

The Peacemaker

By Michael Schiffer

Production Re-Write by John Wells

"The Peacemaker"

FADE IN:

ON MAIN CREDIT ROLL AS:

A Russian military car moves through the gates of --

SUPER: "30 JUNE, NIZHNAYA-TURA MISSILE BASE
NORTH CENTRAL RUSSIA"

EXT. RUSSIAN MISSILE BASE - NIGHT

The car ROARS through the guard gate, past barracks, heavy equipment, arrives at a MISSILE SILO where a huge SS-18 ICBM is being hoisted from the ground. The car stops, an officer climbs out, middle-aged, a decorated Colonel, VASSILY. We CONTINUE with him across the busy compound, past Russian military and an American Start Observer to arrive at:

A RESTRICTED AREA BEHIND THE WAREHOUSE

SOLDIERS are loading a FOUR CAR TRAIN; at the open loading door of a container car, a six-foot STEEL COFFIN on wheels is hoisted in beside EIGHT OTHER COFFINS, already chained down. A YOUNG PRAPORSHIK (Sergeant) shakes his head, grumbles to his mates:

VASSILY:

Something wrong, Praporshik?

SERGEANT

I didn't join the Russian Army to dismantle it for the Americans, sir.

VASSILY

The world changes, we must change with it. Get the men aboard.

Stepping to the back of the Container Car, Vassily punches in a code, arming an ELECTRONIC LOCK. It FLASHES RED, the automatic loading door SLIDES SHUT. From behind him...

KODOROFF

Everything is secure?

VASSILY

Yes sir.

GENERAL ALEKANDER KODOROFF, fifties, polished, tough.

(CONTINUED)

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nuclear physicist, a brilliant abstract thinker, but the mundane details of her life, like her desk, are somehow beneath her. The assistant drops the stack of faxes on her desk.

KEN

So they put a detector on him, get a reading, bust him.

JODY

And he drops dead, right on the spot.

KEN

Turns out, he's not smuggling uranium, he's just a fat guy, got a pacemaker, with a radioactive chip!

The others laugh and MOAN.

JODY

So his family's suing the Germans for wrongful death.

KELLY

What's that got to do with us?

KEN

(deadpan)

They got their tip from the CIA.

More cynical moans. This is a hip and hardened young crowd. Julia shakes her head, tosses her half-eaten piece of pizza back in the box, finds the faxes. Gets back to the agenda

KELLY

Start Compliance. Everything that's on the move needs to be catalogued.

(more groans)

Jody, Uzbekistan. David, Far East. Belarus, that's you Alan. Ken, you're on Central Russia and the Ukraine.

She dishes out the faxes. Ken stares at his unhappily.

KELLY

Next item on the agenda. GSA's sent us another memo, "Excessive Use of Disposable Paper Products"...

That elicits derisive laughter, lots of head shaking. Ken leans back, tosses his stack of satellite faxes on the table behind him as the train on the fax slowly becomes --

CONTINUED:

KODOROFF

Good luck.

VASSILY

Thank you, General.

Kodoroff proceeds to the FRONT TROOP CAR, the men snap to attention as he passes.

VASSILY

Praporshik!

The Young Sergeant steps back, blows a whistle to signal the train. The train's WHISTLE BLASTS in response and the train begins to move. Vassily steps up onto the REAR CAR.

The GATES swing open. The train ROLLS SLOWLY OUT of the MISSILE BASE into the countryside. Vassily stands on the step for a long moment, looking back at the receding base. Then, finally, turns and disappears into the CAR as the --

TRAIN, FROM AN EXTREME AERIAL VIEW, is SPIT OUT of a high speed fax in the basement offices of the --

SUPER: "WHITE HOUSE NUCLEAR SMUGGLING GROUP 0100 HOURS"

The fax falls out onto a pile of similiar satellite faxes, stacked, waiting for attention in the extremely work-cluttered office. Maps and charts of nuclear incidents and smuggling routes cover the walls.

An assistant picks up the faxes, carries us into a small office where people crowd in, eating pizza and Big Mac's, drinking coffee and laughing at a routine lunch meeting. JODY MAYER, a round State Staffer, is telling a story.

JODY

So, the Germans get a tip, and put a search team at the border, right...?

KEN BURREL, a skinny, precise Political Science wonk from Princeton picks up the tale.

KEN

Yeah, where they see this seedy-looking Turkish guy, wearing baggy clothes and sweating profusely.

KELLY

And....?

JULIA KELLY, attractive in her mid-30's, works on a report while conducting a love-hate affair with a pepperoni pizza. Kelly's a

CONTINUED: (3)

EXT. THE TRAIN - DAWN

Speeding south through the approaching dawn, past summertime tundra slowing climbing into the Urals as the sun begins to break over the surrounding mountains.

- INSIDE THE TROOP CAR the tethered overhead lamps sway, we PAN DOWN, PUSH through sleeping soldiers to find one man's very awake, Vassily. His face strained, tense, anticipatory.

- AN IMPOVERISHED FARMER heads to his outhouse beside the tracks in the misty early morning. A sound, the train approaching. He enters, sits. The train ROARS by, the outhouse shakes gently.

- AND THEN THE TRAIN IS GONE. The farmer sits in silence, still half-asleep. A naked lightbulb overhead. And then --

- A SECOND TRAIN APPROACHES. The outhouse begins to shake, louder and louder, until it's shaking VIOLENTLY. The farmer jumps up, steps outside. What is coming?

- A SECOND TRAIN EXPLODES PAST! Huge, dark, menacing --

- THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW OF THE SECOND TRAIN, the startled farmer recedes beside his outhouse. We PULL BACK TO REVEAL COMMANDOS in NIGHT-VISION GOGGLES, heavily armed, waiting. The orange light inside the compartment turns to RED!

TWO COMMANDOS open the overhead hatch. A tiny Sony WATCHMAN comes into FRAME. On it, the view ahead: parallel railroad tracks rapidly approaching a tunnel. A slower moving train on the left. We follow the lead Commandos up onto the --

- ROOF as we ROAR INTO THE TUNNEL. The lead Commando turns back into the hatch, gives a signal. The men switch on GOGGLES.

- INSIDE THE FIRST TRAIN, the troops are still asleep. Through the rear window we see the SECOND TRAIN COMING ALONGSIDE in the tunnel, Commandos on the roof! PULL BACK to find Vassily, watching the Commandos ready to leap.

- OUTSIDE, the TRAINS RACE side by side in the TUNNEL and the COMMANDOS leap across the speeding void onto the roof of the FIRST TRAIN. Rubber soled shoes and the ROAR of the trains silence their landing.

- VASSILY terrified, sweating, watching. Did anyone hear?

- The Commandos trot forward to the front of the car and the GUARD, smoking below on the small landing between the cars.

The lead Commando pulls his knife, edges forward on his stomach. Others hold his legs, he SWOOPS DOWN, slices. AS THE TRAINS ROAR BACK OUT OF THE TUNNEL INTO --

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- THE DAWN LIGHT of the mountainside. The Guard SLUMPS, DROPS BELOW FRAME, REVEALING: an arterial blood stain blown back on the window by the on-rushing air.
- IN ECU a COMMANDO, his wire cutters filling the frame. An electrical panel. The cutters find a wire and:
- INSIDE THE TRAIN, the lights go out, unnoticed! Vassily moves quickly to the rear of the train. Steps outside.
- PEERS AROUND to the SECOND TRAIN speeding alongside as the two trains ROAR into a second tunnel.
- POV: THROUGH A COMMANDO'S RED NIGHT-VISION GOGGLES entering the now dark troop car. He scans the sleeping soldiers. Raises his MP-5 automatic RIFLE into the POV.
- THE COMMANDOS FAN out in the car. Sleeping troops stir awake. Jesus. Vassily's young PRAPORSHIK wakes, looks to the red-eyed commandos, now what? Laser sights SWITCH ON! A thin red dot settles on the PRAPORSHIK'S forehead!
- OUTSIDE VASSILY WAITS on the small platform. The tunnel walls fly by, the incredible DIN of the TRAINS. And then, ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE! BULLETS SPLINTER THE WALL, laser sights STREAK out into the dark! Vassily swings out onto the train ladder, the rushing tracks below.
- A HAND reaches down to help him up. Vassily climbs to the top of the train, crouches next to a man SILHOUETTED against the onrushing early morning light as they approach the end of the second tunnel and BLAST OUT REVEALING --
- KODOROFF! On the roof with the Commandos.

KODOROFF

Hurry up!

As Kodoroff jogs forward we CUT TO:

- A PASSENGER TRAIN, making it's way through the mountains, it's mournful AIR HORN echoing in the misty forest.
- INSIDE THE TRAIN: some are awakening, others still sleep. Kids, parents, travelers, businessmen. AND WE CUT BACK TO:
- THE HUNTER AND PREY TRAINS, side by side, STREAKING through the mountains and:
- A STOPWATCH in Kodoroff's hand, Vassily by his side, nervously punching in the code on the locked BOMB CAR.

CONTINUED: (5)

KODOROFF

Faster!

The BLINKING RED LIGHT TURNS GREEN, the door slides open.

- COMMANDOS POUR IN, swarm over the warheads as:

- KODOROFF prepares to jump across to the HUNTER TRAIN. Yanks Vassily OUT OF FRAME and Vassily and Kodoroff --

- LEAP ACROSS THE VOID to the roof of the HUNTER TRAIN. Below them, Vassily stares into the shattered troop car, Commandos with flashlights rifle the bloody bodies of the young troops and his PRAPORSHIK. Watches the Commandos lower the gunwale of the flatcar and move the STEEL COFFINS across to the HUNTER TRAIN. It's all fast, well rehearsed.

- WE PULL UP AND AWAY IN A HELICOPTER SHOT to discover, the PASSENGER TRAIN, across the valley, COMING STRAIGHT AT US.

- INSIDE THE BOMB CAR the last steel coffin is opened TO REVEAL: a 5 foot warhead. Two commandos use battery drills to unscrew the bottom plate. Work together quickly, a pit crew at Indie. Pull out a long, stainless steel assembly. Attach a BLACK BOX to the base, insert a key, turn it. The box COMES ALIVE. The lead Commando looks across to --

- KODOROFF crouching beside a nervous VASSILY.

VASSILY

What are they doing?

Kodoroff ignores him, looks to his stopwatch, synchs it up and signals back across to:

- The Commando, WHO PUSHES A BUTTON. An LED TIMER snaps on. "10:00". And counting down...09:59...09:58...09:57...

- ECU OF ANOTHER COMMANDO IN HIGH GRASS SOMEWHERE AHEAD. WE'RE ON HIS WATCH, it's digital readout synched with the LED. The man TURNS, thrusts his hand into the air. Counts down on his fingers,...4...3...2...1...a fist. A SECOND COMMANDO takes the signal, slides forward through the weeds, touches two wires together. They SPARK.

- THE TWO TRAINS BARREL TOWARDS US, SIDE BY SIDE, but the PREY TRAIN switches onto ANOTHER TRACK! The HUNTER TRAIN ROARS PAST, as the PREY TRAIN hurtles off on it's new track.

- ON THE ROOF OF THE HUNTER TRAIN: Kodoroff shoves Vassily.

CONTINUED: (6)

KODOROFF

Get down!

They flatten just as the HUNTER TRAIN BLASTS INTO ANOTHER TUNNEL and they're plunged into darkness.

- INSIDE THE TUNNEL the HUNTER TRAIN SLOWS. It's wheels GRIND TO A STOP. It's headlight SNAPS on. SILENCE.

- THE COMMANDOS turn off their goggles. Turn on BLUE PORTABLE FLUORESCENTS. Kodoroff checks his stopwatch.

KODOROFF

Eight minutes, forty seconds.

VASSILY

(realizing)

...Oh my god...

- INSIDE THE ENGINE OF THE SPEEDING PREY TRAIN we DOLLY PAST the slaughtered Engineer, the Brakeman, continue on outside the window to see --

- THE APPROACHING PASSENGER TRAIN, barreling around a mountain curve towards us on the same track!

- INSIDE THE PASSENGER TRAIN, people sleep, a mother diapers her infant.

- WE PUSH INTO the engineer of the PASSENGER TRAIN, he stares through the oil-smeared glass, unsure of what's ahead. Sticks his head out the window. Jesus!

- PULLS HARD on the air brakes!

- SPARKS FLY as the train wheels lock up, SCREECH.

- INSIDE THE PULLMAN CAR, First Class Passengers fly from their sleeping berths.

- THE TWO TRAINS ARE MOMENTS APART! The Engineer and Brakeman LEAP from the slowing Passenger Train as we CUT TO:

- THE outhouse FARMER'S SHACK, through the windows a huge EXPLOSION in the distance. The Farmer bolts up from the edge of his bed, the orange glow of the distant holocaust dancing on his startled face. His wife sits up beside him. A second EXPLOSION! As we CUT BACK TO and --

- DOLLY ALONG THE WRECKAGE AND DEATH. SURVIVORS race from the twisted metal, horrified. Others run back panicked, searching for loved ones as the fire spreads.

CONTINUED: (7)

- THE BOMB CAR LIES TOPPLED. The warhead hangs precariously from the open car. The LED, counting down: 4:19...:18...

- THE HUNTER TRAIN INSIDE THE TUNNEL

Bathed in the light of the blue fluorescents, waiting.

VASSILY

Oh, God. Oh, my God!

Kodoroff leans calmly against the steel coffins, taps out a Marlboro, lights it with a Bic.

KODOROFF

It's good we can pray to God again.

VASSILY

I want my money! I want it now! O

Kodoroff opens his coat, pulls off a thick money belt, tosses it contemptuously at Vassily. U

VASSILY

What about us? Are we safe here? T

Vassily unzips the belt. Tight, thick bundles of \$100 bills. 6

KODOROFF

We're fifteen kilometers away. Under a mountain. 0

VASSILY

The bomb was unnecessary! They'll hunt us down, they'll hunt us forever! 0

KODOROFF

Shut up, you're acting like a woman.

VASSILY

Don't tell me what to do! I'm not in the Army anymore! No one tells me what to do now!

Kodoroff smiles, steps closer. A reassuring father.

KODOROFF

Think of it this way, Yuri, you never have to worry about your wife and kids again.

He pats Vassily's face warmly.

CONTINUED:

VASSILY

My family is my business, not --

BANG! A blank look crosses Vassily's face. He looks down, A LARGE, still smoking PISTOL in Kodoroff's hand.

Kodoroff reaches across, rips the money belt out of the falling Vassily's hand. Kodoroff looks around at his men, re-establishing his control. Casually points the pistol down at Vassily. BANG!

- AT THE TRAIN CRASH, the LED continues it's merciless countdown ...00:12...00:11...00:10...00:09...

- AT THE FARMER'S SHACK. The husband and wife pull on coats, move to the rough-hewn wood door, open it TO REVEAL:

- A HUGE FIRE BURNING BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS, the morning sky filled with black smoke. They stand holding hands, staring off at the horizon as --

- THE SKY BLINKS BLINDING WHITE! The Farmer and his wife are Consumed by ravenous ATOMIC LIGHT. VAPORIZED --

SUPER: "1 JULY; NPIC - NATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC INTELLIGENCE INTERPRETATION CENTER COLORADO SPRINGS, CO; 1303 HOURS"

MILITARY TECHNICIANS supervised by AIR FORCE OFFICERS monitor SATELLITE TRANSMISSIONS from around the world. TECHNICIANS in STEREOSCOPIC GOGGLES view digital images on computer screens. TRACK PAST: men and women working, ARRIVE at a young tech, AIRMAN ROBERTS, who sees the first images:

AIRMAN ROBERTS

Holy shit.

FLASHING THROUGH DIFFERENT MODES -- calling up SATELLITE PHOTOS OF THE NUCLEAR BLAST ON DIFFERENT MONITORS -- in COLOR; INFRARED; and SYNTHETIC APERTURE RADAR, he calls out:

AIRMAN ROBERTS

Sir... c'mere!

The last MONITOR goes BLACK. The Officer arrives quickly.

LIEUTENANT

Oh, my God...

AIRMAN ROBERTS

The EMP must've knocked it blind.

The Lieutenant grabs a phone, checks monitors as he speaks:

CONTINUED:

LIEUTENANT

This is NPIC. Satellite reconnaissance indicates at 1303, a massive nuclear incident in Russia. Requesting a NOIWON.

WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

A pair of polished oxford wingtips move briskly down an elegant carpeted hallway. Their owner is young, over-educated, carries a folder, APPLETON. Steps into an --

OUTER OFFICE

Secretary, art borrowed from the National Museum. She looks up to see Appleton heading for the inner office, protests --

SECRETARY

He's with Senator Danworthy...

But Appleton doesn't break stride, bursts into --

HAMILTON'S OFFICE

A working meeting. Three White House staffers, a Senator, and TERRENCE HAMILTON, a reedy intellectual in his mid-50's, National Security Advisor and head of the NSC.

SENATOR

The Saudi's have been long and good friends of this country, I'm sure the President wishes to continue this...

Appleton leans into Hamilton's ear as the Senator continues his oratory. Hamilton looks up, what?

WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY

Hamilton and Appleton moving fast. Hamilton's reading from the folder Appleton was carrying.

HAMILTON

Get Essler up here, now.

APPLETON

Essler quit to run JPL. You missed his retirement lunch three weeks ago.

HAMILTON

Who'd I appoint?

CONTINUED:

APPLETON

You haven't. My memo's still sitting
on your desk.

Hamilton hands the folder back, worried.

HAMILTON

Jesus Christ, who the hell's in charge
down there?

AN INDOOR SWIMMING POOL

Quiet. Big. A solitary woman swims. She's halfway down the
fifty meter pool, pulling hard for the blocks.

Waiting at the edge of the pool, spit-polished black military
shoes. Her hand touches. She pulls her goggles up onto her
head. It's Kelly. She looks up at the Marine.

KELLY

...It happened...didn't it?

THE WHITE HOUSE BASEMENT

Pipes overhead, cardboard file boxes everywhere. Kelly shoves
into the --

CLUTTERED SMUGGLING GROUP OFFICE SUITE

Phones are RINGING, staff's on the move, it's chaos.

KELLY

What've we got?

KEN pulls the images off the high-speed FAX.

KEN

Satellite photos of a nuclear incident
twenty minutes ago in the Ural
Mountains of Central Russia.

KELLY

Jesus, a big one...

KEN

Nice hair.

She tosses aside her towel, springs into action.

KELLY

Call the Driving Range. Tell them the
White House has a Priority Tasker --
requesting multiple birds on this.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

KELLY (cont'd)
(as she goes)
I'll be upstairs.

WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY

Kelly rushes up the ornate staircase, faxes in hand, hustles down the hall, overtaking her boss, Appleton, who's moving towards the far end of the hall with Hamilton.

KELLY
Marc!

They don't slow, she has to catch up. Speaks quietly --

KELLY
Forget Chernobyl, this is huge.

APPLETON
Julia Kelly, Acting Chair Nuclear
Smuggling Group. Terry Hamilton,
National Security Advisor.

KELLY
Hi, we met last year at the NSC
Christmas party.

HAMILTON
We have a briefing at DOE in thirty
minutes. By the time I get there, I
want to know what the hell's going on.

Hamilton disappears through a door. Appleton stops.

APPLETON
Make it succinct, non-technical and
direct. Ten minutes or less.

KELLY
I'll organize the photos,
intelligence, everything you need.

APPLETON
Me? You're doing the talking.

And Appleton disappears after Hamilton. Kelly stands there.
Christ, checks her watch, thirty minutes?

CENTRAL RUSSIA - MORNING

THE TRAIN pulls slowly out of the tunnel. A CARGO TRUCK, green tarp rolled up on top, meets it. A young hothead, VLADO, leaps out of the truck, furious. Heads straight for Kodoroff.

CONTINUED:

VLADO

You said nothing about detonating a bomb!

KODOROFF

If they'd discovered the dead men, they would've been on us in hours.

VLADO

They'll have the roads blocked. We'll never get out!

Kodoroff brushes past Vlado, reaches the Truck where TWO MIDDLE EASTERN THUGS are helping the Commandos load the coffins into the truck. Vlado pulls Kodoroff around roughly.

VLADO

It should have been discussed!

Kodoroff shoves Vlado back hard against the truck.

KODOROFF

Let's get this straight, I'm in command. Open your mouth again, I'll kill you.

Vlado shakes him off, petulantly. Kodoroff steps back, unbuttons his uniform, grabs a shirt from the truck.

VLADO

...They'll never let us through...

KODOROFF

Of course they will.

Kodoroff signals the Thugs. They untie the green tarp. It unfurls to REVEAL: A BIG RED CROSS.

Vlado smiles, nods respectfully, begins to laugh. Kodoroff grins back, joins in Vlado's laughter. Off their laughter --

SUPER: "DEPARTMENT OF ENERGY (DOE) - 1545 HOURS"

DEPARTMENT OF ENERGY BUILDING - DAY

Kelly abandons her car in a NO PARKING ZONE. Races, late, into the huge white building.

GRAY (VO)

The train was passing through the Ural Mountains, three hundred miles south of the Arctic Circle.

DOE SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Hamilton glances at the door, checks his watch. Place cards identify reps from: DoD, DIA, DOE, FBI, and NSC. BOB GRAY, chairs. His card reads CIA. Gray stands beside an overhead projector that's tossing a huge Russian map up onto a screen.

GRAY

There was a crash, but other than that, the Russians have offered no further explanations.

Kelly enters, makes her way to the only available chair, hers. Hamilton glares at her. Appleton leans over, sotto.

APPLETON

Nice of you to join us.

Installed in her chair, Kelly looks around for her pen to take notes, realizes it's stuck in her hair.

GRAY

With a radioactive cloud drifting toward China the CNN factor will prevail. There won't be a coverup.

The graying man behind the SECRETARY OF STATE Card speaks.

SECRETARY OF STATE

The President is issuing a statement that we're behind the Russians one hundred percent. He's also going to let the American public know that this type of nuclear accident, while tragic, can never happen here with our security and safety procedures.

KELLY

This wasn't an accident, sir.

All heads turn to Kelly, who the hell is she? The Secretary isn't used to being interrupted.

SECRETARY OF STATE

I'm sorry, Miss...?

KELLY

Dr. Kelly.

Hamilton steps in to smooth the waters.

CONTINUED: (2)

GARNETT

How much elapsed time between shots?

KELLY

(dryly to CIA)

Unfortunately sir, that information's on a "need to know" basis.

GRAY

(unamused)

Three minutes between the crash and the blast. We believe the blast was triggered by a secondary explosion. Probably the engine fuel tanks.

Kelly looks at the CIA guy, what is he stupid?

KELLY

There were SS-20s on that train. SS-20s pencil out at One Point Safe.

The men look at each other, what?

SECRETARY OF STATE

We're not nuclear wonks, Dr. Kelly.

GARNETT:

That means if you fire a bullet directly into the warhead's plutonium you get a one-in-a-million chance of getting what Dr. Kelly, four pounds of nuclear yield?

Kelly smiles. Finally somebody who speaks her language.

KELLY

Four point one six-five.

SECRETARY OF STATE

Someone's shooting at nuclear warheads?

KELLY

No sir. Excuse me, four point six-five pounds of nuclear yield is a couple of sticks of dynamite.

(the blast photo)

The blast we observed was in the 75 kiloton range, which could not have been caused by a train crash.

(pause)

This wasn't an accident, gentlemen, it was an act of terrorism.

CONTINUED: (3)

Dead silence. The Secretary of State clears his throat.

SECRETARY OF STATE
You're certain of this analysis?

It's clear from his tone that he isn't. She hangs tough.

KELLY
I do this for a living sir.

There's a long beat, everybody looks at everybody else.

HAMILTON
Okay, NSC takes jurisdiction from
State.

(beat)
Dr. Kelly's group will be on point,
full NSC briefing in two hours. O

Hamilton stands, now clearly in charge. Turns U to Appleton.

HAMILTON T
Marc, lock this down and nail it shut.
Compartmentalized, need-to-know. The
Russian's accident story will stand 6
No background leaks to the press, 0
nobody shows up on Nightline. 0
(to the Secretary) 0
David, we'd better go see the old man. 0

Hamilton starts out, Appleton follows. The Secretary gathers up
his things. Hamilton leans into Appleton.

HAMILTON
She the one I was going to appoint to
replace Essler?

APPLETON
She was on the list.

HAMILTON
Near the top?

Appleton shakes his head "no". And they're gone. Kelly looks
around, collects herself, takes a deep breath.

KELLY
Okay...CIA right?
(Gray nods unhappily)
I want position papers for the
President on political responses.
(to Garnett)
And I'll need a military liaison with
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (4)

KELLY (cont'd)

Intel background, who speaks Russian, has a lot of Russian military contacts and is willing to take orders from a woman. No gung-ho, Iwo Jima, Ollie North types either. I don't have time for that crap.

GARNETT

Tall, short? Brown eyes, blue?

KELLY

(she can take a joke)

I trust your judgement General, just get him for me in two hours or less.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - 1600 HOURS

High ceilings, panelling, a vintage Rayburn stove committee room. CONGRESSMAN BEVENS is the chair, sits up front.

BEVENS

Major Devoe, you conspired with one Major Dimitri Vertikoff, a foreign national, to illegally transport US currency concealed in US Army courier pouches from Moscow to Zurich?

A man leans forward to the mike, clears his throat.

DEVOE

A yes sir, I did that.

MAJOR THOMAS DEVOE, a career officer from a long line of career officers. A cross between Rhett Butler and Ted Turner, full of himself, but charming. The kind of guy you want to punch, but never get around to it because you're having too much fun. He's alone behind the witness table.

DEVOE

I had an arrangement with Vertikoff. Dimitri'd located a couple of Iraqi biological weapons procurement guys for me who were trying to buy anthrax on the black market in Kiev. So I helped him deposit a couple of bucks into his Swiss retirement account.

General Garnett and an Aid slip into the back of the room.

BEVENS

I believe the exact amount was two hundred and thirty thousand dollars.

CONTINUED:

DEVOE

I had discussed it with my superior.

BEVENS

Had your superior approved this plan?

DEVOE

(grins)

No sir. But I believe she was being remarkably shortsighted.

Bevens isn't smiling. A beat.

BEVENS

We also have reason to believe that you helped Violetta Lysov, a foreign national, to enter the United States illegally on military transport by claiming that she was a family member and convincing an immigration officer that you were, in fact, newlyweds.

DEVOE

A... sir? I did that too.

BEVENS

More Iraqi procurement difficulties.

Garnett's Aide makes his way to the dais discreetly.

DEVOE

A yes sir, second part of the deal. Dimitri's mistress was unfortunately and unexpectedly with child. A condition she was anxious to have reversed. Dimitri was concerned that she receive the best of care, that meant the States.

BEVENS

Are you telling us Major, that in exchange for information received from an officer in the employ of a foreign power, you helped him smuggle currency and arranged for his mistress to have an abortion?

DEVOE

Ah... yes sir, I felt it was my patriotic duty.

Garnett's Aide leans into the Congressman, whispers into the Congressman's ear as Devoe continues his defense.

CONTINUED: (2)

DEVOE

I'm afraid gentlemen, like it or not,
that's the way the new Russia works...

Devoe trails off as he realizes Bevens isn't listening. He's
arguing with Garnett's Aide. Devoe watches, puzzled. Sneaks a
look behind him. Garnett. Devoe grins.

BEVENS

(returning to mike)

Unfortunately, Major Devoe is needed
elsewhere on urgent military business.
This committee reserves it's right to
recall this witness in the future.
You are reminded sir, that you are
still under oath.

CONGRESSIONAL HALLWAY

Devoe finds Garnett waiting with his Aide in the busy hallway.
Garnett heads briskly for the outside exit.

DEVOE

Come to watch the vultures circle,
sir?

GARNETT

(smiles)

Wouldn't have missed it for the world.

DEVOE

Wish you'd shown up five minutes
earlier, sir. I was getting my ass
kicked. Social call, sir?

GARNETT

I need a Russian Intel specialist with
security clearance, Russian Army
contacts and Special Forces training.
Know anybody who might fit the bill?

Off Devoe's grin we --

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD IN URALS - DAY

A CONVOY OF RUSSIAN MILITARY TRUCKS is stalled by a jeep with
mechanical troubles that's blocking the narrow mountain road.
DOZENS OF SOLDIERS, ordered to respond to the disaster, have
climbed out to stretch their legs.

THE RED CROSS TRUCK appears above them, grinding down the steep
incline. Kodoroff, Vlado, and the Moslem Driver wear radiation
suits and respirators. Kodoroff vells.

CONTINUED:

KODOROFF

What the hell's going on?

The CONVOY COMMANDER walks up with some of his men.

CONVOY COMMANDER

Transmission.

(the radiation gear)

You were up there? How bad?

KODOROFF

You're not in for any fun.

The Troops stroll around the Red Cross Truck, idly peer IN BACK AT: the thugs, also dressed in radiation suits.

CONVOY COMMANDER

How come you're heading back?

KODOROFF

(nods toward back)

We've got victims. Radioactive.

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At the word "radioactive," the troops instantly back away from THE STEEL COFFINS inside. The Convoy Commander pulls away too - hollering down toward the men around the jeep:

CONVOY COMMANDER

Get it off the road! Clear it! NOW!

O
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O

Men shove the jeep out of the way. DRIVERS move their trucks to the side. With the road cleared:

CONVOY COMMANDER

(keeping his distance)

Move it! Get it out!

The road's suddenly open before them. Kodoroff grins over at Vlado, throws the truck into gear and they descend.

INT. NSC HALLWAY DAY

Garnett and Devoe make their way to a briefing room, Garnett hands Devoe a rapidly thickening file.

GARNETT

Your contact is Dr. Julia Kelly, a nuclear physicist, smart, but a real ballbreaker.

(pause)

Keep your guard up, you're working with the White House. They're going to ask for your military expertise,

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

GARNETT (cont'd)
then ignore it and make all the
decisions themselves. The White House
never listens to anybody.

Garnett shows ID to the Secret Service Guard pushes into --

INT. NSC BRIEFING ROOM

Tall ceilings, rows of need-to-know NSC staffers, Hamilton, Ken, Appleton. Kelly's at the podium. A map of Russia is behind her, as are projected satellite photos, and photos of several men. Devoe and Garnett hunt for seats in the back, Devoe putting on his Eagles in the dark.

KELLY
(mid-presentation)
Raduyev commanded the Chechen
terrorists who took over the village
in Dagestan last year. They held a
hundred and thirty hostages, executed
twenty-eight. His Chechen fighters
are true-believers, zealots, willing
to die for their cause.

Kelly hits a button, a slide of a new swarthy man appears.

KELLY
General Dunduneyev. Leader of the
Chechens, believed to coordinate all
of their terrorist activities. He's
been actively involved in trying to
smuggle nuclear materials out of
several former Soviet Republics.

Devoe raises his hand.

DEVOE
Excuse me ma'am, these "terrorists",
they ask for anything? A list of ten
demands, Russians get out of Chechnya,
free their buddies from the gulag,
that sorta thing?

KELLY
No. Not yet. We're going to need a
lot of help from Langley. We have
very little Intel on the --

DEVOE
Excuse me again, ma'am? Sorry...
(points)
That the satellite shot of the two
trains right before they collided?

CONTINUED:

She stares at him, the gnat you can't quite swat away on a summer's day.

KELLY

Yes. That's right.

(back to her notes)

This is unlikely to have occurred without the support of one of the other local powers, Iran or Iraq --

DEVOE

Those little blobs down there, at one meter resolution?

Christ this guy's like herpes. She takes a deep breath, looks back at the photos.

DEVOE

Those are people, jumping out.

(pause)

All those people are dead.

There's silence in the room.

KELLY

Yes, sometimes you forget what all this Intel means. ;

DEVOE

That's not what I'm saying.

(points)

Now, look at that transport train, nobody's jumping off. And check this out, the first train stops, but this one doesn't. What'd you make of that?

She stares at it. Christ, she hadn't thought of that.

KELLY

Suicide bombers?

DEVOE

A whole trainful of Russian conscripts? Buncha pimply-faced kids doing two years and out decided to blow themselves up?

He's right, she nods. Both focused on the photos now.

KELLY

Maybe they were already dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He nods now, sounds about right. They stare in silence.
Hamilton gets impatient.

HAMILTON

Dr. Kelly?

But she's lost in his line of reasoning, considering.

DEVOE

How many warheads were on that train?

KELLY

The Russians haven't told us yet.

DEVOE

Know what a functioning nuke is worth
on the open market today?

(a beat)

Minimum two hundred million dollars,
cash. No questions asked.

Kelly points to the photo of the nuclear blast, disagrees.

KELLY

You're suggesting this was a robbery?
Seven thousand people were killed, you
don't do that unless you're trying to
make a very profound statement.

DEVOE

A quarter of a billion dollars makes a
very profound statement.

Kelly takes a deep breath, shakes her head.

KELLY

Doesn't sound right, this was a
terrorist act.

DEVOE

This was a hijack, ma'am.

(points to photo)

And whoever stole those things, got
off the bus a long way back.

INT. WHITE HOUSE BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kelly blasts down the stairs, furious, tearing off her coat.
Ken struggles to keep up behind her.

CONTINUED:

KELLY

I looked like a goddam idiot!

KEN

It wasn't that bad.

KELLY

The hell it wasn't!

She flies into the --

NUCLEAR SMUGGLING GROUP OFFICES

It's chaos. Technicians and staff crisscross with faxes and reports, workmen are moving in more desks, computer equipment, maps. Analysts work the phones.

ANALYST #1

... seismics from the NMCC
indicate 75 Kts, plus or
minus 20.

ANALYST #2

We need an ARAC update,
detailing prompt and
delayed effects.

Kelly dodges co-workers, makes her way to her office.

KEN

Everyone agrees with your terrorist
scenario, even the CIA.

KELLY

I should have included the possibility
of theft! I looked unprepared.

(throws her coat aside)

Where are the manifests from that
train, men and munitions?

Waiting on her incredibly messy desk is a huge bouquet of
flowers and a card. She looks rapidly at the card, then dumps
the whole thing in the trash.

KEN

Russians still haven't supplied them.

KELLY

Christ, I thought the Cold War was
over. Get me that General at
Strategic Rocket Forces again, what's
his name?

KEN

Guneyev.

Ken dials. She roots around her desk, still angry with herself.
Slams down files.

CONTINUED: (2)

KELLY

Get Jody and Alan in here with a map
and a dry erase board.

(shaking her head)

A hijacking? Everything else that was
on that train is radioactive dust
drifting towards China by now.

(realizing)

And where the hell's my military
liaison?

DEVOE

Right here, ma'am.

Devoe's standing in her open office doorway, smiling. She
stares at him, deadpan. He must be joking.

DEVOE

Major Tom DeVoe, reporting as ordered,
ma'am. I enjoyed your briefing, very
informative.

He looks around at the mess, the cheap furniture and crappy
surroundings. A drop of water DRIPS from an overhead pipe.
PLOPS into a strategically placed trash can.

DEVOE

Nice digs.

KEN

General Guneyev on six.

KELLY

Coffee?

DEVOE

Yes, ma'am. I'd love some.

KELLY

It's over there.

A beat-up Mr Coffee by the recycling. She takes her call.

KELLY

General, Dr. Kelly. I'd like to
discuss a new possible scenario we're
kicking around over here...

Devoe can take a hint, wanders out to the coffee but there's
only dregs. No clean cups either. He dumps out a used one,
what the hell? Ken heads past.

CONTINUED: (3)

KEN

Your desk is there, Major.

A metal chair in front of half a folding table. Phone, yellow pad. The other half of the table's a copier.

KEN

Anything you need, let me know.

DEVVOE

Right...

And Ken's off. Devoe tastes his coffee. Jesus. Walks back into Kelly's office, she's still on the phone. Seeing him, she gestures: sit. Continues her phone conversation.

KELLY

Yes, sir... No... I understand... O

DeVoe sits by her desk, sees the flowers in her trash can, a NOTE ATTACHED to the plastic prongs. U

KELLY

We appreciate your position... And also that manifest, who was on the train and the number of warheads being transported. When can I expect that? T 6

Leaning forward, DeVoe reads THE NOTE: O

"Kelly, please talk to me. Love, Roger." O

She catches him looking. He sits back up.

KELLY

Yes, thank you very much. Dasvidanya.
(hangs up)

That was the Head of Russian Strategic Rocket Forces. I advanced your theft theory and he rejected it. He agrees with my analysis of the situation.

DEVVOE

What'd you expect him to say, ma'am?
That their whole system has collapsed?
That nobody believes in anything anymore except for cold hard cash?

KEN

Jody and Alan are here.

Kelly walks out into the bullpen where Jody and Alan are waiting with a map taped to a dry erase board. He follows.

CONTINUED: (4)

DEVOE

You call up a guy in Moscow, that you don't even know, so he can tell you what he wants you to hear? If you want to find out what's going on in Russia, you call up people you know.

She goes straight for the board. Turns to Alan and Jody.

KELLY

Let's assume other warheads were on that train and they're being taken out of Russia by terrorists.

At the word "terrorists", Devoe starts to speak up --

KELLY

I don't want to hear it Major. (points to map) Here's what I want to know. How long will it take to fly them to --

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DEVOE

They wouldn't fly them out, air traffic's too easy to monitor.

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KELLY

Alright, how long will it take to truck them out to -- (writes)

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Libya, Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, Iran. Any other likely contestants?

JODY

Pakistan...

ALAN

North Koreans would love a couple nukes.

She hands the marker to Jody.

KELLY

Time it would take, probable routes.

DEVOE

So you agree with me now, ma'am?

KELLY

No Major, I don't. But I can't afford not to examine your theory. That's what we do down here, we examine theories.

CONTINUED: (5)

DEVOE

But ma'am --

KELLY

And stop calling me ma'am, I'm not your mother. There was a Start Observer present when they loaded that train but the Pentagon hasn't sent us his report yet. Get it.

She starts back for her office, Devoe calls after her.

DEVOE

They could be halfway to Chechnya or Kazakhstan by now, we're wasting time!

This is getting public, several staffers turn to watch.

KELLY

I don't want to fight about this. You're here as my military liaison, period. I want to know everything you are doing before you do it, understood? I've been ordered to manage this situation and I have to know what's going on at all times.

DEVOE ;

Ma'am, with all due respect, you have no idea what's going on.

Now a lot of the staffers are watching. She looks at him for a long moment. Then, finally:

KELLY

The Start Observer's report?

She heads back into her office, slams the door behind her. He watches her go, looks to Jody and Alan, grins.

DEVOE

Yes, sir...

They don't smile back. He joins them at the map, stares at the circled area of the explosion, traces his finger down the map toward Kazakhstan.

DEVOE

...where the hell are you...?

SUPER: "KAZAKHSTAN"

EXT. DESOLATE RURAL MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

In the middle of nowhere. The CARGO TRUCK makes it's way down a winding two lane blacktop running through brown hills. Kodoroff's behind the wheel, the Moslem Driver's in the middle, Vlado rides shotgun.

KODOROFF

I hate this goddam country...

The windows in the truck are open, Kodoroff's expansive, relaxed. Eats a piece of fruit, it's juice runs down his chin, stains his shirt.

KODOROFF

Nothing but filthy Kazakhs and their
fat, ugly women.

A farmer's cart, pulled by an ancient, sway-backed horse fills the road ahead. Kodoroff comes up behind it. First, lays on the HORN, SCREAMS as he pulls the truck around.

KODOROFF

Get out of the road you old bastard!
Ignorant peasants and anarchists,
Stalin had the right idea. Dig a big
hole and shove them all in.

(looks to Vlado)

That's how you do it, right?

But Vlado doesn't rise to the bait, stares out the window impassively at the countryside rushing by.

KODOROFF

What are you and your friends going to
do with your money? Buy an army?

VLADO

We have an army.

KODOROFF

(laughs)

If you say so.

Vlado stares at him. Kodoroff grins, continues.

KODOROFF

Me? Women and food, liquor, cigars.
Cars, everything I want. Shit, I'll
wipe my ass with hundred dollar bills.

CONTINUED:

VLADO

Money isn't everything.

KODOROFF

Spoken like someone who grew up with too much of it. You don't hear bullshit like that from a poor man.

(to the Moslem Driver)

And you Sulejman? Give it all to Allah or something, right?

(back to Vlado)

He's a Moslem. Doesn't bother you?

Vlado looks across at the Moslem Driver, it clearly does bother him. Ahead, a bridge and a flock of sheep crossing the bridge, blocking the road. Kodoroff slows the truck.

KODOROFF

Hell, it bothers me. If he wasn't such a good driver, I'd shoot him the side of the road, shove him in the ditch. Wouldn't I Sulejman?

The Moslem Driver stares straight ahead, Kodoroff laughs. The truck has to stop behind the sheep. Kodoroff plays on the HORN, but they barely move. Kodoroff motions to Vlado.

KODOROFF

Get out, move the sheep.

VLADO

I'm not a shepherd.

KODOROFF

Get your ass out, errand boy, today you are a shepherd.

A beat. Vlado steps out, tries to push the sheep out of the way. Kodoroff watches him through the windshield.

KODOROFF

I don't trust him, if he does anything suspicious, shoot him.

SUPER: "0341 HOURS"

INT. NUCLEAR SMUGGLING GROUP OFFICE - NIGHT

Everybody is noticeably tired. Collars are loosened, pizza boxes stand open and cold. CNN's on in the corner, broadcasting sensationalistic updates on the disaster. Devoe waits at the high speed fax. Finally, it spits out a fax. He reads it as he heads for Kelly's office. She's got a mini-meeting going, he doesn't bother to knock.

CONTINUED:

KELLY

These the best Chechen Intel profiles
Langley could come up with? They're
going to have to do better --

DEVOE

Start Observer's copy of the departure
orders. Train was transporting the
payloads off of three SS-20s. Twenty-
eight men on board.

She takes it from, it's written in CYRILLIC SCRIPT.

DEVOE

It's in Russian.

He grins smugly at her, she looks up at him, annoyed. Reads.

KELLY

Berens; Borzoi; Drezhinsky;
Ferenoff...

DEVOE

Not bad. Where'd you learn your
Russian?

KELLY :

Yale.

DEVOE

The blueblood backbone of our country.

KELLY

My father's a mailman.

DEVOE

You'd never know.

She stares at him, then returns to her reading.

KELLY

Federenko; Kodoroff; Levendosky...

DEVOE

Hang on. Kodoroff? They have their
ranks listed?

KELLY

Yeah... He's a general.

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CONTINUED: (2)

DEVOE

Lemme see.

(takes the paper)

Aleksander Kodoroff, Jesus.

KELLY

Know him?

DEVOE

Yeah, corrupt as hell, ex-KGB. I don't know about these other bozos but Alek Kodoroff doesn't ride on a goddam nuclear transport train. That's like Ivana Trump on the subway.

(then)

I need a secure phone. I have to talk to someone I trust.

SUPER: "PENTAGON NMJIC - NATIONAL MILITARY JOINT INTELLIGENCE CENTER - 0400 HOURS"

INT. NMJIC WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Devoe, Kelly and Ken enter fast. Garnett's waiting, so are Hamilton and Appleton.

GARNETT

This your guy?

Garnett's standing by a console where a TECHNICIAN has a PHOTO OF KODOROFF up on his computer, vital stats displayed.

DEVOE

Yes, sir.

KELLY

(reading)

Czechoslovakia, Afghanistan, KGB, MVD, Strategic Rocket Forces.

AN ARMY CAPTAIN points Devoe to a conference table.

ARMY CAPTAIN

Sir, your secure phone's ready.

Devoe picks up the phone, dials a long sequence of numbers, waits. Turns to Garnett.

DEVOE

Sir, if a top-ranking Russian General is involved, any Intel we get from Moscow could be anywhere from compromised to a flat-out lie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARNETT

Fucking Russia... what a mess.

Someone answers on the other end of Devoe's call.

DEVOE

Major Vertikoff please.

(he waits; then...)

Dimitri... it's Tom DeVoe.

CLOSE-UP ON: MAJOR DIMITRI VERTIKOFF

DIMITRI

(gruffly)

What do you want?

DEVOE

What's the matter, you busy?

DIMITRI

I'm with two women. Call me back some other time.

REVEAL: DIMITRI'S DESK IN THE RUSSIAN WAR ROOM - NIGHT

He's working as hard as they are, with just a little sleep, halfway across the world.

DEVOE

How are you guys holding up?

DIMITRI

Pretty much the same. I think the only virtue is people are forgetting Chechnya.

DEVOE

Listen, D. you look at the troop manifest on that train?

(Dimitri grunts)

Notice anybody surprising on the list?

DIMITRI

No.

DEVOE

Three star Generals riding around on all your transport trains now?

(there's no response)

Dimitri, you there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIMITRI
(quietly)
What was this General's name?

DEVOE
Our old friend, Aleksander Kodoroff.
Speaking loudly for the benefit of those around him.

DIMITRI
You must be wrong about that, Tom.
Our figures indicate the fallout
should have dissipated by then. Let
me fax you what we've got. What was
that number?

Devoe signals furiously to Garnett, sotto:

DEVOE
Fax number...the fax...!

Garnett turns the fax machine around so Devoe can read it.

DEVOE
Country code 001-202-599-3413.

DIMITRI:
I'm going to hang up now.

BUZZ. The line goes dead.

DEVOE
I scared him.

KELLY
Kordoroff?

Devoe nods. They wait in silence as an eternity passes.
Finally: the high speed fax RINGS, spits out a MESSAGE.

"Vienna. SPM St. Stephens. Geneva 1."

HAMILTON
What the hell's Geneva 1?

DEVOE
Geneva Convention, the rules of war.
It means be ready for anything.

KELLY
Vienna, why Vienna?

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CONTINUED: (2)

DEVOE

I don't know.

KELLY

That's not where you normally meet?

(he shakes "no")

Dammit. Ken, get my files on Kortech over here, now!

HAMILTON

What the hell's Kortech?

KELLY

A Russian Mafia money laundering operation based in Vienna. They run a semi-legitimate business in import-export and trucking.

DEVOE

(alarmed)

Trucking?

KELLY

They've been running weapons into embargoed nations for years; the Balkans, Iraq, Iran. A number of ex-KGB are involved in it's operations.

Devoe turns to Garnett.

DEVOE

With your permission, sir. I'm going to Vienna. I need an Intel support group, anything we can assemble on Kortech, and a Special Forces task force, ready to go.

KELLY

You'll also need an expert on nuclear weapons design for when we track these bastards down.

(turns to Hamilton)

Is this still an NSC operation, sir?

HAMILTON

Damn right it is.

Kelly nods, starts for the door.

KELLY

Get the Airborne Command Post fueled up. We're going to Vienna.

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CONTINUED: (3)

Devoe stands, dumbfounded. She calls to him from the door.

KELLY
Coming Major?

SUPER: "3 JULY; LANGLEY AIR BASE; 0641 HOURS"

EXT. MILITARY AIRPORT - DAWN

A huge 737 rumbles down the runway directly towards us; LIFTS OFF, it's huge white underbelly ROARING overhead, as we PAN UP AND OVER to watch it disappear into the orange-red dawn sun peeking up over the eastern horizon.

INT. 737 COMMAND POST - DAY

We TRACK DOWN THE AISLE following Devoe as he navigates his way through the sophisticated airborne command post; techs, communications equipment, computers. Devoe finds Kelly, Ken and several analysts working in the plush executive staff area. Holds up a little bag of nuts.

DEVOE
Honey roasted. Don't see these much
on military transport. Think
anybody'd mind if I stole a coupla
bags? My Dad'll get a kick out of
Presidential Seal.

KELLY
These profiles are too general. Focus
on motivations, on individuals willing
to commit an act like this.

DEVOE
I can help you with that. The guy who
did this, Alek Kodoroff? Is a
corrupt, whore-mongering, alcoholic,
amoral bastard. That psychological
enough?

KELLY
A psychological profile will help us
predict their future moves instead of
just chasing around after your gut.

DEVOE
In the field, instinct's usually all
you've got.

She studies Devoe carefully for a beat, then turns Ken.

CONTINUED:

KELLY

Would you excuse us for a moment?

She waits until they're out of earshot.

KELLY

You know, this is too important for us to keep banging heads like this. Can we clear the air?

Devoe plops down across from her, still eating nuts.

DEVOE

Fine with me. What are the rules of engagement?

KELLY

Go ahead, speak your mind.

Now he studies her. Never losing his cool.

DEVOE

Dr. Julia Kelly: Yale, Stanford, Jet Propulsion Lab, Los Alamos Weapons Design, White House Nuclear Smuggling Group. First you build the bombs to blow the world up, now you wanna save it. Make up your mind.

KELLY

You've been checking up on me.

DEVOE

I'm an Intel officer, remember? Always know your enemy.

KELLY

Is that what I am?

DEVOE

I'm not sure yet. You've been acting chair at the Smuggling Group for what now, two weeks?

KELLY

Three.

DEVOE

They gonna give you the job for keeps?

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CONTINUED: (2)

KELLY

I don't know. I hope so. My turn?
(he nods)

Major Thomas DeVoe: West Point, Ranger
School, Harvard. Family money, old
family money from what I hear.

DEVOE

(grins)

From running slaves, I'm sorry to say.
Maybe not sorry enough to give the
money back, but just sorry enough in a
feeble inbred sort of way, that I
wound up doin' this. You checked up
on me, too.

KELLY

They sent me your military personnel
file. You're being investigated by
Congress, want to tell me about it?

DEVOE

Figured I'd join the Army, save the
world from communism. But by the time
I got there, everything had changed.
The old values didn't count anymore

KELLY

Must've been hard.

DEVOE

Hell no, it's been great. It's the
Wild Wild West out there, our side
just hasn't figured that out yet.

(pause; then, reasonably)

Ma'am, with all due respect, this is
not personal. It's just I've got a
job to do where your degree in Physics
from Stanford isn't worth a shit.

KELLY

I appreciate your candor.

DEVOE

Look, I know you're my boss here, but
you're not who I'm afraid of. Alek
Kodoroff is smart and he's ruthless.
He's out there somewhere, and he's
gonna be hell to catch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KELLY

The man who steals nuclear warheads
for profit doesn't scare me. I'm
worried about who he steals them for.

DEVOE

We're going to find those things long
before they get to any terrorists.

KELLY

And what if we don't, Major?

(a beat)

There are people out there who don't
care about money. Who believe killing
innocent men and women guarantees them
a place in heaven. Who're in so much
pain that all they want to do is let
us know what it feels like to lose a
wife, a child, everything we know and
love. I'm not afraid of the man who
wants ten nukes, Major...

(a beat)

I'm terrified of the man who only
wants one.

Off of Devoe's face WE'RE SUDDENLY --

DRIFTING THROUGH a bombed-out TOWN; war-ravaged HOUSES,
CHURCHES, and FARMS, arriving at:

EXT. BOMB-DAMAGED APARTMENT BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

One side of the building's been blown away, but people have
tacked up sheets and bedspreads to keep the outside out. PIANO
MUSIC grows closer, WE PASS through the blowing fabric, reveal:

DUSAN GAVRICH, a cultured man in his forties, finishing a Bartok
Etude. A CHILD sits at his side. Another man stands in the
background, large hands, head, facial scars, CEDIC.

DUSAN

You hear? Not one note at a time, but
a language, flowing and speaking.
(finishes)

. Now, it's your turn.

As his student begins to PLAY, Dusan steps back. Listens, moves
slowly to the window to stare out into the late afternoon
shadows. The sun warms his face.

CONTINUED:

CEDIC
Are you alright, sir?

Dusan nods, doesn't look back at the large man with the scars. The music transports him, and as Dusan closes his eyes WE --

SUPER: "3 JULY, VIENNA, AUSTRIA - 1700 HOURS"

EXT. ST. STEPHEN'S SQUARE - LATE AFTERNOON

The haunting lyricism of BARTOK gives slowly away to the gentle PEELING of EVENING SONG BELLS RINGING out across an ancient church square. Thousands of pigeons peck their way through parents walking young children, couples hold hands and old men sit on iron benches. A casually dressed Devoe and Kelly walk across the square, tourists on a lovely Viennese late afternoon.

DEVOE
Gee, guess who's the secret agent.

Devoe motions toward Major Dimitri Vertikoff, in Tyrolean hat, walking his small dog slowly towards us.

DEVOE
Hello Dimitri. Nice outfit, you really don't stand out at all.

DIMITRI
Hello Tom, dress shoes with khakis?

Devoe's wearing spit-polished military dress shoes with his casual tourist's outfit. Grins.

DEVOE
Packed in a hurry. How's Violetta, still robbing you blind?

DIMITRI
She can't help herself. What am I supposed to do, I'm in love.

They keep walking Dimitri's dog, as if they've struck up a casual conversation. Kelly's had enough of this banter.

KELLY
What was Aleksander Kodoroff doing on that nuclear transport train?

Dimitri looks at Kelly, who the hell is she?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIMITRI

What makes you think he was on that train? Who's this?

DEVOE

Dr. Julia Kelly. Our Start Observer had a copy of the original train manifest. Kodoroff's name wasn't on your copy?

DIMITRI

No. And he hasn't been heard from for several days. She has nice legs.

Devoe looks. Yeah, she does. Kelly's not amused. The dog BARKS at the pigeons, strains at his leash.

DIMITRI

Kodoroff's under investigation for corruption, Ministry of Justice was preparing to indict him next week.

KELLY

Is he involved with Kortech? Is that why we're meeting in Vienna?

Dimitiri smiles at Devoe.

DIMITRI

Smart too. You have to see this in the context of my country. Alek Kodoroff comes from a generation of Generals who went from living like Kings to standing in line for cheap shoes and bad meat.

They turn from the square into a quiet, narrow street.

DIMITRI

He and a bunch of his old KGB friends saw it coming. Began selling whatever they could get their hands on, starting businesses outside Russia.

KELLY

Businesses like Kortech?

DIMITRI

That's one, there are many.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KELLY

When did you realize this wasn't an accident?

DIMITRI

Yesterday, there wasn't enough radiation at the crash site to account for all the plutonium in the warheads.

KELLY

Were you planning to let us in on your little secret?

DIMITRI

No. We are planning to find them.
(then)

But Kodoroff complicates things. He has tremendous resources, he could undermine our efforts at any time. And they know me at Kortech, I can't investigate without alerting Kodoroff. Someone else will have to do it.

Dimitri hands Devoe an envelope from his coat.

DIMITRI;

Herr Dietrich Shumaker, schedules a Russian shipping for Kortech. You have an appointment in an hour.

Devoe takes the envelope. Grins at Kelly.

DEVOE

Well hell, let's go see a man about a truck.

KELLY

We're just going to walk in there?

Devoe glances at Dimitri, then looks at Kelly, shrugs.

DEVOE

Why not?

INT. KORTECH LOBBY - LATE AFTERNOON

The elegant lobby of what was once a grand Viennese palace. Orchids, exquisite wall hangings, antiques. Devoe and Kelly approach a RECEPTIONIST sitting behind a Louis XV desk. Employees are leaving for the night, pulling on coats, saying good-bye. Devoe leans over to Kelly, sotto:

CONTINUED:

DEVOE

Trucking business must be pretty good.

(to Receptionist)

Anthony Aikman, Herr Shumaker is
expecting us.

He hands her a business card from Dimitri's envelope and --
Suddenly, we're watching Devoe and Kelly on a MONITOR, FROM A
HIGH ANGLE somewhere behind the receptionist, in a --

HIGH TECH SECURITY ROOM

Darkened, monitors display various views of the palace. A man
ZOOMS THE CAMERA in for a CU on Devoe. FREEZE FRAMES it. Types
in "Aikman". Hits SEARCH. ON THE MONITOR, the Receptionist
leads Kelly and Devoe out of FRAME into --

AN ELEGANT CONFERENCE ROOM

A lovely room beside a formal garden. It's getting dark.

RECEPTIONIST

Herr Shumaker will be right here.
Please make yourselves comfortable.

She goes, closing the door behind her, Kelly looks around.

KELLY

Not bad.

(to Devoe)

So, what's the plan?

Devoe brings a finger to his lips, walks around the room,
talking as he makes a visual sweep for surveillance gear.

DEVOE

My personal taste runs to the French.
The German and Austrian late Baroque
was heavily influenced by the
Italians. With all this detail
running around that makes it like a
frozen fugue, all ovals and curls,
they got away from the straight line.
It's really not Germanic at all.
These paintings are Italian too.
That's a Tiepolo over there.

His sweep of the room concluded, he nods: they're okay.

KELLY

I'm impressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVOE

I was raised around this stuff. Only other thing I know about it is: if you break it, you get your butt whipped.

Mirrored french doors open TO REVEAL: HERR SHUMAKER, entering from his office. He's a florid, ample man with a red Germanic face and an amiable manner.

HERR SHUMAKER

Ah, Mister Aikman, welcome.

DEVOE

Good to be here, sir. This is my associate, Ms. Carson.

HERR SHUMAKER

Good to meet you both. Please, sit.

They sit around the grand conference table of inlaid wood.

DEVOE

Nice place you got here.

HERR SHUMAKER

Thank you. How can we help you?

DEVOE

I need some information about trucking in Russia.

HERR SHUMAKER

I might not be the right man. If you need to rent equipment --

DEVOE

No, that's not it. I need to know about a truck that's already been rented.

HERR SHUMAKER

I'm afraid I can't help you. Our client's activities are confidential.

DEVOE

You're head of transportation, right?

HERR SHUMAKER

The head? No, I just do the scheduling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEVOE

Right, you're the guy who gets it
done, smart. They put a German on it.

HERR SHUMAKER

(laughing)

Yes, well...

Kelly looks at Devoe, where's he going with this?

DEVOE

You made the trains run on time. Even
in Italy, remember? Well, hell, if
you can do that...

HERR SHUMAKER

(suddenly cold)

As I said, how can I help you?

DEVOE

I just need to know, if I wanted to
rent a vehicle to steal and transport
a nuclear weapon from somewhere in,
oh... let's say the Urals, would you
be the right guy to talk to?

HERR SHUMAKER

(stands)

I believe our meeting is over.

Devoe pulls out a SILENCED 9MM AUTOMATIC, pushes Shumaker back
down into his seat.

DEVOE

Wrong. It just started.

HERR SHUMAKER

Secur--!

DeVoe shoves Shumaker back in the chair, tipping it over and
driving him to the floor. Pins Shumaker to the carpet with his
foot, places the barrel into the man's mouth. Smiles.

DEVOE

Shsshh... Okay? Not another word.

(to Kelly)

Get the duct tape out of my briefcase.

The startled Kelly opens the briefcase, removes a roll of duct
tape, tosses it to Devoe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KELLY

Christ, what if somebody comes in?

Devoe ignores her, wraps the tape around Shumaker's mouth.

DEVOE

I'm not going to shoot you, alright?
Unless of course, I have to. Then
I'll feel real bad about it. Get up.

Devoe pulls Shumaker to his feet, leads him toward the mirrored doors and Shumaker's office. Kelly follows.

- IN THE HIGH TECH SECURITY ROOM: The FREEZE FRAMED picture of Devoe from the lobby is on the left side of the MONITOR, on the right, hundreds of other men's pictures flash past, comparing features. Faster...faster...no match -- yet.

- IN SHUMAKER'S OFFICE: Kelly races in, shuts the TWO-WAY MIRRORED DOORS behind them. Antiques, family photos, a computer. Devoe guides Shumaker to the desk.

DEVOE

The computer.

Kelly races over, turns it on. Takes a box of floppy disks from the briefcase, inserts one into Shumaker's drive.

KELLY

Password?

Shumaker shakes his head, no. Devoe looks at him, very disappointed. Drops Shumaker into the chair in front of the computer. Cocks the gun casually.

DEVOE

You might want to reconsider that, Hans. I don't want to shoot you, but I will. I've done it before. Once.

(smiles at Kelly)

Well, twice if you wanna count that time the gun went off accidentally. Damn, what a mess that was...

The fat German stares at him, a beat. Logs on fast.

KELLY

We're in.

DEVOE

Thank you, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DeVoe spins Shumaker out of Kelly's way.

DEVOE

Y'see what you can do when you get the damn bureaucrats out of the way? This is what I call Diplomacy.

KELLY

Got it. Printing.

The printer in the corner KICKS into action.

KELLY

This was your big plan, threaten to blow his brains out?

DeVoe duct tapes Shumaker to his chair, then tips him over and tapes him some more.

DEVOE

Hey, when something like this has got to be done, people like you hire people like me to do it. It's just usually you're in the White House basement so you don't have to stand around and watch.

(to Shumaker)

Sir, you're gonna be a little uncomfortable. You have to go, you just go, nobody'll think badly of you.

(back to Kelly)

What's taking so long?

The printer stops, she pulls the papers out, tosses them in her briefcase. Rolls back to the computer, types furiously.

KELLY

Almost...almost...just logging off...

DEVOE

Logging off? Jesus, who cares, just leave it on!

KELLY

Got it!

- IN THE HIGH TECH SECURITY ROOM: DeVoe's picture with hundreds of flashing photos beside it as the computer searches for a match. A photo LOCKS in next to DeVoe's. A man in dress greens: DeVoe. Below it, his name, rank and stats. The GUARD looks over, drops his coffee cup.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

GUARD

Shit....!

Grabs for the phone.

EXT. KORTECH PALACE SQUARE, VIENNA - EARLY EVENING

They exit, move quickly to a waiting Silver Mercedes 500S.

IN THE MERCEDES

Dimitri's at the wheel with his dog, DeVoe jumps in shotgun, Kelly gets in back with the briefcase, still unhappy.

DIMITRI

And... ?

DEVOE

Piece a' cake.

(to Kelly)

You alright?

KELLY

No, I'm not alright. That was stupid, we could have been discovered.

Dimitri pulls the Mercedes into the narrow streets. She shuffles quickly through the printed pages.

DEVOE

Come on, it was fun. You didn't have fun?

KELLY

Fun? With you waving that gun around?

DIMITRI

Herr Shumaker needed some persuading?

Devoe turns around, defensive. Shit, he was in a good mood.

DEVOE

Hey, you do what you have to do. In the Old West, Colt made a single-action Army revolver. They called it The Peacemaker.

She rifles through another page, still nothing.

DEVOE

But it only kept the peace because it got used over and over again, until finally, you didn't have to use it

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVOE (cont'd)
anymore 'cause everybody knew you
weren't afraid to use it again.

KELLY
Christ, how many times have you
parroted that macho crap?

Dimitri laughs heartily, grins at Devoe.

DIMITRI
She's right, what a load of bullshit.

DEVOE
Hey, I like that speech. Heard Ollie
North give it a couple years back.

Dimitri turns onto another narrow sidestreet, rounds a corner.
A BMW PULLS OUT in front of them, blocking the road.

DIMITRI
Asshole.

Dimitri looks back over his shoulder, reverses a few yards and
TWO MORE BLACK BMW'S RACE UP, block their escape. On either
side of the Mercedes, the ancient stone buildings of the narrow
street rise up three stories. They're trapped.

Ahead, four men get out of the BMW walk toward them ominously.
Kelly slips the papers back into her briefcase.

DEVOE
Old friends of yours?

DIMITRI
I'll talk to them.
(his wallet)
There's only one thing they
understand.

Dimitri climbs out with his dog, walks to meet the men at the
front of the car. Men climb out of the BMW's behind the
Mercedes, mill around the Mercedes dangerously.

KELLY
Piece a' cake, huh?

Through the windshield, they watch Dimitri argue with a tall,
pock-marked man in a Hugo Boss overcoat.

KELLY
Maybe he set us up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEVOE

Who?

KELLY

Dimitri.

A rough Georgian face stares in the rear window at Kelly.

DEVOE

Dimitri's on our side.

KELLY

How can you be so sure?

Devoe turns around, looks her square in the eye.

DEVOE

Because he's my friend.

Dimitri seems to be winning the argument out front. The pock-marked man throws up his arms in resignation, Dimitri turns to walk back to the car. Grins at Devoe, winks.

DEVOE

See, what'd I tell you?

BANG! Dimitri's brains SPATTER the windshield. He stumbles forward, a huge bloody hole in his forehead. The pock-marked man's REVEALED BEHIND him, automatic in his outstretched arm.

DEVOE

NO!!!

He FIRES AGAIN! Dimitri CRUMPLES onto the hood, slips slowly off onto the pavement, the dog BARKS. The pock-marked man walks toward the driver's side window.

KELLY

Oh shit...

Devoe slides into the driver's seat, looks for the key. The pock-marked man's right by Devoe's ear. Raps on the glass.

POCK-MARKED MAN

Out...

Devoe turns the key over, the Mercedes roars to life. The man steps back, raises the gun.

KELLY

Get down!

CONTINUED: (3)

Devoe looks, the gun's outside his window. BANG! THUD! The glass spider-webs out from the impact. Devoe stares, is he dead? No. The man's as surprised as Devoe is.

DEVOE

Bullet-proof glass, god love the
fucking paranoid Russians!

BANG! THUD! The pock-marked man's firing directly into the same spot, the window dents in. It might be bulletproof, but it's not that bulletproof. BANG! THUD! BANG! THUD!

Devoe's trying to get the Mercedes into gear. BANG! THUD! Now the bulletproof glass's dented in several inches, it's not going to hold much longer. In front, another man raises a MACHINE PISTOL, fires at the windshield.

DEVOE

Where the hell's reverse?

BANG! THUD! BANG! THUD! That's it. The driver's window isn't going to be able to take another bullet. There's a little hole in the glass, right by Devoe's temple.

The pock-marked man sees the hole, aims carefully. Devoe sees him aiming through the little hole. He pulls the trigger, CLICK. No bullets. Shit, jettisons the old clip, screams for a new one. One of his men tosses him one. He slams the new clip into the magazine, raises it.

BANG! But it's Devoe, firing back out through the little hole. The pock-marked man staggers back, blood splurts from his neck. The man in front of the Mercedes screams, FIRES furiously at the windshield! The bulletproof windshield spider-webs from tens of little impact craters.

Screw reverse, Devoe hits the gas, the tires SMOKE on the wet cobblestones, then CATCH and the big Mercedes LURCHES forward, picks the man with the machine pistol up onto the hood, and SLAMS him into the BMW blocking their way.

The other Kortech men, leap out of the way, FIRE at the Mercedes. Devoe finds reverse, ROARS backwards, SLAMS into the cars behind him. Into forward AGAIN, the Mercedes LEAPS ahead, SMASHES into the BMW. The BMW's shoved sideways, leaving almost enough room to squeeze the Mercedes through.

But not quite enough. Devoe throws it into reverse again, they SCREECH BACK, SLAM into the rear cars. Now into FORWARD, Devoe revs it while he holds down the brakes, men FIRE at the car from every direction.

CONTINUED: (4)

DEVOE

Hold on!

He takes his foot off the brake and the Mercedes JUMPS, ROARS down at the blocking BMW. SMASHES into it's side, the BMW SKIDS sideways, the Mercedes SCRAPS through the narrow opening. FLIES out into the next street, free.

Kelly's still in the back seat, stares out the cracked rear window. Turns to Devoe.

KELLY

Jesus Christ...they shot him!...They just shot him!

Devoe nods, CAREENS DOWN A NARROW SIDESTREET, bounces off the tiny Euro-cars parked on either side.

DEVOE

Climb up front!

She crawls over the seat, fights her way down into the passenger seat in the bouncing car. Devoe stares at his rear-view mirror, anticipating.

DEVOE

Shit, here they come...

Kelly looks back, two dented BMW's TEAR down the street after them, gaining fast.

KELLY

What're we going to do?

DEVOE

Your seat-belt!

Kelly buckles in as Devoe SCREECHES AROUND A CORNER, hard right. Then HARD RIGHT AGAIN. The first BMW roars past, missing the second turn. The second BMW makes the turn, SLAMS over the cobblestones, underbelly SPARKING.

- FROM THE ROOFTOPS: the cars SPEED down the narrow night backstreets below.

- FROM THE CRISSCROSSING PERPENDICULAR ALLEYS: the Mercedes FLIES by. Then one block farther away the first BMW ROARS past. Then close again, the second BMW SPEEDS by.

- IN THE MERCEDES: Devoe's watching his rear view mirror. A man tries to lean out of the passenger window to shoot at them, but has to keep ducking back inside to avoid being beheaded by quickly passing signs and open window shutters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

- AHEAD of Devoe, an old man on a bicycle appears, his evening's groceries in the wire handlebar basket.

KELLY
Bicycle....!

Devoe looks, the bicycle only ten yards ahead. An alley to the left. Devoe turns the wheel, HARD.

DEVOE
Oh shiiitttt!!!

They fishtail, SLAM against the BUILDING. Accelerate down the alley, ROAR across the next street. The first BMW FLIES past one block over, missing the Mercedes' rear bumper by inches. Sees the Mercedes too late to follow.

- The SECOND MERCEDES sees the old man on the bicycle. The driver doesn't even flinch, SLAMS into the old man at full speed. The Old Man SMASHES into their windshield, tomatoes and wine from his groceries SPLATTERING. The men drive on.

- IN THE MERCEDES: they ROAR down an impossibly small alley, taking trash cans and window ledge geraniums with them.

KELLY
Where are we going? 6

DEVOE
I have no idea. They still back 0
there? 0

KELLY
I don't think so. 0

Devoe takes a quick look back, only darkness. Looks back to the alley and --

- A WIDE BOULEVARD AHEAD! Lots of traffic, sidewalk cafes, nighttime strollers chatting on a warm summer evening.

DEVOE
Hang on!

- THE MERCEDES ROARS out of the alley. Devoe yanks the wheel left and then right to try and miss the oncoming cross-traffic. Drivers SLAM on their brakes, swerve.

THE MERCEDES POUNDS UP over the curb on the opposite side of the street. SMASHES THROUGH a sidewalk cafe! Patrons DIVE AWAY as the Mercedes CRASHES through a stone balustrade and goes AIRBORNE off a retaining wall to CRASH INTO --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

A RIVER! Some ten feet below, where the big armored Mercedes sinks like a stone.

- IN THE MERCEDES: UNDERWATER. Kelly and DeVoe watch as the spider-webbed windshield and windows leak like a sieve.

DEVOE

You alright?

KELLY

No, I'm not goddam alright!

The muddy brown water is filling up the car.

DEVOE

So much for the beautiful Blue Danube.

- ON THE RIVER: bubbles surface slowly. The startled patrons stare from the ruined cafe. Police cars, blue lights flashing pull up. Spectators point to the river.

On the street, the two BMWs pull up. The Korteck men climb out, survey the ever growing crowd, the police.

- INSIDE THE MERCEDES: the water's risen to their waists. Kelly digs around in the muck for the briefcase, gets it.

DEVOE

Are you ready?

KELLY

(unhappily)

No...

DeVoe braces himself back on the seat, and KICKS OUT the spider-webbed windshield. Water FLOODS IN, smashing them back hard, much harder than he had expected. The Mercedes is now sinking again, FAST.

Devoe gets his bearings, searches around for Kelly, she's lost the briefcase, is looking for it. But the car's going, it's last huge air-bubble escaping. Devoe drags her to --

- THE SURFACE: they're gasping for air.

KELLY

The papers! I lost the papers!

Devoe takes a huge breath, dives back under. She waits, treading water. On the bank, the spectators spot them, point. Scream. The police turn their lights on her in the water. Yell at her in German from the shore.

CONTINUED: (7)

No Devoe. It's been too long. More police cars and an ambulance approach, their SIRENS fill the air.

- THE KORTECH MEN look among themselves, dammit, time to go. Climb back in their cars. Drive away.

- IN THE WATER: Kelly's getting worried. Still no Devoe.

KELLY

Come on... come on...

He EXPLODES to the surface. Gasping for breath. The police spotlights dance on the water all around them, a rescue boat speeds towards them on the river.

KELLY

Did you find it?

DEVOE

No...

(gasping for breath)

They're gone...

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EXT. RUSSIAN ROADSIDE - NIGHT

The Truck's parked in the middle of nowhere on a clear, starry night. Vlado leans against the hood smoking a cigarette. The Moslem Driver urinates in a ditch. Kodoroff is on his phone up the road. Kodoroff pulls the phone away from his ear, screams.

0
0

KODOROFF

...Shit!

Heaves the phone out into the dark desert. It lands with a distant THUMP. Vlado looks to the Moslem Driver: dryly.

VLADO

Bad news I guess...

Kodoroff marches back to the truck.

KODOROFF

The Americans have been to see our friends in Vienna.

VLADO

They find anything out?

KODOROFF

Maybe, maybe not.

(to the Driver)

Go find my fucking phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Moslem Driver looks out into the desert. How? Kodoroff grabs him, shoves him roughly out. The man stumbles, picks himself up. Kodoroff gets a metal flashlight from the truck, heaves it out after the Driver, hitting him.

VLADO

Do they know where we are going?

KODOROFF

It doesn't matter, I'm prepared for them.

VLADO

(disdainfully)

What, you going to blow something else up? Istanbul perhaps?

Kodoroff reaches across, SLAPS Vlado hard. Vlado's head snaps sideways, he almost falls. Kodoroff stands over him.

KODOROFF

Where's my money?

Vlado turns, his lip's bleeding. He touches it, looks at the blood on his finger. Kodoroff pulls out a pistol.

VLADO

You will be paid on delivery.

KODOROFF

Where's my fucking money?

He levels the gun in Vlado's face. Vlado stares, unafraid.

VLADO

The Americans are in Vienna because of you, not because of me. You should never have gone on the train yourself, it was careless and stupid.

KODOROFF

Who are the buyers?

VLADO

Shoot me and what will you have?

KODOROFF

He'll still want the warheads, with or without you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VLADO

Yes, but how will you find him?

A beat. Then Kodoroff laughs, lowers the pistol.

KODOROFF

If I don't get my money, I kill you.

Kodoroff climbs into the driver's seat, turns over the engine. Jams the truck into gear, HONKS. Vlado hops in the other side. The truck RUMBLES slowly down the road.

The Moslem Driver rushes frantically up out of the desert, juggling the flashlight and the dusty, dented phone. Grabs onto the open passenger door. Swings in, and they're gone.

INT. VIENNESE HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Devoe and Kelly come squishing into the elegant lobby, still very wet. Walk to the startled desk clerk.

DEVOE

Room 867 please.

INT. VIENNESE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

They enter the ornate room. Devoe goes straight for the phone, Kelly for the bathroom and two towels. She's angry.

KELLY

I'm sick of this cowboy shit! You're gonna get us both killed.

DEVOE

(into phone)

Yeah, this is Devoe. Get some security to the hotel. Kortech guys just killed Major Vertikoff and tried to kill us...

Kelly comes back in, pulling off clothes. He watches her undressing unabashedly, he's a little shocked.

KELLY

This isn't some kind of game!

DEVOE

...and call the Embassy, tell them the Viennese police are gonna need some serious hand-holding...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY

Get off the damn phone.

She pulls the cord out of the phone, opens her computer. Shoves the cord into the data port, tosses him a towel.

KELLY

And get those wet clothes off.
I need you healthy.

What is she, his mother? He peers over her shoulder, her computer's booting up. Can't help sneaking a look at her chest, there's something colorful above her bra-line.

DEVOE

That a tattoo?

KELLY

Drunken night in Cabo. Go.

He starts to undress behind her, surprisingly bashful.

KELLY

I'm sorry about what happened.
(he doesn't respond)
I'm sorry Dimitri was killed.

Devoe looks off. Quietly.

DEVOE

He knew what he was getting into.
(changes the subject)
What're you doing?

KELLY

I E-mailed Shumaker's files to my AOL account before I logged off.

DEVOE

You're shittin' me. Does that work?

KELLY

We're going to find out.

The screen's a blank, waiting, waiting. And then, suddenly: it EXPLODES WITH DATA. Scrolling faster than the eye can follow. Pages of account information, routings, amounts.

KELLY

Got it!

She scrolls back in the data. Goes to "FIND".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KELLY

We're looking for a vehicle hired in the Urals on or about June 29th.

The computer looks. Gives her a few choices. She scrolls through, he reads over her shoulder.

DEVOE

Too small. The next one?

KELLY

St. Petersburg, wrong direction.
(another)

"Point of Origin: Chelyabinsk.
Registration #3949596. Destination:
Imisli." Where the hell is that?

Devoe spreads a map out on the bed, looking. Looking...

DEVOE

Azerbaijan, five miles from the Iranian border. Christ, plug the phone back in!

He pulls the plug off the data port. Dials fast.

KELLY

There's also a payment number, looks like a bank routing code. And a phone number, looks like a satellite phone. No client's name anywhere.

Someone answers the phone, he reads from her computer.

DEVOE

We have a target vehicle; a cargo truck, registration number: 3949596, heading south from Chelyabinsk through Kazakhstan, to Imisli in Azerbaijan, on the Iranian border. Requesting a High Priority Tasker, any birds in this region, find this truck A.S.A.P.

He hangs up, she stares at her computer.

KELLY

Under destination, it also says: "44E". What the hell is that?

Devoe tosses Kelly her clothes. Starts for the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DEVOE

Who cares? We know where they're going, Iran.

She stares at her screen. Not so sure, as we:

PAN SLOWLY AROUND --

INT. DUSAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

MOZART ON THE STEREO. Dusan's on the floor, doing sit-ups with a twenty pound weight across his chest. He strains against the weight, sweating, breathing controlled.

Each repetition more difficult, his eyes focused, his face contorted with effort. Disciplined, hard, driven. His aide, Cedric, watches in the background.

SUPER: "SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND POST 0540 HOURS"

EXT/INT. AIRPLANE HANGER - DAWN

A huge airplane hanger filled with attack helicopters and Special Forces equipment. A temporary command post has been set up; communications, satellite surveillance, maps. Kelly, Devoe and Ken are driven in by Jeep from the 737 Airborne Command Center parked on the tarmac outside. Devoe leaps out of the Jeep as soon as it starts to slow.

DEVOE

Tell me you've found him gentlemen.

An African-American SF Captain, BEACH, speaks up.

BEACH

Damn close, sir. Giving them an average speed of 65 clicks per hour we've got them somewhere here, below Mahackala on the Caspian Sea.

Takes them to the situation map. Traces their route.

KELLY

They still in Russia?

BEACH

Yes ma'am, we think so. We've snuck a peek at everything within a two hundred square mile area. Haven't turned up your truck. But we think they're probably stuck here.

(points)

In Kumuh, there's a hell of a traffic jam down there. Bring it up Haney.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON THE MONITOR: In digital black and white negative, a real-time satellite transmission. We see a long line of trucks snaking down a stretch of open highway.

BEACH

Trucks are too close together, we can't get an angle on the plates. Take us in.

A sergeant types a command into his console and the MONITOR IMAGE JUMPS closer. Beach shakes his head.

KELLY

What's got things jammed up down there?

BEACH

Renewed fighting between Armenia and Azerbaijan. Roads are clogged with refugees fleeing North.

Devoe stares at the satellite image of the traffic jam.

DEVOE

We got a copy of that Kortech invoice?

Ken hands it across. He stares, something.

KELLY

What? What are you thinking?

DEVOE

A phone! Somebody get me a goddam phone!

SUPER: "KUMUH MINING REGION; SOUTH CENTRAL RUSSIA"

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE KUMUH - MORNING

A strange moonscape of deserted strip mine pits now filled with chalk-blue toxic water. Dust, dirt and miles of slow moving traffic. Trucks barely inch along the road as a stream of refugees heads the opposite direction. Donkey carts, tractors, ancient cars piled high with possessions, others on foot. Kodoroff drives, stares out in disgust.

KODOROFF

Bastard beggars.

Kodoroff beats his hands against the wheel in frustration.

CONTINUED:

KODOROFF
Filthy fucking refugees....!

Vlado stares out the passenger side window at the passing, haunted faces. A mother carries her young child, both of them frightened, exhausted. She looks at Vlado, he looks back at her, at her child. Then has to look away.

KODOROFF
Let them all kill each other, who gives a shit! Just get them off my fucking road!

VLADO
It's only women and children. Leave them alone.

KODOROFF
Fuck you. Get out and walk.

Kodoroff leans across the Moslem Driver and opens Vlado's passenger side door. Screams at him.

KODOROFF
Get out and walk!
(Vlado doesn't move)
Get OUT!

Vlado stares at him. Then... a SOUND. What is that? Electronic. Rhythmic. There it is again.

VLADO
Your phone's ringing.

That's what it is, out here in the middle of this dusty nowhere. Kodoroff's SATELLITE PHONE IS RINGING. Kodoroff digs around on the messy dashboard for the beat-up phone.

KODOROFF
Hello?

VOICE
How's the ride down there?

KODOROFF
Who the hell is this?

- INTERCUT KODOROFF in the truck with DEVOE: in the Special Forces Command Post watching the satellite monitor:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEVOE

Hell of a lot of traffic, must be
frustrating when you're in a hurry.

- IN KUMUH: rattled, Kodoroff peers around outside.

KODOROFF

Who is this?

DEVOE

You watch CNN during Desert Storm?
All those laser-guided missiles
slamming into parked tanks, trucks?
From hundreds of miles away? You must
feel like a sitting duck out there in
the open.

KODOROFF

Who the fuck is this???

DEVOE

Tom Devoe. How the hell've you been?
Still humping that fat, ugly Latvian
girl with the bad complexion --

- IN THE SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND POST

Devoe's suddenly listening to dial tone, Kodoroff hung up.

DEVOE

That should pucker his asshole.

They all stare intently at the monitor screen. Out of the long
line of black and white digital transmission trucks, one at the
back heads out into the desert.

DEVOE

There he goes.

BEACH

I'll be a son of a bitch, sir.

KELLY

You have an angle on that plate now?

Beach maneuvers the satellite, focuses in tight. FREEZES IT:
digitally enhances. Reads the blurry image slowly:

BEACH

39...495...9...6! That's her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY

How long will this bird be in position to follow?

BEACH

One hour and forty-eight minutes.

KELLY

When's the next one come over?

BEACH

Two hours, five minutes.

KELLY

Dammit, we're gonna loose him.

DEVOE

Not this time we're not! Get me General Garnett, now!

EXT. DESERT OUTSIDE KUMUH

Kodoroff tears across the open desert, checking out the window apprehensively. Huge plumes of dust trail behind them. Vlado and the Moslem Driver hold on for dear life as they SLAM over the rough terrain. The Middle Eastern Thugs on the back are tossed around like rodeo contestants.

VLADO

Where the hell are we going?

KODOROFF

Those hills!

Ahead: desolate, jagged foothills. Very bleak.

VLADO

This is how you're prepared to deal with the Americans? Hide in the mountains?

KODOROFF

Shut up!

SUPER: "NMJIC 1835 HOURS"

INT. NMJIC - PENTAGON INTEL CENTER

The glass situation map of Central Russia now has a thick hand-drawn red line connecting Chelyabinsk and Imisli. Hamilton's there, Appleton, Gray, the Secretary of State. Remnants of McDonald's take-out litter the table. Garnett is on the speaker phone with his Russian contact, KIROV:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARNETT

We have them on satellite now. We can have NATO aircraft over the site in less than twenty minutes.

GENERAL KIROV (VO)

Thank you for your kind offer of assistance but this is a Russian Federation problem and we must insist you let us handle it ourselves.

INT. RUSSIAN WAR ROOM - NIGHT (0235 HOURS)

Kirov sits with his aides. More McDonald take out is in evidence, only this time the wrappers are in Cyrillic script.

GARNETT (VO)

This poses a threat to you as well, we assume they're headed for Iran but Chechnya is right next door.

GENERAL KIROV

Thank you for the geography lesson. We will stop it, I promise you that.

Kirov leans across, SLAMS down his phone, grumbles:

GENERAL KIROV

Fucking Americans...

INT. NMJIC - PENTAGON INTEL CENTER

Garnett and the others are left listening to Kirov's dial tone. Garnett leans across, turns off the speaker phone.

GARNETT

Fucking Russians...

HAMILTON

That's it, that's all we can do?

The Secretary of State, stands:

SECRETARY OF STATE

It's their country. If they don't want our help, all we can do is sit and wait.

SUPER: "SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND POST; GERMANY, 0624 HOURS"

INT. SPECIAL FORCES HANGAR - DAY

Special Forces troops in full battle gear load weapons and supplies onto a running C-130 transport jet. Kelly and Devoe are back to back in the Temporary Command Post, conducting dueling phone calls. DeVoe's in SF battle gear.

DEVOE

What'd you mean, wait?... Sir, we've got to go now!... With due respects, a Russian General's involved. So, it doesn't really matter what the State Department or the CIA is saying, sir.

KELLY

Yessir. We'll only have him under satellite surveillance for another hour. Sir, in Vienna, we obtained credible Intel leading us to believe that the nuclear warheads are on that truck, headed to Imisli, on the Iranian border.

(pause)

We have a suspect, but no larger sense of his game plans or motives.

(pause)

Yessir... absolutely, sir. Will do.

Within seconds of each other, they both hang up.

KELLY/DEVOE

That was...I was just...

DEVOE

Go ahead.

KELLY

No, you first.

DEVOE

I was just talking to General Garnett. State's dragging their feet.

KELLY

I was talking to the President.

Silence. Everybody else around them turns around.

KELLY

He said he would speak with the Pentagon and get back to us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVOE

Shit! We're wasting time, I have to get airborne. We can't trust the Russians!

KELLY

They say they're handling it.

DEVOE

The Russians can't find fucking snow in the middle of winter.

(she doesn't answer)

Christ, it's only gasoline.

She looks off, unhappy. Makes a decision.

KELLY

I'll call the President back, see if I can get you up into NATO air space over Turkey.

DEVOE

Yes!

KELLY

But Major, with Russia insisting that they will handle this, you will not take any action without authorization.

DEVOE

What do you think I am, some gung-ho stupid son-of-a-bitch?

KELLY

No, I don't think you're stupid. I think you're a talented soldier with sloppy impulse control and I don't want you provoking an international incident because you think you can save the world single-handedly.

DEVOE

This is a goddam nightmare. You're not in the White House basement playing with computerized holocaust models anymore.

(then)

You're in the real world where nuclear fucking weapons are headed for Iran. People are going to die and I just don't want it to be me or mine. So, regardless of what you think of me --

(he heads off)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEVOE (cont'd)
Get me authorized!

A JET ENGINE, SCREAMS ACROSS --

EXT. THE SKY - DAY

A US F14, on a low pass over an ancient cemetery, where generations of gravestones lie moldering in the damp. WE TRACK ACROSS the graves, a history of generations, until we arrive at new headstones, with different first names and dates of birth, but all with the same date of death:

"SEPTEMBER 12, 1995"

And the same last name:

"GAVRICH"

Dusan, prays to his family, in tears, grieves by the grave of his wife, then kisses the grave of his five-year-old daughter. The large man with the facial scars, Cedric, steps forward.

CEDIC
We must go, sir.

Dusan nods, stands, wipes the tears from his face. Follows Cedric slowly down the hill to his waiting car below.

SUPER: "BAZTA SOUTH CENTRAL RUSSIAN FRONTIER 0712 HOURS"

EXT. OUTSIDE OF BAZTA - DAY

Kodoroff drives the truck over a small hill on a pitted rural road, pulls to a slow stop. Below them, A DETACHMENT of TEN RUSSIAN SOLDIERS are stopping trucks.

VLADO
Shit. Turn around.

KODOROFF
No. They've seen us.

A soldier down on the road watches them, signals for them to join the line of seven trucks waiting to be searched.

VLADO
What do we do now?

KODOROFF
Join the line.

INT. SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND POST GERMANY

Kelly, Beach and Ken stare at the satellite surveillance monitor. ON THE MONITOR: they see the cargo truck pull into the line of trucks at the checkpoint but it's from a very severe angle at the bottom of their screen.

KELLY

How long before we're out of range?

BEACH

Bird will be oriented incorrectly
in... three minutes.

Kelly takes a mike from the SF Captain. Speaks into it.

KELLY

Russians have the truck stopped at a
roadblock, Red Dog.

INSIDE THE CHOPPERS - DAY

DeVoe and his men in camo paint and day camouflage gear, inside one of two Attack Choppers BLASTING over the arid Turkish countryside. DeVoe's talking to Kelly on the radio.

DEVOE

CP, we'll be at the border in thirty
minutes, have they been apprehended?

INT. SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND POST GERMANY

The satellite image is getting farther and farther askew, now barely visible in the bottom left hand corner.

KELLY

Can't tell Red Dog.

BEACH

Dammit, there she goes. We're blind.

They loose the image. There's an audible groan, now what?

KELLY

We lost the bird. We'll have to
depend on our friends in Moscow to
inform us.

(to Beach)

When's the next bird come on line?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEACH
Seventeen minutes.

Kelly throws the mike down.

KELLY
Son of a bitch...

EXT. OUTSIDE OF BAZTA - DAY

In the cab, Vlado watches as they inch closer to the front of the line. Kodoroff's on the phone, waiting. The truck in front of them moves into the number one position, the soldiers search it. Vlado sweats bullets, pulls his pistol out of a bag, checks the magazine.

KODOROFF
Put that away.

Vlado doesn't, slips it into his jacket.

KODOROFF
Calm down, we're going to be fine.

- OUTSIDE AT THE BAZTA CHECKPOINT: the field telephone rings in a dusty roadside shack. A CORPORAL answers it.

CORPORAL
For you, sir.

Calls to his LIEUTENANT outside. The Lieutenant takes it.

GENERAL ALYEV (VO)
This is General Alyev from the 4th
Command. Are you at your checkpoint?

LIEUTENANT
Yes, sir. We're searching all
vehicles.

GENERAL ALYEV (VO)
You will stand down. The truck has
been apprehended in Imisli. You are
to return to garrison, order numbers -

CUT TO REVEAL: KODOROFF on his phone in the truck. Reading numbers scrawled on a sweaty pad.

KODOROFF
... are ZB13496. Repeat: ZB13496. You
are to remain ready at your barracks
to offer backup should the need arise.
I will keep you posted. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns off his phone. Through the windshield, the truck in front of them is waved through the checkpoint, RUMBLES away. The soldiers signal them to pull up to be searched. Kodoroff puts the truck into gear, inches it forward.

VLADO

Maybe they've changed the numbers.
They would change them now that they
know you're involved, right?

Vlado pulls his pistol out from under his coat. In the back, the Middle Eastern Thugs crouch at the ready with their AK-47s. The soldiers approach the truck.

KODOROFF

Come on... Come on...

Vlado cocks his gun. The soldiers approach the cab, squint to see who's inside. They're only a few feet away --

LIEUTENANT

Praporshik! Over here...

The Lieutenant signals the Sergeant over to the shack. Vlado and Kodoroff watch them. The Lieutenant points to the cargo truck. The Sergeant nods. Starts back for the truck.

VLADO

They know... shit, they know...

The Sergeant comes around to Kodoroff's side of the truck and, SIGNALS THEM THROUGH. The soldiers begin to dismantle the checkpoint. The truck pulls through the checkpoint, and disappears up the road, in a cloud of dust.

INT. SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND POST GERMANY

Kelly sits, waiting. Watching the clock.

BEACH

Two minutes.

Ken comes across from the communications area, with a fax.

KEN

Tracked that bank account routing
number off the Kortech invoice, guess
what? It's a bank account in Cypress,
registered to an address in Pale.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY
Bosnia?

Kelly rushes to the big map.

KELLY
44E. The forty-forth parallel runs...

Traces her finger along the line of the 44th Parallel. Across from Russian Asia, Romania...straight through --

KELLY
Sarajevo. Dammit. Get the IFOR Intel people to that address in Pale.

BEACH
Bird's in place, we're back on line!

They rush back to the satellite monitor as it flickers up. Beach manipulates it until we have an image of the same roadblock where we were before, only now --

KELLY
Where the hell is everybody?

It's just a deserted road.

KELLY
We in the right place?

Beach jockey's the satellite image around.

BEACH
Yes ma'am. They're gone.

KEN
Maybe they captured them already.

KELLY
And cleared out in seventeen minutes. Shit! We've lost them.

EXT. BAZTA STREETS - DAY

A horribly tired little town, rundown buildings, exhausted livestock. The cargo truck rumbles down the street, pulls into a waiting garage. INSIDE: A large flatbed truck full of watermelons, tarp pulled over it's top and an ancient gasoline truck. A slightly-built Pakistani man, DR. TARAKI, waits. Kodoroff and Vlado climb down from the cargo truck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARAKI
You have them?

VLADO
Yes. You should begin immediately.

Taraki nods, picks up his aluminum briefcase, walks to where the Thugs are already pulling the warheads out of the back of the cargo truck. Kodoroff stares at Taraki.

KODOROFF
Who the hell is that?

VLADO
A friend who's going to help make you a very, very wealthy man.

INT. THE CHOPPERS - DAY

DEVOE
CP, we are approaching Russian air space, you find them yet?

INT. SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND POST GERMANY - DAY

Kelly's at the satellite monitor, has the mike to Devoe in one hand, the phone to the Pentagon in the other.

KELLY
You are under orders to hold. Where the hell is he gentlemen?

Beach and his guys are working like mad.

BEACH
I don't know ma'am. He can't have made more than fifty clicks in seventeen minutes. We've checked every square inch, he's not rolling.

KELLY
(into the phone)
Any word from the Russians General?

INT. NMJIC PENTAGON INTEL CENTER - NIGHT

Garnett, Hamilton, Appleton, and Gray from State.

GARNETT
I don't think they know what's going on. But if they'd caught them, they'd be crowing like hell by now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WE INTERCUT - BETWEEN THE THREE LOCATIONS:

KELLY

(to Beach)

How many roads heading south into Azerbaijan or Georgia that you could easily access from that village?

BEACH

Three.

KELLY

Find anything that's moving that's large enough to transport those nukes.

DEVOE

CP, the Russians have any troops guarding the borders?

KELLY

Not as far as we can see, Red Dog, Russians aren't providing us with any Intel. What would you normally do in these circumstances?

DEVOE

...Call Dimitri.

KELLY

(to herself)

Shit... shit... shit...

Beach looks up from his console.

BEACH

I've got two vehicles, on separate roads, headed south, both large enough and in approximately the right location.

KELLY

How far away from the border?

BEACH

Ten kilometers.

Kelly stares down at the two separate trucks on the two satellite monitors, talks to herself.

KELLY

Where are you... where are you?

EXT. DESERTED ROAD NEAR THE BORDER - DAY

We're behind the stakebed truck, moving along a deserted road, full of watermelons, tarp flapping in the wind.

EXT. ANOTHER DESERTED ROAD NEAR THE BORDER - DAY

Now we're behind another truck, moving quickly along a different deserted road. The ancient gasoline truck. It accelerates, pulls away from us.

EXT. SKY ABOVE FOREST OUTSIDE RUSSIAN AIRSPACE - DAY

The U.S. CHOPPERS HOVER only a few feet above the ground like a squadron of evil black insects. Waiting.

DEVOE

This is Red Dog, we are now holding at the edge of Russian airspace. What the hell's going on, CP?

INT. SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND POST GERMANY

Kelly follows the two trucks on the satellite monitors.

KELLY

Red Dog. I've got two trucks, approaching the border on different roads, neither is our ID'd vehicle, but both are large enough to transport our cargo. Any suggestions?

DEVOE

Have to follow your gut CP, that or you can always just flip a coin.

She puts down the mike. Looks at the screen. Thinks.

KELLY

Lieutenant, is one of these trucks heading to Imisli?

BEACH

Yes ma'am.

He points to the satellite image of the gasoline truck. Kelly nods, picks up the phone to the NMJIC.

KELLY

Sir, we have the target vehicle approaching the Iranian border. Requesting permission to enter Russian Federation air space and take it out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the NMJIC, the Secretary of State looks up glumly.

SECRETARY OF STATE

The Russian regime's already unstable, and we've got Russian parliamentary elections coming up. Someone may be trying to draw us into their airspace to provoke an international incident to influence the elections.

HAMILTON

Dr. Kelly, in your estimation, is this our only remaining course of action?

Kelly takes a deep breath. Looks at Ken.

KELLY

Sir, in my best estimation, based on available Intel and the Russians having no forces in place. Must advise we go.

SECRETARY OF STATE

If she's wrong this is a damn international disaster.

GARNETT

There is no question in your mind that we have the right vehicle?

Kelly grimaces, can't believe what she's about to say.

KELLY

No question, General.

BACK IN THE NMJIC: Hamilton picks up a second phone.

HAMILTON

Mr. President, we recommend that you send our forces in.

SUPER: "RUSSIAN BORDER ABOVE IGDIR"

INT. CHOPPER #2

DEVOE

Gentlemen, this is Red Dog Two. We are to enter Russian air space, avoiding foreign casualties, to secure the target vehicle, detaining anyone found inside. We can expect hostile fire. Red Dog One, she's all yours.

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IN CHOPPER #1

SANTIAGO

Red Dog One to Pack: We have a mission... and a go. Good luck.

At his signal, the CHOPPER PILOTS WHEEL OUT in formation, staggered at tree-top height, avoiding radar as they fly.

INT. SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND POST GERMANY

Kelly sets down the phone. Looks around.

KELLY

I hope to hell I'm right...

Off all their faces we go to --

EXT. A DESOLATE ROAD NEAR BORDER - DAY

We're following the watermelon truck as it RUMPLES toward the border, tarp flapping in the wind. We MOVE UP ALONGSIDE, finally REVEALING: the Moslem Driver behind the wheel, Kodoroff beside him, staring into the back.

KODOROFF

What're they doing back there?

There's an opening at the back of the cab, through it you can see into a compartment, hidden from the outside, where Taraki, Vlado and the thugs are working on the warheads.

KODOROFF

(yelling back)

What're you doing?

(they don't answer)

Shit.

EXT. RUSSIAN AIRSPACE NEAR BORDER - DAY

The Chopper Squadron roars above Russian tree-tops, taking ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE from a Russian battery below.

SANTIAGO

Red Dog One to Pack. They've spotted us!

THE CHOPPERS, wheel, bank and dive in evasive maneuvers. It's rough, Devoe hangs on for dear live.

INT. THE SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND POST

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kelly and her team sweat it out. Listening to the chopper chatter on the radio.

PILOTS' VOICES

Sir, Red Dog Three got hit!... This is
Red Dog One return to location,
implement extract...

Off of Kelly's agonized face we --

INT. NJMIC PENTAGON INTEL CENTER

They're listening to the PILOTS' VOICES too.

SANTIAGO

Do you see anybody?

PILOT #3

No, sir...

(a HUGE NOISE)

Omigod!

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As they all look at each other, their worst fears realized.

EXT. RUSSIAN FRONTIER

POV: from Devoe's chopper, a massive SECONDARY EXPLOSION engulfs
the downed CHOPPER below.

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PILOT

Internal fuel tanks have exploded!

SANTIAGO (VO)

Can you see anybody?

PILOT

No, sir! The whole fucking forest is
up in flames!

DEVOE

Red Dog One, this is Red Dog Two.
We've gotta get on with it.

SANTIAGO (VO)

Roger, Two. Red Dog One to Pack.
Resume approach to primary target.

The lead Apache peels off, WHEELING EAST, leading the pack,
leaving the BURNING CHOPPER. Devoe stares behind at it.

INT. SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND POST

Kelly stands, her face drained from what she's just heard.

KELLY

How many men on that chopper?

SF CAPTAIN

Sixteen.

She's suddenly overcome with emotion. It only lasts for an instant but in that moment of sadness, we see her. The reality of these last few days, the responsibility.

KEN

You okay?

She nods. Looks back to the screen.

- DEVOE'S CHOPPER

Devoe steps into the cockpit.

DEVOE

How we doin'?

PILOT

That's it, two miles out.

ON GROUND-MAPPING RADAR SCREEN: we see state-of-the-art computer simulation of the terrain they are flying across, so advanced it almost looks real, and the target, ahead. A truck, on a mountain road, a bridge.

DEVOE

Iran on the other side of that bridge?

PILOT

Yes sir.

- IN CHOPPER #1:

SANTIAGO

Red Dog One: to team. Secure Target!

The deadly American warships whip through the MOUNTAINS, spread out, to secure the target..

- ALONG A MOUNTAIN ROAD

The ancient gasoline truck crests a hill, rolls down the road. We MOVE ALONGSIDE. In the cab, one of the Middle Eastern thugs, bouncing along the rutted pavement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hears something coming. But what? Slows. Looks out his window just in time to see the American Choppers ROARING toward him. Floors it, the gasoline truck LEAPS forward.

- IN CHOPPER #2:

PILOT #2

This is Red Dog Two, approaching target vehicle.

- ALONG THE MOUNTAIN ROAD

The Middle Eastern Thug sees the choppers roaring in. Steels himself, YELLS, ready to die. But...

The Choppers THUNDER past. Continue on their way over the mountains. He stops the truck. Climbs out. Stares after the departing choppers.

- SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND POST

Kelly sits, listening to the radio reports.

KEN

How'd you know?

KELLY

Kodoroff knew we'd been to Kortech, One sent a decoy to Imisli.

- DEVOE AT CHOPPER SIDE DOOR

Looking down and ahead, with binoculars.

DEVOE

Red Dog One, this is Red Dog Two, we have visual confirmation of a truck, fitting description of target.

- POV on the distant mountain road ahead: the watermelon truck approaches a bridge spanning a ravine.

SANTIAGO (VO)

Roger that, Red Dog Two. Got him.

- DEVOE'S CHOPPER is in the lead, wheeling toward --

- THE WATERMELON TRUCK, raising dust, heading toward the bridge. Kodoroff climbs into the back. Interior stakes hold up a wall of watermelons all around them. Taraki has one of the warheads open on the floor.

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CONTINUED:

A STAINLESS STEEL CYLINDER about the size of a home fire extinguisher, surrounded by high explosive plastique. This is THE PRIMARY: the trigger, with a PLUTONIUM LOAD.

TARAKI

There it is.

KODOROFF

What is he doing?

Vlado ignores him. Takari removes the primary, places it into a waiting canvas backpack filled with electronics.

VLADO

Will it work?

TARAKI

It can be activated by a single man and will render a nuclear yield of one-to-two kilotons, obliterating everything for a quarter of a mile.

KODOROFF

What the fuck is he talking about?

Vlado stands, faces Kodoroff.

VLADO

This is our payment. One warhead, to do with as we wish.

KODOROFF

That wasn't the deal.

VLADO

That was our deal with the buyers. They are waiting on the other side of the border with your money.

Kodoroff's furious, screams at Vlado.

KODOROFF

They're expecting eight!

VLADO

Exactly, eight! And there'd be eight if you hadn't wasted one on the train!

KODOROFF

(to Takari)

Put that primary back in.

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(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Takari freezes, doesn't know what to do. Kodoroff pulls his pistol, points it at the little Pakistani.

KODOROFF

Put it back in the fucking warhead!

In a lightening move, Vlado pulls his PISTOL from his coat, Kodoroff reels to fire. But Vlado's pistol is pointed at the primary. He cocks the trigger. The thugs and Takari shrink away from the bomb. Kodoroff doesn't.

VLADO

You want to die? Is that what you want? I get off at the border with my warhead or we all die here, now.

Vlado is cool, hard. Kodoroff stares, finally realizes.

KODOROFF

What're you going to do? Die for your people? For your pathetic country?

VLADO

How I choose to die and what I choose to die for, is my decision.

KODOROFF

(laughs darkly)

What bullshit. Dead is just dead, what's the fucking point?

The Moslem Driver sticks his head around from the cab.

MOSLEM DRIVER

Helicopters!

Kodoroff rushes to the back, pulls back a corner of the tarp.

- POV: The American choppers bearing down, fast.

KODOROFF

Americans...

- IN DEVOE'S CHOPPER

The watermelon truck below, the bridge straight ahead. On the other end of the bridge, other trucks and horse drawn carts make their way toward us.

DEVOE

Take us down!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PILOT
Roger, sir!

DEVOE
Stay right above him!

Devoe steps back into where his men wait at the ready.

DEVOE
Door gunners, at your weapons!
(points to others on bridge)
And for godsake, don't shoot any of
those Russian civilians!

The two machine gunners flash the thumbs-up sign. As CHOPPER #2 screams down...

- IN THE TRUCK: the MOSLEM DRIVER sees them swooping down.

MOSLEM DRIVER
NO!!!

Shouting in ARABIC, he accelerates to the max, speeding toward the bridge, dead ahead. IN THE BACK: Kodoroff signals to THE MIDDLE EASTERN THUGS. They FIRE their AK47s up through the canvas tarp at the --

- CHOPPER: Devoe, taking fire, points ahead.

DEVOE
Take out the road!

An incredible DIN as the gunners RIP the abandoned buildings and road in front of the bridge to SHREDS. An old propane tank EXPLODES, toppling the first few power poles leading across the bridge. The poles fall, dominos, strung together by their high tension lines.

- IN THE TRUCK: THE MOSLEM DRIVER roars through the fireball, screaming, swerves, the truck slides sideways, out of control, it's canvas top on fire. Kodoroff, Vlado, Taraki and the thugs hold on for dear life

MOSLEM DRIVER
AHHHHH!!!!

The truck SLAMS through the bridge guardrail. Watermelon's break free inside the back compartment, SMASHING everywhere.

A rapier of guardrail RIPS through the side of the rear compartment, impales a THUG against the opposite stack beds as the truck GRINDS to a gut-wrenching halt dangling over the void, swaying on the impaled guardrail and a web of suddenly bow-taut,

(CONTINUED)

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sparking powerlines. A moment of silence, as the truck SAGS down toward the river, far below.

- ON DEVOE AT THE SIDE DOOR:

Devoe looks down at the burning, precariously hanging truck.

DEVOE

Get me down!!!

Gestures for the hoist. Straps himself into the harness as dazed thugs crawl out of the back of the truck, FIRE UP at the open bay of the chopper.

The chopper crewmen swing the hoist out the door, Devoe hooks himself up, taking fire from the thugs below.

DEVOE

Those fuckers you can shoot!!!
(he gestures)

Down!

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- DEVOE rides the hoist down into the blistering crossfire between the chopper door gunners and the AK's below.

- SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND POST

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Kelly listens to the chaos on the other end of the radio. Gunfire, explosions, looks to Ken.

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KELLY

Jesus...

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- DEVOE dangles forty feet above the ground, lower, lower, empty casings from the big door guns rain down on him. He pulls his service revolver, FIRES. One... Two... thugs drop as he approaches the burning tarp roof of the --

- WATERMELON TRUCK - SMASHES through into the false compartment in the rear. Looks around immediately. Only the chained nuke coffins and the impaled thug. But behind the nukes, Kodoroff, unseen, waiting.

Devoe looks down to undo his harness. Kodoroff rushes from the shadows, blindsides Devoe, driving Devoe to the floor of the truck, HARD. Sending Devoe's gun skittering away.

Kodoroff grabs the hoist line, wraps it around Devoe's neck, jerks the line twice.

- THE SOLDIER in the chopper monitoring the line yells back:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLDIER

Pull him out! Pull him out!

A soldier SLAMS the wrench motor forward, it grinds and --

- DEVOE is yanked up out of the truck by his neck.
- NOW hanging, twisting in the wind, clawing at the noose around his neck.
- THE SOLDIER in the chopper stares down.

SOLDIER

Holy shit...

(screams back)

SLACK! It's around his neck!

The wrench operator JAMS the emergency release lever forward and the wrench drum spins FREE.

- SENDING Devoe into a FREEFALL, some fifteen feet back down into the truck. He SLAMS to the truck bed. On god, that hurt. He's choking, coughing, disoriented.

- A HIGH TENSION WIRE holding the truck, SNAPS, the truck lurches forward a few feet closer to the void.

- KODOROFF rushes forward. KICKS Devoe in the head with his heavy service boot. Again. And again.

- FROM THE CHOPPER BAY of Red Dog One, a door GUNNER tries to get a clean shot at Kodoroff kicking Devoe below.

PILOT

Take a shot!

GUNNER

They're too close! The bullet'll pass through and kill the Major!

- IN THE TRUCK, Devoe takes another vicious kick to the head, struggles to reach for his own boot. His commando blade, strapped to his calf, he unsheathes it.

Kodoroff steps back to kick him again. Devoe lifts the blade, drives it straight up and through --

KODOROFF'S FOOT. Kodoroff falls back, SCREAMING.

KODOROFF

ARAHHHGHHHHH!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

- IN THE CHOPPER, the door gunner has his shot. FIRES.
- THE BULLETS RIP through Kodoroff. SLAM him backwards. Devoe stands, screams up to the chopper.

DEVOE

NO!!!!

Rushes to the shredded Kodoroff, splayed back over the coffins.

DEVOE

Alek, where we they going? Alek!?

Kodoroff looks at Devoe with glassy eyes.

KODOROFF

...fuck you...

Convulses, SPITS BLOOD all over Devoe, and dies.

DEVOE

Alek? Shit...!

- IN THE SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND CENTER. They all stare at the radio, the gunfire, chopper din.

KELLY ;

What the hell is going on out there?

PILOT (VO)

The truck's going, get him the hell out of there!

- THROUGH THE PILOT'S BOTTOM WINDOW, the chopper pilot sees another high tension wire holding the truck SPARK and SNAP.

- THE TRUCK DROPS another few feet. Dangles precariously. The door gunners scream down at Devoe.

GUNNER

Sir, get outta there!

- INSIDE the REAR COMPARTMENT, Devoe races down the angled truck, grabs the hoist line from the chopper.

- IN THE CAB of the truck the Moslem Driver stares down into the valley hundreds of feet below. Pulls out a grenade launcher. SNAPS a grenade into place on the barrel.

- DEVOE tries to hook the hoist line onto the chain that's securing the nuke coffins, it's not long enough. He screams up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DEVOE

More line!

- CLOSEUP ON: Another high tension wire. It SNAPS.
- FROM THE CHOPPER, the truck drops another few feet, is hanging on by only one remaining wire.

PILOT

Jesus Christ, get him out of there!

GUNNER

Sir, come on! Come on!

- IN THE CAB, the Moslem Driver leans out his window, aims the grenade launcher at the unsuspecting chopper above.
- ALONGSIDE THE TRUCK, the Pakistani scientist, Taraki, hides from the chopper, terrified. Any moment, his sanctuary will disappear over the abyss.
- DEVOE pulls the hoist line hook closer and closer to the chain around the nukes. Almost, almost...

DEVOE

More! A little more...!

- THE MOSLEM DRIVER takes careful aim.
- THE FINAL HIGH TENSION wire holding the truck stretches, stretches, it's insulation gives way exposing the metal underneath, SPARKING and then SNAP!
- THE MOSLEM DRIVER is tossed back inside the cab. His grenade launcher FIRES. The grenade SLAMS into the passenger floorboards, lodges, it's timer counting down --
- THE TRUCK LURCHES left, HARD. Unsheathing itself from the final piece of the bent, impaling guardrail in back as --
- DEVOE finally snaps the hook onto the chains, leaps onto coffins, grabs the hoist wire and --
- THE TRUCK GRINDS and SCREECHES off the guardrail, plummets down into the void --
- DEVOE'S hoist line goes TAUT. He clings to the coffins as they SMASH OUT THROUGH THE BACK OF THE PLUMMETING TRUCK, riding the whole swinging mess like a rodeo Brahma bull --
- INSIDE THE CAB, falling through space, the Moslem Driver stares, bug-eyed at the grenade in the corner, waiting as --

(CONTINUED)

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- THE TRUCK DROPS through the void beneath Devoe and the dangling nukes hanging from the chopper above. A long, quiet beat and then, the truck EXPLODES in midair below.

- IN THE SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND POST, they react to the huge explosion over the radio.

KELLY

What the hell was that?

SF CAPTAIN

Red Dog Two, do you read me? This is CP, what's going on out there?

- Devoe stares down at the huge fireball beneath him, perched on top of the seven steel coffins. The nuke coffin LOAD IS WAY TOO HEAVY, it's pulling the CHOPPER DOWN.

- IN THE COCKPIT: Descending unevenly...

SANTIAGO

You're too heavy, take it down!

PILOT

We're dropping! Get her down!!!

- DEVOE: feels himself falling and dies inside, as...

- THE OVERLOADED CHOPPER SWINGS OVER the bridge at the last moment, SLAMS the coffins to the ground.

Devoe staggers to his feet among the dead thugs and burning wreckage of the bridge. Shit, he's alive, what'ya know?

The chopper settles down on the bridge. The Special Forces men spread out. Rush to Devoe at the nuke coffins.

SANTIAGO

You alright sir?

DEVOE

Hell yes. Open 'em up!

Soldiers power ratchet the coffins open to REVEAL: SS-20 NUCLEAR WARHEADS inside. Devoe turns to his radio man.

DEVOE

You got the CP?

RADIO MAN

On line, sir.

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DEVOE
This is Red Dog.

INTERCUT BETWEEN: KELLY AND DEVOE

KELLY
What the hell happened out there?

DEVOE
We took heavy casualties. One assault
aircraft down. Estimate 16 KIA's.
But we were able to recover...
(counts them)
Seven SS-20 warheads, in their
containers.

SANTIAGO
We've got Russian army vehicles sir,
moving in fast!

Up the road, a convoy of rapidly approaching, unhappy Russian
Army regulars.

DEVOE
They look plenty pissed off. Raise a
white flag or something.

KELLY ;
That's not enough warheads.

Devoe returns to the radio.

DEVOE
What?

KELLY
That's not enough damn warheads.

DEVOE
Y'know, for once, you could say
something nice.

KELLY
They were shipping the payloads off of
three ICBM's. The Soviet SS-20's have
multiple arrays of three warheads.
They needed all three for stability,
which means there were nine warheads.
(pause)
With one of them detonated, and seven
warheads with you, that leaves one
unaccounted for.

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A soldier at the edge of the bridge calls over to Santiago.

SOLDIER

We've got somebody alive down here!

Santiago heads for the guardrail.

DEVUE

I'll get right back to you.

(tosses down mic)

Mother-fuck.

DeVoe heads for the guardrail, looks down to REVEAL:

A TERRIFIED TARAHI, hangs from a swaying high tension wire, the yawning abyss of eternity a couple of hundred feet below.

DEVUE

You speak any English down there?

TARAHI

Yes! Yes, I went to Harvard... Go
Crimson!... Help me up, please...

DeVoe stares down at the dangling scientist.

DEVUE ;

We have a problem up here. We seem
to be missing a warhead. You wouldn't
know anything about that, would you?

TARAHI

Yes. Yes, please... Help me up.

DEVUE

Where is it?

TARAHI

I will tell you, bring me up!

DeVoe smiles, looks at the other soldiers.

DEVUE

Ah hell, why don't you tell me first,
then we'll haul your ass up.

The little man isn't going to be able to hang on long, looks
down, big mistake. Oh god.

TARAHI

The Serb took it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEVOE
What Serb?

TARAKI
I don't know!

DEVOE
Took it where?

TARAKI
I don't know!
(he's slipping)
Please...

Taraki's screaming, praying -- twisting in the wind.

DEVOE
Where is he taking it?

TARAKI
I don't know, he wouldn't tell me!

DEVOE
Looks like you're slipping there, pal.
Upper body strength, that's the key in
a situation like this, gotta work on it.

As DeVoe just smiles, waits..

TARAKI
Bosnia! I heard him say Bosnia!
Please, that's all I know...

Devoe steps back, takes the radio handset.

DEVOE
(to Kelly)
Based on Intel just obtained, I would
say there's a pretty good chance that
the missing weapon is headed for
Bosnia with an unknown Serbian.

Kelly looks to Ken, shit.

KELLY
How good is this information?

Devoe glances over at the dangling Taraki, pathetically spinning
above the void.

(CONTINUED)

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DEVOE
State-of-the-art.

The soldier's staring over the edge at the poor guy.

SOLDIER
Shall we pull him up sir?

DEVOE
(an afterthought)
Ah...sure. Why the hell not.

Devoe watches the Russian infantry convoy ROARING UP.

DEVOE
CP, we've got a little international
incident unfolding here with some
Russian Army Regulars, I'm gonna have
to get back to you.

Devoe tosses the mike to the radio man. Santiago arrives.

DEVOE
Anybody alive?

SANTIAGO
Just your bungee-jumper.

The Russian troops leap out of their transport vehicles, guns at
the ready, their commander screaming at Devoe and his men.
Devoe calls calmly to his men.

DEVOE
Okay gentlemen, weapons down, hands
up, nice and easy now. Lets not give
these Russian fuckers anything to
shoot at. And smile boys, smile...

As they're surrounded by armed Russian regulars, we --

- SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND POST

Kelly drops the mike, picks up a telephone.

KELLY
General Garnett, we've got men down
and others captured, seven nukes back
in safe hands, one missing. Get on
the horn to the Russians, I need Major
Devoe back and I need him now.

She starts across the room with Ken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

KELLY

IFOR get back to us on that address in
Pale yet?

KEN

Not yet.

KELLY

Well, get their asses moving. There's
a Serb out there with a damn nuke.

She turns, stares at the big map. Traces the likely route;
Russia, Iran, Turkey, Bulgaria, Serbia, Bosnia.

KELLY

Shit...

A HILL ABOVE THE BRIDGE - DAY

Far below, the choppers, the troops, the destroyed bridge and
smoldering buildings. Vlado hikes up, higher and higher. Out
of breath, face bloodied above his eye, backpack cutting into
his shoulders. He rounds the top of the hill To find:

A single-engine prop plane on a dirt road. He takes one last
look below. Walks to the waiting plane REVEALING:

Dusan and his aide, Cedric. Dusan heads to Vlado, pulls him into
a silent, deep, embrace. Quietly:

DUSAN

You made it.

VLADO

I told you I would.

Dusan steps back. Slaps his face twice, gently, lovingly.
Looks to the backpack.

DUSAN

Heavy?

VLADO

Not too.

Cedric helps Vlado with the backpack.

CEDIC

We must go.

Dusan nods, hugs Vlado one more time. And as they climb into
the small plane WE'RE SUDDENLY IN --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EXT. BOSNIA - DAY

A bombed-out city in the BALKANS; war-ravaged houses and churches line a peaceful square. Housewives return from shopping, old men smoke, children play. A sound, coming fast, the children stop playing, the old men look up.

A convoy of military vehicles ROARS out of the narrow side street. Jeeps with mounted machine guns, an armored troop transport, all under the French flag, all stencilled with the big white letters of "IFOR".

The vehicles stop. The soldiers leap out, rush for a small apartment building on the far side of the square. Run up --

THE STAIRS

Fast, guns at the ready. Line the walls of the hallway.

FRENCH OFFICER

Allez!

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They KICK open a door. It SPLINTERS back, they rush into --

AN APARTMENT

Wood floors, high ceilings, expensive rugs, antiques, art. A grand piano stands in the corner, a wall of books. The soldiers fan out fast, check the other rooms.

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The apartment's deserted. On top of the piano, cut flowers, long dead. A soldier looks.

FRENCH SOLDIER

Venez-lei...

The squad leader moves to him. Beside the dead flowers, a videotape, a note. In large block letters it says: "IFOR".

INT. SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND POST - DAY

Devoe's chopper settles on the tarmac. He leaps out, a mess, dried blood, uniform torn and filthy. Kelly waits for him.

DEVOE

Miss me?

She goes straight for the board and map - all work.

KELLY

The apartment in Pale belongs to a man named Vlado Mirra.

(CONTINUED)

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She hands him a fax. A lousy governmental ID shot of Vlado staring directly into the camera, slightly dishevelled.

KELLY

IFOR found a tape in the apartment.
They're uplinking it to us. It has
some kind of terrorist message on it.

Ken has a sheaf of faxes, hands them to Devoe.

KEN

Guy you caught was a Dr Amir Taraki.
Pakistani, Ph.D. in Nuclear Weapons
Technology, educated at Harvard.

DEVOE

We've educated half the damn
terrorists in the world.

KELLY

He said he'd removed the primary?

DEVOE

Put it into some kind of backpack.

KELLY

Primary's packed with plutonium.
Detonate it and it could still take
out ten city blocks. Kill maybe a
hundred thousand people in a densely
populated area like Sarajevo or Tuzla.

DEVOE

Christ...

Beach appears, directs them to a monitor.

BEACH

We've got that IFOR tape on satellite.

A Satcom graphic on the screen. Beach taps a couple of buttons.
A video image appears, frozen, Dusan, in a the Pale apartment.

KELLY

Play it.

DUSAN

I want to first express my sympathies
to those who have lost loved ones, I
more than anyone can understand your
sorrow and grief.

(a beat)

Who dares to brand our leaders war

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUSAN (cont'd)

criminals? Who calls us aggressors and murderers? Did we not suffer war crimes at the hands of the Nazis? Were we not brutally subjugated by the Turks in 1389? Have we not struggled and died for centuries to preserve our homes, our families, our religion, our culture? Are we to surrender now, to deny our children the right to live in the land of the ancestors?

(then)

And these so-called Christians, the peacekeepers of the United Nations, they bomb us? Slaughter our children as they play in their yards?

(pauses)

We can never accept this peace that leaves us with nothing but pain. Pain that these "peacemakers" had to be made to feel. Their homes, their churches, their wives, their children. So now you have seen, you understand, you know. Leave us to determine our own fate. That is our right, our destiny.

The tape ends. Dusan's face, frozen on the screen. Kelly holds up the faxed photo of Vlado.

KELLY

That's not Vlado Mirra.

Devoe takes the fax from her, stares. She's right.

DEVOE

IFOR can shut Bosnia down. Nothing gets in or out. More checkpoints, heightened security, he'll never get into Sarajevo or Tuzla.

KELLY

He's not going to Sarajevo or Tuzla.

They turn to her. She's staring at the map.

KELLY

We weren't meant to find this until after he'd detonated the bomb. "Pain the peacemakers had to be made to feel." The "peacemakers" aren't in Bosnia, they're in Europe and the US.

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CONTINUED: (3)

She turns to Ken, her mind racing.

KELLY

They're signing a new Bosnian treaty
this week, right?

KEN

Yeah, I think so.

KELLY

Where? Where are they signing it?

Nobody knows. A pimply enlisted man in the back speaks up.

PRIVATE

At the UN, tomorrow ma'am. It was on
the news.

Holy shit. Kelly leaps for her makeshift desk, roots through
the huge pile of papers.

KELLY

Anybody know where the UN is?

BEACH

(doesn't everybody?)
New York...

KELLY

East 44th Street.

She finds what she was looking for. The Kortach invoice.

KELLY

Destination "44E".

There's stunned silence. Devoe looks to the monitor.

DEVOE

Who the hell is this guy?

The frozen satellite image of Dusan slowly becomes --

DUSAN

In a jeep driving across the tarmac of --

SUPER: "PLESO AIRPORT, ZAGREB JULY 4; 18:45 HOURS

EXT. ZAGREB - SUNSET

The jeep heads for a waiting baby blue UN jet, the big UN logo
on it's tail. Croatian Guardsmen ring the perimeter, along with
American UNPROFOR troops. Security's tight.

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The jeep stops beside the stairs to the plane. An American UNPROFOR guard moves to Dusan. Dusan smiles, climbs out.

DUSAN

Dusan Gavrich, I'm with the Bosnian Serb delegation.

The UNPROFOR guard checks Dusan's papers.

UNPROFOR GUARD

The rest of your delegation's already boarded, sir.

DUSAN

Yes, I'm sorry I'm late.. I was saying good-bye to my family, I hope you can forgive me.

He smiles, charming. The Guard hands back his papers.

UNPROFOR GUARD

Okay, Mr. Gavrich. Say hello to the Big Apple for me, would ya? I haven't been home in six months.

DUSAN

You're a New Yorker?

UNPROFOR GUARD

Born and raised.

DUSAN

Your family still lives there?

UNPROFOR GUARD

Yes sir.

Dusan nods. A beat. Then goes to board. Stops.

DUSAN

Make sure my bags get onto the flight, would you please? I'd hate to arrive without my things.

UNPROFOR GUARD

They'll be there sir, I promise.

As Dusan climbs the stairs, the Guard turns to his men, whistles, points to the baggage in the jeep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

UNPROFOR GUARD

Get a move-on with that stuff!

Two soldiers grab a suitcase and a large trunk. Hoist the trunk up, it's heavy. Carry it toward the open belly of the plane.

CLOSEUP ON TRUNK: with his name, "Dusan Gravich", and a label, pasted across the top --

"DIPLOMATIC PAPERS CONFIDENTIAL AND PRIVILEGED"

CUT TO:

SUPER: "WHITE HOUSE AIRBORNE COMMAND POST; 22:20 HOURS"

INT. 727 COMMAND POST - NIGHT

Kelly talks on the phone, DeVoe across from her.

KELLY

We have to shut down the City, sir. They're signing the treaty at noon, I'm certain that's where he's headed, yes sir...All flights, international and domestic. The bridges and tunnels too. They could be running it in from Newark, Boston, anywhere...

Kelly makes a face, pulls the phone away. You can hear Hamilton screaming on the other end. DeVoe takes the phone.

KELLY

Mr. Hamilton, sir? DeVoe... Yessir, it's going to be a hell of a mess but we're tracking a loose nuke here...

He listens, then hands the phone back to Kelly.

KELLY

That primary's going to be leaking radiation like crazy. DOE has equipment that can pick it up... Yes sir, but I don't see any alternative.

(hangs up; to DeVoe)

He's terrified. He's got nothing to go on but my word.

DEVOE

That's what he hired you for.

She nods. He stares at her for a long moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVOE

You still have that psychological
profile kicking around here someplace?

(she nods)

Think I'd better take a look.

INT. THE UN JET - NIGHT

We DRIFT DOWN THE AISLE with a STEWARDESS. Pass delegates, UN
officials. Some read, others talk, sleep. We find: Dusan,
wearing his walkman, staring out the window.

STEWARDESS

Sir...

(louder)

Sir...?

Dusan lowers the headphones. Mozart seeps out from underneath.
She offers him his drink.

STEWARDESS

Your vodka tonic...

He takes it, raises the headphones to his ears. Returns to
staring out the window and we're now moving around --

KELLY

Inside the Command Post Jet, staring out the window. Devoe sits
across from her. Slowly realizes she's lost. Watches her.

DEVOE

Julia...?

She comes back from wherever she was. Looks at him.

KELLY

Sixteen soldiers died because I sent
them in.

DEVOE

It was the right decision.

She nods, unsure. Stares off. A beat.

DEVOE

Can you find him?

KELLY

I don't know.

CUT TO:

SMALL UN FLAGS FLAP

On the front bumpers of black, stretch limousines. We're floating above the --

SUPER: "JULY 5; 06:55 HOURS"

EXT. TRI-BOROUGH BRIDGE - DAWN

A line of UN limos cross the bridge, head into Manhattan. Dusan watches the city skyline approach. The dawn light glints off a thousand windows, blinding, beautiful.

Ahead, New York City Police wait, stop traffic. The limo slows, Dusan cranes forward, motorcycle cops pull alongside the limos. He calls to the DRIVER up front, a round faced Irishman.

DUSAN

What is it?

DRIVER

Dunno. Maybe the Pope's in town or something.

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The armed cops and guardsmen converge on the UN limos. Surround them, guns at the ready. An OFFICER moves to the limo ahead.

Dusan sweats bullets, watches the guns all around him. Frantic, wondering how he is going to get out. Under his coat, a gun.

The officer moves to Dusan's limo, taps on Dusan's window. Dusan rolls it down reluctantly, tries to keep his face partially hidden in the shadows of the limo.

NEW YORK OFFICER

Sorry about this, sir. We have a serious threat to this treaty signing.

At the front of the car another cop pulls off UN flags.

DUSAN

What kind of threat, officer?

NEW YORK OFFICER

Don't worry, sir. You'll be fine.
We're going to escort your delegation to the hotel to ensure your safety.

The officer signals. The men at the checkpoint separate. The limos roll through, the motorcycle escorts speed alongside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRIVER

Hey, like we were the President or something, huh?

Dusan leans back into the seat, peers around at the roadblock receding. Smiles, closes his eyes. He's here.

SUPER "COAST GUARD PIER - EMERGENCY COMMAND CENTER"

EXT. PIER WAREHOUSE - DAWN

A big Chinook chopper settles down on the pier among a throng of City and Federal emergency vehicles. Kelly, Ken and Devoe exit, run to the men waiting; Appleton and Hamilton among them.

HAMILTON

Carey from DOE, Deputy Chief Branigan,
New York City Police Department.

DEVOE

Anything?

APPLETON

Not yet.

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They jog into the massive --

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INT. EMERGENCY COMMAND CENTER

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FBI, DOE, FEMA, New York City and State officials, National Guard. Cluttered tables, ringing phones. In the middle of the room, a huge flat table onto which is projected a groundplan view of of Manhattan. This place is a zoo.

OFFICIAL #1

...try to keep exit lanes
clear!

OFFICIAL #2

Then arrest them! I
don't care who they are!

Similar conversations take place down the long bank of phones as they pass. Garnett waits at the other end.

GARNETT

Glad you could make it.

DEVOE

Hopped a chopper, sir. Streets are a
bitch.

HAMILTON

You two've got the whole city tied up,
it's one hell of a mess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A waiting Army Officer in field gear offers a couple of coffees.

POLITO
Coffee, sir?

DEVOE
No thanks, I popped a couple of stay-awakes.

GARNETT
Dr. Kelly?

She's chewing gum fast, moves for the Manhattan map.

KELLY
I'm fine.

Garnett watches her pass.

GARNETT
How many "stay-awakes" did she take?

A FEMALE COP approaches Branigan.

FEMALE COP
Sir, I'm checking all incoming passenger manifests. I've got a "V. Mirra" on Swissair flight 1204 from Zurich to Kennedy.

That gets everyone's attention. Devoe grabs the manifest.

DEVOE
Arriving when?

FEMALE COP
Touched down seven minutes ago.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - DAY

The UN limos make their way through the gridlocked traffic, the police escorts clear the way and set up a perimeter at the entrance to an elegant Hotel. Dusan steps out of his limo, stares up at the city rising all around him.

BELLMAN
Welcome to the Intercontinental, sir.

The driver opens the limo's trunk, REVEALS: Dusan's trunk. Dusan stares at it, the Bellman notices. Smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BELLMAN

Don't worry, sir. We'll bring your
luggage right up.

Dusan enters the hotel, stares back through the darkened glass
as two bellmen hoist the heavy trunk onto a bellcart. IN CU:
the trunk, with it's label:

"DIPLOMATIC PAPERS PRIVILEGED CONFIDENTIAL"

As it's whisked away, Dusan steps back from the dark window,
disappears inside.

INT. KENNEDY AIRPORT IMMIGRATION PROCESSING CENTER - DAY

Twisting lines of exhausted immigrants and international
travellers wait for the all too few INS agents to review their
papers. Battered hanging overhead signs identify lines for
"Citizens", "Visa", "No Visa". Announcements are made in
numerous languages as harried INS workers try to keep the lines
in some sort of order. Into this chaos rushes--

Devoe, Kelly and a herd of FBI Agents, all wearing "FBI"
windbreakers and bullet-proof vests.

DEVOE

Out of the way...!

They shove their way through the annoyed crowd. An INS Agent
leads the way, pointing them.

INS AGENT

Non-citizens from Swissair 1204 should
be down at stations 13 and 14!

Two long, unruly lines snake around a couple of tattered
stanchions, as passengers wait for the desks ahead to open up.
Devoe and the FBI agents spin men around, check their startled
faces against the Vlado fax. A man with a beard. Another too
old. Another is an orthodox Jew. Five men. Ten. Twenty.

KELLY

He's not here...

DEVOE

Shit...!

The INS Agent's walkie-talkie squawks.

INS AGENT

He's trying to get through at Desk 16!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Devoe shoves his way through the line. Ahead, a sign hangs above "16". An agent behind the desk. A man, his back to us, stands in front of it. Devoe and the agents pull their guns.

DEVOE
Vlado Mirra!

Take up positions. The man turns slowly to us.

CEDIC
Yes...?

It's Dusan's large, scarred aide, Cedric. Cedric stares at the array of guns facing him. Doesn't blink. A long, quiet beat.

DEVOE
Jesus Christ. Who the fuck is this?

INT. KENNEDY BAGGAGE AREA

A large room, luggage lined up everywhere, K-9 units sniff the bags. Cedric sits in the corner, cuffed. His luggage torn open, FBI agents sifting through it.

FBI AGENT
Nothing here, Major.

Kelly returns with Cedric's passport.

KELLY
It's fake, claims he bought it on the street in Zagreb. Wants a lawyer.

Devoe looks around, kicks a suitcase, sends it flying.

DEVOE
Son of a bitch...!

INT. DUSAN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Through the open windows an extraordinary view across the Park, the curtains blow gently in the breeze. The TV's on. OPRAH, volume turned down low. We PAN AROUND the room to reveal: THE TRUNK. On the floor, unopened. And the sound of water running in the shower. We follow the sound to find:

Dusan, luxuriating under the hot water. He's smiling, content.

INT. EMERGENCY COMMAND CENTER

Kelly, Devoe, Hamilton, Appleton, Garnett, the FEMA and City guys are all around the Manhattan map. A blow-up of Vlado's image is on the board beside a blow-up of Dusan's. Kelly stares at the clock, it's 11:18.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMILTON .

The treaty signing's in less forty minutes, do we call it off?

DEVOE

No, at least now we know where they're planning to go. Call it off now, they walk into an A&P and push the button.

KELLY

They won't set it off in a grocery store, they don't want to just kill. They want to make a statement.

Ken arrives with a fax, hands around copies.

KEN

Intel's in from Bosnia. Vlado Mirra, Bosnian Serb. Ardent nationalist. Father was Rasdan Gavrich, fought with Tito, was captured by Croat fascists. They executed him in a Catholic church yard outside Dubrovnik. Mirra has half-brother who was a music professor and orthodox organist in Sarajevo before the war, later he was a member of the Bosnian Serb Parliament. Their entire family was killed during a NATO bombing raid on Pale two years ago. That's all IFOR's got so far.

KELLY

They must've had a way to get it in. Something we've overlooked.

A woman from the UN is digging through her files, looks up.

UN REP

We've got a Gavrich in one of the delegations attending the signing.

All eyes turn to her. A beat. Then she reads.

UN REP

Dusan Gavrich, he's with the Bosnian-Serbs. They're still at the hotel, limos don't pick them up for another fifteen minutes.

CUT TO:

DEVOE AND KELLY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Trailed by a swarm of Feds. Burst into the lobby of --

- DUSAN'S HOTEL - DAY

Hotel guests and staff get out of the way, fast.

- DUSAN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Dusan looks out the window one final time, turns back to his now open trunk. The BACKPACK nestled inside in a lead-lined shield.

He opens the pack. Electronics, an LED timer. Checks his watch, synchronizes it. Pushes a button. The red LED letters flash. 40:00... and begin counting down... 39:39... :38... :37... and on Dusan's watch. The same...39:35....:34...

He swings the pack up out of the trunk, it's heavy. He steels himself, adjusts the straps, flexes his pectorals, breathes deeply. That's why he was working out. Walks out into the --

- HALLWAY. RINGS for the elevator.

- INSIDE AN ELEVATOR, a janitor waits. The doors open. Devoe, Kelly and the Feds enter, force the janitor back into the corner. The doors close. It ascends. The men tense, hard, anxious. The Janitor watches. Above Devoe, the lighted floor numbers climb... four... five... six...

- DUSAN WAITS under the lighted numbers in the hall. Seven... eight... nine...

- INSIDE THE ELEVATOR Devoe and the Feds pull out their weapons, lots of weapons. Lock and load. The janitor's about ready to jump out of his overalls.

- TWO ELEVATORS ARRIVE in Dusan's hall. DING!...DING! The doors on the right one open first. It's empty. Dusan climbs on. Presses the lobby. As his doors begin to close, the elevator on the left opens. Devoe, Kelly and the Feds pour out. The elevator on the right, gone.

Devoe, Kelly and the Feds move quickly down the hall, the janitor stares out of the now empty elevator after them.

Guns out. Running. Two guys take the lead, a battering ram. They fly at the door of "1505". It SMASHES open and becomes --

- THE GLINT OF SUNLIGHT ON GLASS as Dusan pushes out of the lobby doors into the street. We CRANE UP and follow him as he merges into the crush of pedestrians and traffic. Disappears.

- IN DUSAN'S HOTEL ROOM Kelly lifts the closed trunk to reveal: the lead-liner, in the shape of the backpack. The Geiger-counter in the Fed's hand next to her goes wild.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY

They never even searched it.

WE'RE IN AN ECU of something big and yellow. What the hell is that? Devoe's finger enters, bursts it. The egg yoke runs.

DEVOE

Fuck! It's still warm.

Devoe reaches over the small table set-up with Dusan's late breakfast. Pushes open the windows, stares down at the crowded late morning streets below. Dusan could be anywhere.

- KELLY, DEVOE and the others race out of the Hotel, look. Traffic in all directions, thousands of pedestrians. Devoe shoves his way into the crowd.

DEVOE

Shit... We had him!

Kelly pulls her walkie-talkie.

KELLY

The backpack's radioactive, DOE choppers should be able to pick it up.

DEVOE

Goddammit, we'll never find him!

She runs for their cars.

KELLY

Yes we will, we know where he's going!

- DUSAN MOVES along the crowded sidewalk, overburdened with the heavy backpack. Passes couples, parents with children, hawkers. Tourists take photos, street performers work the crowd. Wealthy shoppers with expensive bags pass by.

All of it a blur, the pedestrians part around him. Ahead, a hot dog stand, smoking and steaming in the summer's heat. He staggers through the swirling smoke and is suddenly --

- WATCHING STRANGELY SILHOUETTED PEOPLE move toward him. The smoke blows away to reveal: a war ravaged street, the people are refugees, coming at him with haunted faces. Men carry injured children. All around him shattered bodies lie in the gutter. Smoke pours from the destroyed buildings lining the street.

- CU ON HIS FEET as he begins to run on the New York sidewalk, shoving against the crowd hustling in the opposite direction. A puddle of water on the sidewalk becomes --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

- A POOL OF BLOOD on the ravaged, shell-pocked street of his memory. He runs, terrified through the slaughter as --

- DOLLS BURN. Plastic hair, clothing, faces melt around hollow glass eyes. The dolls sit on a shelf above a destroyed window. And through this window we see Dusan. Running in the ravaged street, entering his --

- HOUSE. He stares, panicked. Rushes through the flames. The walls and floor burn all around him. He stops in the bedroom door, shields his eyes from the dense smoke and heat. Sees --

- HIS DAUGHTER. Dead. Burning on the floor. We come in CLOSE on his eyes, he looks to the left: His wife, engulfed in flames. Her fire reflected in his eye. Her hand, their wedding band, slowly being consumed by flames.

- HE RUNS OUT ONTO THE STREET. His face contorted with terror. Shoves his way through the refugees who become --

- THE NEW YORKERS on the sidewalk. They turn, stare at him as pushes. Slowly, he realizes where he is, returns. His face racked with pain, desperation. Sweating. Lost. A cab is at the curb, he races for it. Opens the door.

DUSAN
43rd Street....

Flings himself into the back, gasping for breath. The cab pulls away from the curb, and he's gone.

- NEW YORK COMMAND CENTER. Kelly enters, moving fast for the Manhattan map and situation board.

KELLY
We have to find him without letting him know we're looking. DOE have anything?

CAREY
Choppers are up. Nothing yet.

She points to the map, turns to Branigan.

KELLY
Set up roadblocks along here, funnel him to Second. Devoe puts Ranger snipers up between 47th and 46th. DOE choppers find him, snipers take him out, we dismantle the nuke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GARNETT

What if he figures out what's going on
and decides to push the button?

Kelly turn, looks him square in the eye.

KELLY

Then we're all dead.

(then)

Let's move it gentlemen, we've only
got twenty-one minutes.

A beat. Branigan picks up the telephone, barks orders.

BRANIGAN

Close off the east side of Third
Avenue everything from 49th to 42nd...

Kelly grabs her walkie.

KELLY

Major, he's coming your way.

- DEVOE on the street. On the move. On his walkie.

DEVOE

Roger, HQ.

(calls to his men)

Let's go boys!

- IN THE COMMAND CENTER, roadblocks are marked on the map.

- AND THEY BECOME REALITY as New York's finest set up barriers,
block off side streets with buses, direct traffic.

- DUSAN'S CAB is at a dead stop in the bumper to bumper parking
lot that was Lexington Ave. Horns honk, the police direct
traffic down 48th. The SIKH DRIVER turns to Dusan.

SIKH DRIVER

Something big at UN today, traffic bad
all morning...

- DEVOE runs to the first roadblock. Looks above.

DEVOE

Anything?

- IN THE DOE CHOPPER, the pilot watches the snaking traffic
below. The sensors on the underbelly of the chopper stare down,
search. Inside, TECHS scan their monitors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DOE TECH .
That's a negative, sir.

- DEVOE stares up at the choppers overhead. Shit.
- UNDER THE ARCHING FLAGS OF HUNDREDS OF NATIONS, the UN roof is alive with armed men, moving to the walls. Below, men pour from personnel carriers, rush to set up perimeters. Stare down at --
- IRATE NEW YORKERS trapped in this miserable traffic. Honking their horns, screaming at the gridlock and cops.
- FAR DOWN the rows of traffic, Dusan checks his watch. 15:42 ...:41... :40... He's running out of time. Tosses money at the driver. Slides out of the cab back out onto the street --
- DEVOE'S walkie-talkie SQUAWKS to life.

DOE TECH (VO)
I've got him Major...!

- A DOE CHOPPER passes underneath us, the city below.
- INSIDE, the Tech. A loud electronic BEEP...BEEP... He moves his joystick, a yellow triangle, the BEEP get louder, the interval between BEEPS shorter, until...

DOE TECH
On 2nd, approaching 47th. He's southbound, East side of the street

- DEVOE talks into his walkie.

DEVOE
Hang back up there, DOE, don't let him know you've found him.
(switches channels)
Hunter One, he's approaching 47th on 2nd. You in position?

- ON THE ROOFTOPS ABOVE SECOND AVENUE Ranger sharpshooters rush to the edge of buildings. The busy street five stories below.

SNIPER
Hunter One in position.

- IN THE COMMAND CENTER Kelly stares at the map, traces Dusan's progress in grease pencil. Listens on the walkie.

DEVOE (VO)
Nobody fires unless they've got a clean headshot. Bogie has to be dead before he hits the ground. Clear?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SNIPER (VO)

Roger that, sir.

- CLOSE ON A STREET SIGN: "47th St" intersects with "Second Ave". Below it, Dusan stops. Reads it. Looks to his left. Two blocks away, down the tunnel of city buildings, the Flags of the UN. He smiles, resolute. Crosses 47th, continues on 2nd.

- In the DOE CHOPPER the Tech follows him on his screen.

DOE TECH

He's crossed 47th. Southbound on 2nd.

- DEVOE'S on the move in his suburban, heading to 2nd Ave with his men. Stares up through the windshield.

DEVOE

Hunter One, you got him?

- ON THE ROOFS, the Ranger snipers. Through the telephoto scope we see: Dusan, working his way down the crowded sidewalk.

SNIPER

I've got him sir.

Other heads bob and weave through the snipers' scopes. Dusan's surrounded on the sidewalk by unsuspecting New Yorkers.

SNIPER

Shit, I can't get a clean shot.

Hunter one to pack, anybody else?

- THROUGH OTHER SCOPES, other angles. But all with the same thing. An innocent bystander, here, there.

SNIPERS (VO)

No sir... Nope... Not me sir...

- KELLY stares at the walkie, talks to herself.

KELLY

Shoot him... somebody shoot him...

- IN THE STREET Dusan looks up, the chopper passes overhead again. Is he suspicious? It's hard to tell, but he's cautious, begins to weave his way in between pedestrians, serpentine.

- DEVOE sweats bullets as the Suburban dodges traffic.

DEVOE

Anybody?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SNIPER (VO)
Negative sir. Too many civilians.

DEVOE
How long to the end of the block?

SNIPER (VO)
Another fifteen yards.

DEVOE
Goddammit...

- KELLY picks up the walkie in the command center.

KELLY
Shoot him, Major.

- DEVOE's Suburban SLAMS through a pothole.

DEVOE
Hunter Two, intercept at the corner of
2nd and 46th. Do not let him touch
anything. If he moves, shoot him in
the head, no questions asked.

- ANOTHER SUBURBAN SKIDS TO A HALT on 46th, just before 2nd.
Two FBI AGENTS in civies jump out. One on a walkie.

FBI 1
Hunter Two, in position Major.

They step around the corner onto 2nd. Pull their guns, drop
them by their side. Run North. Ahead, in the crowd, the top of
a backpack bobs. Dusan.

Dusan walks toward the corner, looking up, concerned about the
increasingly regular passes of the helicopter above when:

FBI 1
Stop...! Don't move...!

The two Agents rush toward him, guns drawn. The crowd on the
sidewalk parts.

FBI 1
Get your hands up...! Get 'em up!
Slowly....

- THE SNIPER stares through his scope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

SNIPER

This is Hunter One, Major. I've got a clean shot... Should I take it?

- KELLY STARES AT THE WALKIE in the Command Post.

KELLY

Shoot him, Jesus Christ...shoot him...

- ON THE STREET, Dusan raises his hands. The FBI move closer.

FBI 1

On your knees... DO IT!

- DEVOE's Suburban approaches the roadblock on 2nd.

SNIPER (VO)

Shall I take the shot, Major?

DEVOE

Not unless he moves...

- KELLY grabs the walk-talkie. Looks for the button.

KELLY

Shoot him...!

- ON THE SIDEWALK Dusan goes to his knees. A man steps quietly from the watching crowd behind the FBI Agents. Smoothly raises his arm, points his large gun at an Agent's head. BANG!

- THE SNIPER'S GUN swings around.

SNIPER

Jesus Christ...!

- VLADO turns his gun to the other FBI Agent, the Agent spins, but not fast enough. BANG! Flies back into the window behind him. BOOM! Another shot rings out, this one from farther away.

Vlado's spun around as the sniper's round tears through his chest. Dusan stands, SCREAMS.

DUSAN

NO....!

- DEVOE leaps out of his Suburban at a dead run.

DEVOE

What the fuck is happening?!

- DUSAN rushes for Vlado, picks him up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

- JUST AS THE SNIPER squeezes off another round, BOOM! Vlado's spritzed with Dusan's blood.

DUSAN
Agggghhhh...!!!

Dusan's shoulder, shattered. He drags Vlado up off the sidewalk, gets an arm under him, makes for the corner.

- KELLY listens on the walkie, GUNFIRE, SCREAMS.

KELLY
What's happening?

- THE SNIPER aims, pulls back on his trigger. BOOM!

- ANOTHER ROUND rips through VLADO'S back, Vlado GRUNTS, spits blood as Dusan drags him around the corner --

- DEVOE runs full speed onto Second Ave.

DEVOE
Did you get him?!

- The SNIPER lowers his rifle, the street corner below him littered with the dead bodies of the two FBI agents and no Dusan or Vlado.

SNIPER
We hit them both, sir. But they're
still on their feet. Turned onto
46th, heading East.

- KELLY throws down the walkie, her face white.

KELLY
Oh Christ...

- DEVOE'S at a full run down 2nd Avenue from 47th, shoving and pushing his way through the crowded sidewalk, his men right behind him.

DEVOE
Get out of the way!
(screams into the walkie)
DOE, you got him?!

- THE CHOPPER watches Dusan and Vlado's progress.

DOE TECH
I'm locked on! Bogie's eastbound,
north sidewalk, mid-block on 46th!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

- DEVOE'S frantic, pushes his way past the dead FBI agents and the crowd pressing in. The progress slow.

DEVOE

Get outta the fucking way!

Rounds the corner onto 46th. A sea of faceless bodies. Climbs up on a cab stuck in the bumper to bumper traffic. Stares down the jammed street.

Begins to run across the roofs and hoods of the stopped cars and taxis. Leaps from one to the next, using them as stepping stones. The other Feds climb up too, follow.

The men run along the cars, denting hoods and roofs. Startled drivers stare, SCREAM. The men don't give a shit.

DEVOE

I don't see him!

- IN THE CHOPPER - the DOE Tech stares down.

DOE TECH

You're almost there! He's dragging another man...

- DEVOE stares ahead. Where? The chopper's overhead, Devoe hurtles from one hood to the next. Kelly's voice on his walkie.

KELLY (VO)

Don't give him time to stop and detonate the bomb!

- IN THE COMMAND CENTER, Kelly rushes for the door.

HAMILTON

Where the hell are you going?

KELLY

We need DOE support! Foamers for containment, radiation suits, wherever he's going, we're gonna need it! Who's coming?

Carey falls in line.

CAREY

Wouldn't miss it.

- DUSAN runs, Vlado's arm is over his shoulder. Dusan's arm under Vlado's. The younger man glassy eyed, bleeding badly from the chest, his legs wobbly, barely moving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

DUSAN

Keep moving brother...keep moving...

Vlado nods, trying desperately to keep running. The people on the sidewalk ahead part, stare as they pass. Dusan looks up, the DOE chopper dead overhead.

- DEVOE runs the same chopper above him. A voice on his walkie.

DOE TECH (VO)

He's gotta be there!

Devoe looks to the far sidewalk. Dusan and Vlado, the crowd parting. Dusan looking back.

DEVOE

There he is!

Dusan breaks into a dead run, desperately dragging Vlado, screaming at the people ahead.

DUSAN

I have a bomb, I have a bomb!

Devoe continues on top of the cars. Dusan's determined, moving remarkably fast with Vlado. Devoe leaps from the cars, pushes his way through the startled crowd on the sidewalk staring back at the bloody pair that just passed them.

DEVOE

Get out of the way!

Dusan only ten yards away, eight...

Ahead, a school, teens mill around the steps and door above. Dusan flies up the stairs, shoves his way --

- THROUGH THE DOOR. Students turn, stare at the bleeding men. Devoe rushes up the stairs after them.

- A school SECURITY GUARD manning the metal detectors runs toward Dusan and Vlado.

SECURITY GUARD

What the hell are you doin'?

Dusan shoots him, BANG! Point blank range in the face. Kids SCREAM, duck. Dusan drags Vlado through the metal detectors, the detector's ALARMS go WILD. Sweat pours down Dusan's face, he pulls the increasingly pale Vlado down the hall toward the stairs leading upwards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

- DEVOE pounds up the stairs from the street, FLINGS open the doors, leaps over the dead security guard, rushes through the WILDLY BEEPING metal detectors. Dusan's disappearing up the stairs at the end of the long hallway. He screams back at the Feds struggling to keep up behind him, motions down the hallways spreading out to his left and right.

DEVOE

Close off the other exits!

Kelly runs in from outside, trails Devoe and the Feds, running as fast as she possibly can.

- DUSAN pulls Vlado down the almost empty second floor hallway. Lockers, classrooms to either side. Ahead, closed double doors. Vlado staggers, his feet barely touch the floor he's so weak. Dusan struggles, with the weight of the backpack and his brother, he's near collapse and then --

Vlado stumbles, falls to the tile floor, HARD. The fall excruciatingly painful for the injured man.

VLADO

Oh god...

Dusan tries to pick him back up, the double doors only a few feet away, but Vlado's limp.; Dead weight, his chest soaked in red. A thin trickle of blood runs from his mouth.

DUSAN

Get up...please...get up...

Tears run down Dusan's face, blood from his own shoulder wound run down his arm. Vlado shakes his head, can barely speak.

VLADO

...I can't...

DUSAN

...please...please...little brother...

Dusan struggles to pick Vlado up, can't. Cradles Vlado in his arms, brushes the sweat matted hair from Vlado's now white face.

DUSAN

Please...little brother... no...

DEVOE

Don't move!

Devoe and the Feds, guns out, gasping for air at the other end of the hall, moving toward's Dusan. Vlado looks to his brother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

VLADO

...don't let them...stop you...don't
let them...please...

And Vlado dies. Engulfed by a sadness so profound it almost makes him sympathetic, Dusan holds Vlado, tears run down his face. Devoe approaches from the opposite end of the hallway, maybe twenty yards away.

DEVOE

Get your hands up!

Kelly catches up, gasping for breath. These guys can really run. Dusan sets Vlado down slowly, gently. Turns to face them in the hallway. Doesn't raise his hands. Looks at Devoe.

DEVOE

Get your fucking hands up!

The two men stare at each other across the length of the hallway, Devoe approaching steadily, gun aimed. When:

RING.....! A bell. LOUD! Clear. The school's bell, announcing the end of the period. Devoe stares. Kelly realizes, oh shit. SCREAMS!

KELLY

Shoot him...!!! ;

Too late, hundreds of kids pour out of the classrooms lining the hall. Filling the corridor. Dusan looks right at Devoe, Devoe looks back, aims. Too many kids. Shit. Dusan turns, his head disappearing into the sea of heads, baseball caps, hair.

DEVOE

Get down! Get down!

Devoe runs down the hall, pushes kids out of the way like a running back. Gun out.

Dusan's double doors are ahead. Devoe reaches them, FLINGS them open, rushes into a --

- GYMNASIUM. Filled with inner city kids playing basketball. Nothing. Devoe looks right. Looks left. The Feds and Kelly fill in behind him. Nothing. They fan out. Across the far side of the gym, the doors stand partially open.

KELLY

Devoe!

The run for the doors. They EXPLODE out onto a --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (13)

- FIRE ESCAPE, an alley below.. They scan it. Nothing.

DEVOE

Shit....!

Kelly brings the walkie up to her mouth.

KELLY

Anybody have the target?

VOICES (VO)

Negative...not on the south end...same
with the north...

DEVOE

Blood...

Devoe stares down at the stairs. Blood. He RATTLES down the
metal stairs after it. She follows, still on the walkie.

KELLY

DOE, you got him?

DOE TECH (VO)

Nope. We're on 46th. Where do you
want us.

KELLY

Around back on 1st Ave. Then try 2nd.

DOE TECH (VO)

Roger that.

The chopper passes by overhead as they SPLASH through the dark
puddles of the alley come back out onto --

- THE STREET. Stare in all directions. Just faces. People.
Nothing. No backpack. No Dusan.

DEVOE

Where the hell is he?!

KELLY

How much time do we have?

DEVOE

Six minutes.

She's thinking hard. Trying to pull it all together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (14)

KELLY

Where the hell's he gonna go? He knows he'll never make it to the UN without our spotting him.

DEVOE

He doesn't have to, he's got a nuclear fucking weapon! All he has to do is sit down behind a dumpster and BOOM, he takes out half of Manhattan, including the UN!

She turns on him angrily, impatient.

KELLY

He doesn't want to die behind a dumpster! He wants it to mean something, to tell us something. If he can't get to the UN, where the hell's he gonna go...? ...think...think...

The DOE chopper reappears overhead, chimes in on the walkie.

DOE TECH (VO)

We've criss-crossed the area, he must be inside a building close by... couldn't have gotten more than a couple of blocks..

Kelly looks up, realizes.

KELLY

Shit. Where's the nearest church?

DEVOE

Church?

KELLY

His father was executed in a church, he was an organist, talked about protecting his religion, railed against the "Christian" peacekeepers!

She runs out into the street, looking up and down the block.

KELLY

Where's the nearest goddam church!

Devoe joins her. Not on this block. One of the Feds points.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (15)

FED

All Saints is on 2nd below 45th...

Kelly takes off at a dead run.

- THEY ROUND THE CORNER back onto 2nd Ave. Rising up serenely mid-block in the noon, summer sun, a church. Devoe checks his weapon, the other Feds right behind them.

KELLY

Get the DOE containment equipment over here now and establish a perimeter.

DEVOE

You got a gun?

KELLY

No...

DEVOE

Stay behind me.

They head up the stone steps, a trail of blood leads to the large carved wooden doors. Devoe points to it, steps into --

INT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - DAY

Devoe and Kelly squint into the dark interior. Up front: a priest rehearses a children's choir in the Mozart Requiem. They move slowly up the aisle, checking pews as they go.

DEVOE

Father, you'd better get those children outside.

The singing trails off, the priest turns.

PRIEST

What?

DEVOE

Get 'em outta here, Father...

The Priest sees Devoe's gun, turns back to the kids calmly.

PRIEST

Let's go, everybody.

Ushers the children out of the sanctuary. The room grows still, only their FOOTSTEPS as they move forward, searching the empty pews, seeing nothing, until...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY

Major...

DUSAN, laying on a pew, bleeding profusely from his shoulder. A pistol in his hand.

DEVOE

Mr. Gavrich...

DUSAN

You cannot stop this.

His blood drips slowly down onto the stone floor, puddles.

DEVOE

You're going to stop it. It's over.

DUSAN

No.

(a pause)

You murdered my family. You destroyed my country...

DEVOE

Sir...

(pause)

It wasn't my war.

DUSAN

No, it wasn't.

Dusan raises his hand swiftly, BANG! Shoots himself in the temple. Devoe jumps back.

DEVOE

Jesus!

A fine mist of blood fills the air above the pew. Kelly rushes forward. Pulls at the dead man.

KELLY

He's chained himself to the bomb!
Help me get him over.

DEVOE

...Jesus...

Kelly rips at the backpack. Other Feds rush in. Devoe yells.

DEVOE

He shot himself!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KELLY
It's on a timer.

A bright red LED reads: 3:41....:40....:39...

DEVOE
Shit! Now what?

KELLY
(yells to a Fed)
Where's DOE?

A guy in the back raises his hand.

DOE GUY
Right here.

KELLY
I need a demo pack with a detonator,
the primary's rigged and on a timer.
The guy's eyes get wide. She scans the church, points.

KELLY
Foam that Chapel.

The Chapel off to the side. She turns to Devoe.

KELLY
Get him in there!!!

DOE GUY
Out, everybody out!

DeVoe hoists the dead man backpack and all, races into

THE SIDE CHAPEL

Devoe sets the dead man face down on the cold stone floor.

KELLY
Cut away the canvas.

DEVOE
What're we doing?

KELLY
We have to detonate it.

The look on Devoe's face says it all, is that a good idea?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVOE
You can't defuse it?

KELLY
No time.

The DOE guy returns with a Demo Pack and remote detonator.

DOE GUY
Anything else?

KELLY
Rig all personnel for radiation.

DOE GUY
What about you?

KELLY
This thing goes off, we're gonna need
a lot more than a radiation suit.

Devoe doesn't like the sound of that, neither does the DOE Guy.
He nods, beats it fast.

DEVOE
Talk to me, what're we doing?

DeVoe's exposed the lethal guts of the pack. She studies the
primary, the maze of wires. Thinks out loud:

KELLY
It's pretty crude.

Behind them a stained-glass section of window is BROKEN OUT. A
big round tube is inserted, spews out white foam.

DEVOE
You know what you're doing, right?

KELLY
I'm following my instincts, Major,
isn't that what I'm supposed to do out
here in the field?

DEVOE
You've never done this before?

KELLY
Defused stolen nuclear primaries
jerry-rigged by Pakistanis? No.

The foam rises around them, Kelly roots around in the demo pack,
hands Devoe an explosive charge.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY

When I figure this out, rig the
plastique charge where I tell you to,
hang onto the detonator and I'll give
you the signal to blow it.

The LED continues counting down: 1:07....:06....:05. As the foam
rises up around them. Another stained-glass pane is BROKEN OUT.
A second tube is fed in, spews more foam.

DEVOE

What is this shit?

KELLY

Plain foam. It'll contain the
radiation if we can detonate the
primary without driving it into
nuclear yield.

DEVOE

And if we can't?

KELLY

You believe in eternity?

The foam rises above their waists. DeVoe tries to clear it away
but it's futile, they're flying blind.

KELLY

Attach it there.

(he does)

How much time?

Finds the LED in all the foam.:19....:18...

DEVOE

Eighteen seconds!

KELLY

Where's the detonator?

DEVOE

In my hand. Now what?

KELLY

Run like hell!

She grabs him, pulls him toward the stained-glass windows.

- THE BACKPACK TIMER 0:08....:07....:06...

- DUSAN lying dead beneath the bomb.

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CONTINUED:

- THE DETONATOR in Devoe's hand as they reach the window.

KELLY

NOW!

- They hurtle out through the stained-glass window as he pushes the remote detonator which sparks the demo pack as the led reaches 0:01... and --

- The plastique EXPLODES microseconds before the bomb's initiator BLOWS. The two blasts propel --

- KELLY AND DEVOE out through the stained-glass window followed by thousands of shards of splintering stained glass and a huge plume of foam.

- THEY CRASH to the sidewalk, HARD. He covers her as the debris rains down on them. The foam subsides into a feeble, torpid foamy blurb. Devoe slowly sits, looks back.

DEVOE

That's it? Kinda anti-climatic.

She sits up beside him.

KELLY

You'd have preferred a mushroom cloud?

Radiation-suited DOE people spring into action, sandbag the escaping foam, seal off storm drains.

Carey races up to Kelly and DeVoe with a Radiation detector; the meters fluctuate wildly; the PINGING increases.

KELLY

Are we hot?

Carey shoves back his white protective helmet, grins.

DOE GUY

Nah. A coupla thousand chest x-rays, is all. You're fine.

Goes off to hunt bigger game. Devoe stands, helps her up.

DEVOE

Did you know that would work?

KELLY

Theoretically...

(pause)

But it's amazing how often things screw up in the real world.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Kilo Draft 4/7/96 129.

They head toward the Police Lines. A crowd's gathered, held back behind barricades, shoving in, gawking.

NEW YORKER #1

What was it?

NEW YORKER #2

Probably the fucking Arabs.

ELDERLY WOMAN

They bomb a church, no less...

KELLY AND DEVOE duck under the barricades. Pass a NEWSWOMAN doing a live spot for local news minicam and truck.

NEWSWOMAN

In Midtown Manhattan moment's ago, a terrorist bomb exploded in All Saint's Church. Blowing out a few windows, but doing little real damage. A disgruntled immigrant apparently chained himself to a bomb, taking his own life, in the fourth bombing incident to hit Manhattan in the past ten months.

Kelly looks back at the reporter.

KELLY

Immigrant? Jesus, I cannot stand the bullshit.

DEVOE

And you picked politics for a career?

More and more gawkers rush to see what's going on. Devoe and Kelly just keep walking against the flow.

DEVOE

You hungry?

KELLY

Not really.

DEVOE

I'm starved. You want to get something to eat?

KELLY

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Kilo Draft 4/7/96 130.

DEVOE
Great, me too. Breakfast?

KELLY
Are you listening?

DEVOE
Sure. It's one of my best qualities.
Hey, do you date?

They continue walking away from us as WE PULL UP AND BACK. More and more police and emergency vehicles arriving at the church below. She stares at him, what's he talking about?

DEVOE
Date. Dinner, movies? Long, slow, sweaty weekends in the Caribbean?

KELLY
This is not my area of expertise. O
U
T

DEVOE
What? Sayin' yes, or saying no?
Follow your instincts....

And as we RISE UP HIGHER AND HIGHER a voice overtakes us. An
ANCHOR on the nightly network news. 0
0
0

ANCHOR (VO)
In our top story tonight, after five years of bitter fighting, and a year of NATO occupation, with dozens of truces broken, and more than a hundred thousand dead, a comprehensive Peace Treaty was finally signed today at the United Nations...

As we RISE ABOVE the madness of Manhattan and the church --
CREDITS ROLL:

The End