

SOURCE CODE 2

by

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03.14.14

Vendome Pictures  
The Mark Gordon Company

SOURCE CODE 2

DARKNESS

A SPIKE of ELECTRONIC FEEDBACK. Harsh sound. Trillions of pulse-tones punched through cyberspace and --

INT. TERMINAL / HEATHROW AIRPORT / LONDON - DAY

COLTER STEVENS opens his eyes.

Blinks. Standing there. Quiet. Yet he's somehow moving.

TRAVELLERS. People all around him. A swirl of activity. He's in a modern, cavernous AIRPORT TERMINAL and --

He falls. Tumbled there on a gleaming floor where a MOVING WALKWAY has deposited him.

TRAVELLER

Are you okay?

ENGLISH ACCENTS. Hands reaching down, helping him up. Somebody handing him back a LEATHER CASE he's dropped.

Colter stepping aside. Standing there in total confusion. The leather case. The travellers. *What the hell's going on?*

INTERCOM (V.O.)

Lufthansa is pleased to announce the arrival of Flight 316 from Munich.

A bank of windows. AIRPLANES outside. Big international carriers. Some parked at jetways. Some taxiing.

Colter scanning faces. Strangers. Details. They ignore him. Pass him by. He's a still point in a turning world.

Fearful now. Bewildered. Assessing himself. Dark, tailored suit. Wedding ring. Nice watch. Good shoes. Soft leather briefcase. None of it familiar.

And yet... there's a sense of recurrence. Like faint music he knows from somewhere but can't identify.

Prods himself to walk now. No idea what else to do. Passing some SHOPS. Duty Free. Currency Exchange. Newsstand.

VOICE (O.S.)

David.

(Colter just walking past)

David.

A MAN approaching. Just wrapped up a phone call. He is EVAN MCGILL. He's 50. English. Business suit. Rounded eye glasses. Genial and slightly haphazard.

EVAN

You wouldn't believe the M4.

Absolutely impossible.

(falls into step with

Colter)

I just confirmed with Jessica.

She's got the slides. She'll meet

us at the airport in Amsterdam,

we'll all taxi over together.

Rattling on like he knows him. Like they're work colleagues. Stopping now because Colter's just stopped there, staring --

EVAN (CONT'D)

(reassuring)

She'll be fine. She won't say a word in the meeting.

COLTER

What meeting?

EVAN

Sorry?

COLTER

What is this?

EVAN

I don't follow.

(then)

You okay?

Colter waving him away. Moving off.

INT. BAR / HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

Colter coming in here. Going to a table. Opens his briefcase and removes its contents. Keys. Pens. Tablet computer. Breath mints. Couple charts. Financial data.

Means nothing. Jacket pockets now. A PHONE. He activates the screen to find an ELECTRONIC BOARDING PASS. Reads the passenger's name --

COLTER  
David Prior.

Nothing. A blank.

Other jacket pocket. There. Wallet. Inside, a COMPANY ID. Photo of a MAN'S FACE. David Prior. No resemblance to him.

Nauseated now. Unsteady. His surroundings seem lurid.

EVAN  
Hey. You all right?

Evan finding him in here. Concerned.

COLTER  
Think I'm going to be sick.

EVAN  
You have a late night? The life of a bachelor. Wish it was me.

Then -- RADIO STATIC. An AIRPORT SECURITY TEAM rushing past outside the bar. Radios. Body armor. Assault rifles.

Colter and Evan refocusing on the security men.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
(another inconvenience)  
Good God, what is it today?

Colter looks at his watch. His phone. The text. Struggling to put it together.

INT. TERMINAL / HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

Colter out of the bar. Hurrying after the security team.

EVAN  
(emerging from the bar)  
Hey! Where are you going?

Colter leaving him behind. Running now. Heart hammering in his chest. Brushing past people. His senses lighting up on details in the international crowd --

-- a KUWAITI MAN, traditional tribal robes, swirling past...

-- BACKPACKERS -- young adults -- whole cluster of them camped out in a coffee shop --

-- MAGAZINE VENDOR -- she's perched up on a stool in a little kiosk --

-- CLEANING CREW -- pushing their rolling carts into a restroom --

All of it vivid and disrupting. Colter trying to hurry through here but every detail calling for his attention.

COMMOTION

In the distance now. Several gates down. Hard to see. Shouts. A scuffle, maybe.

Colter slowing. New instinct warning him away. Whatever's happening up there, it's not good.

Colter jumps -- a HAND clamps onto his arm -- a stern-faced HEATHROW SECURITY OFFICER (MEERS) turning him around --

MEERS

Does this case belong to you?

Meers is holding Colter's briefcase. The one he left in the bar.

MEERS (CONT'D)

Answer me. Is this yours?

COLTER

Sorry. Forgot it.

Colter takes back the briefcase. Walks on. Dazed. Feels Meers watching him.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

British Airways Flight 650 to Nairobi is now boarding through Gate 71.

Colter stops at a window. Deliberate. Moment of truth. Now gazing there at --

HIS REFLECTION

Another man's face. The man from the ID card. David Prior. Confirming what he somehow half-expected. Terrifies him.

And now Evan walking up, out of breath, baffled --

EVAN

David. What is all this? Our flight's boarding. We have to go.

COLTER

This can't be happening.

Suddenly -- OUTSIDE -- LOOMING UP -- his eyes refocusing as --  
AN AIRBUS A-350 JUMBO JET FLIES RIGHT INTO HIM --

Cataclysmic impact! -- BOOM! -- this entire jet -- flying --  
slamming into the terminal -- unimaginable sound --  
everything detonates -- Colter -- everyone -- is incinerated.

EXT. TERMINAL / HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

Chaos -- devastation -- black smoke -- the terminal is gone --  
 in its place a deep trench of fire and rubble --

THEN -- THE IMAGE SHUDDERS -- GOES BLURRY -- CEASES.

BLACK SCREEN

FLASH -- Afghanistan combat -- night-vision green -- a  
 BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER IN FLIGHT --

COLTER (V.O.)  
 -- Darkstar November's pushing into  
 the wadi -- enemy in sight --

The chopper banking -- twisting -- hurdling forward and --

INT. CARGO CELL

Colter gasps awake. He's in a military flight suit. He's  
 strapped into a jumpseat in a windowless cargo area of a  
 military aircraft. The aircraft seems to be in flight. We  
 hear the hum of its engines.

Colter thrashes. Fighting the seat restraints. Hands  
 shaking. Trying to free himself. Full-scale panic when --

A BIRD CALL plays. The call of a Western Screech Owl. Low.  
 Trilling. Spooky. It instantly cancels Colter's rage and  
 leaves him alert. Coiled. Scanning the dark compartment.

GOODWIN (V.O.)  
 Welcome back, Captain Stevens.

There. On a SCREEN on the bulkhead wall. Air Force Major  
 COLLEEN GOODWIN.

Deathly silence. Colter staring at her across a measureless  
 gulf. A name appears on his lips. As familiar as his own.

COLTER  
 Goodwin.

GOODWIN  
Very good, Captain.

She wears a headset. Works unseen controls. Colter just clutching the seat restraints. Falling through space.

COLTER  
I know this. I know you.

GOODWIN  
Of course you do.

COLTER  
How do I know you?

GOODWIN  
Captain? Please list the four major provincial languages of Pakistan.

COLTER  
The what?

GOODWIN  
The question will not be repeated.

COLTER  
Who's David Prior?

Goodwin busy with something else. Colter put out.

Seconds rolling by. The cargo cell shudders.

He stifles his disbelief. Concentrates. Something there, faintly, in the haze.

COLTER (CONT'D)  
The four major languages...  
(corrects himself)  
... major provincial languages of  
Pakistan...  
(confident now)  
... are Punjabi, Pashto, Sindhi and  
Balochu.

GOODWIN  
That is correct.

COLTER  
So -- David Prior. Who's he again?

PLAYING CARDS shotgun across another screen.

GOODWIN

Please organize the cards to begin your favorite game of solitaire.

COLTER

Let me out of here.

GOODWIN

The request will not be repeated.

Colter ready to scream. Looks at the cards.

COLTER

My favorite game of solitaire? My absolute favorite?

Exasperated. Then blinks. Astonished. Has it.

COLTER (CONT'D)

Four rows of twelve cards each. Aces in the middle. In a single column. Build up by suit. Kings high.

How the hell does he know this? The cards on screen zipping into position at his command.

GOODWIN

Very good, Captain. What happened at the airport?

COLTER

The airport.

GOODWIN

Did you complete the task?

COLTER

What task? What are you --  
(stops -- sudden)  
Have we done this before?

GOODWIN

Your task involved Gate 76, did it not?

COLTER

Jesus Christ. A plane hit the...

Colter shuddering. Stalled there. Lost.

GOODWIN

Hear my voice, Captain. Gate 76.

COLTER  
Affirmative. Gate 76.

GOODWIN  
You're to open the --

COLTER  
Jetway door. Open it. I know.  
Gate 76.

GOODWIN  
Simple tasks. That's what we do.

COLTER  
And we do it in eight minutes.

GOODWIN  
Affirmative. Eight minutes. Let's  
reset and go again.

COLTER  
Reset. Go again.

Goodwin keying commands. The lights switch to RED.  
Machinery begins to HUM.

GOODWIN  
The UH-60 Blackhawk Helicopter has  
a service ceiling of --

COLTER  
-- service ceiling of 19,000 feet --  
-- rate of climb -- 700 feet per  
minute --

GOODWIN  
Best bird in the fleet.

COLTER  
Damn right, Colonel.

GOODWIN  
Gate 76. Go open that door!

COLTER  
I'm gonna open that door!

Blast to WHITE SCREEN. Every molecule snuffed out and --

INT. TERMINAL / HEATHROW AIRPORT / LONDON - DAY

KA-THUNK -- KA-THUNK -- KA-THUNK --

The churn of the moving walkway. Colter now David Prior again. Suit, tie, briefcase.

Yes. He knows this. Exactly as before. All clocks reset.

Moving walkway ends -- Colter stumbles but makes it off without falling this time.

INTERCOM (V.O.)  
Lufthansa is pleased to announce  
the arrival of --

COLTER  
-- Flight 316 from Munich.  
(repeating his orders)  
Gate 76. Open the door.

The terminal stretches ahead. Colter full of purpose now.

EVAN  
David.

It's EVAN MCGILL. Swinging into step beside Colter. Tucks his phone away.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
You wouldn't believe the M4.

COLTER  
Impossible. I know.

EVAN  
It's endless construction. So I  
just confirmed with Jessica, she's  
got the slides --

COLTER  
(stops him there)  
Look. I have some things to do.  
I'll see you... later.

EVAN  
Where are you --

Just left there. Puzzled. Colter rushes off.

TRACKING COLTER

As he weaves through the crowd. The gates click by. Colter flagging a bit. Losing momentum. Doubts creeping back in. Is he doing this right?

He's passing a CAFE now. Little coffee shop tucked in there.

## CAMERA FINDING

Those BACKPACKERS. Young adults. Energetic world travellers killing time. Among them is --

## CHRISTINA

We know her from the train in the first movie. Just a glimpse, then she's obscured by other people as --

## COLTER

Passes right by. Not ten feet away. Missing her entirely.

## INT. GATE 76 / TERMINAL - DAY

Colter barrelling in here. Ready to rock and --

The gate area is deserted. Empty counter. No passengers.

Colter hesitating. Surprised. Lost for a moment.

There. A CLOSED DOOR. The one leading to the jetway. It's the only door here, so...

Colter finding it locked. Stepping back. Looks at --

## HIS WATCH

Secondhand sweeping past. Time melting away.

## COLTER

Gate 76. Open the door.

Staring at the locked door. A test. A riddle.

## INT. JETWAY / GATE 76 - DAY

Inside the passageway now. Empty. Still. Looking at the other side of that LOCKED DOOR.

Now a sound of KEYS. Door's swinging opening. A GATE AGENT leading in Colter, acting the part of a frazzled traveller --

## COLTER

-- it's a full-size umbrella,  
little silver thing on the end -- I  
must've dropped it --

GATE AGENT

I don't see an umbrella in here.  
You might try baggage claim.

They're stopped halfway down the jetway. Colter trying to slow this down. What's supposed to happen now?

GATE AGENT (CONT'D)

Sir?

COLTER

Do you hear something?

Yes. There it is. Muffled KNOCKING.

Gate Agent's walking past Colter to the far end of the jetway and an OUTSIDE DOOR. Laughs as she sees someone out there.

GATE AGENT

(pushing open the door)

Forgot your code?

And now a SECOND GATE AGENT entering from a platform outside. She was locked out. Her name's HYATT. She's 26. Jacket. Scarf. Airlines ID. Wind-blown but terse and purposeful. She powers past Colter without so much as a glance.

INT. TERMINAL - DAY

Hyatt hurrying somewhere. One-track urgency. Colter following her.

COLTER

Ma'am? Miss? Hey!  
(reaches for her)

HYATT

Hands off!

Hyatt slaps him away -- sharp -- hostile --

COLTER

Woah. Okay. Just... what was that back there?

(she's ignoring him,  
pressing on)

Hello? I got you in. What's going on?

(he steps in front of her)

HYATT

Get out of my way.

She's pushing past him -- Colter yanks her back around --

COLTER  
What is this?

WHAM! Hyatt kicks Colter in the groin. Violent, shocking move. People turning. Disbelief.

Colter down. Seeing stars.

MEERS  
-- that's enough --

It's Meers -- the Heathrow Security Officer -- he's arrived out of nowhere -- taking hold of Colter --

COLTER  
(thrashing)  
-- get off! --

Colter resisting -- making it worse -- MORE SECURITY OFFICERS running up -- confusion -- here comes Evan --

EVAN  
David, what's going on?

Hands on him -- wrestling him -- Colter fighting to see -- but Hyatt's vanished in the crowd.

INT. HOLDING CELL / HEATHROW - DAY

Tiny box in some security hub. Colter thrown into a chair. Hands cuffed. Meers here. Officers come and go in the surrounding rooms.

COLTER  
She kicked me. Go arrest her.

MEERS  
Who are you talking about?

COLTER  
That crazy gate agent! Who the hell is she?

Meers opening Colter's wallet.

MEERS  
Where are you travelling to today, Mr... Prior?

COLTER

I travelling to here. Heathrow. That's my destination. And my name's not Prior. It's Colter Stevens. I used to fly helicopters for the U.S. Army. Then I became part of a program called Source Code. I've been sent from the future to investigate a plane.

MEERS

You're not making sense. What plane?

COLTER

The plane that's going to crash into this terminal in...  
(off his watch)  
... thirty seconds.

MEERS

(not amused)  
Thirty seconds.

COLTER

Twenty five, now.

Meers silent. Serious.

MEERS

You're digging yourself a very deep hole here, Mr. Prior.

COLTER

I'm done with Source Code. I did my job. I did not sign up for more.

Meers's phone. Text message coming in. His expression darkens. And there's commotion in the station. Officers scrambling now. Some emergency unfolding.

MEERS

What do you know? What's going on?

COLTER

What do you know?

MEERS

Who are you?

Colter checks his watch. Giving up.

COLTER  
I learned a prayer once. Sal-lal-  
la-hu. A-lay-hi. Wa-sal-lan.

MEERS  
(freaked out by him)  
Jesus Christ...

COLTER  
Sal-lal-la-hu. A-lay-hi. Wa-sal-  
lan.

Meers packing up -- rushing out of here --

COLTER (CONT'D)  
Bless and give him peace.

THE ROOM EXPLODES --

EXT. TERMINAL / HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

Dead silence. The airbus slamming into the terminal. A million tons of steel and concrete becoming a lake of fire.

And then...

*THE IMAGE DISINTEGRATES*

Like a husk. Torn away by the wind and --

*BEHIND IT*

ANOTHER LAYER EMERGES -- revealing --

THE TRAIN IN CHICAGO. Back there now. Colter's former mission.

FLASH IMAGES ON THE TRAIN -- Colter -- Christina -- the two of them -- tenderness and destruction interwoven and --

Click. Darkness. Nothingness. Reset.

INT. CARGO CELL

Colter back here. In his flight suit. In this metal, airborne box again. Eerie blue light filters in. Goodwin on a screen.

GOODWIN  
Tell me what you know.

COLTER

I know I'm some guy named David Prior. A businessman. At least I'm him for the last eight minutes of his life. Before he was killed by the plane.

GOODWIN

Your identity as David Prior is irrelevant.

COLTER

I know, I know. We don't care about him. Prior's already dead, they all are, and I can't bring them back. And this place I'm in now, it's just a manifestation in my head.

(bottom line)

I know Source Code, Goodwin. I know it better than you. What I don't know how the hell I got back into the program.

GOODWIN

We'll get to that.

COLTER

Can we get to that now?

GOODWIN

Right now I need your cooperation.

Colter appalled. Constantly fighting back his exasperation.

COLTER

You and I were friends last time.

GOODWIN

I have no memory our previous relationship --

COLTER

Yeah, yeah -- because it happened in a different reality. And now I've got to build a whole new relationship with you, just to get you to tell me the truth.

GOODWIN

(perplexed)

I do tell you the truth.

Colter laughs. No point in arguing an absurdity. Decides to play along.

COLTER

The plane crash. When did it happen?

GOODWIN

48 hours ago. Quantum Jet flight 997 was headed to New York from London Heathrow. One minute after take off, it crashed into the terminal. Almost 1,000 killed.

INT. SOURCE CODE LAB - NELLIS A.F.B. - DAY

Big switch. Other side of the rabbit hole. We're in Source Code's spooky core. It's a cavernous mission control hangar. Big wall screens. Workstations with advanced equipment. Different hubs of activity. The personnel in here a mix of MILITARY OFFICERS and SOFTWARE TECHNICIANS. The atmosphere is tense, as befits an unfolding crisis.

Goodwin at a bank of screens and controls. Camera and microphone trained on her. She's wizard behind a curtain.

INT. CARGO CELL

Colter disengages his seat restraints. Wandering the deck now. Gathering it all in.

GOODWIN

Your objective is to bring us the name of the man or men who bombed the plane. If you can do that, we have a chance of stopping the next one.

COLTER

Next one?

GOODWIN

Next attack. Same terrorist network. Most likely another plane. One headed right now for the U.S.

COLTER

If you want my help, then let's talk about how I got here. Let's talk about the train.

GOODWIN  
You mean the CRT train?

COLTER  
Now we're getting somewhere. Yes,  
the CRT train. The one that blew  
up outside of Chicago.

GOODWIN  
It never blew up, Captain. You  
prevented it. Nine months ago.  
You are still in that same reality.

COLTER  
Nine months? I don't remember nine  
months. What the hell have I been  
up to?

GOODWIN  
Your memory loss is a normal side  
effect to re-integration into  
Source Code.

COLTER  
But I never agreed to go back!

GOODWIN  
On the contrary, Captain, you  
volunteered.

COLTER  
Bullshit.

GOODWIN  
This is a secret base, Captain, but  
you found us.

COLTER  
You're lying!

GOODWIN  
You walked right in. Or should I  
say Sean Fentress did.

Colter stops pacing. Freaked out.

COLTER  
What do you know about Sean  
Fentress?

GOODWIN  
Give me something first. About  
Heathrow. Something I can use.

Colter glaring. Hating her.

COLTER  
I did what you asked. Gate 76. I  
let in the gate agent.

GOODWIN  
I know.

COLTER  
How do you know that?

GOODWIN  
Because I assumed you did your job.  
But that was only a first step.

COLTER  
First step in what? Who is she?

GOODWIN  
You're ready for more  
responsibility now.

COLTER  
I don't want more responsibility.  
I want you to tell me...

PLAYING CARDS pop up on the screen. They distract Colter.  
Scatter his thoughts. Take the edge off his antagonism.

GOODWIN  
Let's discuss the bomb.

COLTER  
The bomb?

GOODWIN  
On the plane.

COLTER  
There was no bomb.

Goodwin's eyes narrow. Out of patience.

COLTER (CONT'D)  
You a pilot, Goodwin? I saw that  
plane. It executed a hard, shallow  
turn and came in nose up, flaps  
down, trimmed for glide. That  
means one thing -- loss of  
electrical power. Mechanical  
failure. That's all.

INT. COMMAND BAY / SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

ON A SCREEN -- Colter's dialogue comes out here as SILENT  
LINES OF TEXT --

*"There was no terrorist attack."*

Beat. The blinking cursor. Then --

*"Tell me about Sean Fentress."*

Goodwin unmoved. We see her impatience. Her stubbornness. Unlike the first movie, she's higher ranking now. It's her program. She turns to her civilian TECHNICIAN (LYDIA) --

GOODWIN  
We need to induce more cooperation.

LYDIA  
Maybe if you gave him a rest, some  
time to --

GOODWIN  
Send him back in. Charge the  
drivers.

INT. CARGO CELL

Colter hears the sound of GHOSTLY MACHINERY starting up --

COLTER  
Goodwin?

GOODWIN  
The pilots never reported  
mechanical failure.

COLTER  
There's nothing else it could be.

GOODWIN  
Then bring back evidence. Show me  
it was just an accident. And I'll  
let you go.

COLTER  
Wait!

*FLASH -- A SUPERNOVA EXPLODING -- RIPPING THROUGH HIM --*

INT. COMMAND BAY / SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

Quiet. Civility. A DISPLAY reads -- "SOURCE CODE STREAMING." A TIMER starts counting down from EIGHT MINUTES.

INT. BIO-SUSPENSION CHAMBER / SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

A glassed-in room. Like a hospital ICU. THAT SAME EIGHT-MINUTE COUNTDOWN running in here. Goodwin entering. In here to check on --

A STEEL CAPSULE. In its port window we see a COMATOSE MAN. Vital signs kept at their lowest survivable level.

It's SEAN FENTRESS. Colter's alter ego from the train.

Goodwin gazing at Fentress. It's her show. She's responsible. And she has nothing.

LIEUTENANT

Ma'am?

Her military aide, an Air Force LIEUTENANT, in the doorway --

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

S-1's calling. They want targets.

GOODWIN

I need more time.

INT. TERMINAL / HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

Colter carving through the crowd. Going to see this through.

UP AHEAD

EVAN. Finishing up his phone call. About to turn around --

Colter swerves away -- avoiding him -- screened by a crowd of people --

It works. Evan doesn't see him.

INT. GATE 76 / TERMINAL - DAY

Colter's walking in here. Stops in surprise. The JETWAY DOOR is now unexpectedly open.

INT. TERMINAL - DAY

Colter running further down the terminal. Looking for someone.

INT. SIDE CORRIDOR / TERMINAL - DAY

Small area near some restrooms. There's commotion. Three AIRPORT STAFF keeping people back as --

A BACKPACK

Sits by itself in the middle of the corridor. Bomb scare. Someone pushing in here -- it's HYATT -- that gate agent --

AIRPORT STAFFER  
Wait! Stay back!

But Hyatt's fearless -- opening the backpack --

COLTER

Arriving at the edge of the security cordon as --

HYATT

Empties out the backpack's contents. Clothes and magazines spilling onto the carpet.

THE SECURITY TEAM ARRIVES -- those officers with guns -- but it's all over -- Hyatt tossing the empty backpack away --

AIRPORT STAFFER (CONT'D)  
That thing could've blown up in your face.

HYATT  
Not that one.

INT. TERMINAL - DAY

Hyatt wandering through the crowd. At loose ends.

COLTER  
Bold move back there.

Hyatt stops. Turns.

COLTER (CONT'D)  
Gate agents don't do what you just did. Who are you?

His PHONE RINGING. Distraction. Colter answering --

COLTER (CONT'D)  
Hello?

EVAN (V.O.)  
David? It's Evan. Where are you?

COLTER  
(Hyatt ducks away into the crowd now)  
Hey, come back here!

EVAN (V.O.)  
Flight's boarding, Gate 70.

Colter hanging up -- glances at his watch -- then hurries after Hyatt -- who's vanished from view --

INT. TERMINAL - DAY

Colter working his way back down the terminal. Trying to find Hyatt again. He's lost her. Happens to look over at --

INT. CAFE / TERMINAL - DAY

That same small group of travellers we glimpsed the last time. They're parked on stools, surrounded by bags, chattering away or dozing. There's plenty of hiking boots and cargo pants. Killing time before a big adventure and --

Colter approaching them. Recognition. Disbelief.

COLTER  
Christina?

She looks over. Her hair's different. Braided long to one side. But it's her. She's tan now. Rugged. Centered and alive. A soulful traveller.

CHRISTINA  
Yes?

She's not alone. Her travelling group includes an intense-looking young man (RODNEY) and a Pacific Northwest granola girl (NAOMI).

And Colter weak in the knees. Memories flooding him. Trying to scrape together some response, make sense of this --

COLTER  
How can it be you?

CHRISTINA  
I'm sorry?

INTERCOM (V.O.)  
British Airways Flight 650 to  
Nairobi is now boarding through  
Gate 71.

The group around Christina stirring -- gathering gear --

RODNEY  
(nudges a sleeping friend)  
Hey, wake up. We're going.

CHRISTINA  
(grabbing her bags)  
I think you have me confused with  
someone else.

COLTER  
Christina Warren. From Chicago.

She stops. The others in her group filing out of here.

CHRISTINA  
Yes. That's me. Who --

COLTER  
Do you remember the train?

Silence. Christina completely thrown.

CHRISTINA  
What train?

COLTER  
The train. You rode it every day.  
You and Sean.

CHRISTINA  
What's the about? Who are you?

COLTER  
How can you be here?

PIERCING LIGHT -- they turn to look --

THE TERMINAL -- all of it -- EXPLODING INWARDS AT THEM -- THE  
AIRBUS hurling in here -- wall of fire -- BLAST WAVE --

COLTER -- split second -- grabbing Christina -- covering her  
with his body as --

EVERYTHING VAPORIZES -- seared it all into atoms and --

BRIGHT FLASH -- THE IMAGERY BENDING NOW -- IMPLODING IN ON ITSELF -- TIME, LIGHT SUCKED BACK INTO A VORTEX AND --

Darkness. Total vacuum. Total absence.

INT. SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

Goodwin back in her seat. Peering into her camera. Worried.

GOODWIN

Captain Stevens, we are ready to be briefed.

Colter's dialogue screen is blank. A blinking cursor.

LYDIA

I'm showing he's there.

INT. CARGO CELL

The compartment rises and falls. As if drifting on an ocean.

GOODWIN

Did you confirm mechanical failure on the aircraft?

Colter leans against a wall. Silent. Defiant.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)

(imploring)

Colter, there are over 600 planes en route to the continental United States.

A SCREEN shimmers up. A RADAR MAP of the CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES. Hundreds of planes closing in. Like incoming missiles.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)

One of these planes could be our terrorist. Unless you help, it's a needle in a haystack.

Still nothing. Goodwin retrenching. New tactic.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)

One morning I came into work and there was a message waiting. It said that Source Code worked. That it was even more powerful than we knew.

(MORE)

GOODWIN (CONT'D)

That it created a whole new world.  
You sent that message. You saved  
that train.

Colter listening now. Stewing on it all.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)

For nine months I heard nothing  
more. And Source Code had never  
been used in this reality. Until  
two days ago, when that plane  
crashed, and we started laying the  
groundwork. Then you arrived. You  
told me who you were. Said you  
wanted to help. That's you'd done  
it before. I didn't know if it  
would work. But as his body was,  
in effect, borrowed, there was a  
chance. You knew the risks. You  
didn't care. You wanted to go back  
in time to Heathrow.

COLTER

Why don't remember those nine  
months? Between the train and now?  
That's what I want to remember.

GOODWIN

Then maybe you will.

Colter hesitating. No trust here.

COLTER

Source Code creates a whole new  
world. You already had a Captain  
Stevens in your lab. Remember?  
Why didn't you send him back into  
this?

GOODWIN

We couldn't. Your original body --  
the one here -- died ten days ago.  
Of wounds sustained in your  
helicopter crash in Afghanistan.

Colter left with that. The dimensions of the cargo cell  
contract slightly around him.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Captain. Your wounds  
were severe.

COLTER  
You're saying I have no body  
anymore?

GOODWIN  
Outside of Sean Fentress, no.

The flickering flame of his existence. Goodwin once again  
his guardian. His tormentor. His only contact.

COLTER  
They promoted you.

GOODWIN  
I took over the Source Code  
program, yes.

COLTER  
Now you're desperate to prove it  
works.

GOODWIN  
I'm desperate to stop a second  
attack. You were, too.

Colter looks at the screen with the PLANES approaching the  
United States.

COLTER  
Someone planted a backpack in the  
airport as a diversion. You don't  
create a diversion unless you're  
busy somewhere else. The plane's  
engines failed, but it wasn't an  
accident.

GOODWIN  
Then what are we looking for?

COLTER  
You're looking for a device that  
can fry electronic circuitry.

GOODWIN  
An electro-magnetic pulse bomb.

COLTER  
That's right. That's what brought  
down the plane.

Goodwin's pleased. Signals to an officer in the lab off  
camera.

GOODWIN

Captain, a second plane may be approaching the United States right now carrying another EMP bomb. We need its flight number, before it slams into a city. When you return to Heathrow, see who's watching that plane take off. See who's admiring their handiwork as it crashes.

INT. CAFE / HEATHROW - DAY

Same set up. Christina chatting with Rodney and Naomi when -- Colter striding in. Right up to her. All business.

COLTER

Christina.  
(she's looking over)  
I know you don't know me, but I need to trust me. You need to get out of here. Right now.

CHRISTINA

What?

COLTER

I don't know why you're here, how it's possible, but you need to go --  
(reaching for her)

CHRISTINA

(moves away, startled)  
Woah --

COLTER

Christina, you're in danger.

RODNEY

(coming off his seat)  
Dude, get away from her.

COLTER

Stay out of this.

RODNEY

(to Christina)  
You know this guy?

CHRISTINA

I don't think so.

COLTER

I know it's confusing, Christina, but I know you. Your name is Christina Warren. You used to ride the IRT train to Chicago. You worked in a law firm but you weren't happy.

CHRISTINA

What is this? Some kind of joke?

COLTER

You and Sean Fentress. The two of you got off the train that day, remember? You had coffee together. He kissed you. That changed your lives. Am I getting through to you?

CHRISTINA

I don't understand. Who are you?

COLTER

What happened to you two? Where's Fentress? Why isn't he here with you?

CHRISTINA

Okay, you're really scaring me.

RODNEY

(getting in his face)

You heard her, jerk, shove off --

BAM! Colter drops him. Hard, military jab to the throat. The others in here gasping -- scrambling away from him --

NAOMI

Somebody call the police!

COLTER

Christina, come with me.

Holds out his hand. Imploring. Christina backing up.

CHRISTINA

Stay away from me.

COLTER

The airport's going to blow up. We need to go. I know how crazy this sounds. But I'm begging you.

CHRISTINA

Leave me alone.

Colter drops his hand. Done this all wrong. And people backing away. On their phones. Colter -- no choice -- forced to run away.

INT. TERMINAL - DAY

Colter hurrying away from the cafe. Scrambling to figure out his next move and --

INT. GATE 71 - DAY

EVAN now in line to board his flight to Amsterdam. Colter running up to him.

EVAN

Ah, there you are. Let me guess. Late night. So many woman, so little time.

COLTER

Just one woman, actually.

EVAN

What's her name? We should all have dinner.

COLTER

Tell me something. We sell insurance, don't we?

EVAN

You sell it. I'm just the rates analyst.

COLTER

What are the odds of the same woman being a victim in two different terrorists attacks?

EVAN

Two terrorist attacks? Almost nil.  
(switching gears)  
Now about today's slides. I've spoken to Jessica --

Colter pulls him out of line.

COLTER

Listen to me. Forget the slides.  
Forget Amsterdam. The meeting's  
been cancelled.

EVEN

It has?

COLTER

Get out of here. I'll see you at  
the office.

Colter running off. Evan left there trying to decipher this.

EXT. RUNWAY / HEATHROW - DAY

The doomed QUANTUM JET poised for takeoff --

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (V.O.)

Quantum Jet 997, Heathrow Tower,  
cleared for take off.

And the jet releasing its breaks, engines throttling up,  
beginning to roll.

INT. SIDE CORRIDOR / TERMINAL - DAY

Cordoned off. That bomb scare again. SECURITY PERSONNEL are  
crouched at the backpack, carefully unzipping it as --

HYATT

Walks right past the activity this time. No interest in the  
backpack. Bent on some other destination when --

COLTER

Remember me? The jetway door. It  
was locked. I had to let you in.  
You never said thank you.

Hyatt coldly evaluating him. Won't react.

COLTER (CONT'D)

But this time, funny thing. The  
door was open. Somehow you learned  
the code. You opened it yourself.

BETWEEN THEM -- BIG WINDOW -- THE AIRBUS IN THE SKY -- sun  
glints off its fuselage as it turns back to the airport --

COLTER (CONT'D)  
 Source Code doesn't work like that.  
 Unless you're in Source Code, too.

Hyatt still holding back. A sphinx. Colter losing it --

COLTER (CONT'D)  
 Talk to me!

HYATT  
 If I were you, I'd focus on the  
 mission.

COLTER  
 Who are you?

HYATT  
 I won't let you distract me.

The plane's coming in. Right at them. Neither looks at it.

COLTER  
 You know what Source Code is? They  
 tell you how it works? You're  
 dead. Your body's in a capsule.  
 At an Air Force base in Nevada.

Shouts of terror -- the looming plane -- people from the  
 windows -- Hyatt like a rock there -- dead calm --

HYATT  
 I know.

*THE PLANE -- NOSE CONE IMPACTS -- SHATTERING THE TERMINAL  
 WALL -- EVERYTHING DETONATES AND --*

INT. CARGO CELL

Colter at the monitor. Astounded.

COLTER  
 Another operative's in there?

GOODWIN  
 Multiples were always contemplated  
 for Source Code.

COLTER  
 You're unbelievable.

GOODWIN  
 Air Force jets -- are you  
 listening, Captain?  
 (MORE)

GOODWIN (CONT'D)

-- jets are in the air -- they are going to start shooting down planes -- unless you give me a lead.

COLTER

Who is she?!

INT. SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

DIALOGUE SCREEN -- Colter's words shooting across:

*"When were you going to tell me?"*

Goodwin sits back. Looks around the area at --

REVEAL -- A SECOND WORKSTATION. With a MILITARY CONTROLLER and a CIVILIAN TECHNICIAN of its own.

INT. CARGO CELL

Goodwin coming back to Colter with --

GOODWIN

She's a Marine. Her name is Staff Sergeant Hyatt. We acquired her a few weeks back.

COLTER

"Acquired." What's that mean?

GOODWIN

You each have your assignments. Any interaction between you would slow down the investigation. We need to cover as much ground as possible in there.

COLTER

What is it with you? How many layers are there to this?

GOODWIN

This isn't working, Captain. You're not making progress.

COLTER

Kind of hard when I'm being lied to constantly.

GOODWIN  
 You're not making progress because  
 you're spending your time on  
 Christina, not the bomber.

COLTER  
 I see. And who's telling you that?  
 Hyatt, of course.

GOODWIN  
 Let's take a rest, Captain. Shall  
 we?

Click. Goodwin cuts off the monitor.

COLTER  
 Goodwin!

The dark screen. Colter astonished. Punches the wall.

COLTER (CONT'D)  
 Goddamnit, come back here!

Red hot. Pacing there. And then it all comes out --

COLTER (CONT'D)  
 Okay, fine. Let's talk about Staff  
 Sergeant Hyatt. Why does she start  
 outside? Kind of odd for a gate  
 agent to be outside, don't you  
 think? Unless that agent saw  
something strange and went out  
there to investigate.  
 (shouting into the void)  
 This whole time you've been sending  
 her back in, your bad guy's  
 outside.

Click. Monitor comes back on. Goodwin reappears.

GOODWIN  
 Interesting theory.

COLTER  
 I want to know about Christina  
 Warren.

GOODWIN  
 We'll talk about Christina later.

COLTER  
 We're going to talk now. I saved  
 Christina from the train.  
 (MORE)

COLTER (CONT'D)

It makes no sense she dies at Heathrow. You did that. You put her there.

Colter turns. Freezes because --

HYATT APPEARS OUT OF THE GLOOM!

Just walks into his space. Colter shocked into silence.

GOODWIN

I've patched Staff Sergeant Hyatt into our conversation.

Hyatt's Marine Corps camouflage is dusty and soaked with dried blood. She stares back at him evenly. Ready to spar.

COLTER

How are you doing this?

GOODWIN

We'll pursue your tarmac theory, Captain. Both of you go see what's outside. If it's nothing, Captain Stevens will be deactivated, Sergeant Hyatt will assume sole responsibility on the mission.

She's issuing orders -- SOUND of MACHINERY starting up --

COLTER

You're not the Goodwin I knew.

GOODWIN

No. I am not.

BANG.

INT. TERMINAL / HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

Reset. Colter jolts to life on the MOVING WALKWAY. He curses. Breaks into a run and --

INT. TERMINAL - DAY

Colter racing towards a group of shops -- passing --

EVAN

David?

(getting off his phone,  
bewildered)

David!

Colter ignoring him -- pressing on --

INTERCOM (V.O.)  
Lufthansa is pleased to announce  
the arrival of Flight 316 from  
Munich.

INT. CAFE / TERMINAL - DAY

Colter here now. Catching his breath. New approach.  
Lingering off to one side to observe --

Christina. She's at a table with Rodney and Naomi. Other  
members of their travel group lounging and dozing. Bags  
strewn around.

Colter grabs an empty cup. Wanders over. Forces himself to  
appear relaxed and pleasant.

COLTER  
OXFAM. What is that?

He gestures to the INSIGNIAS on their bags and shirts.

NAOMI  
It's an aid organization. Famine  
relief, clean water, medical  
clinics.

COLTER  
I get it. Like the Red Cross.

CHRISTINA  
It's better. We've got gift shops.

COLTER  
So you're all in this Oxfam thing?  
Like a job?

CHRISTINA  
I've been in training. I'm headed  
to Uganda for my first real duty  
station.

Rodney gloomily getting up, hefts his things --

RODNEY  
I'm going to the gate.  
(he leaves)

CHRISTINA  
Don't mind Rod. Male competition  
distresses him.

COLTER  
Hey, I'm just in here drinking  
coffee.

CHRISTINA  
Out of an empty cup, I see.

Colter looks down. Caught. They laugh. Naomi reads the situation and moves off with a little smile.

NAOMI  
I'll let you two chat.

CHRISTINA  
Naomi -- where are you --  
Now it's just the two of them. Christina flustered.

COLTER  
So. Africa. Very impressive.

CHRISTINA  
We'll see how long I last living in  
a tent.

COLTER  
What were you doing before this?  
Before OXFAM?

CHRISTINA  
Not much. Temping in a law firm in  
Chicago.

COLTER  
But that wasn't for you?

CHRISTINA  
I hated it. I'd probably still be  
there, but someone convinced me to  
make a change.

COLTER  
A guy, you mean? Boyfriend?

CHRISTINA  
(complex silence)  
A good influence.

COLTER  
Sorry. Don't mean to get personal.

CHRISTINA  
I'd better get going.

COLTER  
Right. Me too.

CHRISTINA  
Busy day?

COLTER  
You have no idea.

She's gathering her things. Feels the chemistry here. But her future's elsewhere.

CHRISTINA  
Nice talking with you.

COLTER  
I wish we had more time.

That catches her. The way he says it. She smiles.

CHRISTINA  
Good luck.

She's walking off. Colter left there. Helpless.

COLTER  
Good luck.

EXT. EMERGENCY EXIT / TERMINAL - DAY

Door blasting open -- Colter coming down the steps -- buffeted by jet noise -- the stink of aviation fuel --  
He's hustling down to the tarmac -- no time to spare --

EXT. SERVICE BAY / TERMINAL - DAY

Underneath the terminal. A sprawling maintenance city down here. Baggage carts. Tow vehicles. Shipping crates. Fuel trucks. GROUND CREWS working. Colter stumbling through it all. No idea where to look and --

HYATT  
Where were you?

She's walking up to him. Their meeting tense, improvised --

HYATT (CONT'D)  
I don't know what I'm supposed to be looking for.

Colter scanning the vehicles, the equipment.

COLTER  
Where do you start, exactly, when  
you wake up?

HYATT  
Right here.

COLTER  
This is the gate the crashed plane  
pushed back from.

HYATT  
You're just figuring that out?

COLTER  
The plane pushes back. Goes to  
take off. Meanwhile your agent's  
inside, sees something suspicious  
out here and comes down here to  
check it out.

INT. EMERGENCY DOORS / TERMINAL - DAY

An ALARM going off. Tripped by Colter's exit. MEERS and  
some of his SECURITY MEN have arrived to investigate.

EXT. TARMAC - DAY

Colter looking around. Trying to recreate something.

COLTER  
Picture this. Our bad guy, he's on  
the flight. He boards the plane,  
stashes the EMP bomb somewhere on  
board, then he gets off again, just  
before they close the doors to push  
back. He wants to avoid the  
cameras in the gate, so he escapes  
out here, down the jetway stairs.

HYATT  
No. Somebody would see him.

COLTER  
Exactly! The gate agent was coming  
out here to stop the guy.

HYATT  
Then where's he hide? If he's out  
here, how's he get away?  
(gestures all around)  
(MORE)

HYATT (CONT'D)

All the doors going back in are  
locked.

Colter looking around. Gazes halfheartedly at a ground  
crew's BICYCLE leaning against a column.

Then sees something. Walks over to a BAGGAGE CONVEYOR BELT.  
It slopes upwards, disappearing into the ceiling.

COLTER

Up here.

HYATT

That's for luggage. He can't get  
out through there.

MEERS

FREEZE -- RIGHT THERE! -- HOLD IT!

They jump -- turns around --

MEERS (CONT'D)

-- hands to your head! -- now! --

MEERS -- down here -- GUN DRAWN ON COLTER -- two more AIRPORT  
SECURITY MEN backing him up --

MEERS (CONT'D)

-- you're in a restricted area --

And just like that -- Colter jumping onto the baggage  
conveyor -- racing up it --

INT. CONVEYOR BELT - DAY

A cramped, impossible space. Made for luggage, not people.

Colter pushing his way up in here -- the moving, rumbling  
belt carrying him into this narrow, filthy tunnel -- very  
steep angle -- up, up, up --

EXT. CONVEYOR BELT - DAY

Meers and his men at the top of the external ramp -- common  
sense telling them to hesitate at the dark opening --

MEERS

He's trapped. Stay here. I'll see  
where this lets out.

Meers runs off another way --

INT. CONVEYOR BELT - DAY

Colter grappling -- moving -- trying to grab on to something but slammed into walls -- sharp turns -- slam! -- bang! -- this was a bad idea --

UP AHEAD -- AN OPENING -- A CHUTE -- LUGGAGE TUMBLING DOWN ONTO THE BELT -- a waterfall of bags --

Colter grabs hold -- WHAM! -- luggage hits him squarely in the chest -- knocks him back onto the moving belt --

Back up -- fighting to the chute opening --

Second try now -- the opening -- grabs hold -- dodges a CAR SEAT that comes slamming down -- pulls himself up into --

INT. LUGGAGE SORTING HUB - DAY

Some complex distribution system -- multiple converging belts loaded with luggage -- an automated world --

Colter threading through it -- getting out -- scales a locked gate and --

INT. FIRST CLASS LOUNGE / HEATHROW - DAY

Utility door swinging open. Colter emerging out here. Music pulsing softly. Sleek furniture. Cool lighting. Wrap-around windows with dramatic views of the runways. Upscale, international clientele.

Colter's filthy. Battered. Bruised. Moving through the expansive lounge area.

WAITRESS

Sir? Are you all right?

Colter just drifting past her. The whole scene has taken on a dream like quality. He's heading for --

THE BAR

A chic-looking MAN sitting there. Roosting there.

Colter. Stopped a few yards away. Noting the man's SCUFFED SUIT. Just like the scuffs on Colter's clothes.

COLTER

Nice suit.

The man aware of him now. Slowly, obligingly, turning around. He's maybe 38. Close-cropped hair going grey. Powerful shoulders. Tall. Elegant. Smooth. Bracelet glinting on his wrist. He face -- his origins -- Central Africa, maybe. Or Southeast Asia. There is something rootless about him. Unfixed. A ghost moving in the world. He will become known to us as LAURANT OMO.

COLTER (CONT'D)

It's over.

And Omo's regarding Colter with nothing more than a tourist's casual interest when --

BOOM -- distant -- massive -- THE WHOLE CONCOURSE ROCKED -- tremors from the jet impacting a terminal and --

Phones ringing now -- the confusion and stress building in here as people begin reacting -- BLACK SMOKE outside -- billowing past the windows as --

OMO -- hand dips under the bar -- retrieves a GUN taped there -- so easy -- Colter realizing -- not expecting it --

FLASH -- Omo's suit jacket flapping out -- he's fired the gun from concealment --

Colter shot -- driven back -- crashing into furniture --

Omo out of his seat -- darting for the doors -- gone --

And Colter lying dead on the carpet.

*REALITY SHIFTING NOW -- SOURCE CODE TIMING OUT --*

A blink. A blush. The world vanishing. Softly this time.

EXT. MILLENNIUM PARK - CHICAGO - DAY

SEAN FENTRESS'S FACE -- reflected in the curving surface of the massive CLOUD GATE SCULPTURE --

PULLING BACK TO REVEAL --

Colter. There with Christina. It's the end of the first movie. The two of them on that glorious, sunlit day. So much promise. The world before them.

INT. CARGO CELL

Embedded screens. They seem to appear in different places each time. SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of OMO in the Heathrow restaurant.

GOODWIN

His name is Laurant Omo. No known place or date of birth, but he's believed to be in his late thirties. And he's got quite a history.

More screens shimmering up -- mug shots of Omo -- Interpol alerts -- global terrorism wanted lists --

GOODWIN (CONT'D)

He's been linked to a pipeline attack in the Caspian Sea, the kidnapping of a diplomat in Eastern Africa and the bombing of a Tokyo subway station. U.S. Special Forces thought they killed him in Qatar in 2011. Regardless, this is very good work, Captain.

Colter quiet in here. Pensive. Off in the shadows, Hyatt sits on a crate. Silent. Subdued. His cell mate.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)

It seems that Omo, using an alias, boarded Flight 997, planted a bomb, then got off the plane before it left.

COLTER

He was sitting at the bar. Drinking. Like it was nothing.  
(dazed)  
How's he get a gun into the first class lounge?

GOODWIN

I'm sure that's the easy part. Omo's an experienced terrorist.  
(more bad news)  
As of now, the FAA has denied landing permits to several international flights approaching JFK, Washington Dulles and Atlanta Hartsfield airports.  
(MORE)

GOODWIN (CONT'D)

Until we determine the extent of Omo's plan, all those flights will have to circle. Time is of the essence here. The mission is not complete.

COLTER

It doesn't fit. Another plane? Two days after the first one? He wouldn't try the same thing again.

GOODWIN

He doesn't know we're investigating him with Source Code. That's our advantage here, Captain.

COLTER

Tell me something. How does Christina get involved with two different terrorist attacks nine months apart?

GOODWIN

I don't know. I really don't.

COLTER

Why don't I remember those months with her? After the train?

HYATT

Captain, our priority is stopping Omo's second attack. Any further diversion puts thousands of other lives at risk.

COLTER

It's always interesting to hear you go on about the sanctity of human life.

HYATT

Point of fact, all you care about's her life. Christina's.

COLTER

What's your problem, Hyatt?

HYATT

You're screwing up the mission. All for some old flame you can't get back.

Colter furious -- about to react but -- *ZIP!* -- a crackle of electrons and Hyatt disappears.

GOODWIN  
That's enough.

Colter astonished. Staring at empty space.

COLTER  
You can do that?

GOODWIN  
Are you able to work with her or not?

COLTER  
She's the one with the attitude problem.

GOODWIN  
Sergeant Hyatt was murdered by another marine in her platoon. A grenade was tossed into her room while she slept.

Colter jolted. The reality of how they got here.

COLTER  
I didn't know.

His screens -- X-RAY IMAGERY appearing -- dozens of bags and briefcases passing through an AIRPORT SECURITY scanner --

GOODWIN  
We've found imagery of Omo in the security line at Heathrow. Some of these bags belonged to Omo and contains the pieces of our EMP device. At this point we'd like you to --

INT. SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

Sudden static on Colter's dialogue screen. Warning lights flashing around the control panel.

GOODWIN  
Captain Stevens?

INT. CARGO CELL

Screens blank in here. The cargo cell dark and shaking violently.

COLTER

Goodwin?

INT. BIO-SUSPENSION CHAMBER / SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

Monitors erupting with alerts. Goodwin and Lydia rushing in. A MEDICAL TEAM in here, clustered around Sean Fentress's capsule.

GOODWIN

What's going on?

MEDIC

It's Fentress. He's having heart arrhythmia. His vitals are dropping.

GOODWIN

Can we do anything?

MEDIC

If we administer treatment, he could have a brain hemorrhage.

GOODWIN

Then let's send him back in.

LYDIA

Where? Into Source Code?

GOODWIN

He could stabilize in there.

LYDIA

He could die in there.

GOODWIN

Just do it.

INT. CARGO CELL

Plunging now -- like an elevator in free fall -- Colter braced there -- terrified -- can only hang on --

COLTER

Goodwin!

INT. CONTROL AREA / SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

Lydia racing to her station to get the system back on line --

INT. CARGO CELL

Deafening noise -- turbulence -- A WALL PANEL RIPS OFF -- sheared away -- revealing --

THE GROUND -- ROLLING GREEN HILLS -- RUSHING UP -- it's a blur -- Colter hurling into the earth as --

INT. CONTROL AREA / SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

Lydia and Goodwin standing at the controls. Breathless.

LYDIA

Source Code is streaming.

Quiet again. Clock's ticking again.

INT. BIO-SUSPENSION CHAMBER / SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

The medic inspecting the monitors. No more alarms.

MEDIC

He's stabilizing.

INT. TERMINAL / HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

Colter on the floor. Collapsed there. Concerned passengers gathering around.

TRAVELLER

Someone get a doctor!

EXT. JETWAY PLATFORM / HEATHROW - DAY

Still just seconds in. Hyatt hurrying up the steps to the jetway door. Punching in the unlock code.

INT. TERMINAL - DAY

Colter blinking awake as an EMT waves a smelling salt under his nose. Evan here now, with him.

EVAN

Just a fainting spell. Welcome back, mate.

INT. SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

The Air Force Lieutenant checking in.

LIEUTENANT

We've now got two suspect planes circling Dulles. Another three over JFK. Bunch more heading in. They won't let them land until we can confirm which one is carrying a bomb.

The Source Code mission clock counting down from eight minutes. Goodwin just watching it. Hostage to it.

GOODWIN

Tell the Pentagon I'll have an answer for them in eight minutes.  
(wild prayer)  
He'll come back with something.

INT. TERMINAL - DAY

The EMT medic has left. Colter pulling himself together. Evan handing him some water.

EVAN

Just relax. Be right as rain soon. Probably just a spell of nerves.  
(nervous)  
Don't want to put you on the spot, but we need to make this flight. We need this presentation to go well.

Evan caught up in his worries. Colter sips the water.

COLTER

You got kids, Evan?

EVAN

That's a rather personal question.

COLTER

Sorry.

EVAN

No, I mean, you surprise me. We've worked together for a year and you've never taken an interest before.

Colter hesitates. The comment registering in a deeper place.

COLTER  
Then David Prior is an asshole.

EVAN  
(stunned)  
I'm sorry, did you just say --

COLTER  
Evan, who's your boss?

EVAN  
My boss? You are.

COLTER  
I am? Good. Take the day off.

EVAN  
What?

COLTER  
Go home to your kids. I'll deal  
with the presentation.

EVAN  
You must still be dizzy.

COLTER  
Go home. Right now. See your  
family. They love you. That's an  
order.

Colter hurries off. Evan left flabbergasted.

MOVING WITH COLTER AS --

HYATT -- meets up with him. Stopping dead. Face to face.

COLTER (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Hyatt. For what  
happened to you.

HYATT  
How about we just do this?

COLTER  
How about we save that plane? You  
might not think it matters, but it  
does. You're an airline employee.  
Call someone. Have them stop it  
from taking off.

HYATT  
It's too late. Plane's already in  
the air.

Colter silent. Crestfallen.

COLTER  
 Okay. Go to the first class lounge. Gun's under the counter. Second seat from the end. If we're lucky, you'll get there before him.

HYATT  
 What about you?

COLTER  
 Give me 90 seconds.

HYATT  
 Forget about her.

COLTER  
 I'll be there. I won't let you down.

HYATT  
 You can't do both things!

But Colter's running off.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Christina sitting with Rodney and Naomi. As before. Colter walking up. Friendly but rushed.

COLTER  
 Christina? Christina Warren?

CHRISTINA  
 Yes?

COLTER  
 Hi. I thought that was you. I was just walking by. Weird, huh?  
 (reminding her)  
 David Prior. We met briefly. Back in Chicago. I'm a friend of Sean Fentress's.

CHRISTINA  
 Oh.

COLTER  
 (gestures to a corner)  
 Do you -- have a second?

He's already off to a another table. Taking all this as fast as he can without appearing crazy. Christina glances at Naomi -- who shrugs -- then Rodney -- who scowls. Christina then Colter over to the other table.

COLTER (CONT'D)

What would you do if you had a minute left to live?

Tone shift. The words registering with Christina. She has no idea how to respond.

COLTER (CONT'D)

I don't know about you, but I'd make those seconds count. That's why you joined Oxfam. Changed your life. Sean told me everything.

CHRISTINA

This is a strange conversation. Who are you, again?

COLTER

It's going to get stranger. Because he's here.

CHRISTINA

Who?

COLTER

Sean. He's waiting for you. Outside the airport. He wants to talk to you.

CHRISTINA

Sean?

COLTER

He misses you. He's a mess. Your flight doesn't take off for another thirty two minutes. That's plenty of time for you to go out there and hear what he has to say.

(gets up)

I have to go. I'm sorry.

INT. TERMINAL - DAY

Colter hurrying off now as --

CHRISTINA

David?

He turns. Christina coming out of the cafe to follow him.

COLTER  
 Outside. Sean's waiting.  
 (apologetic)  
 I'm going to miss my flight.

CHRISTINA  
 What is this? You walk up, pretend  
 you know me, recite some personal  
 information. I've never met you  
 before in my life.

Colter dying there. He has to go. Last ditch effort.

COLTER  
 Sean told me about hat day you got  
 off the train, walked around  
 Chicago. It was a Monday. First  
 sunny day of spring. That day with  
 you -- he said it was like a new  
 life for him. What happened?

CHRISTINA  
 Things end.

COLTER  
 Why? Why did it end?  
 (can't help himself)  
 All that time in Chicago, what was  
 he doing?

CHRISTINA  
 Doing?

COLTER  
 Did he talk to you? Say anything  
 that was weird? That didn't make  
 sense?

CHRISTINA  
 No. He didn't talk to me. He said  
 less and less.

INTERCOM (V.O.)  
 British Airways Flight 650 to  
 Nairobi is now boarding through  
 Gate 71.

Christina hesitates. Sensing his concern is genuine.

CHRISTINA

Sean quit his teaching job. Said it wasn't for him and never would be. He stopped seeing his friends, his family. He told me they didn't matter. That it wasn't his life.

COLTER

What do you think he meant by that?

CHRISTINA

I don't know. He said he was trapped and couldn't bear it anymore. That was it. He left.

Colter very quiet. Taking all that in.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Anyway, I sold my stuff, packed up, joined Oxfam.

COLTER

I'm sorry.

CHRISTINA

No. I need to try this. I think Sean would agree.

(then)

Is he really outside waiting for me?

COLTER

If I said yes, would you go to him?

Christina considering that. Hefts her backpack.

CHRISTINA

Not anymore.

Colter watching her leave. Tears him apart.

INT. FIRST CLASS LOUNGE / HEATHROW - DAY

Colter bursting in here. The reception area deserted. A weird, clenched stillness to everything.

He ventures into the lounge area now. Pulse racing. Finds only empty bar stools. Empty sofas. Traces of SMOKE hang in the air. Windows and walls pock-marked by BULLET HOLES.

Colter looking around wildly. Then spots --

PEOPLE HIDING

Hiding everywhere. Crouched behind furniture. Crawling to stay out of sight. Whimpering in terror.

And there's HYATT. Dragging herself up some steps. She's been shot. Bitterly registering Colter as she bleeds out.

HYATT

I won't let you down. That what you said?

DISTANT BOOM

The walls rock back and forth from the impact of the jet in the adjacent terminal.

BEHIND HIM -- FLASH OF MOVEMENT --

Thud. Colter brought down. Knee smashed. Agony.

OMO -- gun to Colter's cheek -- click -- the trigger -- out of ammo -- Omo grips the barrel -- hammers it down on Colter's skull -- CUT TO --

INT. CARGO CELL

COLTER

Goodwin!

BAM! Colter pounds a wall of the compartment. His flight suit is drenched in sweat. He prowls the space. Seething.

COLTER (CONT'D)

Goodwin, let me the fuck out!

But his video monitor shows only an empty chair in the lab.

INT. SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

STAFF working feverishly at their screens. Compiling lists. Working calls. The RADAR IMAGERY has only gotten worse. Airline flights stacking up over the Eastern Seaboard.

GOODWIN

How many flights is it up to now?

LIEUTENANT

Sixteen circling.

GOODWIN

They can't stay up there forever. They're going to start running out of fuel.

STAFFER #1

We're trying to narrow the list.  
We're concentrating on flights from  
Europe. Checking manifests.  
Anyone matching Omo's description.

GOODWIN

If he's even on board.

Glaring at the radar screen. Increasingly pessimistic.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)

If there is a bomb of those planes,  
why doesn't it go off? What's he  
waiting for? We've got combat air  
patrols up there. Over D.C. Over  
New York. They're waiting for us  
to tell them which jet full of  
innocent people to shoot down!

Silence around her. Impotent looks.

INT. BIO-SUSPENSION CHAMBER / SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

Goodwin coming in. Surveying the room.

REVEAL -- HYATT'S CAPSULE. There next to Fentress's. Side  
by side sarcophagi.

GOODWIN

How is he?

A MEDIC in here.

MEDIC

Fentress? He's in an unstable  
comatic oscillation. If you want  
him to survive, we need to pull him  
out very soon.

And the lieutenant coming in -- a phone --

LIEUTENANT

Ma'am? It's the Pentagon.

She takes the phone. Braving up.

GOODWIN

(into phone)

Sir, I don't have a target.

Stops. She's listening to some unexpected news. And as it  
sinks in she turns around -- eyes sparkling --

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
Where's Lydia?

INT. CARGO CELL

Satellite maps proliferate on monitors across the compartment. Colter not even looking up.

COLTER  
I can't do this anymore.

GOODWIN  
Have you heard of Operation Red  
Cauldron?

Colter goes quiet. A chills runs down his spine.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
On the night of October 10th, 2009,  
in the Khost-Gardez pass in  
southwestern Afghanistan, an  
assault team comprised of units  
from the 17th Airborne attacked a  
high-value mercenary known as  
Sadeeq Tartari.

BATTLE IMAGERY coming up. Drone cameras recording rugged mountain terrain. Infra-red flashes from intense fighting.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
During the battle, a shoulder-fired  
missile brought down a Black Hawk  
helicopter. Your helicopter,  
Captain.

A distant helicopter erupts in a silent fireball. Flaring and dying on the dark mountainside.

Colter on his feet now. Drinking in the footage of his own destruction.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
Sadeeq Tartari escaped. But CIA  
facial recognition software has now  
confirmed that Tartari was, in  
fact, Laurent Omo. The same man.

SADEEQ TARTARI'S FACE -- bearded, sinister -- now shades into OMO'S FACE -- clean-shaven, skin lightened, features smoothed and burnished by expensive plastic surgery.

COLTER  
You're lying.

GOODWIN

The man who blew up your helicopter  
in Afghanistan is the man you're  
chasing now, in Heathrow.

Deathly silence. Goodwin has wallpapered Omo's images  
everywhere -- every screen -- surrounding him --

GOODWIN (CONT'D)

What are you going to do about it,  
Captain?

Click.

DARKNESS

Sudden. Silent. Total.

DATA SURGING ACROSS THE SCREEN -- SOURCE CODE SYSTEM  
ARCHITECTURE GOING BY BLINDINGLY FAST -- its lines of C++  
computer language studded with cryptic terminology --

*prisoner=method.of.exhaustion... new.voltage=radiant.angel...*

Then -- zip! -- all gone -- vanished -- drained away --  
replaced by GIANT GLOWING NUMBERS --

8:00:00

The towering digits fill the screen. Blazing like suns.  
Like monoliths.

Then -- boom -- release! -- THE NUMBERS COUNTING DOWN FROM  
EIGHT -- a sprinter's clock -- minutes, seconds, hundredths  
of seconds flying past -- Source Code streaming now and --

INT. TERMINAL / HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

Colter out of the gate -- springing off the moving walkway  
and --

EVAN -- on his phone -- sees Colter coming -- then flying  
right past him --

COLTER

Running -- looking -- a deliberate search for someone and --

Pivots -- finding his target -- runs up to --

MEERS

The security officer.

COLTER  
 (breathless)  
 There's a bomb.  
 (Meers paying attention  
 now)  
 There's a bomb board on board  
 Quantum Jet 997.

EXT. RUNWAY / HEATHROW - DAY

The QUANTUM JET poised for takeoff --

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (V.O.)  
 Quantum Jet 997, Heathrow Tower,  
 cleared for take off.

And the jet releasing its breaks, engines throttling up,  
 beginning to roll.

INT. TERMINAL - DAY

Colter pleading with Meers --

COLTER  
 -- the bomb is on board -- do not  
 let it take off! --

Meers incredulous -- fumbling for the radio on his shoulder --

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

The jet gaining speed -- hurling down the runway --

INT. HEATHROW CONTROL TOWER - DAY

An AIR TRAFFIC SUPERVISOR hanging up a phone --

AIR TRAFFIC SUPERVISOR  
 Stop that jet -- rolling 2-7 left --  
 tell them to abort take-off! --

INT. FLIGHT DECK / QUANTUM JET - DAY

The jet lifting off now -- rising up in the sky as --

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (V.O.)  
 -- Quantum 997 abort -- repeat --  
 abort take-off --

PILOT  
 -- Heathrow Tower, Quantum 997, did  
 you just --

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (V.O.)  
 -- you've got a possible bomb on  
 board -- return immediately --

INT. TERMINAL - DAY

Security personnel have come out of nowhere -- they've taken  
 hold of Colter --

MEERS  
 Get him out of here.

COLTER  
 (resisting as they take  
 him away)  
 -- listen to me! -- you have to  
 clear this whole terminal! -- get  
 everybody out --

And now Hyatt arriving -- baffled to see Colter hauled off --  
*what is he doing?* --

INT. FLIGHT DECK / QUANTUM JET - DAY

The PILOTS scrambling at their controls as --

PILOT  
 -- we're at 1,500 feet -- we're too  
 heavy to land -- we'll need to  
 climb and dump fuel --

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (V.O.)  
 -- negative -- negative -- put it  
 down -- land immediately --

PILOT  
 Roger, turning to 2-7-0 --

He's putting the plane into a turn and --

INT. MAIN CABIN / QUANTUM JET - DAY

Every seat filled. The PILOT coming over the intercom --

PILOT (V.O.)  
 Ladies and gentlemen, we have an  
 issue with the plane and will be  
 returning to the airport. Please  
 remain in your seats.

As we PUSH IN on one of the closed OVERHEAD BINS --

INT. CARRY-ON BAG / OVERHEAD BIN / QUANTUM JET - DAY

CLOSE UP -- INSIDE THE CARRY-ON BAG -- an ELECTRO-MAGNETIC  
 PULSE DEVICE sitting there -- a sleek, spooky cylinder --

It activates -- glows to life -- one million volts shoot out  
 invisibly --

INT. MAIN CABIN / QUANTUM JET - DAY

Poof -- like that -- everything electronic goes dead -- every  
 light -- every device -- every circuit --

EXT. QUANTUM JET - DAY

The jet's engines powering down as --

INT. FLIGHT DECK / QUANTUM JET - DAY

Everything's off -- control panel's dark -- dead -- the jet's  
 a hurling block of steel --

CO-PILOT  
 -- full stall! -- both engines! --  
 zero hydraulics -- zero guidance --

INT. HEATHROW CONTROL TOWER - DAY

Staff at the windows -- watching the tragedy unfold as --

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER  
 (into radio)  
 Quantum 997, do you copy?  
 (nothing)  
 Quantum 997, come in!

INT. FLIGHT DECK / QUANTUM JET - DAY

Eerie silence -- no machinery -- and they're GLIDING DOWN ----  
into the airport -- too fast -- plummeting --

PILOT

-- nose up -- trim it --

CO-PILOT

-- it's not holding! -- we're too heavy! --

They're dropping down -- the tarmac -- parked planes -- the terminals speeding past -- looming up -- and as we HIT --

SMASH TO:

8:00:00

Click. Those stark numbers again. Filling the dark screen. And as they pop into another countdown --

INT. TERMINAL / HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

Next Source Code -- back in it -- Colter -- the moving walkway -- stepping off -- a breath -- collecting himself -- another frantic improvisation -- he takes off running --

Again, right past Evan --

Past Meers, too, this time and --

Blasting through some EXIT DOORS and out into --

EXT. TARMAC / HEATHROW TERMINAL - DAY

Jet noise -- parked jets -- Colter out here -- racing down the steps -- manic intensity --

EXT. JETWAY / GATE 76 - DAY

Hyatt -- about to go back inside the jetway -- then reversing course as she sees --

COLTER

Just running across acres of concrete. The area he has to cover is just enormous. Each surrounding jet a leviathan.

And all VEHICLES -- zipping back and forth -- fuel trucks -- baggage convoys -- service trucks -- on and on and --

Colter ducking and dodging. Overwhelmed by the sheer scale of it all.

HYATT -- racing after him -- confounded and --

INT. EMERGENCY DOORS / TERMINAL - DAY

The door alarm going off. Meers and the security team discovering it. Virtually the same moment as before --

EXT. RUNWAYS - DAY

The view opening up to the vast spaces of the runways. Colter sprinting along out here. Crazy.

EXT. TAXIWAY / HEATHROW - DAY

The Quantum Jet trundling along -- on its way to the runway --

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (V.O.)  
Quantum Jet 997 heavy, taxiway  
bravo, behind the Korean Air to  
runway 2-7-left.

PILOT (V.O.)  
Bravo to 2-7-left, Quantum 997.

EXT. RUNWAY COMPLEX / HEATHROW - DAY

Colter -- portrait of insanity -- just keeps running -- now amid in the endless expanse of grass and concrete as --

Loud engine noise -- A KOREAN AIR JET -- it's surging down the runway -- lifting off -- streaking overhead and --

HYATT -- hundred yards away as --

MEERS AND THE SECURITY TEAM -- rushing right past her -- sights trained on Colter -- POLICE VEHICLES now joining the chase --

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

The Quantum Jet in take-off position now as --

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (V.O.)  
Quantum Jet 997, Heathrow Tower,  
cleared for take off.

And the jet releasing its breaks, engines throttling up, rolling forward while --

COLTER

Sprinting -- heart ready to burst -- heading for the approaching jet -- waving his arms like crazy --

INT. HEATHROW CONTROL TOWER - DAY

The Air Traffic Supervisor on a phone -- getting the news -- incredulous -- he's looking over at the windows --

INT. FLIGHT DECK / QUANTUM JET - DAY

The plane barrelling down the runway -- gaining speed --

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (V.O.)  
-- Quantum 997, be advised there's  
someone out there -- quarter-mile  
off and heading for you --

THEIR POV -- Colter visible out there --

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

Colter running flat out at the approaching jet -- trying to disrupt its take-off

COLTER  
(screaming and gesturing)  
-- shut it down! -- shut it down! --

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

Meers and his men -- too far away to catch Colter --

MEERS  
-- he's going for that plane! --

SECURITY OFFICER  
(aiming his rifle)  
-- what do I do? --

INT. FLIGHT DECK / QUANTUM JET - DAY

Colter in their path -- just standing there --

CO-PILOT  
-- we're going to hit him! --

PILOT  
-- full power! --

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

THE SECURITY OFFICER -- BANG! -- FIRING --

COLTER -- stumbling -- falling --

THE JET TAKES OFF IN FRONT OF HIM -- Colter driven into the concrete -- the big Airbus lifting off -- missing him by just a few yards --

COLTER coughing up BLOOD -- he's been shot --

People and vehicles converging on him now -- the ferocious noise and wind from the jet wash still raking the scene and --

Hyatt here now -- crouched over him -- Colter looking up -- Hyatt's face -- her words -- all of it growing indistinct -- blurring -- as his life slips away...

INT. BIO-SUSPENSION CHAMBER / SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

Goodwin and Lydia with the medical team.

MEDIC  
He's getting weaker. If there's any chance of extracting him, it has to be done within the next twenty minutes.

INT. CARGO CELL

Monitors dark. Hyatt trying the switches but they don't work.

COLTER  
If the plane doesn't take off, it doesn't crash. And Christina lives. So does everyone else.

HYATT  
Then what? Stay in there? Live in David Prior's identity as you try to get back with Christina?

COLTER  
No. I couldn't live as Sean Fentress. Wouldn't be any different as David Prior.  
(MORE)

COLTER (CONT'D)

And whatever happened for nine months in Chicago, I had no right to take Sean's place. It was his life, not mine.

(then)

Christina was his girl.

HYATT

So you finally admit it.

Colter silent. This dark chamber around him.

HYATT (CONT'D)

There's another way to go. If we pull this off, Goodwin won't erase our memories. She'll keep us together for future missions. We'll work as a team.

COLTER

Sounds cozy.

HYATT

I'm hot just thinking about it. But what else is there for us?

COLTER

What if all we're meant to have is one life? Mine ended in Afghanistan. I've played it back a thousand times. That missile comes in. I bank left instead of right. Chopper goes down. I die. That's how it happened. That's fate.

(resolve)

If I hadn't gone off with Christina, she wouldn't have been in Heathrow that day. She'd still be alive. I have to fix that. That's why I came back. That's all I have left to do.

INT. SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

Bank of TVs. Breaking news in Atlanta. A PASSENGER JET has landed. It's now being swarmed by SWAT TEAMS.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

At least one jet has now been allowed to land -- this one in Atlanta -- due to lack of fuel. Authorities aren't saying who or what may be on board.

(MORE)

## NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We're hearing there may be as much as fifteen additional flights circling major airports up and down the Eastern Seaboard.

Goodwin staring at the feeds. The puzzle only getting murkier.

## INT. CARGO CELL

Goodwin back on the monitor. Colter sitting on a crate. Stubborn. Inert. Hyatt berating him.

## HYATT

I'm here because some disaffected asshole threw a grenade in my quarters. I'd do anything to get back at him. Laurent Omo shot down your helicopter and you know where he is.

## GOODWIN

Captain, there are thousands of people, people just like Christina, who are going to die today, unless we something about it. Laurent Omo has a plan. You need to learn it in the next eight minutes. After that, I'll be forced to re-integrate you into Sean Fentress's body.

ON A SCREEN - STRUCTURAL BLUEPRINTS coming up.

## GOODWIN (CONT'D)

We've analyzed Christina's location inside the terminal. Give us Omo's plan, and in your final trip back, I'll show you how to get Christina to safety so she survives the crash. I'll make that deal with you. Provided, for once, you play it straight and do your job.

Colter sitting with that.

## INT. FIRST CLASS LOUNGE / HEATHROW - DAY

Passengers relaxing. Concierges and servers circulating.

## CORNER OF THE LOUNGE

That utility door. It cracks open. And there's OMO. Hesitating there. Just battled his way in here through the luggage belt. And now he slips inside here, unseen.

MEANWHILE

Hyatt -- approaching the FRONT DESK -- big smile for the concierge.

HYATT  
Have a second?

And she's occupying the concierge with some documents as --

BEHIND HER

Colter slips in through the front doors -- unnoticed --

MAIN ROOM

Omo moving through here now -- loafers whispering across the carpet -- reaching the bar where --

COLTER

Just beats him there. Occupies the stool Omo was heading for. Omo standing there in dismay.

COLTER  
Sorry, were you sitting here?  
(makes to get up)

Omo flicks his hand. Don't bother. Settling onto another stool. Barely looks at the BARTENDER.

OMO  
Orange juice.

COLTER  
Make it two.

Omo silent. Self contained. Never looks over, yet seems to be taking in everything about Colter.

Colter hunched there. On edge. Blood squeaking through his veins. The man who killed him sitting two seats away.

UNDER THE TABLE

Colter's hand closing on the GUN taped there.

COLTER (CONT'D)  
I know who you are. I know what  
you've done.

Omo looking over. Working fast to understand this. Colter feeling all that power coiled there. A cobra's power.

Omo sets down a ten-pound note. Rising from his seat.

COLTER (CONT'D)  
Stay put, Omo.

Colter now pointing the gun at him.

COLTER (CONT'D)  
I'm going to shoot you in ten seconds. Unless you tell me your next target. I want the plane, wow it's going to work, everything.

Omo blinks. A calm, sad look.

OMO  
You don't have what it takes to kill a man.

COLTER  
You're not a man. Now I want you to think about the people you've killed. All around the world. Then look into my eyes. Because I'm the answer to what you've done.

Omo very still. Deep breath. Then --

SMASH! -- glass shattering -- Omo grabs a YOUNG WOMAN passing by -- she SCREAMS as he holds her -- pressing a SHARD OF BROKEN GLASS against her neck -- backing out of here --

Colter out of his seat. Gun aimed. Hyatt running up.

HYATT  
Shoot him. Make him talk. Shoot him right in the fucking balls.

COLTER  
Hyatt, shut up!  
(trying to calm the terrified young woman)  
It's okay.

Hyatt -- no patience -- grabs for the gun -- Colter resists her -- Omo takes advantage of the moment -- flings aside his hostage and flees --

INT. TERMINAL - DAY

Colter bursts out of the first class lounge in pursuit --

INT. TERMINAL - DAY

Omo flitting through here. Underneath a sign -- "HEATHROW  
TERMINAL 4 STATION."

INT. ESCALATORS / UNDERGROUND / HEATHROW - DAY

Long stretch of ESCALATORS ramping down. Omo shoving people  
out of the way. Desperate.

INT. TUBE STOP / HEATHROW STATION - DAY

We're in the Underground now. Crowded platform with trains  
arriving and departing and --

OMO spilling into here -- sprints for the nearest train and --

INT. ESCALATORS / UNDERGROUND / HEATHROW - DAY

Colter -- top of the escalators -- threading his way down --

Fuck it -- up onto the sloped median -- sliding now -- faster  
and faster and --

INT. TUBE STOP / HEATHROW STATION - DAY

Colter flying off the escalator median -- hits the ground  
running -- dismayed to find himself surrounded by TRAINS --

COLTER

Great. Trains.

Omo's not on the platforms -- but a train's waiting here --  
Colter darts on board just as the doors close --

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

The train moving now. Colter stumbling through the  
passengers. Increasingly anxious as he can't find Omo.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

Hatton Cross Station.

That was quick. Train slows down. Bumps to a stop. Colter looks at his watch. Forlorn. Time's almost up.

Movement -- Omo sprinting out of the next car up -- racing for the platform exit --

Colter knives between the closing doors at the last second --

FOLLOWING COLTER NOW IN ONE CONTINUOUS SHOT --

Across the platform -- up some exit stairs -- through a curving tunnel -- smashing through the turnstiles and --

INTO SUNLIGHT

EXT. HATTON CROSS VILLAGE - DAY

Suddenly we're in this little English village. It's right on the perimeter of Heathrow, so it's pubs and maisonette apartments incongruously jammed up against airport rental car lots and air freight industrial buildings and --

Colter running -- across a parking lot -- crazed -- his watch -- he's out of time -- looking around for Omo when --

OVERHEAD -- THE QUANTUM JET -- STRICKEN -- ENGINES DISABLED BY THE EMP BOMB -- THE PLANE FALLING -- SKIMMING THE ROOFTOPS AS IT FIGHTS ITS WAY BACK TO THE RUNWAYS --

Colter looking up at it -- shock and dismay --

SCREECHING BREAKS -- COLTER LOOKS OVER to see the grill of a speeding RENTAL CAR SHUTTLE BUS -- HITS HIM IN THE FACE --

BAM! He's thrown across a road -- into a wall --

The RENTAL CAR SHUTTLE idling -- the DRIVER running up --

DRIVER

-- Jesus, Jesus --  
 (Colter bleeding there)  
 -- I'm calling an ambulance --

The Driver running back to his truck. Colter lying semi-conscious on the sidewalk. Life slipping away.

Footsteps approaching. Omo. Calm now. Crouches down. In the b.g., the panicked DRIVER on his phone, calling for help.

OMO

See? You couldn't kill me. And now you'll die, before they can even scrape you off the road.

A DISTANT THUD -- ground shakes -- birds flying up -- the plane has hit the terminals --

COLTER  
 (summons the strength to  
 speak)  
 Then tell me the truth. What's  
 your next attack?

Omo leans down to whisper it.

OMO  
 I don't even know.

And Colter times out -- everything searing into --

*AFGHANISTAN COMBAT SEQUENCES -- quick pulses -- tracer fire --  
 Colter's BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER -- the blur of battle --*

And no ambient sound. Just COLTER'S BREATHING. Quick.  
 Pounding. Stressed. A hypnotic overlay and --

COLTER'S POV

Pilot's view -- mountain terrain in night vision green --  
 there --

FULL SOUND NOW -- FULL SPEED -- the roar of the engines --

COLTER (V.O.)  
 -- Darkstar November's pushing into  
 the wadi -- enemy in sight --

Down below -- the FLARE of a ROCKET being launched at them --

BLACKHAWK CO-PILOT (ALVAREZ)  
 RPG! -- two o'clock -- in-coming! --

Colter banking the bird -- evasive action -- the missile  
 streaking up at them -- relentless --

BLAM! -- the missile hits them -- the chopper spinning now --  
 filling with smoke -- plunging to earth --

COLTER  
 -- we're hit! -- Darkstar November  
 going down -- going down hard! --

INT. CABIN - DAY

Colter blinks awake. New surroundings now. He's in a small,  
 rustic cabin with wood-plank floors. Lace curtain drifting  
 in an open window.

EXT. CABIN PORCH - DAY

Gently rolling hills. Texas ranchland in springtime. Thunder rumbles. A windchime stirs.

Colter walking out here. In the spell of this enchanted dream and --

INT. BIO-SUSPENSION CHAMBER / SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

KA-THUNK! Sean Fentress's chest heaves as defibrillator delivers a shock.

MEDIC

We've got a heartbeat.

INT. CARGO CELL

Colter wrenched back here. Back in this shuddering compartment. The place is a mess. Shredded cables hang down. Hydraulic fluid leaking everywhere. Sections of panelling have sprung loose, exposing wires and circuitry.

INT. BIO-SUSPENSION CHAMBER / SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

Goodwin huddled with the medic beside the capsule with Sean Fentress's comatose body.

GOODWIN

Is he...?

MEDIC

He's alive. Barely. He's had a severe heart attack. We need to start pulling him out. If you want him to live.

And it's not the news Goodwin wants. Lydia running in here --

LYDIA

Captain Stevens would like to debrief.

INT. CARGO CELL

Colter addressing Goodwin. Excited. Pacing amid the wreckage of the hold. Hyatt on hand, too.

COLTER

Omo didn't know the next target. But I think he was about to find out.

GOODWIN

What?

COLTER

It never made sense for Omo to stay at Heathrow when he'd just bombed the airliner -- unless he was waiting for someone.

GOODWIN

Who?

COLTER

Whoever put the gun under the counter. Whoever it was, that guy gave him the next job.

GOODWIN

Captain, we've looked at the surveillance in the lounge. Omo sits down at the bar, has a drink, six minutes later he leaves.

COLTER

Then you missed something. Because when Omo walked out, he had his next target. And he's not on any of those planes you've got circling.

GOODWIN

Why not?

COLTER

Because he's already here. In America. He's been here.

GOODWIN

How'd he do that? Heathrow shut down right after the crash.

COLTER

Gatwick. Luton. There's other airports. That's not hard. And forget about the planes. Omo knows we've beefed up security after Heathrow. His next attack will be something else.

GOODWIN  
Which is what?

COLTER  
Send me back and I'll find out.

GOODWIN  
I'm afraid that's no longer possible. One more Source Code would destroy Fentress's body. You'd have no place to go. Sergeant Hyatt will complete the mission alone.

A TERMINAL BLUEPRINT comes up on another screen.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
And we have plan to protect Christina. Sergeant Hyatt will conduct her to a service elevator that accesses a basement sublevel. There is a decent chance Christina will be survive the crash down there.

Colter shattered. No response.

HYATT  
Don't worry. She'll be okay.

GOODWIN  
Captain, you've done tremendous work, but we're out of time. If Omo is on American soil, we need Hyatt to go back as soon as possible to get all the intelligence she can. Meanwhile, we'll prep Fentress's body for the reintegration of your identity.

Colter trying to think. Trying to slow this down but --

INT. SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

TV NEWS FEEDS showing more airliners landing and being cordoned off by emergency vehicles.

GOODWIN  
How many have landed now?

LIEUTENANT  
Nine so far. Nothing bad on board. No Omo, no bombs.

GOODWIN

Shit, he's right.

(swings into action)

Let the rest of the planes land. I want a customs search of all in-bound passenger photos for the past 48 hours -- anyone close to Omo's description. Tell DHS and the Pentagon we've got a bad guy operating here, in-country.

INT. BIO-SUSPENSION CHAMBER / SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

Activity spiking in here. A mixed team of MEDICS, ENGINEERS and AIR FORCE OFFICERS. Screens shimmer with body scans and computer code. All are trying to work out this complex and novel maneuver of returning Colter to Fentress's body.

NEUROLOGIST

Start running stimulation to the brain stem. And we'll need to raise his core temperature before Captain Stevens returns to his body.

INT. CARGO CELL

Goodwin giving some last-minute orders to Hyatt.

GOODWIN

Once you're in the lounge, your first priority is the gun. If Omo has an accomplice in there, it'll be up to you to find him.

HYATT

Yes, ma'am.

GOODWIN

As for you, Captain, next time we meet, you'll be Sean Fentress again. We'll be on the same side of the camera.

COLTER

And what about Evan McGill?

GOODWIN

Who?

COLTER

Evan McGill. Just an average guy.  
Works in insurance. Wife. Two  
kids. He died in the crash.  
You're going to save Christina but  
not him. Not the others.

GOODWIN

I'm responsible for what happens in  
this reality. And all those people  
are already dead.

COLTER

They don't have to be.

INT. CARGO CELL

A screen shows CONTROL TOWER SURVEILLANCE of Heathrow  
airport. A maze of jets taxiing amid the terminals. Colter  
narrates for Goodwin and Hyatt.

COLTER

So here we are, about two minutes  
into Source Code. And here's the  
Quantum Jet taxiing past the last  
terminal on its way to the runway.  
(points)  
And here -- is this little Zip Air  
commuter plane waiting to get in  
line.

ON SCREEN -- a small ZIP AIR COMMUTER JET waits at the end of  
the last terminal alley as the huge Quantum Jet rolls past it  
on the taxiway.

COLTER (CONT'D)

See that? The Quantum goes first.  
Zip Air turns in behind it.

We see it happen. Once the Quantum Jet passes, the Zip Air  
turns onto the taxiway and follows the Quantum in the line to  
take off.

GOODWIN

Why are we looking at this?

COLTER

What if we got that Zip Air to the  
end of the alley just a little bit  
sooner? Tower sees it earlier,  
clears it in front of the Quantum  
Jet instead of behind it. Zip Air  
takes off first.

HYATT  
(catching on)  
And the Quantum's still on the  
ground when the EMP bomb activates.

COLTER  
Nothing crashes. No one dies.

GOODWIN  
How would you speed up the commuter  
jet's progress?

COLTER  
There's a fuel truck in the Zip  
Air's way as left its gate. We go  
back, move the truck, Zip Air gets  
to the taxiway sooner.

GOODWIN  
That's impossible. The logistics  
alone...

COLTER  
You're sending two dead soldiers  
back in time and you're telling me  
what is and isn't possible?  
(then)  
I lied to Christina. She needs to  
know who I was. Who she was really  
with.

HYATT  
(breaking in)  
If you couldn't tell her in nine  
months as Sean Fentress, you sure  
as hell can't explain it in eight  
minutes as David Prior.

COLTER  
I need to try.

INT. COMMAND BAY / SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

Colter's dialogue screen -- "Let me try."

Somber silence. Goodwin turns away from the camera. Can't  
look at him. And now her PHONE ringing --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BIO-SUSPENSION CHAMBER / SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

The NEUROLOGIST on his phone --

NEUROLOGIST

Fentress is ready. But judging from the scans, there's been some brain damage.

GOODWIN

What are the odds of Captain Stevens making a successful transfer back into Fentress?

NEUROLOGIST

Honestly, he'll be lucky if he's not a vegetable.

Goodwin wrestling with this. Lydia waiting for instructions. And now the lieutenant coming up.

LIEUTENANT

Ma'am, we've got a possible match on Omo. Facial recognition puts him entering the country on a Ukranian passport, 17 hours ago, at Dulles.

Staring at each other. As the implications sink in.

GOODWIN

He's in Washington D.C.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Quick shots of the city. The familiar icons. Monuments. Federal buildings. Motorcades. Dupont Circle.

INT. HOTEL ROOM / WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Anonymous. Could be anywhere in the city. And here's OMO. Small overnight bag. Bed's not even slept in. This will not be a long stay.

A STACK OF BOXES here. Like they've been shipped in from somewhere. Omo cutting them open. Unloading their contents.

It's a jumble. Circuitry. Industrial components. Batteries. All of it pre-fabricated, wrapped in manufacturer's plastic. Some with big-box company labels -- Amazon, Lowes, Radio Shack.

And the last one -- he's unwrapping it one very carefully -- a LONG, STEEL CANNISTER. Ugly metal with Russian military labelling and poison warning logos.

Omo laying the cannister gently on the floor. There it sits amid all the other components as he consults some BLUEPRINTS.

INT. CARGO CELL

Goodwin back on camera.

GOODWIN  
Captain, we now believe Laurent Omo is planning a strike in Washington.

COLTER  
Then send me and Hyatt back in. Before it's too late.

GOODWIN  
If I do that, it may be too late for you. To come back. Do you understand?

COLTER  
I understand.

Dire silence. But Colter infinitely relieved. Grateful.

COLTER (CONT'D)  
Thank you, Goodwin.

GOODWIN  
I hope we meet again.

INT. COMMAND BAY / SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

Colter's dialogue screen responding -- "I don't."

Goodwin's grudging smile. Turns to Lydia --

GOODWIN  
Charge the drivers.

INT. CARGO CELL

The SOUND of the SOURCE CODE MACHINERY firing up. And Hyatt not ready for this. A surge of panic.

HYATT  
Wait...

COLTER  
Hyatt, listen -- we're saving that plane.

HYATT  
What?

COLTER  
You're saving that plane. I'll worry about the rest of it.

HYATT  
-- no -- the plane's too much -- I can't --

COLTER  
It's a thousand lives. They all matter.  
(pointed)  
You're a brave Marine, Hyatt. You can do it.

Hyatt trying to slow this down -- her voice catching --

HYATT  
Please don't leave.

Colter wishing he could comfort her -- but they're caught up in the vortex now and --

INT. TERMINAL / HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

Bang. Colter out of the gate. On the moving walkway. Not a second's hesitation as he swings over a partition and onto the walkway moving the other way. Off running down it as --

EXT. TARMAC / HEATHROW TERMINAL - DAY

Hyatt back as the gate agent. Hesitating there. Paralyzed amid this wilderness of moving objects. Planes and ground crew and vehicles and distances. And just as she's realizing how difficult, how absurd her goal is, there goes --

THE QUANTUM JET

Rolling off into the distance. Onto a taxiway and headed towards the runway.

HYATT -- kicking into action -- spots --

THAT BICYCLE. We've seen it there before. Now she's grabbing it -- getting on --

INT. BIO-SUSPENSION CHAMBER / SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

Alarms now. New problem. Fentress's vital signs plunging on monitors. Medical staff scrambling in response as --

INT. SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

Goodwin hangs up a phone. Color drained from her face.

INT. BIO-SUSPENSION CHAMBER / SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

Goodwin hurries in. One look at them and she knows.

MEDIC

I'm sorry. We tried.

Activity has ceased. The medic switches off a monitor.

GOODWIN

How did he...?

NEUROLGOST

Cerebral hemorrhage. If we'd put Stevens back in, he'd be dead.

GOODWIN

So where's he go now?

NEUROLGOST

There are no more candidates.

The team stands in silence. Fentress dead in the capsule.

INT. ENTRANCE / FIRST CLASS LOUNGE - DAY

Colter running in -- right past the concierge --

CONCIERGE

Sir, your membership card!

INT. MAIN ROOM / FIRST CLASS LOUNGE - DAY

Concierge hurries in. No sign of Colter. Takes off to check another area of the lounge as --

COLTER -- steps out from behind a column. Approaches the BAR.

COLTER  
Excuse me.

He's at the empty seat where the gun has been planted.

COLTER (CONT'D)  
(to the bartender)  
Was someone sitting here earlier?  
Five, ten minutes ago, maybe?

From David Prior's wallet, he sets down a thick stack of British pound notes with Elizabeth II's face on them.

EXT. TARMAC - DAY

Hyatt on the bike -- speeding past parked planes and --  
There -- THE FUEL TRUCK -- stopping on the tarmac --

HYATT  
(waving and shouting)  
Move your goddamn truck!

But the FUEL TRUCK DRIVER ignoring her -- climbing down -- no hurry -- shambles off to a maintenance area --

And Hyatt -- looking back on the tarmac to see --

THE ZIP AIR JET -- that little commuter plane -- here it comes -- it's three gates down -- rolling her way -- the fuel track blocking its path --

INT. FUEL TRUCK - DAY

And Hyatt now climbing up into the driver's seat -- starts up the truck --

OUTSIDE -- the Fuel Truck Driver -- he's running up -- screaming something -- incensed at her and --

HYATT -- grinding gears -- this unfamiliar European transmission -- wheels spinning -- smoking -- finally jams the truck in gear -- it lurches backwards in reverse -- she's pulling it out of the way as --

THE ZIP AIR -- rolling past -- she's done it! --

INT. BAR / FIRST CLASS LOUNGE - DAY

Colter's money on the bar. The Bartender takes it.

BARTENDER

He was a foreign guy. Young guy.  
Beard. Just sat there a minute but  
didn't order nothing.

COLTER

Is he still in the lounge? Could  
you point him out?

Then --

CONCIERGE

Sir. Your membership card?

Concierge right there. A WAITER with him. They're prepared  
to throw Colter out the lounge.

Colter reaches under the bar. Brings out the GUN.

COLTER

Here it is.

The concierge -- hands up -- backing away --

COLTER (CONT'D)

Stay there.

(calls out)

It's okay. I'm not going to hurt  
anybody.

Twenty people frozen in here. Looking at him.

COLTER (CONT'D)

Which one is he?

(bartender gawks at  
Colter's gun)

Which one?

BARTENDER

I don't see him. He was Middle  
Eastern. Like a prince or  
something.

COLTER

A what?

BARTENDER

You know, Persian Gulf. The robe,  
head scarf.

*FLASHBACK - Colter on a previous Source Code. Elsewhere in the airport. As a KUWAITI MAN vanishes through an exit. We've seen this guy before. Just another passenger in the terminal background. Like Colter, we've disregarded him.*

BACK TO SCENE

Colter crestfallen. Lowers the gun. His man is gone.

And there's OMO. Just come in. Frozen there. Baffled to see Colter there with the gun. This bizarre development.

EXT. TAXIWAY - DAY

The big Quantum Jet lumbering along as --

EXT. TERMINAL ALLEY - DAY

The Zip Air -- rolling -- clear sailing to the intersection with the taxiway when --

Hold on -- AN AIR CANADA JET coming in the other way -- some GROUND CREW coming out to direct it towards a gate --

It's going to turn in front of the Zip Jet --

INT. FUEL TRUCK - DAY

Hyatt guns the engine -- still in reverse -- backing wildly through the tarmac area --

EXT. TERMINAL ALLEY - DAY

THE AIR CANADA JET about to turn into its gate when --

THE FUEL TRUCK -- jams to a stop there -- blocks the Air Canada from turning and --

THE ZIP AIR -- squirting past -- reaches the taxiway intersection as --

THE QUANTUM JET -- here it comes out on the taxiway --

INT. HEATHROW CONTROL TOWER - DAY

The Air Traffic Controller overseeing the taxiing planes --

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER  
 Zip Air 1-1-9-er, hold short for  
 the Quantum Jet coming up on your  
 left.

EXT. TERMINAL ALLEY - DAY

The Zip Air stopped there. Waiting as the massive Quantum Jet comes lumbering up the taxiway to pass it by.

INT. FUEL TRUCK - DAY

Hyatt watching helplessly -- all she's done and the Quantum Jet will still wind up going ahead of the Zip Air --

INT. HEATHROW CONTROL TOWER - DAY

And the Air Traffic Controller about to move on -- but wait -- taking another look -- the Zip Air waiting -- the Quantum Jet still a good fifteen seconds away from the intersection and --

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER  
 Correction, Quantum 9-9-7 heavy,  
 give way to the Zip Air coming out  
 of the alley.

INT. FLIGHT DECK / QUANTUM JET - DAY

The Quantum Jet pilot hits the brakes -- hard -- plane shuddering -- the pilot muttering a curse of annoyance as --

EXT. TERMINAL ALLEY - DAY

The Zip Air -- cleared! -- scoots out onto the taxiway -- ahead of the Quantum Jet -- rolling onwards and --

INT. FUEL TRUCK - DAY

Hyatt -- seeing this -- surprised -- elated --

INT. BIO-SUSPENSION CHAMBER / SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

Sean Fentress's dead body in the capsule.

LYDIA  
 What happens to Captain Stevens?

Goodwin composed. Studying all this in clinical silence.

GOODWIN  
Call down to the morgue.

INT. BAR / FIRST CLASS LOUNGE - DAY

Silence. Knife edge. Colter still holding the entire room at gunpoint. He's glaring at Omo. Incredulous.

COLTER  
Why would he leave? The Kuwaiti.  
If you were meeting him.  
(puzzling through it)  
He left the gun...

Omo held there. Staring in malevolent silence. Colter walks back to the stool at the bar. An idea forming.

And now he's feeling around under the counter. The hidden space where he previously found the gun. Searching and searching and --

Feels something. Pulls out...

AN ENVELOPE

Colter breathless. Opens it. And there it all is. The Ukranian Passport. Keys. Printouts. Blueprints. Stuff we've now seen Omo using in the D.C. hotel room.

Colter drinking it in. Fast as he can. Finally looks up --

Omo has vanished.

Colter with no time to worry about this. His PHONE. Starts sending a TEXT MESSAGE.

COLTER (CONT'D)  
When you guys call the police, tell them a terrorist named Laurant Omo is here.  
(walking out, absorbed in his text message)  
Have a nice day.

EXT. TERMINAL ALLEY - DAY

Heathrow POLICE VEHICLES arriving. OFFICERS converging on the parked FUEL TRUCK -- finding only an empty cab as --

EXT. SERVICE BAY / TERMINAL - DAY

Hyatt flitting through here -- escaping -- as a TEXT arrives on her phone -- she's reading it and --

EXT. RUNWAY / HEATHROW - DAY

The Zip Air has taken off. Climbing in the skies as --

EXT. RUNWAY / HEATHROW - DAY

The QUANTUM JET waiting there -- poised for takeoff --

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (V.O.)  
Quantum Jet 997, Heathrow Tower,  
cleared for take off.

INT. FLIGHT DECK / QUANTUM JET - DAY

The pilots releasing breaks, throttling up --

PILOT  
Cleared for take off, Quantum 997.

INT. CARRY-BAG / OVERHEAD BIN / QUANTUM JET - DAY

And the ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PULSE DEVICE activates --

INT. MAIN CABIN / QUANTUM JET - DAY

Poof -- like that -- everything electronic goes dead -- every light -- every device -- every circuit --

EXT. RUNWAY / HEATHROW - DAY

But the plane just sitting there on the runway. Inert. Harmless.

INT. FLIGHT DECK / QUANTUM JET - DAY

The pilots finding themselves sitting there in a dead cockpit. *What the hell?*

INT. MAIN CABIN / QUANTUM JET - DAY

The pilot coming out here to make an announcement --

PILOT

Ladies and gentleman, the aircraft has experienced a complete loss of power. They'll have to tow us back to the gate.

Groans and curses from the passengers. Another exasperating airline experience.

INT. CORRIDOR / SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

Goodwin heading back to the command and control area. Lydia following -- arguing --

LYDIA

You can't do this.

GOODWIN

We have his body.

LYDIA

Even if it works, it's a dead end.

Goodwin stops. Pivots around to face her subordinate.

GOODWIN

It's not a discussion, is it?

(Lydia silent)

Set it up. One last source code.

You've got only a few minutes.

INT. TERMINAL - DAY

Colter hurrying through here. Late for something. As always.

INT. CAFE / TERMINAL - DAY

Christina at the table with her Oxfam friends. She's looking at her PHONE. Troubled by a MESSAGE she's just received.

NAOMI

Christina?

Christina a thousand miles away. Without a word, she gets up and walks out. Leaves everything behind.

RODNEY

What's with her?

Christina's phone on the table. Naomi picks it up.

CHRISTINA  
"I'm here. Come find me."

RODNEY  
Who's here?

CHRISTINA  
(the name at the end of  
text)

INT. TERMINAL - DAY

Christina just drifting out here. Unnerved. Looks at every passing face. Nothing. No clue.

Turns now. COLTER walking up to her. Out of breath from running.

COLTER  
Hello, Christina.

Christina staring at him. Stalled. This total stranger. To her, of course, it's David Prior.

CHRISTINA  
Are you -- did you just send me a message?

COLTER  
Yes.

CHRISTINA  
I don't understand. Sean had a friend named Colter Stevens...

COLTER  
Yes.

CHRISTINA  
He was in the army. He died.

COLTER  
Here I am.

Christina utterly at a loss. People -- life -- passing by all around them.

COLTER (CONT'D)  
I know this is hard to understand,  
but I know you.

He falters for a second. Can't believe she's right here.

COLTER (CONT'D)  
 You're following your passion. And  
 I am so happy for you.

Christina can't process this. Off by the cafe entrance,  
 Naomi and Rodney standing there, watching them.

COLTER (CONT'D)  
 I asked once what you would do if  
 you knew you had a minute left to  
 live. Remember? You said you'd  
 make those seconds count. And I  
 said I'd --

CHRISTINA  
 -- kiss you again.  
 (confounded, just shaking  
 her head)  
 It was Sean who said that.

COLTER  
 No. It was me. It was me with  
 you. There on the train that day.  
 (Christina's lost)  
 I know it's crazy. I know you  
 think you've never met me, but you  
have.

CHRISTINA  
 No.

COLTER  
 Look deeper.

She hesitates. It's outrageous. Absurd.

CHRISTINA  
 This is...

COLTER  
 Look. Deeper. That day on the  
 train. I was different. You felt  
 it. Then I said...

CHRISTINA  
 "It's the new me."

She almost laughs. Almost. Confounded.

COLTER  
 I wish I had told you who I really  
 was. I wish I'd had the courage.  
 Things might've turned out  
 different.

INTERCOM (V.O.)  
 British Airways Flight 650 to  
 Nairobi is now boarding through  
 Gate 71.

Reality intruding. Christina swamped. Pulled in all  
 different directions.

CHRISTINA  
 I wish I could understand.

COLTER  
 It doesn't matter. Something  
 brought us together again. Just  
 for this. Right now. It's a  
 beautiful day. And today,  
 nothing's going to happen to you.  
 So get on that plane. Make the  
 most of your life. Celebrate your  
 life. I won't be there, but I will  
 always love you.

He's done. She's shell-shocked. And here's Naomi coming up  
 with Christina's bags.

NAOMI  
 Christina, they're calling our  
 flight.

COLTER  
 You've got all the time in the  
 world.

Colter backing away. Letting go. The moment suspended there  
 -- beautiful -- and then --

OMO TACKLES HIM

Hard -- out of nowhere -- someone SCREAMS --

Colter on the floor -- stunned -- blind-sided -- trying to  
 fight back -- Omo on him -- his pockets -- vicious frenzy --  
 coming away with the ENVELOPE -- but before Omo can run --

MEERS  
 -- freeze! -- right there! --

MEERS and his SECURITY OFFICERS charging up --

Colter going for his gun -- it's gone -- Omo has it now --

MEERS (CONT'D)  
 -- drop it!! --

BANG! Omo shoots Colter. People scattering as --

MORE GUNFIRE -- the security team shooting back at him -- Omo going down -- returns fire -- screams and chaos and --

COLTER crawling -- clenched -- shutting it all out -- single-minded focus on --

CHRISTINA -- she's on the carpet -- kneeling there -- trying to hold herself up -- she's been shot in the crossfire --

Colter reaching her. Takes her hand. She looks at him. Confusion and pain and desire all mixing together.

And Colter -- last ounce of strength -- just keeping his eyes open. On her. As long as he can.

INT. INDUSTRIAL CORRIDOR

New space. Hyatt's imagined space. Steel walls. Dimmed work lights. A bunkered, barracks feel to it. Like a dormitory below the sea. Goodwin on a screen.

GOODWIN

Well done, Sergeant. We're passing the intel on. Hopefully we're not too late.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP / WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

High up. A windswept perch with expansive views of the city. And just as we start wondering why we're up here --

SOMETHING IS FLYING TOWARDS US

It lifts off from another rooftop. Just a small dot. Then it closes in on us. Whirring like a bumblebee. Until we recognize it as --

A DRONE

Ugly. Hand-built. Very sophisticated. Black, lightweight materials. Camera eyes. Like an enormous insect. Its four internal propellers keep it stabilized in the wind.

It alights on the roof. Pausing there as --

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Ten stories up. View of several major GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.

OMO out here. Working his phone. Normal. Like he's just another guest.

CLOSE UP -- OMO'S PHONE. I's a DRONE POV VIEW OF THAT ROOFTOP. And Omo -- using just his finger -- is flying this thing -- controlling it --

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP / WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

The drone lifts off again -- just skimming forward a bit --

And we PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

THE U.S. CAPITOL BUILDING

INT. ROTUNDA / U.S. CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

Vast, echoing space. The place packed, swirling with LAWMAKERS, STAFF, SCHOOL CHILDREN, TOURISTS.

EXT. ROOFTOP / CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

The drone has reached its target. Settling a bit unsteadily atop a VENTILATION CAP.

CLOSE ON -- THE DRONE -- its underbelly. The POISONOUS CANNISTER nestled in there amid the circuitry.

And the drone pivoting up now -- back legs tilting up grotesquely -- like a scorpion -- about to slide the poison cannister down the ventilation shaft --

INT. HOTEL ROOM/BALCONY - DAY

The DOOR -- BANG! -- EXPLODING INWARDS -- BLOWN OFF --

OMO -- turning -- barely time to register it as --

A SWAT TEAM surges out here -- hammers Omo to the floor --

EXT. ROOFTOP / CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

THE DRONE poised over the shaft when --

A BOOT kicks it aside -- MORE SWAT OFFICERS up here -- weapons drawn -- securing the area as --

The drone tumbled there on the roof. On its back. Helpless. Like a broken toy. The lethal cannister still tucked in there.

INT. SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

Goodwin hanging up the phone. Just got the good news. Sitting with it a second. Dazed.

She looks up. Her entire staff staring at her. Worn down. On edge. Waiting for word.

And all Goodwin does is smile. The place erupts in cheers. Hugs. Smiles. Handshakes. Tremendous relief of tension.

And Goodwin letting it all wash over her. Relaxing for the first time in long, long while.

INT. INDUSTRIAL CORRIDOR

The celebration in the lab on the screen. Hyatt watching with quiet pride.

GOODWIN

Thank you, Sergeant. You're a hero.

HYATT

What happens now?

GOODWIN

We'll figure that out together.

Hyatt all alone now. The corridor stretching endlessly into the distance.

HYATT

And Captain Stevens?

Goodwin hesitates. A faraway look.

GOODWIN

He's gone home.

INT. BIO-SUSPENSION CHAMBER / SOURCE CODE LAB - DAY

Goodwin comes in to find Lydia in here. Standing vigil at a capsule. Lydia deeply shaken.

LYDIA

We got his body just in time. They were about to send him for burial in Arlington.

Neither speaks for a moment. A SOURCE CODE CLOCK in here is counting down. It now reads 1:30.

GOODWIN

You don't approve.

LYDIA

It's an empty gesture. Eight minutes back in his crippled, comatose body, then he dies?

GOODWIN

In his body. That's what he wanted. To be himself again.

Nothing more to say. Goodwin going to the capsule.

HER POV -- THROUGH THE CAPSULE GLASS

A BODY BAG inside there. Tag affixed to the plastic --

**STEVENS, COLTER M., CPT., US ARMY,**

**02/18/80 - 10/10/09**

LYDIA

They got the date of death wrong.

GOODWIN

No. It's his first death. In Afghanistan.

(tries to rally her)

You did well today, Lydia. Source Code worked. And we'll find more operatives.

(conceding)

But not like him.

Goodwin no good at this kind of talk. The whole thing has the feel of a wake. She's walking out.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)

Wait until the source code clock goes to zero then just...

(no way to be delicate)

...shut it all down. Release his remains to Arlington.

And Lydia left here alone. His lone witness as --

THE SOURCE CODE CLOCK ticking down. Just seconds left now.  
Twenty nine. Twenty eight. Twenty seven --

BLACK SCREEN

And a TITLE:

**EIGHT MINUTES, 33 SECONDS EARLIER**

INT. TERMINAL / HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

Back in the Source Code. And we're FROZEN on that final image --

Colter on the floor. Shot. Dying. His hand over Christina's. The two of them eternally linked in this tableau. A haunting finality to it. Nothing else exists.

And the moment ripped away -- shredded forever as we --

SMASH TO:

TITLE -- fast -- almost subliminal --

**SOURCE CODE STREAMING**

INT. ISOLATION UNIT

Slammed in here -- confined, darkened aviator's space -- very similar to the first movie's pod and --

ENGINE NOISE -- fucking loud -- can't even think and --

COLTER jolted forward -- harness pins him in his seat -- he's back in his MILITARY FLIGHT SUIT --

ALVAREZ

(next to him, over radio)  
-- units, be advised -- Darkstar  
November has lost sight of the  
enemy --

Wait -- this is different -- there's ALVAREZ -- co-pilot -- night vision goggles over his flight helmet and --

COLTER realizing -- shock -- this isn't the cargo cell --

EXT. BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER - AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT

Tearing past us -- flying fast -- low -- middle of combat -- green tracer fire erupting -- very confusing and --

INT. BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Colter back in his own body -- his own hands -- own legs -- he's back in time -- eight minutes before his crash --

COLTER

Alvarez?

ALVAREZ

You all right, sir?

Colter grabbing the controls -- steadying the chopper -- his heart pumping at triple speed -- the mountains racing past below -- they're dangerously low --

ALVAREZ (CONT'D)

You sure you want to go for this?

I can't see the target anymore.

(Colter not responding)

Captain, it's okay to pull back.

Colter incredulous. He has time. He can change this. He can fly to safety.

Then swallows. Fights to calm down.

COLTER

No. He's out there. And we're going to get him.

(banks the chopper)

Darkstar November's pushing into the wadi.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT

A broken, heartless landscape. Steep, windswept terrain under starlight. As a FIGURE rises up from cover.

OMO

He's bearded here. Tribal disguise. A rugged mercenary with a rocket launcher and a touch of Lawrence of Arabia to him.

The BLACKHAWK buzzing in here overhead. And Omo balancing his rocket launcher on a boulder. Perfect position. Taking aim. Bides his time and --

FIRES!

INT/EXT. BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Muzzle flash outside --

ALVAREZ

RPG! -- two o'clock -- in-coming! --

THE MISSILE leaping up at them -- locked on -- one more second and it's here --

COLTER -- hands on the controls and --

THIS TIME HE BANKS LEFT -- goes the other way and --

BOOM! The bird shakes -- alarms multiplying -- they've still gotten hit! --

ALVAREZ (CONT'D)

-- we're hit! -- hit in the fuel line -- losing pressure --

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - NIGHT

The blackhawk foundering overhead -- going down --

Omo watching a moment -- satisfaction -- then slipping away --

INT/EXT. BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Losing altitude. Colter wrestling with the controls as --

ALVAREZ

Cobra Base, be advised, Darkstar November is going down!

COLTER

It's okay. It's a fuel line. I can land this.

And Colter battling -- the chopper now a falling steel dumpster -- he's using all his skill to guide it -- the ground coming up at them and --

COLTER (CONT'D)

Hang on!

WHAM!

They hit! -- incredibly violent! -- chopper's plowing into the ground -- titling over -- rotors slapping -- slicing up earth -- a frenzy of sliding steel and --

It stops. Everything's off. Still. Heavy silence.

ALVAREZ  
That's one shitty landing.

They're unclicking -- climbing -- clawing out of here --

EXT. VALLEY FLOOR - NIGHT

The crashed Black Hawk sitting there. A mangled, smoking hulk. Colter helping Alvarez out of the wreckage.

COLTER  
You okay? You hurt?

ALVAREZ  
(limping)  
Just my ankle. I'll be all right.

Colter eases Alvarez onto a rock. Peels off his helmet. Breathing in. His sweat-drenched flight suit already drying in the cold maintain air.

And he's alive. They're both alive. Colter just wondering at it. So thankful.

COLTER  
Alvarez. It's good to see you.

ALVAREZ  
I love you, too, okay? Now call it in.

The battlefield has gone quiet. No one else around. Crickets chirp in the darkness.

Colter unbuckles his radio. About to use it when --

A GLINT. Above them. In the darkness. Up on a ridge.

COLTER -- goes still. Watching for more. There's nothing.

He goes back to the chopper. Picks up a pair of NIGHT VISION GOGGLES. Hands Alvarez the radio.

COLTER  
Call it in.

ALVAREZ  
Where are you going?

COLTER  
I'll be back.

ALVAREZ  
Wait! Don't be stupid. You don't  
know who's out there!

Colter's already taken off into the darkness.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - NIGHT

Colter scrambling up a gravel slope. He's pulled out his COLT 45 PISTOL. Impelled forward by an urge he cannot control.

The night is almost pitch black. And very quiet. We hear the scrape of Colter's boots. His breathing.

He's at the top of a ridge now. Pausing there. Coiled there. The stars glowing in the sky with wild beauty.

Moving forward now. Gun barrel pushing through darkness.

There. A CAVE ENTRANCE. Colter hesitating at it. Feeling the mortal danger in the soles of his feet.

But he's helpless to stop this. He slips on the night vision goggles. Starts into the cave.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

The cave's space extends uncertainly out around us. Walls appear suddenly, only to slide away into darkness. Water drips. The air is heavy and fetid. Like being inside the digestive tract of some monstrous beast.

COLTER'S POV - NIGHT VISION GOGGLES -- processing this eerie, green, crepuscular world --

SOMETHING MOVES -- in the shadows --

Colter hesitating. Jittery there. Sweeping the area with his gun.

Nothing. The cave sits in silence.

But it's waiting for him. Beckoning him deeper in.

Colter frozen there. The smart move would be to get out of here.

But he goes forward. Step. Step. Edging towards a dark corner. Gripping his gun when --

SOMETHING LUNGES AT HIM

FROM BEHIND -- out of the shadows --

Colter thrown to the ground. Omo lunging at him. A blur. Vicious. Cornered. Fighting with incredible strength.

And Colter's gun arm wrenched painfully behind his back. More and more. It's going to break. He's forced to release the gun. Tries to twist away --

But Omo holds him like a wrestler. Gaining better footing. Now bringing up a KNIFE. Colter's hand catching Omo's wrist at the last second.

Time seems suspended. Neither speak. Both locked in a test of strength, effort, will. Omo trying to force the knife into Colter's neck. Colter trying to stop him.

Colter flagging now. Out-matched. Omo's a machine. A shark. He's killed at close range before.

And Colter watching the knife press closer now. Knowing he's reaching the end of his strength. And his gun too far away to reach.

He can't believe it's going this way. With a surge of despair he realizes he's going to die. And there's no trying again. No waking up elsewhere. This is it. The end.

And he's filling with rage -- at Omo -- at Source Code -- at fate -- Christina's death -- everything -- his own decision to venture into this muddy cave --

And the sheer awfulness triggers this howling, last gasp of animal fury and --

He breaks Omo's grip -- jack-knives around -- Omo recoiling back in surprise -- bang! -- smacks into the cave's rocky ceiling and --

SPLASH!

Colter yanking Omo down with him into --

A DARK POOL

Black, brackish water. Very pit of the cave. They're thrashing there -- primal -- limbs entangled -- two rats --

And Colter momentarily getting on top of Omo -- then driving Omo down -- holding his head underwater -- Colter's arms locked -- won't let go -- life of death -- eyes blazing --

The water bubbling. Sputtering. Colter holding him fast.

And it's over. Omo's body goes limp. Colter just holding his killer down there. Gasping.

Finally he releases. Stumbles back. Omo left down there in water. Dead. Robes floating like dark wings.

EXT. VALLEY FLOOR - NIGHT

U.S. ARMY TROOPS venturing in here. Rescue party. Hurrying towards Alvarez, who's waiting at the crash site.

EXT. CAVE - TWILIGHT

Colter emerging out here. Bruised. Filthy. Dazed to the point of incoherence. He sinks down on a boulder. Can't stop shaking. Face streaked with tears of pain and relief.

Up above, the stars fading and the sky glowing faintly now with the first stirring of dawn.

SLOW FADE OUT.

EXT. AIRPORT - TYLER, TEXAS - DAY

Midsized, regional airport.

INT. AIRPORT - TYLER, TEXAS - DAY

Colter in Army fatigues. Walking through here. Rested. Cleaned up. Just off a plane. Another airport, yes, but he's himself now.

He stops. Waiting here is HIS FATHER, DONALD STEVENS. 58. A weathered, graying rancher. Lean and spare. Like his son.

DONALD  
Welcome home, son.

He pulls Colter to him. Foreheads touching. Colter's eyes closed. In his father's embrace. The world grows silent.

EXT. TEXAS HIGHWAY - DAY

Donald's TRUCK rolling through here. The gentle, rolling hills of East Texas.

DONALD (V.O.)  
They say it's going to rain.

INT. DONALD'S TRUCK - DAY

Colter just staring at the landscape. Savoring it. Accepting it. The sky dark with blue rain clouds. Just like his vision in the Source Code.

DONALD  
What do you feel like doing?

Colter quiet. Riding here beside his father. Giving thanks.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE - DAY

Early morning. Beautiful, sweeping shots ABOVE DOWNTOWN CHICAGO. Drifting over the towers, the city blocks below.

EXT. ILLINOIS COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Trees. Meadows. RAILROAD TRACKS cutting through it all as --  
A HORN as a CRT COMMUTER TRAIN comes speeding past

INT. RESTROOM / CRT TRAIN - DAY

We're up in the VENTILATION COMPARTMENT. Colter reaching into this tight space. Working very carefully, he disconnects one -- then two -- DETONATOR CELL PHONES from a sinister homemade BOMB sitting up here. And although he's dressed differently, we've seen him do this before. It's the same train, same morning as the first Source Code movie.

He's done. Got the two phones. Huge relief as he withdraws down into the restroom below. Pausing there to look at --

HIS REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR

Only this time, it's just himself looking back.

EXT. GLENVIEW STATION - DAY

The CRT TRAIN shutting its doors, heading onwards. The DISTANT CHICAGO SKYLINE visible above the trees and --

EXT. PARKING LOT / GLENVIEW STATION - DAY

Here comes DEREK FROST, our bomber from the first movie. Same clothes, same movements, same everything. And Derek's digging out his keys, scurrying for his WHITE VAN when --

VOICE (O.S.)

Derek Frost.

Derek stops cold -- called out -- TWO DETECTIVES stepping out from behind the van -- badges out -- guns drawn --

DETECTIVE

Illinois State Police.

Derek -- wild shock -- kicked to his knees --

BEHIND HIM

A SWAT TEAM there -- armor -- weapons -- serious fire power -- flex-cuffs out -- binding Derek's hands as --

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

You're under arrest for conspiracy  
to use a weapon of mass  
destruction.

The detective slides open the van's side door -- uncovers a MASSIVE RADIOLOGIC BOMB inside --

Derek -- pinned there -- face in the dirt -- wretched -- baffled -- *how did they know?*

INT. PASSENGER CAR / TRAIN - DAY

Same configuration as the first movie. They're all here. COLLEGE STUDENTS... SLEEPING GIANT... MAX DENOFF...

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

This is a Chicago-bound train.  
Next stop, Chicago - Union Station.

There's GOLD WATCH EXECUTIVE, wound tight, complaining to his FEMALE FRIEND opposite him --

## GOLD WATCH EXECUTIVE

I run a business, okay? Everything moves on time or people get fired. That's the way it works in the real world.

Colter passing by him in the aisle. Briefly noting the familiar faces, familiar choreography. But heading for -- locked in on --

## CHRISTINA

There she sits. Long, dark hair. Blue sweater. Exactly the same as the first movie. Sitting across from her --

## SEAN FENTRESS

The real Sean Fentress. Denim shirt. Tie. Tweed blazer. On his way to teach class in the city.

## CHRISTINA

(in mid-conversation with Sean)

-- yes, being honest, quitting my job is terrifying. But I can't spend my life dreaming about doing something important. Maybe it's Oxfam, maybe something else, but eventually you have to act.

## COLTER

(appearing next to Sean)

This seat taken?

Christina looks up. Sean moves his things aside. Colter dropping into the seat beside Sean.

## COLTER (CONT'D)

Morning.

Sean nods. Colter studying him for an instant. And we know everything surreal sensation going through Colter head.

## SEAN

(resuming their conversation)

I know what you mean. We could all be dead tomorrow.

(she's no longer listening)

Christina?

Christina just sitting there now, tripped up, a strange loss of focus. She shoots a furtive look at Colter.

He's a stranger to her. And yet something about him hooks her instantly. It's an odd sensation. Like striking a funny bone. It's beyond immediate attraction. Well beyond. It's something she can't even name.

And Colter just sitting there. Relaxed. A half smile, kind of looking at her, kind of playing the part of a stranger. Simply enjoying this. Sharing some deep, secret joke with the universe and how it has twisted itself around to this place, to this time. To him. To her.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

As the train flashes by -- gone.

THE END