a pyramid.

EMILY

...cities will be destroyed.

ABIGAIL

(realizing)

They hid their gold to protect it from the Conquistadors.

MITCH (O.S.)

Now, all we need to do is find it.

They all turn to see Mitch eyeing what looks to be the only way out of the chamber...a PINCH through some large stones.

MITCH (CONT'D)

We're going to have to move these rocks.

ON RILEY. He's looking up at a STONE IDOL mounted in a niche in an alcove. Riley steps up to touch it, surprisingly wiping away a layer of dust. Underneath the dust...GOLD!

RILEY

Guys, look!

Riley shucks off his backpack and wipes away the dust as everyone approaches, Patrick and Emily trailing behind.

RILEY (CONT'D)

A big gold guy.

Upon closer inspection, it looks as though it's missing a piece, something the idol was once holding.

RILEY (CONT'D)

It looks like it's missing a piece.

Just as the group reaches the alcove, THE ENTIRE STONE FLOOR SUDDENLY FALLS BENEATH THEIR FEET!

Patrick reacts fast, grabbing Emily and jerking her back as...

THE STONE TRAP DOOR pivots on an axis. Like a teeter-totter, one end swings down, and the other swings up.

Mitch, Ben, Abigail and Riley fall and slip, clutching at the stone to no avail...

They slide the length of the stone and DROP out of sight!

INT. CAVE, PASSAGEWAY - DAY

The group moves along the passage. Ben looks ahead, raises his torch.

Ahead of them is a dead end, solid rock wall. A carved niche in the stone, and placed in the niche...

AN AZTEC GOLD IDOL, reflecting the light of their torches.

RILEY

Gold.

MITCH

Aztec Gold!

Ben moves his torch to his off hand and steps forward, followed by Mitch, Abigail, Riley. Emily and Patrick trail at the back of the pack.

Ben pauses, nearer the idol now, appraising it. Mitch strides past him. And SUDDENLY the STONE FLOOR beneath them tilts FORWARD, reacting to the shift of weight of the group! Patrick reacts fast, grabbing Emily and jerking her back from...

THE STONE TRAP DOOR, which pivots on an axis, their end rising up. The end closest to the idol angles down. Mitch, Ben, Abigail, and Riley slip, fall, slide, clutching at the stone to no avail. They slide the length of the stone and DROP out of sight. The trap door comes to an unsteady rest, teetering perpendicular to the floor. Patrick scrambles to the edge and calls down...

PATRICK

Ben! Are you all right?!

BELOW THE TRAP DOOR, he sees the group has landed on large circular SLAB OF STONE.

INT. CAVE, BALANCE CHAMBER - DAY

Ben is instantly to his feet, jumps up to grab the bottom edge of the trap door...it's out of reach.

BEN

Mom! Dad! We'll come for you --

Having lost the weight of its passengers, the trap door above pivots back.

INT. CAVE, TRAP DOOR PASSAGE - NIGHT

Emily pulls Patrick away from the edge as the stone floor swings back down toward them...

...and SLAMS into place, sealing the void.

Patrick and Emily look at each other.

PATRICK

It looked like they were all right.
Emily, what are you doing?

Emily steps forward, toward the idol, trying to tilt the slab again.

EMILY

Get over here!

Patrick cautiously joins her. They jump up and down. Combined they don't have enough weight to trigger the door.

EMILY (CONT'D)

So, I guess we try the other way.

INT. CAVE, BALANCE CHAMBER - DAY

Pitch black, save for flashlight beams. They are all on their hands and knees. The floor seems unstable. One flashlight is loose on the floor.

BEN

Is everyone intact?

MITCH

Think so.

ABIGAIL

Just need to catch my breath...

RILEY

Is the room moving? Am I concussed? I think I'm concussed--Flashlight!

The loose flashlight has started to roll. Riley scrambles after it, causing it to pick up speed--

BEN

Riley! Freeze!

Riley freezes as Ben scrambles backward to counterbalance--the flashlight stops near the edge of the platform, then starts rolling back, toward Ben--

Ben's overcompensated, and the floor pitches even steeper--his legs go over the edge, he's hanging on for his life--

BEN (CONT'D)

Far corner! Far corner! Be careful!

The flashlight shoots past him, over the edge, it's beam tumbling through darkness, down, down, down--

Riley and Abigail get to positions that bring the floor somewhat level, allowing Ben to pull himself back up.

ABIGAIL

This whole platform is balanced on a central point.

BEN

And it's a straight drop on this side...
check the others. Carefully!

Riley, Abigail, and Mitch crawl to the edges, look down.

MITCH

Nothing. Anyone see anything?

RILEY

I see death, and despair. Mostly death.
Despair for the last few seconds, maybe,
the hard, sudden death.
(rolls onto his back)
Up here, despair.

BEN

There's got to be a way off this thing.

ABIGAIL

Hey, up there! Is that a rope?

Her light has picked out what looks like a ledge (Ben is
nearest to it); barely visible on the very edge of it is--

BEN

If we raise this edge, I think I can
reach it.

Mitch, who is opposite Ben, takes a step forward.

MITCH

I can reach it as easy as you.

RILEY

Hey! Stop! Red light! Red light!

ABIGAIL

You're not helping!
(to Riley)
Him, not you.

Ben must match Mitch, to counterbalance.

BEN

I'm not letting you get up there first.
Just stop.

Mitch takes another step forward; Ben matches it.

MITCH

It's three against one here. I'm not
going last.
(another step)
And if I'm not going last, then I might
as well go first.

BEN

We've got to work together here. I
think that's the point.

MITCH

Funny. That's exactly the same thing I was going to say. "A house divided against itself cannot stand," right?

They are now face-to-face.

MITCH (CONT'D)

But if we're not working together, then no one's going to reach that rope.

He gives Ben a pointed look: Get it? Ben considers, glances at Abigail, Riley... and then steps aside.

RILEY

He's so totally going to run off and leave us here.

They move to positions to make the floor tilt, lifting Mitch toward the ledge. The ladder is still just a little out of reach--he's going to have to step across empty space to reach it. He looks back at Ben.

MITCH

Want to trade places?

Ben gives him a little "go ahead, after you" hand wave. Mitch turns back to the ledge. He throws the lantern up onto it. Then he gathers himself, and then STEPS OUT.

--Ben pushes Abigail and Riley toward new positions, necessary to re-balance the platform--

--Mitch's fingers catch the lowest rung--it BREAKS--he has to grab the rope. Ben throws himself forward to keep from sliding off the platform--it tilts back toward level--

--Mitch hangs there--then hoists himself up, checks the next rung--seems okay--then climbs up onto...

INT. CAVE - DAY

Patrick and Emily return to the PILE OF BOULDERS that ostensibly seal another passageway.

EMILY

Experts say when you're lost you should stay in one place. I never believed that.

PATRICK

If they need help, we can't do much standing here.

Patrick starts to dislodge the large rocks at the top of the pile. Emily regards him, impressed.

INT. CAVE, SHELF/PASSAGE - DAY

Mitch picks up the lantern, sweeps it around, moves deeper into the passage.

INT. CAVE, BALANCE CHAMBER - DAY

Mitch's light vanishes from sight.

RILEY
Where'd he go?

INT. CAVE, SHELF/PASSAGE - DAY

There's a large stone idol in a niche, and the SKELETON of an Olmec priest, wearing the rotted remains of his vestments... including a STONE DAGGER on a belt. Mitch glances at it... then moves past.

INT. CAVE, BALANCE CHAMBER - DAY

Feels like they've been waiting for a long time.

RILEY
Is he coming back?

BEN
There's still a third clue to solve.
He'll be back.

ABIGAIL
Ben, I'm doing the math here--

BEN
I know.

RILEY
He's not coming back.

ABIGAIL
We're going to have to leave one person behind.

RILEY
I'm staying. Hey, I can do math, too.
Just don't forget to come back for me.

BEN
(to Abigail)
That makes you next.

RILEY
What, no one's going to try to argue me out of it?

The ladder begins to move--for a moment, it looks like it's being CUT--but then it lowers another foot or so, and Mitch's face appears--

(NOTE: The shoulders of Mitch's jacket look a little damp, as if he's been standing near the spray from a waterfall.)

MITCH
Okay, who's next?

RILEY
Never doubted you!

BEN
Where were you?

MITCH
Tried to find something sturdier than
this thing.
(meaning the ladder)
But no luck. So, c'mon.

Ben nods to Abigail. She moves toward the ladder as Ben and Riley change positions to lift the slab. She jumps up to the ladder, and Mitch helps haul her up.

INT. CAVE, SHELF/PASSAGE - DAY

Abigail looks around, spots the stone idol... Hmm...

INT. CAVE, BALANCE CHAMBER - DAY

RILEY
Go ahead.

BEN
No, you go ahead.

Riley folds his arms, stares at Ben. He's not moving. Ben takes a step away from Riley, causing the platform to pitch--

RILEY
Hey!

--And "herding" Riley toward the ledge.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Hey! Okay! All right! Man, try to be
noble...

Suddenly, the platform TILTS in an unexpected direction.

RILEY (CONT'D)
What did you do?

BEN
Nothing!

He balances the platform--but it tilts too far in the other direction--

RILEY
Well, I didn't touch anything!

BEN
Go! Just go!

Ben's able to get the platform to tilt up--Riley perched on the edge, ready to jump.

RILEY
I hate the Olmecs.

He jumps to the ladder, and up. Now, Ben's alone, in the center of the platform, working just to maintain his balance.

ABIGAIL
Ben, there's a stone idol up here, about your weight! And it looks like it can roll!

Ben understands the idea immediately--

BEN
Then stop wasting time!

INT. CAVE, SHELF/PASSAGE - DAY

Mitch and Abigail struggle to haul the idol toward the edge as Riley comes over--

INT. CAVE, BALANCE CHAMBER - DAY

Mitch and Abigail heave the idol out into space--

RILEY
What are we doing?!

The idol lands on its side on the platform, about midway between the near corner and the center--

Ben moves away from the idol and the ledge, causing the platform to tilt down toward him--

--The idol begins to roll, TOWARD BEN--

--Ben runs, hurtling over the idol as it rolls toward the far edge, lifting the side of the platform near the ladder--
Ben LEAPS--

--The idol goes over the edge--

--Ben catches the rope ladder--but the second rung BREAKS--

Riley's there to catch his arm, keeping him from falling.

RILEY (CONT'D)
I wish there'd been a girl here to see me do this.

--The entire floor continues to tilt away, then OVER, and then crashes down, down, down.

INT. CAVE, SHELF/PASSAGE - DAY

Ben makes it onto the ledge. Abigail helps Ben to his feet.

BEN
(sotto, to Abigail)
Is it weird that I think the sexiest part of your body is your brain?

ABIGAIL
(she doesn't mind)
A little.

MITCH
So. Forward?

Ben looks over at him, notes the dampness on Mitch's shoulders, as well as the fact that his shoes and pants below the knees are wet.

BEN
Forward.

They head down the passage way, passing the skeleton of the Olmec Priest--now short one DAGGER.

INT. CAVERN, MAP ROOM - DAY

Patrick and Emily are removing stones and debris from the caved-in passage. They're dirty and sweating. Emily shucks off her jacket. Underneath, she's wearing a sexy camisole.

INT. CAVE, PASSAGE - DAY

Patrick and Emily crawl through a narrow stone passage. Emily pauses.

PATRICK
Em, what is it? What's wrong?

EMILY
Promise me that Ben will be all right.

PATRICK
He will.

She's comforted by that, starts moving again.

INT. CAVE, STONE STEPS - DAY

Patrick and Emily move down a long staircase, carved into the stone. It seems to go on forever.

INT. CAVE, FINAL PASSAGE - DAY

Ben, Abigail, and Riley move down the passage by the light of the glow necklace. Above them, along the ceiling, something twinkles at them like stars in the night.

RILEY
Um...you guys seeing that?

ABIGAIL
Yeah. I see it. Keep going.

They continue along the passage...

INT. CAVE, STAIRWELL PASSAGE - DAY

Patrick and Emily stand on the edge of an abyss twenty feet wide. A number of twisted vines hang from the ceiling above it, the bridge they supported long rotted away.

PATRICK
I think we can make it.

EMILY
You do?

He pulls a nearby vine. Steps up onto a column.

PATRICK
Say a prayer.

She clasps his hand, a silent moment, then he grabs the vine with both hands, gathers himself, and jumps--

He swings across to the other side...and doesn't make it. He totters on the far edge, falls back...Emily GASPS...

Patrick swings back across, spinning. Emily leans out, tries to grab him, she over-balances, starts to topple over. He holds on to her as she clutches him now, hanging on...

They swing back the other way, across the chasm together, the classic adventure pose...

As they arc up toward the far side, the vine BREAKS--they drop hard onto the cave floor. They look around, at each other, relieved--and somewhat surprised--they made it.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You prayed for Ben, didn't you?

EMILY
(admitting it)
Yes.

PATRICK
So did I.

She smiles at him--then KISSES him. Pretty good one, too.

EMILY
Shall we?
(off Patrick's apprehensive
look)
Go?

PATRICK
Yes, of course. C'mon.

They help each other up.

INT. CAVE, SPARKLING CAVERN - DAY

The foursome emerges into an enormous cavern. Water ROARS from sluice gates into a large pool. On either side of the

door are small bowls, from which troughs run to huge braziers. Ben dips a finger in one of the bowls, tastes it--

BEN

Oil!

--Gets a flare out of Riley's pack, uses it to light the oil in the bowl on either side of the door. The two braziers IGNITE. Suspended from the ceiling of the cavern is a LARGE GOLDEN SUN DISK; it reflects the fire, lighting the cavern.

ABIGAIL

There's no more forward!

Apparently so. Ben focuses his light on the pool, picks out a submerged statue. Hmm...

BEN

Not forward! Down!

As he uses the flashlight to examine details of the cavern:

BEN (CONT'D)

All that water's going somewhere!

His light picks out the large stone capstan.

BEN (CONT'D)

Mitch!

They all come try to turn it. It won't turn.

BEN (CONT'D)

What's the third clue?

Mitch looks away, not answering.

BEN (CONT'D)

Without that third clue, none of us get out of here alive! From the letter! What did it say?

MITCH

Not the letter! And it didn't say anything! It's pictures!

Mitch pulls out a flat waterproof document wallet--the surgical tape that held it in place still attached--opens it, hands Ben a sheet of paper in a clear plastic envelope.

Ben looks at it. It's partially burnt. He recognizes it, looks up at Mitch angrily. Abigail recognizes it, too.

ABIGAIL

This is real! You had another page from the Booth diary all along?

(pointing to the page)

"Artifex aenigmatum" - "mastermind of puzzles." There's three other

"masterminds" listed that Booth went to
(MORE)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
before Thomas. If you'd released this
with the other page--

MITCH
--Then we wouldn't have had the cipher
all to ourselves, would we?

ABIGAIL
You--
(*son of a bitch*)

Ben reigns her in--

BEN
This first!

--And turns his attention to the page. On the page are a
list of three names, headed "artifex aenigmatum." At the
bottom is the word "KEY," and four simplified drawings of
Olmec pictograms.

Ben looks around the cavern for similar pictograms (the half-
demolished totems, the sun god symbols, etc.) Over this:

MITCH
I couldn't figure it out! I was never
good at puzzles.

Ben's gaze alights on the HANDLES of the wheel, which includes
square stones, pictograms carved into each face. Ben realizes--

BEN
It's not a puzzle! It's instructions!
Each symbol corresponds to a handle!

He rotates a handle so the right symbol is face up. Hands
the page to Abigail, she does the same. Riley and Mitch
follow suit. Abigail snatches the page back from Mitch.
All four turn the wheel. The water shuts off. The surface
of the pool begins to lower as the water drains.

Mitch moves to peer down into the pool, but Ben punches him.

BEN (CONT'D)
You offended my ancestors and murdered
my family's character. All along, you
had evidence that Thomas Gates had
nothing to do with the Lincoln
assassination!

MITCH
Sorry I had to smear your great-great-
granddaddy's good name, but it seemed
the best way to get you on the hunt.

RILEY
You're going to get us all killed just
to get rich.

MITCH

(laughs)

I'm already rich! I've gotten a fortune trading on little pieces of history, but this was a chance to actually make some. I wanted to prove the Wilkinson family was right, for history to record that a Wilkinson discovered the City of Gold. So I did what I had to do. That's something you can relate to, isn't it, Ben?

Just enough truth in that to sting.

ABIGAIL

Hey, guys.

Her attention has been drawn to what is now a well. She points down into its depths:

In the shaft of light reflected from the sundisk, far below, the top of the ALTAR is emerging from the black water.

RILEY

Is that it?

BEN

It's something.

Mitch heads for the path.

MITCH

I'm going to see what. You guys coming?

They follow. Riley takes a flare from his pack, lights it. A glance down before they head into the tunnel--more of the altar can be seen, but that's all. In they go.

INT. CAVE, DOOR CHAMBER - DAY

A skeleton leans against a door with nine holes in it, the skeleton's arm apparently buried to the shoulder in one of the holes. Patrick pulls the skeleton free, revealing: its forearm is missing. There's other skeletons in the chamber; they are all missing a forearm.

PATRICK

One of these has to open the door...which one?

Emily has an idea. She pulls the skeleton's other arm off, sticks it into a hole--SHISK. Pulls it out, the forearm is missing. Another skeleton's arm is yanked off, stuck into a hole--SHISK. They keep testing until--

No SHISK. Emily puts the arm in and out a few times, to make sure. Patrick pulls up his sleeve to put his arm in...Emily nods, certain. Patrick reaches in--no SHISK!--feels around, and then PULLS something--there's a CHUNK!

The door opens, water pouring out, dozens of skeletal forearms spilling across the floor. Emily takes Patrick's hand (happy it's still there) and they head through the door.

INT. CAVE, STAIRWELL PASSAGE - DAY

Emily studies the glyphs.

EMILY

It should be...here.

As she searches the door jamb, the CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH THE DOOR to reveal what's on the other side...

...WATER. Several thousand CUBIC TONS of it. Certain death if the door is opened.

INT. CAVE, SPARKLING CAVERN - DAY

Pushing, shoving, groaning, Ben and company are all near exhaustion...finally, the WHEEL gives. Only an inch, but it's something. Suddenly rejuvenated, they double their efforts. With a loud scraping sound, the wheel starts to turn, inch by inch. Then another loud scraping sound as...

TWO HEAVY BOULDERS roll in front of the waterfall, like a dam lock, instantly CUTTING OFF THE FLOW OF WATER! Suddenly, the LAKE STARTS TO RECEDE!

INT. CAVE, STAIRWELL PASSAGE - DAY

Emily finds a hole in the door jamb, reaches in, and pulls something. And pulls.

EMILY

It's stuck.

PATRICK

Let me try.

Emily steps aside. Patrick goes to reach into the hole but then stops, cocking an ear.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Do you hear that?

It's the faint sound of rushing water. Patrick presses his ear against the door.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Sounds like...a river.

INT. CAVE, SPARKLING CAVERN - DAY

Ben, Abigail, Mitch, and Riley all stand and watch, awe-struck, as the lake recedes at an incredible rate! And as the water level drops...

The CITY OF GOLD begins to emerge, revealing a cavern that is actually TEN TIMES the size it appeared to be before and filled with gigantic golden pyramids and colossal statues.

It is truly a CITY OF GOLD!

INT. CAVE, STAIRWELL PASSAGE - DAY

Patrick has his hand in the door jamb hole and is straining to pull the lever. Emily watches.

EMILY
It's jammed.

PATRICK
No, I think I've almost got it...

INT. CAVE, TUNNEL TO CITY - DAY

Ben, Abigail, and Riley move cautiously through the dark tunnel.

ABIGAIL
(sotto; re. Mitch)
What do we do about him?

BEN
(sotto)
Just stay on guard--

RILEY
(sotto)
Guys.

He draws their attention to ahead of them, up a flight of stairs--where Mitch is standing absolutely still in a doorway, back to them. They exchange looks, and head up the stairs, wary.

INT. CAVE, CITY OF GOLD - DAY

ANGLE - THE TUNNEL MOUTH - Mitch is gazing in wonder at something as Ben, Abigail, and Riley come up behind him. And then they see what he's looking at. He's no longer their concern; they move past him, around him, looking at--

REVEAL - THE CITY OF GOLD.

Even with most of it still in shadow, it's impressive. The altar glows in the shaft of light; that light is reflected off the other structures. Detail can be made out only in the closest structures.

Mitch goes past them, heading down a flight of steps, as if the city is drawing him closer.

ABIGAIL
Ben...it's real.

RILEY
This can't be real... did people live here? Were people buried here?

ABIGAIL

No, probably just sacrificed here.
These all look like temples.

BEN

Solid. Gold. Temples. We found it!

RILEY

Again, we found it!

BEN

Turn around.

Wha--? Oh-- Ben rummages in Riley's pack, comes up with a number of flares. He lights one, and hurls it out into the city. It sky rockets through the air, red glow lighting more of the city. He hands flares to Abigail and Riley, he tosses a couple to Mitch (who has moved past them, to a lower landing). They throw the flares, exuberant; no matter where they throw one, new wonders are revealed.

INT. CAVE, CITY OF GOLD, TALL TEMPLE - DAY

Patrick and Emily emerge into a section of the tunnel that has sections of stone walls on one side. Through the gaps between the sections, the front wall of the temple can be seen. A flickering red glow lights the inside of the temple, drawing Patrick and Emily's attention to--

POV - Patrick and Emily--through a gap through the door, a FLARE arcs across the darkness--

That wasn't what they expected. They hurry forward emerging into...

INT. CAVE, CITY OF GOLD - DAY

--The city spread out before them, flares arcing across the sky. They don't know where to look first. Emily spots Ben and the others, grabs Patrick's arm--

EMILY

It's Ben!

PATRICK

Ben!

ON BEN et al. -- They look over at the call --

BEN

Dad! We did it! Cibola!

PATRICK

Cibola!

BEN

Be careful!

MITCH

Look at it. Look where we're standing,
Ben.

(looks back out to the city)
Tell me it wasn't worth everything it
took to get here.

BEN

(sotto, to the others)
We need to find a way out of here.
(heading down)
C'mon.

They make their way down the terraces below the structure.
Mitch stays behind. He settles on his haunches, surveying
the city with satisfaction, as if to memorize every detail.

INT. CAVE, SPARKLING CAVERN - DAY

The water pressure behind the sluice gates has been building.
There is a RUMBLE, and then one of the gates FRACTURES, water
spraying out of the cracks--another RUMBLE--

INT. CAVE, CITY OF GOLD - DAY

Mitch becomes aware that water has begun to spill out of the
small gate beside him. He looks up, toward the opening from
the Sparkling Cavern--water is trickling down, over the lip.

ON BEN, ABIGAIL--who have made their way to the base of the
pyramid, watching as Patrick and Emily descend. EMILY HAS A
FLASHLIGHT.

EMILY

I'm so glad you're all right--your father
was so worried.

PATRICK

Frantic. She was frantic.

BEN

Coming through, did you see any branches
that might lead out?

PATRICK

No, it just goes straight back to the
big round stone door.

RILEY (O.S.)

Can we not mention the big round stone
door?

UNDER THIS: The beam of Emily's flashlight briefly picks
out the altar atop the platform opposite--then she swings
the light back to it. Freezes in her tracks, staring. Ben
notices.

BEN

Mom?

PATRICK
(realizes she's not beside him
anymore)

Emily?

Emily guns it down the stairs, going past Ben, Abigail, and Riley, eyes never leaving the altar.

ABIGAIL
Emily, what is it?

EMILY
(distracted)
It's too premature to say.

She brushes past Abigail. Patrick has followed her down, hurrying after her as she climbs the platform steps. Ben is right behind him. They reach the top of the platform--

Emily is kneeling in front of the altar, light trained on the glyphs and characters carved into it. She reaches out a hand to touch them. Ben and Patrick exchange a puzzled glance.

ON MITCH:

He has moved to one of the DRAIN CHANNELS at the base of the tall pyramid. He trains his light down it--it is blocked by a heavy stone grate.

Above him, one of the walls near one of the smaller sluice gates fractures, a narrow stream of water arcing out. It hits Mitch, he looks up--another fracture opens--he moves to the next drain channel, to check it--

ON THE ALTAR PLATFORM:

EMILY (CONT'D)
Patrick? Look at this.

Patrick and Ben both start to move toward her; Patrick touches Ben's shoulder: Let me (UNDER THE FOLLOWING: Abigail joins Ben on the stairs).

EMILY (CONT'D)
That's Olmec, and that... I think those characters are Chinese.

PATRICK
Chinese? Migration across the land bridge?

EMILY
Or trading, but... Patrick, this could be as significant a find as the Rosetta Stone. It could unlock the Olmec language, give us tremendous insight into all pre-Columbian civilizations.

She claps her hand over her mouth, overwhelmed by the magnitude of this discovery. Patrick gazes at her, a half-smile on his face. She becomes aware of it.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Oh, what?

PATRICK

See? Hunting for treasure is exciting, but it's what you find that matters.

She hears the words, understands what he's saying, smiles wide at him. The room RUMBLES--A PIECE OF THE FAR WALL collapses, boulders rattling and splashing, water cascading from the hole. Startling Ben, Patrick, Emily, and Abigail on the altar, and Mitch, checking the final drainage channel.

ON RILEY--startled in the middle of stuffing another piece of gold into his backpack. He drops it, grabs the strap of the backpack to hoist it onto his shoulder--too heavy--

ABIGAIL

I think we have a problem here.

Mitch has come up the stairs.

MITCH

Anyone got a plan? We can't get out through those--

(points his light at the drain channels)

They're all blocked by grates.

Water starts cascading from the small sluice gates on the tall temple, NOT YET FULL BLAST. ON RILEY: Crap. He abandons the backpack, runs for the ALTAR:

ABIGAIL

The water's rising.

BEN

That water's going somewhere.

The floating debris is moving in the same direction.

PATRICK

Ben, there's a current!

BEN

Follow it! There's a drainage tunnel--that's the way out!

They start looking for where the current leads--

RILEY

I'm sorry, but isn't going the drain a bad thing?

BEN

Not if there's a stopper, and the water's on one side, and we're on the other.

ABIGAIL

Here!

On one side of the altar, an open door. They all head to it-- Mitch shoulders his way past, goes inside first.

INT. DROWNING ROOM - DAY

Water pours down the stairs, filling the room (the water level is about knee high). The group comes down the stairs, Mitch at the lead. They move around the mill wheel, to the center of the room. The heavy stone door is CLOSED.

BEN

The water's rising fast. If we don't get that door open, we drown.

Mitch has climbed up onto the wheel, and pushes against one handle in a COUNTER-CLOCKWISE direction. Straining, he can barely raise the door. Ben takes up position opposite Mitch; with much effort they get the wheel moving, and the door RAISES, revealing a tunnel beyond.

BEN (CONT'D)

Go! Go!

Patrick, Emily, Abigail, Riley make for the door. A flashlight beam shows the tunnel NARROWS and SLANTS sharply downward.

PATRICK

Ben, it slopes down! It's the drainage tunnel!

Mitch stops pushing, steps away, before anyone can reach the door. Ben holds the weight of the door alone for a second, but his feet slip. The door DROPS, the wheel spins CLOCKWISE. Ben must duck to avoid getting smashed by the handle.

RILEY

Hey, Mitch, we need to be on the other side from the water.

MITCH

Not all of us can be. Door won't stay open on its own.

ABIGAIL

We can find something to jam under it, to keep it open.

PATRICK

It won't work. If the door stays open, the water keeps flooding through here, filling the tunnel.

EMILY

(realizing)

And everyone in it will drown.

INT. CAVE, CITY OF GOLD - DAY

More of the wall fractures. Boulders plummet onto the temple.

INT. DROWNING ROOM - DAY

--The room shakes. The water level rises.

MITCH

We don't have time for this! If any of us is going to get out of here, you know what's got to happen, Ben.

BEN

One person can keep the door open, but whoever does it... has to stay behind.

RILEY

I vote Mitch.

MITCH

This isn't a democracy.

Without warning, he SLUGS Ben. Riley rushes Mitch--Mitch kicks him hard in the chest as Mitch draws the dagger--Patrick tries to grab Mitch, but gets thrown back against the Counterweight Framework--Mitch grabs Abigail by the hair and yanks her to him, one arm under her chin--she's able to get her arms up to block his other arm (the one with the dagger) but the point of the dagger is still dangerously near her throat--

BEN

Hold it, hold it! I'm staying!

MITCH

Here's how this is going to work. You and me are going to open the door.

Mitch, still controlling Abigail, moves toward Ben.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Anyone tries to leave before I want, I let the door drop, and we can just do all this again.

EMILY

Ben!

She's beside Patrick, holds up her hand--there's BLOOD on it, from the KNIFE WOUND in Patrick's side.

MITCH

Think the outcome'll be any better the second time? He'll be okay, they all will, once they're out of here. You have my word.

Ben looks skeptical. Mitch takes the dagger from Abigail's throat, pushes her away, to prove his intention.

MITCH (CONT'D)

On my family's name.

(he steps up onto the wheel)

I'll be going out with them, in case
you got it in your head to try and keep
me here with you.

BEN

I won't. You have my word.

Mitch believes him, nods. They start turning the wheel.
Mitch keeps his eye on the family the whole time. The door
OPENS. Ben's family have not yet made a move for it; the
open door beckons, but it means leaving Ben behind.

PATRICK

Ben, you can't do this--

EMILY

Don't do this! Please!

Ben puts his back against the handle, one foot on a stone
column, getting ready to take the whole weight, but not yet.

BEN

Abigail!

She comes up next to him. He indicates his inside pocket.
She reaches in, extracts the page. He leans close to her:

BEN (CONT'D)

Be strong.

They look into each other's eyes, knowing that if either
says what they're feeling, they'll both lose it.

BEN (CONT'D)

Make my parents leave. I need you to
get them to leave.

It's hard for her, but she nods. Here's where there'd be a
kiss--except Mitch shoves his handle, bumping Ben.

MITCH

Gates! Now!

BEN

(to Abigail)

Go!

She tears herself away. Ben braces his feet against the
stone column--

PATRICK

No, this is wrong--

Ben SHOVES BACK, taking the full weight of the door--

EMILY

I can't...

Ben braces his feet against the stone column--

RILEY

No... no.

ABIGAIL

He's fighting to save our lives. Don't fight against him.

Ben SHOVES BACK, taking the full weight of the door--

RILEY

Ben, I should be the one to stay.

BEN

Riley.

Riley hates it, but nods. Mitch lets off pressure on the handle, sees that Ben is taking the whole weight himself, steps off the platform. The family begins moving toward the door (Riley helping Patrick; Abigail must physically pull/push Emily to get her moving).

The room is ROCKED HARD--another sluice gate giving way--MORE WATER pours in. One of the COUNTERWEIGHT ROPES (side near Mitch) SNAPS--the counterweight SWINGS OUT--Mitch jumps back away from it. ANOTHER RUMBLE--the COUNTERWEIGHTS COLLAPSE--Mitch must scramble further back--the framework FALLS ACROSS MITCH'S PATH--

--THE DOOR SKEWS in the frame, LURCHES DOWN--which causes the WHEEL to LURCH, throwing Ben toward the door. MITCH SEES: THE DOOR IS CLOSING--

MITCH

No!

He jumps up onto the wheel to get around the framework blocking his way--the handle lurches right at him--he tries to stop it--

BEN SEES: Emily has been knocked down hard, right under the door--the water level is HIGHER ever--Emily is almost entirely submerged--

BEN

Mom!

He hurls himself UNDER THE DOOR, trying to stop it from closing--it LURCHES DOWN AGAIN, he has to put his shoulder under it. Mitch, on the wheel, braces his foot against the other column. The door straightens out in the frame, but stops dropping--

Ben is wedged under the door. Water rushes hard against him. Mitch is braced at the wheel.

BEN (CONT'D)

Get her out! Get her out!

IN THE TUNNEL--They pull Emily through to the other side of the door. She gasps for breath. Water continues to rush out of the room--Riley looks back at the drainage tunnel, WATER FILLING ITS ENTIRE CAPACITY.

RILEY

Get Ben out! We have to close the door.

He grabs the door, tries to haul it up, but it doesn't budge--

INSIDE THE ROOM--Ben and Mitch look at each other. Mitch relaxes, allowing the wheel to turn a little bit--The door presses down hard, painfully, on Ben--

BEN

With me wedged in the door, it stays open! Everyone dies!

Mitch knows what Ben does: Whether Mitch drops the door to kill Ben or raises it to let him go, Mitch is going to die.

MITCH

I found the City of Gold! I found it!
And no one ever knows?

It could be a threat, it could be a lament--Ben isn't sure, but he is sure that Mitch is about to do something drastic.

BEN

Mitch, no, we can figure this out!

MITCH

It's not a puzzle!

ON BEN: the door MOVES, GRINDING--Ben reacts, oh, shit--but it RAISES (slightly; Ben's still caught but no longer trapped). Ben, surprised, looks toward Mitch: Mitch is using his entire body to hold the door open (as Ben had done earlier). With a final exertion, he's able to extend just a bit more, push the handle back just a bit more--

MITCH (CONT'D)

Tell them!

--RAISING THE DOOR enough that the WATER CURRENT shoves Ben through. Ben instinctively catches a hand on the door frame, not wanting to leave anyone to die--but he can't fight his way back in against the current-- Riley and Abigail haul Ben back--

INT. CAVE, TUNNEL ON OTHER SIDE OF DROWNING ROOM- DAY

--The door BOOMS closed, cutting off the rush of water. Ben is clearly shaken by what just happened. Abigail still has her arms around him. Emily strokes Ben's cheek; Patrick reaches out, grips Ben's hand--parents comforting their son.

PATRICK

Don't put his death on you, Ben. Don't you dare.

A beat; Ben nods. Abigail helps him up; Riley and Emily help Patrick to his feet. THE WATER LEVEL IN THE DRAINAGE TUNNEL IS DROPPING, making it safe to go forward. They go.

EXT. CLIFF FACE - DAY

ANGLE - DARKNESS - Ben, Abigail, Riley, and Patrick, supported by Emily (but otherwise looking pretty healthy), emerge into sunlight, blinking their eyes to adjust.

REVEAL - they are standing in a cave mouth at the top of a spill of huge boulders, still wet from water running from the cave down the lake below.

A fisherman sits on a boulder, cell phone to his ear. He looks up, surprised to see the motley group.

EXT. MOUNT RUSHMORE, PARKING AREA - DAY

Sadusky stands with his agents, perusing an area map. Sadusky's phone rings. He answers it.

SADUSKY
(into the phone)
This is Sadusky.

EXT. BLACK HILLS WOODS, LAKE - DAY

Ben, Riley, Patrick, Emily, and Abigail are now standing in a clearing.

BEN
(into the phone)
I have my proof.

EXT. MOUNT RUSHMORE, PARKING AREA - DAY

Sadusky signals to the agents around him, "It's him!"

SADUSKY
Ben, we were just talking about you.
Are you ready to turn yourself in now?

INTERCUT BEN AND SADUSKY talking on their phones.

BEN
Not quite. Tell the President that I
want to talk to him.

SADUSKY
That's not going to happen.

BEN
We found the City of Gold The Booth
diary led to the treasure map My
family's story was true.

That stops Sadusky. He's impressed.

SADUSKY
It doesn't matter. You still committed
a federal crime.

BEN
I may not have taken the book, but that
doesn't mean I didn't see what's in it.
Tell the President I can solve what's
on page 47.

Sadusky doesn't immediately respond.

BEN (CONT'D)
Sir?

SADUSKY
Gates, you think the President is going
to care?

BEN
This one? He'll care.

Sadusky considers that for a long beat, then...

SADUSKY
You've gotten much better at negotiating.

EXT. GRANITE PLATEAU - DUSK

A gorgeous Black Hills sunset.

INT. CAVE, THE CITY OF GOLD - DAY

Large pumping tubes snake through the cavern. Engineers in
military fatigues work in various places, shoring up loose
stone, repairing sluice gates, etc.

Sadusky, Ben, and company emerge from the same spot they
entered the city before.

SADUSKY
...We were able to open several aquaducts
to stabilize the water pressure and
make it safe in here.

PATRICK
What about the charges against Ben?

SADUSKY
The President mentioned something about
a reward. I don't know what's on page
47, but it must be a doozy.

RILEY
Reward? Do we have to pay taxes on it?

Sadusky gives him a "get serious" look.

SADUSKY

And of course, credit for the discovery
of the City of Gold will go to the Gates
Family, Emily Appleton, Abigail Chase,
and Riley Poole.

There's a moment, a pause, and then:

BEN

And one more: Mitch Wilkinson.

Sadusky is surprised by that.

SADUSKY

Really, is that right?

Ben gives a half-chuckle, looks at Abigail.

BEN

It's true.

Just then, two SECRET SERVICE AGENTS emerge from the temple,
carrying something shrouded in a cloth with a Masonic symbol.

RILEY

Hey, what's that?

SADUSKY

What's what?

The agents nod to Sadusky and exit with the item.

BEN

Riley, the only way you're ever going
to find out is to become a 33rd-degree
Mason...

(to Sadusky)

Am I right?

Sadusky just smiles.

BEN (CONT'D)

(realizing, to Sadusky)

That's really why you told me about the
book, isn't it?

SADUSKY

(with a grin)

What book?

EXT. MOUNT RUSHMORE, GIFT SHOP - TWILIGHT

The park is open again and crowded with TOURISTS. Riley
exits the gift shop wearing a bunch of GLOW-NECKLACES. A
CUTE TOURIST passes by. She recognizes Riley and stops.

CUTE TOURIST

Hey, you're that guy! That treasure
hunter guy, right?

RILEY

No, actually, the guy you're thinking of, he's somewhere over there.

Riley points off into the near distance.

CUTE TOURIST

No. You're him. Riley Poole. I recognize you from your book cover.

She pulls off her backpack and unzips it.

RILEY

You read my book?

CUTE TOURIST

Hasn't everyone?

She pulls out his book, which is well-worn. She compares him to his "author's photo" on the back cover.

CUTE TOURIST (CONT'D)

You're cuter without the hat.

She holds out the book to Riley.

CUTE TOURIST (CONT'D)

Will you sign it? My name's Carly.

Riley takes it and happily signs it.

CUTE TOURIST (CONT'D)

Did you know that Kennedy's secretary was named Lincoln, and Lincoln's secretary was named Kennedy?

RILEY

Yes. Yes, I did.

They share a smile, locking eyes, both smitten.

EXT. MOUNT RUSHMORE, AMPHITHEATER - TWILIGHT

The stands are filled with a large CROWD waiting for the fireworks show. Carrying popcorn for everyone, Ben moves through the crowd...up to his parents who are kissing.

Ben loudly clears his throat. Patrick and Emily break out of their kiss.

PATRICK

You know, son, the best thing about arguing is making up.

EMILY

And we have a lot of making up to do.

Patrick pulls Emily into another kiss. Ben walks off.

BEN

I'll never get used to that.

Ben finds Abigail, sitting on the overlook wall. He hands her a bag of popcorn and a drink.

ABIGAIL

Thanks.

They stand there in silence for a moment, then...

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

So, about the tea tables--

BEN

--I'll have the movers bring them back to you next week.

ABIGAIL

I was going to say you can keep them... and then move back in with me?

Ben is surprised.

BEN

But you said the word "so."

ABIGAIL

So?

BEN

When you say "so," it means you're angry.

ABIGAIL

Sometimes it does. Sometimes it doesn't. You're good with puzzles. You'll figure it out.

Ben studies her a moment. Their eyes meet.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

So...?

Ben pulls her into a passionate kiss just as...

The FIREWORKS SHOW over Mount Rushmore begins. They continue kissing, and we...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN ON:

EXT. APARTMENT ROW, GEORGETOWN STREET - DAY

Riley walks home. A Ferrari is parked in front of his apartment complex. Riley regards it with a sad sigh, then notices an envelope on the windshield addressed to him.

Riley grabs the envelope and opens it. Inside is a letter written on "The White House" stationery, signed by the President.

RILEY
"The keys are in the glove box. Tax
free!"

INT. FERRARI - DAY

Riley pops open the glove compartment, and indeed, there are
the CAR KEYS. He grins.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL PARKWAY - DAY

Riley fires up the engine and peels out...grinding the gears
as he disappears down the street, and we...

FADE OUT.

The End.