

THE SUM OF ALL FEARS

screenplay by Akiva Goldsman

based on the novel by Tom Clancy

FIRST DRAFT
2/12/99

**FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY**

FADE IN ON:

EXT.-JERUSALEM STREET

God's city at dawn. A pitched cobblestoned street shrouded by swirling mists. Two figures emerge, now, into the light.

A pair of Orthodox RABBIS ascend the gentle paved slope, morning fog breaking around them. Their black coats and hats make them seem like travelers from a distant time.

(OVER) The sound of MARCHING FEET. Behind the holymen, a legion of uniformed Israeli soldiers stride out of the fog.

THE RABBIS-CLOSE. One so much younger than the other.

YOUNG RABBI

Are you all right?

The older Rabbi rubs his own arm, something there, visible through the bottom of his sleeve. Blue numbers. Faded, but never gone.

OLDER RABBI

No.

(smiles)

Not in the least.

The Rabbis crest the slope of the street to face...

EXT.-TEMPLE MOUNT-DAY

A beautiful mosque, gold dome glinting in the sun. Between the two Rabbis and the ancient structure, a teeming sea of people, fill the temple's expansive courtyard. Many young. All Arab.

A lone FIGURE separates from the crowd of protesters. Handsome. No older than twenty, wearing the ragged jacket and slacks of a student. This is HASHISMI MOUSSA.

Moussa blocks the Rabbis' path. A conflict older than history, once again about to take human form.

MOUSSA

This site was sanctified by the L'ach-bar of Cyprus for the first Mosque. It is Arab holy land.

OLDER RABBI

Jews have been worshiping here for over fifty years.

MOUSSA

No longer.

YOUNGER RABBI

And how will you stop us?

The Younger Rabbi glances over his shoulder at...

THE ISRAELI COMMANDER (ZADIN) stands twenty paces behind the confrontation, his men paused at the ready. He is no older than Moussa, their features not dissimilar, cousins in history.

Zadin makes a small, quick gesture with his hand.

Israeli soldiers CLICK the safeties off their assault rifles in rapid succession, a tiny dance of flesh and metal.

MOUSSA steps backwards one, two, three paces, into the front line. He extends his arms. See his fellows, old and young, as they do the same. Arab hands clasp Arab hands, the protesters forming row after row of human chains.

MOUSSA

We will stop you.

With that, all the Arabs in the courtyard sit.

EXT.-TEMPLE MOUNT-COURTYARD WALL

Onlookers perch on the old stone wall, Arab and Israeli alike. A Newsman (PETE FRANKS) and his Camera Operator (MIKE DOBBS) stand amidst the crowd, the CNN logo visible on their press badges.

FRANKS

You rolling on this, Mickey.

DOBBS

Please.

FRANKS

C'mon. Closer.

The two jump off the wall and start pushing through the crowd, towards the front line.

EXT.-TEMPLE MOUNT COURTYARD-FRONT LINE

THE RABBIS stand before this human sea, one that has little chance of parting.

VOICE (OVER)

Step away, Rabbi.

Commander Zadin has come between the two holymen.

OLDER RABBI
Perhaps we should....

ZADIN
Please Rabbi.

A beat. Then the Rabbis turn, head back towards the rank of soldiers. HOLD on Zadin as he stands alone, staring at Moussa.

ZADIN
You are under arrest.

Moussa keeps Zadin's eyes.

ZADIN
Clear this area or you will be fired upon.

But Moussa says nothing. Impassive. A beat. Then...

ZADIN
Rubber bullets!

Six SOLDIERS step forward, aim their rifles at the Arabs.

ZADIN
Fire!

The Soldiers begin FIRING into the crowd of Arabs.

A SERIES OF SHOTS. The rubber bullets are hard, and at this range damaging, bursting an ear, smashing teeth.

But as one Arab falls, another moves to take his place, to tend to him, to hold the line.

ZADIN
Again!

The Soldiers FIRE another round. Again Arabs from the flanks move to take their fallen comrades place. Violence in an uphill battle against the persistence of faith.

ZADIN-CLOSE. Look at his expression. A man who cannot accept defeat. He begins walking straight towards Moussa.

FRANKS AND DOBBS have gotten close. Maybe too close.

FRANKS
Uh-oh.

DOBBS

I got it.

CAMERA-POV. Zadin stands directly over Moussa.

ZADIN

Move.

MOUSSA

No.

Zadin draws his pistol, points it directly at Moussa's head.

ZADIN

I said move.

And Moussa just smiles.

MOUSSA

Today, you will lose everything.

Who knows what one man's words mean to another. Zadin COCKS the hammer back on his pistol.

FRANKS-CLOSE. A newsman's sixth sense.

FRANKS

No!

Zadin FIRES. Moussa crumples, dead, the SHOT echoing over a world suddenly silent.

The crowd erupts, Arabs rising, swarming their fallen comrade. The Soldiers fall to their knees, aim their weapons. The air is gunpowder about to catch. Then, over it all, a VOICE, small at first, but growing LOUDER.

A YOUNG ARAB GIRL is looking up over Moussa's body, hands and knees stained red with Moussa's blood, face streaming with tears. She is SINGING. A longing, Islamic song of freedom.

All is silent save her single VOICE. And then, around her, others join, SINGING together in chorus, VOICES rising, growing strong.

INT.-BEDROOM-NIGHT

(OVER) A RINGING phone. The lovely, familiar face of DR. KATHY RYAN blinks awake. She reaches across the bed to find....Nothing.

WIDER. Kathy is alone in bed. Not happy, she lifts the phone.

INT.-RYAN'S STUDY-DAWN

JACK RYAN sits in his big leather desk chair. Sound asleep. The glow of three computer monitors on his giant desk light his face.

KATHY (OVER)

Jack... Jack, wake up.

Jack's eyes open. Kathy stands in the doorway in her nightgown.

RYAN

What? Oh, honey...just finishing. Be right up.

KATHY

It's morning, Jack.

RYAN

What?

KATHY

The phone. Nightwatch.

Jack is still trying to wake up.

RYAN

Okay. Got it.

Kathy has moved to his desk. On each computer screen, multiple windows show headlines; satellite maps; flash data analyses.

KATHY

You can't keep doing this, Jack. You can't baby sit the whole world.

RYAN

I lost track of-

She lifts the wine bottle there, turns it over in her hand. Empty. Tosses it in the trash.

KATHY

Get the phone, Jack.

And with that she's gone. He wants to go after her, pushes the blinking light on the phone console instead.

RYAN

Ryan.

(a beat)

Yeah. Okay. Wait.

He lifts a remote and points it towards the wall. A TV screen flicks into life.

RYAN

Dear God.

INT.-RYAN BATHROOM-MORNING

Filled with steam. Jack in a robe, tests the shower temperature.

RYAN

...And I need Ben. If he's not home,
find him at one of his girlfriends'.

KATHY

(entering)

What?

Jack points to the phone on the sink, its speaker light active.
Kathy steps forward, disconnects the line.

KATHY

It's every night. All night. What
are you looking for?

Jack stares at her a beat. Then...

RYAN

I don't know. I keep scanning the
news boards. Something's going to
happen. I can feel it.

KATHY

Do you have any idea how that
sounds?

By the sad smile he gives her, he does. He wipes clean the mirror,
revealing his reflection.

RYAN

Yeah. Crazy.

(OVER) The phone begins to RING.

KATHY

Don't answer it.

RYAN

Kath, there's a crisis in the-

KATHY

There's always a crisis. Don't answer it.

(a beat)

I'm worried about you.

(OVER) The phone continues to RING. Jack holds her gaze.

RYAN

I'm okay. Just tired.

(lifting the receiver)

Ryan.

INT.-RYAN KITCHEN-MORNING

Jack ENTERS, freshly showered. Kathy stands at the stove, JACK JR. (5) sitting on the counter beside her.

RYAN

Honey, where are the aspirin?

Jack moves between them, giving them each a perfunctory kiss. Grabs the aspirin and takes four without water.

JJ

Daddy, toast or toast?

RYAN

Nothing, sweetie.

JJ

Your 'posed to say pancakes.

SALLY (15) has ambled in wearing a t-shirt, looking groggy.

SALLY

Here's an idea. How about one night a week when the phone doesn't ring at dawn? What say we give it a try, huh Dad?

RYAN

Sorry, baby.

SALLY

I just can't wait for college. Maybe I'll get some sleep.

Jack heads for the door.

KATHY

Jack...

He knows that look. They need to talk.

RYAN

I promise. Tonight. Have a nice day
at school.

SALLY

It's Sunday.

RYAN

Oh. Right. Okay. See you.

HOLD on Kathy. Too alone. Even though she's facing away from him,
she's watching him go.

EXT.-LEBANESE DESERT-SUNSET

Sun stains the rolling hills of sand a bloody amber. A lone farm
sits amidst the wind-whipped dunes.

INT.-DRUSE FARM-MORNING

An OLD MAN wearing a red fez trimmed with white sits watching the
same CNN footage of the protest on TV.

(OVER) SHRIEKS and GIGGLES as a BOY (7) chases a GIRL (6) around
the living room with a red plastic gun.

OLD MAN

Hush, now!

He gently grabs the Boy's arm, confiscates the toy gun.

OLD MAN

Outside.

FAVOR the children as they race across the room, BANGING through
the screen door and out into...

EXT.-DRUSE FARM-SUNSET

The children tear up the hill, shooting each other with pointed
fingers.

BOY

You're the Arab, I'm the Jew.

GIRL

I want to be the Jew.

They have pushed into the sabra fruit garden and now up beyond,
scaling a sandy ledge. The boy grabs a fallen stick.

He stabs the stick into the ground, making a claim. It comes up short with an odd metallic CLANG. Both children freeze.

BOY

Maybe it's a blow up mine.

GIRL

Ali, no.

Too late. The child is already digging. TILT DOWN to see what he has revealed. There, embedded in the earth, a large metal cylinder.

EXT.-CIA HEADQUARTERS-MORNING

The monolithic building sits amidst brown Virginian fields. A black sedan pulls up to the two Marines standing at the main gate.

INT.-SEDAN-SLOWING

The Driver nods. One Marine nods back. They exchange a knowing look. DOLLY BACK...

In the back seat, Jack sits shaving with an electric razor, reading faxes that spew from a built-in printer onto the seat.

INT.-CIA HEADQUARTERS-MORNING

Jack walks into his outer office, past his secretary, JANICE, hangs his coat on the tree.

RYAN

I'll need anything flash out of the region. Otherwise, no calls.

JAN

Good morning to you too, Director.
Nice shave.

Jack smiles grimly.

RYAN

Morning, Jan.

She is up, following him into...

INT.-DIRECTOR'S OFFICE-MORNING

This was Jim Greer's office once. Now Jack's family photo's have replaced the Admiral's, though a picture of his smiling face still adorns the desk. Naval charts hang on the walls.

JAN

The briefing's been moved to the
private dining room.

Janice hands him a cup from the coffee maker. Jack takes a sip.

RYAN

I think I need leaded.

Jan shrugs, starts another pot.

JAN

You see the tie he wore yesterday.
That man needs a woman.

RYAN

I'll be sure and pass your fashion
advice on to the President.

VOICE (OVER)

Hey, chief. Have you heard?

WIDER. Standing in the door is BEN GOODLEY, Senior Research
Analyst, early thirties, handsome in a bookish kind of way.

RYAN

That's a hard question to answer.
You're late, Ben.

GOODLEY

You're early. I've got Mossad intel
on line in OP Center. Morning, Jan.

JAN

His tie ain't so good either.

Jack CLAPS Ben's shoulder, leading him out into....

INT.-CIA HALLWAY-WALKING

GOODLEY

What's wrong with this tie? I like
this tie.

RYAN

Have I heard what?

GOODLEY

Guess who's sitting in Arnie's seat?
Liz Elliot.

RYAN

Promoted?

GOODLEY

No. Acting National Security
Advisor. Hell, Arnie's only been
buried a week.

RYAN

We're the government. We're not
sentimental. But I miss the old
codger.

(a beat)

Liz will do a fine job.

GOODLEY

Right. What is it with you two?

RYAN

You tell me. You dated her aide when
she was in Congress.

GOODLEY

Maybe it's a style thing. Elliot is
pretty by the book. And you...

RYAN

What? I'm not by the book?

Ben just smiles. Ryan can't help but smile back.

GOODLEY

Listen, chief. Don't take this
wrong, but you look like shit.

RYAN

(laughing)

Thanks, Ben.

GOODLEY

You okay? Really?

RYAN

I will be after we talk to the
Israelis. I've got two hours before
I have to brief the President.

They push through a glass door beyond which is visible the hi-tech
briefing room of the CIA Operations Center.

EXT.-BEIRUT-SUNSET

A crowded street. Business people pass. Merchants huddle. The unique mix of past and present that is the Mid-East.

INT.-QUATI'S OFFICE-SUNSET

Resplendent. A cross between an office and a salon. An intense, dark-skinned man sits behind the desk. This is QUATI HALEL.

QUATI

Welcome.

WIDER. Standing across the desk is the old Druse Farmer in his red and white trimmed Fez.

FARMER

Thank you for seeing me, Commander.

QUATI

Nonsense. Your friendship has been as loyal to me as it was to my father.

FARMER

A great soldier. When the Israeli's came in 67, when we had no hope...

QUATI

Yes, yes, of course. How can I help you, old friend?

FARMER

My grandchildren found something in my garden. I think it is an Israeli bomb. An old one. From our war.

Quati's eyes narrow.

QUATI

I shall send someone to help you remove it.

FARMER

No need. My legs may fail me, but these arms are still strong.

QUATI

Here?

FARMER

In my truck.

QUATI

But these bombs still explode.

FARMER

If it wanted to kill me I imagine it
should have done so years ago.

Quati stares at him a beat. Then he smiles.

QUATI

(calling)

Ibrahim, get the American.

(rising)

Come, let's see what you have
brought us.

EXT.-QUATI'S COURTYARD

Quati stands with the Farmer as a driver brings the old truck in
through a gated entrance from the street.

FARMER

Careful with that transmission!

Quati manages a patronizing smile as another FIGURE emerges into
the courtyard. Late twenties, fair, wearing American fatigues with
the insignia burned off. MARVIN RUSSELL.

QUATI

This is a friend.

Russell offers a formal Druse GREETING.

FARMER

Polite.

But Russell has already jumped up onto the truck, pulling off the
tarp. He stares at the metal cylinder a beat.

RUSSELL

American Mark 84. No, that's not
right. Same specs but the
bombcase... What the hell is it?

Russell has removed a leather tool case from his belt, begun
unscrewing a panel.

RUSSELL

Seams in the housing, some kind of
latticework, a fuse of some sort...

From inside the tube, he removes a small metal ball. He frowns.

RUSSELL

...Warm to the touch...

Russell looks up suddenly, holding Quati's eyes with an unspoken message. A beat. Then Quati turns to the farmer.

QUATI

The sun is hot. Wait inside now while we take it off your truck.

FARMER

This sun is nothing...

QUATI

Thank you old friend. Come visit me again soon.

A beat. Then the Farmer nods walks off.

QUATI

Why all the cloak and dagger?

RUSSELL

There were always rumors that the Israelis had them during the Yom Kippur War. American built. They must have lost it when you downed one of their planes. They couldn't very well go around asking after it. The heat is from the decay of alpha particles, not harmful. Beneath this shielding is the plutonium.

(lifts the ball in his hand)

The right person might be able to make this work again.

QUATI

What are you saying, my friend?

RUSSELL

What we have here is an Israeli Nuclear bomb.

CUT TO:

A MAN'S FACE-CLOSE. Silver haired. Handsome. This is ROBERT COLLINS, the President of the United States.

PRESIDENT

Armageddon. Total annihilation.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

INT.-WHITE HOUSE-RESIDENTIAL DINING ROOM

Antique wooden chairs surround a large oak table. Historical oils hang on the walls. Winter sun streams in through the windows.

Sitting around the table are DENNIS BUNKER, SECRETARY of DEFENSE BRENT TALBOT, SECRETARY of STATE and ELIZABETH ELLIOT, acting NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR.

PRESIDENT

Packers slaughtered your Pats, Ryan.

RYAN

...I thought that was this week.

PRESIDENT

All work and no play...

Jack gives a wan smile.

RYAN

So, I've been told.

PRESIDENT

Okay, Jack, it's your show.

RYAN

As you know, Mr. President, the recent conflict over the holy lands in Jerusalem has brought the mid-east peace process to a dead stop.

PRESIDENT

How can the Jews and Arabs have so many temples on the same damn spots?

RYAN

History is irony, sir. The shooter is a police Captain hot off a bad divorce. The Israeli's have him in the jug and they're not talking.

PRESIDENT

Can Israel weather this?

RYAN

Israel depends absolutely on having the moral high ground. When Arabs were throwing rocks and cocktails, their police could justify using force in response. Not this time.

TALBOT

Sooner or later, the Arabs had to
wise up.

PRESIDENT

Recommendation?

RYAN

We come out strong with our
condemnation of the act but
reinforce our support of Israel
herself. Stability must be assured.

ELLIOT

Mr. President, I disagree.

All eyes turn to Liz Elliot.

ELLIOT

A country whose police murder
unarmed people has no legitimacy as
a liberal democracy. We can no more
support an Israel that does things
like that than we could a Somoza,
Marcos or any other tinpot dictator-

RYAN

C'mon, Liz, Israel isn't-

ELLIOT

Well, let them prove it. I suggest
we cut all military and civilian
funding until they accede to the
latest Palestinian demands.

RYAN

That's Draconian. Israel relies on
those monies to survive.

ELLIOT

Well they could always pray for
divine intervention.

HOLD on Jack as the President responds.

PRESIDENT (OVER)

Okay, maybe we slow down the funds a
bit while keeping the pipeline open.
Squeeze them a little-

RYAN

That's it.

All eyes have turned to him. Most people don't interrupt the President.

RYAN

Sorry, sir. But Dr. Elliot is right.

Everyone looks surprised, no one more than Elliot herself.

RYAN

We're all people of the book, aren't we?

TALBOT

So?

RYAN

And the Vatican is a real country, with diplomatic status...they're Swiss, neutral...I wonder if he'd go for it...

PRESIDENT

Who? Go for what?

RYAN

This whole mess is over the holy places. What if we enlisted the Vatican. What if we put the holy places in Jerusalem under Papal jurisdiction?

Everyone stares at him.

PRESIDENT

...go to God for help with the holy land... Audacious.

TALBOT

It would make the Arabs and the Jews equally unhappy. That's the hallmark of a good plan.

BUNKER

Would the Pope agree?

PRESIDENT

Let's find out. Brent?

TALBOT

State can make a formal inquiry. But diplomatic channels are pretty slow.

RYAN

I can get a fast response.

All eyes turn to Jack.

RYAN

I have back channel access, sir.

ELLIOT

You have spies in the Vatican?

RYAN

I have contacts.

ELLIOT

Jesus.

RYAN

No. Not him.

PRESIDENT

Okay. You've got two days. But then I'm going to have to consider sanctions. This is front burner.

(checks his watch)

If that's all, I've got a game to watch.

EXT.-WHITE HOUSE-UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

The briefing is breaking up. Folks gather, chatting.

PRESIDENT

I've got chips and beer. Anybody interested?

TALBOT

I'm in.

BUNKER

Wife and kids, sir. It's the price for getting to go to the Superbowl.

RYAN

I'm going to get moving on this.

PRESIDENT

Dr. Elliot, I'm sure football isn't your favorite pastime but...

ELLIOT

I figure the Jets by seven. But the Pack had a great season and Favre's arm is coming back. I'm want to see if they stop the Jet's rushing game.

A beat. Everyone is silent. She's holding his eyes. Pretty eyes. The President grins.

PRESIDENT

Well all right, you're in, come on along.

Jack and Bunker watch them go.

BUNKER

She's something else, that one.

RYAN

She sure is.

EXT.-CAIRO-BAR-NIGHT

Folks gather at tables under a plump full moon. FAVOR the American Marvin Russell as he disappears inside.

INT-CAIRO BAR-NIGHT

A man sits at the bar. His back to us, slouched after too many drinks. Russell comes up behind him.

RUSSELL

Bock?

The man doesn't so much as budge. Russell puts his hand on the man's shoulder. He turns. Late twenties. Eyes far older. BOCK.

RUSSELL

Gunther Bock?

BOCK

Never heard of him.

Russell reaches into his tunic and removes a manila envelope. Contains something hard. Drops it on the desk.

RUSSELL

Take a look. The fellow I work for might be able to help you settle up. Ambassador hotel, suite ten.

And with that, Russell is gone.

INT.-CAIRO HOTEL ROOM-LATER

Seedy. Bock removes something from the envelope Russell gave him. It's a video tape. He puts it in the player, sits on the bed.

TV-CLOSE. A grainy image of a young woman in a prison cell. Her hair is wild, her face drawn.

BOCK-CLOSE. Face pale with pain and loss. He takes his left hand in his right, turns the wedding ring on his finger.

ON TV-The woman takes off her pants, climbs onto a chair. She ties one trouser leg around a water pipe, wraps the other end around her neck, pulling the knot tight there too.

She kicks over the chair. It takes a while for her feet to stop jerking, finally still.

Bock sits on the edge of the bed, face streaming with silent tears.

EXT.-RYAN HOUSE-EVENING

Kathy stands in the kitchen. She's dressed up, lovely red dress, elegant throw. (OVER) the doorbell RINGS.

SALLY (OVER)

Mom, Toni's here.

A young GIRL ENTERS. Green hair. Nose ring. Cute. TONI.

TONI

Hi, Dr. Ryan. JJ upstairs?

KATHY

Yeah. Pizza's okay. No TV. Lights out by eight.

TONI

(vanishing)

Gotya. Have fun.

Sally pokes her head in.

SALLY

Okay, Mom, I'm history. Can I take the car?

KATHY

No.

SALLY

I'm hoping to wear you down.

KATHY

And no body piercing, okay?

SALLY

That is so over. Hey, aren't you going to be late? Where's Dad?

Kathy just smiles, and nods her head. Good question.

SALLY

(kissing mom)

See ya.

Kathy stands alone in the kitchen. She lifts the phone. Dials. It just RINGS. A beat. She hangs up.

KATHY

(shouting)

I'm gone.

She grabs her throw and heads for the front door.

EXT.-CIA HEADQUARTERS-NIGHT

Lights burn late into the twilight. (OVER) A cell phone RINGS.

INT.-JANICE'S OFFICE-NIGHT

Empty. Jack's coat still hangs on the rack. (OVER) His cell phone continues RINGING, then is silent.

INT.-RYAN'S OFFICE-NIGHT

Moonlight beams in through the windows. Jack sits at his desk in front of his computer, over a stack of handwritten draft pages.

He inserts a CD-ROM. Hits the keyboard, testing a couple of keys.

SCREEN-CLOSE. The letters that appear on screen are elegant, alien. Ancient Greek.

Jack deletes the test letters. He begins to type.

INT.-OPERA

(OVER) The LIBRETTO of CARMEN. Kathy sits in a packed house, watching the stage. DRIFT TO REVEAL...the seat beside her is empty.

INT.-RYAN'S OFFICE

Jack's completed text sits on the screen. WIDER. Jack is dialing a wall safe, removes a hand written cipher book.

He returns to his desk, activates a stand alone program, pulls it down. A box asks for a cipher code.

Jack opens the book, enters the day's encryption code. A prompt reads ENCRYPT: YES OR NO.

Jack hits YES. The text transforms, the Greek characters now scrambled with unbelievable complexity.

Jack calls up a CIA secure fax screen. Addresses the Vatican. He double clicks, sending the letter. A prompt asks him to DELETE all files. He does.

JACK-CLOSE. Sits alone in the office. Watch him. This is a man under too much stress. He rubs his eyes, his temples...

Jack sits up with a start. Checks his watch.

RYAN

Damn.

He's up fast, moving towards the door.

INT.-RYAN HOUSE-LATER

Jack pushes open the door, flowers and champagne in his arms. He looks exhausted.

RYAN

Honey, I'm an asshole, okay? Kath?

He bounds up the stairs.

RYAN

Honey, I'm sorry.

He pushes open his bedroom door to find...

TONI

Hi, Dr. Ryan. Nice flowers.

Look at Jack, feeling as foolish as he does alone.

EXT.-CAIRO-AMBASSADOR HOTEL-NIGHT

Giant. Like a Christmas ornament wrought in stone and lights. Gunther Bock ENTERS.

INT.-AMBASSADOR HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

(OVER) A KNOCK. Russell opens the door. Bock moves fast, the gun against Russell's chin in a heartbeat, SLAMMING him, hard, against the wall.

BOCK

Who are you?

QUATI (OVER)

No. The question is, who are you?

Quati has ENTERED from the bedroom, stands on the edge of the room.

QUATI

Gunther Bock. Your bombs once bought freedom. Your truth rendered in blood. It is a truth my people know well.

Quati walks towards him.

QUATI

But those days are gone. The East Germans, once the proud sponsors of your activities, now hunt you down like dogs.

Quati has moved close to him. He stops.

QUATI

The Bundeskriminalamt detectives interrogated her only for amusement. Everything she knew was in West German hands already. They watched her die, you know. That was what they wanted all along. Out with the old ways. In with the new.

Bock CLICKS back the trigger with his thumb.

QUATI

Yes, kill him. Or perhaps, kill the ones who did this to you. To her. Who are you, Bock? A simple murderer? Or a freedom fighter?

Quati has moved to Bock, drops a stack of polaroids on the coffee table. Bock lifts them with his free hand. Snapshots of the bomb.

BOCK

Impossible.

Quati is silent. A beat. Then he stops the hammer with his thumb, steps away from Russell.

RUSSELL

(quiet)

I could have taken you.

Bock glances at Russell dismissively, looks again at the pictures.

QUATI

My friend here says it requires a new trigger. Retrium, perhaps.

BOCK

Tritium would be better. And the bombcase probably needs re-lathing.

QUATI

I see.

BOCK

I know your cause. What do I care to kill Israelis?

QUATI

Kill a few Israelis in hopes of getting those that robbed me of my family? Kill a few East Germans in hopes of getting those that tortured your beloved wife? No, Bock. We will strike down their very nations.

BOCK

How?

QUATI

They are weak. Without the support of the Americans and the Russians, they would fall. And we righteous would rise to take the earth.

Bock is staring at him. A beat. Quati gestures to a potted plant.

QUATI

See this palm. How its shadows block the light of the smaller shrubs. So arrogant, so towering and mighty.

Quati pulls a flip knife, opens the blade.

QUATI
But a few select spots of
destabilization.

He hacks strategically, once twice, three times on the trunk.

QUATI
And look what a single blow can do.

He hits the stump with his fist. The plant topples. Quati smiles.

QUATI
The small shrubs have light. They
can grow and overrun the earth.

BOCK
You want to start a war.

Quati stares at him.

BOCK
You want to start a war between the
Americans and the Russians.

Quati smiles.

INT.-RYAN'S STUDY-NIGHT

All the monitors are on auto scan. See the data that flashes on their screens as we DRIFT from one to the next.

SCREEN-CLOSE. Newsphoto of a boy orphaned by a terrorist bomb... correlating data of terrorist strikes in the region...flash analysis of incidents using similar devices...

SCREEN-CLOSE. Eyes Only reports of oppression in China...scrolling lists of dissidents still detained...a single prisoner's dossier is updated, the designation label changing to: deceased...

SCREEN-CLOSE. Times cover headlining Russian troop movement...data of the Start Treaty decommissionings...a map showing thousands of flashing warheads still in Russia...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL....

Ryan sits in his chair. He's fallen asleep here again, the monitor light playing on his face. Even his dreams seem troubled.

REVERSE ANGLE. Kathy stands in the doorway, watching on. She slowly VANISHES as we...

DISSOLVE TO...

INT.-RYAN'S STUDY-MORNING

Jack stirs awake in his chair. Rubs his eyes. He's done it again.

RYAN

Shit.

INT.-RYAN KITCHEN

Sally is sitting with JJ at the table. She's got her school books out. He's eating cereal. Both stare at the TV.

RYAN

Morning.

The kids GRUNT through their food. Jack crosses to grab some toast, snapping off the TV as he goes.

SALLY

Controlling, much?

RYAN

Yup. Where's your mother?

SALLY

She had that procedure at Bethesda Sinai. The blind kid.

RYAN

Oh. Right. Damn.

SALLY

How was the opera?

Jack looks sheepish as he spreads marmalade on his bread.

SALLY

Dad....

RYAN

Everything's fine, honey. You taking JJ to school?

SALLY

No. He's gonna drive himself this morning, right Jayge?

JJ

I'm drivin' myself.

Jack smiles, heads for the door.

INT.-CIA-OPS CENTER

High Tech heaven. Data screens line the walls. Individual keyboards are built into a giant wooden conference table. At the head sits Jack. Around him are his senior analysts, Ben, ZACK ADLER, and a very pregnant MARY PAT FOLEY.

RYAN

...Okay. Anything else?

GOODLEY

We had a sighting yesterday. Mr. Peanut.

RYAN

Excuse me.

Ben has begun working his keyboard. An Army personnel file flashes.

GOODLEY

Remember that Sergeant who blew up his own command during Desert Fox?

SCREEN-CLOSE. A tiny personnel photo is highlighted and enhanced. Expands to fill the screen. A cropped and uniformed Marvin Russell.

GOODLEY

We had him on terrorist watch. Guy whose CO said he lived on peanuts.

RYAN

Mr. Peanut. Why didn't you say so?

Ben works his keyboard again. The photo is replaced by a grainy black and white of Russell leaving the bar in Cairo.

GOODLEY

Spotted in Cairo. But our asset was on another op. By the time we got back-up, we'd lost him again.

RYAN

Try to reacquire.

Ryan turns his chair to face Mary Pat.

RYAN

Okay, MP? How are our friends in the evil empire?

She is trying to push herself standing.

MARY PAT

Water.

Jack goes to the refrigerator, pulls a water bottle.

MARY PAT

(sitting back down)

I'm not an invalid, I'm pregnant.

RYAN

(handing her the bottle)

Shakespeare got it wrong. It's a pregnant woman scorned. I know.

MARY PAT

I bet Kathy never complained and had a one hour labor. You married the perfect girl, Jack.

Jack smiles. Everything but his eyes.

MARY PAT

Russian nukes coming off line according to START four. Slowly.

ZACK

The snail's pace of peace.

Ryan has begun typing. Brings up several screens showing Slavic newspapers with black and white photos of troops.

RYAN

Three local papers. Each showing troop movement in three ex-Soviet states. Is there a pattern here?

GOODLEY

Somebody's been burning the mid-night oil.

Mary Pat hits some keys. The images are replaced by a New York Times cover showing President Narmanov and the text of a recent speech.

MARY PAT

Narmanov claims he's trying to consolidate his military.

Jack pulls up an EYES ONLY document.

RYAN

Factor in your previous report about the military acting autonomously.

MARY PAT

Unconfirmed.

RYAN

But we could be in the preliminary stages of a coup.

GOODLEY

Let's just go for the worst case scenario, why don't we? We should see what develops...

Ryan SLAMS his hand against the table. Hard. Everyone is startled.

RYAN

No! You don't wait for patterns to develop, you find them. Do you have any idea how dangerous the world is? Do you know what can happen out there?

The others exchange a look.

RYAN

Look, there's a threat brewing. I can feel it in my bones.

GOODLEY

I didn't know bones were an approved intelligence gathering device.

RYAN

(softening)

They're the best.

(a beat)

MP, I need you to develop this...

(OVER) A BUZZING as the door swings open. Janice pokes her head in.

JANICE

Sorry, Director. Line two. It's the Pope. ...Well, his office anyway.

INT.-BETHESDA SINAI MEDICAL CENTER-WALKING

White tile and neon. Kathy and another SURGEON emerge from the operating theater in scrubs, pulling off their masks.

SURGEON

That was wildly impressive, Doctor.

KATHY

Now we just have to wait.

SURGEON

Can you imagine what it would be like to see for the first time?

Kathy takes a beat.

KATHY

If it works, it will be in large part due to that scalpel of yours.

SURGEON

Have you ever considered coming to Boston? Our R&D is the best in the country.

KATHY

I know that. Of course.

SURGEON

Seriously. You have the talent. We build the tools. We can afford you.

Kathy LAUGHS.

SURGEON

Consider it, Doctor. You'd do some good. More good. And Boston's a better place. We actually have a tendency to lead normal lives.

KATHY

Oh, my life is more normal than you'd think.

They have come to the front desk. A NURSE leans over to Kathy.

NURSE

Dr. Ryan called. Three times. You were in surgery. He said to tell you he had to go to Rome.

Though Kathy smiles as she speaks, her voice has an edge.

KATHY

See. Normal. Jack Ryan jets off to
save the world. Because somewhere,
the forces of evil are gathering...

EXT.-MOSCOW STREET-NIGHT

A row of middle income houses sit along a tree lined street. A billboard of Lenin defaced by a Groucho moustache in the b.g.

INT.-MOSCOW TRACT HOUSE-NIGHT

A MAN-CLOSE. Lays in bed. (OVER) A CLICK as a gun barrel ENTERS FRAME. WIDER. Bock stands, his gun pointing at a sleeping man.

BOCK

Get up. Get dressed. Make a sound
and you die.

EXT.-MOSCOW STREET

The MAN emerges from the house in the gray dawn. See him dressed now. A Russian Army uniform. Bock walks close behind, shoving him along with his gun, towards a waiting canvas covered truck.

INT.-TRUCK

The soldier climbs into the dark back of the truck, confused, disoriented. A match flares.

Russell stands, lighting a cigarette. At his feet lie several bodies. All are wearing Russian Army uniforms. All dead.

RUSSELL

Morning.

Russell SHOTS the Soldier through the head and chest with a silenced pistol. Pulls him onto the pile of bodies. He looks at Bock who is peering through the canvas back of the truck.

RUSSELL

Let's go.

EXT.-RUSSIAN ROAD-DAWN

A SIGN-CLOSE. Russian letters above the inter-locking circles of a Radiation Warning.

The covered truck RUMBLES past.

EXT.-GUARD BOOTH

The truck stops at a gate. A lone GUARD steps out of the wooden booth to face Bock who is leaning out of the driver's window.

GUARD

Yes?

BOCK

Delivery.

GUARD

This plant is closed.

Bock SHOTS the guard in the head.

RUSSELL (OVER)

Fucker's heavy. Too much Borscht.

Russell is dragging one of the dead Russian soldiers from the truck. He drops the corpse in front of the Guard booth.

RUSSELL

You ever see Rat Patrol. On TV?

Russell takes Bock's pistol, places it in the dead soldiers hand.

Russell hops back into the truck. Bock GUNS the engine driving the truck CRASHING through the wooden arm of the gate. PULL BACK...

Dead ahead, the cement domes and flutes of a nuclear power plant.

EXT.-NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

A dead Russian soldier lies in front of the open door. Two dead plant workers lay only feet away. PUSH INSIDE...

INT.-NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

PUSH through a hallway, PAST another dead Russian soldier and a dead plant worker. TRACK INTO...

INT.-NUCLEAR POWER PLANT-CONTAINMENT ROOM

Russell is positioning the last dead Russian soldier. Two more plant workers lie still, blood pooling beneath them.

Russell is pouring gasoline from a can onto the walls.

RUSSELL

What about Star Trek?

BOCK

We get it in French.

One worker GROANS. Not dead. Bock puts a bullet in his head. Kneels on the floor and begins measuring with a tape measure.

RUSSELL

French. No way. Why?

Bock shrugs. Takes a metal wheel and begins cutting tracks into the cement floor.

BOCK

Capitan Kirk, C'est un Klingon
attack. Rouge alert.

Russell just shakes his head. Finishes pouring gas on the walls.

RUSSELL

Love that smell. Pumped gas as a
kid.

BOCK

(finishes cutting the floor)
Me too. Let's go.

Russell lights a match, they turn and exit, Russell tossing the match in behind them. The room erupts in flame.

EXT.-ROME AIRPORT

The VC-20B plane touches down on the tarmac, SCREECHING to a stop.

INT.-LIMOUSINE-ROME-MOVING

Jack sits in the back seat, behind the driver. A serious looking BODYGUARD with a small baretta occupies the front passenger seat.

Crowded streets of row houses older than the written word speed past. History made of mortar and sweat.

RYAN

It's so beautiful. We were going to
come here on our honeymoon.

BODYGUARD

Ah, yes. We are a city of lovers.
Where did you stay?

RYAN

No. No, we never made it.

Ryan stares out at the passing city, life going by so fast.

EXT.-LIMO-ROME

The car stops and Jack emerges. He stands staring up in awe...

EXT.-THE VATICAN-DAY

Before him, the towering seat of Christianity. Between Jack and the giant building is a long, red carpeted walkway, lined on both sides by armed Vatican guards.

BODYGUARD

You like the uniforms? Michelangelo designed them.

Jack is speechless.

BODYGUARD

You go that way. To the end.

RYAN

Alone?

BODYGUARD

(grinning)

Like the first day of school, yes?

Jack manages a grin. Then he begins down the long path of guards, all moving their guns in salute as he passes.

INT.-VATICAN

The giant doors open and a man steps out to greet Jack. Rotund, wearing the red robes of a Bishop. This is SHAMUS O'TOOLE.

BISHOP

Hello, Dr. Ryan. Shamus O'Toole. So many Irishmen in the world.

RYAN

Somebody has to keep things straight, Excellency.

BISHOP

Indeed. Indeed. Come along.

Jack follows him inside.

INT.-VATICAN-WALKING

A cross between a gallery and a cloister. Clerics wear cassocks,

nun's formal garb. But others wear casual business attire.

BISHOP
(stopping)
Are you armed, Dr. Ryan?

RYAN
...No.

BISHOP
(continuing)
Good, good.

O'Toole points to two wooden arches as they pass through, glinting steel substructures buried in the cherry-wood doorframes.

BISHOP
Metal detectors.

They have come to a waiting room. A titan Madonna adorns the wall. Jack is noticeably impressed.

BISHOP
You often wonder if he ever did a
small painting.
(easy smile)
Ready?

RYAN
I guess so. I mean, yes.

The Bishop nods to two guards who stand blocking the giant oak doors. The guards pull them open.

BISHOP
His Holiness, Pope Pius IV.

INT.-POPE'S OFFICES

Big enough to hold a formal ball. Frescoed ceilings, walls covered with blue silk, ancient rugs, antique wooden furniture.

As Jack ENTERS, a man in his late fifties steps from behind the desk. Wearing papal robes. This is POPE PIUS IV.

POPE
So good to meet you, Dr. Ryan.

The Pope extends his ring and Jack kneels, kissing it.

POPE

Please. Sit. We make excellent coffee. Centuries of practice.

Jack follows the Pope's gaze to a seating area, takes a chair behind a silver coffee service. The Pope joins him on a couch.

RYAN

Your Holiness, it is an honor.

POPE

We have heard much about you. The incident with the Red October. Your conflict with the IRA. And of course what you did in your own government.

Jack manages not to look startled.

POPE

We were in the intelligence business before your country was born.

(smiles)

You have saved many lives for a man so young.

RYAN

I'm not that young, your Holiness.

POPE

Ah, from here you are. Try the coffee.

Ryan pours himself a cup. Gestures to the Pope who shakes his head, is busy with a large cigar from his tunic, biting off the end.

POPE

Don't tell the Bishops. They cluck around me like mother hens. So, Dr. Ryan. I have read the summary of your concept. You believe this can work. Why?

RYAN

The merits are delineated in the precis-

POPE

No. You tell me. Not numbers and data. We speak of God's lands. And God's lands are a matter of the heart. What makes you think we can do better for those in the Mid East than they can do for themselves?

Jack stares at The Pope a beat. Then...

RYAN

My wife wants to go to marriage counseling.

POPE

My son...?

RYAN

She feels that we've become entrenched. That somehow our intimacy prevents us from seeing the flaws in our communication. That stubborn ways of coping are invisible to us. That all we can see is our fear of loss, of change.

The Pope leans forward, looking at Ryan over steepled fingers.

RYAN

I thought, what can anyone else really know of us? Of our history, the small graces, the tiniest insults, everything we have communicated only to each other over so many years. But maybe what we really need is simply someone outside ourselves, someone reasonable and compassionate who we endow with authority. We want to do the right thing. We just need help.

The Pope is smiling at Ryan.

POPE

Have you been? To counseling I mean?

Jack takes a beat.

RYAN

No.

POPE
Perhaps you should.

RYAN
Yeah.
(a beat)
You available?

The Pope stares at him. Then he grins.

POPE
No. I have another relationship to
consider. One in the Middle East.

INT.-OVAL OFFICE

Collins sits behind his giant desk. Liz stands before him.

PRESIDENT
I just got a call from Ryan. Your
divine intervention idea is a go.

ELLIOT
Now we'll have to hope the court of
public opinion will force the Jews
and Arabs to agree.

PRESIDENT
It was a good idea, Liz. The kind
that can justify a quick promotion.
It was your idea, wasn't it?

Elliot stares at him a beat.

ELLIOT
Yes sir. Divine intervention. Those
were my words. But Ryan...

PRESIDENT
Ryan's a team player.

ELLIOT
Is he?

PRESIDENT
Why do you dislike him so much?

ELLIOT
It's not him. It's what he stands
for.

PRESIDENT

If anyone ever stood for truth, justice and the American way... Ryan took down an entire administration because of his principles.

ELLIOT

His principles. Last time you agreed with them. What if next time you don't?

PRESIDENT

Jack Ryan is a hero, Liz.

ELLIOT

Yes sir. That's what scares me.

He stares at her a beat. Then he smiles.

PRESIDENT

I value your candor. Unpopular opinions are hard to come by as a President.

ELLIOT

Thank you sir.

The President looks down at his papers, going back to work. Liz turns and heads for the door.

PRESIDENT (OVER)

The Pack are playing the Broncos tonight.

ELLIOT

They're going to wipe the floor with them.

Her hand is on the door. She stops. A beat. Then she turns around. Faces the President who is still staring down at his papers.

ELLIOT

If you don't have dinner plans, sir. Perhaps you'd like to watch the game together.

Collins looks up at her. Holds her eyes. Then...

PRESIDENT

I'd like that very much.

INT.-CAIRO-QUATI'S OFFICE

Quati sits behind his desk. Bock stands with Russell.

BOCK

It is done.

Quati smiles. Lifts a decanter.

QUATI

Scotch. I, of course, cannot. But you infidels....

He smiles as he says it, pours them each a drink.

BOCK

And now?

QUATI

Now, my friend, you will build your bomb. You see, we have sent a love letter into the world. It is searching for its rightful recipient. He is out there somewhere. Forged by years of their Cold War, shaped by decades of mutual fear and mistrust. We don't know him and he doesn't know us, but we are wedded. And he will start our war for us.

EXT.-BELTWAY-NIGHT-MOVING

Jack's car glides across the nearly empty roadway.

INT.-CAR-MOVING

Jack sits in the back seat, watching CNN on the built in TV. The President stands in the rose garden.

PRESIDENT (OVER)

...Appointment of Elizabeth Elliot as our new National Security Advisor. Dr. Elliot is most recently the architect of the Vatican Treaty which the Pope announced today...

Jack stares at the TV. A beat. He shuts it off. Rubs his eyes.

INT.-RYAN HOUSE-NIGHT

Jack moves to his desk, turning on all the monitors. He's got a

bottle of wine in his hand, pours himself a glass.

KATHY (OVER)

You planning on drinking that entire bottle yourself?

Kathy stands in the doorway, a glass in her hand.

RYAN

I didn't want to wake you.

KATHY

(smiling)

That's a good instinct. It's three in the morning.

She moves to him and they hug. She takes the bottle from his hand, pours them each a glass.

KATHY

How was the Pope?

She looks at him. He looks at her. And they both just begin to LAUGH, laugh at the absurdity of it all. Jack takes a sip of wine.

RYAN

Did you see the President's press conference?

KATHY

Yeah. He said that Elizabeth Elliot woman.... I thought you....

RYAN

It's okay. Just politics.

But you can see by Jack's expression. It isn't okay.

KATHY

Jack, the Connor boy. He can see.

It takes Jack a beat. Then he lights up like a bulb.

RYAN

My, God, Kath, that's amazing.

KATHY

You know what he said? When he opened his eyes. A nine year old boy seeing for the first time. He said colors were like wishing.

Jack stares at her, amazed. But when she speaks now, her expression has grown dark, troubled.

RYAN
(concerned)

What is it?

KATHY
They have this program in Boston. At McLane. The most difficult cases. Kids. I could help develop experimental instruments. They've offered me a job. A good job.

Jack stares at her. Then, finally...

RYAN
Kathy, how can I move to Boston-

KATHY
What about the goddamned cherry blossoms?

RYAN
What?

KATHY
When I didn't want to move to Washington, do you remember what you said? You said it would only be for two years. Then we'd move where I wanted to. And you said that each year we'd go and walk together and look at the cherry blossoms. We never did, Jack. Not once. I don't even know when they bloom.

RYAN
(small)
In the Spring. They bloom in the Spring.

KATHY
It's like you've gotten confused. Like you think the entire world has become your personal responsibility.

RYAN
...Maybe I've become a little over-involved in my work.

KATHY

You're burning yourself out. We need a change. I love you. But I love us, to. What good is saving a world of families if you can't save your own?

She's crying, now. He puts his hands on her shoulders.

RYAN

I love you.

KATHY

I know.

And with that, she turns and heads up stairs. HOLD on Jack alone, watching her go.

INT.-WHITE HOUSE-MORNING

The President emerges from the bathroom, steps in front of the mirror, tying his tie. (OVER) A KNOCK at the door.

VOICE (OVER)

Do I hide?

WIDER. Elizabeth Elliot is on the settee, pulling on her stockings.

PRESIDENT

Liz, the people outside the door are Secret Service. They know you're here. Hell, they probably have the place bugged.

ELLIOT

That's a charming thought.

(OVER) Another KNOCK.

PRESIDENT

I think I get three knocks before they burst in with guns.

ELLIOT

Well you better answer the door.

But Collins just stands there, a perverse smile growing on his lips.

ELLIOT

Bob.

(OVER) A third KNOCK. This one a bit more urgent.

ELLIOT

BOB!

PRESIDENT

Come.

The door swings open and a female Secret Service agent (DAGA) ENTERS. A tray of coffee in her hands.

DAGA

Good morning Mr. President. Dr. Elliot.

PRESIDENT

Good morning, Daga. Right over there will be fine.

As Daga EXITS, the President vanishes into the bathroom. Liz pours her coffee. Looks at the presidential seal embossed on the cup. She takes a long drink.

EXT.-CIA BUILDING

Jack EXITS his car, stares up at the sky. Close. Gray.

VOICE (OVER)

Wants to bust open. I know how it feels.

WIDER. Mary Pat stands beside him in her Winter coat.

RYAN

It's early. Shouldn't you be home throwing up?

MARY PAT

You're a couple trimesters too late but on the boy scale you get an A.

But despite her words, she's not smiling.

RYAN

What's wrong, MP?

MARY PAT

All our work, it's always been just names, places on a map.

(rubs her belly)

Everything's different now.

(all business)

The Russian situation just got hot.

The two head up the stairs.

INT.-CIA-OP CENTER

Mary Pat hands around some pictures. PHOTOS-CLOSE. All dead Russian soldiers. We recognize the soldier Bock roused from bed.

MARY PAT

These soldiers were killed during what appears to be a renegade Russian military action inside the ex-Soviet Union.

RYAN

What kind of action?

The next photos show the familiar domes of the nuclear power plant.

MARY PAT

The theft may have involved nuclear material.

No one says a word.

RYAN

Earlier intel had this plant closed. So, why the raid?

MP nods, hands over a few more photos. The grooves Bock cut into the now charred cement floor.

MARY PAT

These tracks were dug into the floor of one of the containment rooms. Something heavy's been moved.

Jack closes his eyes.

ZACK

Am I missing something here?

RYAN

The Russians often use power plants to hide their mobile nukes. The shielding protects them from our sats.

Zack pales, his lips making a soundless, Oh.

RYAN

Have you run a cross check?

MARY PAT

No time like the present.

Mary Pat brings the image of the floor grooves up on one screen. Hit's a key, a cascade of schematics flashing on another.

MARY PAT

...Uh oh.

The computer has frozen on a blue-print. An outline of the cut grooves superimposes over a section the schematic. A perfect match.

RYAN

Bring her up.

Mary Pat hits more keys and the diagram turns, revealing itself to be a deadly looking missile. The grooves are a flashing match for the missile's wheelbase.

MARY PAT

SS-18. Nuclear payload of two kilotons. Small. Mobile.

RYAN

Dear God.

INT.-PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

Jack stands across the desk from the President. Liz watches on.

PRESIDENT

Why? What would they have to gain?

RYAN

If, I repeat, if a renegade faction of the military has stolen, say, even a single SS-18, moved it somewhere secure, they could be blackmailing Narmanov. We may be in the first stages of a coup.

PRESIDENT

Recommendation?

RYAN

Narmanov will attend the signing of the Vatican Treaty tomorrow night. I'd like to confront him.

ELLIOT

You'd like to...

RYAN

I know the man. If he is vulnerable, he might find a way to let me know. An unstable situation is as much a problem for him as it is to us.

ELLIOT

Is this information verified?

RYAN

As I said earlier, it's unconfirmed.

ELLIOT

If we're wrong, wouldn't a direct challenge by Director CIA show just how flawed our intel has become?

RYAN

I suppose.

ELLIOT

Aren't we best served by developing this through normal intelligence channels? That way we don't risk unnecessary compromise if it turns out to be a tempest in a tea pot.

RYAN

Tempest in a tea pot?

ELLIOT

Jack. I know how tempting it is to solve the world's problems single handedly, but we have a system...

Before Jack can respond, the President has risen, put his arm on Jack's shoulder.

PRESIDENT

Domestic Russian problems. Don't raise this with Narmanov. Use normal channels. But keep a close eye.

RYAN

Mr. President, I strongly recommend-

But Collins is already leading him out the door.

PRESIDENT

One thing I know, the world's not going to end on your watch.

EXT.-ANKARA TURKEY-HELICOPTER-MOVING-DAY

A chopper skims low above a lush, forested landscape.

INT.-HELICOPTER-MOVING-DAY

Quati and Russell sit in the back of the bird. The chopper begins to fall towards a clearing by the shore of a small blue lake.

RUSSELL
(shouting)

Are you sure this is the spot?

The pilot just nods, gives the thumbs up.

EXT.-ANKARA-LAKE SHORE

The bird comes to rest on the ground, not stopping its blades. The cabin door slides open producing Quati and Russell.

Three figures emerge from the brush. Bock, followed by two technicians carrying a handled canister between them.

Quati and Russell watch as the two Technicians hand the canister to the co-pilot. No words in the ROAR of the blades.

The pilot nods, GUNNING the rotors as the chopper pulls up and away. Bock leads Quati and Russell towards the tree-line.

RUSSELL
There's a storm coming.

QUATI
You have spent a great deal of my
money just to clear a landing field.

That's when they come to what appears to be a wooden shack under a camouflage canopy.

BOCK
Welcome to my parlor.

Bock pulls open the door. They step into...

INT.-SHACK

Not a shack at all. Inside sits an armed guard who nods to Bock. Beyond him is a wide opening in the dirt floor. Old mud steps lead down into the bowels of the Earth.

BOCK

The dig was discovered in 1912.
Turkish Archaeologists believed they
had found the ancient temple of
Hiala. The god of war.

INT.-ARCHEOLOGICAL SITE-TUNNEL

Quati and Russell follow Bock down the lamp-lit mud corridor, walls
dripping with sweat.

BOCK

But after several mysterious deaths,
they abandoned the site. Locals call
it the doorway of death. Ironical,
don't you think?

QUATI

We're beneath the lake, aren't we?

Bock nods. They move through an archway into...

INT.-ARCHEOLOGICAL SITE

Old meets new. A labyrinth of interconnecting mud tunnels have been
covered by grillwork floor and generator lights. Technicians move
back and forth. A small circus of industry.

QUATI

Impressive.

RUSSELL

We do more before six a.m. than most
people do in a day.

(off their blank stares)

Never mind.

QUATI

So many men.

BOCK

Four from the abandoned DDR nuclear
weapons program. Six from the
Iraqis. Two independents. All
secure. None will leave here.

Bock continues the tour, past a room where Technicians work on the
bomb casing.

BOCK

Each team is autonomous, separated
by language and ethnicity.

Through another door, engineers in sterile garb fashion detonators.

BOCK

The workshops are weather sealed.
The equipment floats on a cushion of
air to insure stability....

They have come to a steel doored room. Bock pulls open the door.

BOCK

The radioactive material is kept in
here.

INT.-RADIATION ROOM

The walls of this room are fresh concrete. Two workers are laboring
over a lathe connected to two computers.

BOCK

Leave.

The workers nod, EXIT.

BOCK

The cement in this room is mixed
with a lead alloy that prevents
detection. The radioactive by
products are disposed of weekly.

Bock gestures to a foil covered canister, identical to the one the
Technicians handed the helicopter pilot.

RUSSELL

Have you been successful?

BOCK

The tritium trigger has increased
the bomb's yield. We can expect a
blast of at least three megatons.

QUATI

Is that enough?

BOCK

Yes. Given two conditions. First,
the site selected must be actively
televised by satellite. Second, it
should be near a large area of
blacktop to expand the perceived
blast radius.

Quati nods.

QUATI

But you have forgotten the most important factor of all.

Bock looks at him, puzzled.

QUATI

The Russians and the Americans are sentimental. They are more likely to react in the heat of passion. The explosion must generate as many casualties as possible.

BOCK

(smiles)

Yes. Given those conditions, and a little luck, she should be enough to start your war.

QUATI

Not our war. A war big enough for the entire world.

EXT.-HELICOPTER-AFTERNOON

The storm has hit, buffeting the bird as it hovers over a cove in the azure blue Mediterranean.

INT.-HELICOPTER

The co-pilot is struggling with the foil covered canister. The chopper is hit by a wild gust, tilting madly.

The man's hand slips, punching through the lead foil. He pulls back his arm quickly, unseen.

PILOT (OVER)

You okay?

The pilot's eyes are pinned dead ahead, struggling to keep the craft steady. He hasn't seen what's happened.

The co-pilot stares at his hand a beat. Then...

CO-PILOT

Yeah. Fine.

He pushes the box out of the bird and it falls into the water below with a splash, swallowed by the hungry ocean.

EXT.-NEW YORK CITY-NIGHT

Down through clouds, towards the panoply of lights. CLOSER towards a shining monolithic structure. The United Nations Building.

INT.-UNITED NATIONS-NIGHT

THE PRESIDENT-CLOSE. Stands at the podium of the main hall. Behind him are representatives of the Arab and Israeli governments.

PRESIDENT

Tonight we do not simply restore the process of peace, we advance its cause. We take another step towards our common promised land, the land where all can live together....

(OVER) The room explodes with APPLAUSE.

REVERSE ANGLE. In the front row Jack and Kathy clap as wildly as those around them. Kathy stops, gives Jack's hand a squeeze. She continues to APPLAUD.

INT.-UNITED NATIONS-RECEPTION HALL-NIGHT

An intimate gathering of 500. Dignitaries and ambassadors mingle. A horrifically high-end cocktail party.

Kathy and Jack stand with the Russian Ambassador and his wife.

AMBASSADOR'S WIFE

...I've been having a bit of trouble with my stomach, lately.

KATHY

I'm not really that kind of doctor.

VOICE (OVER)

Good evening.

WIDER. Joining the group is a dashing, tuxedoed Russian. This is PRESIDENT NARMANOV.

NARMANOV

I feel like, how do you say...a pelican.

RYAN

Penguin.

AMBASSADOR

Mr. President.

Liz Elliot stands not far off, talking with Bunker and Talbot. She quickly joins the group.

NARMANOV

Dr. Elliot. Congratulations on your appointment.

ELLIOT

Thank you. It's an honor to meet you sir.

NARMANOV

And you must be the fabulous other Doctor Ryan. Global reports of your beauty do not do you justice.

KATHY

(grinning)

Wow. That was great.

NARMANOV

So, how are you, Ryan?

RYAN

Nice to see you again, Mr. President.

NARMANOV

Your husband handled the small matter of a lost submarine for us. Without embarrassing my predecessor.

RYAN

And President Narmanov allowed a mutual friend to be buried at home. As a hero of the people.

NARMANOV

Your treaty idea was a good one, Jack. Peace is like an epidemic. Let it take hold and it will spread.

RYAN

It was Dr. Elliot's idea.

NARMANOV

Of course.

But his eyes say he knows different.

RYAN

How are things at home?

NARMANOV

I should be asking you that, eh?

RYAN

The Cold War's over. We don't spy anymore.

NARMANOV

(laughing)

Nor do we, nor do we.

(a beat)

Come, Jack. Let us go the bar and discuss the weather in your country and mine.

Narmanov takes Kathy's arm, starts towards the bar.

NARMANOV

Does your husband still hate the snow?

Liz holds Jack back with a discreet hand.

ELLIOT

Nothing about the arms situation.

Jack stares at her a beat.

RYAN

Liz, I heard the President's orders.

ELLIOT

Your country, isn't that what Narmanov just said?

RYAN

It's a figure of speech.

ELLIOT

I know that. Do you?

RYAN

I'm going to get a drink.

Liz watches him go. Not happy.

EXT.-PLAZA HOTEL-NIGHT

Late. Horse drawn buggies tote lovers. Limos are dropping off.

INT.-PLAZA HOTEL-LOBBY-NIGHT

Kathy and Jack push in followed by Goodley and a DEBUTANTE.

GOODLEY

Bar.

RYAN

Sleep.

GOODLEY
(accusatory)

Old.

RYAN
(more accusatory)

Young.

The Debutante GIGGLES as Jack and Kathy peel off into...

INT.-PLAZA-ELEVATOR

RYAN

She's twelve.

Kathy is pulling off her shoes.

KATHY

Jealous?

RYAN

No. ...Well maybe a little.

Kathy swats at him with a shoe. He pushes her against the wall.
They kiss.

Just then the doors open. A teen couple stand, staring in. The BOY
reaches in, hits the door close button and steps back.

BOY

Go for it man.

The doors close. Kathy and Jack stare a beat. Bust with LAUGHTER.

INT.-PLAZA HOTEL-RYAN SUITE-NIGHT

Lovely. Resplendent.

KATHY

I swear to God I couldn't understand a word the Italian Ambassador was saying. I think I congratulated him when he told me his dog died.

Jack has crossed to the windows and pulled the curtains wide. Manhattan's lights spread out before them like scattered gems.

KATHY

Wow.

RYAN

You can say that again.

(a beat)

Should we check on the kids?

KATHY

The kids are fine. Toni would have beeped me if there was any problem.

RYAN

Right.

(off the phone)

No messages.

KATHY

That's the good news.

RYAN

(lifts the phone)

This is Dr. Ryan. I just wanted to make sure my message light is working. Oh, ok. Nothing. Right.

He has moved to the desk, starts looking through the papers there. Then he lifts the remote, snaps on CNN.

RYAN

I just need to check the news.

Kathy grabs the remote, points it at the TV and turns it off.

KATHY

Jack, what's wrong with you?

He stares at her a beat. Then he goes and sits by the window.

RYAN

Remember when JJ got sick? When he got the croup?

Kathy cocks her head. Of course she does.

RYAN

If I hadn't heard him coughing. If we hadn't rushed him to Bethesda...

KATHY

But you did hear him, baby. You saved his life.

RYAN

You know, all that year, when you were asleep, sometimes I'd get up and just sit with him. I knew the croup was gone. But it was like I had to watch over him, make sure nothing bad happened.

KATHY

And that's how you feel now?

RYAN

Like something bad's gonna happen. Like I have to watch out for it.

Kathy crosses to him. Puts her head against his.

KATHY

Once you start taking care of a whole country, real life just can't compete.

RYAN

...Something like that.

(OVER) The phone beeps.

KATHY

Have you thought about Boston?

(OVER) It beeps again.

KATHY

Let it ring. Please.

RYAN

Kath, it may be important.

KATHY

What's important is our family. And a life where every high school play isn't prohibited by an international crisis. Where any dinner can be interrupted because the person at the other end of the phone is the White House.

The phone BEEPS again and is silent.

KATHY

I'm scared. It's almost too late.

RYAN

I took an oath. It's my duty-

KATHY

You took an oath to me too.

(OVER) The phone begins BEEPING again. Kathy stares at him.

KATHY

Don't.

A beat. He picks up the phone.

RYAN

Ryan. Right, when?

(mouthing to Kathy)

One second.

But she's already gone, his only answer the closing bedroom door.

INT.-OAK ROOM-NIGHT

Goodley sits doing his own work. A shadow darkens him.

ELLIOT (OVER)

What happened to your friend?

Elizabeth Elliot stands over him.

GOODLEY

She found an Ambassador's aide. I think she traded up.

ELLIOT

Listen, Ben. It's no secret that your boss and I aren't friends. But contrary to popular belief, I actually want him to succeed. What if I were to tell you that we believe Ryan is acting outside the national interest?

GOODLEY

I'd say you should get yourself a good lawyer.

ELLIOT

Well, there are those in the administration who believe Ryan is doing just that. I need to be able to convince them he's doing everything by the book.

GOODLEY

...You want me to spy on my boss?

ELLIOT

I want you to help me prevent an ambush. Just cover for him, make sure there's nothing out of the ordinary, no protocol breaches. You do, we can avoid a full investigation of the CIA. No one wants that right now.

Goodley just stares at her.

ELLIOT

Ben, I'm sure you're aware of the change in my personal affiliations.

GOODLEY

You know what they say, Washington is just high-school with power.

(off her look)

Yeah. People talk.

ELLIOT

What I'm asking you now is in the interest of the President.

She holds out a card.

ELLIOT

This is my private number.

A beat. He takes it, shakes his head.

ELLIOT

What?

GOODLEY

I should go get that girl back. The ambassador's aide doesn't hold a candle to me.

EXT.-ANKARA HOSPITAL-NIGHT

A towering busy structure in the city's center.

INT.-ANKARA HOSPITAL

Two Arab doctors in white lab coats stand talking. Concerned. PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

The helicopter CO-PILOT, the fellow who's hand slipped into the radioactive waste canister lays in a hospital bed. He is bloated, face distorted, mutating. Radiation poisoning.

INT.-CIA RYAN'S OFFICE-MORNING

Jack is standing, staring out the window, cup of coffee in his hand. Goodley ENTERS.

GOODLEY

That went well last night.

RYAN

I wish it would goddamned snow already.

GOODLEY

Or not. Any luck with Narmanov?

RYAN

Elliot was on me like a hawk. It wasn't exactly the situation for him to say, hey Jack, my soldiers are running out of control and I can't find one of my nuclear warheads.

GOODLEY

You're laying down on the job, Ryan.

Jack smiles.

GOODLEY

But if they're stealing and moving nuclear arms, there's going to be some sign, right?

Ben drops a folder on Jack's desk. He lifts it, looks at the transparencies inside. Medical reports.

GOODLEY

From a hospital in Turkey. Look at the death certificate.

RYAN

It's in Turkish.

GOODLEY

Oh. Right. Cause of death is listed as radiation poisoning.

Ryan stares at Goodley a beat.

RYAN

I need to take a closer look.

GOODLEY

Kathy's going to be pissed. You just got home.

RYAN

Kathy's taking JJ to Boston for the weekend. She's been offered a job.

GOODLEY

Jesus, chief, you thinking of moving?

RYAN

No. I'm not.

(a beat)

Get me an asset list, Ben. I'll need a jet.

INT.-ARCHEOLOGICAL SITE-EMPTY ROOM

Bock and Russell are kick-boxing. Actually, it looks a bit more like extreme fighting, the way the kicks and punches fly.

QUATI

Stop.

Bock lowers his hands. Russell takes a cheap shot, dropping Bock to his knee. Bock smiles wryly, wiping his lip with his thumb.

QUATI

Enough play. Come with me.

INT.-ARCHEOLOGICAL SITE-QUATI'S QUARTERS

Quati is standing with Bock and Russell, both still sweaty. (OVER)
A TV plays in the background. The Arab's eyes shine like a kid's on
Christmas morning.

QUATI

I have found our detonation site.
Bock, you will return to Germany.

BOCK

Why?

QUATI

Fear must come from two directions.
Russell, you will make the
arrangements in America. We leave as
soon as the bomb is complete.

RUSSELL

Where are we going?

Quati points to the TV. SCREEN-CLOSE. A football game in progress.

QUATI

We are going to your Superbowl.

EXT.-ANKARA-DAY

Hot. Men ride camels and bikes alongside the cars. (OVER) The
desert locusts SONG is deafening.

FAVOR a man walking down the street. Handsome face. Windblown hair.
Eyes that are far too old. JOHN CLARK takes a last hit on his
Gitane than disappears into a NOISY, crowded bar.

INT.-ANKARA BAR-DAY

Foreign businessmen mill with hookers and local merchants. Clark
approaches a fellow standing at the bar, his back to us.

CLARK

Mr. Wills, I presume. Rug salesman.
From Des Moines.

The man turns. Jack.

RYAN

Nice spot. I've been propositioned at least ten times. And that was just the women.

CLARK

Only ten. You must be getting old.
(extends his hand)
It's good to see you, Doc.

Ryan holds the man's grip.

RYAN

You too, John.
(smiles)
Really good. Thanks for coming down.

CLARK

It's your dime.

But by his expression, there's more than a paycheck between them.

RYAN

Nice. Beer?

CLARK

Never touch the stuff. Occupational hazard. Didn't know you were a drinker.

RYAN

I'm not. ...Not much. Anyway, tell me what you've got.

CLARK

Your boy was making chopper runs to a camp. About fifty clicks south south west. Under a lake. They're hiding something in there but I can't tell you what. I've got a surveillance team in place. We'll give you a peakaboo at dawn. But to look inside, we'll need a satellite uplink.

RYAN

I'll secure the uplink.

Clark nods, lights a cigarette.

CLARK

You look bad, Doc. Given up on sleeping? Trouble in the big game?

Jack signals for the bartender to bring him another beer. Clark notices, says nothing.

RYAN

The game's the game. You know that. Everything changes and nothing does.

CLARK

How are Kathy and the kids?

RYAN

(too fast)

Fine.

(a beat)

You ever have a family, John?

CLARK

Yeah.

(a long beat)

Yeah. Once.

Ryan is about to speak. Clark CLAPS his shoulder, already turning.

CLARK

Get some sleep. I'll see you at 0 - five hundred.

And with that Clark is gone. The Bartender delivers the beer. Jack looks at it a beat.

WAITER

...Is wrong?

RYAN

No. Is right.

He lifts the bottle.

INT.-CIA HEADQUARTERS

Goodley is on an open speaker phone.

RYAN (OVER)

I need a bird call. Five AM. Blue-Jay ten I think but check who flies over this neck of the woods.

GOODLEY

Should we phone it upstairs. CYA.

RYAN

We'll do the paperwork after the fact. Time is of the essence.

GOODLEY

...Okay. Be careful.

Goodley disconnects, lifts the phone.

GOODLEY

I need a satellite downlink to a portable. Yes, I'll wait.

Goodley opens his wallet. Stares at the card with Liz's number.

INT.-ANKARA HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

Jack sits alone on the bed, the phone to his ear. (OVER) The RING signal is abrogated by...

RYAN'S VOICE (OVER)

Hi. You've reached the Ryan's.
Please leave a message at the beep.

RYAN

Kath. Kathy. Honey it's me.

No answer. Jack presses a button. (OVER) A TONE.

COMPUTER VOICE

First new message.

A pause.

KATHY'S VOICE

Jack, it's me. I wanted to talk to you in person but, well, you know...

INT.-ANKARA HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

The room is EMPTY. PULL BACK...

KATHY'S VOICE (OVER)

I'm still in Boston. I saw the hospital today. There's this little girl. She reminds me of Sally.

CONTINUE BACK out the window...

EXT.-RYAN HOUSE

KATHY (OVER)

This is hard. I'm going to stay. For a while, anyway. JJ and I will be at my sister's. Sally's coming up on the weekend. Boston's beautiful. Full of the kind of brownstones we looked at when we were going to live in New York. God, we were so young, do you remember?

The SOUND over the phone might be a caught breath, or a sob.

KATHY (OVER)

I love you Jack. You're my favorite. You know that. You always will be.

The house sits empty. Dark.

INT.-ANKARA HOTEL-NIGHT

Jack sits on the edge of the bed. He hangs up. Takes his left hand in his right and turns his wedding ring several times, a gesture almost identical to Bock's when he was watching the tape of his wife. Jack lays down, closes his eyes.

HOLD ON JACK

VOICE (OVER)

Jack, wake up.

RYAN

(stirring)

Kath?

Jack sits up...

INT.-ANKARA HOTEL-DAWN

Clark stands over him, camouflage duds on. He hurls Jack a set of khakis.

RYAN

What the hell time is it?

CLARK

4:30. Get dressed. Your bad guys are on the move. The Op's pushed up.

EXT.-ANKARA LAKE-DAWN

First light breaks on the lolling water, cutting streaks of gold and blue. Gulls skim the glassy surface. Utter peace.

CLARK (OVER)

The lake is shallow. The dig runs beneath its bed.

EXT.-LAKE'S EDGE

Under cover of foliage, Ryan and Clark sit with a team of five men, all in camouflage gear. Surveillance equipment is set up.

CLARK

The water makes most conventional scanning equipment useless. These guys are good.

RYAN

Russian military good?

CLARK

Hard to say. Possible.

They have moved to a portable monitor bank. Three screens show the lake, a map, a chart. A TECHNICIAN (SIMS) mans the console.

SIMS

What we have here is the original floor plan of the dig. It's from archival blueprints, so we can't be certain it's accurate. What we know is virtually no one comes and goes, but by supplies, it looks like they're feeding about twenty. Or they were. They've been pulling out machinery all morning.

RYAN

What kind of machinery?

SIMS

Hard to say. But it's precision stuff. We can't see inside until we get satellite tasking.

RYAN

Radiation signatures?

SIMS

Residual. If they've got anything hot in there, it's pretty well shielded.

RYAN

But it's possible.

SIMS

Definitely possible.

Ryan checks his watch.

RYAN

Okay, we wait. Less than a minute until the Sat's on line.

CLARK

'Sat?' Is that CIA speak?

SIMS

I'm getting something.

SCREEN-CLOSE. A satellite status bar comes to life. An uplink prompt flashes. Suddenly the third screen is filled with a schematic that looks remarkably like the diagram.

SIMS

Got it. Reconciling data.

He hits a switch and the images combine to form an accurate layout of the subterranean facility. Small silhouettes move.

SIMS

Twenty three personnel. Bingo.

RYAN

This doesn't look like infra-red.

CLARK

Welcome to the future. Extremely short band x-rays. Can see right through your roof into your bedroom.

RYAN

There's a thought. Radiation?

Sims plays the keys and a single room is highlighted.

SIMS

There. It's shielded, but I'm definitely getting a radiation signature.

RYAN

How much material? Could it be a warhead?

SIMS

Impossible to say. Somewhere between a radium watch and a nuclear arsenal. The lead shielding that keeps the radiation from seeping out keeps our x-rays from getting in.

Tiny silhouettes are gathering at the door of the radiation room.

CLARK

Well, whatever it is, it looks like they're moving it out.

INT.-WHITE HOUSE-OFFICE

Ben Goodley stands in front of a large desk, TALKING.

GOODLEY

...We're using a watchbird for a downlink in Saudi Arabia. It's routine, but by the book we should have gotten White House authorization. We'll do it when Jack gets back. I just wanted to give you the head's up.

REVERSE ANGLE. Liz Elliot sits staring at Ben.

LIZ

Okay. Thank you Ben.

She looks down at her work. But Goodley doesn't move.

ELLIOT

(looking up)

Is there something else?

GOODLEY

Uh..no. No, that's it.

He turns and heads for the door. She watches as he closes it behind him. Then she lifts the phone.

ELLIOT

Get me satellite watch command.

EXT.-ANKARA-MORNING

Jack and Clark stand watching the monitor. Silhouettes are gathering in the room with the flashing radiation symbol.

RYAN

We can't lose them, John.

CLARK

Relax. Tag it, Sims.

SIMS

(types some keys)

Done.

CLARK

The only other exit is across the lake. We spotted a lead covered truck there yesterday. Sims just marked it. As long as we've got the satellite on line, we can follow them wherever they go.

That's when the signal disappears. A prompt: satellite off line.

CLARK

What the hell-

SIMS

(typing)

Trying to re-initialize...

The screen reads: Access Denied.

SIMS

We're locked out.

Clark stares at the screen.

CLARK

Sorry, Jack. We can't track them without the satellite.

A long beat. Then...

RYAN

Prepare for insertion.

CLARK

What?

RYAN

We've got to stop them from moving that nuke. We're going in.

EXT.-ANKARA-SECONDS LATER

CLARK

In the first place, you are not a field operative.

As he talks, Clark is checking an M-14 assault rifle.

CLARK

Second, this is a surveillance team, not an insertion team.

WIDER. On either side of Clark, three SOLDIERS check their weapons, pull on thin leather gloves.

CLARK

And, in case I have to remind you, you are about to commit American assets on foreign soil, which aside from being in violation of the constitution, is totally your ass.

Clark hands the weapon to Ryan, who checks the safety. Lifts an assault helmet.

RYAN

Like you said, it's my ass.

Clark grins. Lifts an assault helmet, flicks a switch on its side. On its visor an image appears. It's the facility map.

CLARK

The computer will keep the map on your visor and track you on the schematic. The blue dot is you. The red dots are the bad guys. But the satellite's not working, so this is where they were when it went off line, not where they are now.

Clark hands Jack the helmet.

CLARK

Standard formation. Head for the room marked with the radiation signal. Behind me. Ready.

He pulls on his helmet.

CLARK

Let's move.

EXT.-ANKARA-MOVING

Four figures move stealthfully over the terrain. They arrive at the wooden shack. One soldier pulls open the door, throws a flash grenade, steps back. The windows and doors BLOW open.

Clark nods to Jack, signals and the team pours inside.

INT.-ARCHEOLOGICAL SITE-BOMB ROOM

Russell, Bock and Quati stand with two TECHNICIANS who are sealing the bomb in a wooden crate stencilled with an ABC logo. (OVER) sounds of GUNFIRE. The two TECHNICIANS look terrified.

BOCK

We've been compromised.

(to Russell)

Can you get this to the truck, yourself?

Russell looks at the crate.

RUSSELL

Sure.

BOCK

Good. I will secure the facility.

Bock draws his gun and FIRES, killing the two technicians. With that Bock is gone, out the door.

INT-ARCHEOLOGICAL SITE-CORRIDOR

Clark and one Soldier are in the lead, Ryan and the second Soldier behind them, all with guns drawn. They have made it inside the door to the labyrinth.

Two GUARDS emerge from the corridor ahead and FIRE, hitting the lead man. He goes down.

Clark FIRES back, forcing the shooters to duck back under cover. He looks to Ryan kneeling now over his fallen comrade.

RYAN

He's okay. Leg wound.

The SHOOTING continues, Clark and the standing Soldier exchanging SHOTS with the assailants.

RYAN

Halfway down that corridor, there's a tunnel that cuts North. I can get to the radiation room from there.

CLARK

No way. We're pinned down.

RYAN

Cover me.

CLARK

What the hell-

And with that Ryan is up, running across the corridor.

CLARK

(shouting)

Cover fire, now!

Clark and the other Soldier step from cover, wail away with bullets as Jack races down the corridor. Clark's comrade takes a shot in the shoulder, going down, out in the open.

Jack is racing down the expanse, right towards the shooters, then ducks and rolls, into a side corridor. Gone.

Clark stands with his back against the wall, catching his breath.

CLARK

(into mic)

Ryan? ... Jack, come in.

RYAN (OVER)

(breathless)

I'm okay. Proceeding.

CLARK-CLOSE. Smiles.

CLARK

Son of a bitch.

He leans out, takes a couple more SHOTS, spins back to cover. Looks at his fallen comrade. No way to get to him.

INT.-ARCHEOLOGICAL SITE-BARRACKS

(OVER) GUNFIRE. The remaining Technicians are here. Terrified. They make for the door. Begin pulling on it. It doesn't open.

TECHNICIAN

Locked.

INT.-ARCHEOLOGICAL SITE-HALLWAY

Bock stands just outside the metal door, sealing the crank. He's locked them in. (OVER) The trapped Technicians begin to SHOUT.

He turns, heads farther down the hallway.

INT.-ARCHEOLOGICAL SITE-CORRIDORS

A TACTICAL MAP-CLOSE. A small blue blip moves to a door with three red blips. RACK FOCUS. Beyond the visor, see Ryan's face. Nervous.

Ryan stands outside the door, gun in hand. He spins in, and drops, gun extended. Looks around the machine room. Empty.

He ducks back out into the corridor and continues down the hall.

INT.-CORRIDORS

The FIREFIGHT continues. OVER SHOULDER of the Guards. Clark steps into the open, takes a shot. The Assailants return VOLLEY.

Clark SHOUTS, goes down, hitting the floor, hard.

INT.-BARRACKS ROOM-CONTINUOUS

Jack ENTERS, gun drawn. Looks around. Empty. On the floor, a virtual carpet of peanut shells. He lifts one. Continues on.

INT.-CORRIDORS

Clark is laying on the floor. Still. No movement.

WIDER. The two Guards approach slowly, guns pointed down. That's when Clark opens his eyes and FIRES, both going down.

CLARK

Oldest trick in the book.

Clark grabs his wounded comrade, dragging him back to cover.

CLARK

(into mic)

Ryan? Ryan, do you read?

INT.-CORRIDORS

RYAN-POV. The tactical map shows Ryan about to ENTER the room marked with the radiation signal.

RYAN stands in front of the doorway. Out of breath. Terrified. He spins in, gun drawn. Empty. Just machines.

RYAN

Damn.

INT.-CORRIDORS

Bock is in his quarters. He has opened a safe, stands now before an exposed panel built into the wall. He lifts his key chain, inserts it into a lock and turns. A small light goes red.

EXT.-ANKARA-CIA BASE STATION

Sims sits watching the screens. Suddenly a red flash and then six flashing dots appear on the schematic. Numbers begin to scroll.

SIMS

Hawk, this is nest. I have a priming signal.

INT.-CORRIDORS-CONTINUOUS

CLARK

Shit. How many?

SIMS (OVER)

I count six charges.

CLARK

Give me a countdown. Call it sixty.

CLARK-CLOSE. On his visor, the number sixty flashes. Then, Fifty-nine, fifty eight...

INT.-CORRIDORS

JACK'S VISOR-POV. The countdown flashes in the corner.

CLARK (OVER)

Ryan, evac. Now!

RYAN

What's going on?

But Jack's already running, trying to use the visor map as a guide.

INT.-CORRIDORS-CONTINUOUS

Clark is helping his fallen man, taking most of his weight, going for the exit.

CLARK
(into mic)

Radio controlled explosives. There's
10,000 tons of water over our heads.
We've got...49 seconds. I think.

INT.-CORRIDORS-RUNNING

RYAN

You think?

INT.-HOLDING ROOM

One of the technicians has spotted a small charge set into the wall. Its red light is flashing.

TECHNICIAN

Bomb.

They begin pulling harder at the door.

INT.-CORRIDORS

Jack races through the maze. The timer is down to fifteen. The long tunnel to the light of the open door ahead.

EXT.-BASE-CONTINUOUS

Clark is setting down his wounded comrade. Turns to face the entrance.

SCREEN-CLOSE. The counter hits 10. A wave signal comes from the transmitter and the flashing red lights go solid red.

CLARK

Down.

The lake EXPLODES, a plume of flame shooting into the sky.

INT.-BARRACKS

The Technicians and workers SCREAM as they are engulfed in a falling world of water.

INT.-TUNNEL

Jack is racing towards the light at the end of the tunnel. (OVER) a tremendous RUMBLING. The doorway behind him lights with fire. Then the wall of water comes, fast, engulfing him.

EXT.-KEEP-HIGH ANGLE

The subterranean fortress goes up in a world of flames, then collapses, draining the lake, leaving a giant crater.

EXT.-TRUCK-MOVING

Russell sits in the back with the device as the EXPLOSIONS spike behind them, sending plumes of flame into the sky. Russell smiles.

EXT.-CAMP-MINUTES LATER

Clark is leaning over Ryan. His eyes open. They are soaking wet. The entire forest is now a marsh.

RYAN

I thought we had ten more seconds.

CLARK

I was wrong.

(a beat)

The truck got out on the other side.
We lost them.

Ryan nods.

RYAN

How's the kid who got hit?

Clark just shakes his head.

EXT.-WHITE HOUSE-DAY

Sun breaks on the regal building.

INT-ELLIOT'S OFFICE-ANTE ROOM

Her secretary sits talking on the phone. Jack ENTERS. Pissed.

SECRETARY

She's in a meeting-

But Jack isn't listening, pushes open the door into...

INT.-ELLIOT'S OFFICE

Jack stands in front of the Elliot's desk. Furious.

RYAN

You terminated my downlink in mid operation. Are you insane?

ELLIOT

That downlink was unauthorized.

RYAN

I've done ten ops like that. I've always gotten approval retroactively. That rule is like wearing your seatbelt.

ELLIOT

That rule is stipulated by our constitution. But perhaps you feel you're not bound by that.

RYAN

You litigious ass. That's absurd.

ELLIOT

Is it? You made an incursion onto foreign soil. Or is declaring war one of your new purviews?

RYAN

That incursion wouldn't have been necessary if you hadn't terminated the downlink. We'd have that nuke. We wouldn't have lost the man.

ELLIOT

What nuke? There is no real indication that there were nuclear arms there. All you got was background radiation.

RYAN

It was shielded.

ELLIOT

You **think** it was shielded. But maybe it just wasn't there. Do you know what I think, Ryan? I think you wanted the attention.

Liz lifts a remote, flicks on the news.

ELLIOT

I think you couldn't stand that you didn't get credit for the Vatican Treaty. So you needed to run off and save the world. And to do that, you invented a threat to save it from.

RYAN

You can't be serious.

ELLIOT

You don't have one single bit of hard evidence that there is a nuclear threat.

RYAN

You overstepped your authority. You got a man killed and put our country in jeopardy.

ELLIOT

Government is no place for heros, Ryan. You're a relic. And your desperate need to defend democracy single handedly makes you dangerous.

RYAN

You're the one serving your own ego, whether you know it or not. I'm not going to let that happen.

ELLIOT

Jack, I've got some news for you. Everything isn't up to you.

EXT.-WHITE HOUSE LAWN-WALKING

Jack and The President walk along the path. The sky overhead is close, gray.

PRESIDENT

Looks like it may finally snow.

RYAN

Thank you for seeing me at such short notice, sir.

PRESIDENT

No problem, Jack. No problem.

RYAN

It's the situation in Russia. The potential nuclear threat.

PRESIDENT

Not a lot of hard evidence to support that, though, is there Jack?

Jack takes a beat, hearing Liz's words in the President's. Then...

RYAN

No, sir. But in my best judgement...

PRESIDENT

Unauthorized surveillance is one thing. But, truth is, I can't have my CIA director committing assets on foreign soil, acting unilaterally...

RYAN

Sir, I was acting in the best interests of our country-

PRESIDENT

That's pretty presumptuous, Jack.

(a beat)

Look, you were a tremendous part of my getting here. Of changing the way this country works. But you come from that time.

RYAN

(flaring)

Damn it, Bob, you don't understand the danger.

Collins puts his hand on Ryan's shoulder.

PRESIDENT

I do. I'm just not sure that right now the danger isn't you.

Jack just stares at him.

PRESIDENT

Those who act unilaterally in government are gone. You rooted them out. But did you ever think that in getting rid of them, you became one yourself?

RYAN

Are you firing me, sir?

PRESIDENT

Maybe you resign for personal reasons. I know your wife left town.

That startles Jack, but he says nothing.

PRESIDENT

Move to a consultancy position. Of course we'll use you as much as we can. There's still a lot you can do.

RYAN

Mr. President...

But Jack finds he has nothing to say.

PRESIDENT

I want to thank you for everything you've done. Personally and on behalf of the country.

(checks his watch)

I've got a chopper to Camp David on the pad. I'm sorry.

And with that, he's gone, leaving Jack standing alone as, finally, it begins to snow.

CUT TO:

ADMIRAL GREER-CLOSE

RYAN (OVER)

I want every hotspot checked..

PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

INT.-RYAN'S OFFICE-NIGHT

Jack stands staring at the portrait of his old mentor. Goodley is poised just inside the door.

RYAN

All assets on full alert...

GOODLEY

Done.

RYAN

Put the residual radiation signature we got off Clark's computer into the mainframe. Program it to sweep every satellite output for a match.

GOODLEY

That's a needle in a world of hay.
(off his silence)
Right.

RYAN

And I want a Silver Star for the kid who didn't make it.

GOODLEY

But, chief-

RYAN

Just do it.
(a beat)
Watch your back, Jack.

GOODLEY

Excuse me.

RYAN

Something Jim Greer once said to me.
I guess I just got sloppy.

GOODLEY

I can't tell you how sorry I am. I-

Ryan crosses, puts his hand on his shoulder.

RYAN

Take it easy. You were trying to help. You got sucker punched by one of the best. I shouldn't have gone in without Presidential approval.

Ryan crosses to his desk.

RYAN

What do you think, Ben. Do you think I'm a relic?

Goodley takes a beat before answering.

GOODLEY

Yeah. I guess I do. You play by a different set of rules, Jack. You think something's right for the country, you go do it yourself. It doesn't work that way anymore. I know it's romantic. But I think you don't know how to play today's game.

Ryan stares at him a beat. He lifts his Coke can.

RYAN

To the old game.

GOODLEY

Listen, I've still got those tickets to the Superbowl...

RYAN

Picture's better on TV.

GOODLEY

Chief, I just wanted to say...

But Jack isn't listening. He's turned to face the window.

RYAN

Could they be right, Ben? How long can you be vigilant before it becomes paranoia? Could I have made all this up?

EXT.-BERLIN STREET

This was East Germany. Once. Today the unwieldy mix of totalitarian construction and free market fashion make the region look like 1984 on acid. Russian soldiers patrol.

VOICE (OVER)

(in bad Russian)

Good day. English?

The Russian Sergeant turns to face the man speaking. Bock.

SERGEANT

English is okay. Yes.

BOCK

I need to buy uniforms. Big like me. Colonel uniforms.

SERGEANT

Why you want?

BOCK

We're making a movie. For TV.

SERGEANT

(eyes lighting up)

Movie. I get you belts, boots.
Pistolin? Maybe be in show, yes?

Bock just smiles.

EXT.-RYAN HOUSE

Lights burn in all the rooms. (OVER) A muted CACOPHONY of VOICES, as if a distant party is in progress...

PUSH IN THROUGH THE BEDROOM WINDOW...

INT.-RYAN HOUSE-TRACKING

Move through the bedroom, empty, but the STEREO is on...MOVE down the hall, past the kids room, TV on there too...DOWNSTAIRS into...

INT.-RYAN'S STUDY

The lights are out, but the monitors are on, the room bathed in a flickering blue glow. CAMERA FINDS Jack, sitting behind his desk, his back to the screens, glass in hand, staring out into the night.

Alone.

EXT.-DENVER-4AM-POV THROUGH A WINDSHIELD

Wiper blades clear falling snow. The streets are wet with powder, spreading the green and red traffic lights like water color.

Ahead, the stadium rears up like a giant coliseum. Cops in winter gear are setting up barricades, blocking the way. One beckons.

EXT.-DENVER DOME ACCESS

A cop leans into a white ABC van, his bomb dog sniffing the tires idly. The driver smiles out at him. Russell.

RUSSELL

Morning.

COP

You kidding? Who are you?

RUSSELL

Tech staff. Tape machine broke in the A unit. Got a back-up.

COP

Nobody told me.

RUSSELL

Nobody told me either. Drove all night. I ain't complaining. I'm Chicago tech staff. I get triple time and a half for this shit.

COP

Sounds pretty decent.

RUSSELL

Better than a week's normal pay. Keep talking, officer. This is a buck and a quarter a minute.

The bomb dog sits, no scent of TNT or plastique. Cop pets him.

COP

Know where to take it?

RUSSELL

No problem, sir.

The officer waves him on. Scribbles down the van's plate.

INT.-VAN

Parked. Russell climbs between the seats into the back of the van. There, amidst high-tech gear, a familiar crate. He takes a crow bar and gently pries off the front of the crate.

The gray metal face of the bomb is visible through the wood frame. No markings save a small panel.

Russell unscrews the panel. Types ten numbers on the keypad there. A small light goes from red to green.

EXT.-VAN

Russell steps out, slides closed the door. Checks that it's locked.

WIDER. Rows of identical white network vans and beyond a giant antenna array, pointing skyward.

Russell pulls up his collar. He heads off on foot, disappearing into the swirling snow.

EXT.-CAMP DAVID-MORNING

A world of white. Soldiers in parkas patrol the perimeter. The beautiful mountain estate is virtually obliterated by the savage, swirling storm.

INT.-CAMP DAVID

Resplendent. Welcoming. A fire burns in the hearth. The President sits preparing the table by the TV. Chips. Beer. Liz Elliot sits at the kitchen table, reading.

INT.-RYAN HOUSE-MORNING

Jack pulls open the curtains. The world is covered with snow.

INT.-RYAN HOUSE

Jack walks into the living room, open beer in one hand, six pack in the other. Strewn with discarded clothes and empty pizza boxes.

He drops into his TV chair, landing on something lodged in the seat cushion. He lifts it. One of JJ's Rugrats.

He turns the small toy in his hand, looking around him, his unshaven face staring back at him from a bureau.

A beat. Then Jack tosses his beer can in the trash. The six-pack goes after it. Jack stands, begins to clean the room.

HOLD ON THE TV. Footage of fans arriving in Denver.

ANCHOR (OVER)

It's a crystal clear day here in Denver. Thousands are gathering to watch the face-off of the year.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

INT.-MOTEL ROOM-DENVER-MORNING

Seedy. Quati sits, watching the same broadcast. Eating peanuts. (OVER) The door opens and RUSSELL ENTERS.

QUATI

These nuts are quite good.

RUSSELL

It's done.

QUATI

Excellent.

(standing)

We should go. The airports are crowded.

Russell just stands there, staring at him.

QUATI

What is it, my friend?

RUSSELL

Being away, you never know how much you miss it. Home, I mean.

Quati just nods. But Russell isn't finished.

RUSSELL

After the bomb, Denver's not likely to get hit again. No strategic targets. What's left, it'll be a country where the strong survive. We can rebuild America, you know? Make it great again.

Quati just stares at him.

RUSSELL

You wouldn't have to worry about me. Not that anyone who'll care is gonna be left, but I'd never turn. You know that.

Quati stares at him a beat. Then...

QUATI

Of course. We will miss you. Will you help me gather my things?

INT.-MOTEL BEDROOM

Russell is leaning down to pick up Quati's bag. He doesn't see Quati move behind him, doesn't see the knife as it glides swiftly across his throat.

Russell stands, red spewing from the sudden grin below his silent scream, falls now to the floor, eyes wide, imploring for a beat as his feet spasm and then he is gone.

Quati stares at him sadly a beat. Then he grabs his bag, turns and heads towards the door.

INT.-DENVER AIRPORT

Crowded. The last streams of fans making for the game. FAVOR a single fan, talking to a beautiful young woman. It's Goodley.

GOODLEY

And they bump me off my flight and now I'm gonna miss the entire first quarter which is a tragedy **unless** it happened so I could meet you and you come with me. You can save the day.

The Woman smiles at him, shakes her head and peals off. Goodley watches her go. So distracted he SLAMS directly into...

Quati. Going the other way. Neither knows the other. Quati mutters an APOLOGY. Exits FRAME. FAVOR Goodley as he heads for the door.

EXT.-DENVER-HIGH ANGLE

Amidst the mighty towers, PUSH DOWN towards a single domed stadium.

ANNOUNCER (OVER)

Ladies and gentleman, welcome to Superbowl 36...

EXT.-DENVER STADIUM

See the field from above. Tiny figures face off.

ANNOUNCER (OVER)

It's the kick...

EXT.-DENVER STADIUM-BLEACHERS

Bunker and Talbot sit in the bleachers. They CHEER.

ANNOUNCER (OVER)

It's good.

EXT.-MOTEL

The maid stands before the room, staring at the Do Not Disturb sign. (OVER) The game can be heard through the door.

The Maid goes to Russell's door, KNOCKS and ENTERS.

INT.-RUSSELL'S MOTEL ROOM

A sea of peanut shells. (OVER) The Announcer CONTINUES the PLAY BY PLAY. The sound comes from the open door to the adjoining suite.

MAID
Housekeeping. Hello?

No answer. The maid walks to the door, disappears into Quati's suite. A beat. Then (OVER) she SCREAMS.

EXT.-STADIUM-PRESS TRUCK AREA

(OVER) The crowd ROARS. The COP stands by the row of white vans. In the b.g. the familiar TV antennae array points towards space above. A police SERGEANT approaches.

SERGEANT
Worst duty in the world. Like being
a kid stuck outside a candy store
window. What's up?

The Cop leads him to a single white van.

COP
Dogs gave it a clean bill of health.
But now I'm looking, it's not hooked
up to anything.

The Sergeant peers inside.

SERGEANT
I'll call the bomb guys. Just take a
look...

INT.-VAN

See the Sergeant walk away through the window. TILT DOWN. Through the wooden box as the small yellow light goes to green. CONTINUE through the bomb as the dampers close and the metal glows.

EXT.-VAN

The Cop watches as the side of the van runs like water.

EXT.-SATELLITE TRUCKS

THE ANTENNA ARRAYS-CLOSE. Their wave guides glow.

EXT.-SPACE

An orbiting satellite glows. Its lights go dark. Whip AROUND the globe as satellite after satellite goes dark.

INT.-CAMP DAVID

The President is finishing what looks like his third beer. Suddenly

the TV screen is all white snow. The President frowns.

EXT.-VAN

The van glows white hot and melts. The Cop immolates as the rolling wave of atomic heat incinerates the pavement.

EXT.-FOOTBALL FIELD

The field bursts into nuclear flame.

EXT.-BLEACHERS

Faces SCREAM as hair burns, skin rips away, bones blow to ash and world FLARES TO WHITE.

INT.-TAXI

Stuck in traffic. Goodley sits in the back seat. Agitated. (OVER)
The RADIO playing the game suddenly goes to STATIC.

DRIVER

What the hell?

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD. Far in the distance a surreal sight rises on the horizon. A giant mushroom cloud.

A beat. All the car windows EXPLODE.

EXT.-DENVER-HIGH ANGLE

In the center of the city, a nuclear explosion.

INT.-RYAN'S LIVING ROOM

Different. Clean. Ryan is dressed and shaved, kneeling by the TV, but all he's getting is snow. (OVER) The phone RINGS.

RYAN

Ryan.

Slowly his face pales.

INT.-CAMP DAVID

The President stands by the phone, receiver to his ear.

PHONE (OVER)

Sir, we have just registered a nuclear detonation in the central United States....

INT.-NARMANOV'S OFFICE

The Russian President has been working late. He stands talking to his GENERAL.

NARMANOV

What? Where?

GENERAL

Denver, Mr. President.

NARMANOV

How? How big?

GENERAL

We don't know. Just as we received the image all our satellites went down.

INT.-CIA-WALKING

Ryan is moving fast down the corridor, being paced by ZACK.

RYAN

Use back-ups, tap into the news satellites, we need information.

ZACK

No, chief. All the satellites are down. Every single one. As far as we can tell, the world has gone dark.

RYAN

Where the hell is MP?

ZACK

Labor, sir. I don't know where Goodley is.

Jack looks away. He does. A beat. Then...

RYAN

Bring the Op Center on line. Tell the President we are standing by.

EXT.-CAMP DAVID

The storm has spun into a raging blizzard. Liz and Collins, paced by two Soldiers push through the whirling world of white.

INT.-CAMP DAVID-CRISIS ROOM

Cut into the mountain. Staffed by six navy officers. Technology not new since the Sixties. Like the old films of Mission Control during the Apollo Launch.

The President and Liz ENTER, stripping off their parkas. The room is silent, tense. The President fingers an old metal ashtray built into the console.

ELLIOT

Jesus. How old is this place?

The CO, a fresh faced naval officer (BRIGGS) SPEAKS.

BRIGGS

Sir, we have CINC-NORAD on line in the Pentagon. As you know all commanders should respond through Secretary of Defense Talbot but...

The President nods. Presses a button,

PRESIDENT

This is the President. I am in my communications room.

SPEAKER

This is Major General Borsten, acting CINC-NORAD. Mr. President, it is my duty to advise you that our instruments put the detonation at or very near the skydome. It is very likely that secretaries Bunker and Talbot are both dead.

PRESIDENT

Yes. Now what the hell is going on?

SPEAKER (BORSTEN)

Sir, we do not know. The detonation was not preceded by anything unusual. There was not -I repeat-not a ballistic inbound track prior to the explosion.

PRESIDENT

Would you have seen inbound aircraft?

BORSTEN

Not necessarily, sir. It's a good system, but there are ways to beat it. Especially if they used one aircraft. Ah, sir, there are some things we should do immediately. We are dealing with a nuclear attack we should posture forces to readiness.

PRESIDENT

All right. Go to DEFCON Three.

EXT.-USS NIMITZ

The sub sits on the surface of the roiling, gray Baltic.

INT.-USS NIMITZ-COM ROOM

The CO rushes up to face the CAPTAIN.

PO

Flash traffic, sir. Morse but verified. DEFCON THREE.

The Captain's expression darkens.

CAPTAIN

Still no satellite com?

PO

No, sir.

CAPTAIN

Prepare to dive.

CO

(shouting)

Prepare to dive!

The com room goes red, the mighty turbines WHINING into life.

EXT.-USS ENTERPRISE-BALTIC SEA

(OVER) SIRENS. American pilots race to their F-14s, climbing into their cockpits, pulling down their canopies.

EXT.-USS ENTERPRISE

F-14's launch, like tiny arrows shooting into the night sky.

INT.-CIA-OPERATIONS CENTER

Jack stands with Zack and a small group of analysts. Screens show various satellite angles of the same image. Denver, at the moment of the blast, the center of the city, an ugly black smear.

ZACK

Last images before the satellites went dead.

RYAN

The initial flash seems low.

ZACK

Yeah, maybe clouds in the way. Look at the heat signature.

Zack points to the black area on the photo.

ZACK

That's a major detonation. The blast radius is a good two miles.

RYAN

Christ. That's way too big for a terrorist bomb.

INT.-PRESIDENT'S CRISIS ROOM

PRESIDENT

Casualties?

BORSTEN

From the apparent size of the blast radius, we are estimating as many as two hundred thousand.

PRESIDENT

Anything out of Denver?

BORSTEN

No sir. There may not be much of Denver left.

INT.-KREMLIN-WALKING

Narmanov and the General head down a long hall, looking at similar satellite photos.

GENERAL

We are assuming a ground burst. A two hundred kiloton device would have a blast radius consistent with this pattern...

NARMANOV

Two hundred kilotons.

(a beat)

Too large for a terrorist device. Put VOYSKA PVO on alert. If the American's think we are responsible...

They head through a door into the Russian Command Center.

EXT.-RUSSIAN MILITARY BASE

A staff car pulls up to the Russian gate. A young GUARD looks in to see a man in Russian military uniform. Bock. The Guard's eyes widen on the three stars on Bock's shoulders.

BOCK

I am here from Army Command to conduct a surprise inspection.

GUARD

Yes, Colonel!

BOCK

And clean up that filthy uniform before you find yourself on the Chinese Border. The wall is gone. All that separates us now is grass.

TILT UP. Trough the gate is the Russian tank base. And beyond, over a lit, grassy field where the Berlin Wall once stood, an American Tank base, stars and stripes flying high overhead.

EXT.-RUSSIAN TANK BASE-NIGHT

The regimental COMMANDER emerges from his barracks, hastily buttoning his uniform.

BOCK

I am Colonel Ivanenko. We are conducting an unannounced drill in conjunction with the Americans.

COLONEL

With the Americans?

BOCK

(wry)

It is a new world, no?

COLONEL

I need verification.

BOCK

Use your eyes, idiot.

Bock points across the field. Lights are going on, men running, tanks coming to life, making ready.

COLONEL

Their readiness looks like Defcon 3.

BOCK

Correct. We test our troops together to compare response time. We'd better be faster than theirs.

COLONEL

I'll show you what my boys can do.

Bock doesn't bother to hide his smile.

INT.-OP CENTER

Jack stands over a speaker phone.

ZACK

President, coming on line.

PRESIDENT (OVER)

What does CIA have?

RYAN

The Russian defense system has gone to a higher level of alert. All our intel is hard wire but radars are coming on and there's a lot of chatter.

PRESIDENT

Why?

RYAN

VOYSKA PVO is a defense system, like our NORAD. We have moved to a higher alert status. So have they.

BORSTEN

It's potentially disturbing. We have been attacked, they have not.

PRESIDENT

What about the missing nukes?

BORSTEN

What missing nukes?

RYAN

Sir, we **speculated** there were missing nukes, a prospect both you and Dr. Elliot felt was unlikely. Even if there was a missing nuke, it would only be useful internally. Moving a nuclear bomb around the Eastern Block to blackmail their president is a far cry from attacking the US with it. What would the military gain from such an act?

PRESIDENT

Well it sure wasn't one of ours. And it's no goddamned terrorist bomb. It's too goddamned big for that.

ELLIOT

How big are the Russian SS-18's?

RYAN

About one to two hundred KT's.

ELLIOT

So this blast is in the range of the type of bomb you thought was missing. Right?

RYAN

Dr. Elliot...

PRESIDENT

Right or wrong, Ryan?

RYAN

Right sir. And wrong. We don't know how big the blast is. We are speculating. We have no intel from Denver. We need to know what happened to our satellites.

PRESIDENT

I don't want questions, Ryan, I want answers.

RYAN

Zack, I need iconography on every satellite in orbit. Run a compare and contrast program. Now!

EXT.-EAST GERMANY-SOVIET TANK BASE

Three man teams are boarding their tanks. Bock stands, overseeing the drill. He walks to a single tank, addresses the team leader.

BOCK

Stop. I wish to inspect the vehicle.

He SHOUTS for his other two men who scramble back out. Bock waits until the other tanks are boarded, their hatches sealed.

Bock salutes. The three men salute back, their hands occupied as Bock pulls his revolver and SHOOTs the three dead with his silenced pistol. He climbs into the tank.

INT.-PRESIDENTIAL CRISIS ROOM

Liz Elliot is pacing.

ELLIOT

The Russians have been experimenting with microwave weapons. They have a ship in the Eastern Pacific, the Yuri Gagarin, that might have the capability to direct an electromagnetic pulse into orbit and disable our satellites-

INT.-OP CENTER

Ryan, wearing a headset, is standing by the Op screens. His face is illuminated by flashing schematics of satellites, their images resolving, similarities being highlighted.

RYAN

Bingo!

He hits a flashing icon on the screen with his knuckles.

RYAN

Sir, I have a theory. The game was being televised. It's possible several wave tubes were illuminated by the blast and sent a pulse back to the satellites.

PRESIDENT

Meaning?

RYAN

Satellites are immensely expensive artifacts. A power overload of sufficient size and they shut down.

PRESIDENT

Every satellite in the world wasn't carrying the game.

RYAN

No. But space has gotten crowded. So each satellite has a pinger, keeps it from crashing into other sats. The pulse could have jumped from pinger to pinger. Like a giant orbital short circuit.

ELLIOT

The chances of that are a million to one.

RYAN

...Unless the bomb was placed perfectly, with that intent in mind.

ELLIOT

It was a two hundred kiloton device. It wasn't placed. It was dropped.

RYAN

We think it was a two hundred-

ELLIOT

What if Narmanov has lost control of his military? What if they did knock out our satellites?

BORSTEN

We should go to Defcon Two.

RYAN

Wait. Everybody slow down. Mr. President, before you escalate this, you need to open communications with Narmanov.

A long beat. Ryan stares at the phone. Finally....

PRESIDENT

Yes.

Ryan breathes a sigh of relief. Then he turns, looks at Zack.

RYAN

This can't be happening. Did someone really wipe Denver off the face of the earth?

EXT.-DENVER-DAY

Apparently not. What is left of the Skydome is a giant burning structure, partially collapsed. The parking lots burn. Fire trucks litter the area, their red lights flashing.

EXT.-PARKING LOT

Goodley is on foot, pushing through the confusion. Folks wander like ghosts, some stunned, others weeping. Goodley catches up with a striding FIRECHIEF.

GOODLEY

Ben Goodley, CIA.

FIRECHIEF

Man, tell me that wasn't a nuke.

Goodley wishes he could.

FIRECHIEF

Then how come we're still standing?

GOODLEY

Must have been a small one. What are your resources?

CHIEF

...A small one...

(a beat)

We were first at the scene. But every fire brigade in the city who saw that mushroom will be on their way. That's all I can tell you.

GOODLEY

All right, call Rocky Flats. Get an army NEST team down here.

CHIEF

Radios don't work. Maybe the radiation. Phones are down. The main trunk runs right under here, blast must have cut it. We're on our own.

They have come to the collapsed entrance to the still standing section of the stadium. Firemen in a commandeered bulldozer are tearing away twisted metal struts.

GOODLEY

Oh man.

CHIEF

We gotta go in, look for survivors.

GOODLEY

All right, set up a Decontamination Center. Down wind. Anyone comes out, hose 'em down.

BRIGGS

You know anything about fallout?

GOODLEY

The suction from the fireball should have driven most of the radioactive shit away from here. We should be okay for an hour or so.

The dozer clears a final piece of debris, revealing a dark maw.

GOODLEY

You need extra hands?

FIREMAN

All we can get, brother.

INT.-PRESIDENTIAL CRISIS ROOM

The President has moved behind a TECHNICIAN who mans a stand-alone computer terminal.

TECHNICIAN

Sir, the way it works, I type in what you say here, it comes out on the other end.

The President stares at him.

PRESIDENT

You're kidding.

TECHNICIAN

No sir. This system was designed to be entirely stand-alone. For a situation just like this one. It's run through a transatlantic cable.

PRESIDENT

Wouldn't the phone be easier?

TECHNICIAN

Sir, phone lines are not secure. Most are satellite run anyway. Any voice can be synthesized through a filter to sound like anyone. This system insures the identity of the person at the other end. Besides the station in the Kremlin and the duplicate terminal at the Pentagon, this is the only way onto the call.

Collins stares at him.

PRESIDENT

All our technology. And for what?

TECHNICIAN

Ready, sir...

PRESIDENT

Dear President Narmanov...

The Technician begins to type...

INT.-RUSSIAN COMMAND CENTER

Consoles manned by soldiers. Narmanov stands behind an identical screen reading the text as it is instantly translated by computer.

NARMANOV

Dear President Narmanov. As you have probably been told, there has been a nuclear explosion in my country. The loss of life is severe.

INT.-PRESIDENTIAL CRISIS ROOM

PRESIDENT

(reading)

President Collins, We have noted the event. Please accept the deepest sympathy of the Russian people. How is such an accident possible?

ELLIOT

Accident?

INT.-RUSSIAN COMMAND

NARMANOV

(reading)

I regret to inform you that this was not an accident. This was a deliberate act by unknown forces.

Narmanov turns to face his advisors.

NARMANOV

We must calm him down.

INT.-CRISIS ROOM

PRESIDENT

(reading)

If this is in fact an attack then it is a crime wholly without precedent in human history. What madman would do such a thing and to what purpose? You must believe that Russia had nothing to do with this. We will stand by.

ELLIOT

You must believe. He's denying it. Why, if we haven't even accused him?

INT.-OP CENTER

Ryan is listening on the open line.

RYAN

Don't read too much into it. We've got a hundred warheads pointed at his country. He's just being sure.

ELLIOT (OVER)

Who's side are you on, Ryan?

RYAN

Our side. The side trying to keep us all alive. Look, even if this were a renegade Russian strike, which I believe it is not, why would Narmanov cover it up?

ELLIOT

How do we know it's really Narmanov at the other end of this teletype?

INT.-DENVER SKYDOME

Or what's left of it. The corridor is strewn with bodies. Most dead, slammed against the walls by the force of the explosion.

A band of Goodley and several others, including fireman, move in silence. More and more bodies, crumpled in heaps, crushed against the walls. The circle of hell Dante forgot.

MAN

I was supposed to be in here.

Goodley looks to the man walking at his side. Haunted eyes.

MAN

At the game I mean.

Extends his hand.

MAN

Bill Johnson, FBI.

GOODLEY

Ben Goodley, CIA.

Ben nods. The two most powerful arms of the government. No help.

MAN

Cops find a body in a hotel room this morning, turns out to be on our list. I got the draw. My partner took my ticket....

GOODLEY

Who was he?

MAN

ID'd as Marvin Russell. Ex-military. Nobody's gonna worry about him now.

A beat. Then...

GOODLEY

Your radios working?

The Man just shakes his head.

MAN

Nada. We're pretty much blacked out.
Except...

GOODLEY

What about the pay phones? Don't
they always run on a separate trunk?

FIREMAN (OVER)

Here.

A couple of fireman are helping two women out of the bathroom,
deaf, bleeding from the ears and eyes. But alive.

Ben looks to them. But then something catches his eye. An open
entrance to the field. He moves towards it...

INT.-SKYDOME-FIELD

The blast wave knocked one wall down, bisecting the field, creating
a sealed tepee of concrete. A section of bleachers and field are
intact, protected from the blast wave.

Not a soul survives. Pray you never live to see what Goodley sees.
A nuclear bomb can do this, its light so powerful; all that is left
of the people are their shadows, seared into the playing field,
onto the bleachers.

See them now, a mother's shadow. A boy's. A father's. HOLD on
Goodley's face. Unspeakable horror. No words.

INT.-PRESIDENTIAL CRISIS ROOM

Elliot's voice is dead calm.

ELLIOT

We know the hardliners still exist.
What if a militant faction has
staged a coup, and are now in
control. We always assumed that the
nuclear element was for domestic
blackmail, but what if the operation
was more clever than that? Why not
incapacitate us first, while we
still think there is a government in
place that's friendly towards us.

Small wet patches of sweat have formed on her temples.

RYAN

This is wild speculation.

ELLIOT

Speculation? This is your data, Ryan. You told us about the nukes. You isolated the threat. You've led us right up to the door and now you don't want to go through it.

PRESIDENT

Why the Superbowl?

ELLIOT

You're the most famous Packer fan in the world. What if they thought you were going to be at the game?

Collins just stares at her.

ELLIOT

We may be at war.

INT.-TANK

Bock is at the controls. He activates the targeting screen. There, in the faded green of night vision, the American tank base, lights flaring like tiny stars.

Bock activates the arming controls. He FIRES.

EXT.-AMERICAN TANK BASE

An American tank EXPLODES. Another shell HITS. Another EXPLOSION. Troops race to their tanks. Chaos.

INT.-RUSSIAN TANK

Bock removes a small charge from his tunic. He places it on the Com. Activates the charge.

EXT.-RUSSIAN TANK BASE

Bock emerges from the tank, slips into the pandemonium here too. He walks away as, behind him, the tank he just left EXPLODES.

EXT.-DENVER STREET CORNER-DAY

The stadium smokes in the b.g. Goodley stands at the pay phone.

PHONE (OVER)

Phone service has been interrupted.
Please try your call again later.

Goodley stares at the phone. Then he types in a number.

PHONE (OVER)

This is the emergency service phone
system. Please enter your password.

A beat. Then he types in a number. Several tones. Then...

OPERATOR

Emergency service operator. Please
state your authenticator code.

Goodly sighs with relief.

INT.-OP CENTER

Ryan is standing at the window. Something preying on his mind.

PRESIDENT (OVER)

There must be some way to positively
ID Narmanov.

BORSTEN (OVER)

He used the proper codes. But in
theory, their military might know
them. Without a satellite to relay a
verifiable image....

Ryan hits the mute button. He's trying to think.

RYAN

Something's not right... You said
the initial burst was low.

ZACK

Yeah, cloud cover.

Zack lifts a BUZZING PHONE.

ZACK

Chief...

Ryan holds up a finger, stilling Zack. He has walked to the window,
is staring out at the bright, sunny day.

RYAN

Sunny. ...It was sunny in Denver.
They said it on the superbowl...

Zack waves the receiver in the air.

ZACK

It's Ben.

RYAN

What?! On speaker.

GOODLEY (OVER)

Hey, Jack.

Jack closes his eyes with the relief at the sound of Ben's voice.

RYAN

Kid. You should be dead. Where the hell are you?

GOODLEY

Denver. About three blocks from the Superbowl.

RYAN

That's impossible. Intel shows a blast of 200 megatons. Nothing should be standing.

GOODLEY

It was nuclear all right, but tiny. No more than a couple megatons. Took out the stadium and about six blocks north northwest.

RYAN

Only two megatons?

GOODLEY

Listen, Jack. They found a body here this morning. Marvin Russell. Peanut man. It can't be coincidence. Jack?

But Ryan is staring into the distance.

RYAN

Peanuts. There were goddamned peanuts in that archeological dig.

(a beat)

What was Russell's expertise?

GOODLEY (OVER)

Munitions. ...He was a bomb guy.

RYAN

Get me the President.

EXT.-SOVIET TANK BASE-NIGHT

Chaos. Bock finds the Colonel. Points to the burning tank.

BOCK

We are being attacked. Return fire.

COMMANDER

Sir?

BOCK

Look around. Boys are dying. Do it!

COMMANDER

Yes sir.

(to his CO)

You are go to return fire.

INT.-OP CENTER

Jack is standing over blueprints of the Skydome. Rifling them as he talks into the speaker.

RYAN

Mr. President, I believe that this is not, repeat, not a Russian strike. Information out of Denver shows the blast to be far smaller than initial assessments. I believe the blast signature we saw was an echo, caused by...

(spreading a blueprints)

...The black top of the parking lot. I believe the satellite failure was a calculated overload...

(reading a sheet)

...of thirty one live satellite feeds. More than enough to knock out our birds. Sir, this event is not a Russian attack. But one designed specifically to look like a Russian attack.

PRESIDENT

By whom?

RYAN

Terrorists.

PRESIDENT

Why?

RYAN

So we will retaliate, sir. So we will destroy each other.

PRESIDENT

That's insane.

RYAN

Nuclear weapons are insane. It doesn't stop us from making them. I was wrong about Turkey. It wasn't Russian military hiding weapons. It was terrorists building a bomb.

PRESIDENT

First you tell me you were wrong, why should you be right now?

RYAN

Bob, you've got to trust me.

INT.-CRISIS ROOM

BORSTEN

Mr. President, flash traffic from Army. Russian forces have just attacked our troops in Berlin.

PRESIDENT

What?

ELLIOT

They had their coup. Now they're attacking.

INT.-OP CENTER

PRESIDENT

Is this your terrorists too, Ryan?

RYAN

Yes.

(a beat)

...Yes. That's exactly what it is. It has to be.

ELLIOT

This is absurd. The Russians have attacked us.

RYAN

It doesn't make sense.

ELLIOT

Strike now while they think a friendly regime is still in power.

RYAN

There's no reason to assume...

PRESIDENT

There's every reason to assume. You predicted this scenario, Ryan. A renegade Russian military. A nuclear threat. You were right.

RYAN

No. I was set up. We all were. I'm right now.

ELLIOT

We can't let this happen.

PRESIDENT

We've got to neutralize their ground forces. Borsten, go to DEFCON ONE.

RYAN

Good God, Bob, no!

PRESIDENT

Goddamn it Ryan, listen to me-

RYAN

No, you listen to me, Mr. President. You're going to start World War three.

PRESIDENT

I'm not going to start it. But I'm sure as hell not going to lose it.

RYAN

Bob, for heaven's sake, don't be an idiot-

PRESIDENT

That's all.

(OVER) The line goes DEAD. Zack looks up at the DEFCON board as the status changes. DEFCON one.

ZACK

We're at war.

HOLD on Ryan as he stares at the floor. Finally, Jack looks up. See his eyes. Desperate. Fierce.

RYAN

Get the chopper ready. I'm going to the Pentagon.

INT.-USS NIMITZ

CAPTAIN-CLOSE. Men race around in the b.g.

CAPTAIN

Come to firing depth. Enable the warheads.

(a beat)

God save us.

INT.-F-14

The fighter jets soar towards the German coastline.

PILOT

This is red leader. Target is acquired.

COM (OVER)

Op is go.

THUMB-CLOSE. Flicks off the firing cap. Depresses the stud.

EXT.-GERMAN AIR SPACE

The three F-14's FIRE sidewinder missiles, pulling up and away.

FOLLOW the MISSILES hurling down towards the lights of the Russian tank base.

EXT.-RUSSIAN TANK BASE

The missiles hit, the base EXPLODING in flames. PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

EXT.-HILLTOP

A lone figure watches as the base EXPLODES. He turns. Satisfied, Bock heads for his car.

INT. - KREMLIN

Narmanov stands over the screen. His forehead is damp.

NARMANOV

(reading)

To President Narmanov or his successor. Your forces have attacked ours in Germany. We are responding. We must assume the attack on our soil was yours as well. Any further aggression will be dealt with definitively. Stand down.

There is silence in the room.

NARMANOV

Christ in heaven.

GENERAL

(hanging up a phone)

They have destroyed our tank base in Germany.

NARMANOV

Launch our fighters. Destroy their subs.

GENERAL

Mr. President, the Americans have lost their minds. We issued no orders to attack their bases. Now they attack ours. They accuse us of a nuclear attack when we did not launch one. They threaten definitive action. We must disable them.

NARMANOV

You want me to launch a nuclear attack?

GENERAL

Limited. Their first strike capability exceeds ours. Take out their silos before they annihilate us.

Narmanov stares at him. Considering.

NARMANOV

We will attempt to neutralize their subs using conventional weapons. If our attack fails, we will launch a nuclear response.

GENERAL

Understood.

(into phone)

Target the American subs.

INT.-PENTAGON

Jack is marching down a long narrow hallway. He comes to the end where a guard stands in a booth beside a steel door.

Ryan slides his ID card through the slot. A beat. Then the door in front of him opens. Ryan steps into...

INT.-WAR ROOM

Giant screens adorn the walls. Three officers, two technicians and General Borsten. Younger than Jack expected. A PRIVATE sits in front of a communication console identical to the President's.

BORSTEN

Ryan.

RYAN

Thought I'd come down to where the action is.

Borsten smiles grimly.

BORSTEN

Narmanov just scrambled his jets.

RYAN

He's going to try and take out our subs.

CO

Sir, incoming transmission from the Nimitz. The Enterprise. All tracking incoming bogeys on long range radar.

PRESIDENT

What's going on, General?

The General flicks a switch, opens a com-link.

BORSTEN

Narmanov's sending fighter jets
after our subs, sir.

PRESIDENT

Can we shoot them down?

BORSTEN

Yes sir.

PRESIDENT

Do it.

Borsten nods. Ryan reaches across, SNAPS off the com link.

RYAN

General, we have to stop this before
it goes too far. The President isn't
acting on correct information. He's
making faulty suppositions.

BORSTEN

Even if that were the case, which
neither you nor I know to be true,
what would you like me to do?
Disobey his orders?

RYAN

Yes.

A beat. Everyone is silent.

BORSTEN

That's treason, Ryan.

RYAN

Listen to me. If you down Narmanov's
jets, he'll fire his missiles.

BORSTEN

If we don't, he'll destroy our subs.

RYAN

Somebody has to back off first. We
have got to de-escalate this.

BORSTEN

Lieutenant Ryan, I am giving you a
direct order to leave this room.

Borsten moves to the main com. Opens the link.

BORSTEN

All commands. Authenticator code
SNAPCOUNT. The order is...

That's when Ryan moves, fast, grabbing the pistol from the door guard, smashing it across Borsten's face. Borsten goes down, cold.

The other Guard moves fast. Ryan FIRES, shooting him in the knee. He goes down. Ryan kneels, grabbing the man's gun.

RYAN

Sorry. ...Sorry.

Ryan spins, backs up to the door and hits a switch. Two bolts seal. He gestures with his gun.

RYAN

Okay, let's all remain calm. Nobody
do anything else stupid. Except me.
Everybody up. Over there.
(to the computer Technician)
Not you, son.

The men move to the other side of the room.

RYAN

Tell me what's going on.

The Technician just stares at him.

RYAN

Do it!

TECHNICIAN

All commanders are waiting for
orders sir.

Ryan walks to the main Com. Throws open the mic.

RYAN

To all commands. Stand By.
Authenticator code is NIGHTWATCH.
(to the technician)
Now close the com channel.

The Technician doesn't move. Ryan CLICKS the hammer of his gun.

INT.-CRISIS ROOM

PRESIDENT

What the hell? That sounded like
Ryan. Did we shoot down their jets?

CO

No sir. Stand-by order has been given and authenticated.

PRESIDENT

Countermand it.

The CO throws open a com switch. A light goes red.

CO

We can't sir. All ops are being directed from the Pentagon. Without the satellite relays we can't give the override command directly to the subs. If Ryan's taken over the War Room, then he's in charge, sir.

INT.-WAR ROOM

Ryan is standing with the gun in his hand. The three officers are against the opposite wall. Everyone looks pale. Ryan walks to the Private who mans the communications console.

RYAN

I know you're scared. I'm scared too. But right now, I am the most senior officer on deck. So you need to listen to me. If we destroy their planes, they will launch their missiles. If they launch their missiles we will have no choice but to launch ours. The Russians did not attack us. They did not start World War three. But we are about to. Do you understand?

PRIVATE

Yes sir.

RYAN

So I have to talk to the Russian President. You will type what I say. I am an officer. I have a gun to your head. So you don't have to take any responsibility. All you have to do is type. Okay?

A long beat. Then...

TECHNICIAN

Yes.

RYAN

Good. Dear Mr. President. ...I thought we might talk about the weather. In your country and mine.

INT.-NARMANOV'S OFFICE

The technician sits over his terminal. Words appear on screen. Narmanov frowns at the console. Then...

NARMANOV

Send this. Do you still love snow?

The Technician sends the message. A beat. He reads the response.

TECHNICIAN

No, sir, I still hate it.

NARMANOV

It's Ryan. What in God's name is going on?

INT.-PRESIDENT'S CRISIS ROOM

The President stands watching the exchanges messages on the screen.

PRESIDENT

He can't do this. Signal the room.

Briggs is on a phone. He turns to the President, his face pale.

BRIGGS

Sir, apparently he's sealed himself in the War Room. He's taken the rest of the staff prisoner. Including General Borsten.

PRESIDENT

We've got to stop him.

CO

Ryan has top level security access. He knows all our codes and procedures. The Pentagon systems have primacy over ours. No one at Ryan's level has ever turned. We're immobile sir. Ryan is in control.

INT.-WAR ROOM

A white light buzzes.

TECHNICIAN

That's the President, sir.

RYAN

Ignore it. Translate the response.

TECHNICIAN

This is Narmanov. Where is President Collins. Do you speak on behalf of your country?

RYAN

No, sir. That's what I thought I was doing. Acting in the best interests of my country. Maybe that's how we got into this mess. Maybe I was so used to finding monsters in every shadow I started seeing them when they weren't there. So, no sir, I don't speak on behalf of my country.

Ryan stops, take a drink of water.

RYAN

Truth is for me, it's all personal. Every headline is like...like a cough from a child late in the night. I guess people who act on behalf of nations, they learn to see death in numbers, in statistics and maps. Well, I haven't been able to do that. I'm not right for this job. I get that now. Because what I know best isn't how to speak for America. It's to speak for myself. To do what I believe is right, for me, for my family. So, I'm not standing watch over a country anymore. I'm not babysitting the world. I act now as a man. A man with his finger on the trigger. And here is what I'm going to do. Nothing. I am not going to take an innocent life. Not one. Not a million. I am going to do nothing.

Ryan has lowered the gun when he's speaking. The technician looks at him. He could easily grab it. He catches Ryan's eyes instead. Ryan smiles, raises the gun again. Nods his thanks.

RYAN

Your fighter jets are heading for our subs. I could shoot them out of the sky. I'm not going to. We are on a fool's journey, Mr. President. One made for people weaned on hate and mistrust. People like me. Because that's the real dragon. Our own fear. So I'm going to try and slay it now, by laying down my sword. Maybe those young Arabs knew something in that courtyard. I hope so. You can blow up our subs. You can take out our first strike capabilities in a flash of fire and blood. The map of the world is yours. The price is mass murder. Or you can turn your planes around and end this war. We're not nations any more. We're two men. We speak only for ourselves. Do what you believe is right.

All around him, silence.

INT.-PRESIDENT'S CRISIS ROOM

PRESIDENT

He's insane. We've got to stop him.

CO

How?

INT.-NARMANOV'S WAR ROOM

GENERAL

It is a trick. They have attacked, we must respond.

NARMANOV

Perhaps. Where are our planes?

GENERAL

They have crossed the outer defense net. If we take out their subs, superiority is ours, we will never have to fear the Americans again.

NARMANOV

They have not fired?

GENERAL

No sir. First target in ten seconds.
Nine.

INT.-PRESIDENT'S CRISIS ROOM

BRIGGS

They will be in range of the Nimitz
in seven seconds.

INT.-WAR ROOM

PRIVATE

Nimitz reports bogeys in sight.

INT.-NARMANOV'S WAR ROOM

GENERAL

Six. Five.

EXT.-NIMITZ-BRIDGE

CO

Captain...

CAPTAIN

We're still on stand by.

INT.-COCKPIT

PILOT

Target lock. Fire.

EXT.-RUSSIAN MIG

The plane FIRES, two missiles rocketing towards the ocean.

EXT.-OCEAN

The missiles hit the Nimitz and it EXPLODES in a nuclear plume.

INT.-WAR ROOM

RYAN

God forgive me.

PRIVATE

We have lost contact with the
Nimitz.

INT.-NARMANOV'S ROOM

GENERAL

Target has been destroyed. Targets two and three acquired. Contact in ten seconds.

NARMANOV

Have they launched their fighters?

ADVISOR

No sir. Contact in six seconds.

INT.-WAR ROOM

PRESIDENT

Goddamn it Ryan, do something.

INT.-COCKPIT

The Enterprise is in sight. (OVER) The target TONE.

INT.-RUSSIAN CRISIS ROOM

GENERAL

Target's are acquired.

NARMANOV

Call them back.

The General hits a button.

INT.-COCKPIT

The pilot's thumb is over the firing stud. (OVER) The recall message in garbled RUSSIAN over the pilot's com.

EXT.-ENTERPRISE

The Russian planes pull up and wide.

INT.-WAR ROOM

PRIVATE

Enterprise is clear. Repeat, birds have pulled away, they are clear.

(listens)

Planes are pulling back on all fronts. Ground stations report Russian troops returning to DEFCON 3.

Ryan just stands, spent, eyes bright with barely held tears.

RYAN

Send two words. Thank you.

A beat, then he flips open the com switch.

RYAN

This is Ryan. DEFCON 3. Codeword is
CHANGELING. Peacetime status. The
word is given.

Ryan lays the gun on the counter. No one moves. A beat. He turns
and releases the door lock. Stares at the soldiers there a beat.

He walks through them, and off, away down the hallway.

EXT.-WHITE HOUSE-DAY

The snow has finally stopped. Washington is covered in a pristine
blanket of white. Sunlight off the snow is blinding.

INT.-PRESIDENTIAL BRIEFING ROOM-MORNING

The President sits with Liz Elliot, General Borsten, acting SEC
DEF, a man filling in for Talbot. All are listening to Goodley.

GOODLEY

As Director Ryan's report shows, the
bomb was one of ours, given to the
Israelis and lost during the Yom
Kippur War. The terrorists hoped to
use our paranoia against us. They
almost succeeded.

Goodley looks up.

PRESIDENT

Of course what Ryan did was entirely
unconstitutional.

ELLIOT

Yes. And he probably saved all our
lives.

GOODLEY

As for the terrorists themselves...

INT.-CASABLANCA BAR

Bock is sitting at a table when a man ENTERS. Clark. Bock goes for
his gun. Clark's is out first, Bock shot dead.

GOODLEY (OVER)
Director Ryan authorized a surgical
dissolution...

INT.-QUATI'S OFFICE

Clark stands over a body slumped over a desk. Lifts the head by the hair. Quati, eyes wide, throat slit. Clark sheathes his knife.

GOODLEY (OVER)
Both targets were acquired and
dispatched....

INT.-WHITE HOUSE-BRIEFING ROOM

GOODLEY
He said he would get the proper
authorizations retroactively.

Goodley smiles.

PRESIDENT
Is he going public?

Goodley stares at him a beat. Then...

GOODLEY
No, sir. Director Ryan said he hoped
what happened would make you more
cautious next time. In any case, he
felt it wasn't really up to him. His
watch is over.

INT.-PLANT STORE

PRESIDENT (OVER)
Where is he?

Jack stands at the counter of a plant store surrounded by a lush world of green. A lovely salesgirl smiles up at him.

RYAN
Do you have cherry blossoms?

EXT.-BOSTON STREET

Jack is walking down the block, a large plant in his hand.

GOODLEY (OVER)
He said to say he doesn't work here
anymore.

He stops in front of a brownstone, takes a beat, then goes up the steps. RINGS the bell. A woman answers.

RYAN

Hi, Marge. I'm here to see my wife.

Kathy pushes out the door, JJ behind her, grabbing his father's leg, Sally too. PULL BACK AND UP over this tiny family, maybe all we really have against the darkness.

FINAL FADE TO BLACK.