

THE DAM

Original Motion Picture Screenplay

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WYOMING -- DAY

The Winter Plains are barren. Snow-dusted. And cold. Incredibly cold. SUPERED OVER:

WYOMING

CAMERA FOLLOWS a straight two-lane road running from noplac to nowhere, when...

...an Air Force Apache Attack Helicopter crests the horizon, straight at us. Directly beneath the helicopter, a U.S. Marshall's car leads an Air Force Missile Transfer convoy -- two armored vehicles, followed by an eighteen-wheeler, pulling a large white trailer bearing Air Force insignia. Two more armored vehicles bring up the rear. They motor toward...

EXT. MISSILE SILO SITE -- DAY

A high chain-link fence surrounds an area roughly the size of an Olympic swimming pool. Inside is a four-foot-high concrete slab -- nothing else. Just outside the fence sits a King Cab Pickup, with Air Force insignia on its door and camper shell.

Standing next to the pickup, trying to warm themselves around a stone-circled campfire, are two Air Force Enlisted Men, **FRITZY** and **CHAPPY** (late 20's). Seeing the convoy, the sandy-haired brothers straighten.

The armored vehicles ring the site, their armed Fire Squads (four to each vehicle) staying inside. Vigilant. Carrying a small transmitter device, **CAPTAIN STRAUB** (40's), approaches.

CHAPPY
(saluting)
Oscar 4 silo secure, sir.

CAPTAIN STRAUB
At ease. Lousy duty, huh, Airmen?

FRITZY
I'll say.
(grabbing himself)
Think my nuts just hit absolute zero.

CHAPPY
I apologize for my brother, sir.
(sideways glance at Fritzzy)
Apparently it's his brain got frostbit!

CAPTAIN STRAUB

I can sympathize. This high-tech security isn't worth a shit -- not in this kind of cold.

The Captain presses an electronic code into his transmitter, getting a confirming TONE in response.

CAPTAIN STRAUB (CONT.)

Let's see about getting you out of here.

Punching another button, the massive concrete slab slides slowly back, revealing a sixty foot, twenty ton Minuteman II Intercontinental Ballistic Missile, sleeping peacefully in its underground silo.

CAPTAIN STRAUB (CONT.)

Three hundred kilotons of thermo-nuclear deterrent...

FRITZY

...headed for the junk yard.

The eighteen-wheeler backs the trailer to the silo, positioning itself over the thick concrete hole. As the Transport Team matter-of-factly coaxes the big rocket out of its hole...

CHAPPY

Sir, if you don't mind... we were about to chow down.

CAPTAIN STRAUB

Eat 'em if you got 'em.

While Fritzzy places a grill over the hot rocks of the campfire, Chappy pulls out a tray of juicy burgers and tosses several on. The tantalizing smoke wafts toward the Captain.

CHAPPY

If you want one, sir...enough for the whole squad...

The Captain, feeling the eyes of his men burning into him, turns to their hungry faces. Looking back at the brothers, resigned...

FRITZY

(big grin)

I believe that's a yes.

As many more burgers are thrown, SIZZLING, onto the grill, Chappy casts a stern look at Fritzzy, who just keeps grinning.

EXT. MAX-MAX PRISON, WYOMING -- DAY

In the same barren corner of the world, a razor-wire fence surrounds a cluster of low buildings. It doesn't look like much -- but it's only the tip of a concrete iceberg.

INT. MAX-MAX PRISON -- DAY

Exiting the above-ground kitchen, A **MASTER SERGEANT** (50), rolls a food cart into a heavily-GUARDED elevator. We see on the lighted elevator display by the doors that the Sergeant is going far underground.

INT. NUFF'S CELL, MAX-MAX PRISON -- DAY

A baseball bounces repeatedly off a cell floor, wall, and back into the rapier-quick hands of **COLONEL EZADIA NUFF** (40's), a man with the physique of a professional athlete and the deadly, focused eyes of a cobra.

The Colonel stands and begins stretching out. Knowing he is being watched by surveillance CAMERAS mounted in the ceiling...

NUFF
Big game day, boys.

EXT. MISSILE SILO SITE -- DAY

The Transport Team eases the Missile onto the trailer, then straps it down tight.

CHAPPY
Here ya go, sir.

Fritzy carries a juicy burger over to the Captain. At his two-fingered beckon, the Fire Force Teams enthusiastically exit their vehicles and join the Captain around the grill. While Fritzy slaps more meat on, the Captain's radio CRACKLES...

HELICOPTER PILOT (ON RADIO)
Don't forget us, Captain.

Captain Straub looks up at the Apache chopper circling above.

CAPTAIN STRAUB (ON RADIO)
Recon ahead, Kelly. Got you covered.

As the chopper disappears into the distance...

CHAPPY
We'll take care of it, sir.

Chappy follows Fritzy from the grill to the back of the pickup.

CHAPPY (CONT.)

Absolute zero?

Fritz just grins. Opening the doors, we see the dead bodies of the two real Air Force Enlisted Men at that post. As Chappy takes out a remote control device...

FRITZY

Wanna flip those, sir... 'fore they burn?

The Captain and his men close in on the burgers. Chappy flips the detonator. The ground beneath the bonfire EXPLODES -- killing shrapnel RIPS into the Squad.

A pickup speeds up from the opposite direction that the helicopter went off in. A half-dozen PRETENDERS in Air Force Uniforms leap out and drag away the shattered bodies.

INT. HELICOPTER, OVER MISSILE SILO SITE -- DAY

The helicopter returns. Below, the Pilot sees the convoy moving out. There is no trace of the slaughter.

HELICOPTER PILOT (ON RADIO)

All clear ahead, Captain.
You boys sure wolfed those down.

As the convoy continues across the Wyoming plains...

INT. CONTROL AREA, MAX-MAX PRISON -- DAY

On a surveillance monitor, we see Colonel Nuff limbering up. PULLING BACK, we see the Master Sergeant push his food cart into the Control Center, where four DUTY GUARDS play poker.

MASTER SERGEANT

What's with Colonel Nuff?

A young, muscular Duty Guard, DOLE (20's), looks up from his cards to the monitor.

DOLE

Maybe it's his anniversary -- one year down, nine-ninety-nine to go.

DUTY GUARD

How come you're on Roach Wagon, Sarge? Slumming with us rookies.

MASTER SERGEANT

Shit...took my code book home by mistake. One night. Three little codes. Big fuckin' deal.

DOLE

Harsh.

On the Monitor, we see Nuff bouncing his ball again. Faster.

INT. HELICOPTER, OVER WYOMING PLAINS -- DAY

On the copter's panel, a BUZZER goes off. A light FLASHES.

HELICOPTER PILOT (ON RADIO)

Captain, you got a malfunction down there. Warhead activation light's on. Captain...

Even more bizarre, the missile convoy speeds up and turns off the main highway, heading toward the underground prison.

HELICOPTER PILOT (CONT.)

...where the hell you goin'?!

Getting no response, getting very nervous...

HELICOPTER PILOT (CONT.)

Oscar Four High to Base. We got an activated Warhead moving toward...

From one of the armored cars, a ground-to-air missile streaks from the shoulder mount of a Pretender. The helicopter windshield's view fills with missile nose and...

EXT. ROAD LEADING TO PRISON -- DAY

...the helicopter disintegrates in a fiery EXPLOSION.

The missile convoy's lead vehicles pull to the shoulder of the road. The missile transport truck and trailer passes them and speeds up. As the missile-laden trailer bounces madly along...

INT. CAB, MISSILE TRANSPORT TRUCK -- DAY

Chappy drives. Fritzzy sits next to him. They both wear voice-box radio mics around their necks (like a choker collar).

FRITZY (ON RADIO)

Devra...how's our girl doing?

INT. TRAILER AREA, MISSILE TRANSPORT -- DAY

On the catwalk next to the Minuteman II, **DEVRA** (20's), a buffed-out black woman, cuts the last two missile support straps. Also wearing a voice-box radio...

DEVRA (ON RADIO)

She's hot...an' loose.

CAMERA PANS to the warhead of the missile. Its control panel is open, a red light inside FLASHING.

INT. MAX-MAX PRISON -- DAY

A MONITOR GUARD stationed at the Prison Control Board sees the transport hurtling his way on a monitor.

VOICE (ON RADIO)

Max-max, we got a report of an...
an armed warhead in your sector.

EXT. MAX-MAX PRISON -- DAY

Barreling down on the prison fence, Chappy jams on the truck's brakes. The truck and trailer skid and stop short.

The missile's unchecked momentum causes it to fly off of the trailer and over the truck cab like...well, a missile.

The Minuteman smashes through the prison's chain link fence and slides into the compound, jackknifing as it hits the low prison building. The Monitor Guard sprints out.

MONITOR GUARD

She's armed! Everyone out!!

Prison Guards run for their lives. Pretenders spring from their vehicles, throwing multi-colored tear gas bombs.

INT. MAX-MAX PRISON -- DAY

Underground, emergency lights FLASH their alert. As the other Poker Players look about, startled...

DOLE

Hey, wait! My play! C'mon!

Dole brandishes his cards in his left hand...then casually GUNS DOWN the other Guards and the Master Sergeant with his service automatic in his right. Stepping over the dead bodies to an electronic control panel, he rapidly punches buttons...

DOLE (CONT.)

Just three little codes...

CAMERA PANS over the alarmed faces of the trapped Prisoners. Arriving at Nuff's cell, the Colonel looks serene by contrast. His cell door -- and only his door -- SLAMS open. Nuff runs out.

INT. ELEVATOR, MAX-MAX PRISON -- DAY

Dole punches in more codes. The elevator whisks them to the surface. CAMERA FOLLOWS as they emerge above ground. Nuff's eyes squint and blink in the bright, normal daylight.

EXT. MAX-MAX PRISON -- DAY

Following the colored smoke grenades, Dole leads Nuff through the confusion to his forces, who are by the broken missile. Reaching Devra, she slaps a RED SOX baseball cap on Nuff. With more than duty in her eyes...

DEVRA
Good to have you back, Colonel.

NUFF
Good to see the sky.

Nuff studies the Team Members who expertly probe inside the missile's nose.

NUFF (CONT.)
Quite a team.

DEVRA
(proudly)
Whole Desert Storm group...

NUFF
I meant quite a large team.

DEVRA
...plus six. Dole's people.

Nuff takes Dole to the side.

NUFF
Which of your men do you trust the most? Pick two. Quickly.

DOLE
Jones and Hardy, we been together since Basic.

NUFF
Good.

The Colonel beckons Jones and Hardy over. As if she anticipated the order, Devra flings her side arm to Nuff, who effortlessly pulls it out of the air. Addressing the Remaining Three not picked by Dole...

NUFF (CONT.)
Airman Dole does not trust you...
(raising his pistol)
Therefore...

With lightning speed, Nuff SPINS and GUNS DOWN the surprised Dole, Hardy and Jones! Turning back to the Remaining Three...

NUFF (CONT.)

...you each owe me your life. I may ask for it back. Understood?

The Remaining Three can only nod, terrified. Nuff turns to the Team Members who wrestle with the missile's innards, checking his watch...

NUFF (CONT.)

No time. Just take the good stuff.

As the Team Members slide a heavy lead cylinder out of the missile's nose, Fritzy and Chappy rush over to greet the Colonel.

FRITZY

Hey Coach, how're we doin'?

NUFF

Bottom of the first.
(looking around)
Base hit.

On Fritzy's thumbs up, the remaining Team Members board the armored vehicles and speed out over the frozen countryside.

EXT. MAX-MAX PRISON -- LATER

Amidst the death and destruction, an elite Air Force Crew works around the smashed missile. Standing over them is **GENERAL MAC FARMER** (40's). With him is his Adjunct, **MAJOR LEE HU**, an Asian woman with a buzzcut. The **TECHNICIAN** comes over to Farmer.

TECHNICIAN

General Farmer...they got it.
Core's gone.

Farmer nods stoically and turns to Hu.

FARMER

Should I act surprised?

HU

You called it.

TECHNICIAN

Two kilograms of pure Plutonium.
Enough for thirty Hiroshimas.
All at once or one at a time.

HU

At least they didn't get the
detonator. Won't explode as is.

TECHNICIAN

Good high school science student --
take about a week.

FARMER

(exhaling deeply)
I told 'em to just take that fucker
out and shoot him...tell the Joint
Chiefs we're on it. We'll get him.

HU

Again.

FARMER

Again.

EXT. THE GRAND CANYON -- DAY

Millions of years of relentless erosion have carved a 1,200 foot deep gorge in the Arizona desert -- The Grand Canyon. Its rock formations slide by, coloration shifting from lavender to brown to brilliant red, framing the silvery flow of the Colorado River.

Through this visual wonderland, a Sikorsky H-60 Black Hawk helicopter rakes through the Canyon at a mean angle, ascending to see...

EXT. ARIZONA SKY -- DAY

...the vast expanse of the Arizona desert.

VOICE (OVER)

Handles well...

Moving closer, we see **CARRIE** (early 30's) at the stick. Up front with her is **LT. GERE** (20's). Below them, the magnificent Grand Canyon slips past. As Carrie puts the craft through its paces...

CARRIE (CONT.)

...lots of power...

INT. HELICOPTER, SKIES OF NEVADA -- DAY

Behind Carrie and Gere in the chopper sit **MIKE** and **BUD** (40's).

MIKE

...good ventilation.

Mike points toward one of the numerous bullet holes that adorn the floor and walls of the big Sikorsky.

LT. GERE

She's got some stories to tell,
alright.

MIKE
Any with happy endings?

CARRIE
Mike, Volunteer Rescue sent us to
buy military surplus cause it's
cheap. We can patch those.

BUD
If you're cold, just stick your
fingers in 'em.

Mike gives Bud a tart look, then kneels to look through a bullet
hole in the floor.

LT. GERE
At cost plus twenty, gotta tell ya,
she's a steal.

MIKE'S POV -- liquid flows out the bottom of the helicopter.

MIKE
Carrie. We're leaking something.

LT. GERE
Prob'ly just condensation.

MIKE
Don't think so.

The copter engine SPUTTERS, losing power. Carrie flicks at the
gas gauge with her finger -- the needle drops down from half --
to empty. As they start to plummet...

LT. GERE
There are a few bugs to work out.

BUD
Uh...mind hitting the reserve, Carr?

CARRIE
(flipping switches)
No problem. You like it, Mike?

MIKE
Descends well.

CARRIE
Reserves are...empty!

LT. GERE
What?! I told 'em to fill her up...

Mike hoists a heavy five-gallon gas tank from behind his seat.

MIKE
Not with this, I hope.

BUD
Carrie?!

CARRIE
It's okay. Controlled dive, I'll
build enough speed for the rotor to
bite...pull out low. Lotta flat
area down there.

Carrie puts the copter into a dive toward the flat desert.
All tense as the chopper picks up speed. A lot of speed.

MIKE
You know I've always said --
in a pinch, there's no one cooler
than...

CARRIE
Shut up, Mike.

MIKE
Right.

Just above the flat desert floor at the crest of the Canyon,
Carrie pulls back on the stick. Their descent rate drops
dramatically. They slowly drop, the spinning rotor slowing their
fall. The ground looks close and safe.

CARRIE
I think we're okay...

CARRIE'S POV -- they drop toward the soft sand, but...
without power, still drift downwind.

A wind GUST hits them, and the flat, friendly surface directly
beneath them floats right on by, replaced by...

...the hostile floor of the Canyon below. Disaster!

CARRIE (CONT.)
...we're not okay.

Mike grabs the gas can and squeezes past the frozen Bud, heading
to the door.

MIKE
Okay -- where's the gas tank?

EXT. HELICOPTER -- DAY

Mike scrambles out of the dropping copter, looking for a handhold. All that he can reach is a rubber cable. As he stretches out to grab it with one hand, Carrie sees him...

CARRIE

Mike, no! Not the pneumatic...

Too late. Mike has grabbed the cable and pulled himself out.

The kinked hydraulic cable causes the control stick to slam into Carrie's knee. The copter suddenly flips nose up, falling vertically, Mike hanging onto the cable to avoid falling into the madly spinning tail rotor, which nips at his toe-tips. He slips on the greasy cable -- forced to spread his legs wide to avoid the deadly blades. Carrie struggles to get control back.

CARRIE (CONT.)

Let go of the cable, Mike!

Mike looks down into the whirling blades, just beneath his crotch. Not likely.

He climbs back up to the bird's body and gets a grip, releasing the cable. Carrie brings the copter level again, but it's still falling toward the awful terrain below.

Mike climbs along the body of the copter, barely able to hang on. He gets to the gas tank. Hanging on with one hand, he struggles to pour gas into the nozzle. Not even close. He's wearing more than he got into the tank.

Nevertheless, Carrie starts CRANKING the engine. The jagged Canyon floor looms larger. Mike tries again. A few drops. Canyon floor closer.

And again. Nothing. Rocky death very close. Engine CRANKING. Battery on the crank weakening. Running out of gas in the can. Jagged rock outcroppings surround them.

And finally -- with a desperate, two-handed effort, a big gulp of gas pours into the tank.

The engine TURNS OVER -- Carrie powers her up past the sheer Canyon walls, ascending to safety.

INT. HELICOPTER -- DAY

Mike drags his gas-soaked ass back into the flying copter. Huffing and pointing his finger at the Lieutenant...

MIKE

Cost plus ten!

EXT. ARMY SURPLUS SECTION, ARMY BASE -- DAY

An impossibly long line of armored vehicles, each boasting a number of armed Soldiers, keeps ROARING past. Behind them, for miles across the sand, wing-tip-to-wing-tip surplus military airplanes bake in the desert sun. As CAMERA moves in...

Mike and Bud pace outside a military office building, examining old WWII fighter planes. Through the office window, they see Carrie with the Lieutenant -- arguing. Mike turns to view the heavy artillery guns hurtling by.

MIKE

Wonder what's going on?

BUD

Some kind of drill, I guess.

In the skies above them, a large squadron of military helicopters flies low over them, THROBING with intimidating power.

MIKE

Big drill.

Mike pulls an engagement ring out of his pocket.

BUD

Whoa...and what's that?

MIKE

I'm gonna do it.

BUD

That's great. You love her. She loves you. Congrat...

MIKE

She wants a family.

BUD

(ominous)

Oh...

MIKE

Kids and rock climbing...

BUD

Oil and water.

MIKE

I mean -- what happens to adventure?

BUD

Gone.

MIKE
Danger?

BUD
Ditto.

MIKE
Adrenaline rushes?

BUD
Look -- there's always changing
diapers, that's a rush...tense
Little League games...
(Mike's not
buying it)
...spirited PTA meetings?

MIKE
Thanks a lot.

Through the office window, they see Carrie wrapping it up.

MIKE (CONT.)
It's like being sentenced to
twenty years of...tranquility!

Carrie exits the office and marches toward them, scowling darkly.
Mike, seeing her coming, pockets the ring.

CARRIE
They need a couple more days to get
the copter ready...

BUD
All they gotta do is put gas in it.

CARRIE
It's more than that...there's
something else going on...
I heard 'em talking...
(quietly)
They lost something...big.

BUD
How big?

CARRIE
Nuclear warhead?

MIKE
That's a lot of losing.

BUD

Well if we have to wait, I say we put on that rescue demonstration at the Dam, which means...

(smiling evilly)

... we can stay free, on Volunteer Rescue, in...

MIKE

No. Way.

BUD

Hey, the whole Dam thing was your idea. We gotta stay somewhere.

MIKE

Absolutely not. Not there!

BUD

All those in favor...

Bud and Carrie raise their hands.

CARRIE

Mike, it's close to the Dam. Relax. Enjoy it.

MIKE

I knew it. We crashed, I'm dead and we're going to hell...

CARRIE

Michael...

Mike gets religion on the quick.

MIKE

Can't wait to go. See?

Mike's smile is painfully forced -- like a death mask.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP -- DAY

Bud sits in the back of Mike's Jeep, his head swiveling like one of those toy dolls, looking at the sights. As they drive by the colorfully illuminated turrets of the Excalibur Hotel...

BUD

I can't believe what they've done with this place!

As CAMERA MOVES into the front seat, we see Mike driving. Envision having sucked a basket of lemons. That's what Mike's face looks like, as the glamour -- and grunge -- of the famed Vegas Strip slips by.

A Police Motorcycle escort BLIPS its siren, startling Mike, who pulls over by the Luxor Hotel. Mike marvels at the Luxor's trademark black Pyramid shape and the Sphinx resting outside.

A long train of armored cars under Police escort drive by and pull into the Luxor's circular drive. SECURITY GUARDS hustle out of the armored cars, bearing bags of money into the Luxor Hotel. As the armored cars are emptied of cash...

Mike's jeep eases to the back of the line. The Luxor Hotel's huge, flashing sign reads:

**WELCOME INTERNATIONAL
GAMBLER'S DECATHLON**

As the sign FLASHES animated images of Blackjack, Craps, Slots, Roulette, Keno, Boxing...

MIKE

A Decathlon...of Gambling?

BUD

Biggest gambling event in the world.

CARRIE

Can anyone enter?

BUD

Sure, you got fifty thou. You know,
if we pooled our money...

MIKE & CARRIE

No!

An Egyptian-clad Parking Attendant enthusiastically dashes over to yank open Mike's Jeep door -- but the doors don't open.

MIKE

Easy, Pharaoh.

Mike climbs out, as do Carrie and Bud. The Egyptian Attendant tries to climb into the Jeep, tripping over his long robe.

BUD

(to Mike)

Go home a millionaire...

Moving to the casino entrance, Mike girds himself for the worst...

MIKE
 (to himself)
 I'm having a good time.
 I'm having a really good time...

...and gets it. Swinging open the doors, Mike's senses are assaulted by...

INT. CASINO, LUXOR HOTEL -- DAY

...all that is Vegas -- the CHINGING noise of the slots -- the tawdry sexuality of the Pharaoh and Cleopatra-clad Casino Employees -- the tackiness of...

...everything. As Bud revels in it...

MIKE
 This is sick.

EXT. LAKE MEAD STORAGE, SOUTH LAS VEGAS -- DAY

In CLOSE-UP, a female WORKER WHISTLES with her fingers. Wearing a work shirt with LAKE MEAD STORAGE on it, she motions to Fritzy, who backs a U-Haul truck up a steep ramp. Fritzy stops the truck just short of a fifteen-foot-square Storage Unit.

Nuff and Devra watch from the crowded yard. Fritzy jumps out and opens the back of the truck, revealing a five-foot-square crate. As Devra and Fritzy muscle the crate toward the Storage Unit...

The Worker snatches her clipboard and approaches Fritzy. Behind her, Lake Mead, the reservoir formed by the Hoover Dam, flows placidly by, just beyond the Facility's high-stacked Storage Units.

WORKER
 What're ya storing?

FRITZY
 Three hundred megatons o'
 radioactive Plutonium.

WORKER
 Very funny. Any toxics, flammables,
 combustibles...

Moving over to her...

NUFF
 None.

WORKER
 Okay. Sign here. Welcome to Lake
 Mead Storage.

Nuff complies, signing. As the Worker turns and walks off, Nuff enters the Storage Unit. Pointing to the far wall, the one closest to Lake Mead...

NUFF
(to Fritzy)
Over there, please. Near the Lake.

Fritzy and Devra muscle the crate to the far wall and open the locks on either side of the large crate. They lower the side, revealing...

...the cylindrical, lead-lined core of the warhead, sitting on a bed of explosive material. Devra pops open a control panel, extends an antenna and turns it on. A single red LED lights. Handing Nuff an electronic detonator...

DEVRA
All yours.

Nuff looks at the detonator, then back to his Team Members. Motioning to the Lake outside...

NUFF
Lake Mead feeds into the Colorado,
then the Pacific. If I had to
detonate...
(dismissing the idea)
...who in their right mind would
force me to contaminate the Pacific?

Nodding in agreement, Fritzy and Devra close up the crate...

FRITZY
And if all goes well?

NUFF
I'd say a man with a thermo-nuclear
device definitely has...options.

VOICE (OVER)
LET'S GET READY TO **RUMMBLLLLLLE!**

EXT. PARKING LOT, LUXOR CASINO -- NIGHT

A powerful beam of light, the Luxor's trademark, shoots from the pinnacle of the hotel into the dark sky. CAMERA CRANES down the black glass sides of the Pyramid to find...

...a huge TOTE BOARD, on which are a dozen NAMES -- the leading contestants in the GAMBLING DECATHLON and their winnings (many well into seven figures).

Moving down, the Tote Board hangs above a boxing ring in the middle of the makeshift outdoor sports arena. As famed Vegas boxing announcer MICHAEL BUFFER heats things up...

BUFFER (CONT.)

Contestants, it's time to place your bets -- on twelve rounds of boxing, for the IBF Middle-weight Championship of the World! In the blue corner...

Working their way through the CROWD is the excited Bud, wide-eyed with Vegas Fever. Somber Mike brings up the rear with Carrie.

MIKE

I'm trying, Carrie. Just all the smoke, the crowds, the noise...
(motioning to the
Casino)
...feel like I'm buried alive in there.

CARRIE

You're being a good sport about this, Mike.

Moving closer and taking his arm...

CARRIE (CONT.)

This time tomorrow, we'll be at the Dam, out of here.

From out of his pocket, Mike takes out the engagement ring box.

MIKE

Carrie, there's something I've got to tell you...something important.

CARRIE

Me too.

Bud slashes through the Crowd toward Mike and Carrie, moving past the ELECTRICAL CREW that controls the event's lighting...

BUD

Will you look at that...
(pointing to the
Tote Board)
...that Salazar guy's already up eight million. Eight Million!

Mike and Carrie just stare at Bud like he had two heads.

BUD (CONT.)

What? Am I interrupting something?

As Mike reaches up to touch his nose, he sees it first -- one of the two-inch-thick electrical feeds to the boxing ring lights begins to smoke. Pulling Carrie away by the arm...

In a dazzling shower of cascading blue SPARKS, the power panel erupts. The rowdy Crowd CHEERS the wild light show, until...

...the lights all flicker and die. The Black Pyramid dims and darkens. A sparkling diamond moments ago, the Luxor reverts to a lump of coal.

A nervous MURMUR rises from the confused Crowd and is quickly replaced by HYSTERIA. Panicked people push over one another to escape.

As Mike holds Carrie safe, Electrical Technicians scurry to reroute lines. And then -- as quickly as the lights went out...

...with a POP, the powerful lights again flood the complex. Like a balm -- light brings calm. People, terrified a moment earlier, joke and return to their seats.

The huge Tote Board comes back to life. Finally, to the CHEERS of the Crowd, the Luxor's brilliant beacon snaps back on, piercing the night sky.

Seeing that Carrie looks a little shaken...

BUD (CONT.)

Can you believe it? Lights go out for a few seconds, and...

(looking up at
the Tote Board)

...guy's made another two million.
What a town! What a town!!

EXT. ARIZONA SKY -- NIGHT

Against the huge full moon, a Squadron of deadly Huey Cobra gunships ROAR toward us.

INT. COCKPIT, COBRA -- NIGHT

Wearing a distinctive SPECIAL FORCES helmet and uniform, General Farmer leads the Squadron. Behind him is Major Hu.

HU

(reading a report)

Munitions Depot at 29 Palms was infiltrated...

FARMER

The short strokes, Hu.

HU
Half-ton of plastic explosives
stolen, four surface-to-air...

FARMER
Dead?

HU
Six. They were in and out in ten
minutes.

FARMER
Christ...I used to think I "got"
him. That we were friends...

HU
General, at this point, I'd say that
Colonel Nuff feels about you...
pretty much the way he does about
his country.

FARMER
Not a love thing.

As the Cobras come in for a landing at the same Army Base that
Mike, Carrie and Bud were at hours before...

EXT. HOOVER DAM -- DAY

A ring of carabineers CLANKS onto hard rock, followed by coils of
rope, dozens of pitons, nylon harnesses, ice picks, etc. -- as
Mike dumps out his bag of gear, then looks skyward.

BUD
You leave anything home?

Bud digs through his own climbing gear bag...

BUD (CONT.)
Hundred and ten degrees, but no
telling when some...

...and brings out a pair of ice spikes -- climbing shoes embedded
with rows of sharp, needle-like spikes.

BUD (CONT.)
...glacier might roll in. So we're
ready for absolutely any...

Bud looks up and sees that Mike is paying him absolutely no
attention. Instead, Mike's attention is solidly focused on...

MIKE'S POV -- the Hoover Dam looms up, magnificent, at the end of the narrow Black's Canyon chute. Massive electrical towers overhang the canyon, thick power cables leading up from the twin Power Plants on both sides of the canyon basin.

Mike, totally transfixed by the massive structure, doesn't hear.

BUD (CONT.)

Mike? Hello?

MIKE

Amazing, isn't it?

BUD

About as amazing as any blob of concrete gets.

MIKE

Try three and a half million cubic yards of it.

BUD

Three and a half...! That's like a road to the moon, right?

MIKE

Four lanes...there and back.

BUD

You're making that up.

MIKE

Nope. My Grandpa Morley helped build Mr. Hoover here. Greatest thing he ever did in his life, he'd say.

ERV (OFF)

Greatest thing any of us ever did.

Carrie comes down the rugged gorge trail with an elderly man, ERV, next to her. Erv wears the uniform of a DAM GUIDE.

CARRIE

Mike, Mr. Dolin here...

ERV

Erv, darlin'.

CARRIE

Erv...says he knows you.

ERV

Use to come here every summer with your Grandpa, right? Just a little tyke, then.

(jarring Mike's memory)

Who'd Morley always ask to be his guide?

Mike has to smile and nod his head -- remembering...

MIKE

His old water boy...

ERV

Yep. Was thirteen years old, 1932, ten cents an hour. Best damn job I ever had. Old Morley was my hero. Looks like you've grown some, Mike.

BUD

Appearances are deceiving.

MIKE

This is Bud. My...friend.

As the two men shake hands...

ERV

Nice to meet ya.

(to Carrie)

You seen the movie at the Visitor's Center? Catch his Grandpa in action.

MIKE

I don't know if we have time...

ERV

Course you got time. Only need one of you for the demonstration.

(turning to Bud)

You look like you can climb some... not like Mike here or his Grandpa.

Knowing Mike needs a moment alone with Carrie...

BUD

You two get lost. I got a few moves to show Erv here.

As Carrie pulls Mike away, he turns back to Bud...

MIKE

Ice spikes? Bud, it's over a hundred degrees!

INT. FILM ROOM, HOOVER DAM VISITOR'S CENTER -- DAY

In the darkness of the Visitor Center's Film Room...

MIKE'S POV -- old black and white film footage shows Men sitting on narrow "Boson's Chairs", running and swinging across an absolutely sheer rock wall face...

FILM NARRATOR

Called High Scalers, these daring men were responsible for clearing loose rock and setting charges...

Mike watches, delighted, as the High Scalers hack away at loose boulders, sending them careening to the Colorado River floor several thousand feet below. Staring hard...

MIKE

See -- that one -- that's Grampa Morley right there!

On the screen, High Scalers maneuver enormous jack-hammers. A Steam Whistle BLOWS. The men clear away.

FILM NARRATOR

...to expose bedrock, in preparation for construction of the eighth wonder of the world.

An awesome EXPLOSION slices off a huge chunk of cliff face.

MIKE

(leaning to Carrie)
Mom always said it was Gramps' blood made me a climber. We had this big apple tree in the back yard. He'd take me out there...

However, Carrie has dozed off while watching the film. Her head lolls to rest on Mike's shoulder.

MIKE'S POV -- big cranes lower huge pipe sections into holes in the side of the cliffs. Huge turbines wheels are lowered down into Generator assemblies. Long, welded tunnels are installed inside the mountain. Everything is scaled so huge that it utterly dwarfs the Workers.

FILM NARRATOR (CONT.)

Considered one of the greatest accomplishments of modern man... requiring untold heroism and personal sacrifice.

Mike takes a long, appreciative look at the sleeping Carrie's angelic face. He pulls out the engagement ring and slips it on the ring finger of his sleeping sweetheart. Mike settles back, his eyes glancing at the ring...

...while on the screen, we see World War II planes and tanks rolling off of Southern California assembly lines...

FILM NARRATOR

During World War II, the Hoover Dam was the single most important military resource in the United States. Providing over 80 percent of the electrical power for our military production plants in Southern California...

EXT. BOULDER CITY, NEVADA -- DAY

A sign indicates: **HOOVER DAM, TWELVE MILES**. Two big 18-wheelers motor the narrow two-lane road leading through the sleepy town.

Chappy drives the lead truck. With him are Fritzzy and Colonel Nuff. The second big-rig is driven by Devra.

INT. LEAD BIG-RIG -- DAY

Lowering the **BASEBALL SECTION** of the Sports Pages...

NUFF

I can't believe what they've done to this game.

(on radio)

Devra, pull off here.

While the rearward truck, driven by Devra, slides into a turnout in the road and stops, Nuff, Fritzzy and Chappy keep on.

NUFF (CONT.)

Too many games. Too many teams. The Colorado Rockies? What the hell is that?!

(on radio)

You in position?

EXT. ARIZONA-SIDE HIGHWAY -- DAY

On the highway on the Arizona-side of the Dam, another Female Team Member, **MARGO**, sits in the cab of the big-rig, also parked on a turnout. Through her choker radio collar...

MARGO (ON RADIO)

Ready, Coach.

INT. LEAD BIG-RIG -- DAY

CHAPPY

By tonight, you'll be able to buy
any team you want. Run it your way.

NUFF

I've thought about that. Problem's
the players -- just end up shooting
the bastards.

FRITZY

Could be a Union grievance there.

NUFF

(meaning it)

Then I'd shoot the Union.

INT. FILM ROOM, HOOVER DAM VISITOR'S CENTER -- DAY

On the screen are aerial views of the massive Hoover Dam,
stalwartly holding back Lake Mead.

FILM NARRATOR

...in harnessing the Colorado River,
the Hoover Dam generates over 4
billion kilowatt-hours of power,
guaranteeing that the neon splendor
of Las Vegas will burn brightly into
the future.

The Dam Movie ends, leaving a bright white screen that wakes the
squinting Carrie. A YOUNG GUIDE pops his head into the Film
Room.

YOUNG GUIDE

Last tour's in five minutes, folks.

EXT. ROAD, ATOP HOOVER DAM -- DAY

Exiting the Visitor's Center, Carrie points to the Reservoir that
stretches from the Dam...

CARRIE

How big is Lake Mead?

MIKE

Hundred-some miles long. Five
hundred feet deep.

CARRIE

Lotta water.

As they walk along, Mike looks over at Carrie...

MIKE'S POV -- Carrie's eyes seem to catch on the engagement ring that sparkles on her finger.

As Mike nervously looks away...

CARRIE (CONT.)

And what's this?

Mike, thinking he's busted, turns back -- but Carrie is pointing at the huge concrete tunnels that are on either side of the Dam, nearly at water level. She hasn't yet noticed the ring.

MIKE

Those...those are the Spillways.
Enormous pipes through the side of
the mountain, leading to the...

The trio passes a hen-pecked FATHER who fusses femininely, taking care of NOISY Toddler Twins in a double stroller. Mike looks on in horror at the domestic scene.

CARRIE

Yes? To the...?

BUD (OFF)

Boy...

As Bud and Erv come up steps from the Nevada side...

BUD (CONT.)

...did I save your ass. Tell him
'bout the Demonstration, Erv...

ERV

(to Carrie)

You see Mike's Grandpa? Wasn't he
something?

BUD

...they've had these local kids,
little knuckleheads, tryin' to climb
the electric towers, so I figured...

MIKE

(to Bud and Carrie)

Tell you what, why don't you two
take the Tour, while Erv and I...
catch up.

Before they can answer, Mike leaves Bud and Carrie at the entrance to the Tour.

CARRIE

But Mike...

Mike hustles Erv away, pointing down to a bronze plaque in the sidewalk...

MIKE
 State line. You're in Nevada...
 (stepping over
 the plaque)
 ...I'm in Arizona. Oops --
 different states. See ya!

Throwing his arm around Erv, Mike practically drags the elderly Guide down the stairs with him.

Carrie has to smile. Bud can only shake his head.

BUD
 You want to reproduce...with that?

Carrie finally notices the engagement ring sparkling on her finger. Looking wide-eyed at Bud...

BUD (CONT.)
 Hey...wasn't me.

EXT. HIGHWAY BY DAM -- DAY

Nuff's truck closes on the Dam.

INT. TRAILER, NUFF'S TRUCK -- DAY

In the back of the truck are two crates on wheels, stacked full with explosives. Heavily-armed Team Members sit on armament cases, checking their sophisticated weapons.

INT. NEVADA SIDE ELEVATOR, HOOVER DAM -- DAY

Entering the Nevada-side elevator, a Young Guide addresses the handful of Tourists behind him, including Bud and Carrie.

YOUNG GUIDE
 Everything on the Dam is perfectly symmetrical. There are power plants and Spillways on either side. This is the Nevada-side elevator. We will return on the Arizona-side.

EXT. STAIRS, HOOVER DAM -- DAY

Mike and Erv move down the steps toward the Dam's base. Mike looks up the sheer wall that is the face of the Dam. People up top seem like ants.

ERV
 You just never get used to it --
 the size of the thing.

MIKE
 Yeah, it's big.
 (pause)
 Erv, you ever been married?

ERV
 This is Nevada, son. Three times.
 Why?

As they arrive at the base of the Dam, they see two Workers swinging from Boson's Chairs, much like in the movie, cleaning the Dam's face.

MIKE
 I think I just threw my life away.

ERV
 Proposed, huh?

INT. NEVADA SIDE ELEVATOR -- DAY

As the Guide drones on, Carrie stares at the ring on her finger.

BUD
 If I were you, I'd make him sweat.

CARRIE
 I'd say he's sweating enough as is.

BUD
 Mike? Naa...he can sweat more.
 He's full of sweat.

INT. NUFF'S TRUCK -- DAY

Chappy downshifts into the final quick turns before the Dam.

NUFF (ON RADIO)
 Devra, you warmed up?

EXT. NEVADA-SIDE HIGHWAY NEAR DAM -- DAY

Devra yanks the straps tight on her eight-way driving harness.

DEVRA (ON RADIO)
 Just toasty, Colonel.

EXT. BASE OF DAM -- DAY

MIKE
 You ever had any kids?

ERV
 Not a one.

MIKE
Feel like you missed anything?

ERV
I guess I'll never know.

EXT. HIGHWAY OVER DAM -- DAY

As Nuff's truck reaches the middle of the Dam, smoke begins to pour out from beneath its hood. The big truck slows and stops. Traffic is light.

Chappy gets out and puts up orange safety triangles at the back of the truck. Through the microphone in his sleeve, quietly...

CHAPPY (ON RADIO)
Four Guides at the railing,
forty-five degrees...

Up front, Fritzy lifts the truck's hood and looks under it.

FRITZY (ON RADIO)
Two Police units, straight up...

INT. TRAILER OF TRUCK -- DAY

Inside the trailer of the truck, a ONE-EYED Team Member pens in Chappy's and Fritzy's radioed information on a drawing of the Dam site, silently pointing out assignments to Team Members. The DEMOLITIONS MAN obsessively hovers by the crates.

INT. TUNNEL DAM -- DAY

Carrie and Bud follow the Young Tour Guide through a long rock-lined tunnel back toward the elevators.

TOUR GUIDE
Some inspection and ventilation
tunnels were built into the Dam,
but basically it's...
(slapping a wall)
...solid concrete.

EXT. HIGHWAY OVER DAM -- DAY

A Dam Guard, CHARLEY (35), ambles over to Fritzy.

FRITZY
Hell of a place to break down.

CHARLEY
Want me to call you Road Service?

FRITZY

I think we got it under control.

Casting a quick glance back toward the cab of the truck...

INT. BIG-RIG, TOP OF DAM -- DAY

Through the windshield, Nuff watches the Guard with Fritzy.

NUFF (ON RADIO)

Okay, All-Stars, let's play some
hardball.

EXT. HIGHWAY NEAR DAM, NEVADA/ARIZONA SIDES -- DAY

On both the Nevada and Arizona sides of the Dam, the truck-driving Team Members brake and turn hard, jackknifing their respective rigs, blocking both lanes -- access to the Dam is cut off in seconds. As they sprint from their trucks...

EXT. DAM -- DAY

The back of the trailer opens. One-Eye signals the Team out.

Chappy pulls a concealed gun and turns on Charley the Dam Guard, whose back is to the railing.

CHAPPY

On your knees, hands behind your
head, and no...

DAM GUARD

What are you...?

Chappy FIRES, blowing Charley over the railing.

CHAPPY

...questions.

EXT. STAIRS, DAM -- DAY

Hearing echoing GUNFIRE, Mike and Erv look up to see a Guard tumble over the topside railing, sliding down the curved face of the Dam. As Mike and Erv look at each other, dumbfounded...

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- DAY

Nuff looks over the side.

NUFF

Pretty good slider.

Behind Nuff, Civilians are marched at gun-point into the Tourist Building and locked up. Nuff turns to the trucks.

NUFF (CONT.)
Bring 'em out!

As the two large crates of plastic explosives are unloaded from the back of the truck and wheeled down its ramp...

EXT. BASE OF DAM -- DAY

Horrified by what he's just seen...

ERV
My God, that was Charley...

Pulling the radio from his belt...

ERV (ON RADIO) (CONT.)
Slim, what the hell's going on?!

GUARD'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
Erv, we're under attack! Call...

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- DAY

A tall, angular Guard with a big Texas belt buckle, **SLIM** (50's), is gun-butted in the stomach, ending his transmission. Chappy grabs Slim's radio from the ground and...

CHAPPY
Hey, Coach!

...flips it arching through the air. Colonel Nuff snatches the radio out of the air...

CHAPPY (CONT.)
Guy named Erv...down below,
on the radio.

Nuff nods Slim's way. Placing his gun to Slim's head...

CHAPPY (CONT.)
Who's Erv?

SLIM
(gasping)
Guard...got a fishin' spot down
there or something.

Chappy looks over to his Boss.

NUFF
I got it.

Walking to the edge of the Dam and leaping up on the stone railing, looking down...

NUFF (ON RADIO)
Erv, how's the fishing?

EXT. BASE OF THE DAM -- DAY

Erv stands in the middle of the service road, straining to look up at the top of the Dam where, like a God, Nuff stands.

Mike is in the shadows -- he can see Nuff, but from the Colonel's perspective, he cannot be seen. The SCENES INTERCUT:

ERV (ON RADIO)
Who is this?

NUFF (ON RADIO)
Colonel Ezadia Nuff, United States
Air Force...retired.

ERV (ON RADIO)
Get the hell off my Dam!

NUFF (ON RADIO)
Erv? Unless they're really
biting...I'd think hard about
getting out of there...

ERV (ON RADIO)
Me?! It's you who better...

NUFF (ON RADIO)
...less you wanna bodysurf to
Mexico. Only twelve minutes to
takeoff, Erv. Cut your lines.

Nuff CLICKS off. Erv, astonished, turns to Mike.

MIKE
What's he talking about?

ERV
That son-of-a-bitch wants to blow up
Mr. Hoover!

On Mike's bewildered look up the Dam's massive sheer face...

INT. ARIZONA SIDE ELEVATOR HOUSE -- DAY

The beautifully inlaid bronze doors of the Arizona-side elevator open up, revealing the Tour Guide, Carrie, Bud and four other Tour Members. On the terrified looks on their faces...

THEIR POV -- the cold muzzle of Fritzy's weapon scans over them.

TOUR GUIDE
Who are...?

Blood flies as Fritzy's gun CHATTERS, spraying Bud, Carrie and the other Tourists, who drop to the floor faster than the Tour Guide's dead body.

FRITZY
Any more questions?

Activating the voice box mic around his neck...

FRITZY (CONT.) (ON RADIO)
Coach, last tour just arrived.

As Fritzy listens to Nuff's orders on his ear phone, Bud nods to Carrie, his eyes focused on the dead Tour Guide's radio. She nods back and inches closer to it.

Pointing his gun toward a metal spiral staircase that leads up from the elevator area...

FRITZY (CONT.)
Okay -- everyone up there.

Getting up, Carrie pulls the radio closer and backhands it to Bud, who slips it under his shirt. As they exit the elevator, Fritzy reaches in and flips the EMERGENCY STOP button.

FRITZY (CONT.)
(grinning)
Watch your step, please.

Moving past the building's open door to the metal stairs...

BUD AND CARRIE'S POV -- Nuff's Team Members roll first one, then a second crate, both labeled **USMC EXPLOSIVES -- CB-4**, toward the Nevada-side elevator building.

INT. NEVADA ELEVATOR BUILDING -- DAY

Nuff doesn't hesitate to lend a hand himself, setting down Slim's radio and putting his back into it. They shove the crates of explosives into the elevator -- a precise fit, filling the entire elevator space.

NUFF
Let's put this baby in play.

The timer is set to -- **10:00 minutes**.

As the doors of the Nevada-side elevator close on the crates of explosives...

INT. BATHROOM, ARIZONA ELEVATOR BUILDING -- DAY

Bud, Carrie and the other four Tour Members are hustled into a Men's bathroom above the elevator.

FRITZY

Sit tight.

(grinning)

You'll be outta here in a few minutes.

The heavy bronze door is SLAMMED shut, locking them in.

EXT. BASE OF THE DAM -- DAY

Moving as fast as Erv's old legs will propel him, toward the Generator House of the Dam...

ERV

(panting)

During WWII...drilled all the time... what to do...case of sabotage...

MIKE

What do we do?

ERV

We...stop 'em.

MIKE

That was the plan?! We did win that war, didn't we?

ERV

(gasping)

Gotta stop.

Sweat pours off of Erv. He is badly flushed. Erv's radio CRACKLES to life...

CARRIE'S VOICE (ON RADIO)

Anybody...can you hear me? Mayday!

Recognizing Carrie's voice, grabbing Erv's radio...

MIKE

Carrie, it's Mike. Where are you?

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Carrie's face lights up with hope.

FAT TOURIST WOMAN

Gonna get us all killed!

FAT WOMAN'S HUSBAND
 You heard what he said! They're
 gonna let us go!

Ignoring them...

CARRIE (ON RADIO)
 Mike, we're in the bathroom.
 On the Arizona side.

The SCENES INTERCUT:

MIKE (ON RADIO)
 I'm below you. By the Power Plant.

MIKE'S POV -- high above him, Carrie and Bud's faces poke out of the narrow casement window in the Arizona tower.

INT. NEVADA ELEVATOR BUILDING -- DAY

Every word that Carrie and Mike say to one another comes over Slim's radio...

...except there's no one around to hear. The radio lays on the beautiful marble-inlaid deco floor where the Colonel left it.

MIKE'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
 You gotta get out of there...

RESUMING PREVIOUS INTERCUT SCENES...

CARRIE (ON RADIO)
 Can't. We're locked in.

Bud grabs the radio from Carrie.

BUD (ON RADIO)
 We saw 'em loading crates of
 explosives...into the other
 elevator.

ERV
 Gonna crack her. Let the water
 pressure rip her apart.

MIKE (ON RADIO)
 Bud, can you get out that window?
 Use the wall seams?

Moving closer to Mike...

ERV
 Listen to me. We can stop 'em.

BUD (ON RADIO)
What about Carrie?

MIKE (ON RADIO)
Help her.
(to Erv)
Stop 'em how?

ERV
Drop the elevator.

MIKE
Drop it where?

ERV
To the bottom. Six hundred feet
thick...solid concrete. Cut it
loose and...

MIKE
Cut it loose?

ERV
If they can get back into their
Elevator, there's a Tunnel, 120 feet
down, that connects the two elevator
shafts. They can cross over to the
Nevada elevator, release the tie
bolts, and...

Erv points down hard, with authority -- the way the elevator will
go once the tie bolts are released.

MIKE
How you know the other elevator'll
be there?

ERV
I told you. I was drilled...
it's the Dam's weakest point.
Think they don't know that?

BUD (ON RADIO)
We're going out.

MIKE (ON RADIO)
Bud, one thing.

BUD (ON RADIO)
Don't look down?

MIKE (ON RADIO)
Yeah, that and...once you're
out...we got a little job to do.

BUD (ON RADIO)
How little?

MIKE (ON RADIO)
Erv'll tell you.

Mike hands the radio back to Erv.

BUD (ON RADIO)
Erv? You mean the water boy?

ERV (ON RADIO)
My blood and sweat's mixed in with
that concrete, son -- and she damn
sure ain't going down on my watch!

EXT. MARINE BASE -- DAY

Farmer, Hu and a Squad of Rangers scramble across the tarmac, bounding into their Assault Helicopters. As harnesses are CLASPED, helmets SNAPPED, visors DROPPED and jet THRUSTERS kick in...

INT. FARMER/HU HELICOPTERS -- DAY

Farmer and Hu fly in separate helicopters. As they communicate, Pilots and Rangers in the other Choppers listen in. INTERCUT:

HU (ON RADIO)
Two semis jack-knifed...either side
of the Dam. Totally cutting off the
facility.

FARMER (ON RADIO)
Any communication at all?

HU (ON RADIO)
Negative. They took it out in under
sixty. 29 Palms is sending in
ground troops.

FARMER (ON RADIO)
How long?

HU (ON RADIO)
Three, four hours.

FARMER (ON RADIO)
By then he'll be in Mexico. It's on
us. Worst case?

HU (ON RADIO)
If they blow the Dam...coming up on
video. Rand Corp. simulation.

As Hu patches her notebook computer into her helicopter's communication link...

...onboard the other Choppers, on their VIDEO SCREENS, we see a computer graphics simulation of the Hoover Dam failing --

-- the thick Dam wall cracks and gives
 -- in a few moments, the entire structure is washed away
 -- a massive wall of water races down the Colorado River gorge
 -- downstream cities are decimated like anthills
 -- secondary Dams below the Hoover crumble like match sticks
 -- the Imperial Valley, America's breadbasket, is flooded under ten feet of water.

As the final images are reflected off of Farmer's visor...

FARMER (ON RADIO)
 Welcome to fucking Atlantis.

HU (ON RADIO)
Radioactive Atlantis, he releases that plutonium. Wouldn't advise swimming in the Pacific...for a thousand years.

EXT. NEVADA SKY -- LATE DAY

The tight formation of Attack Helicopters race toward the Dam.

EXT. MARINA -- DAY

Devra slides down a steep embankment, dust flying up around her. She sprints the final way to a high-powered speedboat that waits at a small dock on Lake Mead.

TURNING OVER the boat's engine, she speaks into her radio collar.

DEVRA
 Moving out of Farm Club.
 Headed to the Big Leagues.

EXT. TOP OF THE DAM -- DAY

On top of the Dam, with long late afternoon shadows streaking across the canyon walls...

NUFF (ON RADIO)
 Pitching a no hitter. Come on down.

Behind Nuff, the Dam is quiet and secure. As his Team Members scan the overhead rocks and sky for signs of opposition...

...CAMERA CRANES out beyond where Chappy keeps watch, and over the side of the Dam, to see Bud and Carrie edging out of the bathroom window. With the narrowest of concrete seams for their toes and fingers to cling to -- they work their way around the back of the building to the corner. Peering around the side...

BUD'S POV -- he sees Chappy.

Bud motions for Carrie to hold up. She does, looking down...

CARRIE'S POV -- barely a half-inch of her toes are crammed into the concrete seam. Below her is the long, deadly fall over the Dam's sheer face.

GUSTING wind blows the sweat across her face. Her fingers quivering...

EXT. POWER PLANT WALL -- DAY

Mike scales the crevice where the rocky gorge wall connects with the concrete face of the four-story Power Plant exterior. Reaching the roof, looking up...

MIKE'S POV -- he sees Bud and Carrie hanging from the back of the elevator building.

MIKE
(to himself)
Hang on, Carrie.

EXT. ROOF OF POWER PLANT -- DAY

Sprinting across the Power Plant roof top...

...Mike comes to the crumbled body of the Guard (late 50's) who was thrown over the side. Blood seeps over his gold name tag that reads **CHARLEY**. A **30-YEAR** service pin is on his uniform shirt, proudly worn next to the name tag.

Pulling the radio from the dead Guard's belt...

MIKE (ON RADIO)
Erv?

ERV'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
That Charley's radio?

There is a momentary pause that confirms what Erv already knows.

MIKE (ON RADIO)
Yeah. I'm going in.

EXT. BASE OF DAM -- DAY

Erv is silhouetted in the shadows against the glowing sunlit face wall of the Dam.

ERV (ON RADIO)

Dead center, there's a metal door.
Takes you into a tiled hallway...

MIKE'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)

You know anything you tell me...
they can...

As he wipes a tear from his cheek, looking up...

ERV (ON RADIO)

Screw 'em. We got a job to do,
soldier.

Mike yanks open the metal door in the middle of the Dam and moves into the tiled hallway.

EXT. LAKE MEAD SIDE OF DAM -- DAY

Two powerboats, with Devra and Margo at their helms, speed across the water between the intake towers and ease up to the Lake Mead (upriver) side of the Dam.

Rope ladders are dropped down the side of the Dam. Team Members scale down, heavy duffle bags over their shoulders.

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- DAY

Chappy and Fritzzy break away from their Guard positions and move to Nuff, who stands at the top of the rope ladder.

EXT. ELEVATOR BUILDING -- DAY

Carrie tries to control her panicked breathing. Her eyes are closed. Bud touches her hand.

BUD

Carrie. Let's go.

CARRIE

Bud. My fingers...

BUD

You can do it...

Carefully removing one of her hands and placing it on his arm...

BUD (CONT.)

...hang onto me, we'll move
together. Little steps.

Bud eases around the corner of the elevator tower.

BUD (CONT.)

Just around the corner...

Carrie's toe-hold gives -- she slips -- only her hand clamped to Bud's arm holds her. Her extra weight on Bud's tentative finger and toe-holds cause his face to explode in pain and effort. He can barely hold on. Still, releasing one arm, he muscles her up next to him. Safe. For the moment.

CARRIE

Sorry.

Gazing at Mike's engagement ring that sparkles on her finger...

BUD

That's one heavy ring.

Edging their way to the low railing of the Dam...

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- DAY

Nuff descends the ladder to the boats. Fritzy and Chappy lean over the side, watching him.

NUFF

See you in town.

As Nuff joins the other Team Members in the speedboats...

DEVRA

Stay dry, boys.

Unseen, behind Fritzy and Chappy, Carrie and Bud sneak over the low concrete railing and dash into the elevator building.

As the speedboats head off across the Reservoir...

INT. ARIZONA ELEVATOR -- DAY

Bud and Carrie enter the Arizona Elevator House and board the elevator, the door just closing an instant before...

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- DAY

...Chappy and Fritzy turn from watching the speedboats race across the lake.

CHAPPY

Last look around?

FRITZY
 Might as well take it all in...
 (grinning)
 while it's still here.

As they move off...

INT. ARIZONA ELEVATOR -- DAY

Carrie hits the emergency stop on the descending elevator. With a CHUNK, the car halts. Bud chins himself up and pushes back the overhead trap door.

INT. ARIZONA ELEVATOR SHAFT -- DAY

Pulling himself onto the top of the elevator, in the dim light of the shaft, he sees the open mouth of the horizontal Crossover Tunnel. Reaching back into the elevator for Carrie...

BUD
 There it is...

...and one-arming her up and out...

BUD (CONT.)
 ...just like Erv said.

Bud looks around, there is barely enough room between the elevator and its shaft for a man to fit through.

CARRIE
 Where's Mike?

BUD
 He'll be here. C'mon, up you go.

Bud hoists Carrie up into the dark, gritty Crossover Tunnel and then follows. As they run into the gloom...

INT. TILE CORRIDOR, DAM -- DAY

Mike races down the shiny marble floor of the sharply curved, windowless hallway and slides to a stop. Muscling open the ornate elevator doors...

INT. ARIZONA ELEVATOR SHAFT -- DAY

...Mike looks up to see the elevator car stopped several hundred feet above him.

MIKE (ON RADIO)
 I'm in the shaft.

Stuffing the radio into his back pocket, Mike takes hold of the two thick elevator cables, three feet apart, that trail down from the car. With one hand on each greasy cable, he climbs, pulling himself up, one viselike handhold after another.

INT. CROSSOVER TUNNEL -- DAY

Bud pulls a heavy equipment wrench off the wall and hands it to Carrie. Taking down the big sledge...

CARRIE (ON RADIO)
We're in the tool room.

Taking the radio from her and moving forward in the Tunnel...

BUD (ON RADIO)
Mike, you gonna help us or what?

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT -- DAY

As Mike, covered in sweat, strains to power up the cables...

MIKE
(to himself)
Sorry...just getting off my break.

EXT. BASE OF THE DAM -- DAY

Erv checks his watch.

ERV (ON RADIO)
Four minutes.

INT. CROSSOVER TUNNEL -- DAY

Bud and Carrie shoulder open a thick metal door and...

INT. ARIZONA ELEVATOR SHAFT -- DAY

...come to the end of the Crossover Tunnel, where it intersects the Nevada-side elevator shaft. Six feet below them is the top of the other elevator, the one crammed with explosives.

BUD'S POV -- a series of heavy bolts hold the elevator to its support cable...

BUD (ON RADIO)
Lot of bolts.

ERV'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
Should be three main ones.

Leaping down onto the top of the elevator, Bud fits the huge open wrench around the first of the three main bolts. As he and Carrie put all their weight into muscling it free...

INT. ARIZONA ELEVATOR SHAFT -- DAY

Mike's within fifty feet of the elevator. His shoulder muscles and biceps strain, bursting out of his sweat-soaked T-shirt. Catching his breath for the final feet of the climb...

MIKE'S POV -- the bottom of the shaft is a dark, dizzying hundreds of feet down.

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- DAY

Chappy and Fritzzy finish their rounds. Looking into the Nevada Elevator building, Fritzzy spots the Colonel's radio on the ground. Stooping to pick it up and keying it on...

FRITZY (ON RADIO)
(like an Announcer)
Hey Sports Fans! It's Bomb Day at
the Park!

INTERCUT -- from their various positions, Erv, Mike, Bud and Carrie grimly hear Fritzzy's radio announcing.

BACK TO THE SCENE -- as Fritzzy and Chappy head toward the Arizona side elevator building...

FRITZY (ON RADIO) (CONT.)
It's a lovely evening for this
double-header extravaganza. First
game will be filled with "explosive
action". Second game we take it on
the road to...

INT. ARIZONA ELEVATOR BUILDING -- DAY

...reaching the Arizona Elevator Building, Chappy stops his brother, confused.

CHAPPY
Where's the elevator?

FRITZY
(defensive)
I'm sure I locked it up here...

Pointing to the overhead floor indicator...

CHAPPY
Well, it's not here, is it?! God
damnit, Fritzzy. Fucking around...

Fritzzy turns off the radio and stuffs it into his back pocket.

Smashing the glass of the fireman's key box next to the elevator with his hand, and taking the key out...

FRITZY

I wasn't fucking around!

INT. ARIZONA ELEVATOR SHAFT -- DAY

Exhausted, Mike is within feet of the bottom of the elevator when he hears the SHRIEKING of the exterior elevator doors above being SLID open. As he looks nervously up...

INT. ARIZONA ELEVATOR BUILDING -- DAY

Chappy and Fritzzy lean into the vertical shaft. They open FIRE on the elevator stopped below.

INT. ARIZONA ELEVATOR SHAFT -- DAY

Bullets RICOCHET off the walls. Chunks of wood and metal rain down, on and around Mike, who hangs on with one arm, covering up with the other.

INT. NEVADA ELEVATOR SHAFT -- DAY

GUNFIRE BOOMS through the Crossover Tunnel. Carrie looks sick with concern. She and Bud intensify their efforts. The first of the three bolts SNAPS free.

INT. ARIZONA ELEVATOR SHAFT -- DAY

Mike's arms and shoulder muscles scream. His grasp slips as...

...suddenly the elevator starts to descend. Mike's tortuous climbing effort is being undone at five feet a second.

Recklessly, Mike swings, building side-to-side momentum. He releases the cable and flies out into space, barely catching hold of a narrow concrete ledge.

With his fingertips digging into the concrete -- the elevator plummets down on him!

Pressing himself flat against the wall, the elevator SCRAPES painfully over Mike's back, threatening to drag him clean off the wall. He loses his grip...

...holding on with one hand, Mike sees Fritzzy and Chappy's silhouettes in the elevator door above. They lob objects down...

Hand grenades fly right past Mike, landing with a THUD on top of the descending elevator.

The CONCUSSION of the grenades' explosion in the solid concrete shaft is deafening. As shards of metal RIP into the bottom of his shoes, Mike's grip slips away. Desperately, he KICKS off the wall, sailing through the smoky, dusty void...

...and wraps his arms around the elevator cable again.

Beneath him, the shattered, burning elevator car falls, CRASHING to the bottom of the shaft.

As Mike struggles to catch his breath...

INT. ARIZONA ELEVATOR BUILDING -- DAY

THE BROTHERS' POV -- the shaft is filled with smoke and dust.

Chappy pulls his brother away.

CHAPPY

Two minutes. Let's go.

Frustrated at his brother's harsh judgement, Fritzzy unleashes a farewell BLAST of machine gun fire into the smoke.

INT. ARIZONA ELEVATOR SHAFT -- DAY

Bullets ZING and PING around Mike -- one grazing across his shoulder. As blood seeps over his chest, Mike renews his agonizing climb up the cable toward the Crossover Tunnel.

INT. NEVADA ELEVATOR SHAFT -- DAY

The second of the massive bolts POPS free. Only one remains as Carrie stares longingly at the Crossover Tunnel.

BUD

Carr...help me.

As they put all of their muscle and weight into the last remaining bolt -- it doesn't budge.

BUD (CONT.)

C'mon, you son of a bitch!

INT. ARIZONA ELEVATOR SHAFT -- DAY

Mike has climbed above the Crossover Tunnel. Taking a few fast, deep breaths -- he leaps for the tunnel -- his bare forearms just making the grade. He hangs there -- feet dangling in space, his hands cramped closed, useless, from the climb.

EXT. BASE OF DAM -- DAY

Erv moves to the center of the lower service road, where he has an undisturbed view of the majestic Dam.

ERV
All those men, all that work...

INT. NEVADA ELEVATOR SHAFT -- DAY

Bud and Carrie strain with the last bolt. It will not budge.

BUD
Pull!...c'mon!!!

As they strain every muscle, the elevator car suddenly ROCKS precariously. Frightened, they turn to see...

...Mike, who has landed, leaping from the Crossover Tunnel and onto the elevator top, next to them.

MIKE
Need a hand?

Reaching to grab the wrench with them, Mike can't -- his hands cramped closed. Mike RAMS his hands into the shaft wall, straightening out his curled digits -- the hard way. After Mike's YELP of pain...

Together they wrap their hands around the massive wrench.

BUD
On three. Everything you got.
Ready...one...two...

Straining and then straining harder -- every fiber in their collective muscles screaming...

MIKE
Turn...turn...TURN!!!

It doesn't. Mike sees the sledge. He needs room.

MIKE (CONT.)
Carr, up!

Mike boosts her up to the Crossover Tunnel.

Raising the sledge, Mike brings it down on the wrench -- nothing. And again -- nothing. But on the third try...

...the bolt CREAKS and ever so slowly -- turning. Like a finishing fighter, Mike slaps at the wrench, hitting it two more fast shots.

BUD
Once this bolt's out...
she's gonna fall like a...

Bud never finishes. The bolt SNAPS and FLIES off. The elevator CREAKS -- just once -- then drops.

Mike and Bud leap for the Crossover Tunnel ledge. Mike grabs hold. Bud misses, sliding down Mike's body, clinging to his blood-soaked shirt. Mike's tired arms hold both of them.

As the elevator bounds off the sides of the shaft, sparks flying, metal SCREECHING...

MIKE

Over me!

Bud does just that, reaching the Crossover Tunnel.

INT. CROSSOVER TUNNEL -- DAY

Bud and Carrie reach down and pull Mike up. They barely have time to slam and bolt shut the heavy metal door, then duck into a niche in the wall, when...

...the elevator hits the bottom of the shaft and EXPLODES.

With the six-hundred-foot-thick walls at the base of the Dam containing the blast, the fiery force of the explosion finds release...

...anywhere it can.

Flames and unrelenting force RIP up the shaft. With Bud's body protecting Carrie, and Mike's protecting them both...

...the metal door is BLOWN off its hinges...

...followed by a scalding INFERNO of flames. Huddling together, the flames SEAR past them.

INT. GENERATOR ROOM, BASE OF DAM -- DAY

As the Generators WHIRR loudly, unconcerned...

...ornate bronze elevator doors are MORTARED across the massive Generator Room at two-hundred-miles-per...

...SLAMMING into the far wall, two hundred yards distant -- a two-ton frozen rope.

A flash flood of fire ROARS out the elevator doors, as hallways and offices deep in the Dam are PUNCHED by the inferno's blazing, consuming heat.

EXT. BOULDER CITY -- DAY

Highway Patrol and Police Cars SPEED through the quiet town, past the BOULDER CITY DINER, when the bomb's powerful CONCUSSION hits. Plate glass windows SHATTER. Lamp poles sway.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Scores of Police Cars escort an endless line of 29 PALMS Military Transport Trucks across the vast desert. The convoy passes a road sign: HOOVER DAM -- 80 MILES, when the distant explosion BOOMS basso profundo over the desert.

INT. LEAD MILITARY TRUCK -- DAY

MILITARY BRASS look at one another in disbelief.

BRASS #1
Jesus, we're eighty miles away.

BRASS #2
Upriver, I hope.

EXT. SHORE OF COLORADO RIVER, BELOW DAM -- DAY

From his downriver vantage point, Erv watches, amazed...

ERV'S POV -- fiery force RAGES out of every door, window and vent on the curved face of the massive structure -- a sieve of unrelenting CONFLAGRATION.

INT. BATHROOMS, ELEVATOR HOUSE -- DAY

Curtains of flame ROAR past the bathroom window. The Tourists locked inside the bathroom SCREAM in terror. Inlaid marble on the floor smokes and buckles in the extreme heat.

EXT. BEACH, LAKE MEAD -- DAY

Standing by his beached boat, with Devra starting up a Helicopter behind him, Nuff watches as a thousand foot geyser of flame shoots into the darkening sky.

NUFF
Very impressive.

The smile soon slides from his face. He stares at the undisturbed surface of the water.

NUFF (CONT.)
...should be dropping...

EXT. SHORE OF COLORADO RIVER, BELOW DAM -- DAY

The flames subside. Erv cracks a smile.

ERV'S POV -- the Dam stands proudly intact. Scorched, but uncracked. Unbowed to the menace. Almost proud.

Erv swings his radio up to his lips...

ERV (ON RADIO)
Mike. Mr. Hoover held!

INT. CROSSOVER TUNNEL -- DAY

Mike staggers back into the Crossover Tunnel. The back of his charred shirt flakes away from the fireburst. Everything is smoking and red hot. Reaching for his radio in his back pocket...

...he finds it a molten blob of plastic. Carrie, shielded by the two men, hands him her radio, still intact.

MIKE (ON RADIO)
Mr. H's one tough kid, Erv.

ERV'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
Damn right! Over-built two hundred percent. Experts say when the big one comes -- canyon walls'll fall before the Dam.

Bud snags the radio from Mike.

BUD (ON RADIO)
Hey, Erv -- that's very enlightening. But how do we get out of here?!

ERV (OVER RADIO)
Middle of the Crossover, find a vent shaft. Little tricky, but she'll take you up.

CARRIE
Great. Feel like I'm in a tomb down here.

MIKE
(smiling)
Or a casino.

As the three weary heroes head down Crossover Tunnel toward the vent shaft...

EXT. NEVADA SHORE BY DAM -- DAY

From the high ground, Fritzzy and Chappy can't believe their eyes...

THEIR POV -- the Nevada Elevator Building has been blown completely away. The Arizona Elevator Building is badly scorched, but other than that...

NUFF'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)

Report.

CHAPPY (ON RADIO)

Not a crack.

EXT. BEACH, LAKE MEAD -- DAY

Nuff motions for Devra and Margo to kill the chopper engines.

NUFF (ON RADIO)

We're coming back.

On Nuff's signal, they all race back to the speedboats.

NUFF (ON RADIO) (CONT.)

Stay alert. Time switched sides.

EXT. NEWS HELICOPTER, SKIES OVER NEVADA -- DAY

The K-NEWS-9 Copter blurs by at top speed.

TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (ON RADIO) (OVER)

K-News-9, you are in restricted air space. Turn around at once. Repeat -- you are interfering with a Military objective...

INT. NEWS HELICOPTER -- DAY

The REPORTER turns down the radio, ignoring the Military command. He points the PILOT and VIDEO CAMERAMAN toward the pillar of black smoke on the horizon.

PILOT

Public's right to know, huh?

REPORTER

Screw the public -- our right to be on CNN!

As the News Helicopter hurries toward the Dam...

EXT. SKIES OVER NEVADA -- DAY

A Squadron of Military Attack Helicopters SCREAMS past.

INT. HELICOPTER(S), SKIES OVER NEVADA -- DAY

Farmer scans the horizon in his chopper.

FARMER'S POV -- the distant column of black smoke spreads out into the darkening sky.

INTERCUTTING between the Attack Helicopters:

FRAMER (ON RADIO)
Least there's no mushroom cloud.

Hu, in another chopper, listens in on her headset, then...

HU (ON RADIO)
Mac...Dam held.

FARMER (ON RADIO)
Thank God.

PILOT #1 (ON RADIO)
Why the hell would he do it, anyway?
What's it gain him?

HU (ON RADIO)
Revenge perhaps...on a country he
thinks betrayed him.

PILOT #2
Betrayed him?! He disobeyed direct
orders! In a combat theatre!

FARMER (ON RADIO)
No. Ezadia would never give this
kind of attention to simple revenge.

HU (ON RADIO)
Whatever it is, once it gets dark,
you know he's as good as gone.

Farmer exhales subtly, then checks his watch.

FARMER (ON RADIO)
An hour. How wide's that canyon?

HU (ON RADIO)
Downriver's a no approach. Too
narrow. Reservoir side's...quarter
mile at best. Not a lot of room to
maneuver.

FARMER (ON RADIO)
I'll take Scott in on my wing. Rest
of you stay back with the Major.

HU (ON RADIO)
General, you sure?

FARMER (ON RADIO)
 This time he's going down...
 and staying there.

As Hu listens on her headset...

HU (ON RADIO)
 Local Police are going in.

FARMER (ON RADIO)
 That's a mistake.

EXT. HIGHWAY NEAR DAM, NEVADA SIDE -- DAY

Boulder City Police and Highway Patrol cars surround Devra's overturned tractor-trailer truck. Tow trucks start dragging the trailer off the road, when...

...a massive EXPLOSION (a booby trap rigged into the trailer) obliterates the eighteen-wheeler, incinerating the tow trucks and sending the Police diving for cover.

As the napalm inferno BLAZES across the road...

INT. VENT TUNNELS -- DAY

In the dark vertical vent tunnels, Carrie, Mike and Bud brace their backs against one side of the narrow shaft -- their feet on the other side. They inch their way up the sheer tunnels to the top. Carrie is first, Mike next.

ERV'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
 Top of the shaft'll be a horizontal
 tunnel...

Just as Erv predicted, a level tunnel intersects the vertical. Carrie reaches the flat area and gratefully stretches out. The other two join her.

BUD
 Guy knows every inch of this rock.

CARRIE
 Speaking of rocks...

Carrie positions the diamond right in front of Mike's face, confronting him.

CARRIE (CONT.)
 ...wanna explain this?

Bud gives Mike a big smirk, loving it.

MIKE

Carrie, you know I love you.
You know I'd do anything for you.

CARRIE

Is there something I don't know?

MIKE

Maybe you don't know...I don't
know...how big a hole there'd be in
me...in everything, without you.

CARRIE

So you're asking me to marry you?

MIKE

Yeah.

CARRIE

So?

MIKE

So?

BUD

I think you have to ask her.
(priming him)
You know, the "Carrie will you..."

ERV (ON RADIO)

Mike, can you hear me?

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- DAY

Fritzy flips on the Dam radio, just in time to hear...

ERV'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)

Mike, you there?

CHAPPY

Mike? Who's Mike?!

FRITZY

Friend o' Erv's, I guess.

INT. VENT TUNNELS -- DAY

BUD (ON RADIO)

He's a little busy just now, Erv.

Mike is just getting on one knee before Carrie, when Erv's radio
broadcast CRACKLES through.

ERV'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)

Well, tell him to get unbusy...

EXT. BASE OF DAM -- DAY

Erv stands at the base of the Dam, looking at...

ERV'S POV -- from the fire-blackened bathroom window that Carrie and Bud crawled out of, the terrified Tourists SCREAM for help.

ERV (ON RADIO)
...folks still trapped in that
bathroom your friends came out of.

A second EXPLOSION, from the Arizona side (the other bobby-trapped semi) rips through the quiet.

INT. VENT TUNNELS -- DAY

As the EXPLOSION reverberates over the radio, the three look at each other. Mike takes the radio from Bud...

MIKE (ON RADIO)
Erv, what's going on out there?

ERV'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
(looking around)
Hell if I know. Mike, those folks
are hurt.

BUD
Hey -- we did our good deed for the
millennium.

...and looks over at Carrie's frightened eyes...

MIKE
(to Bud)
Get Carrie out of here.
(on radio)
Erv, get me on my horse.

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- DAY

As Fritzy and Chappy continue to listen in...

EXT. BASE OF THE DAM -- DAY

ERV (ON RADIO)
Shaft'll take you to stairs. Go up
those and...

Suddenly, Erv goes quiet. Mike tenses.

MIKE'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
Erv. What is it?

The K-NEWS-9 News Copter sweeps by low, BUZZING the Dam, the Camera Man hanging out the window.

ERV (ON RADIO)
One of those damn News thingies...

INT. NEWS HELICOPTER -- DAY

The Reporter's cocky face smirks out the window. Listening on his headphones...

REPORTER
(to Cameraman)
That's it! We're national. Live feed.
(to the Pilot)
Get in tight.

EXT. SPEED BOAT -- DAY

As the two speed boats race back toward the Dam, Colonel Nuff, irritated, listens to Chappy and Fritzzy on his radio.

FRITZY'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
Your fishing buddy, Erv -- he caught a big one. Some Mike guy.

NUFF (ON RADIO)
That supposed to be funny?

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- DAY

Fritzzy straightens at the stinging rebuke.

FRITZY (ON RADIO)
No sir.

CHAPPY (ON RADIO)
He's in the vent system. With two others. Moving to the Nevada steps.

EXT. SPEED BOAT -- DAY

Nuff looks at his watch, at the skies, then at the solid Dam...

NUFF
No more jokes. No more surprises.

EXT. LAKE MEAD -- DAY

Like two large angry dragonflies, Farmer and his Wingman's Cobra helicopter gunships swing in hot off the desert, moving fast over the vast waters of Lake Mead, toward the distant Dam.

INT. FARMER'S HELICOPTER -- DAY

HU'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
 General, on your monitor...
 there's a News bird in there.

CLICKING on the TV monitor mounted in the instrument panel of his helicopter, Farmer sees...

INSERT TV MONITOR -- the live video feed from K-NEWS-9. The News CAMERA is trained on Mike, who sprints across the charred upper level of the Dam and into the elevator building where the Tourists are trapped.

FARMER (ON RADIO)
 Who the hell's that?

HU'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
 Some civilian. He's not armed.

...the TV CAMERA SWISH PANS to Fritzy and Chappy rushing across the roadway, carrying their automatic weapons.

FARMER (ON RADIO)
 Poor bastard.

EXT. ARIZONA-SIDE ELEVATOR BUILDING -- DAY

Mike helps the trapped Tourists out of the building, pointing them toward safety...

MIKE
 Run. Get the hell out of here...

...when automatic weapons fire RIPS around him. Mike turns to see Fritzy and Chappy bearing down on him. Mike moves for the Nevada-side stairs, the brothers giving chase.

EXT. LAKE MEAD -- DAY

Nuff's two boats are nearly at the Dam, when coming at them low and evasive...

INT. COBRA GUNSHIP(S) -- DAY

INTERCUT: As Farmer and SCOTT (25), a young hawkeye Pilot, zero in on Nuff's boats...

SCOTT (ON RADIO)
 On you, General.

FARMER (ON RADIO)
 Ready...

EXT. SPEEDBOAT(S), LAKE MEAD -- DAY

Watching the Cobras closing on them...

NUFF

Fire!!

EXT. SKY OVER LAKE MEAD -- DAY

As the Cobras blaze FIRE at the speedboats with their cannon and machine guns, bullets POPPING across the water...

...from the back of each speedboat...

...two pairs of ground-to-air missiles streak up and away, their crossing pattern leaving the Cobras precious little space to maneuver.

Scott's helicopter takes a direct hit -- the formidable military helicopter is BLASTED into a FIREBALL.

Farmer swings side-to-side, evading two rockets -- and nearly the third, which nips his Cobra's tail, sending it spinning into the drink.

INT. NEWS HELICOPTER -- DAY

The Reporter is nearly orgasmic, watching Farmer's helicopter go down.

REPORTER

Now that's news!

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- DAY

The speedboats pull up to the Dam.

NUFF

Let's go! Hustle!! Keep the edge!

Team Members charge up the ladder and into the back of the semi. Mega-caliber automatic weapons are pulled out and set up in defensive positions. Devra mans one, Margo the other.

Pointing in disgust at the nosy News Helicopter ZIPPING over the remains of Farmer's shattered copter...

NUFF (CONT.)

And get rid of that pest!

The big caliber automatic weapons OPEN UP on the News Helicopter.

INT. K-NEWS-9 HELICOPTER -- DAY

The Newscopter is RIDDLED with shells. The Pilot is mortally hit. The Reporter and Cameraman can only SCREAM a moment, before the copter EXPLODES out of the sky.

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- DAY

The remaining Team Members, led by One-Eye and the Demolitions Man, lug heavy duffle bags out of the semi. Tying off ropes to the Dam railing, the six rappel down over the Dam face.

In seconds they are on the roof of the Power Plant and quickly disperse -- three to each of the two Generator Rooms, that are on opposite sides of the canyon floor.

NUFF (ON RADIO)

Fritzy, where the hell are you?

EXT. NEVADA SIDE STAIRS -- DAY

Fritzy and Chappy race down the stairs after Mike.

FRITZY (ON RADIO)

Erv's buddy...moving down Nevada-side stairs.

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- DAY

NUFF

Devra, go! Run 'em down!

In three huge bounds, eating up several hundred feet at a time, Devra rappels down the side of the Dam. Landing on the Power Plant roof, she sprints for the Nevada-side stairs.

EXT. STAIRS, DAM -- DAY

Mike bounds down the narrow and uneven stone steps, heading for the base of the Dam. Sprinting all out, rounding an outcropping he runs into...

...Bud and Carrie, who are coming back up the steps.

CARRIE

One of them's coming up.

With the ECHOING footsteps of Fritzy and Chappy closing in from above, Mike and Bud frantically look around. They are trapped on a narrow stairway, the smooth wall of the Dam on one side, the jagged cliff on the other, when...

...the canyon SHAKES. Two Air Force reconnaissance jets SCREAM past overhead.

BUD
Gotta climb.

CARRIE
Mike, I don't know...

Pushing her tight into a crevice of the outcropping, out of sight...

MIKE
We'll lead 'em off. Get to Erv and get out.

CARRIE
I'd rather be with you.

MIKE
(winking)
Rest of your life.

Turning away, Mike and Bud rapidly scale the rocky wall. Carrie forces herself deeper into the niche, hiding. Within seconds...

Fritzy and Chappy, who descend the stairs, run into Devra, who ascends.

DEVRA
Where the hell are they?

From her hiding place, Carrie could reach out and tap them on the shoulder, or they could turn and see her, but instead...

...loose rocks from Mike and Bud's ascent tumble down. Devra and the others move to the side, craning their necks upward.

THEIR POV -- like mountain goats, Mike and Bud have scampered halfway up the cliff face -- and they're not slowing down. Looming high above them are the electrical towers, their thick high-tension cables HUMMING with juice, spanning the canyon.

From her hiding place, Carrie can now only hear -- and not see -- the Three Team Members.

DEVRA (OFF) (CONT.)
Let's go.

Hearing their FOOTSTEPS move off, Carrie eases out of the crevice and looks both ways. No one in sight. Moving quickly, she heads down the stairs, until...

...from out of an indenture in the wall, a gun butt jams out, SLAMMING into the side of Carrie's head. Carrie crashes to the ground. Devra steps out, smiling.

DEVRA (ON RADIO)
Strike one, Coach.

EXT. CANYON WALLS, DAM -- DAY

Climbing rapidly, Mike and Bud see Chappy and Fritzy follow the winding stairway, closing in on them.

Mike spins around, taking in the surrounding terrain -- they are rapidly running out of room to maneuver. Gazing at the electrical tower that hangs over the cliffside and boasts signs that read: **DANGER HIGH VOLTAGE...**

Mike attacks the tower, scaling it. The wires overhead CRACKLE and HISS ominously.

BUD
Mike, there's a a god-zillion watts of juice in those. Touch the tower and cable at the same time...get grounded, and...

MIKE
(nodding)
Move over, bacon.

Bud, seeing their Pursuers closing, follows.

EXT. ELECTRICAL TOWER -- DAY

Bud and Mike are poised at the top of the tower, by the cables. There is no room for error. A miss will sending them falling a thousand feet. Touching the tower and cable at the same time will fry them.

MIKE (CONT.)
On three?

BUD
(quickly)
One-two...

They leap, Mike first, Bud behind, grabbing the same cable. On his swingback, Bud's foot comes within inches of brushing the deadly tower.

With their legs wrapped around the cable and their bulging arms pulling hard, the two move swiftly, a thousand feet over the canyon. They are more than halfway across, when...

...Fritzy and Chappy reach the base of the tower. As the brothers swivel their heads, trying to locate Mike and Bud...

NUFF'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
Report!

Fritzzy spots Mike and Bud.

FRITZZY (ON RADIO)
I got 'em! On the lines!

Raising their automatic weapons...

NUFF'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
Hold up!

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- DAY

Margo hands the Colonel a high-powered rifle with scope.

NUFF
I hate playing catchup ball!!!

Moving to the edge of the railing, the Colonel raises the rifle and takes aim.

NUFF'S RIFLE SIGHTS -- the high-powered gun lines up on Bud, then slides forward to Mike. From his precarious perch, Mike turns -- looking right into the sights. The sights move off Mike and settle on the power cable, directly between the two Climbers.

As the retort of a high-powered shell RESONATES...

EXT. CABLE -- DAY

The bullet RIPS through the cable between Mike and Bud. Sparks EXPLODE. Flames lick along the thick plastic coating. The steel strands begin to unravel...

Mike and Bud clasp wrists, trying to take the strain off the cable...to hold it together. All they've got to hang onto...

...is each other.

BUD
Mike, promise me...

MIKE
Just hold on!

BUD
Don't let 'em put me...

Mike sees the electrical strands snapping fast.

BUD (CONT.)
...in any damn hole.

The cable gives -- only their own power holds them together. With the cable's heft pulling at them, their hands slip away. From wrist...to mere fingers...to...

BUD (CONT.)
(hollow-eyed)
See you...

MIKE
Bud!

...nothing. Their fingertips give. The broken line swings each of them, wildly -- in opposite directions.

Mike, on the shorter stretch of cable, careens toward the far canyon wall. The centrifugal force nearly rips him from the line. Closing on the far cliff wall, high over concrete, Mike contorts and twists, climbing the line, barely avoiding touching the wall -- and sure electrocution.

Meanwhile, Bud, on the longer line, pendulums down, back in the direction they were coming from. As he nears the water below, he is forced to release his line. He plunges deep into the water, alive. As he swims desperately for the far shore, by the Power Plant, the high-power cable snakes violently about on the concrete, finally dipping into the water by Bud...

Bud's body bursts into flames as the entire basin CRACKLES with electricity.

MIKE
(shouting)
BUD!!!

...the massive electrical breaker boxes at the base of the tower EXPLODE in a dizzying display of SPARKS, neutralizing the powerful cable just moments before...

EXT. DOWNRIVER BASIN -- DAY

...Mike lets go of his cable and falls several hundred feet into the smoking water. Sinking deep and then powerfully stroking for the surface...

...Mike swims with all his might, reaching Bud's scorched, lifeless body. Bud's fingers and arms are charred black. His body steams. His face is frozen in a death mask of pain.

As Mike holds him...

EXT. DOWNRIVER MILITARY CAMP -- DAY

Military Helicopters ROTOR in. As CAMERA moves into one of the Military Trailers...

INT. MILITARY TRAILER -- DAY

Crowding the trailer are POLICE BRASS, ELECTRICAL PERSONNEL, DAM SUPERVISORS and a handful of MILITARY.

POLICE BRASS #1

Why the hell aren't your people
doing something about this?

All eyes turn to Major Hu, who is busily occupied on her computer in the corner of the Trailer.

POLICE BRASS #2

He's one of yours. You're trained
for this shit.

Without looking up...

HU

No one's trained for this shit.
General Farmer thought he was --
now he's dead.

(glaring)

You get any bright ideas, let me
know -- so I can get out of the way.

The trailer goes quiet, the Police Brass looking away.

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- DAY

Carrie's eyes blink open. She looks up to find her head cradled in Mike's lap. He is seated on the curb of the Dam's roadway. Nearby, Devra goes through Carrie's wallet and papers. As she looks around...

CARRIE

Where's Bud?

Mike just shakes his head. Carrie's eyes start to mist up, her lower lip trembling.

Nuff, Devra and Margo move over to them. Holding her wallet...

NUFF

I see you're a helicopter pilot,
Miss Deighan. So are Devra and
Margo.

DEVRA

Flew the Colonel into Baghdad,
middle of Desert Storm.

MARGO

So low we were using street signs
to navigate.

MIKE

Now you got nothing better to do?

Nuff focuses squarely on Mike, who, unblinking, stares back.

NUFF

Hey -- I served this country.
Twenty years. I was retired,
coaching Little League, and they
came to me for a little help. No
problem, I've done a few "delicate"
jobs for my country before.

(building)

They ask me to lead a mission...kind
of mission they don't want ties to.
So I put this team together.

His thumb and finger an inch apart, pissed...

NUFF (CONT.)

We're this close to blowing
Hussein's brains all over fuckin'
Baghdad, when they put it on hold
-- didn't want to "destabilize the
region".

DEVRA

Meanwhile, we're trapped in the
fucking Palace!

NUFF

Two minutes of that bullshit,
and I make a better deal.

CARRIE

With Hussein?

NUFF

He's still alive, isn't he?

(pause, slower)

He doesn't know I'm not supposed to
kill him, so he's grateful.

MIKE

How grateful?

NUFF

A little money, safe escort out.
Looks like a happy ending all
around. Miller-time. Until...

DEVRA
They betrayed the Colonel.

NUFF
My best friend puts a gun to my head
-- all of a sudden it's "come
quietly, traitor".

CARRIE
And this -- this evens the score?

NUFF
Lady, they put me in the ground!
Two hundred feet down. Buried me
alive. I don't think so.
(on radio)
How you doing?

INT. ARIZONA GENERATOR ROOM, DAM -- DAY

One-Eye, the Demolitions Man and a third Team Member busily place charges on the massive generators. The NOISE in the block-long room is deafening.

ONE-EYE'S VOICE (ON RADIO)
HALF-WAY!

The Demolitions Man spins his forefinger around in a circle to One-Eye, indicating he should take a look around.

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- DAY

Turning back to Mike and Carrie...

NUFF
I must admit, I admire what you did
here, saving this concrete cork.
You were very brave...resourceful.
Qualities...

Pulling his side arm...

NUFF (CONT.)
...I'd rather not face again.

MIKE
Then you better kill me right now.

NUFF
You read my mind.

...and aiming it at Mike...

Mike springs forward -- headspearing the Colonel in the solar plexus. Margo FIRES at Mike, who drops under her murderous greeting, rolling into her knees, CRACKING her tibia like a Saltine. Grabbing Carrie's arm, Mike pulls her with him to and over the railing...

EXT. LAKE MEAD -- DAY

Free-falling fifty feet, Mike and Carrie SPLASH into Lake Mead.

UNDERWATER, automatic weapons' FIRE bursts around them, bullets PEPPERING the surface, twisting crazily into the water.

Holding his breath, Mike motions to where the two speedboats are tied up. They swim underwater toward the boats...

Fritzy and Chappy scale down the rope ladder.

Mike and Carrie surface behind the bow of one of the boats.

MIKE

Ready?

Mike eases to the bow of the IDLING boat and unties it. Kicking off the side of the Dam, the boat swings out into the Lake.

From atop the Dam, Devra shouts down to Fritzy...

DEVRA

Boat's loose!

Mike muscles up and into the boat, staying low and pulling Carrie in after him. He shifts the boat into forward and GUNS it, the boat ROARING away.

Chappy and Fritzy reach the second boat, Fritzy burying the throttle. Both boats race out into the Lake.

As Mike TEARS through a series of tight turns at the Lake's shoreline, looking for escape...

...Mike sees a man in the water, clinging onto the ruins of his downed military helicopter, waving desperately at them.

It's Farmer.

Mike cuts his speed and without stopping, yanks Farmer up and into the boat with a BICEP-RIPPING effort.

Cutting the distance between boats, Fritzy and Chappy open FIRE on Mike's boat. Carrie and Farmer hug the bottom. Bullets SMASH into the windshield. Mike too keeps low, barely able to see where he's going. General Farmer crawls forward.

FARMER
You're the guy on TV!

MIKE
Am I? Who're you?

FARMER
Mac Farmer. Special Forces.

CARRIE
That madman one of yours?

FARMER
Was. I brought him in the first time.

MIKE
So you're the friend?

FARMER
Was. Best...look out!

Fritzy has swung his boat wide, cutting off Mike's angle. Mike cuts back hard, as Fritzy herds him back toward the Dam.

CARRIE
He did what he was ordered.
He didn't kill Hussein.
For that -- you bury him?

FARMER
Lady, from the get-go, all we wanted was Hussein dead. Ezadia does make up stories.

MIKE
What's this story about?

FARMER
I'd say...to bring terrorism to America...with a profit margin.

MIKE
(ducking BULLETS)
Where's the profit in this?

CARRIE
(pointing)
Mike!

MIKE'S POV -- dead ahead is the Spillway of a diversion tunnel.

Seeing the imminent disaster ahead, Farmer dives over the side. Instead of following him, Mike hurls Carrie overboard, trapping himself in the boat...

...a heartbeat before the powerboat SLAMS onto the rounded lip of the Spillway and vaults over it, flying...

...landing in the Basin between the Spillway and the gigantic dark mouth of the sixty-foot wide Diversion Tunnel it services.

Mike banks the boat hard around in a U-turn and GUNS it, motoring against the strong current, straining away from the steep 30 degree slide through the mountain. The engines THROB as Mike fights to defeat the rushing flow of water coursing around Mike's boat and down the Diversion Tunnel...

...but slowly, inexorably, the boat is drawn -- backwards -- toward the huge ominous maw, until...

...the boat is swept down the hole like a spider into a drain. As Mike SCREAMS a futile protest at his backwards plummet, eyes wide with sheer terror...

It is truly the ultimate ride from hell -- an aquatic bobsled nightmare. As the boat SCRAPES, SLASHES AND CRASHES down the pipe, its lights BREAKING off and flailing wildly about, providing some small light...

...the engine still ROARING, amplified to ear-splitting extremes in the narrow metal tunnel, the boat itself VIBRATING wildly...

...the boat races down the steep hole -- careening through the middle of mountain. The boat twists and spins, lurching up high onto the pipe's sides, metal SPARKING and SHRIEKING...

...then swings high on the opposite side, banking sharp steep turns meant for water, not suicide boating. Mike can only hope to hang on, as every moment the boat goes faster, the nightmare ride not willing to end...

...the boat keeps falling, COLLIDING hard with the sides of the pipe as it SCREAMS down the steeply slanted concrete shaft.

Hitting a sharp turn, the boat flips, rolling over and over and over in a sickening downward corkscrew spiral.

Mike is hanging on for dear life, beyond vertigo. And just when things seem like they couldn't get worse...

...they do. The tunnel ends.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE, LOWER DAM -- DAY

Mike and the boat are spit out of the tunnel a hundred feet over the Colorado River. Leaping free of the doomed craft, Mike lands just to the side of the speedboat, which, upon contact with the water, ERUPTS into splinters.

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- DUSK

Nuff scans the downriver debris...there is no sign of Mike.

NUFF

Looks like Mike's season...
just ended.

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- DUSK

Fritzy and Chappy shove Farmer and Carrie out of the boat and up the ladder. Nuff saunters over...

NUFF

Mac. Nice to see you.

...pulls his revolver and SHOTS the General in the leg. The General crumbles. Carrie drops down next to him. Her burning eyes flash back to the Colonel...

CARRIE

You are crazy.

NUFF

Me? Do you know what the average pay for a Major League ballplayer is, Ma'am? Take a guess. Someone hitting a lousy two-fifty...

Carrie's afraid to answer. Moving to Farmer and placing his gun to the General's head...

FARMER

Please. Answer.

CARRIE

A hundred thousand?

NUFF

A hundred thousand? Ha! Did you grow up without a television? Try a million. Rookie contracts for five, six million a year -- now that's crazy!

CARRIE

They're professional athletes.

NUFF

They're mercenaries! My men are the professionals! Better trained, better conditioned, risking their fucking lives -- shouldn't they get...

FARMER
 (in pain)
 Ezadia...where's the core?

NUFF
 It's near. Devra, my backpack.

Devra brings over the Colonel's backpack. Nuff reaches in and comes out with the Plutonium detonator. From the looks on Devra and the other Team Members' faces, Carrie knows that this detonator is nothing to be fooled with. Flipping off the safeties, placing his finger on the trigger switch...

NUFF (CONT.)
 Like to see just how near, Mac?
 Might not be much of an explosion --
 but once that shit's in this lake
 and beyond -- how does "glow-in-the-
 dark-sushi" sound?

FARMER
 Ezadia...if you give it up...give
 yourself up...

NUFF
 You'll what?

Without warning, Nuff FIRES another shell into Farmer's foot.

NUFF (CONT.)
 Put me back in the ground?
 I trusted you once, Mac.
 Trust is a delicate thing.

This time the bullet TEARS into Farmer's hand. As Farmer SCREAMS in crucified pain...

NUFF (CONT.)
 (crazed)
 Pain? What do you know about pain?!
 I'm a god-damned Red Sox fan!

Carrie is too busy trying to stop the General's bleeding to pay Nuff's rantings any attention. Nuff kneels next to Carrie, pulling her face to his.

NUFF (CONT.)
 What's the use of having a warhead,
 if you're afraid to use it?! China
 can't. It'd be blown back to the
 stone age. But me...what're they
 gonna do? Shoot my parents? Go
 ahead!

FIRING at point-blank range into Farmer's head...

NUFF (CONT.)

We're as dysfunctional as the next family!

Nuff walks away, then turns back for a final word. Pointing out Margo's splinted leg to Carrie...

NUFF (CONT.)

Your boyfriend disabled one of my pilots. You're coming in from the bullpen. Little relief piloting.

CARRIE

If you think...

Jabbing her gun into Carrie's ribs, Carrie WINCING in pain...

DEVRA

Hey -- Nuff said.

To the lifeless face of General Farmer...

NUFF

Way I look at it, Mac...I'm just a small businessman...trying to "grow" my business. President'd be proud!

EXT. CAVE BY DAM, COLORADO RIVER -- DAY

In the dim light of a cave beneath the Dam power stations...

Mike breaks the surface of the water, HEAVING for air. As Mike swims slowly toward a ladder that leads to a catwalk above the massive 30 foot steel Penstock pipes...

...a hand appears and grabs him. Mike spins away, ready to continue the battle when...

...he sees Erv.

ERV

They were listening on us, so I been listening right back. They're gonna blow the Generators.

MIKE

(weakly)

Make too much noise anyway. As long as Carrie's okay...

ERV

They're making her fly 'em out. I saw your friend. I'm sorry.

As the news of Carrie and the memory of Bud's death sweep over Mike...

MIKE

There a way I can get to her?
Without going through a shooting
gallery?

INT. ROCK TUNNELS, DAM -- DAY

Erv leads Mike through the massive rock tunnels which house the thirty-foot-high steel Penstock pipes. On both sides of them, the pipes RUMBLE and VIBRATE with the surging force of tons of coursing water. Raising their voices...

ERV

Hundred thousand gallons a minute.

MIKE

Lotta water.

ERV

Up ahead, Penstocks break into smaller feeder pipes that supply the Generators.

(sucking air)

Fifth one is shut down...repairs.
Take you through the Turbine -- into the Generator Room. From there...

MIKE

I got it.

(pause)

Why blow the Generators? Why try to destroy the Dam at all?

ERV

You tell me. What do they have in common?

MIKE

Juice?

ERV

Lots of it.

Proceeding rapidly, they round the bend and see the "small" feeder pipes, which stem off of the massive Penstock. The 13 foot feeder pipes look like straws in contrast to the 30 foot tall Penstock pipe.

Moving down them, they arrive at the fifth one -- its collar is removed, leaving a gap just big enough for a man to slip into. Mike slides off the Penstock and swings his legs into the feeder pipe. As Erv watches Mike disappear into the pipe...

INT. FEEDER PIPE -- DAY

Inside the pipe is pitch black, cavernous and ECHOING. Mike sounds like an elephant TROMPING forward, but...

...with his every step, the numbing ROAR from the Generator Room grows LOUDER, obliterating all else.

INT. ROCK TUNNELS -- DAY

Erv moves back down the rock tunnel, when...

...a hand jets out of the gloomy shadows and grabs him around the neck. It's One-Eye. As he squeezes Erv's windpipe, seeing Erv's nametag...

ONE-EYE

Erv, huh? You and your friends been a real pain in the ass, "Erv"...

With brutal swiftness, One-Eye slams Erv's head into the rock wall. Drawing his side arm and aiming it at Erv...

ONE-EYE (CONT.)

...so I'm gonna spare the State your pension.

Erv lashes out with his feet, pushing off of a pipe, driving One-Eye back into the uneven rock wall. As the Team Member painfully bounces off the wall, his gun DISCHARGING...

Erv turns and hobbles back down the tunnel along the Penstocks. One-Eye gives chase.

INT. FEEDER PIPE -- DAY

Mike makes his way along the dark pipe, moving toward dim light ahead. The watery low RUMBLE is deafening.

Stepping into twin shafts of light, Mike sees that the it comes through a pair of six inch openings, where valves are under repair. Mike pivots the valve assemblies aside and looks out the openings...

MIKE'S POV -- One-Eye catches up to the limping Erv, right by the holes.

INT. ROCK TUNNEL -- DAY

One-Eye HAMMERS Erv to the ground, mouthing curses no one can hear. Erv fights valiantly, but is no match for the younger, stronger Mercenary. Neither of them sees Mike.

Looking out through one small hole, Mike reaches out through the other, his massive bicep restricting his reach. His hand is mere inches away from grabbing One Eye -- but stretch and strain as he might, Mike cannot reach him.

Picking up a pipe, One-Eye swings it brutally down on Erv. Watching from inches away, Mike SCREAMS -- unheard -- in helpless rage and frustration. In one painful lunge, Mike RAMS his arm farther into the tight hole. Skin tears like shredded carrot. Blood flows down the pipe.

Still, Mike's frantic hand can only grab hold of the back of One Eye's eye patch. Yanking it off, the Mercenary's empty, ugly eye socket is revealed.

A furious and macabre One-Eye turns. Mike struggles to pull his arm back, but it is stuck in the pipe. One-Eye pulls his gun and aims it at Mike's madly flailing arm.

Erv thrusts himself onto One-Eye's gun arm, sending his SHOT wide. As Erv SHOUTS an inaudible warning to Mike...

One-Eye's next SHOT silences Erv. Turning his deadly attentions back to the horrified Mike...

INT. FEEDER PIPE -- DAY

...who strains to pull his arm back through the small hole. SCREAMING in pain, Mike RIPS his arm free and stumbles down the pipe...

One-Eye's gun plunges right through the small opening. Twisting in a full circle, he empties the clip.

Mike hits the floor, bullets RICOCHETING around him. One-Eye's gun hand withdraws, and a hand grenade plops through the hole, RATTLING down the steel pipe. No time to think, Mike takes off.

He doesn't get far when the CONCUSSION of the explosion knocks him off his feet, vaulting him forward. Slamming down hard on the steel, he lies there dazed, as...

INT. ROCK TUNNEL -- DAY

Erv lies dead on the floor. Over his right shoulder, we see One-Eye racing back down the rocky tunnel...

INT. FEEDER PIPE -- DAY

...as Mike gets to his feet and rushes toward the Generator Room.

INT. TURBINE, GENERATOR ROOM -- DAY

Imagine a bug crawling through the generator of your car. That's the feeling Mike has as he views the enormous Turbine blades. Squeezing his way through them, looking up...

MIKE'S POV -- he sees the shadows of Nuff's Detonation Team setting the last of their charges, wiring them to the Generators.

As Mike pulls himself up through the massive equipment...

INT. GENERATOR ROOM -- NIGHT

The Demolitions Man SCREAMS to his Assistant above the deafening ROAR. Pointing to the Turbines...

DEMOLITIONS MAN
WHEN THEY GO...FEEDER LINES'LL
RUPTURE!
(pointing toward
the Reservoir)
ALL THAT WATER...

The Demolitions Man points to the room they're in -- where all that water's going.

DEMOLITIONS MAN (CONT.)
...PLACE'LL BE AN AQUARIUM!

As the Demolitions Man splices the detonator lines together...

...and sets the timer for 2:00.

INT. TURBINE, GENERATOR ROOM -- NIGHT

Inching up through the massive magnetic chamber, Mike's metal belt buckle strains away from him, drawn by the powerful force.

Pulling himself out of the innards of the Turbine and into the Generator Room, Mike sees the Demolitions Man signal for the other Team Member to get out of there.

As Mike moves along a wall, trying to sneak past and beat the Team Members to the stairs...

...the Demolitions Man sees Mike, pulls his weapon and opens FIRE. The BOOMING report of the .45 is quickly lost to the Turbines' thunderous WHINE. Mike doesn't realize the danger he's in until the wall next to him EXPLODES violently apart.

The other Team Member rushes Mike and grabs him, forcing his face into the Generator's madly spinning four-ton silver flywheel. Mike's face is within inches of being redesigned by the massive silver speeding shaft.

As Demolitions Man rushes over to finish Mike off...

Desperate, Mike muscles free. He spins the Team Member around and flings him into the wildly rotating shaft. The Attacker hits the massive spindle and, propelled by the tremendous centrifugal force...

...is sent shooting off, faster than a bullet. Flailing through the air like a drunken Superman, he flies into the far wall. Mercifully, the SNAPPING of his neck is also lost to the Turbine's noise.

Breathing hard, Mike turns to see the Demolitions Man open FIRE on him. Diving to the grating surrounding the Generator, Mike ducks the murderous automatic weapons shots which impact into the whirling shaft and...

...fly off the spinning steel -- faster than they arrived. Bullets RICOCHET crazily off the steel and concrete of the Generator Room.

As the Team Member dives for cover -- from his own shots -- Mike spies the grating beneath his own feet.

EXT. BASE OF DAM -- DAY

The entire Dam is now in heavy shadow, the distant sun just dipping over the craggy desert. The three-man Demolitions Team from the other wing of the Power Plant run out to the scaling ropes and start up.

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- DAY

As Nuff watches members of his Demolitions Team make the ascent back up the wall to him, checking his watch...

NUFF (ON RADIO)

Where are you?

INT. GENERATOR ROOM -- NIGHT

Nuff's VOICE can barely penetrate the DIN of the Generator Room.

NUFF'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)

Get up here!

The Demolitions Man has backtracked toward the heavy bronze door. He scans the shadows and corners of the room, looking for Mike. At his feet, the explosives' timer clicks down: 1:00...0:59...

DEMOLITIONS MAN (ON RADIO)

THAT GUY MIKE'S DOWN HERE!

HE KILLED RUDY!

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- DAY

Hearing that Mike's still alive, Nuff turns toward Carrie, who has also heard the radio report. There is a smile on her face.

NUFF (ON RADIO)
 Forget him. Make sure the
 detonator's secured, and get out.

INT. GENERATOR ROOM -- DAY

DEMOLITIONS MAN (ON RADIO)
 GOT IT!

The Demolitions Man wraps layer upon layer of reinforced tape around the connectors to the detonator. As the timer clicks down from 0:30 to 0:29...

INT. UNDER THE GRATING FLOOR, GENERATOR ROOM -- DAY

Mike swings from one support bar to another, under the grating floor of the Generator Room.

MIKE'S POV -- as he moves closer, through the holes in the grating, he sees the Demolitions Man finish his work, set the detonator down and hurry off.

Holding on with one arm, Mike uses the other to...

INT. GENERATOR ROOM -- DAY

...push back a section of floor grating. Pulling himself up, he scrambles across the floor to where the detonator ticks rapidly down.

Mike tries to pull the wires free from the detonator, but the tape holds them fast. Tugging with all his might...still nothing. Then, sensing something, turning...

...Mike sees Demolitions Man moving on him -- gun trained on him. Mike points to the detonator...

MIKE
 FIVE SECONDS!

DEMOLITIONS MAN
 (grinning)
 ENJOY!!

Demolitions Man backs off, behind the concrete wall of the Workshop, just off the Generator Room. Mike can only watch as 0:02 becomes 0:01 and...

...the EXPLOSIONS start. One after another, the bombs on the spinning Generators go OFF.

EXT. BASE OF DAM -- DUSK

EXPLOSIONS rip up the Generator Rooms on both sides of the Dam.

INT. GENERATOR ROOM -- DUSK

Lights FLICKER chaotically -- dimming, brightening, surging, exploding. Cannons of water BURST up out of the broken Turbines, jetting straight into the air, spraying powerfully off the 40 foot high ceiling.

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- DUSK

With the flames and smoke of the explosions playing off and swirling around his face, Nuff looks down, smiling.

NUFF

May have taken extra innings...
but the visiting team wins!

Devra, Chappy, Fritzy and other Team Members rush to the ladder, Carrie in tow, making their way down to the boat.

Climbing to the top of the other side of the Dam is One-Eye.

NUFF (CONT.)

Where's your partner?

ONE-EYE

Stayed back. Make sure you weren't
disappointed.

Pleased to see the destruction unravel below him...

NUFF

Not -- at -- all.

INT. GENERATOR ROOM -- DUSK

Mike huddles near the far wall, watching helplessly as...

...twisted metal SCREAMS in protest. Spinning shafts and flywheels, thrown out of balance, tons of momentum behind them, gnaw at their supports.

One Generator's massive flywheel, by sheer gyroscopic force, tears itself free of its mount -- rights itself -- and lurches crazily across the wet floor!

In the dim, flickering light, Mike sees the glint of the giant spinning wheel -- coming fast straight at him. He's barely able to leap aside as the ten-ton steel wheel tears through the solid concrete wall and...

INT. WORKSHOP AREA, GENERATOR ROOM -- DUSK

As Demolitions Man moves fast toward the stairs and safety...

DEMOLITIONS MAN'S POV -- the wall EXPLODES inward, shotgunning plaster and rebar. The phenomenal force of the massive, spinning flywheel bears down and...

...CRUSHES Demolitions Man in a second.

Unfortunately, the huge flywheel keeps wheeling...

MIKE'S POV -- the Turbine Wheel CAREENS wildly around the room, out of control, spending its terrible momentum in an orgy of destruction.

With the water rapidly rising around him, Mike, waist deep, struggles through the water, darting and diving to avoid the deadly Turbine Wheel. He squeezes through the hole in the wall, past Demolitions Man's crushed body. Moving to the closed door to the stairs...

Mike grabs the handle of the metal door and tugs. The weight of the rising water blocks it, holding it fast.

Straining every muscle, putting his back to it -- it doesn't budge. Behind Mike, the geysers GUSH. The enormous room quickly fills.

With water up to his chest, Mike half-splashes, half-swims across the dark workshop. Only emergency, battery-powered lights provide dim illumination. Diving...

MIKE'S UNDERWATER POV -- a work bench. He gropes around, finding a crowbar...

...and attacks the massive bronze doors, fighting the water pressure pressing on them. He levers the door open a crack, but his air exhausted, he releases the crowbar. The door SLAMS powerfully shut.

Mike bursts to the surface, the water level now three-quarters of the way up the door. Mike inhales deeply and dives...

...intensifying his efforts, he crowbars the door open enough to slip his arm in. Knowing he's trapping himself underwater if this doesn't work -- he rams his arm into the crack in the door, up to the shoulder.

Running out of air, Mike struggles to push the door open further, to force himself through the aperture. Using all his upper body strength -- desperate -- he squeezes his shoulder...

...then his head...

...then his chest...through the door opening. The water pressure pours the rest of Mike through the aperture, then SMASHES the door shut after him, BUCKLING IT. The bent door barely slowing the torrent...

In the stairwell, Mike SPUTTERS his way to the top of the frothing water for air, pulling on the stair railing, trying to get to his feet...

INT. STAIRWELL BY GENERATOR ROOM -- DUSK

Terrified, Mike runs up flight after flight of stairs, the rapidly rising water surging after him, on his heels.

EXT. ROOF OF POWER PLANT -- DUSK

The door to the Power Plant roof flies open. Mike rushes out. Moments behind him, a powerful torrent of water explodes from the portal.

MIKE'S POV -- surging water geysers out every window and door of the downriver side of the Dam. Like being at the base of Niagara Falls, the air is heavy with building mist.

Mike looks grimly up the face of the Dam. The Team's rapelling ropes still hang down, bracketing the two empty Boson's Chairs. As he starts for the top of the Dam...

INT. MILITARY TRAILER -- DUSK

Still in the crowded trailer...

DAM SUPERVISOR
Dam's completely down.

ELECTRICAL #1
Grid's way overloaded.

ELECTRICAL #2
We're doing everything to route in power.

POLICE BRASS #1
I gotta tell ya, citizens are fucking terrified.

Hu pecks madly at her computer, then looks up from her work...

HU
They're off the Dam.

POLICE BRASS #1
And headed for?

Swinging her chair around to face them...

HU
They'll let us know.

EXT. DESERT -- NIGHT

Nuff's two helicopters fly low over the desert floor. The tops of bushes nearly brushing the landing skids. As CAMERA PUSHES into the lead helicopter...

NUFF (OVER)
If the Dam had blown...

INT. NUFF'S LEAD HELICOPTER -- NIGHT

Carrie pilots the chopper. Margo sits in the Co-pilot's seat, her keen eyes trained on every move Carrie makes. Behind them sits Colonel Nuff.

NUFF
...this next part would be quite straightforward. The loss of power, coupled with the mass flooding, would have everyone's...attention.

Looking back at him...

CARRIE
You'd kill tens of thousands of innocent people?

...Carrie sees the walkie-talkie radio from the Dam sitting on the floor of the chopper between the seats.

NUFF
More like hundreds of thousands. Tobacco Industry's been doing it for years.

Intentionally letting the helicopter stall and dive...

MARGO
Altitude!

As Margo reaches for the stick to pull them up, and Nuff's eyes swing to the windshield -- Carrie eases her arm down and slides the radio forward, pinning it with the seat bracket so that the send button is pressed and held on.

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- NIGHT

Mike's hand reaches over the top of the concrete wall. He pulls himself over and looks around at the top of the Dam.

MIKE'S POV -- moonlight is the only illumination. All is quiet.
Weary, Mike leans heavily back against the wall.

MIKE
(to himself)
Too late. Damn it!

VOICE (OFF)
On the contrary...

...grinning, Fritzy flies out of the shadows and BODYSLAMs Mike against the far wall.

FRITZY (CONT.)
...right on time!

Mike, winded and numb, is punished by Fritzy's pounding fists. Fritzy's radio slips from his pocket and falls to the road.

Defenseless, Mike feels himself lifted like a doll, to be flung over the side of the Dam. Fritzy flings...

...but Mike holds onto Fritzy's arm, dragging the Team Member with him. They tumble down the Dam's sheer face. All that stops Mike from a mangled death at the base of the Dam is...

EXT. DAM FACE -- NIGHT

...the thick hemp rope that holds one of the two swinging Boson's Chairs to the Dam face. With the rope burning through Mike's hands, he cannot stop his momentum. He SLAPS into the wooden Boson's chair slat, barely hanging onto it.

Catching his breath, tightly clutching the slat like the lifeline it is, Mike looks down, expecting to see Fritzy's crumpled body, when...

...Fritzy's heavy boots RAM into Mike's chest, nearly knocking him off his perch -- it's Fritzy, swinging on the other Boson's chair. As Mike scrambles to right himself on the slat before Fritzy can swing back at him...

Like the High Scalers in the Visitor's Film, Fritzy swings back at Mike, trying again to knock him from his precarious perch. It is a death-defying, crazy joust at dizzying heights...

...but it is a game Mike knows how to play. Before Fritzy can slam him again, Mike runs across the face of the Dam, swinging on the rope, building speed.

As they fly past each other at high speed, the fighters lash out at each other. Both land solid, rocking punches and kicks.

Looking to improve his chances, Fritzy pulls his knife to finish Mike. Mike runs from him. However, there's only so far one can go -- the length of the rope.

Fritzy sails past Mike, hacking at Mike's support rope. It frays and unravels.

Desperate, Mike climbs up his rope. Just beneath him, his rope snaps, his Boson's Chair slat CLATTERING down the Dam face.

Mike, exhausted, tries to climb up his rope, but the fresher Fritzy closes on him easily. Just before Fritzy reaches him, Mike kicks out and wraps his legs around Fritzy's rope. He SLIDES down hard, right on top of the Team Member.

Now both men are on the same small slat, penduluming across the Dam's sheer face, each trying to force the other from the narrow wooden platform.

Landing several solid blows to Mike, Fritzy forces the Climber off the platform. With only one leg looped through the rope, Mike hangs upside down, vulnerable to Fritzy vicious kicking.

As a confident Fritzy winds up to deliver one last vicious stomp, Mike grabs Fritzy's foot and, twisting it with all his might, ratchets the unsuspecting Team Member from the seat.

Fritzy slams against the smooth face of the Dam. For a moment his fingers claw into a tiny crease in the Dam's face. The hanging rope is right by him. As he reaches for it, his finger hold gives and, flailing at the air, he tumbles and falls down the face of the Dam.

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- NIGHT

Dragging himself over the top of the Dam, Mike hears...

CARRIE'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
So you created this...distraction...

NUFF'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
Why else? Because it's distracting.

Mike reaches over and carefully picks up Fritzy's radio. Exhausted, heaving for air, he listens as...

INT. NUFF'S HELICOPTER -- NIGHT

Up ahead, the Colonel sees the lights of...Las Vegas.

MARGO
They've gridded in auxiliary power
to Vegas.

NUFF

So I see. Remember old Wrigley
Field? No lights -- no night games.

Reaching into his backpack, the Colonel pulls out a detonating
device (not the red nuclear one).

NUFF (CONT.)

Ah, for the good old days.
Let's turn out the lights, shall we?

Flipping the detonator switch...

EXT. REMOTE DESERT -- NIGHT

IN MONTAGE, the bases of high-powered electrical towers EXPLODE.
As the hulking towers come CRASHING down...

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP -- NIGHT

The Vegas Strip, the city of a billion lights, goes BLACK --
a stunning sight never seen before.

EXT. TOP OF DAM -- NIGHT

Mike is up and on his feet, moving toward the parking lot and his
Jeep. Listening all the while, intently, to the radio...

MIKE

(to himself)

Keep him talkin', Carrie.

CARRIE'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)

How long till they get power back?

NUFF'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)

Without the Dam...hours. You see,
this way, we enlist the "Touristas"
to work for us -- an army of
thousands, surging through the
streets, way out of control!

Mike gets to his Jeep and leaps in...

MIKE

(to himself)

You are one sick camper, Colonel.

Sliding his climbing gear bag onto the floor and tucking the
radio between the seat and console...

CARRIE'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)

Anyplace special you want me to
land?

MIKE

(to himself)

C'mon asshole, brag on it...what a great fucking plan you've got...

NUFF'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)

Between the wonders of ancient Rome and Egypt...which do you think I'd prefer?

CARRIE'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)

Whichever discovered baseball.

MIKE

(to the radio)

Not now, baby! Don't get cute!

NUFF'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)

Well, in fact the ancient Egyptians did have a very primitive game...

MIKE

(to himself)

The Luxor!

EXT. LAS VEGAS -- NIGHT

News and Police helicopters fill the air over Vegas.

Below them, the normally glittering Vegas Strip is no more. Only headlights illuminate the snarled traffic of cars and rushing PEDESTRIANS. Police Cruisers' lights FLASH futilely, mired in the utter chaos of Dark Vegas.

INT. NUFF'S HELICOPTER -- NIGHT

Nuff looks down on the chaos while scanning the Police Radio...

POLICE RADIO

...two fatalities...
...ambulance required...
...gun shots heard...
...looting reported...

NUFF

Amazing what a little darkness will do.

(on radio)

Devra, see you later.

(to Carrie)

To the Sphinx, driver.

As their chopper moves off, Devra's drops down into...

EXT. PARKING LOT, CASINO -- NIGHT

...the parking lot of a Casino. One-Eye and Chappy lead the other five Team Members out of the chopper. They are all dressed in the uniforms of LAS VEGAS SWAT. Each wears an armament belt, festooned with extra ammunition and grenades.

EXT. DAM ROAD -- NIGHT

Mike's Jeep ROARS away from the Dam. Coming out of a turn...

MIKE'S POV -- the highway is blocked by the smoldering remains of Devra's exploded truck and legions of Police Cars.

Mike swings the Jeep offroad, straight down a perilously steep embankment. Turning sideways, the Jeep rides along the sharp incline, somehow not tumbling down the embankment. As Mike punishes the Jeep, driving it relentlessly along the tortuous, rocky wash...

EXT. DESERT -- NIGHT

Finally reaching a flat section, Mike accelerates hard, the Jeep POUNDING down a rutted, washed-out desert road like an out-of-balance washing machine -- spin cycle.

INT. CASINO -- NIGHT

Chappy's team moves through the eerily dark Casino. The Hotel's back-up generators provide enough juice to keep security lights going -- and a bank of slots. Of course...

...every slot machine is occupied.

Wild elephants, let alone mortal Security Guards, couldn't move the rabid, wild-eyed Seniors from their stations.

ONE-EYE'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
Ready out here.

Chappy reaches for his radio...

CHAPPY (ON RADIO)
Fade to black.

EXT. CASINO PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

One-Eye is just outside the fencing for the Casino's back-up generators. Connecting two leads...

...like massive fireworks going off, the generators EXPLODE. As boyish delight plays on One-Eye's face...

EXT. LAS VEGAS BOULEVARD -- NIGHT

Reacting to the shattering, growing EXPLOSIONS and the glowing rain of blazing SPARKS, the CROWDS SCREAM in terror. The low HUM of chaos and concern becomes the HYSTERICAL PITCH of fear and panic.

INT. CASINO -- NIGHT

Even the slots go dark. As on the street, fear and panic now reign inside the pitch-black Casino.

PEOPLE crowd for the exits, tripping and falling. Only the flashlights of the Security Force cut through the darkness. As the Guards usher People out...

...automatic weapons FIRE rips through the Casino. Chappy's BURST SLAMS into slot machines -- coins don't spew out.

CHAPPY

Everyone down!

The saner GUARDS drop to the floor. Those offering resistance are BLOWN away. With lightning speed, Chappy and his Team Members make their way to the vault rooms, BLOWING them open.

INT. VAULT ROOMS, CASINO -- NIGHT

Team Members sweep shelf after shelf of currency into green plastic Hefty bags. Chappy counts out the time...

CHAPPY

Fifty-eight, fifty-nine...NOW!

Dropping smoke canisters to cover their exit, the Team Members rush out, two bulging garbage bags on each one's back.

CHAPPY (ON RADIO)

Coming out!

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE, CASINO -- NIGHT

In the front of the Casino, driving over curbs, lawns and through fountains, One-Eye POWERS a Humvee military vehicle right up to the Casino entrance. Without even stopping...

Chappy and his Team fling the money bags and then themselves into the high performance offroad vehicle. Taking off toward the jammed Strip...

INT. HUMVEE, LAS VEGAS BOULEVARD -- NIGHT

The Humvee doesn't slow, maneuvering around and, if necessary, over cars. With people diving out of the way and the Cops helpless to do anything about it...

NUFF'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
How's our luck?

Sifting through one of the garbage bags of currency...

CHAPPY (ON RADIO)
What can I say? We're in Vegas!

NUFF'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
Very good. Now -- Reinvest it.

From the back of the monster Humvee, Team Members fling handfuls of hundreds into the air. Money rains.

PEOPLE STOMP over each other to get to the bills. Cars SLAM into one another. Fights break out. Law and Order has vanished. Mob rule -- rules.

EXT. LUXOR CASINO -- NIGHT

At the Southern-most end of the Strip, the ominous black Pyramid that is the Luxor Hotel is clearly outlined against the star-laced Nevada sky...

CAMERA PUSHES in to the very tip of the sky-piercing Pyramid...

INT. TOP OF THE LUXOR PYRAMID -- NIGHT

Almost all of the glassed-in top floor of the Pyramid is covered with massive Xenon lamps -- all darkened by the power outage.

Standing by the clear glass window, Nuff marvels at the madness on the streets below. Carrie and Margo stand behind him.

NUFF
Like that first night in Baghdad.

Margo hobbles forward to better examine the scene, leaving Carrie behind.

CHAPPY'S VOICE (OVER RADIO)
Heading to Target 2.

Behind Nuff and Margo, Carrie eases toward Nuff's backpack, focused upon the red detonator. Without turning to Carrie...

NUFF
Not a good idea...

Nuff cuts Carrie off, taking the detonator out of the backpack.

NUFF (CONT.)

...my insurance policy. In winter,
at the Arctic Circle -- you blink,
the day's gone. People go nuts from
light deprivation. Imagine how much
sun I got -- 200 feet down.

The Colonel turns away from Carrie, then quickly turns back.

NUFF (CONT.)

Ever wonder what'd happen if a nuke
took out D.C.? Whether there was
enough talent out in the boonies to
run this country? I have!

(pause)

But let's not dwell on that.

Nuff spins his baseball cap around backwards. Eyes blazing...

NUFF (CONT.)

It's rallytime!

EXT. PARADISE AVENUE, NEAR UNLV -- NIGHT

The flood of traffic leaving the city has taken over both sides
of the four-lane local highway. CAMERA PUSHES into a Vegas
Police Car sitting in the miles-long "parking lot", its lights
FLASHING to no effect.

INT. VEGAS POLICE CAR, STUCK IN TRAFFIC -- NIGHT

VEGAS COPS' POV -- a single set of white headlights appear ahead,
maneuvering swiftly through the veritable sea of red taillights.

VEGAS COP #1

Now who the hell would be stupid
enough...?

EXT. VEGAS SIDEWALKS -- NIGHT

Mike drives down the sidewalk, POUNDING over curbs and medians,
his head swiveling for a sighting of the Luxor Pyramid, when...

...a Pickup Truck speeds out of an alley and SLAMS into the back
side of his Jeep. Spinning sideways across the street, Mike's
Jeep MASHES broadside into a parked car.

Mike leaps out of the trashed vehicle, wrestles his backpack out
of the wrecked Jeep and sprints away...

EXT. NEVADA SKY -- NIGHT

The Ranger Cobra helicopters speed across the desert.

HU (ON RADIO) (OVER)
 First targets we hit in Iraq were
 the power facilities...

INT. LEAD COBRA -- NIGHT

Major Hu is in the lead, the other Cobras close in her wake.

HU'S POV -- Dark Vegas lies ahead.

HU (ON RADIO) (CONT.)
 Radio Nevada Edison. We need power
 now!

EXT. STREETS OF VEGAS -- NIGHT

His climbing bag slung over his back, Mike PLOWS through the agitated Masses milling the sidewalks. He heads toward the distant dark Pyramid that is the Luxor. Nearing the intersection of Las Vegas Boulevard, he can't help spot...

MIKE'S POV -- One-Eye at the wheel of the Humvee, as it speeds past...

EXT. EXCALIBUR -- NIGHT

...to the front of the Medieval Castle that is the Excalibur Hotel. Behind it, looming dark and ominous, is the Luxor Pyramid. As Chappy and his Team rush inside...

Fireworks explode behind the white walls and gold leaf of the Castle's turreted exterior, the backup generators sending up their aerial display. The light show is eerily reflected in the black glass of the Luxor Pyramid.

Mike runs furiously over the hoods and roofs of cars stalled in bumper-to-bumper traffic, leaving a trail of dents behind him.

As Mike rushes into the Castle...

INT. CASINO, EXCALIBUR HOTEL -- NIGHT

In the pitch dark, all Mike can see are flashlight beams coming from far across the casino. Moving cautiously forward, past suits of armor that reflect the beams...

...automatic weapons' muzzle FLASHES and SCREAMS send Mike running blindly, then tripping to the ground.

Landing, he finds himself face-to-face with the dead body of an Excalibur CASINO GUARD. Grabbing the dead man's flashlight, Mike moves forward, dodging amongst the rows of slots.

MIKE'S POV -- Mike sees Chappy leading Team Members toward the door, loaded down with bags of money.

Mike scrambles to keep even with them, hidden by a long row of slot machines. As Mike moves by them, we see that each of the machines is loosely chained together. Hustling along the row of slots...

...Mike sees and lunges for the leg of the last Team Member in line (JAKE), pulling Jake's leg toward himself, through a space between the slot machines. The Team Member's gun falls away. As the Men struggle, the metal giants between them...

EXT. PARKING LOT, EXCALIBUR HOTEL -- NIGHT

Chappy leads the Team Members through the parking lot. Turning back to One-Eye, who is on his heels...

CHAPPY

Where's Jake?

INT. CASINO, EXCALIBUR HOTEL -- NIGHT

Mike's got Jake pulled halfway through the machines, trapping him there at the waist. His fist balled up, ready to hammer the Team Member...

MIKE

Where's your Coach?!!

In response, Jake coils back and kicks at Mike with both feet, knocking him back.

With his legs still trapped, Jake reaches for his fallen weapon and levels it at Mike, who dives away. Crouched down behind the last of the long row of heavy slot machines, Mike is pinned down by Jake's SHOTS.

Seeing that Jake will be free in another moment, desperate...

...Mike muscles over the slot machine directly in front of him. As it goes down, SMASHING heavily to the floor, it pulls over the machine next to it. In a chain reaction, the heavy slot machines steadily SMASH down, one after another, like the world's biggest -- and NOISIEST -- domino set.

Jake tries to wriggle free, but...

...the heavy slot falls on him, pinning him fast. Mike leaps forward and leans heavily on the fallen slot, increasing the awful weight on the WHEEZING Team Member's chest...

MIKE

Can't hear you. Where's is he?!

His eyes bugging out of his head from the pressure...

JAKE
Top...top of...

One-Eye's BARRAGE of shells silence Jake. Rolling out of the way, squinting into the darkness, Mike sees One-Eye closing in for the kill.

Throwing his climbing gear backpack over his shoulder, Mike scampers quickly away on all fours. A BURST of shells rips into the line of slot machines by Mike -- Silver Dollars spew out, pummeling him with a hard currency shower. His hands and knees slip and slide, the floor slick with Silver Eagles.

Sprawled out on the noisy coinage, Mike freezes as One-Eye's flashlight sweeps over him -- but keeps moving. Mike breathes a sigh of relief, only to have the flashlight sweep right back and pin him. As One-Eye takes aim...

Mike sprints for the stairs. One-Eye follows, FIRING at Mike. Shells RIP into the wall just behind Mike. Rushing up the unmoving escalator steps...

INT. EXCALIBUR HOTEL FLOOR -- NIGHT

Mike dashes through the hotel lobby and out the main doors, to find himself...

EXT. EXCALIBUR MONORAIL STATION -- NIGHT

...trapped.

The exit leads only to the Monorail Platform that connects the Excalibur and Luxor Hotels. With no stairs down and One-Eye rapidly approaching...

...Mike takes off, sprinting the only way he can...

EXT. MONORAIL -- NIGHT

...across the foot-wide Monorail Track. The narrow rail is elevated twenty-five feet above the ground, leaving no room for a mis-step. Reasonably sure-footed, Mike speeds along, until...

EXT. EXCALIBUR MONORAIL STATION -- NIGHT

Hesitant to give chase over the narrow elevated rail...

ONE-EYE (ON RADIO)
Jake's dead! It's that fucking
Mike! He's on the Monorail!!

EXT. MONORAIL -- NIGHT

Pumping hard for the Luxor, Mike's view swings to...

MIKE'S POV -- Chappy's at the far end of the Monorail, weapon trained. As flashes of gun fire SPIT out of Chappy's automatic rifle, Mike has no choice but to...

EXT. LUXOR CASINO -- NIGHT

...leap from the elevated rail. Sailing downward, with bullets WHIZZING over him, Mike braces himself. He hits the grassy lawn fronting the Luxor, rolls, and is on his feet running again.

MIKE'S POV -- armed Team Members are stationed out front of the Casino, in the shadows of the looming Sphinx. Mike's gaze moves up the dark, sheer glass wall to the top of the imposing Black Pyramid.

INT. TOP OF THE LUXOR PYRAMID -- NIGHT

Margo limps over to Nuff, who stands by the clear glass windows that look out on the Excalibur.

MARGO

Chappy's sure it's...

NUFF

...please...not Mike.

(Margo nods)

You must know...

(turning to Carrie)

...your boyfriend's actions are making you very unpopular.

Moving to his pack, Nuff pulls out a can of chewing tobacco. Stuffing a plug in his cheek and chawing nervously...

NUFF (CONT.)

Radio Chappy -- time to go for the Grand Slam! And tell Devra we're going out in one bird...

Spitting tobacco that lands, splattering, at Carrie's feet...

NUFF (CONT.)

...after getting rid of all excess baggage.

As Nuff looks at her coldly...

EXT. LUXOR CASINO -- NIGHT

Mike tries to race up the side of the glass Pyramid...

MIKE

(to himself)

C'mon...c'mon!

...only to slide instantly back down, landing unceremoniously at its base. With the massive wall of glass backing him...

INT. LUXOR CASINO -- NIGHT

The banner hanging over the Luxor's dark Casino floor...

**DECATHLON OF GAMBLING
WORLD'S RICHEST PAYOFFS**

...is illuminated by GUNFIRE. Chappy leads his remaining Team Members into the Vault Room, which is overflowing with Gambling Decathlon cash. As the Team Members start gathering the thick riches...

CHAPPY (ON RADIO)

You were right, Coach -- this is
most def the Grand Slam!

EXT. LUXOR CASINO -- NIGHT

Mike digs through his climbing bag, finding what he's looking for -- the needle-spiked ice shoes. Looking at them...

MIKE

(to himself)

Okay, Bud...

(putting them on)

...help me out here.

EXT. VEGAS STRIP -- NIGHT

Major Hu leads several armored vehicles of Rangers.

RANGERS' POV -- they pass the first Casino hit. Police and Paramedics pull out the injured and dead.

HU

Where's the fucking power?!

RANGER #1

They say soon.

HU

Soon?! Soon it'll be morning!

RANGER #2

More explosions! South end of town!

EXT. LUXOR PYRAMID -- NIGHT

Running clumsily, but for all he's worth, across the grassy slope that leads to the base of the Luxor Pyramid...

Mike doesn't slow, sprinting right up the 36 degree glass wall, his feet CRUNCHING and GRINDING with every step, literally running up the side of the hotel's massive glass facade.

In CLOSE UP, we see that with each stride, the ice-climbing shoes, with their sharp spikes, RIP into the glass.

INT. ROOM, LUXOR HOTEL -- NIGHT

The Pyramid's interior is a breathtaking, completely open Atrium, formed by a series of descending, broadening floors, each set further back than the one above it -- accommodating the pyramidal form. The one-deep rooms form the skin of the incredible structure.

All doors and hallways look out over the enormous, open space. Below, on the floor of the Atrium, are scaled-down displays of Paris and New York.

Chappy and the other Team Members, hefting heavy money bags, race along the 28th floor of the Pyramid when they hear odd SCRAPING sounds coming from an open room ahead. Moving quickly forward and kicking aside the door...

...through the window, Chappy almost doesn't believe what he sees -- Mike running across the outside window.

Raising his weapon...

CHAPPY (ON RADIO)
He's running up the god damn
building!!

INT. TOP OF THE LUXOR PYRAMID -- NIGHT

Nuff and Margo move to the window and look down to see the still-distant Mike's valiant climb. Distracted as they are...

Carrie slips over to Nuff's backpack and, unseen, pulls out the detonator.

EXT. OUTSIDE GLASS, LUXOR PYRAMID -- NIGHT

Mike is nearly two-thirds of the way up the Hotel's outer glass skin, the building getting narrower with every ascending floor -- when the glass he just moved over SPEWS outward, shards of glass and automatic weapon's FIRE ripping out into the night.

CHAPPY (ON RADIO) (OVER)
North side, middle of the twenty-
eighth floor!

Zig-zagging hard to be a more elusive target, Mike sees the glass along his intended route EXPLODE out with GUNFIRE. He cuts sharply with the spikes to avoid the leaden missiles.

Chappy's head and shoulders pop out through a hole in the shattered glass behind Mike. He opens FIRE at point-blank range.

Mike barely has time to dive around the corner of the Pyramidal structure, out of the line of fire.

As he slides fast across the face of the Pyramid, barely in control...

INT. ROOMS, LUXOR HOTEL -- NIGHT

Inside the Pyramid, Team Members race from room to room, seeking a shot at the wildly evasive Mike.

EXT. OUTSIDE GLASS, LUXOR PYRAMID -- NIGHT

Mike digs in his spikes, arresting his slide. He hustles higher up the Pyramid, his spikes CRUNCHING into the glass as he goes. He's soon within a half-dozen floors of the apex, when...

...glass from the very top of the Pyramid SMASHES outward, as Colonel Nuff appears in the "open" window near the very top.

Mike is a sitting-duck-on-glass for Nuff's .45. Moving laterally, his spikes catch in a seam and Mike pitches backward, tumbling and sliding helter-skelter down the side -- a thirty-plus-story ride to Hades.

Leaning his body's skidding, careening weight into the glass skin of the Pyramid, Mike maneuvers himself just enough to go sliding, like a good putt, right into...

...one of the broken-out windows. Mike CRASHES through the brittle surface...

...disappearing from Nuff's frustrated sights.

INT. ROOM, 25TH FLOOR, LUXOR HOTEL -- NIGHT

Mike lands in a guest room with a rib-rattling THUD -- just missing the soft bed. On Mike's wry look at the near-miss, rubbing his aching back...

Mike's ears perk up to a gentle TINKLING sound above.

A grenade falls through the hole in the glass and into the room next to Mike.

INT. HALLWAY, LUXOR HOTEL -- NIGHT

Mike dives into the hallway just before the charge EXPLODES!

Looking up through the smoke, Mike sees Team Members close on him from both sides of the hallway. There's nowhere for Mike to go, but...

...over the side. Mike dives into the open Atrium space, launching himself into the ether, flying head over heels...

...flipping to grab the base of the half-wall railing in mid-air...

INT. HALLWAY, MIKE'S FLOOR, LUXOR HOTEL -- NIGHT

...and swinging down hard into the hallway of the floor below, his unchecked momentum sending his back CRUNCHING into the hallway wall, fracturing the wall's fake bas relief of the Pharaoh. Noting the damage as he recovers...

MIKE

Sorry, Tut.

Rolling, rising and clumsily running (he's still wearing the ice spikes) -- the shoes catch on the hallway carpet and he CRASHES down a moment before a high-powered rifle shot BLASTS into the hallway wall where his head just was.

Finding cover at the base the hallway wall, Mike scurries on all fours to a corner (where the emergency stairs are). Tearing off the climbing shoes...

...the stairs-access door FLIES open. A Team Member bursts through, gun poised. Before he can fire, Mike turns his Pursuer's head into a cold ice-spike-sandwich -- SLAMMING the climbing shoes together at his ears.

The Team Member SCREAMS in blinded agony, yet still continues to rush at Mike. Mike ducks aside.

The Team Member hits the half-wall railing and swan dives three hundred feet to the New York City display on the Atrium floor below. Crashing into and destroying the Empire State Building...

MIKE

That's one way to bite the Big Apple.

Nuff's voice ECHOES through the Atrium...

NUFF (OFF)

Michael! Up here!

Mike spins and looks up --

MIKE'S POV -- three floors above Mike, on the far side of the narrow top floor of the Atrium -- Nuff and Chappy are on either side of Carrie, who stands on the half-railing.

INT. OPEN ATRIUM, LUXOR HOTEL -- NIGHT

Nuff holds a pistol to Carrie's head...

NUFF
I have a trade in mind.

Motioning to Carrie...

NUFF (CONT.)
Your MVP...

MIKE
For?

NUFF
...your undivided attention.

MIKE
You got it.

NUFF
I...don't think so. Not just yet.

Without warning, Nuff shoves Carrie -- over the side!

Carrie falls until a fifteen foot rope snags taut on her wrist...

NUFF (CONT.)
Now I do.

MOANING, Carrie dangles in the middle of the enormous open room.

NUFF (CONT.)
She's all yours!

Her weight slowly slipping the knot at her wrist, Carrie slides down the rope...

MIKE (OVER)
Carrrrrieeeeee! Hold on!!!

Mike runs for all he's worth toward the stairs...

INT. HALLWAY, TOP FLOOR, LUXOR HOTEL -- NIGHT

Casually glancing down at Carrie, who struggles to hold onto the rope below him...

NUFF
 (to Chappy)
 Here...

Picking up his backpack, Nuff removes the nuclear detonator and slips it on his belt. The pack itself...

NUFF (CONT.)
 Time to call it a night.

...he hands to Chappy. As they move off...

INT. STAIRWAY, LUXOR HOTEL -- NIGHT

...Mike rushes up the stairs, only to find an enraged One-Eye waiting in ambush.

Leaping the railing, Mike barely avoids becoming perforated. Landing, he bolts out of the stairwell, the door taking the next series of killing SHELLS.

INT. HALLWAY, BELOW CARRIE, LUXOR HOTEL -- NIGHT

Mike sprints into the hallway, One-Eye in hot pursuit. Looking up for an instant, Mike is horrified to see...

MIKE'S POV -- the knot at Carrie's wrist slowly sliding away...

Sprinting, Mike turns hard down a hallway and sees it ahead -- a glass-paneled dead end. Through that pane and fifteen feet distant -- over the void and through two solid panes of glass -- is the continuation of the hallway.

As bullets WHIZ past him, the glass Mike races toward, at the end of his corridor, SHATTERS before his eyes. Without breaking stride, Mike leaps off of the corridor ledge, SMASHING through the broken glass...

...flying through the air...

...toward the identical -- but still very intact -- glass wall on the other side.

In mid-air, it looks very much like Mike shall bounce off of the solid glass wall and fall to his death. But...

...One-Eye's next BURST of GUNFIRE bites into the far glass wall just before Mike hits it -- CRACKING the glass just enough...

...that Mike's kicking impact SHATTERS it. Mike lands in the hallway, somersaults to his feet and keeps moving, out of the Gunman's sights.

Attempting to duplicate Mike's dramatic leap, One-Eye hastens his sprint down the hallway and makes a dramatic fourteen foot leap...

...across a fifteen foot chasm...

...which buys him a three hundred foot drop into the Eifel Tower below.

Still Mike powers on. Rounding a corner and looking up...

MIKE'S POV -- Mike sees Carrie barely hanging on with her own flagging power. She can't last long.

Without the time to climb the stairs, Mike scales the interior wall of the Pyramid. With each higher floor overhanging the one below, each leap of Mike's, out and up, is a potentially disastrous vault into the ether.

Moving up two floors, nearing where Carrie hangs in mid-air and out of options, Mike has no choice but to...

...vault off the wall...

...into clear air, flying out over the mammoth space...

...to grab the rope just above Carrie. His impact on the rope causes her to lose her grip and fall...

CARRIE

Mike!!!

...but stretching out, Mike's free hand snags her wrist.

MIKE

I'm here.

Mike holds onto Carrie, precariously hanging over a void and certain death.

Marshalling his strength...

...Mike will not let her fall!

Blocking out all pain and fatigue, he one-arms her slowly, agonizingly, up to him. Holding her close, his biceps nearly exploding, he pulls them both up the rope.

Wrapping his legs around the lower portion of rope to secure them, he muscles her over the half-railing, to safety.

With a GRUNT of satisfaction, a smile creases Mike's face for the first time in a long while.

MIKE

You alright? Carr?!

CARRIE

Now that you're here.

Scooping her up in his arms...

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE, LUXOR HOTEL -- NIGHT

Mike kicks open a door to a Presidential Suites and lays the weak Carrie on an antique day-bed.

MIKE

You rest.

CARRIE

Mike...

Mike sits next to Carrie. She takes something out of her pocket and, unseen by us, hands it to him, then pulls him close and WHISPERS to him.

MIKE

I always said...
(pocketing what
she gave him)
...in a pinch...

CARRIE

(drifting off)
You really should marry me...
so our baby'll have a father.

Thinking she's delirious, moving to the door...

MIKE

You better rest.

CARRIE

If it's a boy...it's Bud.
Okay?

Mike stops dead in his tracks -- she meant it.

MIKE

Course.

Exhausted, Carrie eyes flutter shut. Kissing her on the forehead, Mike turns and leaves the room, not noticing that Nuff's backpack lies in the corner near the door.

EXT. LUXOR HOTEL -- NIGHT

Major Hu's Rangers break through the mire of gridlock and hysterical Pedestrians at the entrance to the Luxor.

The Rangers storm the hotel as the Sphinx mutely looks on.

Overhead, numerous news and police helicopters fill the sky. Jets fly over. Barely visible in the aerial melange, a darkened copter hovers...

EXT. TIP OF THE LUXOR PYRAMID -- NIGHT

...right over the top of the dark Luxor Pyramid. As Devra roughly hovers the chopper in the darkness...

INT. TOP FLOOR, LUXOR PYRAMID -- NIGHT

...Chappy and Margo stand on an upper catwalk, loading a body litter lowered from the copter with the cash-laden trash bags. Below him, moving silently upward...

...with only the lights from the helicopter piercing the gloom, Mike climbs the ladder to the Pyramid's peak, emerging...

...into the room filled with huge, darkened Xenon lamps.

MIKE'S POV -- on the narrow catwalk above him, at the very tip of the pyramid, Chappy throws a cargo net over the body litter of money bags. Then, helping Margo into the litter...

CHAPPY

One last load!
(on radio)
Devra...go!

On his signal, Devra lifts the money and Margo out of the hole in the top of the Pyramid...and up into her ship.

Mike mounts the ladder to the catwalk, passing the bright yellow warning signs for **EYE DAMAGE** and **BURNS** associated with the powerful lights. Picking up a formidable monkey wrench...

Mike inches up the last rungs of the ladder to the catwalk. Chappy turns to see Mike standing five feet away.

MIKE

Where is he?

CHAPPY

The Colonel? Usually he's...
where you expect him least.

Reacting to the ominous comment, Mike casts a quick glance over his shoulder. Nuff's not there.

Using the distraction, Chappy launches himself into Mike. They fight viciously. Mike, in his pent-up fury, BLUDGEONS Chappy to the ground with a series of angry BLOWS, actually getting the better of Chappy, until....

...Nuff does show up behind Mike...

NUFF

Still...you?

...and demonstrates one reason why he was a decorated Ranger. With vicious and precisely delivered stiff-fingered assaults, he RIPS Mike off of Chappy, who now holds Mike as the Colonel administers raw punishment, knocking Mike to his knees on the catwalk above the Xenon lamp room.

INT. LOBBY, LUXOR HOTEL -- NIGHT

In the lobby, Hu stands over the mangled bodies of Nuff's dead Team Members. She looks up into the darkened heights of the soaring Atrium. As massive banks of hotel lights begin to flicker on...

RANGER

Major Hu, power's coming up!

INT. TOP OF LUXOR PYRAMID -- NIGHT

Mike lies face down, helpless, on the floor of the catwalk, the solid mass of super-high-powered Xenon bulbs below him, six feet under the catwalk.

As Nuff dons a harness and hooks up to a line from the copter...

NUFF

End of your season, Rookie.

Chappy kicks mercilessly at Mike.

Mike, face down, sees the Xenon lights flicker red, the filaments glowing brighter and brighter, until...

...with Chappy poised for one final deadly stomp to Mike's neck, Mike covers his eyes, an instant before...

...the lights suddenly and BLINDINGLY come back on.

Like an atomic bomb exploding, 400,000 watts of BRIGHTNESS SLAM Chappy's retinas.

CHAPPY

Aieeeeeeee!!!

Nuff hears Chappy's SCREAM, but is unable to see anything through the numbing GLARE.

Rising to his feet, Mike doles out better than he got, PUMMELING Chappy and sending him flying off the catwalk above the lights. Chappy falls...

...onto the sea of hot, SEARING light units. Like the burgers that Chappy prepared for the ill-fated Missile Transport Team, Chappy too is SIZZLED by the killing heat.

Nuff, blinded by the BURSTING light, FIRES into the white glare at Mike.

Bullets ZIP around Mike, RIP into lights sending leaping fingers of deadly 480 AMP current ARCING into the air.

Like an Avenging Angel bursting out of the whiteness, Mike tackles Nuff -- their momentum sending them both SMASHING out through a glass pane in the apex of the Pyramid...

EXT. PYRAMID PEAK -- NIGHT

...landing on the Pyramid's slick black exterior, with only Nuff's tangled harness and safety rope holding them from sliding down. Mike and Nuff battle, the brilliant column of light piledriving into the sky behind them, illuminating all too clearly the hovering helicopter.

The advantage of darkness is gone.

INT. HELICOPTER ABOVE PYRAMID -- NIGHT

In the helicopter, flooded by the blinding light...

DEVRA (ON RADIO)

COACH!!

EXT. PYRAMID PEAK -- NIGHT

Nuff grabs a shard of broken glass and wields it at Mike.

DEVRA (ON RADIO)

LET'S GO!!

Mike ducks away, slipping on the slick glass, barely holding on, exposed and vulnerable. Nuff reaches back with the knife-like shard of glass to deliver the killing blow when...

INT. TOP OF PYRAMID -- NIGHT

Through the glare from below, Nuff sees Hu and her Rangers swarm up the ladders.

NUFF (ON RADIO)
Take me up!! NOW!!!

INT. HELICOPTER ABOVE PYRAMID -- NIGHT

Devra lifts the chopper upwards.

EXT. PYRAMID PEAK -- NIGHT

In his harness, Nuff is pulled aloft. Mike rises and tackles Nuff's ankles, holding on. Mike is pulled straight toward the sharp side of a large, shattered piece of glass.

The rope grows taut. The helicopter strains...

...the rope drags a resisting Mike's face toward the cutting edge -- but Mike won't let go, straining to hang on...

...the rope SNAPS, cut by the glass, moments before Mike and Nuff would have been hacked in half by it.

As Devra's helicopter races away from the site, dropping Nuff hard onto the catwalk...

INT. TOP OF PYRAMID -- NIGHT

Hu and the Rangers storm toward Nuff, weapons aimed. Nuff pulls the atomic detonator from his pocket, and...

...disarms the safeties, wielding the hot trigger.

INT. STORAGE DEPOT, SOUTH LAS VEGAS -- NIGHT

CAMERA moves into the crate containing the nuclear warhead. A foreboding red light FLASHES.

INT. TOP OF PYRAMID -- NIGHT

Shouting...

NUFF
TWO KILOGRAMS OF PURE PLUTONIUM!

Hu raises her hand to stop the Rangers.

NUFF (CONT.)
MAKE CHERNOBYL LOOK LIKE A HIGH
SCHOOL SCIENCE PROJECT!

HU
(to the Rangers)
Lower your guns.

NUFF
Now...get me out!

Hu holds up her hands, trying to placate Nuff.

HU
It'll be arranged, Colonel.

MIKE (OFF)
Like hell it will!

Mike climbs back into the Pyramid and stands in Nuff's way. Nuff, with his finger poised on the detonator...

NUFF
You don't know who you're
fucking with!

MIKE
(moving closer)
Don't I?

HU
(pointing at Mike)
Take him out!

As the Ranger guns draw a deadly bead on Mike...

Mike leaps at Nuff, who hangs onto the detonator box, fumbling for the trigger...

NUFF
Not going back to that...

Mike cannot grab Nuff's arms fast enough. Nuff gets to the trigger and...

NUFF (CONT.)
...fucking tomb!

...FLIPS it!

On the stunned, horrified looks of the Hu and the Rangers...

...nothing happens.

Reaching into his pocket...

MIKE
Carrie learned it from you....

Mike pulls out the four AA batteries that Carrie, unseen, handed him earlier. Pointing to the detonator...

MIKE (CONT.)
...take out the power.

Wild with rage, Nuff leaps at Mike...

MIKE (CONT.)

That's eee...nnnough, Colonel!

...Mike knocks Nuff back on his ass.

HU

(pointing at Nuff)

Take him away.

(on radio)

It's over. You can all relax.

Bring down the birds.

As one by one, the garish lights of Vegas flicker back on, the insistent CHINGING of the slots ECHOING all around him, Mike realizes...

MIKE

My God! What have I done?!

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE, LUXOR HOTEL -- NIGHT

Mike enters the Presidential Suite...

...Carrie, on the bed, stirs, half-asleep. He sits next to her, stroking her forehead.

MIKE

They got him.

CARRIE

Thank God...

As they embrace...

MIKE

Carrie, about that baby...

CARRIE

Mike...

(seeing something)

...that backpack...

Breaking away from her...

MIKE

What?

Pointing at Nuff's backpack that sits across the room...

CARRIE

It's his!

Mike's eyes zero in on a strange backpack. Rushing to it, the red LED on the sophisticated timer is at **0:10 seconds** and moving fast. No time to try and stop it.

MIKE

Carr!

Smashing a metal table through one of the Presidential Suite's windows, Mike scoops up Carrie and the day-bed's mattress and bee-lines it toward the window, leaping...

EXT. PYRAMID SIDE -- NIGHT

Mike and Carrie, on the mattress, come flying out of the shattered hotel room window. Like they were on a high-tech toboggan ride, they speed down the side of the slick glass Pyramid, an instant before...

...the top floors of the Pyramid EXPLODE like a volcano.

As the Soldiers escorting Nuff out of the hotel lobby look up at the mayhem...

Mike and Carrie come hurtling down, landing sprawled on the grass at the base of the Pyramid, tumbling into each other's arms. They look up at the pyrotechnics atop the Pyramid, as through it all comes...

...Devra's copter, winging in hard and low, lights out, a long line whipping in the wind below it.

Nuff spins away from his Guards, running into the open area between the Police and Ranger ranks. The Colonel grabs the middle of the line and is whisked away, over the reaching hands of his captors. As Devra's elusive copter accelerates and ascends...

MIKE

NO!

Mike races to intersect the end of the line. Diving, he gets hold of the very end of the long, whipping line. Dragged roughly along the ground at high speed, Mike's body SLAMS against a light fixture, caroming him hard into a Police Car, the wind EXPLODING out of his chest.

The bird rises, passing just high enough over a tree for Nuff to clear it, but pulling Mike right through it, powering him into and through big branches, but...

...Mike hangs on.

As Police and Military begin to scramble into action...

...the Helicopter sails off into the Vegas night, enjoying a solid head start; Mike and Nuff hanging precariously.

EXT. HELICOPTER IN FLIGHT, OVER LAS VEGAS -- NIGHT

Devra powers the helicopter out of Vegas Proper, toward the Lake. She runs so low that only Mike's penduluming on the line saves him from eating one building's chimney, or another's antenna. With a hundred mph wind in their faces, Nuff and Mike both forcefully climb up the line, toward the bird's body.

INT. HELICOPTER -- NIGHT

Leaning out the door of the chopper, Margo draws a bead on Mike, but the climber is too close to the Colonel for a clear shot.

EXT. HELICOPTER IN FLIGHT -- NIGHT

Seeing Mike gaining on him, Nuff loosens his grip on the line -- and sails straight back into Mike, his boots HAMMERING into Mike's shoulders.

Mike's grip gives -- he falls away -- snagging the very end of the line. Nuff slides right on down again, scraping Mike's right hand away with his boot. Hanging on with only his left hand, Mike is virtually flying behind the copter over Lake Mead.

Nuff leaves the weakened Mike behind, climbing up as the copter sails out over Lake Mead.

INT. HELICOPTER -- NIGHT

Pulling himself into the chopper, yelling to Devra...

NUFF
Tight circle!

Increasing her speed first, Devra banks the helicopter hard left.

EXT. HELICOPTER, IN FLIGHT -- NIGHT

Mike is whipped around wide by his left arm, spinning on the line, the centrifugal force tremendous -- and growing. As Mike strains to hang on...

...Nuff leans out of the copter and hacks at the line with his knife.

INT. HELICOPTER -- NIGHT

Nuff looks from the fraying line over to Devra.

NUFF
Get back over land!

EXT. HELICOPTER, IN FLIGHT -- NIGHT

But with the helicopter banking hard over the Lake to turn around -- just short of land -- the rope SNAPS. Mike is flung away, tumbling into the black sky.

INT. HELICOPTER -- NIGHT

Nuff watches as Mike's body disappears into the inky blackness. CAMERA HOLDS on the Lake. As a tiny, distant SPLASH goes up, unseen by Nuff...

NUFF
Tough series.
(to Devra and Margo)
Let's get the core.

MARGO
We got a hundred million here easy,
Coach. Can't we just forget...

Looking coldly at Margo...

NUFF
You want my job, just say so,

MARGO
(backing down fast)
No, sir. You're the Coach. You
call the shots.

NUFF
Yes, I do.

And he does. A bullet SCREAMS into Margo's head, flinging her bloody skull into the windshield. Kicking her out of the copter...

NUFF (CONT.)
And take your broken fucking leg
with you!

Devra looks over her shoulder at her Coach, horrified.

NUFF (CONT.)
Sorry. I'm a little edgy.

The helicopter banks toward the nearby Storage Facility and...

EXT. LAKE MEAD STORAGE -- NIGHT

...sets down at the Lake's edge, next to a long, steep concrete boat ramp leading to a pier that jets far out into the Lake. Jumping out of the helicopter and rushing toward their Storage Unit...

INT. STORAGE UNIT -- NIGHT

The wood crate is pried open, revealing the lead-lined cylinder that is the Plutonium Core. Nuff reaches in, grasping the rope tied off through the cylinder's eyehole. Devra mans the other end. As they bend their backs to tugging it out....

NUFF

Easy, now...

EXT. BOAT PIER, LAKE MEAD STORAGE -- NIGHT

A cut and bruised hand, rivulets of blood running down it, reaches up on the piling. Mike's hand. He pulls himself weakly up onto the dock. As Mike limps forward...

EXT. STORAGE AREA -- NIGHT

The heavy cylinder CRUNCHES over gravel. Reaching the inclined slope to the helicopter and the boat ramp, Nuff stops and suspiciously looks around. Handing Devra his end of the rope...

NUFF

Take it down slow.

DEVRA

Coach?

But he's gone. The leaden cylinder picks up speed. Leaning back, dragging her heels, trying to slow its progress, fighting a losing battle...

DEVRA (CONT.)

Coach!

...the cylinder is now rolling almost freely, headed right for the steep boat ramp and the Lake, until...

MIKE

Need a hand?

Mike reaches out and snag's Devra's arm, slowing the descent of the cylinder. As she looks at him, horrified...

...a baseball bat swings out of the darkness and WHACKS Mike full in the stomach. Mike crumbles, winded, holding his guts. Nuff stands over him, wooden bat in hand.

NUFF

Nothing like a Louisville Slugger.
Seasoned ash. Good, solid feel...

Swinging viciously and connecting with Mike's shoulder...

NUFF (CONT.)
 ...don'tcha think? Getting really
 sick of you.

Agonizing to get to his feet...

MIKE
 You know what...
 (holding his stomach)
 I'm getting really sick of all...

Nuff swings, aiming at Mike's head.

MIKE (CONT.)
 ...this baseball crap.

Mike ducks the killing blow. Powering up from his crouched position, Mike's forearm slams under Nuff's chin. Nuff's head and body fly backwards. He loses the bat.

As Devra pulls her side arm, Mike snags the bouncing bat on one hop, spins and bats the gun out of Devra's hand. SCREAMING in pain, Devra spins away.

DEVRA
 Coach...go!

Devra pulls a knife and, reaching back to throw...

...Mike's bat crushes her elbow. The knife spins backwards -- into Devra's throat. As blood arches...

...a BARRAGE of bullets nearly takes Mike's head off. Diving to the deck, behind the cylinder, Mike sneaks a look...

MIKE'S POV -- Nuff is just beyond the copter, about two hundred feet away, with a clear fire zone at Mike.

As bullets EXPLODE all around the cylinder, Mike scrambles over to Devra and grabs two of the hand grenades that are attached to her uniform.

Pulling the pin, Mike hefts the first grenade at Nuff. It lands far short of Nuff...

NUFF
 No arm, rookie!

...but rolling down the slope, it snuggles up to the helicopter, and...

EXPLODES. Nuff dives away as the helicopter catches fire. Flames lick up into the hold, around the bags of money.

NUFF (CONT.)

You fuck!

FIRING wildly at Mike, flames rising between the two enemies...

NUFF (CONT.)

And your bitch is next!

Mike stares at the remaining grenade -- then at the baseball bat that lies near to him. Standing amidst the maelstrom of shells and hefting the seasoned ash bat...

MIKE

(to himself)

If you can't beat 'em...

Pulling the pin on the grenade, Mike throws the explosive sphere into the air in front of himself, to hit it out of his hand.

MIKE (CONT.)

...bat 'em.

Winding up, he takes a big swing, and...misses. By a mile.

MIKE (CONT.)

Oh, shit!

As bullets ZING around him...as the live grenade TICKS away at his feet...

...Mike quickly picks the deadly explosive up to try again. He lobs it up, and...

...hits it a ton. Smacks the ol' tater but good. The sweet line drive arches high over the flaming helicopter and lands next to Nuff, who...

...grabbing the grenade on the bounce, underhands it into the Lake.

The grenade EXPLODES by the pier, sending up a watery torrent and COLLAPSING the back supports of the metal pier.

The pier CREAKS and collapses into the Lake, forming a smooth continuation of the boat ramp incline.

NUFF

Gotta have quick hands to play that game, boy.

MIKE

(through the flames)

Yeah? Well, quick hand this!

Out of the flames, coming fast, rolls...

...the lead plutonium cylinder. Headed right toward Nuff and the collapsed pier. Gaining speed.

Dropping his weapon, Nuff rushes forward to intercept his precious cylinder. Unable to slow it a whit, he leaps over the heavy lead container and wraps its rope tight around his waist, digging in his heels. As the hurtling cylinder slows a bit, Nuff getting it under control...

...out of the flame and smoke, like an angel of death with a baseball bat, strides Mike. Nuff spins and draws his side arm -- he finally has Mike dead to rights, when...

MIKE (CONT.)

And this!

...Mike whips the baseball bat at Nuff.

Reflexively, Nuff leaps out of the way. Unharmed. But...

...losing his sturdy grasp on the cylinder rope.

The heavy lead object again starts rolling down the slanted metal pier. Gaining speed...

...the Colonel is violently yanked behind it -- by the cylinder's line tied to him. Despite every effort to resist, Nuff is pulled steadily down the sinking pier and into the Lake.

Losing his gun, Nuff scrambles for a handhold or foothold, finding none.

The cylinder finds the end of the pier and slides under the surface of Lake Mead, taking Nuff with it, slow and steady. First his arm, then his head and his whole body are slowly dragged under until only his free hand claws at the surface...

Mike stares coldly as Nuff's free hand sinks beneath the surface. Shrugging and bending over, picking up the baseball bat...

MIKE AYRE (CONT.)

Thank you Little League.

EXT. LAKE MEAD, UNDERWATER -- NIGHT

Nuff sinks deeper and deeper into the dark water...a coursing of air bubbles and muffled curses leaving his lips.

EXT. STORAGE AREA -- NIGHT

Stone-faced, Mike stares into the dark waters of the Lake. Behind him, a flotilla of helicopter gunships close in. Hu pops out of one and runs to the Lakeside by Mike.

HU
Where is it? The cylinder?

Mike points to the still water.

HU (CONT.)
And Colonel Nuff?

Mike's hand does not move. Handing the Major the baseball bat...

MIKE
Here. Saved your ash.

Turning, Mike sees Carrie. Walking to her, taking her hand...

MIKE (CONT.)
As I was saying...I'd be honored...

Looking her in the eyes, with total conviction...

MIKE (CONT.)
...to be the father of...our child.

CARRIE
Sure it won't cut into your...
adventure-lust?

MIKE
Might.
(eyes twinkling
for her)
I'll just have to develop...
other lusts.

As they kiss passionately...

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP, ROCKIES -- MORNING

IN CLOSE UP, we start on a beautiful pottery urn, decorated with a magnificent glaze depicting snow-capped mountains. As the top of the urn is removed...

HELICOPTERING BACK...

...we see Mike and Carrie seemingly standing on the top of the world -- nothing but the tops of craggy mountains below them.

They pour out a fine ash from the urn, Bud's ashes. And from another, Erv's ashes, into their hands...

MIKE
Good-bye, Bud...Erv.

CARRIE
We'll always know where to find you.

...and throw them into the wind -- CAMERA SOARS back to a wilderness image extraordinaire -- mountains, upon mountains, upon mountains...

...with two tiny figures embracing each other.

THE END