

OLYMPUS HAS FALLEN

by
The Rothenbergers

FADE IN:

EXT. CAMP DAVID - DAY

Fallen snow blankets the sprawling retreat in white. ARMED MEN carrying MP-5s patrol the wooded footpaths.

SUPER THE LEGEND: CAMP DAVID, MARYLAND

In the distance, the HIGH WHINE of engines.

Four SNOWMOBILES race through the drifted fields. Slaloming between the naked trees.

CLOSER

The lead Sno-Cat STREAKS forward. SLEWS to a stop at the edge of Camp David's broad, frozen lake. The rider turns --

Meet MIKE BANNING. Good-looking, 30s, build of a former college athlete. Wearing the unmistakable shades and coiled earpiece of the United States Secret Service.

The other Sno-Cats pull up under Banning's watchful gaze.

The riders are -- BENJAMIN ASHER, a robust 50, President of the United States -- MARTIN TRUMBULL, 53, the Southern-bred Speaker of the House -- and MARGARET "MAGGIE" ASHER, the First Lady, a striking 42. Riding tandem with the President is his 6-year-old son, CONNOR.

ASHER

Impressive riding, Agent Banning --

BANNING

Just leading the way, sir.

ASHER

(inhales the crisp air)

We need to do this more often --

Maggie removes her helmet, smiles.

MAGGIE

Don't you believe him, Mike.
Barely got him out here today --
it's all work with this one.

Maggie smooths stray hairs away from her face, tucks them under her knit cap.

BANNING

(to Connor)

How ya holdin' up back there,
partner? You an ice cube yet?

Connor, face nearly blue, bravely shakes his head no.

Banning reaches out, tweaks the visor of the boy's helmet.
Connor beams back... hero-worship personified.

TRUMBULL

(to Asher, only half-
joking)

Can't be any colder than the
reception your foreign policy
initiative's gettin' on the Hill,
Mr. President.

MAGGIE

It's the will of the people, Marty.
That's what matters --

ASHER

Maggie's right, Marty. Ask anyone --
(turns to Banning)
Where do you stand on my platform,
Mike? Off the record, of course.

BANNING

Oh, I try'n leave politics to those
who know it best, Mr. President.
You know, the professionals...

He casts a sideways look at Trumbull. Maggie laughs.

MAGGIE

Dodged like a true politician --
(she puts her helmet back
on)
Well, I don't know about the rest
of you -- but I say last one across
the lake makes the hot chocolate --

Banning's eyes shift to Asher, who nods. Banning raises his
wrist mic.

BANNING

Mustang -- this is Bigtop -- over.

ACROSS THE LAKE

Two men cradling MP-5s, AGENTS ROMA and O'NEIL, stand on the frozen shoreline.

ROMA
(into wrist mic)
Mustang here.

BANNING (O.S.)
(filtered)
Bringing home full package from Blue-Six -- repeat Blue-Six -- over.

Roma raises his Steiner Marine tactical binoculars.

POV ROMA: The snowmobiles idle on the far side of the lake.

ROMA
Copy that, Bigtop. Have you on visual --

BACK ACROSS THE ICE

Banning turns to the others.

BANNING
Everyone ready?

Heads bob. Banning REVS his throttle -- and TAKES OFF.

ACROSS THE LAKE

The agents track them through their binoculars.

POV O'NEIL: The Sno-Cats TEAR ASS across the frozen lake, four abreast. Banning leads the way.

O'NEIL
(shakes his head)
Always the cowboy --

ON THE LAKE

The snowmobiles ZOOM across the ice. Engines whining, nearly halfway home when

SPUTTER! SPUTTER!

The First Lady's engine COUGHS.

The other snowmobiles streak ahead, racing for shore.

Maggie's engine DIES, sputtering machine skidding to a stop.

ON THE SHORE

Banning and the others power up onto the bank. Roma and O'Neil sprint down the shoreline, pointing.

Banning whirls. And sees --

MAGGIE'S SNO-CAT

out on the ice.

The color drains from Banning's face.

Roma and O'Neil rush up.

O'NEIL

Jesus, what the --

OUT ON THE LAKE

The ice begins to SPLINTER, cracking. Maggie's eyes are frantic, heavy machine breaking through.

ON THE SHORE

Banning leaps from his Sno-Cat. Sprints across the ice.

BANNING

Get off it! Get off the sled!

ON THE LAKE

Maggie's snowsuit pant loop SNAGS on the machine. She jerks her leg, panicked, trying to get free.

The ice fissures WIDEN.

Banning races forward, stripping off his parka.

BANNING

Get off it now!

CRAAAAACK!

The ice CAVES IN, sucking Maggie and the Sno-Cat under.

ASHER
 (horrified)
 Maggie!

Asher lunges for his wife. Roma restrains him.

ROMA
 Sir, no -- !

Asher jerks free and TAKES OFF RUNNING, out onto the ice.
 Roma and O'Neil give chase.

O'NEIL
 (into wrist mic)
 Rosebud is down! Rosebud is down!
 POTUS is on the ice!

UNDER THE SURFACE

Maggie pounds against the ice, eyes wide with terror.

ON THE LAKE

Roma and O'Neil chase after Asher. Alarm klaxons WAIL along
 the shoreline as

BANNING

paces forward at a DEAD RUN. Sprinting all out. He reaches
 the jagged hole in the ice and

DIVES

into the freezing water.

UNDER THE ICE

Silent, cold, dark.

Banning swims down. Eyes darting, desperately searching.
 And in the dimness below...

MAGGIE

stares up at him, hair streaming behind her. Floating away
 into the frozen depths.

Banning struggles down to her. Face contorted in pain.

He's out of air.

He keeps diving. A superhuman effort. His hand reaches out and

GRABS MAGGIE'S ARM

Banning pulls her toward the surface. Dim light flickering through the frozen ice above.

He reaches for his shoulder holster and

DRAWS HIS SIG SAUER P229

Banning aims the gun straight up.

What is he doing -- ?

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

ON THE LAKE

Gun blasts blow a GAPING HOLE in the frozen ice.

Banning BURSTS from below. Roma and O'Neil race up. Pull Maggie from the frigid water.

They lay her on the ice. Eyes rolled back, unmoving. O'Neil desperately administers CPR.

ASHER

No, God! No!

Asher drops to his knees. Nearly delirious with disbelief and fear. O'Neil frantically tries to revive her.

Banning can only stare, trembling in the bitter cold.

CONNOR (O.S.)

Mom?

Banning turns. Connor stares at him, lower lip quivering. The boy's face frozen in a rictus of horror.

Asher grabs his son in his arms. The President and Banning lock eyes. Banning lowers his gaze.

As overhead, the POUNDING ROTORS of the descending RESCUE CHOPPER whirl...

TIME DISSOLVE:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAYS - DAY

CLOSE ON: A spinning RAZOR SCOOTER WHEEL.

PULL BACK

Wearing a crash helmet, Connor, now 8, zooms through the halls of the White House on his Razor Scooter.

SUPER THE LEGEND: 2 YEARS LATER

POV MOVING FAST -- Ducking and darting with practiced skill, Connor expertly weaves through the corridors and passageways of the Ground Floor.

The kid obviously knows the Executive Mansion cold.

Connor speeds down the Center Hall, past a RECEPTIONIST at her desk. Busy on the phone, she smiles at Connor as he passes. Connor waves back.

Connor zooms into the WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN.

IN THE KITCHEN

An unsmiling PASTRY CHEF meticulously ices a tray of PETITS FOURS. The LOCAL NEWS plays on a small counter TV.

NEWSMAN (ON TV)

-- with highs today pushing 100 in what promises to be a real scorcher of a July Fourth for the entire greater D.C. area --

Connor speeds past -- hand furtively reaching for a mini-éclair --

PASTRY CHEF

(French accent)

Connor! Pas encore!

The boy jerks his hand back, keeps going.

CONNOR

(calling back over his shoulder)

Je suis désolé!

Connor zooms from the kitchen.

BACK IN THE CENTER HALL

Connor ducks and weaves down the corridor. As up ahead, through an open door we see...

INT. WHITE HOUSE SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Banks of MONITORS manned by keen-eyed TECHNICIANS.

Standing by the door, the HEAD TECHNICIAN pulls the last CHOCOLATE CHIP MUFFIN from a white box and sets it on a napkin. The LOCAL NEWS, playing on a small monitor screen, grabs his attention.

ON MONITOR SCREEN: NEWS FOOTAGE of North Korean ARMED FORCES massing along the DMZ. The banner headline reads: "NORTH KOREAN BUILDUP CONTINUES TO SPARK FEARS".

NEWSMAN (ON TV)

-- ongoing massive North Korean war games along the 38th Parallel continue to send shock waves throughout South Korea, prompting this morning's emergency meeting between President Asher and South Korean Foreign Minister Lee Tae-Woo --

The head technician turns for his muffin... it's gone.

BACK IN THE HALLWAY

Connor zooms down the corridor. Takes a BIG BITE of the chocolate chip muffin.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - SAME

Carver Langston section of town. Tired-looking brick rowhomes line the street. The dome of the Capitol rises distantly in the morning haze.

INT. ROWHOME - CONTINUOUS

A dim bedroom. The battered window air conditioner RATTLES, water steadily dripping into the almost-full BUCKET underneath.

A phone on the nightstand RINGS, JARRING. Keeps RINGING.

A HAND slowly reaches from beneath the covers. Picks up.

BANNING
(groggy)
Yeah?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Did I wake you?

Banning sits up. Rubs a hand across his tired face.

BANNING
No.

He reaches for the remote and flicks on the TV. The local news plays, low.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Gonna make it over for dinner
Sunday?

BANNING
(beat)
Uh -- I don't know yet --

Banning's eyes flick to the TV.

BANNING (cont'd)
-- let me think about it --

An awkward silence on the line.

NEWSMAN (ON TV)
-- Seoul continues to be in a state
of crisis following the sweeping
U.S. troop withdrawals central to
the Asher administration's
increasingly controversial foreign
policy platform --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
(hesitant)
I saw Kristen yesterday...

BANNING
Yeah?

ON TV: Asher addresses the media from the White House Rose Garden. Flanked by his SECRET SERVICE protection detail.

ASHER (ON TV)
 I appreciate my critics' position.
 But this administration marks the
 end of America's decades-long
 pattern of global intervention --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
 ...she got engaged...

A flicker of emotion crosses Banning's face.

BANNING
 (covering)
 Good for her.

ASHER (ON TV)
 -- the United States will no longer
 be the world's policeman.

Banning's eyes stay fixed on the TV.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
 I just... I didn't want you to hear
 it from someone else --

ON TV: The Secret Service briskly escorts Asher from the podium.

BANNING
 I gotta get to work --

He hangs up. Clicks off the TV.

The water from the air conditioner continues to DRIP.

Banning gets out of bed, absently pushes aside the overflowing bucket with his foot. Slides a dented WASTEBASKET over to take its place.

Shoulders slumped, he pads into the bathroom.

EXT. ROWHOME - SLIGHTLY LATER

Banning exits, wearing the white short-sleeved uniform shirt, black pants, and gold badge of the Secret Service UNIFORMED DIVISION. He looks one step up from a Rent-A-Cop.

He slides into his beat-up Dodge Ram pickup and pulls from the curb.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - SAME

Chanting PROTESTERS march outside the gate, waving signs reading "IMPEACH ASHER!", "DON'T LEAVE SOUTH KOREA DEFENSELESS!", "FREEDOM THROUGH STRENGTH!", etc.

The WHITE HOUSE itself rises majestically from the emerald South Lawn. Secret Service SNIPERS on the roof, K-9 PATROLS circling the grounds, armed GUARDS at every entrance.

The most protected building on earth.

INT. CABINET ROOM - SAME

President Asher holds a tense meeting with his inner circle. Including Speaker of the House Trumbull, they are:

- 1) LUIS CARDOZA, Hispanic, the Vice President
- 2) RUTH McMILLAN, tough, unsmiling, the Secretary of Defense
- 3) ADMIRAL NATHAN HOENIG, bald, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs

HOENIG

Lee's gonna want you to reconsider,
Mr. President.

ASHER

Nate, you know damn well it's the
nukes of the Seventh Fleet keeping
the peace over there, not our boots
on the ground --

MCMILLAN

But those troops served as the trip
wire, sir. And the South Koreans
know that.

ASHER

That's why the Fleet stays.

Cardoza rallies behind the President.

CARDOZA

And the three billion saved from
this move alone will fund over 100
new schools, not to mention --

HOENIG

(cuts him off)

South Korea doesn't give a shit about any of that -- they've got the whole goddamn North Korean Army ready to pour across their border!

ASHER

That's not going to happen.

MCMILLAN

Can you guarantee that?

Asher sighs, rubs his eyes.

ASHER

Marty, you've been awfully quiet --

TRUMBULL

Minister Lee knows we'll stand by him, Mr. President. He needs reassurance, that's all.

(beat)

Give it to him.

EXT. AIRFIELD - EASTERN MARYLAND - SAME

A private airstrip in the middle of nowhere.

An unmarked C-130 CARGO PLANE idles on the grassy runway. Four Allison T56 turboprops THROBBING.

Two buzzcut, military-looking NORTH KOREANS in flight suits race up the rear ramp, pulling on flight helmets. With a mechanical WHINE, the ramp door closes.

IN THE COCKPIT

The North Korean PILOT and CO-PILOT finish their pre-flight.

PILOT

(in Korean, subtitled)

Wheels up.

He throws the throttle forward.

ON THE RUNWAY

The lumbering plane ROARS down the runway, and lifts into the cloudless blue sky. And we see...

Eerily, left behind on the airstrip, a SMALL TABLE covered by a white tablecloth. Bottle of soju (Korean distilled alcohol) and four ceremonial cups atop it.

The tablecloth flutters gently in the breeze.

EXT. SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS - SAME

An anonymous, 9-story tan brick building on H Street.

INT. SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Dispiritedly sipping coffee, Banning checks IDs inside the main entrance. His face is rote, expressionless. It's soul-crushingly boring, but hey, at least the A/C's cranking.

A fellow officer, HUTCHINS, 30s, strides up.

HUTCHINS

Banning -- Lieutenant says there's
a problem in Sector 14. Water
Authority has to check it out --

Banning takes a final gulp of coffee, stands.

BANNING

(resigned)
I'm on it --

He heads for the door. Hutchins takes over his post.

HUTCHINS

(sarcastic)
Stay cool.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - SAME

Connor brakes to a SKIDDING STOP on his scooter at the end of a long corridor. At the far end of the hall, he sees his father and the others exit the Cabinet Room.

OUTSIDE THE CABINET ROOM

Meeting adjourned, Asher pulls Trumbull aside.

ASHER

Thanks for sitting in, Marty. I want you to know your support has been invaluable.

TRUMBULL

(nods)

Just tell me something, Ben --

Asher waits, expectant.

TRUMBULL (cont'd)

Are you sure about all this?

ASHER

I made a promise to the people. And I intend to keep it.

Trumbull shakes Asher's hand.

TRUMBULL

Have a good meeting with the Minister.

ASHER

I will. And you have a Happy 4th.

Trumbull smiles, exits through a side door. Asher turns and disappears back into the Cabinet Room -- not seeing his son at the far end of the hall.

BACK WITH CONNOR

Who watches his father go. Face unreadable.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Head Technician peers at a closed-circuit monitor.

CLOSE ON MONITOR: The South Korean motorcade pulls beneath the North Portico.

HEAD TECHNICIAN

Our guests have arrived.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Trumbull exits through the Pennsylvania Avenue guardhouse. Glances at the arriving motorcade as he slides into his waiting Town Car.

UNDER THE NORTH PORTICO

The doors of the motorcade open, and South Korean Foreign Minister LEE TAE-WOO, 50s, dignified, emerges behind a phalanx of BODYGUARDS.

An impeccably dressed MAN in wire-rimmed glasses, mid 30s, steps out behind Lee. Unassuming, reserved accountant's demeanor, but eyes missing nothing.

This is KANG.

INT. WHITE HOUSE ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Agent Roma (recognizable from the Camp David opening) -- now Special Agent In Charge of the White House Secret Service detail -- greets Lee at the door.

ROMA

Foreign Minister Lee -- I'm Special Agent in Charge Roma. Welcome to the White House.

LEE

Thank you, Agent Roma. May I introduce my head of security and chief aide, Mr. Kang --

Kang bows, formal. Roma nods back.

Only Lee, Kang, and the Minister's personal security detail -- PAK, LIM (female), CHO and YU -- are permitted inside. All surrender their weapons to the Secret Service.

Roma scrutinizes Lee's delegation as they pass through the White House MILLIMETER-WAVE SCANNER.

Each guest walks through the large portal -- 9 feet tall and 6 feet wide -- pauses and lifts their arms while the machine takes TWO FULL-BODY SCANS using radio waves.

A male TECHNICIAN watches the black-and-white images on his computer screen. [NOTE: The images are detailed enough to see the sweat on a person's back.]

Lim (wearing a trim blue suit, strand of pearls) hesitates before entering the machine. She shoots Roma a look, pointed.

Roma nods, and a FEMALE TECHNICIAN sits down to review Lim's screen image.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The South Korean motorcade exits the drive, and parks along the protected stretch of Pennsylvania Avenue in front of the White House. DIPLOMATIC SECURITY (DS) AGENTS establish a secure perimeter around the vehicles.

INT. C-130 COCKPIT (AIRBORNE) - SAME

The pilot and co-pilot stare straight ahead, faces expressionless.

POV THROUGH WINDSCREEN: In the far distance, the city of Washington D.C. rises in the morning haze.

EXT. WEST POTOMAC PARK - NATIONAL MALL - SAME

A thousand yards across the Mall from the White House, a PARK SERVICE RANGER stands outside a cordoned area on the banks of the Tidal Basin. Behind the yellow caution tape, WORKERS erect firing platforms for this evening's holiday fireworks display.

Banning pulls up in a white Secret Service SUV. The Ranger waves him through. Banning parks the vehicle, gets out, and crosses to a pair of D.C. Water and Sewer workmen (TATE, ORTIZ) standing over a manhole.

BANNING

Hey guys, what's up?

ORTIZ

Fireworks techs say they're getting steam venting all up and down the line --

BANNING

Not surprised -- most of the pipes under here gotta be almost 80 years old --

Banning wipes the sweat from his face, humidity hanging like a shroud.

TATE

(jerks a thumb)

Well, see that? That's 20,000 pounds of pyrotechnic explosive, Cochise. Let's just say it's makin' 'em nervous.

BANNING

Can't say I blame 'em.

Ortiz gestures to the closed manhole cover.

ORTIZ

Tried liftin' that sucker myself, but the bitch won't budge --

Banning conjures a MASTER KEY from his belt key chain.

BANNING

Need the keys to the kingdom.

Banning unlocks the manhole cover and lifts.

TATE

You go, Sixto.

ORTIZ

Why me?

TATE

Dude, I went last time --

Ortiz scowls, grabs his toolbox. Banning follows him down the ladder.

ORTIZ

...puta madre.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Ortiz's flashlight plays over the twisting maze of pipes. Steam HISSES ominously in the darkness.

ORTIZ

Vacuum breakers are shot. Foulin' up all the feeds...

Banning trails Ortiz down the dark tunnel. His face twists -- the stench down here is overpowering.

BANNING

Jesus --

ORTIZ

You're tellin' me --

(continues on)

-- holiday pay's not enough for
this shit --

INT. WHITE HOUSE INNER OFFICES - SAME

President Asher moves down the hall with Cardoza, McMillan and Hoenig. Pushes open an inner door, and steps into...

INT. OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Oval Office. Foreign Minister Lee stands. As does the rest of Asher's entire assembled NATIONAL SECURITY TEAM.

ASHER

Minister Lee, it's good to see you again.

LEE

Thank you, Mr. President. I appreciate you taking the time to meet on your nation's holiday.

ASHER

Shall we sit?

INT. HALL OUTSIDE OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

In the corridor outside, Roma stands across from Kang. The two professionals share an amicable look.

Roma moves closer, admires the LAPEL PIN embossed with the South Korean flag affixed to Kang's suit. It's round, slightly larger than the American flag pin on Roma's own lapel.

ROMA

Snazzy --

KANG

Thank you, Agent Roma.

Kang bows again, polite. When suddenly

CONNOR

zooms around the corner on his Razor Scooter. He BRAKES to a stop, just short of the two security men.

CONNOR

(to Roma)

Can I see my dad?

ROMA

Sorry, he's in a meeting.

CONNOR

A long one?

Roma shrugs, sympathetic.

Connor's eyes shift to Kang. Kang imperceptibly nods back.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - SAME

Banning restlessly fidgets while Ortiz works.

ORTIZ

So who'd you piss off, anyway?

BANNING

What?

ORTIZ

Hadda do something -- to be the one sent down here --

Banning shrugs, noncommittal.

ORTIZ (cont'd)

-- thought you guys all flew around on Air Force One and shit --

Behind them, a low stealthy rustling. Ortiz swings his light down the tunnel and

A HUGE HAIRY RAT

crouches in the darkness. Eyes reflecting back red.

ORTIZ

Freakin' Willard, man!

BANNING
You ain't kiddin' --

ORTIZ
Hey -- wanna see somethin'?

Ortiz pulls a piece of BEEF JERKY from his pocket, tosses it down the pipe. The rat crawls forward, nose twitching.

ORTIZ (cont'd)
C'mon, you ugly mother --

The rat crawls closer. Ortiz leans forward, face expectant.

ORTIZ (cont'd)
Hear that?

A telltale HISS emits from a recessed vent. The huge rat waddles forward when suddenly

A MASSIVE BLAST OF STEAM

ERUPTS from the wall vent -- nearly fricasseeing the rat. It scampers away into the darkness, squealing.

ORTIZ
(cackling)
Take that, you lice-covered freak!

Ortiz turns back to Banning.

ORTIZ (cont'd)
(eager)
Wanna fry another one?

Banning's look says it all.

EXT. SKY OVER D.C. - SAME

The C-130 cargo plane arrows toward Washington.

RADAR OPERATOR (O.S.)
(filtered)
Unidentified aircraft, heading six-zero-niner, this is PPD Command. Be advised, you have entered restricted airspace --

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PROTECTION DIVISION (PPD) COMMAND - SAME

The RADAR OPERATOR stares into her glowing screen.

RADAR OPERATOR

Repeat, unidentified aircraft, you
have strayed into restricted
airspace. This is a no-fly zone.
You must divert immediately --

EXT. SKY OVER D.C. - CONTINUOUS

The C-130 continues toward the heart of Washington.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Roma bursts into Asher's meeting.

ROMA

Mr. President, we have an airspace
incursion, sir.

EXT. SKY OVER D.C. - CONTINUOUS

Two F-22 Raptor FIGHTER-INTERCEPTORS streak in. Take up
flanking positions alongside the lumbering C-130.

INT. F-22 COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The Raptor PILOT peers through his canopy bubble.

PILOT

Unidentified flight, Echo-Victor-
Foxtrot, this is flight leader U.S.
Navy aircraft on your starboard wing.
You have entered restricted airspace.
You are to divert immediately, vector
heading zero-two-zero. Acknowledge.

No response.

PILOT (cont'd)

Unidentified flight, you must
divert immediately to vector zero-
two-zero. This is your final
warning. Acknowledge.

The pilot flips a switch, ARMING the F-22's weapons systems.

EXT. C-130 - CONTINUOUS

Without warning, the C-130's SIDE DOORS simultaneously WHIP OPEN, revealing --

THE LETHAL MUZZLES

of two M61 VULCAN ROTARY CANNONS.

INT. F-22 COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The pilot's face goes white.

PILOT

Fuck --

He jerks his stick.

EXT. SKY OVER D.C. - CONTINUOUS

Too late. The twin guns OPEN FIRE WITH A BUZZSAW ROAR. Both F-22s are instantly BLOWN OUT OF THE SKY.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Roma's earpiece crackles.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

(filtered)

Code Halo! Repeat, Code Halo!

The Secret Service leaps into action. Four agents literally pick up President Asher, rush him from the Oval Office.

IN THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE

The agents race Asher down the corridor.

CONNOR

Dad!

ASHER

Connor -- it's okay --

Roma grabs Connor. Carrying the boy, he follows the President, the National Security Team, and Lee's delegation down the hall.

INT. WHITE HOUSE CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

Alarm klaxons WAILING, the White House evacuates. Skeleton holiday staff racing for the exits.

Roma herds President Asher's group inside the EMERGENCY ELEVATOR. Hands Connor off to a TALL AGENT.

ROMA

Take him!

The Tall Agent nods. The heavy steel doors CLOSE. Roma stays behind, weapon drawn. Rushes back down the corridor.

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - CONTINUOUS

A final scrambled F-22 SCREAMS down the runway, into the sky.

EXT. SKY OVER NATIONAL MALL - CONTINUOUS

The cargo plane passes low over Roosevelt Island.

The C-130's modified CARGO BAY DOORS suddenly open with a mechanical WHINE and

A CIRCULAR ROTODOME

lowers from the plane. Smooth, round, 3 meters across. Made of white polycarbonate. It looks like a smaller version of the radar housing on the back of an AWACS plane.

EXT. NATIONAL MALL - CONTINUOUS

D.C. POLICE on the street draw their weapons -- rooftop SNIPERS peer through their scopes -- MARINES atop buildings swing Stinger missiles to their shoulders.

Locked. Loaded. Ready.

INT. UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR - WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The emergency elevator doors open. The Secret Service rushes Asher and the others down the long corridor.

TALL AGENT

Go! Go! Go!

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Ortiz's radio squawks.

TATE (O.S.)

(filtered)

Ortiz! Get the hell up here!

Ortiz scrambles for the manhole ladder. Banning follows.

INT. C-130 - CONTINUOUS

The C-130 pilot speaks into his mic.

PILOT

(in Korean, subtitled)

Goggles down.

The pilot, co-pilot, and door gunners flip down protective visors.

EXT. WEST POTOMAC PARK - NATIONAL MALL - CONTINUOUS

Ortiz vaults from the open manhole.

Tate points to the sky, hand shaking. Ortiz spins and sees

THE CARGO PLANE

skim low over the Lincoln Memorial. Barely clearing the monument's roof.

ORTIZ

What the --

The Park Ranger comes running, gun pointed skyward.

ON THE MALL

PEDESTRIANS stare up in fear and dismay. TOURISTS on the Mall snap pictures, run for cover.

The defenders ready to OPEN FIRE. They're going to blow this plane out of the fucking sky when --

THE ROTODOME

hanging from the C-130's underbelly suddenly SCREAMS TO LIFE -- fires a massive LIGHT PULSE. The invisible pulse radiates in every direction -- like an EMP burst --

ON THE MALL

Everyone on the ground is INSTANTLY BLINDED. Cameras, radar, laser targeting systems, all are incapacitated.

POV ORTIZ: He stares up at the plane -- AND HIS WHOLE WORLD GOES WHITE!

The Park Ranger and other blinded defenders FIRE WILDLY. Able only to HEAR their target passing overhead. Two Stingers SCREAM from their launchers but miss their mark.

THE C-130

ROARS down the National Mall, over the Reflecting Pool. Straight for the Capitol.

The cargo plane takes MULTIPLE HITS, but doesn't slow. Door gunners POURING FIRE with their Vulcans on the blinded defenders below.

ON THE MALL

Helpless defenders are BLOWN OFF rooftops, RIDDLED on the street. Crumpling to the ground like broken dolls.

BANNING

leaps from the open manhole. Sees the Park Ranger, Tate and Ortiz, all clutching their eyes.

He draws his Sig Sauer P229. RAPID-FIRES at the lumbering plane above.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

A hail of INCENDIARY SLUGS digs across the turf. The Ranger and both workmen are CUT TO PIECES.

Banning dives away, rolling as

HIS SECRET SERVICE SUV

is raked by gunfire. It EXPLODES -- whole truck somersaulting into the air -- CRASHING to earth, flames spewing --

The cargo plane suddenly BANKS overhead...

Headed directly for the White House.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The C-130 comes in low, over the Ellipse. Uniformed Division SECRET SERVICE rush from the White House, firing.

THE ROTODOME

fires another LIGHT PULSE. Incapacitating everyone.

ACROSS THE MALL

Banning's face twists, blinded.

ATOP THE WHITE HOUSE

On the White House roof, the massive Avenger antiaircraft missile pods swivel. Computerized targeting useless. The SECRET SERVICE GUNNER aims blindly.

He thumbs the firing button.

WHOOSH! The SAM missiles scream from their tubes --

One missile BLASTS THE CARGO PLANE'S TAIL RUDDER IN HALF!
The others all miss.

THE C-130 DOOR GUNNERS

BLAZE AWAY on their Vulcans. The Avenger is OBLITERATED.

SECRET SERVICE SNIPERS on the roof -- D.C. POLICE and MARINE GUARDS on the South Lawn -- open up blindly with everything they have. Glocks, MP-5s, M-4 rifles --

All are mowed down.

SOUTH OF THE MALL

The final scrambled F-22 fighter SCREAMS IN LOW over the Potomac. Afterburners hot.

IN THE F-22

The F-22 PILOT thumbs his mic.

F-22 PILOT
PPD Command, this is Wolfhound 6 --
have bogey in sight --

PPD COMMAND (O.S.)
(filtered)
Wolfhound 6, fire at will, repeat,
fire at will.

The pilot gets missile lock. Finger on the firing button.

UNDER THE C-130

The rotodome SCREAMS TO LIFE. Fires a final LIGHT PULSE.

IN THE F-22

POV PILOT: EVERYTHING GOES STARK WHITE. Targeting systems knocked out.

Valiant, he blindly unleashes his air-to-air Sidewinder missiles. 20mm cannon BELCHING FLAME.

Three of the four Sidewinders DETONATE into the side of the Washington Monument. The fourth SCREAMS past, barely missing by a foot.

The F-22 SLAMS straight into the obelisk, BLOWING THE MASSIVE MONUMENT IN HALF. The top half CRASHES TO THE GROUND.

THE C-130

ROARS over the Ellipse. Path clear to the White House when

THE FOURTH MISSILE

SLAMS into the C-130 cockpit. The cargo plane EXPLODES, crashing to earth in a SPECTACULAR FIREBALL mere yards short of the White House South Lawn.

INT. UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR - WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Asher's group arrives at the President's Emergency Operations Center (PEOC) bunker. The nineteen-inch-thick titanium door opens.

The Tall Agent's earpiece buzzes.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)
(filtered)
All units, this is Command. Bogey
is down. Repeat, bogey is down.

TALL AGENT
Command, this is Watchtower One.
Confirm that last.

A long beat.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)
Watchtower One. Confirm received.
Bogey destroyed.

Everyone can finally breathe. The agent releases Connor.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Fallen BODIES lie everywhere. The White House outer defenses have been DECIMATED by the attack. Surviving defenders, though disoriented, slowly regaining their sight.

But the Executive Mansion still stands.

ACROSS THE MALL

Banning gets to his feet, blinking.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, the doors of the South Korean motorcade BURST OPEN.

Black-clad COMMANDOS in full body armor leap out. RIDDLE the surprised DS agents in the street.

Rocket-propelled grenades EXPLODE, blowing gaping holes in the White House fence. The South Korean SUVs jump the sidewalk, PLOWING through the fence onto the North Lawn. Secret Service rockets EXPLODE harmlessly off the SUVs' armor-plated sides.

Smoke grenades are RAPID-FIRED, obscuring everything in billowing CLOUDS OF GRAY. The commandos stream across the lawn, thermal-imaging goggles over their masks.

POV COMMANDOS: The heat signatures of the White House defenders glow ORANGE-RED in the haze.

Secret Service and D.C. Police are CUT DOWN where they stand.

INT. UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR - WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Tall Agent's earpiece erupts in frantic, static-ridden crosstalk.

RADIO VOICES (O.S.)
(filtered)
They're swarming my sector! Shit,
they're everywhere... !

ASHER
What's going on?!

Down the hall, Lim's hand slips behind her neck. Unclasps her STRAND OF PEARLS.

With a glance to Kang, she leans around the corner. Flicks her wrist, and the small spheres FLY from the strand. Bounce down the hall, rolling among the President's men.

ASHER (cont'd)
Connor! Where's Conn--

BOOM!

The flash-bang grenades EXPLODE. A blinding, incapacitating blast.

Kang's security men burst from around the corner. Whip off their round LAPEL PINS. Razor sharp spring-loaded BLADES flick out. SHURIKEN.

The throwing stars whistle. Secret Service agents drop as if pole-axed. Kang plants his shuriken between the Tall Agent's eyes.

Connor spins and runs. Kang sees him disappear around the corner.

Kang shoots Yu a look. Yu rushes after the boy.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SUVs ROAR across the lawn, slewing before the North Portico. A commando leaps out, shoulders a LAW anti-tank missile.

He FIRES.

The steel White House doors disappear in a SEARING BLAST.

An SUV CRASHES through the gaping hole, whole truck just PLOWING STRAIGHT INTO THE ENTRANCE HALL of the Executive Mansion. Commandos leap into the breach.

Roma rallies the defenders. The Secret Service RETURN FIRE from the grand staircase of the nation's most famous home.

A furious, pitched battle inside the White House.

INT. UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR - WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kang and his team grab the Secret Service weapons, herd President Asher, Minister Lee, and the entire National Security Team (eleven hostages total) inside the PEOC.

INT. PRESIDENT'S EMERGENCY OPERATIONS CENTER (PEOC) - CONTINUOUS

A large, well-lit room. Hermetically-sealed, waterproof, soundproof, direct-hit-from-a-nuclear-bombproof. A massive WALLSCREEN and COMPUTER CONSOLE dominates everything.

The disoriented hostages are hustled inside. Hands quickly and expertly zipcuffed.

Lim sits before the computer console, fingers flying.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Warning lights blink, monitor screens locking.

HEAD TECHNICIAN

We're being shut down!

A commando barges in, BLOWING EVERYONE AWAY.

EXT. WEST POTOMAC PARK - NATIONAL MALL - CONTINUOUS

Sight slowly returning, Banning watches helplessly as the smoke swirls and gunfire ECHOES. Face a mask of anguish, he battles the suicidal urge to rush blindly into the fray.

Working quickly, Banning reloads his weapon. Spins and descends into the open manhole.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Banning clicks his flashlight ON. The beam flickers into the darkness ahead.

Moving fast, Banning disappears down the pitch black tunnel.

INT. UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR - WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Connor flees. Races around the corner, almost falling. Ducks into the laundry room.

Yu rapidly closes.

INT. WHITE HOUSE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Gunshots ECHOING, the battle descends into the bowels of the White House. The Secret Service, outmanned and outgunned, fight a hopeless rear guard action.

There is no escape.

Roma and the last few agents are SHOT LIKE DOGS in the lower basement hallway.

INT. INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY - CONTINUOUS

Yu enters the large industrial laundry room. Huge commercial WASHER/DRYERS line the wall. A half dozen rolling LINEN CARTS.

Yu violently UPENDS the carts. RIPS OPEN the washer/dryer doors, moving down the line.

The kid's just... gone.

Yu slams the wall in frustration. Exits the laundry room.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Banning arrives at a terminus of water mains. A series of encrusted circular hatches, shoulder high.

He looks up, orienting himself to the ground above. Quickly, he moves to the far pipe. Pries at the corroded valve -- thick with decades of rust and slime. It finally opens with a rending SQUEAL.

Banning peers inside.

A long, long pipe. Barely three feet wide, pitch black. A claustrophobe's nightmare.

Banning hoists himself up, squeezing in. Crawls forward into the darkness.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mortally wounded, Roma lies crumpled against the wall. Weakly, he calls into his wrist mic.

ROMA
Olympus Has Fallen...

INT. SECRET SERVICE COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

Secret Service Command receives the halting transmission.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Roma coughs, spitting blood.

ROMA
...Olympus Has Fallen.

A commando looms over him, razored throwing star in hand.

Roma looks up.

The shuriken flashes down.

INT. SECRET SERVICE COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

The Command Post RADIOMAN blinks in stunned disbelief.

RADIOMAN
(face white)
They've taken the White House.

EXT. NATIONAL MALL - CONTINUOUS

A nightmare tableaux of unfathomable devastation.

The Washington Monument is a BROKEN RUIN. Fallen Secret Service and Marine guards LITTER the White House grounds. Drifting smoke casts an EERIE PALL.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

And impossibly, on the White House roof, a commando RIPS the Stars and Stripes from its lanyard --

And throws it to the ground.

INT. WATER PIPE - CONTINUOUS

Banning crawls forward. Face blackened, filthy. He peers into the darkness ahead and

A SILVER FLOOD-HATCH

bars his way. The polished metal gleams, wildly incongruous in the ancient corroded pipe.

Banning scrapes away at the grime-encrusted wall -- revealing an ELECTRO-MECHANICAL HIGH-SECURITY LOCK. Working quickly, he pulls the MASTER KEY from his belt key chain. Inserts the key and turns --

A green LED illuminates -- and a recessed wall panel SLIDES BACK -- revealing a glowing digital CONTROL PANEL. Banning punches a numeric code into the keypad.

ROBOT VOICE
Authenticate.

BANNING
Echelon 4.

ROBOT VOICE
Designator.

BANNING
Oscar-Zulu, three-zero-niner.

The silver flood-hatch IRISES OPEN.

A brightly-lit STAINLESS STEEL AQUEDUCT unfolds before him. Shining, pristine. Like some kind of futuristic tube to the underworld.

Banning quickly crawls forward.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Lim looks up at Kang from the computer console.

LIM
Control override complete. White
House systems secured. All outside
networks locked out.

INT. MODERN WATER MAIN - CONTINUOUS

Banning crawls forward when suddenly -- ALL THE LIGHTS GO OUT. Pitch blackness.

He blinks in the darkness when

ZZZZZUMP!

MOTION DETECTOR BEAMS appear, crisscrossing the tube ahead. At two-foot intervals for the next fifteen yards.

There's no way past.

BANNING
Shit --

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Commandos from the upstairs ground assault enter the PEOC. Deliver to Kang a STAINLESS STEEL BRIEFCASE.

Yu returns to the bunker. He crosses to Kang, whispers low in his ear.

Kang slowly removes his glasses, meticulously folds them. Then -- quick as a cobra -- he spins on Yu and instantly SNAPS HIS NECK.

The hostages SCREAM.

Kang coolly turns to Pak. A muscular automaton.

KANG
Get the boy.

Asher leaps to his feet.

ASHER
Stay away from my son!

Kang turns to Asher, face serenely calm.

KANG
You're in no position to demand
anything.

A commando levels his weapon at Asher's chest.

KANG (cont'd)
Sit down.

Beat. The President reluctantly sits.

Kang turns away, nods to Pak. Pak exits. The bunker SEALS SHUT behind him.

INT. MODERN WATER MAIN - CONTINUOUS

Banning is stymied by the motion detector beams barring his path. He can't move forward --

Then, faraway, a distant sound. Quickly, it grows LOUDER. Coming closer now, like a runaway train --

THE BEAMS WINK OUT

Banning's eyes grow wide as

AN AVALANCHE OF WATER

CRASHES toward him through the pipe.

Banning sucks in short, rapid breaths. Urgently filling his lungs as

THE ROARING TORRENT

engulfs him. His gun and flashlight are torn from his grasp.

Banning hangs on against the enormous pressure. Straining lungs screaming for air when

THE WATER SUBSIDES

Banning GASPS for breath. Frantic, he rapidly drags himself forward through the pipe, hand over hand. Panic etching his face as

ZZZZZUMP!

The motion detector beams STAB DOWN AGAIN.

Banning glances back -- and sees the final motion detector beam a HALF-INCH behind the sole of his left shoe.

Relieved, he continues on.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Kang calmly steps to the head of the presidential bunker like he owns the building.

And, indeed, he does.

ASHER

I don't know who the hell you are --

Kang regards Asher evenly.

KANG

I'm the man who's just taken the most secure building on Earth.

Asher's gaze nervously flicks to his MILITARY AIDE nearby -- black BRIEFCASE attached via security cable to his wrist. The NUCLEAR FOOTBALL.

KANG (cont'd)

(knowing)

I'm not interested in your launch codes, Mr. President. Which by now I'm sure your Pentagon has changed...

Minister Lee stares, stunned by Kang's betrayal.

LEE

What are you doing?

KANG

Open your eyes, Minister Lee. Our homeland is divided. Our people are divided. Because of these Americans...

LEE

(falters)

But -- our countries were working toward peace --

Kang begins to walk slowly toward Lee.

KANG

Does your "peace" involve millions of our Northern brothers, dead from famine and disease?

(he draws closer)

Our families separated by tanks and guns and American mines?

Kang stands before Lee.

KANG (cont'd)

No, Minister Lee, this is war.

(beat)

The time has come for all Korea to again be one.

Lee holds Kang's gaze.

LEE

You're a traitor.

Kang slowly leans forward, face barely an inch from the Minister's.

We just saw what happened to the last person Kang got this close to.

A bead of sweat slides down Lee's temple.

KANG

(evenly)

I'm a patriot.

Kang turns and walks away. Lee can breathe again.

INT. CRISIS ROOM - PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS

The National Military Command Center (aka Crisis Room) of the Pentagon. A cavernous space, massive conference table the size of an aircraft carrier.

Trumbull strides in, flanked by Homeland Security agents.

RAJIV MALIK, 45, Deputy Director of the National Security Agency, steps forward. A lanky, almost gaunt man. Dark eyes hiding a formidable intelligence.

MALIK

Speaker Trumbull. Rajiv Malik, NSA. Since the attack, we've had no contact with the White House --

TRUMBULL

Nothing?

MALIK

No, sir.

They share a look. On the massive wallscreen, a breaking LIVE NEWS BROADCAST.

REPORTER (ON TV)

...the whereabouts of President Benjamin Asher -- if indeed, he is still alive -- are not known at this time...

(dramatic beat)

For the first time in two hundred years, when the British burned the "President's House", as it was then known, during the War of 1812, a foreign enemy occupies the White House.

INT. MODERN WATER MAIN - CONTINUOUS

Banning continues to crawl forward. His rasping breaths ECHO in the pitch-black pipe.

INT. CRISIS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Secret Service Director, LYNNE JACOBS, late 40s, African-American, strides up to Trumbull and Malik.

JACOBS

Speaker Trumbull, the White House perimeter has been secured, sir. But all communications with Olympus are still severed.

TRUMBULL

(low)

What a disaster --

Across the room, KANG'S FACE suddenly appears on the enormous wallscreen.

KANG (ON TV)

Mr. Trumbull.

The whole room jumps. Kang's eyes fix on Trumbull. Trumbull blinks, taken aback.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Kang stands before the massive PEOC control console.

KANG

My name is Yeonsak Kang. The man who now controls your White House.

INTERCUTTING

A whirlwind of emotion sweeps the Crisis Room.

TRUMBULL

Let me speak to the President.

Asher is hauled forward at gunpoint.

TRUMBULL (cont'd)

Sir, are you all right?

Before Asher can say anything, he's jerked away.

KANG

In addition to your President, I hold your Vice President, full National Security Team, and South Korean Foreign Minister Lee inside the President's Emergency Operations Center --

Kang's looming face remains inscrutable.

KANG (cont'd)
I understand it's impregnable.

Trumbull swallows.

TRUMBULL
What do you want?

KANG
I want you to recall the U.S.
Seventh Fleet from the Sea of
Japan.

TRUMBULL
Wait a minute. We can't just --

In one smooth motion, Kang turns and SHOOTS Foreign Minister Lee through the head.

The hostages recoil, horrified.

KANG
You have 12 hours.

The wallscreen GOES DARK. Everyone in the Crisis Room stares in shock.

A long beat.

GENERAL EDWARD GALDARRES, 50s, the Army Chief of Staff, turns to Trumbull.

GALDARRES
If we recall the Fleet -- and the
North attacks -- Seoul and the
whole of South Korea could fall
within seventy-two hours.

Trumbull falters, stunned.

GALDARRES (cont'd)
Our only recourse would be our
long-range ICBMs --

TRUMBULL
-- which no doubt would bring in
the Chinese first, then the
Russians --
(beat)
-- goddamn nuclear holocaust --

They all trade looks.

JACOBS

But if we don't recall the Fleet,
they kill the President.

INT. MODERN WATER MAIN - CONTINUOUS

Bruised and exhausted, Banning reaches the end of the pipe.

A steel ACCESS DOOR looms before him.

Banning pulls out his master key. He stops short, thinking. Then -- working fast -- he unscrews the end of the master key. A specially-designed BUMPER KEY slides out.

Banning slips the mechanical-only key into the keyway. Presses a button on the key which causes it to VIBRATE for a few seconds.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: Inside the lock, the mechanical motor in the cylinder turns, lifting the locking element within -- bypassing the electronic portion of the lock and thwarting audit logs -- and the lock RELEASES.

The access door OPENS -- and Banning's eyes ZOOM to the LED indicator light.

It remains dark. He exhales.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Banning drops into a sub-basement corridor. Cautiously moves down the hallway.

He turns the corner and

A VIDEO CAMERA

swings his way in a whirl of servos.

Banning shrinks back. Moves quickly in the opposite direction.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Kang crosses to Secretary of Defense McMillan. She looks up, eyes afraid.

KANG
(without preamble)
Give me your Cerberus code.

McMillan blinks. Asher and Hoenig exchange a stunned look.
How the hell does Kang know about Cerberus?

MCMILLAN
I -- I have no such code --

Kang opens the stainless steel briefcase. Inside the foam-lined case is a large-gauge HYPODERMIC NEEDLE and several GLASS VIALS.

McMillan's face turns white.

KANG
Think harder, Madame Secretary.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Banning turns the corner, peers down the next corridor.

It's the scene of a MASSACRE. Dead Secret Service agents lie everywhere.

Up ahead, the sound of distant VOICES.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Black-clad commandos surround the two SUVs crashed into the main entrance hall. Cho barks orders in Korean.

Banning warily peers around the corner.

In the entrance hall, large MILITARY-STYLE CRATES are off-loaded from the rear of the SUVs.

POV BANNING: He can't quite make out what they are.

Cho issues more orders in Korean. The only word distinguishable to Banning is one -- "Cerberus".

Cho's men load the crates into the freight elevator. The elevator doors close, and the lift begins to rise.

Silently, Banning retreats.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Kang pulls the hypodermic from its case.

Lim seizes McMillan from behind, holding her fast. The other commandos level their MP-5s, cowing any would-be heroes.

ASHER

What are you doing?!

Kang holds up one of the small vials.

KANG

Fuante Shi. One of the world's most deadly orders of strychnine --

He fills the syringe with the vial's contents.

KANG (cont'd)

-- no known antidote --

McMillan struggles, but Lim tightens her iron grip. Kang turns with the needle.

KANG (cont'd)

One more chance. Your Cerberus code.

McMillan glances desperately at Asher.

KANG (cont'd)

He can't help you.

Asher and McMillan exchange a look. McMillan turns back to Kang, face firm with resolve.

KANG (cont'd) There's a saying in Korea -- "Listening 100 times is not as good as seeing it once."

Kang INJECTS her straight in the carotid.

ASHER

No!!!

McMillan JERKS VIOLENTLY in her chair. Her eyes ROLL WILDLY, body THRASHING. The hostages react, horrified.

Finally, she goes still.

Not looking up, Kang methodically replaces the syringe in its case as he calmly speaks.

KANG

Do you cry when your Predators scorch
villages? When your "smart bombs"
kill innocents from 60 miles away?

Kang pushes a button on the control console. The door to the PEOC LIVING QUARTERS -- adjacent to the main room -- slides OPEN. We catch a glimpse inside -- a half-dozen cots, kitchenette, supplies.

Foreign Minister Lee lies dead on the first cot.

Kang's men drag McMillan's body into the room -- and the door CLOSES.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Banning moves down the silent corridor. More dead bodies down here.

He kneels beside a fallen agent, turns him over --

IT'S ROMA

Banning blinks, recognition dawning.

He pulls the SHURIKEN from Roma's forehead. Studies the exotic weapon briefly, then pockets it.

Banning quickly searches Roma's body. Already stripped of all weapons and communications gear.

Gently, he closes Roma's staring eyes.

Distant FOOTSTEPS. Banning spins, head cocked.

Someone's coming.

Quickly, he ducks into the near doorway. As around the corner --

A TWO-MAN PATROL

strides down the corridor. The commandos march forward, footfalls echoing.

The larger commando suddenly stops, turning.

He bends over Roma's body, fingers probing the open gash on the man's forehead...

The shuriken is gone.

The commandos both turn. Stare at the doorway through which Banning just disappeared.

INT. WHITE HOUSE BOWLING ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The commandos burst inside. Flick on the lights.

Two gleaming polished lanes, Presidential SEAL painted on the far wall. Silent pins standing like sentinels.

The killers scan the empty room, guns leveled, when

A BOWLING BALL

pops from the automatic ball return.

The ball ROLLS slowly around the return carousel. Comes to rest against the rubber bumper with a thump.

The commandos approach warily when

BANNING

leaps from the transom above. Swinging a 12-pounder like a sledgehammer -- he CRUSHES one commando's skull.

The second commando swings his weapon up. In a blur, Banning KNOCKS the gun away. He and the commando go down -- viciously GRAPPLING across the floor -- a furious FLURRY OF BLOWS. Banning drives his elbow up -- like a knife -- into the COMMANDO'S THROAT. The commando falters, stunned.

Banning SPINS the commando against the ball rack -- grabs him by the neck -- SLAMS his head into the stacked balls. Again and again, body flooded with adrenaline and fear.

The commando's body slides to the floor, dead.

Banning falls back, sucking air in great whooping gasps.

He methodically searches the bodies. Grabs an MP-5 and wireless headset, clicks the unit on. Nothing but silence.

Banning looks up, mind racing.

INT. CRISIS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Malik steps beside Trumbull. Inserts a USB device into the computer console.

A DIGITAL HEAD SHOT of Kang is projected onto the wallscreen. Bio-data scrolls below.

MALIK

Yeonsak Kang. South Korean national, born in the North, birthdate unknown. Escaped across the DMZ as a child, both parents reportedly killed by ROK mines in the attempt --

A second PHOTO appears. Kang in military garb.

MALIK (cont'd)

Kang has served for the past six years in Seoul's diplomatic protection corps, following two tours in South Korea's elite Black Tiger counter-terror unit.

TRUMBULL

So he knows what he's doing --

Jacobs looks up.

JACOBS

And clearly will stop at nothing to get it.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Oval Office stands silent and empty.

The door slowly swings open and

BANNING

slips inside.

He crosses to the presidential desk, rests his MP-5 on the blotter. A bank of PHONES sit mutely. Banning grabs the receivers, one after another.

No dial tones. All dead.

He scans the desktop. Scattered papers, a Montblanc pen, ivory-handled letter opener --

THE PRESIDENT'S BLACKBERRY

Banning grabs it. Punches 9-1-1.

All lines are JAMMED. He can't get through.

Banning scowls, looks up.

And his eyes go wide, as he's utterly shocked to see

CONNOR

standing silently in the Oval Office doorway.

CONNOR

(slowly)

What are you doing here?

Banning opens his mouth to speak when

A COMMANDO

steps through the side door.

Connor spins and runs.

Banning's eyes jerk to his weapon. He'll never make it. The commando raises his gun barrel and

BANNING

grabs the letter opener. Flings it across the room.

The blade spears the commando in the jugular. He falls, hand clutching his throat.

Banning grabs the MP-5. Races after Connor.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Connor sprints down the hall. Banning gives chase. The boy disappears through an inner office doorway.

Banning rushes up. Grabs the doorknob. Locked.

He KICKS the door down.

INT. INNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Banning bursts inside, eyes searching the small room. Desk, bookshelves, low filing cabinets.

Connor is... gone.

But that's impossible. Banning stares, confused.

He pulls out Asher's BlackBerry. Scrolls down the listings. Finds the one he wants...

National Military Command Center.

He dials. Lines still jammed. Dials again...

INT. CRISIS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Trumbull presides over the somber room.

TRUMBULL

What if this Kang is just some out-of-control rogue?

GALDARRES

And if he's not? He's providing a hostile regime with the window of opportunity they've been seeking for the past sixty years --

His eyes flicker around the table.

GALDARRES (cont'd) What will become of America's credibility as a superpower, if we allow our ally to be overrun?

Jacobs counters, angry.

JACOBS

How will we be seen in the eyes of the world -- if we let our President be killed in his own goddamn house?!

Jacobs' AIDE rushes up, whispers urgently in her ear.

JACOBS (cont'd)
 (spins, to Trumbull)
 We have contact from inside the
 White House -- trace confirms it's
 the President's cell --

TRUMBULL
 Patch it through.

Feedback whine from the overhead speakers.

TRUMBULL (cont'd)
 Mr. President?

INT. INNER OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Banning slumps against the desk.

BANNING
 No --

INTERCUTTING

TRUMBULL
 (into intercom)
 Identify yourself.

BANNING
 Echelon 4.

Jacobs' head jerks up.

TRUMBULL
 (low, to Jacobs)
 He's one of yours -- ?

Jacobs holds up her hand -- wait.

JACOBS
 (into intercom)
 Designator?

BANNING
 Oscar-Zulu, three-zero-niner.

JACOBS
 (incredulous)
 Banning?

A stir races through the room.

BANNING

Yeah --

JACOBS

This is Director Jacobs --

BANNING

Where's POTUS?

JACOBS

As of 1020 hours, the Fox Den.

(quickly)

The President and National Security team are being held by a North Korean named Kang. They've already killed Foreign Minister --

Trumbull snaps off the intercom.

TRUMBULL

What're you doing?

JACOBS

He's a Special Agent --

TRUMBULL

Who should've been shitcanned two years ago --

Jacobs and Trumbull lock eyes.

JACOBS

He got in -- didn't he?

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Lim triangulates the source of the cell transmission -- AMBER DOT blinking on the wallscreen map of the White House.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Pak halts his men in their search through the building.

KANG (O.S.)

(over headset)

West Wing. First Floor.

Pak grunts, leads his men quickly down the corridor.

INT. CRISIS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jacobs switches the intercom back on.

JACOBS
Banning -- ?

INT. INNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

BANNING
What do they want?

INTERCUTTING

JACOBS
The Seventh Fleet pulled -- by 2200
hours.

BANNING (realizing
what that
means)
You can't do that --

TRUMBULL
Spare us the geopolitical advice,
Agent --

BANNING
(cuts him off)
What's Cerberus?

This stops Trumbull cold. The others share a look.

JACOBS
What -- how did you -- ?

TRUMBULL
-- that's classified --

BANNING
Kang knows.

Their faces darken. Beat. Trumbull reluctantly nods to
Jacobs.

JACOBS
It's a fail-safe protocol. Alpha
Top Secret. But it has no
offensive capability...

BANNING
What kind of fail-safe?

JACOBS
Against inadvertent nuclear launch.
The three Cerberus codes, when
activated, control the self-
destruct mechanisms within our
ICBMs.

GALDARRES
(realization dawning)
With those codes -- Kang could
destroy every long-range nuke we
fire. With the Seventh Fleet
pulled, South Korea would be
defenseless.

MALIK
And so would we.

Their faces are tense.

BANNING
So change the codes --

GALDARRES
No --

BANNING
What do you mean, no --

MALIK
He means we can't.
(beat)
Cerberus is a self-contained
total-isolation system. It's
unidirectional -- data only goes
out, not in. The only way to
change the codes is to physically
do so on the computer itself.

BANNING
Where's the computer?

MALIK
The PEOC.

The enormity of the situation strikes home for them all.

BANNING
The three codes -- who has them?

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Kang approaches Admiral Hoenig with his hypodermic needle.
Loads in a fresh vial.

KANG
Admiral. Your Cerberus code.

HOENIG
You don't know what you're doing --

KANG
Don't I?

Kang looms over Hoenig, eyes black as anthracite.

KANG (cont'd)
I'm providing my nation with the
opportunity to achieve its rightful
destiny.

Hoenig's glance flickers to the syringe.

HOENIG
You're not a patriot.
(beat)
You're a psychopath --

KANG
I believe Seneca said it best --
"There is no genius without a touch
of madness."

Kang places the point of the needle against Hoenig's carotid.

KANG (cont'd)
Your code, Admiral.

Kang's finger tenses on the plunger. A beat of incredible
tension.

HOENIG
(slowly)
E-M-six... zero-eight... two-five.

Kang lowers the syringe.

INT. HALLWAY - WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Pak and his men creep down the corridor. Pak listens to his tac-com, gets a fix on Banning's exact location.

He stops. Silently points to the NEXT OFFICE DOOR.

INT. INNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The commandos burst inside, FIRING ON FULL AUTO --

ASHER'S BLACKBERRY

sits on the desktop. GETS BLASTED into a million pieces as bullets rake the room.

Banning is gone.

INT. CRISIS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON WALLSCREEN: A SATCOM PHOTO of the post-attack White House.

GALDARRES

All indications are the White House air defenses were destroyed in the attack. With this defense grid gone, they could be vulnerable to a nighttime aerial insertion --

JACOBS

And if you're wrong?

Malik steps forward.

MALIK

We have no choice.

(beat)

We've got to get the President out of there. We've got to secure Cerberus.

All eyes turn to Trumbull. Beat.

TRUMBULL

General, activate your team.

Galdarres nods, grabs the hotline phone. Malik turns and exits the room. Pulls out his cell and presses it to his ear.

MALIK
(low)
Awaken the Sandman.

INT. WHITE HOUSE STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Banning moves silently up the stairwell to the State Floor.
Turns the corner and

TWO COMMANDOS

stand watch on the landing. The killers and Banning see each other at the same instant.

Banning's reflexes are a millisecond faster. He MOWS DOWN both commandos with a burst from his MP-5.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

At the blast of GUNFIRE, Pak barks into his tac-com.

PAK
(in Korean, subtitled)
All units, State Floor!

INT. CROSS HALL - CONTINUOUS

Banning races up the stairs, into the Cross Hall.

A COMMANDO leaps from the near doorway, gun leveled.

Banning dives into the Red Room, gunfire STITCHING the walls.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Kang speaks into his throat mic.

KANG
Mr. Cho.

INT. ROOF SUB-LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

The machine floor just below the White House roof. Low HUM of compressors. Cho stands beside a huge HYDRAULIC LIFT.

CHO
(into tac-com)
Cho here.

KANG (O.S.)
(filtered)
Is the package ready?

CHO
Almost there --

Cho goes back to his mysterious work.

INT. BLUE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Banning runs for his life. Into the Blue Room. Bullets RAKE the walls, plaster fragments raining down.

Banning looks up, dust stinging his eyes.

A sober painting of GEORGE WASHINGTON stares down from the wall above.

Banning and old George share a look. Warriors across time.

A barrage of machine gun slugs OBLITERATES the painting.

Time to move.

Banning dives behind a Louis XIV couch. A hail of bullets SHREDS it to ribbons.

Banning hugs the floor -- bullets WHINING -- crawls quickly toward the East Room when

A COMMANDO

steps into the doorway.

Banning rolls as the commando fires, slugs STITCHING across the hardwood. He swings his barrel up --

And BLASTS the gunman through the wall.

Banning's up fast. Into the East Room.

INT. EAST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Banning SPRAYS behind him, through the open doorway.

CLICK. He's empty!

He discards the useless MP-5. Eyes wildly searching.

IN THE BLUE ROOM

Pak leads the commandos forward. Signals two men to rush the East Room.

IN THE EAST ROOM

Banning grabs a bottle of gin from the liquor cart.

IN THE BLUE ROOM

The two commandos move stealthily forward when

A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL

explodes through the doorway. Splashing fire ENGULFS both men. They spin across the room screaming, AFLAME.

IN THE EAST ROOM

Banning frantically lights two more bottles, HURLS them into the Cross Hall.

IN THE CROSS HALL

Banning sprints into the corridor, ducking behind the wall of flame. Wild gunfire ECHOES.

The White House HALOCARBON FIRE-SUPPRESSION SYSTEM ACTIVATES -- quickly neutralizes the spreading blaze.

Banning races up the stairs to the Second floor.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The Second floor (living quarters) of the White House.

Pak's commandos converge from both ends. KICKING DOWN doors, searching room by room.

Relentless. Methodical.

INT. LINCOLN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Banning crouches low in the Lincoln Bedroom, cornered.

No way out.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE LINCOLN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pak and his men close in.

INT. LINCOLN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Weaponless, Banning braces for the inevitable. Last stand.

When suddenly --

THE WALL BEHIND HIM MOVES!

A large box molding square subtly shifts. Banning stares, incredulous, as

CONNOR

emerges from the wall.

CONNOR

(whispers)

Mike, hurry --

INT. HALL OUTSIDE LINCOLN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pak looms outside the bedroom door.

INT. LINCOLN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pak CRASHES inside, MP-5 SPRAYING the room. He blinks.

THE BEDROOM IS EMPTY

Pak stares, eyes flat. His tac-com crackles.

KANG (O.S.)

(filtered)

Return to the bunker.

Pak motions his men out. Scans the empty room one final time himself, then exits.

INT. WHITE HOUSE EMERGENCY ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Pak's men file into the elevator car.

The doors close.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

From the mainframe console, Lim controls the elevator's descent. Kang hovers over her shoulder.

KANG
Initiate lockdown.

Lim punches a button...

Activating the full White House internal security grid.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SERIES OF SHOTS - CONTINUOUS

Throughout the Executive Mansion -- infrared, thermal, and motion sensor beams WINK ON. Crisscrossing every hallway, stairway and room in the building.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

The wallscreen subdivides into hundreds of VIDEO FEEDS -- monitoring every conceivable inch of the White House.

No living thing can escape such technology. As soon as Banning moves, he'll be exposed.

Kang's eyes stay fixed on the wall of TV images.

There is no place to hide.

INT. INTERIOR WALLS - WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

There is no place to hide.

Except...

Banning is being led by Connor through the walls.

Ducking low -- shoulders barely squeezing through -- Banning follows the boy through the dim passageways.

BANNING

Always knew Truman gutted the
interior in '49 -- new steel frame
erected around the original stone
walls --

Connor looks back, tight smile. A veritable tunnel rat.

BANNING (cont'd)

-- but my God, Connor --

The kid spins, continues on.

It's literally a "house-within-a-house". Secret corridors,
hidden doors. It would take literally weeks -- months -- to
figure out the whole of this bewildering labyrinth.

Indeed the only one with the size, inclination, and time to
uncover the full extent of such a maze might be...

An 8-year-old boy.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - SAME / NIGHT

Outside, night has fallen.

A commando steps onto the roof, loads what looks like a TOY
GLIDER -- a Wasp III Micro Air Vehicle (MAV) drone -- onto a
slingshot, and LAUNCHES it into the sky.

On silent wings, the Wasp circles up... circles up... and
disappears into the night sky.

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - SAME

Rotors whirring, the SEAL TEAM SIX choppers idle on the
tarmac. Three stealth-modified BLACK HAWK troop carriers and
five APACHE LONGBOW gunships, fully armed.

On the runway, the SEAL Team Six leader, MAJOR HOLT, 30s,
greet Secret Service Agent O'Neil (recognizable from the
Camp David opening). O'Neil wears a flak vest and helmet.

HOLT

Agent O'Neil?

O'NEIL

Major --

Both men turn for the command chopper.

HOLT

We'll make sure you get in. You
just get my men into that PEOC --

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Kang scans the wallscreen images, perplexed.

His eyes suddenly narrow.

KANG

Screen 26.

Lim punches a button.

VIDEO DISPLAY: The Lincoln Bedroom.

KANG (cont'd)

Quadrant four.

Lim zooms in.

KANG (cont'd)

Enhance.

Kang's eyes focus on the far bedroom wall --

THE BOX MOLDING IS SLIGHTLY OFF CENTER

Kang thinly smiles.

INT. BLACK HAWK COMMAND CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

Holt and his men check their weapons, ready for takeoff.

A muscular BLONDE MAN suddenly sprints across the tarmac.
Dressed in the same special ops gear as SEAL Team Six. He
vaults into the open chopper door.

This is the SANDMAN.

HOLT

Who the hell are you?

Sandman looks up with piercing blue eyes. Hands Holt his
orders.

Holt reads, glances up. He doesn't like it, but turns and motions the chopper pilot.

HOLT (cont'd)
Take her up.

O'Neil glances at Sandman. Sandman stares back, face a mask.

The choppers LIFT OFF. Baffled stealth ROTOR BLADES eerily making almost no sound.

INT. INTERIOR WALLS - WHITE HOUSE - SAME

Banning and Connor rest a moment, safe within the walls. The boy eyes Banning -- filthy, exhausted, bleeding -- warily.

BANNING
You really saved my hide back
there, partner.

The boy shrugs. An awkward silence.

Banning puts on the captured commando headset. Listens, frowning.

BANNING (cont'd)
...nothing...

Connor looks up.

CONNOR
Is my dad okay?

BANNING
(hesitates)
I don't know, buddy.

The boy struggles to keep from crying. Beat.

CONNOR
(re: headset)
Can I see?

Banning hands him the headset. Connor hunches over it, fiddling with the mute device.

CONNOR (cont'd)
(not looking up)
When you left... you never said
goodbye.

Banning swallows.

BANNING

I didn't think you'd want me to.

Connor reaches around. Slowly pulls something from his back pocket --

A BALL CAP

The words "U.S. SECRET SERVICE" stitched across its front.

The boy snugs the cap firmly atop his head.

Banning chokes up.

Connor bends over the headset. His voice is very small.

CONNOR

My dad says it was an accident.
That it was no one's fault...

Banning swallows.

BANNING

(hesitant)

Is that what you think?

CONNOR

Maybe no one could have saved her.

Banning stares, numb. Awed by the simple pure forgiveness of a child.

INT. BLACK HAWK COMMAND SHIP (MOVING FAST) - NIGHT

SEAL Team Six en route. Locked and loaded.

EXT. SKY OVER D.C. - CONTINUOUS

Lights out, rotors muffled, the stealth choppers SKIM over the city. Passing over like phantoms.

JUMP ZOOM TO:

EXT. 5,000 FEET ABOVE WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A mile above SEAL Team Six's target --

AN RQ-170 SENTINEL DRONE

circles above the White House, like a silent bird of prey. A stealth black batwing.

CLOSE ON: The CAMERA EYE on the drone's underbelly -- an ARGUS-IS 1.8 gigapixel electro-optic (EO) camera and infrared imager.

The unblinking eye stares down.

INT. CRISIS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A uniformed TECH turns from his monitor screen.

TECH
Sentinel's on station, sir.

GALDARRES
Give me eyes on.

EXT. 5,000 FEET ABOVE WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Sentinel's night-vision EO camera WHIRS.

INT. CRISIS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the monitor screen, the ARGUS system's real-time, high-resolution image DISPLAYS.

TECH
Visual up, sir.

Galdarres studies the screen. The night-vision picture is perfect...

The White House roof is empty, unmanned, unprotected.

GALDARRES
Bastards will never know what hit
'em.

INT. INTERIOR WALLS - WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Banning frowns, thinking.

CONNOR
 (off Banning's look)
 What's wrong?

BANNING
 Just can't figure it. Why they're
 giving us twelve hours. They had
 to know it wouldn't take anywhere
 near that to recall the Fleet --

His brow furrows.

BANNING (cont'd)
 Why do they need more time?

Connor shrugs, tinkering with the commando headset.

BANNING (cont'd)
 (low, to himself)
 They have everything they need to
 access Cerberus...

His mind works, feverishly trying to figure it out.

BANNING (cont'd)
 (realization dawning)
 ...everything except...

Banning slowly looks up -- at Connor.

The headset suddenly SPUTTERS TO LIFE.

CONNOR
 I did it!

Banning grabs the tac-com, puts it to his ear.

And hears, impossibly, the FEEDBACK WHINE of another headset
 unit directly behind him.

Banning whirls and

A COMMANDO

launches himself out of the darkness, gun raised.

Banning grabs the killer's Glock. They CRASH into the wall.

The Glock fires, gunshot BOOMING in the confined space.

The commando forces the muzzle into Banning's face. Banning JAMS his thumb inside the trigger guard -- preventing the gun's discharge. The killer squeezes, pistol trigger CRUSHING Banning's thumb.

Grimacing, Banning presses the killer's skull against the steel wall joist. Slowly -- inexorably -- the commando's neck bends back. Banning pushes with every last ounce of leverage...

BANNING
(voice tight, to Connor)
Look away --

CRACK!

The killer goes still. Banning falls back, chest heaving.

Connor looks up. Stares numbly at the lifeless corpse.

Banning scrambles for the headset, puts it back on. Grabs the fallen Glock.

EXT. SKY OVER D.C. - CONTINUOUS

The SEAL Team choppers streak in low over Washington.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Lim stares into a small MONITOR SCREEN, deftly working a toggle-like CONTROLLER.

CLOSE ON SCREEN: POV of the Wasp III drone -- LOOKING DOWN. The stealth choppers approach, closing fast.

LIM
Here they come...

Kang speaks into his throat mic. [NOTE: Banning hears all of the following over his captured headset.]

KANG
Mr. Cho.

INT. ROOF SUB-LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Cho presses his hand against his earpiece.

CHO
The package is ready.

KANG (O.S.)
(filtered)
Stand by to repel boarders.

INT. INTERIOR WALLS - CONTINUOUS

Banning spins.

BANNING
The roof!

Banning and Connor scramble down the dim passageway.

INT. ROOF SUB-LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Cho presses a button on the control panel. Hydraulic gears WHINING, the lift platform begins to RISE.

INT. INTERIOR WALLS - CONTINUOUS

Banning and Connor hurry through the narrow passages.

INT. BLACK HAWK COMMAND SHIP (MOVING FAST) - CONTINUOUS

The SEAL Team activates their night vision goggles. Lenses glowing GHOSTLY GREEN.

HOLT
Two minutes to target.

O'Neil reaches up, flips his goggles ON.

POV O'NEIL: The rooftops rush past below, crazily fast. A luminous wash of spectral green.

INT. ROOF SUB-LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Heavy lift rising, Cho and his men race for the fire stairs.

THREE COMMANDOS are left behind to stand guard.

INT. INTERIOR WALLS - CONTINUOUS

Banning hears the grinding HYDRAULICS above. Quickly climbs an interior wall ladder.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Two enormous metal doors slowly OPEN on the White House roof. Inside, the lift continues to rise.

INT. CRISIS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The tech spins from his monitor.

TECH

We have movement on the roof, sir!

Galdarres and the others stare at the screen.

EXT. SKY OVER D.C. - CONTINUOUS

The SEAL Team choppers flash over Georgetown.

HOLT (O.S.)

(filtered)

Sixty seconds to target.

INT. INTERIOR WALLS - CONTINUOUS

Hunched low, Banning and Connor hurry down the dim passageway, directly below the roof sub-level. Banning stops, eyes searching.

He sees an ancient (1930's era) metal ACCESS DOOR PANEL, encrusted with decades of rust and grit. Banning pulls on the door -- it opens with a stubborn SCREECH. Banning lifts Connor, sets him inside the CRAWL SPACE within.

BANNING

I gotta get to the roof. Stay here -- okay?

The boy nods, eyes afraid. Banning tweaks his cap, shoots him a reassuring look. He closes the door panel, Connor safe behind it.

INT. ROOF SUB-LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Heavy machinery HUMS. A VENTILATION GRATE slowly opens in the floor and

BANNING

peers out. The three commandos stand guard, facing away.

Banning hoists himself up onto the floor. Silently moves forward, Glock raised --

The nearest commando's eyes flicker.

The commando whirls -- KNOCKING the Glock from Banning's hand. He raises his own weapon and --

Banning's hand flashes down -- SNAP! -- SHATTERING the commando's forearm. Banning grabs the commando -- SPINS him to the ground -- lands on top -- twists -- SNAPS the commando's neck.

Banning ROLLS as -- the second commando -- still unslinging his weapon -- tries to get off a shot. Banning's foot lashes out -- like a piston -- PULVERIZES the commando's knee. He grabs the man -- lightning fast -- open palm driving up into the COMMANDO'S JAW. Spins him around just as the third commando starts FIRING --

The rounds THUD into the second commando -- body jerking -- KILLING him instantly. Banning uses the body as a shield -- HURLS the corpse into the third commando --

Banning and the third commando CRASH into the wall. Banning kicks out -- connects with the commando's weapon -- the gun goes flying. The two roll across the floor, furiously GRAPPLING.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Lim stares into her small monitor screen. Continuing to work the toggle controller.

KANG

Ms. Lim --

LIM

Almost there...

EXT. 5,000 FEET ABOVE WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Sentinel drone continues its fixed surveillance pattern. Camera eye focused on the ground below.

When, unseen, coming in silently from above --

THE WASP DRONE

swoops down, lands on the Sentinel's back. Magnetic suction-like feet CLAMPING onto the larger drone.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Lim presses a button on her controller.

EXT. SENTINEL DRONE - CONTINUOUS

SSSZZZPPP! The Wasp sends a massive ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE coursing through the larger drone.

The Sentinel instantly heels over and plummets from the sky.

INT. CRISIS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

All eyes fixed on the multiple wallscreen REAL-TIME VIDEO FEEDS. Following the assault via both the chopper-mounted CAMERAS and eye-in-the-sky drone.

The Sentinel's surveillance screen suddenly BLACKS OUT.

JACOBS

What the --

TRUMBULL

The drone. What happened?

The tech frantically works his controls.

INT. ROOF SUB-LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Banning and the commando continue to viciously battle. Exchanging a savage, brutal series of hand-to-hand BLOWS.

The commando SWEEP KICKS Banning off his feet. He pounces -- seizes Banning from behind -- grips him in a steel vise CHOKE HOLD.

Banning sags to his knees.

Through bulging eyes, Banning sees the large crates lying open on the machine floor. Stenciled boldly across the side of the nearest one are the words...

U.S. ARMY WEAPONS PROTOTYPE HYDRA SERIES 6A

The lift continues to rise.

INT. CRISIS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everyone continues to stare at the BLANK surveillance drone screen. Faces tense.

GALDARRES

We need that visual, corporal --

TECH

I'm trying, sir.

An AIDE rushes up, hands Galdarres a file marked "CLASSIFIED".

AIDE

Crash report from the attack plane wreckage, sir.

(talking fast)

Report confirms this morning's C-130 was armed with an M-111 VGL prototype --

TRUMBULL

What?

GALDARRES

The next generation of directed energy weapon. We call it the "Blind Bomb". Effective range up to 2000 meters.

TRUMBULL

How the hell did they get one of those?

Galdarres rapidly flips through the report.

GALDARRES

(reading)

Six months ago -- joint U.S.-South
Korean experimental weapons
testing -- a C-5A out of Osan Air
Base went down in the Sea of Japan --
(keeps reading)
-- reported lost were a VGL
prototype and an Advanced Hydra
Phalanx Weapons System --

Galdarres' face goes white.

GALDARRES (cont'd)

(frantic)

We need to abort --

He spins. Finger stabbing for the intercom.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

On the White House roof, the heavy lift CLANKS to a stop.
The lift which originally housed the destroyed Avenger air
defenses.

The lift upon which now sits...

AN ADVANCED HYDRA PHALANX WEAPON

The Hydra springs to life in a WHIR OF SERVOS. Six deadly
barrels sweeping the sky, computerized targeting systems
searching for prey.

We have never seen anything like this before.

Suddenly, out of nowhere --

THE SEAL TEAM SIX CHOPPERS

ZOOM UP AND OVER the Treasury Annex, rotors whirring.

The Hydra reacts INSTANTLY, opening up with a CHAINSAW ROAR.

The two foremost choppers EXPLODE.

INT. BLACK HAWK COMMAND SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Holt bellows into his headset.

HOLT
All birds! Evade! Evade!

An armor-piercing ROUND drills Holt through the forehead.
The SEAL Team Six leader is killed instantly.

INT. ROOF SUB-LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Banning struggles in the commando's grip, face crimson.
BITES DOWN on the commando's knuckles, crunching bone. The
commando's hold breaks. Banning flips him over his head.

The commando spins -- up fast -- combat knife unsheathed. He
rushes Banning, SLAMS him into an electrical transformer.

The commando dives atop Banning, throttling him. The
gleaming blade bears down -- razored point an inch from
Banning's STARING EYE.

With a final jerk -- Banning spins his attacker -- commando's
knife PLUNGING into the transformer's exposed circuitry.
Banning rolls away as 120,000 VOLTS SURGE through the metal
blade and into the commando's body.

The commando THRASHES WILDLY, turning black. Then goes
still.

Banning lunges to his feet, races for the control panel. His
finger STABS the lift button.

Hydraulics whining, the lift begins to DESCEND.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

The SEAL Team choppers furiously juke. Chain guns and
Hellfire missiles BLASTING AWAY.

It's a surreal sight. American combat choppers unleashing a
MISSILE BARRAGE on their own White House.

The Hydra mercilessly RIDDLES another Black Hawk. The troop
ship EXPLODES, incinerating all ten men aboard.

INT. CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Connor cowers inside the dark enclosed space. Eyes darting
as the GUNFIRE and EXPLOSIONS boom distantly above.

INT. ROOF SUB-LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

The lift continues to descend. Banning desperately wills it to go faster.

BANNING

Come on -- !

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

The Hydra's guns swivel and FIRE, swivel and FIRE.

Another Apache is RAKED. Rotors spinning, it SHEARS into the Black Hawk beside it. Both choppers ERUPT in flame.

The roof doors begin to CLOSE. Hydra rounds RICOCHET off the heavy steel plates.

The lift continues down.

INT. ROOF SUB-LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Hydra rounds ricochet inside the closing steel doors. The din is DEAFENING.

Banning sprints from the room.

The doors continue to close. Hydra's FURIOUS rate of fire never slowing.

The bouncing, incendiary rounds WHIZ everywhere when

A STRAY ROUND

bores directly into the Hydra's ammunition store.

THE HYDRA ERUPTS.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

The blast practically LIFTS THE ROOF off the White House. Secondary EXPLOSIONS bloom, turning night into day.

The last surviving SEAL Team chopper (Holt's command ship) swings in. Troopers rappel down.

Cho and his men scramble onto the roof, FIRING. The SEALs are RIDDLED on their fast ropes, when --

BANNING

leaps onto the roof -- grabs a discarded MP-5 -- guns down an onrushing commando.

IN THE BLACK HAWK COMMAND SHIP

O'Neil furiously FIRES on the enemy below. Beside him, Sandman peers down his XM8 laser-sighted ASSAULT RIFLE.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

He drills commandos below with machine-like precision.

ON THE ROOF

Cho fixes the Black Hawk's tail rotor in his sights.

IN THE BLACK HAWK

Sandman zeroes Cho. Finger on the trigger when

A BURST OF GUNFIRE

rakes both Sandman and O'Neil. Sandman falls from the open chopper door.

ON THE ROOF

Cho opens up on FULL AUTOMATIC, machine gun unleashing a murderous VOLLEY OF LEAD. The Black Hawk's tail rotor DISINTEGRATES.

The command ship pitches wildly, turbines SCREAMING their death throes. The chopper SLAMS into the White House roof. Swinging SEALS fall to their deaths.

O'Neil LEAPS from the dying bird. Fingers groping for purchase on the narrow roof ledge.

The command ship plummets, CRASHING to the South Lawn below. EXPLODES in a blinding fireball.

Banning riddles another commando -- vaulting the body before it even hits the ground. He sprints forward -- tossing aside his weapon and

LUNGES

for O'Neil. Grabs hold of the dangling man's hand.

O'Neil hangs forty feet in the air. Banning's grip the only thing between his fellow Secret Service agent and death.

Their eyes meet.

O'NEIL

Banning --

BANNING

Hold on. I've got you --

ACROSS THE ROOF

Cho strides through the swirling smoke and flame.

Straining, Banning cranes his neck around.

Cho marches purposefully forward.

Banning's gaze flickers to his weapon, mere feet away.

He'd have to let go of O'Neil.

Cho stops and stands over Banning, eyes flat. Cocks his weapon.

Banning is a dead man. Cho raises his barrel and

A BULLET

explodes through Cho's throat. He falls dead. Banning spins and

O'NEIL

stares up, looking past him. Smoking P229 in his hand.

O'Neil slumps, pistol falling from his nerveless fingers.

INT. CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Total SILENCE. Connor listens in the still darkness.

Tentative, he pushes open the access panel door. Squeezes out of the tiny crawl space.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Banning strains to hold O'Neil's dead weight.

BANNING
Give me your other arm --

O'Neil reaches up. Banning grasps his hand.

CONNOR (O.S.)
Mike?

Banning's head swivels.

ACROSS THE ROOF

Connor wanders across the rooftop. Disoriented by the smoke and swirling flame.

BANNING
(croaks hoarsely)
Connor!

The boy stumbles blindly through the haze.

Behind Connor, Pak and his men vault topside. Pak roughly grabs the boy.

CONNOR
Mike!

On the far parapet, obscured by smoke, Banning lies unseen.

BANNING
(weakly)
Connor...

He stares helplessly as Pak drags the boy away.

Banning turns. And with the last of his strength, hauls O'Neil up onto the White House roof.

O'Neil stares weakly, mouth twitching.

O'NEIL
Always the cowboy...

He coughs, gurgling blood.

BANNING
Hold on, O'Neil --

The light fades from O'Neil's eyes.

O'NEIL
You shouldn't... have left... the
boy.

He dies.

Banning stares across the roof. A nightmare landscape of
dead bodies, smoking debris, and flame.

Connor is gone.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Kang's tac-com crackles. He listens.

KANG
(into tac-com)
Bring him to me.

INT. CRISIS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the massive wallscreen, VIDEO FOOTAGE of the assault's
disastrous aftermath unfolds. Everyone stares in horror.

The wallscreen flickers... and KANG'S FACE appears.

KANG
Mr. Trumbull --

Trumbull swallows.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Kang stares, face implacable.

KANG
You were warned.

Kang turns, and in one smooth motion SHOOTS Vice President
Cardoza POINT BLANK IN THE HEAD.

KANG (cont'd)
Your President is next.

Cardoza's body slumps to the floor, dead.

KANG (cont'd)
You now have one hour to recall the
Seventh Fleet. When this is done,
I want Marine One on the South Lawn
fueled and ready.

(beat)
One hour.

Kang terminates the transmission.

INT. CRISIS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The digital wall clock reads 9:48.

JACOBS
(to Trumbull)
We've got no choice. You have to
recall the Fleet.

GALDARRES
But, Mr. Speaker --

TRUMBULL
What do you propose, General?
These people hold all the cards --

MALIK
All but one.

Everyone looks up.

MALIK (cont'd)
I took the liberty of dispatching
an operative -- one of my own -- to
go in with the General's men.

TRUMBULL
But the strike team was destroyed --

MALIK
My asset was not.

JACOBS
How can you be sure?

MALIK
His bio-sensor's still tracking.
He's alive.

Malik doesn't blink.

MALIK (cont'd)
He's never failed a mission.

Trumbull turns to Jacobs.

TRUMBULL
What about Banning? Could he still
be --

Jacobs holds his gaze.

JACOBS
I don't know.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Banning leans against the low parapet. Bloodied, battered, bruised.

He stares through the drifting haze, and sees --

CONNOR'S BALL CAP

blowing end over end across the debris-strewn roof.

Banning reaches out. Clutches the crumpled cap in his fist.

He gazes down at the cap. The words "U.S. SECRET SERVICE" stare back. Like a beacon across time.

Banning straightens. Reaches for O'Neil's headset.

BANNING
(into tac-com)
-- Director -- do you copy -- ?

INT. CRISIS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Banning's VOICE comes over the intercom. Everyone spins. Jacobs grabs the microphone.

JACOBS
Banning!

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

BANNING
(matter-of-fact)
They're all dead.

He grabs a weapon, checks the magazine.

JACOBS (O.S.)
(filtered)
Banning -- what -- what are you
going to do?

Banning strides across the roof, face a mask of resolve.

BANNING
My job.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Kang pushes a button on the control console. The door to the PEOC living quarters slides OPEN.

KANG
Admiral, you'll come with me --

Hoenig hesitates -- this is the room where the bodies of Lee, McMillan and Cardoza were all taken...

ASHER
No, Nate --

A commando levels his weapon at Hoenig's chest.

KANG
Admiral?

On legs of stone, Hoenig stands and slowly crosses the PEOC. Hesitantly steps inside the small room.

Kang follows -- and the door CLOSES.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Broken corpses sprawl across the still smoldering roof.

Suddenly, one body MOVES. The figure stands amidst the smoke and flickering flame --

SANDMAN

marches forward, like a machine. Pale eyes like ice.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

The massive bunker door opens. Pak enters with Connor.

ASHER

Connor!

The boy runs to his father.

ASHER (cont'd)

Thank God...

Kang roughly SPINS the boy by his arm. Looms over him, face ominous.

KANG

Who's been helping you?

Connor stares back, defiant. Doesn't answer. Asher pulls his son away, protective.

LIM (O.S.)

Got him.

Kang turns, crosses to Lim at the control console.

On her monitor screen, Lim replays surveillance video from the machine floor.

VIDEO FOOTAGE: A FIGURE surprises the three machine floor guards.

KANG

Freeze and process for face recognition.

Lim FREEZE-FRAMES the figure's face, ZOOMING in. Hits a button.

HEAD SHOT PHOTOGRAPHS from the government's full personnel database cross-reference the image at blinding speed.

The match frame appears. Banning's ID photo.

KANG (cont'd)
 (reading)
 Michael Taylor Banning. First
 Recon Lieutenant -- Silver Star --
 (beat, eyes widening)
 Current Secret Service -- demotion
 following death ruled accidental --
 Margaret Louise Asher.

Kang slowly turns -- and locks eyes with the President.

INT. WHITE HOUSE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Banning peers down the long hall. Crisscrossed with motion sensor beams.

There's no way past.

KANG'S VOICE (O.S.)
 (amplified)
 Mike Banning.

Kang's voice BOOMS over the White House intercom system.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Kang studies the monitor screens intently.

KANG
 Special Agent -- Mike Banning.

Banning stays hidden.

INTERCUTTING

A long beat of silence. And then...

CONNOR'S VOICE (O.S.)
 (shaky)
 Mike?

This stops Banning in his tracks.

KANG
 You have 30 seconds to show
 yourself, Agent Banning. Or I put
 a bullet in his eye.

Banning leans back, closes his eyes.

KANG (cont'd)
Fifteen seconds.

We can tell from Banning's face this is the hardest decision of his life.

KANG (cont'd)
Five.

Banning leaves his weapon and O'Neil's tac-com behind, moves into view.

Lim's monitor alarms suddenly TRILL.

Banning walks down the corridor in full view, tripping the sensor beams. Unarmed, hands held high.

Across the hall, the White House emergency elevator doors suddenly OPEN. Banning steps inside.

The doors close.

INT. CRISIS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The wall clock continues its inexorable march. Time's up.

Trumbull hesitates. All eyes on him.

TRUMBULL
(beat)
Recall the Seventh Fleet.

A wave of trepidation sweeps the room.

GALDARRES
We've just cleared the way for the
North Korean invasion.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Alarms ECHOING, the emergency elevator doors OPEN.

Banning stands inside the elevator car. Three COMMANDOS wait outside for him, weapons leveled.

The wall-mounted hallway CAMERA zooms in.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Secure in the PEOC, Kang watches the proceedings in the corridor outside on his monitor screen.

CLOSE ON MONITOR: Hands raised, Banning steps from the elevator car.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PEOC - CONTINUOUS

The alarms suddenly SHUT OFF. Dead silence.

KANG (O.S.)
(amplified)
So this is our Silver Star.

Kang's disembodied VOICE echoes in the corridor. Banning looks up, stares directly into the camera.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Kang regards Banning's defiant face on the monitor.

KANG
(into mic)
I'm afraid failure seems to be
quite the habit for you...

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Banning stands helpless before the armed commandos.

The lead commando's tac-com crackles.

KANG (O.S.)
(filtered)
Kill him.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Kang watches the lead commando raise his weapon, when suddenly --

THE MONITOR SCREEN WHITES OUT.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PEOC - CONTINUOUS

PFFT! PFFT! PFFT!

The three commandos all drop as if POLE-AXED. Felled by pinpoint silenced rounds to the head.

Banning jerks up and

SANDMAN

peers down the barrel of his XM8 at the far end of the hall.

Sandman lowers his weapon, strides quickly forward.

BANNING

Who are you?

SANDMAN

NSA.

Sandman marches for the PEOC door. Banning grabs a weapon from a dead commando.

BANNING

The bunker's sealed --

Sandman pulls a small REMOTE DEVICE from his web harness.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

All the monitor screens are jagged with SNOWY INTERFERENCE.

KANG

What's happening?

Lim frantically works the controls, tries to restore the static-filled screens.

LIM

-- I've lost override --

The massive bunker door suddenly CHIMES. Pak and the other commandos all spin, weapons leveled.

Kang quickly steps behind the seated Asher, puts his gun to the President's temple.

The titanium door slowly SWINGS OPEN.

SWIRLING HAZE from smoke grenades drifts in. We can't see a thing.

Kang's men train their weapons on the bunker entrance. Ready to blow away anything the instant it appears.

Seconds pass, seeming like hours.

When suddenly

A LASER BEAM

bounces through the smoky haze.

SANDMAN (O.S.)
(neutral, robotic)
Lower your weapons --

The pinpoint laser comes to rest squarely on Kang's forehead.

Through the swirling smoke...

SANDMAN AND BANNING

step into the bunker. Sandman keeps his XM8 trained on Kang. Banning covers Pak and the other commandos.

SANDMAN
-- nobody move --

CONNOR
Mike!

BANNING
It's okay, partner --

Banning makes eye contact with Asher across the room. The two share a look.

SANDMAN
Come with me, sir -- I'm getting
you out of here --

ASHER
Not without the others.

Sandman's eyes imperceptibly flicker -- instantly taking in the enemy weapons -- the number of hostages -- mind coldly calculating the odds. They'll never make it.

SANDMAN
Those aren't my orders.

ASHER
I'm not leaving without them --

Shockingly, Sandman's laser dot moves from Kang's forehead...
to Asher's.

BANNING
(to Sandman)
-- the fuck --

Pak and his men raise their weapons -- Kang halts them.

Sandman keeps his gun trained on the President.

BANNING (cont'd)
(to Sandman)
What the hell are you doing?

Asher stares at Sandman, eyes knowing.

ASHER
He knows exactly what he's doing.

Sandman stares down his weapon.

ASHER (cont'd)
He wasn't sent to protect me.
(beat)
He was sent to protect Cerberus.

Kang turns his weapon on Sandman. Banning shifts, takes dead
aim at Kang.

BANNING
(to Sandman)
Take your weapon off the President.

Sandman doesn't move. Laser dot steady on Asher. He knows
Kang needs Asher alive -- needs Asher's code.

Would Sandman actually kill his own President in order to
protect Cerberus?

Kang and Sandman LOCK EYES. Both frozen like statues,
neither moving a muscle.

CLOSE ON SANDMAN: Face a stony mask, ice-blue eyes staring
back at Kang, when...

...the slightest twitch.

BANNING (cont'd)

No!

Kang FIRES, hitting Sandman -- Banning SIMULTANEOUSLY KNOCKS SANDMAN'S BARREL UPWARD as the XM8 unloads on FULL AUTO -- bullets BLASTING the wall just above Asher's head --

Pak and the other commandos OPEN FIRE. The whole room ERUPTS IN GUNFIRE, hostages DIVING FOR COVER.

Banning spins, FIRING -- CUTS ONE OF THE COMMANDOS IN HALF.

Sandman is caught in the CROSSFIRE, BODY JERKING FROM THE HITS. He sprays on FULL AUTOMATIC -- taking out half the commandos in the room -- refusing to go down --

Asher PROTECTIVELY SHIELDS Connor with his body. Banning is CUT OFF from them. He LUNGES for the President -- but Pak DRIVES HIM BACK with a WITHERING burst of fire.

Sandman's RIDDLED BODY falls to the ground, dead.

The RELENTLESS GUNFIRE explodes around Banning. No choice. He rolls -- FIRING -- DIVES through the bunker door, BULLETS WHINING.

Pak LEAPS UP, takes off after Banning.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Banning HAULS ASS down the corridor. CRASHES into the fire stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Banning checks his weapon. Half a clip left.

He cracks the door. Cautiously peers out and

A LINE OF SLUGS

stitch the fire door, sparks FLYING.

Pak advances down the hall, FIRING from the hip. Banning ducks back.

He looks up. The stairwell soars above him. Flight after flight, seeming to go forever.

Banning races up the stairs.

Behind him and below, the fire door SLAMS OPEN.

Pak swiftly climbs, pursuing.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Kang stands over Asher.

KANG

So your protector fails you -- as
he failed your wife --

Kang glances at Connor.

KANG (cont'd)

-- and your son --

Kang turns, kneels beside Sandman's corpse. Pulls the small remote from the dead man's web harness.

Kang flicks the switch. The monitor screens go back ON-LINE.

He drops the device to the floor -- CRUSHING IT under his boot.

Lim suddenly spins from the control console.

LIM

They're recalling the Fleet.

KANG

Was there ever a doubt?

Asher glares at Kang.

ASHER

You just opened the door to
Armageddon.

KANG

No, Mr. President. You did.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Banning RACES up the endless flights, breathing hard.

Pak relentlessly pursues.

Banning peers down the stairwell. A burst EXPLODES past his face, bullets whining.

Banning keeps climbing.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Kang violently yanks Connor from his father.

KANG

Now, Mr. President --

He presses his gun to the boy's temple.

KANG (cont'd)

Your code.

Connor looks up, face filled with fear. Asher locks eyes with his terrified son.

Kang COCKS his weapon.

A long, excruciating beat.

ASHER

D-R-seven-two-five-six-nine.

Kang releases the boy, triumphant.

KANG

(into tac-com)

All units. We're leaving.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SERIES OF SHOTS - CONTINUOUS

Throughout the White House, sentries abandon their posts and race down the halls.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Asher glares at Kang, defiant.

ASHER

But it's no good to you --

Kang nods to his men, who sling black shoulder bags.

ASHER (cont'd)

-- without the codes of the Joint
Chief's Chairman and Defense
Secretary, mine's useless --

The commandos begin herding the hostages from the bunker.

ASHER (cont'd)

-- you murdered McMillan before she
could --

Kang pushes a button on the control console. The door to the
PEOC living quarters slides open and

SECRETARY MCMILLAN

is hauled back into the PEOC. Very much alive.

McMillan's eyes meet Asher's. Asher's face turns white.

MCMILLAN

Mr. President -- I'm sorry --

Asher gapes, dumbstruck.

KANG

I lied -- there is an antidote --
if administered in time --

Asher's eyes flicker past McMillan, into the small room.

Foreign Minister Lee lies lifeless on the first cot. Vice
President Cardoza dead on the second. Admiral Hoenig, THROAT
BRUTALLY CUT, lies on the third.

MCMILLAN (horrified,
helpless)

-- I thought -- Nate was killed
because he refused --

McMillan is hauled away, through the bunker door.

Asher stares in stunned disbelief.

The last of the hostages are herded out. Asher, Connor,
Kang, and Lim remain in the bunker.

Kang hands Lim his stainless steel briefcase.

KANG
I'll see you shortly.

Lim nods, heads for the door.

ASHER
(to Kang)
Please -- let my son go --

The massive bunker door CLANGS shut behind Lim, locking.
Kang turns to Asher.

KANG
We're not finished yet.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PEOC - CONTINUOUS

The hostages and captors file into the emergency elevator.

Lim thumbs the button, and the lift rises.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Kang stands before the control console, rapidly flips switches.

COMPUTER VOICE
Initiation sequence activated.
Please enter Cerberus codes.

Kang enters the three codes. Upon entering the final one,
the entire console WHIRS ALIVE.

COMPUTER VOICE (cont'd)
Cerberus is activated -- Cerberus is
activated --

Asher looks on helplessly.

INT. NORAD COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

The North American Aerospace Defense (NORAD) command bunker.

SUPER THE LEGEND: NORAD OPERATIONS COMMAND
CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN, COLORADO

The computer mainframe LIGHTS UP like a Christmas tree. The head TECHNICIAN spins.

TECHNICIAN
Get the watch commander!

INT. EAST WING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Banning bursts from the stairwell, chest heaving. Spins and races down the hall.

EXT. SKY OVER D.C. - CONTINUOUS

Twin rotors throbbing, MARINE ONE -- a V-22 Osprey tiltrotor -- arrows toward the White House.

INT. EAST WING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Banning moves silently down the ground floor hall. Glances behind him, Pak nowhere in sight.

PING!

At the far end of the hall, the elevator doors OPEN. The hostages and their captors rush from the car.

Banning pulls back, eyes watchful. More commandos race up, join those exiting the car.

Some sort of rally point.

Banning watches, unseen. Eyes searching for Asher and Connor.

AT THE ELEVATOR

The commandos unsling their shoulder bags, unzipping them.

What looks like folded BLACK CLOTHING lays within.

Lim reaches inside the elevator, punches a button on the control panel. The empty car DESCENDS.

The commandos and hostages disappear around the corner.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

The massive PEOC wallscreen configures into a huge digital map of the CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES.

ASHER

What're you doing -- ?

Kang flicks a switch. A dozen signal lights WINK ON across the map. Nebraska, Colorado, South Dakota, upstate New York...

The entire NORAD missile defense grid.

ASHER (cont'd)

-- we haven't launched any missiles for you to self-destruct --

KANG

Who said anything about waiting for their launch?

(pause)

I'm going to trigger them inside their silos.

Asher's face drains.

ASHER

(shocked)

What the hell are you talking about?! But that means --

Kang smiles.

ASHER (cont'd)

(pleading)

Listen, you wanted a unified Korea -- you're going to get it -- you don't need to do this --

KANG

A unified Korea?

(laughs)

I've listened to that empty socialist palaver my entire life.

Asher is stunned to his core.

KANG (cont'd)

No, Mr. President. That's not why I'm here.

Kang turns, and kneels down before Connor. Stares directly into the boy's eyes.

KANG (cont'd)

You know Connor, I watched my mother die too. Want to know how?
(pause)

The American mine... was hidden in the snow. It exploded -- I couldn't hear a thing. Just this high-pitched buzz in my ears. I looked down and... I was covered with blood. My mother... her face was gone. Legs bloody stumps. Yet still -- she reached out for me -- as she bled out in the snow...

ASHER

Get away from him!

Kang slowly rises. Turns to Asher, face a cold mask.

KANG (matter-of-fact)

The explosive force within each hardened bunker will detonate the warheads. Two hundred kilotons per missile, nominal yield. Tens of millions will perish in the resultant nuclear winter... your farm belt decimated for the next 250 years. A cold... dark... radioactive wasteland.

Kang turns to the control console and flips the "ENABLE" switch.

KANG (cont'd)

Now too, America shall know famine and destruction.

The console timer reads 8:00.00 and begins counting down.

Eight minutes to Doomsday.

EXT. SOUTH LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Marine One flares for a landing, twin rotors whirring.

EXT. NEARBY ROOFTOPS - CONTINUOUS

COUNTER SNIPER MARKSMEN peer through Starlight nightscopes. Zeroing the South Portico.

SNIPER #1
Hercules Six, in position.

POV NIGHTSCOPE: The South Portico square in the sniper's crosshairs.

When the commandos step outside, they're dead men.

INT. EAST WING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Through a small window, Banning watches Marine One land on the South Lawn.

From beneath the South Portico, the hostages and their captors slowly emerge onto the South Lawn...

ALL DRESSED IDENTICALLY

in black ski masks and rain ponchos. The indistinguishable, huddled group shuffles for Marine One.

EXT. NEARBY ROOFTOPS - CONTINUOUS

The sharpshooters squint through their sniper scopes.

SNIPER #2
Hercules Six, do you have a shot?

SNIPER #1
Negative. Targets unclear.

INT. EAST WING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Banning watches the huddled group shuffle for the tiltrotor. Mind racing.

He raises his MP-5 and SMASHES the window pane. Triggers a LONG BURST across the lawn.

EXT. SOUTH LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Banning's line of slugs CHURN the grass.

It works.

On instinct, the commandos REACT. Draw their weapons, searching for targets. The hostages duck like sheep.

Now we know who the commandos are.

The rooftop snipers OPEN FIRE. The commandos are mowed down like a scythe.

The hostages race for Marine One. Banning's eyes frantically scan the fast-moving figures...

No one the size of Connor.

Where is he? Where's the President?

McMillan and the other hostages dive aboard the tiltrotor. Cowering against the whizzing bullets.

Lim leaps aboard, clutching Kang's briefcase.

MARINE ONE PILOT
I'm taking hits! Wheels up!

Marine One takes off, turbines howling.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Kang stands watching on the video monitor.

VIDEO SCREEN: Marine One lifts off from the South Lawn.

Kang pulls out a small TRIGGER DEVICE.

ASHER
No!

Kang thumbs the button.

EXT. SOUTH LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Marine One EXPLODES over the South Lawn. Disintegrating in a MASSIVE FIREBALL.

INT. EAST WING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Banning stares in horror.

INT. CRISIS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The LIVE NEWSFEED unfolds on the wallscreen. The gathered watch in disbelief as the tiltrotor DISSOLVES IN FLAMES.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Kang gazes at the monitor screen, pleased.

INT. EAST WING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Banning spins, races down the corridor.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Kang presses a button on the control console and

A HIDDEN STAIRWELL

opens in the bunker floor.

Kang turns to Asher and Connor, huddled against the wall.

KANG

Get up.

Asher glares up in defiance. Kang reaches down and roughly hauls the President to his feet. Shoves him forward.

Behind Kang, unseen, Connor's eyes dart over the mainframe. He reaches out, quickly hits a button.

Asher and Connor share the briefest look.

Kang spins, eyes narrowed. Grabs the boy, and pushes him and his father down the metal stairway at gunpoint.

And on the blinking control console behind them, the button which Connor pressed is now illuminated.

It reads... BUNKER UNSEALED.

INT. CRISIS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON WALLSCREEN: Everyone stares in stunned silence at the burning wreckage that was Marine One.

No one could have survived.

Trumbull's eyes move down the wallscreen -- to the LIVE MEDIA FEEDS of the escalating Korean crisis.

VIDEO FOOTAGE: North Korean tanks and artillery rumble along the DMZ. Jet fighters zoom overhead.

TRUMBULL

They're going to do it --

GALDARRES

Sir -- the President's dead! Order the Fleet back!

Across the room, Malik stands, hotline phone pressed to his ear.

MALIK

Jesus Christ --

Everyone spins.

MALIK (cont'd)

(looks up)

Cerberus has been activated.

Trumbull's face blanches.

TRUMBULL

What? But we haven't launched a counterstrike --

A terrible beat. The realization of Kang's true diabolical plan becomes clear.

JACOBS

How many silos?

Mailk puts the receiver down, face ashen.

MALIK

All of them.

They exchange looks, faces frozen in utter horror.

INT. WHITE HOUSE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Banning races up. Retrieves O'Neil's tac-com and the weapon which he previously left in the hall.

BANNING
(into tac-com)
Director Jacobs --

INT. CRISIS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Banning's voice comes over the intercom.

JACOBS
Banning!

INTERCUTTING

BANNING
I don't think the President and
Connor were on Marine One. They
may still be alive --

The room BUZZES with the revelation.

JACOBS
(talking fast)
Listen, Cerberus has been
activated! Kang's going to
detonate the ICBMs in their silos --

BANNING (stunned
disbelief)
What!

JACOBS
He's going to kill us all.

Banning is rocked.

JACOBS (cont'd)
You have to get in that bunker.
It's the only way to stop it --

Banning spins, mind racing.

The emergency elevator.

He sprints down the corridor.

INT. S.L.E.D. PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Kang leads Asher and Connor below to the platform for the Subterranean Launch Evac Device (S.L.E.D.). An underground escape car, shaped like a small bullet train.

A tracked tunnel leads into the darkness.

INT. EMERGENCY ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Banning pries at the heavy emergency elevator doors. They won't budge.

He tries again, teeth clenched. Pulls with all his might.

Slowly, the doors part.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ARMY RANGERS storm across the lawn of the White House.

INT. EMERGENCY ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

Doors open, Banning unbuckles his belt. Rigs a crude harness and straps it onto the elevator cables.

JACOBS' VOICE (O.S.)
(over tac-com)
There's not much time --

Banning looks into the black shaft.

It's a long way down.

He takes a deep breath... and steps into space.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

The countdown monitor on the control console runs down.

2 minutes, 36 seconds remain.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Army Rangers burst into the White House. Re-secure the building.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Banning lunges around the corner. Races down the corridor for the PEOC when

PAK

strides into the corridor from the far end.

In one smooth motion, Pak levels his weapon and unloads on FULL AUTOMATIC. A withering burst of fire.

Banning is DRIVEN BACK, around the corner. He reaches his MP-5 around the corner, SPRAYS blindly down the hall. Pak keeps advancing, furiously FIRING.

Banning pulls the trigger. CLICK! Empty.

Pak keeps advancing, FURIOUS RATE OF FIRE never slowing. Banning scrambles away, loses his tac-com. Pak turns the corner, BLASTS the headset to pieces.

Banning is trapped. He's a dead man.

Pak raises his weapon for the killing burst --

Click. He's dry too!

Pak tosses the weapon. Pulls his COMBAT KNIFE. The thing looks like a fucking sword.

Frantic, Banning gropes in his pants pocket.

Pak advances down the hall -- frighteningly fast for a man his size. He raises the knife and

A SHURIKEN

magically appears between his eyes.

Pak sways unsteady, face confused. Then topples forward like a totem, dead.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

The countdown monitor continues its inexorable march.

48 seconds to go.

INT. OUTSIDE PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Banning rushes up to the massive door to the PEOC bunker.
Like the portal to the Underworld itself.

The vault-like door is shut tight.

Against all hope, Banning's hand reaches for the door handle.
He presses down on the latch.

The door opens.

INT. S.L.E.D. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Kang, Asher, and Connor get strapped into the evac car.

INT. PEOC - CONTINUOUS

Banning races inside. Lunges for the control console.

34 seconds remain.

His eyes frantically search the myriad lights and switches.

He spies the button: "NATIONAL MILITARY COMMAND CENTER".

Banning punches it.

INT. CRISIS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Banning's SWEATY FACE appears on the wallscreen.

BANNING

How do I stop it?

INTERCUTTING

JACOBS

Find the control panel marked --
"COUNTERMAND".

Banning's eyes fly over the dials and toggles.

19 seconds left.

BANNING

Got it!

JACOBS

Flip the blue-white switch marked
"INITIATE RECALL".

Banning flips the switch.

COMPUTER VOICE

Deactivation sequence initiated.
Please enter abort command.

The 16-character "ENTER CODE" field illuminates.

15 seconds remain.

BANNING

(urgent)

Give it to me --

JACOBS

(enunciating precisely)

November-India-Lima-5-

Sweat runs into Banning's eyes. He blinks it away.
10... 9... 8...

JACOBS (cont'd)

Oscar-Hotel-backslash-niner-

His fingers fly.

7... 6... 5...

JACOBS (cont'd)

Victor-Kilo-underscore-hashtag-

Banning doesn't even breathe.

4... 3... 2...

JACOBS (cont'd)

Echo-7-Sierra-Foxtrot-

The timers hits 00:00:00.

COMPUTER VOICE
Cerberus has been deactivated.
Cerberus has been deactivated.

Banning's eyes flick to the open stairwell in the floor.

Without hesitation, he races across the bunker. Vaults down the stairs.

INT. S.L.E.D. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kang initializes the launch sequence. Turns to Asher and draws his tanto (tactical Special Forces knife). Asher's eyes go wide. The blade FLASHES DOWN --

-- and CUTS Asher's zipcuffs. Kang presses the President's palm to the translucent ID SQUARE on the car's control panel.

COMPUTER VOICE
Welcome, Mr. President.

The SLED's engines ROAR TO LIFE.

Banning races across the launch platform. Sprints after the escape car and

LEAPS

onto the rear of the SLED. Just as the escape car ROCKETS down the track.

The SLED accelerates shockingly fast. SLAMS down the rails.

INT. CRISIS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Trumbull scoops up the flashing hotline phone.

TRUMBULL
NORAD confirms. Cerberus has been shut down.

Everyone can breathe again.

INT. S.L.E.D. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The escape car SCREAMS forward, tracks a blur.

Somehow, Banning holds on.

He ducks his head into the slipstream. And sees --

THE TRACK JUST ENDS

Up ahead, nothing but a wall of SOLID EARTH.

The car SLAMS FORWARD at 80 MPH. Banning ducks down, sucking air in short, rapid breaths.

INT. S.L.E.D. CAR (MOVING FAST) - CONTINUOUS

Through the windscreen, the earthen wall rushes up. No time to stop.

Asher glares at Kang. Kang stares back, face impassive. He's daring him.

The black wall LOOMS like death itself. Asher glances one last time at Connor and then --

REACHES OUT

AND PRESSES his palm to the control panel ID square.

The earthen wall EXPLODES.

EXT. TIDAL BASIN - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Explosive bolts DETONATE, whole wall DISINTEGRATING into nothingness.

The SLED rockets through the swirling debris, into the depths of the Tidal Basin. An AVALANCHE OF WATER engulfs Banning.

The SLED zips underwater like a streaking torpedo.

A homing beacon suddenly begins to DRONE. The SLED slowly rises, Banning holding on.

The escape car continues to ascend. Banning's face contorts.

Been down too long. Need air.

His torso writhes, burning lungs screaming...

Banning lets go. He floats away, body disappearing into the murky depths.

The SLED keeps rising.

INT. SEWER SUBSTATION - CONTINUOUS

The escape car surfaces, docking at an underground sewer substation.

The main hatch OPENS.

Kang prods Asher and Connor from the car with his gun. Onto the docking platform.

Without warning -- Kang spins -- PISTOL WHIPS Asher across the face. The President drops to his knees.

CONNOR

Dad!

Kang looms over Asher.

KANG

Goodbye, Mr. President --

Without ceremony, Kang points the pistol in Asher's face when

BANNING

SUDDENLY DIVES from the shadows -- TACKLING KANG to the ground. The pistol spins from Kang's hand, across the steel platform.

Kang spins away. The two men face each other, circling. Kang draws his tanto.

Cat-quick -- Kang leaps forward -- razor-sharp blade flashing. A Ninjutsu master. The blade SLICES Banning's arm.

Asher grabs the FLARE GUN from the SLED. Aims at the two spinning, circling forms. No clear shot.

BANNING

(yells to Asher)

Run!

Asher hesitates.

BANNING (cont'd)

-- take Connor -- go!

Asher grabs Connor's hand. They race for the ladder.

Kang LUNGES -- and Banning grabs his knife hand. They SMASH into the wall -- furiously grappling. Kang DRIVES a fist into Banning's kidney. Banning grunts, nearly fainting.

Kang leaps back. Connects with a SPIN KICK to Banning's head. Banning FALLS. Kang LEAPS onto Banning, straddling him. Banning BLOCKS Kang's fatal knife thrust -- but the blade bears down -- directly over Banning's heart --

The two lock in a DEATH EMBRACE, but Kang has the advantage. He BEARS DOWN harder. Banning struggles beneath him.

Slowly -- inexorably -- the blade ARCS DOWN. The tip PIERCES Banning's skin, drawing blood...

When from the wall above, a telltale HISS.

With the last of his strength, Banning pushes Kang's face up. Directly in line with the recessed venting pipe --

A SCALDING JET OF STEAM

EXPLODES from the wall.

The force of the BLAST blows Kang off Banning. The tanto goes spinning into the water. Kang staggers back, grimacing with rage and pain. He scrambles for his pistol across the platform.

Banning LEAPS up, races for the substation ladder.

Kang GRABS the pistol, whirls. FIRES wildly after Banning.

Banning climbs the ladder, bullets WHINING.

EXT. TIDAL BASIN - CONTINUOUS

An isolated, cordoned area on the banks of the Tidal Basin. Yellow caution tape flutters.

Asher and Connor climb from the access manhole.

Banning scrambles from the manhole after them. Runs to the President and Connor, prods them forward.

BANNING

Come on!

Connor looks back. And SCREAMS.

Banning whirls and

KANG

climbs from the manhole. He shambles forward, eyes burning.
Like some demonic specter from Hell.

Kang turns, and we see...

THE LEFT SIDE OF HIS FACE

is blistered BLACK. Ear, skin, hair, all gone.

Asher raises the flare gun. Kang levels his own pistol at Connor.

KANG

(to Asher)

Don't be stupid --

Asher lowers the flare. Drops it in the grass.

Banning's eyes glance to the weapon.

He just might make it.

Banning stops himself. Looks from Asher to Kang.

Kang crosses the recently-erected fireworks platform, moving in for the kill.

KANG (cont'd)

Annyong-hi kaseyo, Mr. President --

Kang levels his weapon at Asher.

BANNING

No!

Kang pulls the trigger. Banning dives in front of Asher --

TAKING THE BULLET

Saving the President's life.
And giving Asher one crucial second.
To grab the flare gun from the grass.

Asher swings the weapon up, aiming wildly...

HE FIRES

The flare misses.

The projectile falls short, SIZZLING at Kang's feet. Kang looks up.

And with that horrific ghastly face... he smiles. A look of pure evil.

Kang raises his weapon to kill the President.

When somewhere, in the dark recesses of his diabolical brain, something suddenly clicks.

Kang's eyes flicker for the briefest second --

THE FLARE EXPLODES

The whole fireworks platform upon which Kang stands literally ERUPTS. Detonating in a GIGANTIC FIREBALL.

Kang just isn't there anymore.

The soaring fireworks rocket skyward, BOOMING. Vaporizing Kang into a million pieces.

Asher helps Banning to his feet. Checks his wound.

ASHER

You okay?

Banning nods, wincing.

The two share a long look. A whirlwind of emotions pass between them.

ASHER (cont'd)

Thank you --

Asher pulls his son close, grateful.

Banning's eyes fill with sweet redemption.

VOICES (O.S.)

Over here!

Army Rangers converge on Banning and the President from across the Mall.

INT. CRISIS ROOM - SHORTLY LATER

On the wallscreen, LIVE MEDIA COVERAGE of the continuing Korean crisis. Banner headlines read: "WAR APPEARS IMMINENT".

VIDEO FOOTAGE: Massed TANKS AND ARTILLERY prepare to roll across the border. MOTORIZED INFANTRY itching to attack.

The gathered all stare at the wallscreen, faces filled with apprehension, when...

ASHER

suddenly bursts into the room, flanked by Banning and Connor. Everyone leaps to their feet, astounded.

The President is alive!

TRUMBULL

Mr. President, thank God!

ASHER

Get Pyongyang on the line -- now.

Everyone waits, expectant. The wallscreen flickers.

The NORTH KOREAN PREMIER appears on the screen.

Asher straightens. And for the first time since this whole nightmare began, he resumes his role as President and Commander-in-Chief.

ASHER (cont'd)

Mr. Premier, this is President Benjamin Asher. I hereby demand the immediate withdrawal of all combat divisions deployed along the DMZ in their current posture of imminent aggression --

The Premier stares back, face unreadable.

ASHER (cont'd)

If you do not accede to this request, you leave me no choice, in accordance with America's mutual defense pact with the Republic of Korea, to act against you at once with the full might and fury of the United States arsenal --

PREMIER

Mr. President. I assure you our military forces are merely engaged in war game exercise. This is our sovereign right --

Asher's voice hardens.

ASHER

And this is my final request, Mr. Premier. I want your word you will stand down.

(beat)

Do I have it?

PREMIER

The Democratic Peoples Republic of Korea is a peaceable nation, Mr. President.

ASHER

(firm)

Do I have your word?

A long, excruciating beat.

PREMIER

You have it.

The Premier's face disappears from the screen.

The entire Crisis Room EXPLODES in cheers and applause.

Asher's gaze flicks across the room -- and finds Malik. The two men share a LONG, PROFOUND LOOK. Malik blinks first, looks away.

Jacobs slowly approaches Asher.

JACOBS

Mr. President --

She struggles for the words.

JACOBS (cont'd)

On behalf of the Secret Service...

I want you to know, sir...

(faltering)

I'm sorry.

Jacobs looks down. Nothing more to say.

ASHER

No need to apologize, Director.

Asher glances at Banning.

ASHER (cont'd)

You had your best man on it.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - SAME

Dramatically backlit by searchlights, Army Rangers hoist the American flag over the White House once again.

The Stars and Stripes ripple in the breeze.

The flag raising on Iwo Jima has nothing on this one.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE SOUTH LAWN - DAY

Dignitaries and press assemble on the beautifully restored South Lawn.

SUPER THE LEGEND: SEVERAL WEEKS LATER

President Asher addresses the nation from his podium.

ASHER

America has withstood many tests in her time. None more trying than this most recent adversity. But together as a nation -- and through the unflagging efforts of a courageous few -- America has once again proven that if we stand together -- that if we stand as one -- we shall always prevail.

The gathered all rise in THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE. Connor beams proudly up at his father.

Then he turns. And if the boy can beam even more proudly, he does.

For standing behind them, in the unmistakable shades and coiled earpiece of the United States Secret Service Presidential Protection detail, is...

MIKE BANNING.

FADE TO BLACK.