

"WORST CASE SCENARIO"

by

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FADE IN:

**TIGHT ANGLE - A DIGITAL TIMER FILLS THE SCREEN - IT RACES DOWN**

from **00:59:00**, as a voice calmly, drily weaves a story --

PARRISH (O.S.)

Scenario: A domestic terror group sends you a fax to take responsibility for a San Francisco bombing, just before the event. They plan to hearse a Senator who's pushing a gun control bill, and he's speaking outside a hotel, so it's a target-rich environment. Maybe a thousand people cheering him. You show up. And that's when you spot this timer.

(beat)

It's wired into a fuel-air explosive hidden in plain sight in a hot dog cart across the street. The timer has twenty seconds left. You think you can cut the explosive trigger. Looks amateurish. But you see two things: one is a radio transmitter, signalling away. The other is, two vending carts on the street. Both strangely unattended. Both near the crowd.

(beat)

Think fast.

Our VIEW moves from the timer to find the dead serious face of **THOMAS PARRISH**

who maintains his serious demeanor as the answer comes from --

HARRY (O.S.)

Pull the transmitter, then disarm the explosive. The radio's obviously there to synchronize a chain detonation in the bombs in the other "carts".

The timer's BUZZER goes off, and Parrish shuts it off --

PARRISH

Time's up. Pencils down. The bad news is, you just blasted approximately one thousand people into approximately ten thousand pieces.

(smiles)

The good news is -- we get free pie.

**WIDER VIEW ON TABLE - INSIDE A NEVADA DINER - THE TIMER**

is a promo item by the napkins, promising **"BREAKFAST IN 5 MINUTES OR THE PIE'S ON US!"** It's morning, and the diner is full of customers sipping coffee and reading Nevada newspapers.

Parrish -- a man in his forties whose piercing intelligence is as obvious from his eyes as from the way he speaks -- looks to the WAITRESS, who is just now bringing the food and the check.

PARRISH

Make mine blueberry.

(beat)

I should've ordered steak and eggs. You blew the solution. The cart had a master timer for all three bombs. But the radio wasn't sending a detonation signal --

Parrish slides the check across the table to

**HARRY MACNEILL**

who is a younger counterpart of Parrish -- driven and intelligent. Parrish is his mentor, and Harry wants to prove himself to him. Right now, he's realizing the mistake he made.

HARRY

-- damn it. If the others were triggered from a radio signal, it wouldn't transmit anything until it was time to detonate.

PARRISH

The radio was set to trigger the other bombs if it stopped transmitting -- so with your solution, all three bombs go up. If you disarmed the one you had in hand by cutting the explosives, but leaving the transmitter alone, you'd stop all of them.

Harry slides the check back and shakes his head --

HARRY

What if it wasn't a master timer? What if each cart had its own timer?

PARRISH

Unlikely, since Faes need perfect synchronization. But if that's the case --  
(shrugs)  
Cut the explosives and stop the one you can.

HARRY

You call that a solution? All you can do is lose by different degrees.

PARRISH

Zero solution. Choose and lose.  
Strategically, it's the best way to go.  
(looks up to Diane)  
What do you think, honey?

Parrish's wife, DIANE PARRISH, a luminous, intelligent woman, slides into the booth next to him with a Washington Post. Their body language tells us how happy they are to see each other, and that they've been together for years.

DIANE

That you both think about this stuff way too much.  
(sees she has no food)  
Where's mine, Tom?

PARRISH

Your blueberry pie is on the way. Be sure to thank Harry. He's paying, as usual.

DIANE

Can't you two take turns on the check, like normal people?

PARRISH

No. That way, I'd have to pay sometimes.

Harry hands a twenty to the waitress, and turns to Diane.

HARRY

I hope he's not this arrogant at home.

DIANE

You have no idea.

HARRY

Well, we can sit here dreaming up bullshit scenarios that'll never happen. Or --

(points to newspaper)

-- we could all get on the clock and stop a sure thing before it does.

On the table, we see the Post's front page: "**CHEMICAL WEAPONS INCINERATION PLANT GOES ON LINE THIS WEEK**" -- and we CUT TO:

EXT. BOYNE LAKE - DAY - OUTSIDE THE DINER - A FEDERAL ISSUE JEEP

is parked curbside. Harry heads to it, looking across the street, at a small park. There, a blond six year old GIRL is swinging a plastic bat at a plastic ball tossed her by her FATHER. The bat connects, and the ball sails up, and up --

-- well, just three feet up. Enough to keep it from a diapered, two year old BOY who runs after it. The girl showboats like she hit a homer in the series, leaning on her bat and miming a big "yawn" while waiting for the ball to come back. She smiles at --

-- Harry. He waves back, as Diane arrives.

DIANE

She's pretty cocky.

HARRY

The shortstop didn't have a chance. He had the sun in his eyes and a load in his pants.

Diane watches Harry oddly -- carefully -- and decides to ask --

DIANE

How's Kaylie doing?

Harry's smile slips a notch --

HARRY

Adjusting.

(opens jeep door)

Let's finish this thing so we can go home.

A MOMENT LATER - THE JEEP DRIVES OUT OF THE SMALL TOWN

It's an idyllic slice of Americana that could have come from a Norman Rockwell painting, except for one thing --

-- there are warning sirens on every corner, with bright signs advising what to do in the event of an "Agent Release".

FOLLOWING THE JEEP OUT OF TOWN

as it drives down dusty roads, past the main industry of the area: small cattle and sheep ranches -- we go inside --

INSIDE THE JEEP - HARRY

is driving, Parrish is in the front, and Diane is in back, reading the newspaper. Parrish looks over at her, smiling --

PARRISH

You spent five dollars to get the only Washington Post in three counties, and all you keep is the real estate section?

DIANE

Somebody lied to me. Somebody told me that my life was going to get more comfortable after I married the boss.

(poring over listings)

Living on the boat was supposed to be temporary. It's been a year now, and the Potomac is slowly, slowly losing its charm.

Harry looks at the farms, and the incongruously placed sirens.

HARRY

You two could always relocate here. Six acres, two horses, and a free warning siren. If it doesn't work, you get your money back.

(shaking his head)

Why the hell does anybody live here?

PARRISH

You could say that about Washington, too.

(beat)

It's just as dangerous there. It's just that the sirens don't show.

TRAVELLING SHOT - THE BOYNE LAKE CHEMICAL WEAPONS DISPOSAL PLANT

-- the buildings, smokestacks, and half-buried concrete storage igloos, are surrounded by fencing and armed guards.

At the gate, Harry flashes their "WCSD" IDS -- and Diane looks at the smokestacks angrily. Fumes are pouring out of them.

DIANE

They've already gone on line.

(beat)

Those bastards have already gone hot.

CUT TO:

## INT. THE PLANT'S LOBBY - IN A CHEERY PUBLIC AREA

decorated with a diagram of the center's inner workings, twenty local CITIZENS are gathered. A PR man, JIM ENRIGHT, hired for his military bearing, is reassuring them.

ENRIGHT

To win the Cold War for our children and grandchildren -- the U.S. Army built fifty thousand missiles containing nerve agent.

(smiles a little)

It worked. We won. And thankfully, not a single one of these missiles ever had to be fired against an opponent. Now Boyne Lake has been chosen to finish the job -- by destroying the stockpile of missiles.

## UPSTAIRS - IN A MAIN OFFICE - THROUGH A WINDOW

Diane angrily looks out at the PR briefing. Elsewhere are Parrish, Harry, and the plant's irritated operator, ROY MEYERS. He looks over the documents handed to him --

MEYERS

"Worst Case Scenario Directorate" --

(lowers them)

-- what the hell is that? A federal agency designed to screw things up?

PARRISH

The name's self-explanatory. We were activated by the NSA twenty years ago to identify potential catastrophes or targets for terrorist attack. Kind of a think tank.

(beat)

We didn't have to think too hard to find all the problems here. You've got ten thousand missiles with degrading explosive components, stacked in concrete igloos that aren't strong enough to contain the inevitable explosion.

(beat)

You don't have enough safety features on this plant for containment or warning.

MEYERS

I don't have to put up with this --

HARRY

Actually, you do. We have oversight authority over any federal agency once we've found a threat to national security. And that's just what we have here.

(beat)

According to our simulations, you'll have equipment failure and toxin release in the first month, killing three hundred to five thousand people, depending on the wind.

MEYERS

I cleared everything through the Army, the EPA, and the state.

MEYERS

Every day we sit idle is a million-six to the government. I know wasting tax dollars means zip to a bureaucrat, but I take it seriously --

Diane still looks down at the briefing/massage, full of laughing, relieved locals. Diane, disgusted, turns to Meyers --

DIANE

Your flack looks like he's selling ice cream. Is he explaining that every one of those missiles is a time bomb that could explode by itself, in ten years or ten minutes, and you can't tell which is which?

(hot)

Or is he explaining how our little deterrent worked? That if a cloud of toxin blew out of here, the corrosives would dissolve their skin to make it easier for the neural agent to shred their nervous systems?

MEYERS

(condescending)

It is horrible stuff, Ms. Parrish. That's why we're getting rid of it, you know.

(looks to Parrish)

We're on line, and I'm busy, so I suggest you take your wife back to Washington --

Parrish stands, a little angry but trying to keep control --

PARRISH

The EPA inspector who cleared this place was indicted last week for taking bribes from an oil refinery he also "inspected".

(beat)

He wouldn't say if anything was off here, but I didn't like the way his eye twitched when I asked him about it.

(stares at Meyers)

You know -- the way yours is now.

(beat)

If your secondary safety systems are in place, we'll leave quietly. If they aren't, and I'm pretty sure they aren't, you can start explaining what happened to forty million dollars the government paid for backup systems that you didn't install.

Meyer's face drains bone-white as Diane and Harry file out. This is his "worst case scenario" playing out. Parrish stops --

PARRISH

One last thing.

(beat)

You shouldn't have called my wife "ms."  
She really, really hates that.

Parrish shuts the door, and moves into --

THE PLANT'S HALLWAY - FOLLOWING PARRISH, DIANE AND HARRY

Parrish turns to Diane as they walk through --

PARRISH

If you take over the control room while Harry and I suit up, we'll be gone by --

DIANE

Whoa, whoa -- the protocol for the inspection is that you take over the control room. If we don't do this by the book, Meyers'll find a legal way to toss out the inspection and keep this plant running. Harry and I can handle it.

(Parrish starts to protest)

Inspections like this are my job. You just hold up your end, okay?

Parrish finally he gives in, smiling a little. At a door reading "**PROTECTIVE SUIT PREPARATION**", Harry leads Diane in --

HARRY

Don't worry, Tom. Just put on your thinking cap, because I've got a beaut. You're going to pick up the lunch check for a change.

PARRISH

(smiles)

Not a chance. I've got the worst one yet --  
(taps forehead)  
-- all ready to go.

CUT TO:

**INT. PLANT CONTROL ROOM - DAY - TECHNICIANS ARE WORKING**

over computers and video monitors showing every phase of the largely automated missile destruction plant. Their work ends as Parrish enters, with a seething Meyers, to take over.

PARRISH

Ladies -- gentlemen -- this is a full plant inspection. Power down the disassemblers, the furnace, missile transport, everything. I want this plant ice cold, right now.

The technicians look to Meyers, who nods --

**INSIDE THE PLANT - A METAL PARTS FURNACE**

that runs hot enough to turn steel into soup shuts down --

**A robotic disassembler** stops unscrewing missile components --

**In a missile transport tunnel**, missiles are moved in a container that's twenty feet high and ten feet wide from silo to plant. The rail system halts -- as --



**INSIDE THE EXPLOSION CONTAINMENT ROOM - A MISSILE CONTAINER**

is there, loaded with twenty stacked rockets. They're brought here to be moved by human workers to the conveyor that takes them to the disassembler, and ultimately the furnaces. Two WORKERS in protective suits shut the container door, locking the missiles in. As they do, a GRINDING SOUND brings us to --

**OUTSIDE EXPLOSION CONTAINMENT ROOM - A STEEL VAULT DOOR**

GRINDS OPEN, allowing the men to walk out, as we CUT TO:

**INT. THE CONTROL ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

The room has half as many technicians as before, and many of the systems have been shut down. Parrish is standing over --

**THE VIDEO MONITORS**

show two shaky, moving POV shots from Diane and Harry's hazmat suits, on monitors labelled **MOBILE 1** and **MOBILE 2**. Another room monitor shows a long surveillance shot labelled **MISSILE STORAGE SILO ONE**, with two figures moving down a ladder.

The **MOBILE 1** monitor shows the POV of a man climbing down a ladder -- but it halts, veering over to a warning sign that is a huge "NO" with a dozen prohibitions alongside it --

HARRY (ON RADIO)  
 "No Smoking" -- "No Machinery" -- "No Forklifts". I think they forgot a couple --

**INSIDE THE MISSILE STORAGE SILO - HARRY AND DIANE**

are halfway down the ladder into this enormous, dank tower. There is only scant lighting -- just enough to show that the silo is filled, from a floor fifty feet below, to a ceiling fifty feet above, with missiles stacked like cordwood in racks.

HARRY  
 "No Walking Fast In Corduroy Pants", "No Shuffling Your Feet On Shag Carpeting", "No Rubbing A Balloon On Your Head".  
 (shines light around)  
 One spark and this place'll make Bhopal look like a birthday party.

PARRISH (ON RADIO)  
 Is it as bad as we thought?

Harry shines the light: the missiles, stacked in racks, are rusted out and oozing rocket fuel or the liquefied nerve agent.

HARRY  
 Worse. Much worse.  
 (shines light on puddles)  
 I forgot the chemistry on this -- does the nerve agent make the rocket fuel more explosive, does the rocket fuel make the nerve agent more toxic, or is it both?

**A MOMENT LATER - INSIDE THE MISSILE TRANSPORT TUNNEL**

-- one of the huge missile transport containers is there, on rails. Harry walks with Diane, who has a mobile testing unit.

DIANE  
This tunnel is flooded with gas -- the floor is coated with toxin residue --

As Diane walks, she stares so intently at her monitor, she stumbles -- but Harry catches her arm and helps her up.

PARRISH (ON RADIO)  
Are your suits all right? Any tears?

HARRY (ON RADIO)  
Negative -- suits are intact. Proceeding into explosion containment room --

Harry and Diane reach the end of the tunnel. Harry unlatches and manually opens a huge sliding door that leads into --

**THE EXPLOSION CONTAINMENT ROOM**

is enormous, and lined with steel fixtures. This is a room designed for the most dangerous part of this operation: manual unloading of missiles to a conveyor belt that stretches across the room to take the missiles to a disassembler.

Harry and Diane move in, past the **missile container** on the track: it's a thick metal case the size of a diving bell. Glass ports reveal there are twenty missiles inside it.

**IN CONTROL ROOM - PARRISH**

is rattled. This place surpasses his worst fears.

HARRY (ON RADIO)  
-- entering Explosion Containment Chamber.

We HOLD on Parrish's face, as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

**THE CONTROL ROOM - LATER - PARRISH**

looks even more ragged -- an hour has passed. Parrish looks down at the video monitors: Harry is in the "**METAL FURNACE ROOM**", while Diane is in the "**EXPLOSION CONTAINMENT ROOM**".

HARRY (ON RADIO)  
There's no backup system, just a primary --

**IN THE FURNACE ROOM - HARRY**

is gingerly checking the wiring on a junction box --

HARRY  
-- a primary, I might add, that looks like it was installed by Mister Magoo.

INSIDE THE EXPLOSION CONTAINMENT ROOM - DIANE

is alone in the room, testing the wires in the system --

DIANE

It's the same thing here. Bet he saved  
twenty million on construction.

INSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM - PARRISH

looks at Meyers, angry and disgusted --

PARRISH

You son of a bitch. You should just blow  
this place sky-high and get it over with.  
(back to radio)  
Inspection's over --

INSIDE THE EXPLOSION CONTAINMENT ROOM - DIANE

finishes putting the plate back on the box she examined.

PARRISH (ON RADIO)

-- let's get the hell out of here.

Diane starts to walk across the room -- but as she does, we see

THE FRONT OF THE MISSILE CONTAINER - ARMORED GLASS PORTS

are cut into the container. The glass reveals something is  
glowing. It begins sparking -- and it finally explodes --

-- the door of the missile transport container is BLASTED OPEN  
and OFF -- one of the missiles has auto-ignited and fires out of  
the container through the center of the room --

-- Diane hurls herself backwards -- as the missile partially  
detonates -- the nerve agent starts leaking out of the casing in  
a small but building yellow cloud. And worst of all --

-- the shock collapses the missile container -- the two dozen  
missiles spill out, rolling around and sparking --

-- Diane throws herself back, further into the room, as --

THE VAULT DOOR STARTS TO AUTOMATICALLY CRANK SHUT

-- in seconds it'll be sealed off -- as --

IN THE CONTROL ROOM - CLOSE ON PARRISH'S FACE

-- he stares at the monitors in shock, and grabs the radio, as  
parts of the control panel short out --

PARRISH

-- Diane? -- Diane --

IN THE FURNACE ROOM - HARRY

hears the EXPLOSIONS on the other side, and runs out -- as --

**IN THE EXPLOSION CONTAINMENT ROOM - DIANE IS SURROUNDED BY FIRES**

as she struggles to her feet. Her suit has a small tear -- she holds it shut as she stumbles out through the missiles --

-- but the vault door slams shut in her face.

**ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VAULT DOOR - HARRY RUNS TO STOP IT**

-- but the bolts lock in place. Harry looks at the porthole in the door: the glass distorts Diane's face, but not her fear --

HARRY (INTO RADIO)  
 -- Tom -- Diane's locked in there -- the vault door's shut and won't open --  
 (hears only static in reply)  
 -- do you read me?

**INSIDE CONTROL ROOM - PARRISH**

gapes at the monitors and listens to his wife scream in terror, the radio now broken up by a barrage of static --

DIANE (INTO RADIO)  
 -- get me out of here -- my suit's torn and there's gas leaking here -- Tom --

PARRISH  
 (yells at technician)  
 -- Open the vault door -- now, goddamnit --

TECHNICIAN  
 I can't -- that door's supposed to seal if there's a leak, and there's no override --

**ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE VAULT DOOR - HARRY**

takes apart the door's controls -- he's removed his gloves and helmet to work faster --

PARRISH (INTO RADIO)  
 -- Harry -- get at the door's local con--

HARRY (INTO RADIO)  
 (cuts him off, intense)  
 -- Already on it --

**INSIDE THE EXPLOSION CONTAINMENT ROOM - THE ROLLING MISSILES**

are sparking and colliding amongst the fires -- the yellow gas has filled the room --

Diane, trapped, looks for an escape that isn't there -- as --

**IN THE CONTROL ROOM - PARRISH**

is desperate, but thinking as fast as he ever has --

TECHNICIAN  
 -- there's maybe one minute before those missiles go -- if it spreads to the silos, we're fuckin' barbecued -- everyone is --

PARRISH

We won't let that happen -- where are the halon extinguishers? In the ceiling?

TECHNICIAN

They're fried --

Parrish looks over the controls, his mind racing -- and the solution comes to him. A solution no one would want to face.

PARRISH

(calm, almost quiet)

You have pyro cleansers in that room. They can bring it up to two thousand degrees.

TECHNICIAN

Yeah, for burning off residues -- but --  
(realizing, with horror)  
-- holy fuck.

PARRISH

See if they're operational. Right now.

Parrish, reeling, moves to the monitors. As the technician checks the controls, Meyers comes up to him, apoplectic --

MEYERS

He wants you to set off a dozen flame throwers in a room full of leaky missiles? The whole place'll go up --

TECHNICIAN

No -- it's the only way left to keep the whole plant from exploding. It'll be like dropping a nitro charge on an oil fire --  
(low)  
-- but his wife is still in there.

The technician keys a program: "**PYRO CLEANSE CYCLE - READY**" --

HIGH ANGLE - EXPLOSION CONTAINMENT ROOM - SIX JET NOZZLES

lower from the ceiling, and eight more protrude from the walls, unnoticed by Diane as she pounds weakly on the door --

HARRY SEES THIS THROUGH THE PORTHOLE

-- and realizing what it means, works faster --

PARRISH LOOKS AT THE VIDEO SHOT OF DIANE

which shows early corrosive effects on her face --

DIANE (INTO RADIO)

(weak, raspy)

-- Tom -- gas is getting into the suit --  
get me out -- please, get me out --

PARRISH

(shaky)

Harry -- can you get that door open?

AT THE VAULT DOOR - HARRY

is rewiring as quickly as he can --

HARRY (INTO RADIO)  
 -- I know what you're gonna do, but  
wait --I've almost got it open --

IN THE CONTROL ROOM - PARRISH

can't make out the reply -- it's nothing but static --

PARRISH  
 -- say again -- can you get the door open?

AT THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE VAULT DOOR - HARRY

frantically rewires the door controls -- through the radio static, all Harry could make out is the word "door" --

HARRY (INTO RADIO)  
 -- can't read you -- I've almost bypassed  
 the door -- wait for me --

IN THE CONTROL ROOM - PARRISH LISTENS INTENTLY

as the staticy reply comes through -- here, it sounds like:

HARRY (FROM RADIO)  
 -- can't --  
     (static)  
 -- bypass --  
     (static)  
 -- door --

Parrish is shattered -- he looks down at Diane's monitor. Even in the vague reflection of the glass, he can see her face is distorting with effects of the gas, as is her rasping voice --

DIANE  
 -- Tom -- please -- please, get me out --

Parrish numbly looks at all the monitors: the one that shows Diane dying -- the one that shows the missiles are on fire and ready to explode -- and the one under the keyboard that shows:

**PYRO CLEANSE CYCLE IN EXPLOSION CONTAINMENT ROOM. START Y/N?**

Parrish is frozen --

PARRISH  
 (quietly, to himself)  
 Zero solution.

Parrish puts his hand on Diane's video monitor -- the last contact he'll ever have with her -- and keys the microphone --

PARRISH  
 Diane -- honey --  
     (beat)  
 -- I found a way to get you out.

Parrish reaches for the keyboard, his finger quivering -- he shuts his eyes -- pushes the ENTER key -- and --

**INSIDE THE EXPLOSION CONTAINMENT ROOM - THE JET NOZZLES BLAST**

across -- the room is instantaneously filled with fire --

**FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE VAULT DOOR - HARRY**

backs away from the door, in shock -- through the porthole, the **white hot flames** show the outline of Diane's body, but it is obscured an instant later, disappearing in the fire, as bright and blinding as a nuclear flash -- while --

**IN THE CONTROL ROOM - CLOSE ON PARRISH'S FACE**

as he numbly starts to realize what he's done -- he looks at --

**THE MONITORS**

Diane's monitor, **MOBILE 2**, has cut to static -- while the **EXPLOSION CONTAINMENT ROOM** monitor shows the flames are going out, as suddenly as they started, when the jets are cut off.

TECHNICIAN

It worked -- the fire burnt off the oxygen in the room. It can't spread to the silo --

But as soon as this is said --

**INSIDE THE MISSILE TRANSPORT TUNNEL - THE FLOOR**

is scattered with still-burning metal embers blasted in --

-- an ember FLARES, igniting a trail of fuel under a missile transport container in the tunnel -- the container EXPLODES --

**INTO THE MISSILE STORAGE SILO - FIRE BURSTS INTO THE SILO**

-- the fuel on the floor IGNITES under the missiles -- as --

**INSIDE THE PLANT - HARRY**

hears the dull, muffled BOOM of an EXPLOSION from the silos --

**IN THE CONTROL ROOM - PARRISH HEARS THE EXPLOSION**

rippling through the walls of the plant -- worse, he feels the shock of realizing that what he just did was for nothing --

**IN THE STORAGE SILO - THE FLAMES RACE UP THE MISSILE STACKS**

-- and the missiles explode up in a building chain reaction --

**ELSEWHERE IN THE PLANT - HARRY RUNS FOR HIS LIFE**

toward a containment door that is grinding closed -- as --

**THE EXPLOSION BLASTS THE CONTAINMENT VAULT DOOR OFF**

and it blasts down the hall like a cannonball, with a cloud of gas behind it, right after Harry --

-- Harry dives the last few feet into the containment door --  
just as it slams shut, the vault door SMASHES against the  
containment door with a tremendous BANG -- but it HOLDS --

ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE DOOR - HARRY

takes a deep breath, relieved he's getting nothing but air --  
but the continuing, growing **BOOMS** tell the story --

IN THE MISSILE STORAGE SILO - THE CHAIN REACTION

races up in a large BLAST that blows off the top of the silo --

ON THE ROOF OF THE PLANT - PARRISH

emerges, in the open air. Three hundred yards away from him, the  
silo blasts apart, and a huge cloud billows out --

Parrish moves to the edge of the roof, closer to the cloud. He  
not only isn't afraid, he seems to want it to come for him --

PARRISH

Break this way, you bastard -- this way --

But the wind is at Parrish's back -- the cloud is building, and  
being driven toward the valley and the town. While --

IN THE TOWN'S MAIN SQUARE - IN THE PARK - KIDS

still play no-rules baseball, as old men talk on park benches.  
The alarms are silent. But a man on a bench points --

-- the THUNDER-like echo of the explosion is just reaching them,  
and a yellow cloud blows irreversibly towards them.

ON THE FACES OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE

-- each reacts with shock, disbelief, and fear. What they were  
told wouldn't happen, couldn't happen -- is happening. As --

ON THE PLANT ROOF - PARRISH

has a scenic view of the cloud's progress -- it is fed by the  
fire, and it hangs together like fog as it approaches --

ON THE EDGE OF THE TOWN - PICKUP TRUCKS CAUGHT ON THE HIGHWAY

turn around to to outrun it, but they are overtaken by the  
cloud. Every car veers crazily before crashing into a ditch --

-- birds fall from the sky -- cattle are caught in the cloud --

INSIDE THE TOWN - THE GAS CLOUD DESCENDS UPON THE TOWN

People caught outside run, but fall, enshrouded in the gas --

ON THE PLANT ROOF - PARRISH

numbly looks down as the cloud covers the town, and the SOUNDS  
of the disaster emerge -- horns honking, people shouting, all  
merging into one loud shriek you can hear miles away --



INSIDE THE PLANT - HARRY RUNS TO A WINDOW

and sees that their worst fears have come to pass, shouting --

HARRY  
-- NOOOOOOO --

Harry POUNDS the glass in anger and frustration -- and the POUNDING segues to that of a POUNDING GAVEL as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - **THE SENATE BUILDING** - DAY

The GAVEL fades -- and we hear a voice --

EVERETT (O.S.)  
Please state your name and occupation.

HEARINGS CHAMBER - HARRY IS ON THE STAND

grimly enduring the questioning of SENATOR EVERETT -- a politician who is clearly out to pin the blame for this event on Parrish, and win as much publicity for himself as he can.

HARRY  
Harold Macneill. I am a disaster mitigation engineer for the Worst Case Scenario Directorate.

EVERETT  
That's a very fancy title, Mr. Macneill. I take it, then, that your job is to identify and prevent possible disasters -- not to cause new ones yourself.

HARRY  
(stone)  
That is correct. When I took the job, I had no idea that most of my time would be spent trying to prevent disasters caused by our own government. Sir.

Amid MURMURING in the hearings chamber, Everett shifts gears:

EVERETT  
Then tell me, Mr. Macneill, more about your efforts of "prevention" at Boyne Lake.  
(beat)  
When Mr. Parrish chose to flood a room full of explosives material with fire, causing the disaster, did you advise against it?

HARRY  
The disaster was unavoid --

EVERETT  
Yes or no, Mr. Macneill?

HARRY  
His actions did not cause the --

EVERETT

Yes or no, Mr. Macneill -- did you advise him to not flood that room with fire?

Harry reluctantly gives the only answer he can.

HARRY

Yes.

LATER - HEARINGS CHAMBER - PARRISH

is erect at a table. We can't see his face as the GAVEL POUNDS.

EVERETT (O.S.)

Mister Parrish?  
(insistent)  
-- Mister Parrish?

Parrish looks up. He has aged five years in as many weeks. Everett levels a calculated look of contempt at Parrish.

EVERETT

Mister Parrish. As a man who took an oath, twenty years ago, to protect this country --  
(sharp)  
-- I would like to ask you -- why did you cause the Boyne Lake catastrophe?

Parrish doesn't rattle at all -- he levels a stare at Everett.

PARRISH

The plant's contractor caused that accident months before we got there. If I'd never walked in, everything would have happened exactly the same way.

EVERETT

Is it not true, Mr. Parrish, that you --  
(consults notes)  
-- told Mr. Meyers that the plant ought to be blown sky-high?

There is an astonished MURMUR from the crowd --

PARRISH

That is correct.

EVERETT

Is it not true, Mr. Parrish, that you actually ignited a fire in a room full of highly volatile missiles?

PARRISH

It is true, and I did that to extinguish a fire that was already burning inside --

EVERETT

"Extinguish"? You extinguished an entire town, Mr. Parrish, and I don't see the slightest remorse for your actions --

PARRISH

-- for what? Trying to save people?

Parrish's voice RISES slightly, because there is loud, savage SHOUTING from the gallery crowd, and Everett's banging GAVEL --

EVERETT

Are you telling me that your actions were proper? That if you were to live over again a day that brought the deaths of three hundred and twelve people, you would take every action as you did?

The first slight crack appears in Parrish's unnerving calm -- an undercurrent of anger simmering in his face.

PARRISH

Your count's off. It was three hundred and thirteen people. I lost my wife.

(building anger)

No. I didn't lose my wife. I incinerated her, because it was the one chance I had to try to save the lives of thousands of people. And you sit there and ask me if I would make such a choice again.

(certain, slow)

The answer is yes. I would take every single action precisely as I did that day.

That tears it for the CROWD -- some start SHOUTING: "murderer", "burn in hell" -- but in the center of it --

CLOSE ON PARRISH'S FACE

He isn't reacting to the feral hatred being directed at him. With a cold, angry glare, he is directing his own hatred at

HARRY

who is staring back, pityingly. As the SHOUTING goes on, we --

CUT TO:

INT. THE MACNEILL TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT - A CHILD'S BEDROOM

An elderly English nanny, MAGGIE, tucks in a sleeping three year old girl, KAYLIE MACNEILL. The room is conspicuously full of photos of a mother who is just as conspicuously absent.

Maggie backs into the hallway of a townhouse with a Potomac view. We HEAR TV news from a study. She walks in, and finds Harry, watching the news. Over clips of testimony, we hear --

REPORTER (ON TELEVISION)

-- statement from the White House confirmed their view that the tragedy was caused by Parrish. Despite warnings from co-worker Harry Macneill, Parrish deliberately --

MAGGIE

You should say goodnight to Kaylie. She doesn't understand what's happening, but she knows something's wrong --

HARRY

Look at this. It's a lynching.

The news shifts to a man-on-the-street bit, as people spew hatred at Parrish. The phone RINGS -- the machine answers it --

PARRISH (ON MACHINE)

In today's performance, the part of Marcus Brutus will be played by Harry Macneill.

Harry hits the "mute" on the TV and snatches up the phone --

HARRY

Tom, where are you? I looked for you --

INT. POTOMAC RIVER - A TWENTY-FIVE FOOT BOAT - PARRISH

paces around the cabin. Small touches, like photos of Diane, tell us this is his boat. But we also see a computer screen with a downloaded photo of a bomb blast in another city. As he speaks, he places a folder bearing the NSA logo on a heater --

PARRISH

To supply me with more wise counsel?

(beat)

You know, like when you advised me against torching my own wife. Most people wouldn't have the moral courage to own up to that.

ON HARRY IN STUDY - HARRY

is worried, not by Parrish's anger, but by his crazed tone --

HARRY

-- I told you to wait --

IN THE BOAT - CLOSE ON PARRISH'S HANDS

as they open the valve on a butane stove -- gas HISSES out --

PARRISH

You've said that so often, I'd swear you almost believe it yourself.

(simply)

You let her die.

HARRY

I did everything I could to get her out --

PARRISH

I wonder. I wonder about a lot of things.

PARRISH

I wonder what you would have done in my place. I wonder if you would have worked just a little bit faster if someone you cared about was in there. I wonder --

IN HARRY'S STUDY - HARRY

listens as the television silently plays behind him and we see images of outraged people, closed captioning running under them -- "**HE'S A MONSTER**", "**SON OF A BITCH SHOULD DIE**", etc.

PARRISH (ON PHONE)

I wonder if we both deserve to go on living, considering all the people who've died as a result of our little brainstorm.

(thoughtfully)

I'm tired, Harry. I'm tired of just measuring the edges of death. Moving around the fringes like some dilettante. I think it's time to really dive into it --

Harry looks worried as the speech sounds crazier and crazier --

HARRY

Tom, you've got to bring the boat in and get help -- I know how you must feel --

PARRISH (ON PHONE)

You know how I feel?

(small laugh)

Not yet you don't. But give it time.

CLOSE ON PARRISH'S MOUTH BY THE PHONE

-- we can see nothing but his lips and the cellular phone --

PARRISH

You will.

CLOSE ON THE SMOULDERING FILE ON THE HEATER

-- it bursts into flames -- the gas in the room ignites --

ANGLE ON THE BOAT - IT EXPLODES

in a fireball that lights up the night -- as --

IN HARRY'S STUDY - HARRY STANDS

hearing the sound of the explosion cutting off the call --

HARRY

Tom --

Harry looks out the window, and from his view of the river, he can see the distant flames of the boat lighting up the night.

The flames billowing from the wreckage die, as we fade to --

BLACK SCREEN.

LEGEND:

**THREE YEARS LATER**

UP FROM BLACK - HIGH VIEW OF A ROTTED JUNKYARD

A pair of trailer trucks have parked, and a DRIVER unhitches the cargo. One TRUCKER shouts at the "office" shack --

TRUCKER

Hey -- you in charge here?

The man in the shack ambles out -- it is Harry, unshaven, unsteady, and looking pretty raw. He's wearing grimy overalls with tools in one side and a pint of whiskey in the other.

HARRY

That's me. Nobody else'd take the job.

TRUCKER

I need you to sign this for me.

HARRY

Again? This has to be the tenth damn form --

TRUCKER

That's government work. Those guys couldn't find their asses with both hands and a map.

HARRY

(hands back form, has a drink)  
You want to stick around a while? Have a belt and watch me break 'em down?

The trucker is put off by Harry's pathetic look.

TRUCKER

Uh -- I'm late for a run. And I never touch the stuff before noon.  
(smirking, tosses Harry keys)  
You have one for me, though, pal.

Both drivers get into their cabs and drive away, leaving behind their unhitched trailers. Harry waves as they leave --

-- and Harry's dopey look melts into one of calculation. He tosses the bottle, and walks over to a trailer --

INSIDE THE TRAILER - THE DOOR ROLLS UP

revealing the cargo: dozens of metal boxes full of assorted guns, from simple .38s all the way up to machine guns.

REVERSE ANGLE ON HARRY

who has a sophisticated palmtop computer/cell phone on --

HARRY (INTO PHONE)

This is Macneill. I have the guns. If you're interested, you know where I am.

CUT TO:

**A TELEVISED IMAGE - HARRY AND THE TRUCKER**

are on a grainy, black and white camera view. The "CNN" logo and REPORTER's smug V.O. tell us we're in a newscast.

REPORTER (V.O.)

You are watching a robbery. The loot?

THE VIEW cuts to a shot of the smorgasbord of guns --

REPORTER (V.O.)

Hundreds of weapons seized in FBI raids.  
They weren't stolen in a normal hijacking,  
with daring robbers and blazing gunfire --

THE VIEW cuts again, to Harry, in his office, cleaned up in a suit and tie, and standing with the reporter by a fax machine.

REPORTER (V.O.)

-- but with a fax machine. Harold Macneill, director of the United States Worst Case Scenario Directorate, explains.

HARRY

The FBI amasses a large stockpile of seized weapons every year that they have to get rid of. They contract out the trucking and the metal work for melting them. Problem is, they keep falling off the trucks a box at a time, and guns that were "destroyed" end up back on the street.  
(beat)

We've warned the FBI for years that their system is full of holes, and they haven't done a thing about it, even though anybody could take every gun any time they wanted.

REPORTER

How?

HARRY

Anybody can look up the contractors involved in public records, so they can put in competing bids. And anybody can buy one of these at a toy store for two bucks.  
(pulls out "badge", grins)  
Look -- it says I'm a "Genuine G-Man".

THE VIEW cuts to a hidden camera -- now, Harry breezes into the office of the disposal company, flashing his ID.

HARRY (ON TAPE)

Good morning. I'm with the Bureau's Protocol Oversight Department --

REPORTER (V.O.)

Posing as an FBI agent, Macneill was able to go to the disposal company's office, and obtain the security protocols for the gun shipment -- simply by asking for them.

THE VIEW cuts to Harry, holding up a pile of documents.

HARRY

This has all the shipment details. The trucking company, the schedule, the agents' ID codes. When the shipment left --

HARRY

(holds up paper)  
 -- I sent a fax with FBI letterhead to the truck dispatcher, with a new delivery address. I listed my cell phone for a confirmation, but they didn't call.

THE VIEW changes to the junkyard, where angry FBI agents reclaim the guns. The reporter is on site, live --

REPORTER

Instead of taking the guns to their destruction site, they were simply unloaded at this Maryland junkyard. The FBI has reclaimed the weapons, but offered no comment beyond the fact that they are "reviewing" their weapons disposal system.

CUT TO:

INT. WORST CASE DIRECTORATE - ENTRANCE - HARRY STROLLS IN

smiling, through the maze of desks and computers. Half the analysts are working at computers, with maps and "Jane's Defense" manuals -- the other half hoot at Harry as he walks by: "nice work, boss", "you look taller on TV". He gets to --

TWO COMPUTER ANALYSTS TALKING AT A COMPUTER

Both are in their 20s, but that's where the similarities end. GLENN LAVASKY's buzzcut and earnest, uptight bearing brands him as a military transplant -- and KEITH DUNNE's long hair, flip attitude and Alfred E. Newman/"What Me Worry" T-shirt tell us in a glance that he doesn't take the job as seriously.

GLENN

Their codes are tough, but I was in the Navy's crypto section in Iran. Nothing's more fascinating than breaking encrypted Farsi into regular English --

KEITH

(sarcastic)  
Wow -- that is fascinating, Glenn. You'll have to tell me about it some other time --  
 (sees Harry and breaks away)  
 The overalls were a serious fashion crime, boss. You run an intelligence agency. You're supposed to look like the old guy in The Man From UNCLE, not Junior Samples.

Harry reaches his office, and sees something through the window that wipes his smile right off. He heads for the door --

HARRY

I should've kept the overalls on. I think I'm about to wade to through shit piled --  
 (motions at chest)  
 -- about this high.



THE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - HARRY ENTERS

and heads behind the desk. Senator Everett is waiting, and mad.

EVERETT

That was some stunt you pulled today. I wasn't aware that telling the world the best way to steal an arms shipment from the FBI fell under your job description.

HARRY

I've sent the FBI alert memorandums about holes in their fences for two years. For two years, they've done zero. Today, suddenly, they're reviewing the system. You think they'll get caught the same way again?

(beat)

Making sure thefts don't happen is my job.

EVERETT

Not any more. We're shutting down the Worst Case Directorate this week.

(off Harry's look)

Three years ago, I didn't have the votes to shut you down -- just to get rid of your oversight authority and turn you into an advisory-only shop.

(shrugs, smiles)

The end of the Cold War, and the beginning of these publicity stunts of yours, have made those votes a lot easier to find.

HARRY

You think that since the Cold War died out, there's nothing to worry about? It's my job to worry about this stuff, and I'm telling you, my job's never been easier.

(a little hot)

We shouldn't be shut down. We need an enforcement division in the field --

EVERETT

You know, in politics, we say that you should never emphasize your negatives.

(beat)

When you go on those private sector job interviews, the thing you should not shine a light on is your field experience.

(hands him official notice)

The vote was taken today. I hate to spoil your July Fourth weekend, but I'll be announcing it day after tomorrow.

Harry's palmtop computer beeps -- he snaps it open --

THE SCREEN ON THE COMPUTER - A PAGE MESSAGE SCROLLS UP:

**URGENT ACTION MESSAGE: TIME ALMOST EXPIRED. CANNOT LOCATE PACKAGE. THOUSANDS WILL DIE. IMMEDIATE RESPONSE REQUIRED.**

ON HARRY

-- his brow wrinkles. This is important. He looks at Everett --

HARRY  
What's your clearance level?

EVERETT  
It's -- it's level one --

HARRY  
Level one-what?

EVERETT  
Level one-D --

Harry opens the door as he rapidly dials the phone --

HARRY  
Then I have to ask you to leave. Now.

Everett lurches out of his seat, and out the door. As Harry shuts it behind him, he allows himself a smile, as we CUT TO:

INT. MACNEILL HOUSE - CLOSE ON AN ORDINARY PAGER

held in a small girl's hand -- the screen scrolls down --

**THANKS. YOU JUST SAVED ME FROM THROWING A UNITED STATES SENATOR RIGHT THROUGH MY WINDOW. THE ANT FOOD IS IN THE BOTTOM CABINET BY THE STAIRS IN THE GARAGE.**

ANGLE ON KAYLIE MACNEILL HOLDING THE PAGER

and smiling. She is now a lovely six year old girl, sitting in her bedroom, which has a huge collection of Disney character figures -- as well as an ant farm, the "thousands of lives" in peril. Kaylie runs down the stairs, passing Margaret -- as --

INSIDE HARRY'S OFFICE - HARRY

smiles, entering the rest of the message into the palmtop --

**YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU FIND IT. LOVE YOU.**

As Harry grabs his jacket and briefcase to leave, we GO TO --

INSIDE THE MACNEILL GARAGE - KAYLIE

opens the cabinet, and finds the pet shop "ant food" -- taped to the back is a note. As Kaylie snatches it off, excited, we see it's a photocopy from a Dr. Seuss book -- it reads --

**YOU CAN THINK UP SOME BIRDS. THAT'S WHAT YOU CAN DO.**

**YOU CAN THINK ABOUT YELLOW OR THINK ABOUT BLUE...**

Clutching the note, Kaylie runs out the garage door --

IN THE MACNEILL YARD - KAYLIE

anxiously looks around, to figure out where it could be --

-- finally, she sees a blue birdbath. Kaylie runs over, with their dog, DRAKE, and finds a Seuss photocopy. We GO TO --

INSIDE HARRY'S CAR - THE PALMTOP COMPUTER

is on his dashboard as he drives home through Washington D.C. traffic. The screen reads: **THAT WAS SUPER EASY!!! TOO EASY!!!!**

HARRY  
(smiling, to himself)  
Oh, a critic --

BACK AT THE HOUSE - KAYLIE

is looking at the Seuss photocopy --

**YOU CAN THINK ABOUT RED, YOU CAN THINK ABOUT PINK.**

**YOU CAN THINK UP A HORSE...OH, THE THINKS YOU CAN THINK!**

Kaylie tries to puzzle it out -- and she moves around the yard, looking at red potted plants, and pink flowers -- and --

IN HARRY'S CAR - IN SUBURBAN TRAFFIC - THE PALMTOP SCREEN

now reads: **COME ON! ITS TOO HARD NOW!!**

Harry lets loose an evil, Bela Lugosi laugh as he drives --

IN THE LIVING ROOM - ON A HALL TABLE - A SMALL HORSE STATUE

sits on the tabletop. Kaylie and the dog thunder in toward it. Nothing's on it or under it, but Kaylie opens the drawer --

-- inside is the object of the hunt: a new Disney figure. Kaylie rips open the package, as --

-- Harry finally walks in the door, smiling. It's the best part of the day. Kaylie runs over and hugs him, as we --

CUT TO:

INT. MACNEILL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - HARRY'S FACE

is a mask of concentration -- he's sitting behind a flipped-up, blue plastic screen, and finally has to admit:

HARRY  
You sunk my battleship. Again.

From Harry's puzzled, incredulous look we see he was really trying to win. Kaylie rises from the table --

KAYLIE  
I keep saying you need a strategy, Daddy.

HARRY  
Strategy -- who went to the Naval War College? Me or you?

KAYLIE  
You. Who won six times? Me or you?

HARRY

You did, and I want another shot --

Margaret passes by to break it up --

MAGGIE

Tomorrow -- it's time for bed, Kaylie.

Kaylie gives Harry a hug --

HARRY

Okay -- but tomorrow, Drake sits behind you. I think he's feeding you signals on my fleet position.

(kisses her)

Goodnight, angel.

Margaret, Kaylie and Drake all head upstairs --

-- as Harry's palmtop, on a nearby counter, starts insistently beeping. Harry wearily gets up to check it -- and we --

CUT TO:

INT. WORST CASE DIRECTORATE ENTRANCE - NIGHT - HARRY

enters, tired -- there is virtually no one in the dimmed offices, except for Glenn, who looks nervous and excited.

GLENN

Mr. Macneill? I think I have a possible.

**THE WORST CASE SIMULATION ROOM**

which is packed with electronics: each wall is a floor to ceiling video screen, synched to an console of computers and video decks. As Glenn pulls Harry toward one screen, his enthusiasm fades -- whatever he had is gone. Keith arrives --

KEITH

Oh, this was worth coming back in for.

GLENN

It was here a second ago -- I had a bulletin board for the Soldiers of Liberty.

KEITH

Hey, I remember them. That was Roger McGuinn's band before he was in the Byrds.

Keith picks up the downloaded papers in a printer tray.

HARRY

It's a militia, Keith.

KEITH

Oh, yeah -- those goons in Tennessee.

GLENN

The primary op is named "Joshua". Their BBS had very simple encryption on it prior to March 9 -- the "Posse" program --

KEITH

The "Posse"? The code system I wrote to sell in Soldier of Fortune so we could track these fuckers, and they're stupid enough to use it?

(dismisses)

Nobody that dumb could do anything serious.

GLENN

The problem is, as of May 9, they discarded "Posse" encryption, and are using a system that is up to, and beyond, military specs.

(points to gibberish)

It's impossible to read these new posts.

HARRY

What's on the board prior to the cutoff?

GLENN

Black helicopter stuff. Blah blah the Jews, blah blah the media -- but they have one religious angle that makes them different.

(beat)

They think they're God's instruments for carrying out the book of Revelations, all the way to Judgement Day.

Harry is intrigued by this. But Keith is skeptical, reading --

KEITH

"Recently acquired: seven rare buttons. Patriots should contact to discuss transaction."

(throws papers back at desk)

Buttons. Some guy wants to trade two Adolf Hitlers for a Pat Buchanan, and you're sounding the alarm? I know Everett's shutting us down, but let's go out with some dignity.

Frustrated, Keith is still getting nowhere with the computer --

GLENN

One of the notes on the board said part of Revelations was going to occur tomorrow.

(off Harry's look)

Interested now?

Harry takes the pages, and Glenn keeps hacking at the keyboard.

HARRY

Break that code.

(walking off)

You feel like doing some real work, Keith?

KEITH

I was going to run some false alarms by NORAD -- but hell, I can do that anytime.

As Keith follows Harry into an office, we CUT TO:

INT. WORST CASE RESEARCH LIBRARY - KEITH AND HARRY

Harry is seated in front of the computer, while Harry stands on a ladder, searching through a bookcase.

HARRY  
Try an interagency search for hazmat anomalies -- make the dates a week before and a week after that "button" post.

KEITH  
If you know what it is we're looking for, I'd appreciate it if you'd let me in on it.

HARRY  
If I'm right, you'll know it when you see it.

Harry pulls a dusty Bible out of the top shelf. Without getting off the ladder, he flips it open, as --

AT THE COMPUTER SCREEN - KEITH

types in "**HAZMAT**" in the field, replacing "**ARMAMENTS**" -- and starts the search. As the computer hums to life again --

HARRY

finds the Book of Revelations. Comparing it to the post, which refers to **REVELATIONS 17:1**, Harry scans through it -- when --

THE COMPUTER

BEEPS, its search completed with "**1 ANOMALY LOCATED**". Keith scrolls it up -- it's a facsimile of a Nuclear Regulatory Commission form, and a Department of Energy form, side by side.

KEITH  
This is cute -- the NRC shut down a plant that refined plutonium triggers for nukes. Three days before this button post, they sent a shipment out for storage at the DOE facility in Los Cruces. And --

HARRY  
-- and the shipment weight's off. Right?

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN - THE TWO FORMS

have the "Anomaly" areas shaded. On the left is a classified shipment form. The cargo listed is **PLUTONIUM-239**. The shipment weight is **1134 KILOS**. On the right is the receiving form from a Nevada storage site -- and the shipment weight is **1127 KILOS**.

KEITH (O.S.)  
It's off by seven kilos. You were expecting this?

TIGHT ON HARRY'S FACE

as he looks down to the Bible -- and finds no comfort there --

HARRY  
 You know what they call plutonium when  
 it's formed into a nuclear trigger?  
 (staring down at page)  
 A button.

CLOSE ON TEXT - **REVELATIONS 17:1** - THE LINE READS

**"There came one of the seven angels which had the seven vials."**

CUT TO:

EXT. NEVADA DESERT - MORNING - CONCRETE IGLOOS

are set up in this remote spot in dozens of rows, surrounded by high security fencing. The legend types on screen:

**LOS CRUCES PLUTONIUM STORAGE FACILITY - NEVADA**

INT. STORAGE IGLOO - DAY - **BEHIND A TRANSPARENT SCREEN**

that separates a hall from a work area, the ADMINISTRATOR, is on the phone. Nearby, WORKERS in radiation suits meticulously open hundreds of cylindrical plutonium containers. Each holds individual lead cases as big as coffee mugs, sealing a palm-sized plutonium "button" that looks like a rough, round stone.

ADMINISTRATOR (ON PHONE)  
 We're checking, but there are are  
thousands. This is an overreaction on your  
 part. Shipments settles in transit --

THE WORST CASE DIRECTORATE - MORNING - HARRY IS ON THE PHONE

and is trying to hold his patience in check --

HARRY (ON PHONE)  
 Potato chips settle in shipment. Cheerios  
 settle in shipment. Plutonium, on the  
 other hand, tends to stay about the same.

BACK AT THE LOS CRUCES STORAGE FACILITY - THE ADMINISTRATOR

is certain that nothing could have happened --

ADMINISTRATOR (ON PHONE)  
 Mr. Macneill, if you think someone could  
 just pull some plutonium off one of our  
 trucks, I assure you, there is no way --

HARRY (O.S., ON PHONE)  
 There are a hundred ways, at least --

He is cut off by a RAP on the glass -- a gloved WORKER with a worried look holds a button. The administrator shrugs -- it's the right size, and shape -- but the worker turns it around --

THE "BUTTON"

is not plutonium at all -- it is, as the stamped impression on the back reveals, "**AVON FRAGRANT SOAP**". As --

AT THE WORST CASE DIRECTORATE - HARRY

is on the phone, listening with no joy in being right.

HARRY (ON PHONE)

You'll find six more vials of soap. I'd advise your men to not, repeat not, scrub down with them later.

Harry hangs up the phone, and moves toward --

## THE SIMULATION ROOM - GLENN AND KEITH

are amped on caffeine and adrenaline. Their ragged look tells us they've been at it all night. Keith matches the Bible against the posts, and Glenn works the encryption problem.

HARRY

I don't want to pressure you guys, but it turns out we are missing seven kilos of weapons grade plutonium -- it'd be kind of a big help if you could break that code.

GLENN

It's a time-date encryption. The code changes every second. It's very simple. It's also practically unbreakable. These guys are smart.

KEITH

Yeah? Then why can't they spell?  
(reading through posts)

They think the U.N. is run by Satan, and has camps all over federal property to take over the U.S. Now -- get ready -- they think the U.N. agents are housed in the Tennessee Valley Authority dams.

(off Harry's blank look)

Hey, I didn't say it made sense to me -- this is what they think --

Harry's look isn't skepticism, it's him fitting the pieces together. He picks up the Bible --

HARRY

It fits the Revelations line. "There came one of the angels which had seven vials" --

KEITH

Right -- the seven kilos of plutonium --

HARRY

"And the angel said unto me, come hither, I will show unto thee the judgement of the great whore that sitteth upon the waters."

Harry slams the Bible shut. Keith smiles.

KEITH

The "judgement" is on a dam. We got 'em.

Glenn, punching the keys on a computer, isn't so sure.



GLENN

I hate to bring this up -- but there are  
three dozen dams in the TVA network.

A "U.S.ARMY" map loads on screen with the huge dam network.  
Harry's face shows the impossibility of the hunt, as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. TENNESSEE AIRPORT FIELD - DAY - HARRY GETS OUT OF A JET

and moves across the tarmac toward a FBI helicopter. But as he  
does, a look of confusion spreads across his face, because --

-- the only person there is RACHEL SPENCE, an FBI agent in her  
20s who doesn't look like the most experienced field op around.  
She holds out her hand --

RACHEL

Hi -- I'm Rachel Spence, with the Bureau's  
Domestic Terror division --

HARRY

(doesn't take her hand)  
Where's the NEST team?

RACHEL

Not coming.  
(off his stunned look)  
The Bureau sent me out first to check on  
your -- speculation.

Harry, angry, picks up on the hesitation in the last word.

HARRY

And what does the Bureau think of my  
"speculation"?

RACHEL

They think you're --  
(searches for word)  
-- easily excitable.

HARRY

No. They think I'm a pain in the ass for  
telling the world that they have security  
protocols a six year old could beat.  
(moves toward door)  
Guess they think highly of you too, to  
hand you a glamor job like this.

Rachel, conscious of the bad start, tries to smooth it over.

RACHEL

Nobody said you were wrong about this.

HARRY

Nobody hopes I'm wrong more than I do.  
(steps in)  
Let's find out.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - **FLYING OVER TENNESSEE RIVER** - SUNSET

The helicopter flies up the twists of the Tennessee River, passing different dams scattered through the river's branches. They are flying up the grade, toward the mountain sources.

INSIDE HELICOPTER - HARRY AND RACHEL

lean toward one another, shouting to be heard.

RACHEL

That's the eleventh one we've looked at.

(beat)

You still think someone's planted an atomic bomb in one of these dams?

HARRY

Worse.

RACHEL

(taken aback)

What do you mean "worse"? I mean, what the hell could be worse than that?

HARRY

You know how hard it is to take plutonium -- even highly refined, weapons grade stuff -- and make a bomb out of it?

(beat)

Even guys with training would have a hard time making an operational nuke without the right equipment and metals, and they're even harder to get than plutonium.

(shakes head)

Odds of someone detonating an actual home-made nuclear bomb are close to zero.

Harry looks glum. Rachel still doesn't see where he's headed.

RACHEL

I don't want to be dense -- for the last year, I've been dealing with rednecks trying to turn bullshit into bombs -- but my experience is that when we don't have a workable device, that's a good thing.

HARRY

The buttons are made of powder, pressed together from reactor waste. One grain would kill you if it got into your body. The buttons have millions of grains --

(points down)

-- and they're water soluble.

Rachel finally catches on -- and is speechless.

HARRY

So, if you had a supply of the most toxic stuff on earth -- something that would be radioactive for twenty-four thousand years -- and you were feeling a little naughty, how would you maximize lethality?

RACHEL

That river feeds into the water supply of the entire state. It'd kill thousands --

HARRY

Four hundred to six hundred thousand in two years. Over a million in five years. After it got all the way into the national food chain, it'd kill three million in ten years.

The cold, actuarial precision of the answer shocks Rachel.

RACHEL

How do you know all that?

Something too dark to be a smile passes over Harry's face.

HARRY

Didn't your pals at the Bureau tell you? I'm the expert. I kill more people before nine a.m. than most people do all day.

(beat)

We ran a risk assessment simulation four years ago for exactly this situation.

RACHEL

If you know all that -- then you know how to stop it. Right?

(he doesn't answer)

Right?

The copter nears the top of the dam -- they look down to see --

**THE TOP OF THE DAM - THE DAM WALL**

rises up hundreds of feet from the river, to contain a huge, mountaintop lake -- but on the road that runs across the dam --

-- the security fence is smashed -- three dam guards lie face down in a pool of blood.

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER - HARRY AND RACHEL

realize simultaneously that this has already begun. Harry grabs the radio, and Rachel arcs the copter to the side.

A MOMENT LATER - **THE HELICOPTER HAS LANDED**

in a wooded area by the dam property -- Rachel points at the dam wall, which has visible wiring and packets of plastique.

RACHEL

They've wired the wall to explode.

HARRY

That's why they picked this dam.

(off her blank look)

High ground. If they blow that wall, millions of tons of water will smash through that river and blow out every dam downstream in a chain reaction.

HARRY

(beat)

Half the state'll be flooded, and they'll never get the plutonium out of the water.

Rachel checks her gun, and hands Harry one from a compartment. He takes it as if he's never held a gun in his life -- but there's no choice. They're the only two who can stop this.

A MOMENT LATER - **AT THE GATES OF THE DAM** - HARRY AND RACHEL

are stealthily moving past the gate in the growing darkness -- before they split up, Harry urgently motions Rachel back --

HARRY

Wait -- if you find some of the hot canisters, whatever you do, don't expose the plutonium outside its casing --

RACHEL

(sharp)

I'm not an idiot, Macneill --

HARRY

(backs down a little)

Okay, okay -- I know every seventh grader knows what happens if two exposed blocks of plutonium touch, but I figured it can't hurt to remind you.

(beat)

Good luck.

Harry quickly moves over to the spillway, as --

CLOSE ON RACHEL'S FACE

Her confusion shows: she has no idea what happens if two blocks of plutonium touch, but damned if she's going to ask.

**INT. THE SPILLWAY'S VERTICAL MAINTENANCE SHAFT - HARRY CLIMBS IN**

and climbs down. The maintenance shaft, which is twenty feet in diameter, starts at the spillway on top, and runs in an inverted "T" down to the pipe. It's sixty feet deep, and the only way up or down is an elevator that's just a cage hooked up to a pulley and a counterweight, running along the side.

**ON TOP OF THE DAM'S ROADWAY - RACHEL**

approaches the control tower that's on the west side of the dam -- she kicks her way into a door -- and --

INSIDE THE TOWER - RACHEL STEPS INTO A HALL

leading to the control room, holding her gun up, adrenaline running high. She moves past dead guards on the floor --

**IN THE CONTROL ROOM - A MILITIA MEMBER**

is at a row of controls for the dam's operations, and wires from outside lead to a detonator. He's waiting for a signal, and in a way, he gets one: he hears Rachel's approach --

RACHEL

Don't move! Put down your gun!

The militia member lunges for the detonator -- and Rachel fires three shots, hitting him dead center. He goes down, dead.

Rachel is shocked -- this is the first time she's ever killed someone. She moves to the detonator, and yanks wires, as --

**INSIDE THE MAINTENANCE PIPE - HARRY CLIMBS DOWN THE LADDER**

to explore the pipe -- but behind him --

JOSHUA (O.S.)

Put the gun down. And kick it away.

The militia leader, JOSHUA, steps out of the opposite side of the pipe. He is large and muscular, and his eyes tell us how committed he is to this insanity. Hanging off one shoulder is a knapsack, which has **three plutonium** canisters clanking in it -- and hanging off the other is a **machine gun**.

JOSHUA

You're too late. I opened the gate.

Joshua motions with the gun, and Harry, with no choice, kicks the gun away -- we can hear it CLATTER down hundreds of feet of pipe. Joshua pulls out a canister, and Harry tenses --

HARRY

Do you have any idea what'll happen if you open those up in here?

JOSHUA

(calmly)

I do understand. I understand your fear.

(holds canister)

Only evil men designated by God will perish.

At the far end of the pipe, there is a high pitched **SCREECH** --

THE FLOODGATE IS CRANKING OPEN SLOWLY - **WATER CRASHES THROUGH**

the gate as it opens wider -- it's already a torrent, but within moments the whole pipe will be filled -- while

AT THE PIPE'S BEND - HARRY AND JOSHUA

Desperate, Harry knows from the sound that this is it. Joshua reacts not with fear, but the look of a proud martyr.

HARRY

You're going to kill millions -- what God would want that?

JOSHUA

The one who wants Satan's own creation to scour the Earth of unholy men --

With that, the **water arrives** -- the torrent is knee deep and rising fast. Joshua goes limp and is swept down with the bag --

-- but Harry can't let it happen -- he lunges across the water flow, allowing himself to be taken in the growing current --

-- just as Joshua, clutching the open knapsack, is about to be swept over the vertical edge of the pipe, Harry reaches him and grabs the other strap on the knapsack with one hand --

-- with the other hand, Harry grabs a high ridge -- he has to support himself against the water, as well as Joshua's weight --

#### IN THE CURRENT - JOSHUA

yanks against Harry's grip on the bag, bracing against the pipe, as tons of water wash over them -- ultimately --

-- the bag is torn from Harry's grip -- Joshua and the bag wash over the side -- Joshua vanishes from view, but --

-- because of the slack caused by the tug-of-war's end, Joshua pulls too hard on the bag -- he loses his grip and the bag is flung backwards, end over end, to the upper side of the pipe --

#### THE KNAPSACK'S STRAP CATCHES ON THE METALWORK

that hangs at the top of the vertical drop over the water --

-- the open bag hangs precariously over the water, swinging with the weight of the casks clanking back and forth --

#### CLOSE ON HARRY HANGING ON THE SIDE OF THE PIPE

Harry looks up at the bag -- he'll never be able to reach it, and within moments, the bag will swing off on its own, or the water will reach full force and knock it off.

With no other choice, Harry climbs back to the maintenance opening -- the water is knee deep and rising fast -- but --

#### IN THE VERTICAL SECTION OF THE PIPE BELOW - JOSHUA

is still alive, clinging to a maintenance ladder. While --

#### INSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM - RACHEL CLOSES THE FLOODGATE

with the panel controls, but just as she finishes, she sees --

-- a third militia member is heading toward the river wall.

#### ON THE ROADWAY - THE THIRD MILITIA MEMBER

is moving with determination toward the wall that drops over to the river -- but there as he gets closer to the wall --

#### THREE MILITARY ATTACK HELICOPTERS RISE OVER THE WALL'S EDGE

blocking access to the river -- he can't possibly make it. The NEST agents inside aim rifles at him, as well as bullhorns --

NEST AGENT

(through bullhorn)

Stop where you are -- lie down on the ground -- you are under arrest --

CLOSE ON MILITIA MEMBER

whose paranoid fantasies are coming true -- the federal government is out to get him. He turns to run, unscrewing the canister, as helicopters fire down at him. Meanwhile --

**INSIDE THE PIPE'S MAIN INTAKE GATE - THE FLOODGATE REVERSES**

and starts winding shut, cutting off the flow of water -- as --

**INSIDE THE MAINTENANCE SHAFT - HARRY**

has climbed out of the flood and up on top of the cage elevator, steadying himself on the elevator's cable to reach the local control box -- he reaches the "**EMGCY SHUTDOWN GATE 1**" switch --

ANGLE DOWN INTO VERTICAL SECTION OF PIPE - THE **KNAPSACK** SWINGS

on top, ready to fall -- one hundred feet below, the emergency gate, two semicircles of steel slowly grind to a close --

BENEATH THE KNAPSACK - JOSHUA CLINGS TO THE LADDER

in the pipe -- he takes his gun and fires up at the bag --

**THE BAG IS RIDDLED WITH BULLETS**

and is torn to shreds -- the **three canisters of plutonium** fall toward the still-open gate, clanging past Joshua and down to --

**THE CLOSING GATE - THE PLUTONIUM CANISTERS LAND**

-- one, two and three, on the gate as it grinds shut -- it has twelve inches left to go as the canisters bounce around --

-- one canister comes to rest on the right edge, another gets caught safely on the opposite edge -- but the last of the water sweeps the third canister into the closing gate --

-- as the canister catches in the last couple of inches of the doorway -- the force of the door crushes the metal canister --

-- the gate finally grinds to a complete close, but one of the plutonium buttons is now dangerously exposed -- as, above --

**FROM AN ATTACK HELICOPTER - GUNNER'S POV - RACHEL IS RUNNING**

out onto the roadway, gun in one hand, FBI identification held high in the other -- the gunner almost shoots, but stops --

GUNNER

-- she's one of ours --

Meanwhile, the third militia member is in the spillway -- one of the copters hovers over him, mercilessly **firing down** --

IN THE CONCRETE SPILLWAY - THE MILITIA MEMBER

staggers forward. He's been shot many times, but fanaticism is holding him up. He lurches toward the maintenance shaft that leads into the main drain, and he's unscrewing the canister --

-- Rachel sees this and runs toward him, as --

**THE MILITIA MEMBER FALLS TO THE CONCRETE**

in a lifeless heap -- but he releases the canister, which **rolls away toward the maintenance shaft** --

RACHEL IS RIGHT BEHIND THE CANISTER

running for all she's worth, but the spillway is inclined --

THE CANISTER ROLLS AND BOUNCES

picking up speed, almost to the edge -- as, below --

**AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MAINTENANCE SHAFT - HARRY**

stands on top of the elevator, just as a **barrage of machine gun fire RICOCHETS all over** -- Harry ducks and turns to see --

-- Joshua is moving up, firing his gun at Harry -- as, above --

**ON TOP OF THE MAINTENANCE SHAFT - THE LOOSE CANISTER**

rolls just toward the edge -- Rachel is right behind. She dives for it -- her fingers brush it --

-- and she misses -- **the canister is falling in** -- as, below --

IN THE MAINTENANCE SHAFT - HARRY

looks up to see his worst nightmare -- **the canister is falling into the shaft toward him** -- it collides against one segment of the wall, and it **breaks apart, exposing the plutonium** --

Harry crouches as a hail of bullets blaze around him -- he's terrified, not just because of the plutonium coming down or the bullets coming up, but because of what he's about to do --

-- gripping the cable, Harry **yanks out the linchpin that holds the elevator to the cable** -- without the elevator's weight holding it, the **counterweight drops from the top** --

-- and it **yanks the cable upward, pulling Harry behind it** --

**ANGLE DOWN - HARRY SHOOTS UP THE SHAFT ON THE CABLE**

as **bullets SPARK** around him and he **passes the plutonium**, bouncing around the shaft on its way down -- until --

AT THE TOP OF THE MAINTENANCE SHAFT - HARRY

is jerked to a halt when the cable LOCKS at the shaft's edge, but Rachel is there to help him onto the concrete -- as --

INSIDE THE PIPE - THE ELEVATOR CAGE FALLS AWAY

from its runners and **into the pipe, tumbling toward Joshua** --

-- Joshua **tangles in the cage** as it **falls back into the vertical shaft** -- Joshua and the cage **CRASH** sixty feet down against the emergency gate, by the fallen plutonium buttons --



-- the falling button bounces right behind it -- as --

ON TOP OF THE MAINTENANCE SHAFT - HARRY

is dazed, but there's no time to waste. He yanks Rachel away --

HARRY

Run --

Rachel runs with Harry, but looks confused --

RACHEL

Okay -- I didn't pay attention to anything  
in seventh grade --

(worried)

-- is it going to explode?

HARRY

-- worse --

AT THE BOTTOM - JOSHUA'S POV - THE EXPOSED PLUTONIUM BUTTON

is dropping directly toward him --

HIGH ANGLE ON JOSHUA AND CAGE - THE PLUTONIUM BUTTON

finally reaches bottom -- as it lands, it makes contact with the other exposed button --

-- and in a silent but blinding FLASH OF LIGHT, the exposed plutonium goes critical -- the searing light fills the shaft --

ON TOP OF THE CONCRETE SPILLWAY - HARRY AND RACHEL

are running back from the opening -- and Harry shoves Rachel down behind a rock, shielding both of them as the light and radiation from the critical reaction BLASTS out of the shaft!

CLOSE ON HARRY AND RACHEL BEHIND THE ROCKS

They have landed together in a heap, safely shielded -- Harry lets out a sigh of relief as the light from the reaction fades.

CUT TO:

INT. DAM ROADWAY - NIGHT - THE AFTERMATH

is in full bloom: helicopters circle the area, searching for other terrorists, and television crews have arrived -- there are reporters everywhere. We find a NEST AGENT addressing a group of TELEVISION REPORTERS shouting questions:

NEST AGENT

-- the nuclear component of this incident is as follows: two plutonium bars were exposed to each other, but there was no explosion -- repeat, no explosion. When you put more than one segment of plutonium into a confined space, they go into a critical reaction that releases an intense but brief burst of radiation --

REPORTER (O.S.)  
What's the environmental impact?

NEST AGENT  
Manageable. The burst irradiated only a small, replacable segment of the dam. The situation could have easily been much worse -- even catastrophic --

Off to one side of the chaos, we find

HARRY

waiting nervously as a NEST Emergency Medical Technician runs a geiger counter over his body. Finally --

EMT  
Okay -- you're clean.

Before Harry can even sigh in relief --

FORSTER (O.S.)  
That's a hell of a lot more than we can say for this dam. Disaster tends to follow you around, doesn't it, Macneill?

**FORSTER**

An arrogant FBI agent in his fifties shows up to take charge.

FORSTER  
It'll cost millions to replace that spillway.

HARRY  
It would've cost a hell of a lot more to replace the whole Tennessee River.

Harry moves past Rachel, who has heard this. Harry sees --

AT THE TOP OF THE SPILLWAY CHUTE - EMERGENCY TECHNICIANS

in radiation suits bring up Joshua. Because of his exposure, he's tented in a plastic sheet. We see he's suffered the effects of a 1,000 curie blast -- his skin is blistered, his eyes see nothing, and he's weakened to the brink of death.

As they raise him up, Harry walks over. The stretcher is lain down on the concrete, as the EMTs move away for a moment to get a gurney. Harry kneels down to speak through the tenting --

HARRY  
I know you didn't steal the plutonium. If you were smart enough to do that, you'd be smart enough to know how to handle it. Who set this up?

JOSHUA  
(disoriented, raspy)  
-- an angel -- brought us the vials. He told us how -- to fulfill God's destiny --

HARRY  
 But history should record the name of the  
 angel who fulfilled that destiny. Right?  
 (presses)  
 Who planned this?

JOSHUA  
 (weakening)  
 He gave us the vials. But he said he  
 din't -- want no credit for it. He said --  
 the details were worked out by the best --

HARRY  
Who?

JOSHUA  
 -- Mac -- Macneill. It was planned by --  
 Harry Macneill.

Weakened, he collapses back, unconscious, as the EMTs return to  
 wheel him off -- as they haul him away, we see --

-- Harry's look of absolute astonishment. Our VIEW MOVES TO --

**A DIGITIZED VIDEOCAMERA VIEW OF HARRY**

as he looks at Joshua being taken away. The CAMERA SHUTS DOWN --  
 and the cameraman, disguised but unmistakable, is

**PARRISH**

standing back with the bystanders, holding a video camera.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - CAPITOL HILL - SUNRISE

Business is starting early in the capitol -- but we CUT TO:

INT. THE SENATE - IN A HALLWAY - DAY - HARRY

walks, exhausted, clutching a notebook. He hasn't had time to  
 change or sleep, and looks as battered as he did at the dam, so  
 he draws derisive looks from AIDES moving through the halls.

AT AN OUTER OFFICE - HARRY

walks in, shoves past an ASSISTANT, and sees Senator Everett,  
 who is in front of a mirror, running an electric razor over his  
 chin. He shuts it off, first startled, then amused.

EVERETT  
 Mr. Macneill. I'd say you got this process  
 in reverse order. I'm supposed to destroy  
 your career and humiliate you, then you're  
 supposed to turn into a shabby drunk.

Harry just takes the razor, and BUZZES it across his chin.

EVERETT  
 If you're here to make a last plea, it's  
 too late. My press conference is in --

EVERETT

(checks watch)  
 -- three minutes. Would you mind coming  
 along as a visual aid?

HARRY

Love to. I want something in return.  
 (flips binder at Everett)  
 My salary is okay as it is. But I need my  
 operational budget doubled for next year.

A derisive laugh explodes from Everett --

EVERETT

There is absolutely nothing that can  
 prevent me from finally ridding this  
 country's taxpayers of this boondoggle --

Harry flips a folded newspaper at Everett -- he opens it --

THE FRONT PAGE OF "USA TODAY"

shouts "**NUCLEAR CATASTROPHE AVERTED AT DAM**", with color photos  
 of the aftermath, including Harry with FBI agents. Everett's jaw  
 drops and his lips move as he reads it -- and we --

CUT TO:

**A TELEVISION SCREEN - EVERETT IS ON A PODIUM**

-- all smiles, booming behind a set of microphones --

EVERETT (ON TELEVISION)

I previously called this press conference  
 to announce that, with the guidance and  
 support of the Armed Services Committee,  
 the Worst Case Scenario Directorate has  
 become one of the federal government's  
 most respected tools of law enforcement --

A loud bunch of HOOTS take us out of the report -- and into --

THE WORST CASE DIRECTORATE MEDIA ROOM - THE TECHNICIANS

are eating lunch and watching this report on CNN. Keith is the  
 most astonished of all by this, ticking off four fingers --

KEITH

Amazing. I count four lies already, and he  
 isn't halfway done with the sentence yet --

As Everett's bullshit continues on screen, and he calls Harry  
 forward for an awkward handshake --

-- in the doorway, the real Harry walks in. The techies applaud,  
 and Harry bows with mock humility.

KEITH

I have to resign. I can't think of  
 anything worse than shaking hands with  
 that guy.

HARRY

I can. I have to ride the Metroliner with him up to New York tonight so he can show me off at a campaign dinner.

(to techies)

But the good news is, we're funded for the next three years. So quit looking for jobs, and start looking for trouble.

The techies in the room CHEER -- and Harry, his happy expression dropping a notch, waves Keith out of the room.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY - KEITH

is seated at the other end of Harry's desk, surprised --

KEITH

He said that you planned the attack.

(Harry nods)

Well, look, he just got his brain microwaved on the one thousand curie setting. He heard your name, he was delirious, maybe he's got a better sense of humor than you --

Harry slides a report across the desk at Keith.

HARRY

I did plan the attack. Right down to the letter, four years ago. With Parrish.

Keith starts flipping through the pages, and pales --

HARRY

Target a facility with lousy security. Obtain the plutonium. Find a nut group that thinks the world is due to end and would be happy to give it a nudge, then point them in the right direction. The whole goddamn thing is there.

KEITH

Holy shit --

(realizes how big this is)

You think somebody's running around with a leaked copy of all the scenarios you and Parrish came up with?

(beat)

Let's say it's true. We flag all the major scenarios from his tenure in the agency --

HARRY

Starting where? He got recruited into the agency straight out of Stanford -- he designed worst-cases for twenty years --

KEITH

Then I suggest that, barring proof, you treat this as a coincidence.

Harry takes a breath -- calms down --

KEITH

The whole purpose of this agency is to come up with scenarios that might happen. You can't get too surprised when one does. We warn each target, public or private, when we find a possible threat, right?

(beat)

And almost every one of them responds by saying, "That'll never happen, and your solution is too expensive" -- right? So if we start yelling about this now, it's not going to make any difference -- right?

(beat)

All of which leaves us with one choice.

Harry exhales in frustration --

HARRY

We wait.

(beat)

We wait and see if any more of our big ideas make it out into the real world.

CUT TO:

INT. WORST CASE DIRECTORATE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Harry moves past an armed MILITARY GUARD, and at a thick vault door, Harry swipes a smart card through a magnetic lock, followed by a code number on a keypad. The door opens -- and

INSIDE THE VAULT - A HUGE STORAGE WAREHOUSE

is full of with neatly packed boxes, all sealed with tape that reads "TOP SECRET - LEVEL ONE CLEARANCE ONLY". Harry knows exactly what he's after -- he weaves through the maze of pallets and shelves, reaching a pile of boxes labelled:

**BUSINESS AND PERSONAL EFFECTS - THOMAS PARRISH**

As Harry reaches down for the top box, we CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - ON HARRY'S DESK - PARRISH'S COMPUTER

is up and running. Harry is frozen, staring at the monitor --

ON THE MONITOR - A DIRECTORY OF FILES SCANS DOWN

-- there are thousands listed under headings like "**ELECTRONIC WARFARE**", "**CONVENTIONAL EXPLOSIVES**", "**NEURAL TOXINS**", "**TREATY-BANNED WEAPONRY**", "**NUCLEAR WEAPONRY**", and so on.

ON HARRY'S FACE

His tired-yet-wired look tells us he's been at this for hours.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN - EXTREME CLOSEUP ON TEXT

-- our view is filled with the words, scanning across --

**fatal neural toxin made from three common pesticides**

ON HARRY'S FACE

-- Harry scans to another scenario -- the only sound in the room is the CRACKLING of the hard drive and a CLICKING mouse --

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN - EXTREME CLOSEUP ON TEXT

-- with each click, we see a different, disturbing sentence --

**fuel-air explosive weapon smuggled into Olympic Stadium via**

-- click --

**emergency medical crews unprepared. Deaths of ten thousand**

-- click --

**total destruction of Chicago financial district worsened by**

-- click --

**long term effects would make Miami permanently uninhabitable**

-- click --

**would turn Air Force One into a platform to attack the U.S.**

-- click --

**single incident would kill millions via chain reaction that**

-- click -- and return to --

HARRY'S ASHEN FACE

as he keeps scanning through -- with another click --

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN - CLOSE UP ON TEXT

**irreversible effect would kill eighty percent of U.S. populace**

-- the close up text suddenly CUTS TO:

INT. **UNION STATION** - DAY - PLATFORM - THE SCHEDULING BOARD

flips its letters over, announcing "METROLINER 602 - NEW YORK CITY - BOARDING TRACK 13". Harry, obviously late, runs through the station. He stops, surprised, when he sees --

-- Rachel, waiting by the stairs, looking at her watch.

HARRY

You have to suffer through this thing too?

RACHEL

Afraid so. Forster was worried that you were getting all the credit.

They move to the stairs, but Harry freezes --

HARRY'S POV - IN THE CROWD

is a man in a coat and hat, who looks just like **Parrish** --  
ON HARRY AND RACHEL

-- she stops again, and grabs his arm --

RACHEL  
Everett's got a carload of his biggest  
contributors down there, but even he can't  
hold the train any longer --

Harry looks at Rachel -- then back at the crowd. But now there  
is no sign whatsoever of Parrish.

Harry's equally sure that it was Parrish -- and that it was  
impossible. But he snaps out of it, and follows Rachel, as --

SOMEONE ELSE'S HIGH POV - HARRY BOARDS THE TRAIN

in the First Class Car, just as it pulls out. We see --

IN THE STATION - PARRISH

is indeed the man Harry saw. He looks like any other commuter at  
an upper railing, watching the train roll out --

PARRISH'S POV - THE METROLINER PASSES UNDER A METAL FRAMEWORK

-- and as it does, a metal box the size of a footlocker  
magnetically drops to the top of the train, locking onto it.

PARRISH

satisfied the job is over, walks away. As --

EXT. MARYLAND COUNTRYSIDE - DAY - THE METROLINER TAKES A TURN

at 90 miles an hour, the pantograph bar sparking as it draws  
power from the catenary electric lines over the track. It uses  
hydraulic leaners so the train will shift against the turn.

INSIDE THE COACH CLASS BAR CAR - HARRY SITS BY A WINDOW

wearing his headset phone, looking at the screen on his palmtop  
intensely -- finally, he says:

HARRY (INTO PHONE)  
You're cheating. Your Uncle Keith wired  
this so you can see the board, right? You  
can tell me the truth, Kaylie --

We look at the screen -- it is Harry's half of an electronic  
"Battleship" game, and all his ships are unmistakably gone.

Harry looks across the bar car, and sees Rachel coming in.

HARRY (INTO PHONE)  
-- all right, all right, I'm a poor loser.  
Thanks for helping me practice.



HARRY (INTO PHONE)

(smiles)  
No -- not tonight, angel. I'm doing a favor for Senator Fathead. I've got to go now. Love you.

Harry tears off the phone as Rachel comes over with two beers.

HARRY

Thanks --

RACHEL

Thank you. I got promoted out of the transport division today.

(smiles)  
All I had to do was tell Forster about what a worthless coward you were at the dam. He moved me up two pay grades in three seconds.

(beat)  
Why does he have it in for you?

Harry's smile drops just a notch.

HARRY

He was on the response team at Boyne Lake.  
(swigs the beer)  
Somehow, he got the crazy idea that I was partly responsible for what happened.

From Harry's look, it's clear that's how he feels too. Rachel looks at Harry awkwardly. She didn't mean for this to come up.

RACHEL

(sincere)  
Listen, Harry -- I read the report on Boyne Lake. There's nothing more you could have done to prevent it --

Harry cuts her off, not angrily or bitterly, but with certainty.

HARRY

There's always something more you could do.  
(absolutely sure)  
Always.

Before this can continue, there is a sharp bump, and the train veers right -- because --

ON THE TRACK - A THROWN SWITCH

has rerouted the train from the track it's on, to another --

INSIDE THE BAR CAR - HARRY

is suspicious, while Rachel tries to grab the beers as they shoot off the table. PASSENGERS in the lounge wonder out loud: "is this a route change?" "this is new", etc. While --

INSIDE THE CONTROL CAB FOR THE TRAIN - THE ENGINEER

looks worried as he yells into the radio --

ENGINEER

-- what in the fuck are you guys doing?  
You didn't signal a change to me --

INT. UNION STATION - CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - THE LEAD TECHNICIAN

paces around the computer consoles, and in front of a wall-sized route board of the rail lines. He yells into a phone --

TECHNICIAN

-- well, I didn't clear it -- shut down,  
or slow down -- you're on a freight lane  
that can't handle a hundred miles an hour.  
(shouts at technician)  
Get the Metroliner on a side track, now --

IN THE CONTROL CAR - THE ENGINEER IS AT THE CONTROL CONSOLE

-- the digital LED speedometer reads **98 MPH**. The engineer pulls down a slider to adjust speed, but as he does, the LED goes up: **101 MPH** -- **109 MPH**. He yanks his hand off it --

ENGINEER (INTO RADIO)

-- we got trouble -- I just tried to take  
the speed down, and we're going faster --

IN THE CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - UNION STATION - THE LEAD TECHNICIAN

listens to this, his jaw dropping, as one of the technicians at another console shouts, confused and worried --

TECHNICIAN #2

-- I -- I tried to throw the switch ahead  
of the Metroliner -- it's not responding --

TECHNICIAN #3

-- same thing on the Philly train --

TECHNICIAN #4

-- and on the Baltimore shuttle -- none of  
the controls are working --

DISPATCHER

-- well, get 'em back -- or we're gonna  
have about thirty runaways.

The technicians gape at the monitor, which shows at least that many trains zipping around, uncontrolled -- as --

IN THE BAR CAR - RACHEL AND HARRY

The train's acceleration on a track that isn't designed for it causes it to vibrate wildly. Harry, worried about more than a little jolting, gets up. Rachel sees that Harry looks worried.

RACHEL

What is it?

HARRY

Deja vu.

Harry pulls on the headset phone, and hits the speed dial --

HARRY  
-- pick it up, Keith --

INSIDE THE DIRECTORATE - IN SIMULATION ROOM - CLOSE ON KEITH

who is totally focused on the screens, ignoring the BUZZING phone -- the SHOUTING coming from the screen is horrific --

KEITH'S POV - THE VIDEO SCREENS

aren't showing some top secret catastrophe -- the four wall-sized screens are simultaneously showing fight scenes from a John Woo swordplay movie, Jackie Chan's "DRUNKEN MASTER II", "LIGHTNING SWORDS OF DEATH" and a Sonny Chiba movie -- the horrible SOUNDS are the blended shouts and sound effects --

ON KEITH'S FACE

He is in a state of bliss. But the phone won't stop BUZZING --

KEITH  
Goddamn it --  
(grabs phone, shouts)  
If you want to interrupt this, it better  
be something really, really violent --

INSIDE THE TRAIN - HARRY

is walking fast through the cars, past confused passengers --

HARRY (INTO PHONE)  
Could be -- remember those old scenarios  
I was talking about?

AERIAL SHOT - THE TRAIN IS HURTLING DOWN THE TRACK

through the hills of rural Maryland -- and we see the train is heading toward a crossing on a two-lane highway --

CLOSE ON RURAL HIGHWAY CROSSING - THE SIGNALS DO NOT ACTIVATE

-- no lights, no bells, no bar -- cars blithely drive across --

INSIDE THE TRAIN'S CONTROL CAR - VIEW OUT FRONT WINDSHIELD

The train is eating track fast -- the engineer frantically tries to blow a horn, but it isn't working -- as --

ON THE HIGHWAY - A TRAILER TRUCK IS **HEADING TOWARD THE CROSSING**

-- even outside, its stereo is DEAFENING --

INSIDE THE TRUCK'S CAB - THE OBLIVIOUS DRIVER

is insulated from the world by "Folsom Prison Blues" --

INSIDE THE TRAIN - AT ENTRANCE FOR CONTROL CAR - HARRY

is stopped as Rachel catches up to him, concerned --

RACHEL  
Is this another one of your "simulations"?

HARRY

It's probably just my imagination --

Harry unlatches the door -- we see what he sees --

HARRY'S POV - OUT THE FRONT WINDSHIELD OF THE TRAIN

-- it is twenty feet and one second away from hitting the truck, close enough to see the look on the driver's face --

THE TRAIN BROADSIDES AND SMASHES THROUGH THE TRUCK

at one hundred and ten miles an hour -- the cab and trailer are thrown up in the air like a toy -- the trailer tears away from the cab as it rolls sideways, smashing onto the train --

INSIDE THE TRAIN'S CONTROL CAR - JAGGED STEEL WRECKAGE

hurtles through the windshield -- Harry and Rachel move back, but the engineer is hit --

THE TRAILER ROLLS BACK ALONG THE SIDE OF THE TRAIN

tearing it to shreds as it spins like a gigantic top --

INSIDE A PASSENGER CAR - SCREAMING PASSENGERS

are thrown out of their seats -- windows shatter and the roof dents in from the rolling trailer -- until --

THE TRAILER SPINS OFF THE SIDE OF THE TRAIN

flying twenty feet to crash into a house by the tracks --

INSIDE THE CONTROL CAR - HARRY

bends over the limp, bloodied engineer, who is clearly dead --

HARRY

-- it's definitely not my imagination.  
(into phone)

Keith -- get to Union Station, fast --

INT. A FREIGHT TRAIN - IN THE ENGINE CAR - THE ENGINEER

looks worried, because --

ENGINEER'S POV - THE TRACK IS CHANGING OFF THE RURAL ROUTE

directly toward a city, distant but visible -- as --

IN ANOTHER PASSENGER TRAIN - ANOTHER ENGINEER

is baffled by a sudden, wild track change --

INSIDE THAT TRAIN - PASSENGERS

are thrown to the side by the sudden lurch to the left -- as --

EXT. THE METROLINER IS RACING ACROSS A MARYLAND BRIDGE

It hasn't slowed down, and it is randomly switching from track to track, whipsawing under no control whatsoever -- as --

IN THE LEAD CAR - HARRY AND RACHEL

stares out the cracked windshield --

IN THE UNION STATION CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - KEITH AND GLENN

take out their Ids and race over to the lead technician, who's flustered over the fact that strangers have been brought in --

DISPATCHER

-- what the hell are you doing here?

KEITH

Easy, Tex, easy -- I'm here to keep the runaway stage from plunging off the cliff.  
(into cell phone)

Harry -- I'm in the control room.

HARRY (OVER PHONE)

How does it look?

Keith gapes at the board: red strings of lights that represent trains zip around the "tracks" chaotically, nearly missing each other at every turn -- there are dozens of out of control trains, looping in crazy, random patterns from track to track.

KEITH

Like when I used to get stoned in the dorm and play with my Etch-A-Sketch.

BETWEEN THE METROLINER CARS - HARRY

sticks his head up, looking around the roof -- one car back, he sees the metal box. He ducks back in --

INSIDE METROLINER LEAD CAR - RACHEL HELPS HARRY BACK IN

RACHEL

Did you see anything that didn't belong?

HARRY

-- yeah -- a metal box, thirty feet back --  
(into phone)

Parrish and I figured at least twenty ways to sabotage these trains. One is to put a microwave box on top of the train -- it can transmit new instructions to the control computers, or ahead to the sensors that control the track switches. I'm going up top to get the one here.

(beat)

There's probably one at the station scrambling the dispatch computers. Find it.

IN THE CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - KEITH LOOKS AT THE BOARD

with trains snaking all over the place --

KEITH

We'll look, but you're not the only runaway. The southbound Metroliner is all over the map, and so are twenty freights.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - AT A CITY STREET'S RAILROAD CROSSING

The lights and bells are silent -- cars drive across, until, without warning, a freight train smashes through the crossing and four lanes of opposing traffic at seventy miles an hour --

-- the cars are thrown up in the air, sailing into the cars behind them, creating an instant thirty-car pileup -- as --

IN THE SOUTHBOUND METROLINER - IN THE LEAD CAR

-- a different engineer can only watch helplessly as his train runs out of control, switching from track to track, while --

AT A RURAL INTERTRACK SWITCHER - TWO RAILROAD WORKERS

force a switch open by jamming a crowbar into it. As a freight arrives, its front car turns right into the side track --

AERIAL SHOT - THE FREIGHT TRAIN MOVES DOWN THE SIDE TRACK

There is a main freight track, a second side track that intersects with it at the switch, and a third, shorter track that loops back to the second track. As the freight hauls a dozen tanks of fuel --

INSIDE THE CONTROL CENTER AT UNION STATION - THE BOARD

shows that the train is safely on the second loop. Technicians CHEER: "it worked", "we did it", etc. Keith YELLS at them --

KEITH

"We" didn't do shit -- two ham and eggars with a crowbar did it.

(into phone)

Good news. We can clear some trains off the tracks. They just got a freight full of jet fuel off by jamming the switch open.

(beat)

Bad news is, we can't do it with the Metroliners -- they're moving too fast. But there's backup engines here. If someone sabotaged one, they'd have to do 'em all. I've got Glenn taking one apart.

INSIDE THE CONTROL CAB - HARRY

has the headset on, as well as a rail worker's maintenance vest full of tools. Rachel stands by the controls.

HARRY

Don't touch the controls until they can tell you where the brakes are. If I'm right, all I have to do to get control back is to cut that transmitter.

Harry's face shows how unsure he is about this, but there's no choice. A HOWLING WINDS blasts him as he climbs up -- while --

AT UNION STATION - KEITH LOOKS AT THE BOARD

The Metroliner switches toward the side track the freight's on --

ON TOP OF THE METROLINER - HARRY CLIMBS UP TO THE ROOF

and is blown down by the tearing wind, throwing gravel, dirt and leaves past at one hundred and ten miles an hour --

-- among the debris tossed up is a light strand of metal that dances across the suspended network of electrical wires, SPARKING as it flies across. Harry has to not only stay on top of the train, he has to stay under the three foot ceiling on the wires, or else he gets one hundred thousand volts --

Flattening out against the curved, ridged steel of the roof, Harry crawls toward the metal box that's one car back -- but --

THE METROLINER HITS ANOTHER TRACK SWITCH

-- the train veers unexpectedly and sharply onto a curve -- the hydraulics at the train's base tilt it into the curve --

ON TOP OF THE METROLINER - HARRY IS ROLLED ON THE TOP

as the train violently turns one way and tilts another -- he starts to roll diagonally across the roof and off the side -- on this curved, smooth steel roof, there is nothing to grip --

-- but he's able to grab the metal box for support -- he latches on, and it drags across -- but it stabilizes --

-- Harry hangs on, his feet dangling off the side -- as the train's momentum stabilizes, he pulls himself back on -- but --

INSIDE THE CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - KEITH STARES AT THE BOARD

-- because it shows that the Metroliner has just switched to the same track as the fuel freight -- it's miles behind it, but it's travelling much faster. Keith shouts into the phone --

KEITH (INTO PHONE)

-- Harry -- you're right behind that fuel freight, and you're going twice as fast --

DISPATCHER

(shouts into radio)

Freight 313, the Metroliner's coming right up your ass -- put it on full throttle --

(turns to technician)

Where's a road crew? Get 'em on the next switch to get the freight out of the way --

TECHNICIAN

(hopelessly looking at maps)

There's no way our guys'll be in time --

INSIDE THE FREIGHT'S ENGINE CAR - THE ENGINEER

looks back, scared shitless, and throws it out full throttle --

ON TOP OF THE METROLINER - HARRY SEES THE FREIGHT IS AHEAD

-- but there's nothing he can do except get into the metal box. Harry slams the side of it with a wrench -- as he does --

-- the Metroliner changes tracks again as a switch diverts it to the third side track that's parallel to the second track, separated by about thirty feet. The Metroliner is apparently no longer on a collision course with the freight --

HARRY (INTO PHONE)

-- Tell me things are improving --

IN THE CONTROL CENTER - KEITH

is staring helplessly at the board --

KEITH (INTO PHONE)

You are without a doubt the unluckiest federal employee since Custer --  
(fast)

You're routed to a side track, but it's short. It loops back to the freight track -- you're gonna broadside through the tankers --

The board shows both trains racing on a collision course --

DISPATCHER (INTO RADIO)

-- I know I said full throttle -- now you've got to go full brakes --

ENGINEER (FROM RADIO)

What am I, Casey fuckin' Jones? I'm going too fast! I'll derail if I brake like that!

DISPATCHER (INTO RADIO)

You'll crash if you don't --

AERIAL SHOT OF THE TRAINS - **THE METROLINER AND THE FREIGHT**

-- we see where the parallel tracks "Y" into one --

INSIDE THE FREIGHT'S ENGINE CAR - THE ENGINEER

frustrated and frightened, throws the full brake --

UNDER THE FREIGHT - THE BRAKES LOCK ON

screaming and sparking against the wheels of the train --

INSIDE THE METROLINER'S FIRST CLASS CAR - THE PASSENGERS

gape out the window, none more terrified than Everett, as they travel parallel to tankers that shimmy from the violent braking -- as --



ON TOP OF THE METROLINER - HARRY

sees the back of the freight is wobbling because the braking is too severe. Harry finally smashes the lid of the box open --

-- Harry's face shows he can't believe what's inside -- as --

INSIDE THE FREIGHT'S ENGINE CAR - THE ENGINEER

looks worried: he feels the **vibration** rattling the train --

ENGINEER

-- **fuck** --

The engineer leaps out of the car, rolling away -- as --

AERIAL ANGLE - **THE TRAINS ARE BOTH ALMOST UPON THE JUNCTION**

and it looks like they'll hit it at the same time -- but --

**THE LAST FUEL TANKER IN THE FREIGHT JACKKNIFES**

**from the braking** -- the tanker car derails and flips, still connected to the other cars --

INSIDE THE PASSENGER CAR ON METROLINER - VIEW ON FREIGHT TRAIN

-- the train derails in a whipsaw action from back to front, jumping the track -- the fuel in the last car ignites --

**ON TOP OF THE METROLINER** - HARRY HANGS ONTO THE BOX

-- which is empty -- the only thing inside was a note, reading:

**ZERO SOLUTION**

Harry hangs on as, by the Metroliner, the freight tanks derail and explode up to the engine like a string of firecrackers --

AERIAL SHOT - **THE TRAINS**

-- the freight fully derails just short of the juncture, the momentum still shoving it through the dirt --

-- but the exploding fuel still blasts in a straight chain reaction, tank after tank, up to the juncture --

ON METROLINER ROOF - **THE TRAIN RACES THROUGH A SURGING FIREBALL**

of exploding fuel from the tanks --

Harry braces against the box -- it's his only shield against the fire, because the hydraulics tilt it into the flames as it blasts through -- the "ZERO SOLUTION" note is incinerated --

INSIDE A PASSENGER CAR - **FLAMES SCORCH THE WINDOWS**

-- terrified, the passengers shrink away --

ON TOP OF THE METROLINER - HARRY LOOKS BACK

The fireball is behind him. He's scorched, scared, but unhurt.

HARRY (INTO PHONE)

The box was a decoy -- repeat, decoy --  
have you found anything in the other  
Metroliner?

IN THE SPARE METROLINER CAR - GLENN IS AT THE CONTROL CONSOLE  
dissecting it and wiring it into a diagnostic computer --

GLENN (INTO PHONE)

All the controls have been rerouted inside  
the hardware. You can't touch anything --  
the cabin lights might control the brakes,  
the side lights might control the speed.  
It's going to take a while to untangle.

HARRY (FROM PHONE)

-- I haven't got a while, Glenn --

IN THE CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - KEITH AND THE DISPATCHER  
cut in, holding a sheaf of technical documents --

KEITH

Harry, we've got a new idea. If you get to  
the transformer on the lead car, and cut  
the power manually, the train'll stop  
dead. Can you do it?

ON THE METROLINER ROOF - HARRY

wonders exactly that. The Metroliner's transformer is ahead of  
him, atop the lead car -- but it's a ten-by-twelve bed of  
electricity, fueled by the pantograph drawing power from the  
lines above. Getting into it without frying would be hard enough  
standing still -- he has to do it at 110 miles an hour.

AERIAL SHOT - HARRY CRAWLS ATOP THE TRAIN

as it tears across a Baltimore bridge over a river.

IN THE LEAD CAR - RACHEL LOOKS AHEAD DOWN THE TRACKS

-- and suddenly ducks, throwing herself below the windshield --

-- we see why -- a railroad maintenance car is ahead, loaded  
with three-foot replacement rails for the wire supports --

THE TRAIN SMASHES THROUGH THE MAINTENANCE CAR

hurling it up in a wad of twisted metal -- but worse --

-- the full load of three dozen metal rails fly up over the  
train, crashing down against the roof at wild angles --

ON THE TRAIN'S ROOF - HARRY

looks ahead, wild-eyed, because --

HARRY'S POV - THE RAILS ARE RAINING DOWN

It's bad enough to just have twenty-five pound spikes showering at this speed, but they are electrified while in the wires --

-- they sweep toward Harry, literally, like lightning rods -- caught in the wires, they could fry him and sweep him off --

OVERHEAD SHOT OF ROOF - HARRY ROLLS TO ONE SIDE

to avoid an electrified rail, then instantly has to roll back the other way to avoid another dragging against the train --

HARRY'S POV - AN IMPENETRABLE TANGLE OF RAILS IS DEAD AHEAD

and coming up fast -- there are too many to avoid --

ON THE ROOF - HARRY

flattens out as much as he can -- and the sparking, cracking rails pass one half inch over him as the train sweeps under --

-- and an instant later, he's past all of the rails.

AERIAL SHOT - HARRY CROUCHES UP AND MOVES FORWARD

toward the lead car -- he reaches the gap between the cars, and jumps to the back of the lead car -- Harry lands roughly, flat on the back of the car's roof -- ashen, he looks ahead --

HARRY (INTO PHONE)

I'm at the transformer -- now what?

KEITH (OVER PHONE)

You want the striped, silver cable coming off the pantograph -- cut through it, but make sure you're insulated. Don't forget, there's a hell of a lot of electricity running through this thing.

HARRY (INTO PHONE)

Thanks. I'll try to remember that.

Harry looks at the transformer: its rails leave no room to move around the machinery. The cable is in front -- he has to get over the electrified machinery to cut it.

HARRY CROUCHES ON THE METROLINER ROOF

and tentatively puts his foot on the rear rail -- one of the only surfaces that isn't electrified -- finally --

-- Harry leaps ahead from the rail into the midst of the machinery, landing with one foot on a ceramic insulator --

-- without breaking momentum, he leaps over the machinery, and under the pantograph, to land onto the front of the engine car --

Harry lands on his side -- the windwash almost blows him back into the electrified machinery, but he grabs the front rail --

-- steadying himself, he pulls on a pair of insulated work gloves, and crouches in front of the striped cable. Harry gets out a heavy pair of wire cutters, and poises them over the cable -- the blades start to pinch through -- but --

GLENN (O.S., ON PHONE)  
Harry, don't cut that cable --

Harry's hand freezes --

IN THE UNION STATION METROLINER CAR - GLENN  
scans the diagnostic computer --

GLENN  
The rewiring's set so that if power is cut manually, it'll activate the brakes on the left side only -- the train'll flip over --

ON TOP OF THE TRAIN - HARRY

is drained. This couldn't be going any worse.

KEITH (O.S., ON PHONE)  
Uh, Harry -- we've got another problem --

IN THE CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - KEITH STARES AT THE BOARD

KEITH  
The southbound Metroliner just got routed onto your track. You're going head on in about three minutes, so you'd better have a good idea or some last words --

AERIAL SHOT - A BRIDGE OVER A MARYLAND RIVER - **BOTH TRAINS**  
speed toward one another, two hundred feet over the water --

ON TOP OF THE TRAIN - HARRY

hangs on, desperate, his mind racing --

HARRY (INTO PHONE)  
Glenn, what have you got on the brakes?

GLENN (OVER PHONE)  
I've got about twenty ways to dim the lights and sound the siren, but no brakes yet. He could have hidden it anywhere --

Realization dawns on Harry's face -- he knows where it is --

HARRY  
Have you tried turning the accelerator up?

GLENN (O.S., ON PHONE)  
(sharp)  
Yeah -- it makes the train go faster. It's the only thing that does work right --

HARRY  
That's exactly why he'd put the brakes  
there. It'd be his way of hiding it in  
plain sight --

GLENN (O.S., ON PHONE)  
Whose way?

HARRY (OVER PHONE)  
Just do it, goddamn it -- all the way up --

IN THE SPARE METROLINER CAR - GLENN

shoves the slider. The speedometer races up -- **119 MPH** -- **127 MPH** -- when it hits **130 MPH**, the BRAKE INDICATOR lights up --

GLENN (INTO PHONE)  
-- That's it -- brakes kick in at 130 --

IN THE CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - KEITH

motions to the dispatcher, who radios the engineers --

KEITH (INTO PHONE)  
-- we're telling the engineers -- Harry,  
you've got to get off the top, now --

ON TOP OF THE TRAIN - HARRY

looks back -- there's not a chance he can get back over the  
transformer machinery and to the door fast enough --

HARRY (INTO PHONE)  
-- don't wait for me --

Harry takes the length of chain coiled around his vest, and --

INSIDE THE SOUTHBOUND METROLINER - THE ENGINEER

can't believe what he's been told, but he has no choice -- he  
shoves the slider up, and it goes to **121 MPH** -- **125 MPH** -- as

ON TOP OF THE LEAD CAR - HARRY

is rapidly tying off the chain onto the front roof rail --

IN THE NORTHBOUND METROLINER - RACHEL ACCELERATES THE TRAIN

The engine ROARS beyond full power -- **127 MPH** -- **129 MPH** --

ON TOP OF THE LEAD CAR - HARRY

fastens the chain around his chest, and grips the chain with  
gloved hands, waiting, terrified, for the impact --

CLOSE ON THE SOUTHBOUND SPEEDOMETER

-- it digitally clicks to **130 MPH** -- while --

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON THE NORTHBOUND SPEEDOMETER

as it ticks over to **130 MPH** --

**AERIAL SHOT - BOTH TRAINS' BRAKES ACTIVATE**

with a horrible SCREECHING of steel against wheels --

ON TOP OF THE NORTHBOUND - **HARRY IS THROWN FORWARD BY THE SHOCK**

-- he is **suspended ahead of the train by the shock of impact, spinning and twisting on the end of the ten foot chain** -- as --

INSIDE THE NORTHBOUND TRAIN - **PASSENGERS**

are **thrown ahead against seats, against walls** -- this isn't a crash, but it's the next best thing --

AERIAL SHOT OF BRIDGE - **THE TRAINS STILL SPEED TOWARD EACH OTHER**

The brakes kick in, but it's a long way down from 130 MPH --

ON TOP OF THE NORTHBOUND TRAIN - **THE PANTOGRAPH IS KNOCKED LOOSE**

**by the impact -- it drops down like a hammer toward Harry** --

-- Harry can only watch as the bar **misses him and clatters away onto the bridge** -- and **the pantograph smashes through the railing the chain was tied to** -- the chain whips away, freed --

Harry feels the slack and **lets go** of the now-useless chain -- before the inertia throws him off, he **grabs the edge of the roof** and hangs on, nothing supporting him but his fingertips --

INSIDE THE NORTHBOUND METROLINER - RACHEL LOOKS OUT THE FRONT

-- aside from the fast-approaching train, she sees Harry, plastered across the front like a bug on a windshield --

Rachel **climbs on top of the controls** -- she sticks her arm through a hole in the windshield to **grab Harry's shoulder** --

AERIAL SHOT OF BRIDGE - **THE TRAINS**

are braking **and** shaking, in just as much danger of derailing and dropping off the bridge as from the imminent collision --

ON THE FRONT OF THE TRAIN - HARRY HANGS ONTO THE ROOF

with one hand and **reaches in the train** with his other arm, **holding Rachel's arm just as she's gripping his** --

Harry and Rachel face each other, separated by the fractured windshield -- **the trains are almost upon one another** -- the steel **SCREECH** of the brakes is DEAFENING -- Harry turns --

HARRY'S POV - **THE FRONT OF THE APPROACHING METROLINER**

is **one hundred feet away** --

**EXTREME CLOSEUP OF HARRY'S FACE**

Harry grimaces and shuts his eyes, waiting for the impact -- but there a moment later, just **silence** that is finally broken by the loud **CHUFF** of brakes releasing --

-- Harry forces his eyes open --

ON THE BRIDGE - THE METROLINERS ARE EIGHTEEN INCHES APART

-- so close that Harry has trouble squeezing out between the two windshields to lower himself shakily to the track.

Harry leans against the girders and looks down at the river, exhausted, taking a deep, deep breath. Rachel joins him, and a half-dozen news helicopters SWARM around the tracks as we --

CUT TO:

INT. "TRANSISTOR SHACK" STORE - DAY - A STACK OF DISPLAY TVS

are all tuned to the news, showing a medley of destruction -- the trains smashing through traffic and through each other --

-- and nearby, Parrish pays it little attention -- he's idly spinning a rack of ten dollar handheld videogames. Behind him, an amused CLERK patiently rings up a pile of various electronic parts: radio equipment, a satellite relay, circuits, etc.

CLERK

This'll keep you out of trouble for a while. You into planes?

(off Parrish's wary look)

You know -- models? Remotes?

(mimes "plane" with hand)

The radio-controlled jobbies? We sell a lot of that stuff.

Parrish pulls out one of the games, and puts it on the counter.

PARRISH

No. I used to have a set of trains.

(idly looks at catalog)

I think I'll pass. These aren't big enough.

CUT TO:

INT. MACNEILL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - MARGARET

gapes at the TV, wide-eyed, as the china cup she holds with one hand rattles against her saucer. The TV shows choppy, chaotic news footage of Harry riding the train --

-- and the front door opens. Harry, who wouldn't look any rougher if the train had crashed, comes in with Rachel.

MAGGIE

(stands up, worried)

Are you all right? You look terrible --

Though exhausted, Harry immediately heads for the stairs --

HARRY

I'm fine, Maggie -- this is Rachel Spence.

(indicates television)

Kaylie hasn't seen any of this, has she?

MAGGIE

No -- she's been in bed for hours now.

Harry starts up the stairs, and turns to Rachel --

HARRY

I'll be back in a second.

FOLLOWING SHOT UP THE STAIRS - HARRY RACES DOWN THE HALLWAY

to Kaylie's room. He opens the door, finding Kaylie, wadded up at the foot of the bed and Drake perched comfortably on the pillows. Both look up, sleepy-eyed, at the intrusion.

KAYLIE

Hi, Daddy --

(yawns)

-- did you save anybody today?

Harry grins, and walks over to the bed --

HARRY

Yeah. I'm saving you from this miserable, thieving, pillow-poaching hound --

(snaps, points to foot of bed)

Come on, Drake. This is where the dog goes.

Harry pets the dog as it moves down -- and --

DOWNSTAIRS - IN THE LIVING ROOM - RACHEL

stares at a wall crowded with family photos. Many show Harry and Kaylie at her current age, but only a few show Harry, another woman, and Kaylie as an infant. Rachel figures it out, as --

MAGGIE (O.S.)

(quietly)

Her name was Jane.

Margaret returns from the kitchen. Both keep their voices low --

RACHEL

How did it happen?

MAGGIE

An auto accident. Five years ago.

BACK IN KAYLIE'S BEDROOM - HARRY AND KAYLIE COMPLETE A HUG

-- but as Kaylie settles down and Harry pulls up the covers, she notices how he looks, and smells, wrinkling her nose.

KAYLIE

Did they make you shovel coal on the train?

HARRY

Nah -- they just ran out of room and made me ride on top for a little while --

(kisses her)

Goodnight, angel.



OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - A MOMENT LATER - HARRY AND RACHEL

walk to her car, parked in the driveway. Rachel stops before getting into her car. Something's on her mind.

RACHEL  
Can I ask you something? Something personal?

Harry's taken off guard, but he nods yes --

RACHEL  
Did you ever think of working some place not quite so dangerous?

HARRY  
Ordinarily the biggest danger at work is carpal tunnel syndrome. This has been kind of a big week.

RACHEL  
All I meant was -- you've got a sweet little girl in there.  
(serious)  
Kaylie shouldn't lose both her parents.

Harry considers a moment before answering.

HARRY  
Did you ever wish that you didn't know something? That you could just pull it out of your head somehow?

(tired)  
I wish I didn't know lots of things. I wish I didn't know hundreds of ways to kill thousands of people. I wish I didn't know that any of them could happen any time, and that we've got no protection against most of them, and that nobody's doing a damn thing about it. And I wish I didn't know what it's like to watch three hundred people die because you couldn't do enough to save them.

(beat)  
I wish I could forget it all, just for a day, but I can't.

(beat)  
Good night, Rachel.

Harry heads into the house, and Rachel drives away, as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WORST CASE DIRECTORATE - MAIN ENTRANCE - MORNING - HARRY

is there early -- in fact, he's the first one there. As he swipes a smart card through, and keys in an entry code --

IN THE VIDEO SIMULATION ROOM - THE VIDEO EQUIPMENT **ACTIVATES**

and starts downloading computer photos, indistinct at first --

IN THE HALLS - HARRY

walks through, the only person there -- so it strikes him as odd that he hears the sim room running. He turns toward it --

IN THE VIDEO SIMULATION ROOM - HARRY WALKS IN

-- first puzzled, then sickened, because the screens show --

-- on one, a wall-sized black and white photo of a bomb crater in a Prague city street, surrounded by dead and dying people --

-- on another, a field of dead bodies in South America --

-- a third download weaves a shot of a plane crash in Asia --

-- the last blurry shot is from video taken in the gas plant: a freeze-frame of the last second before Diane was incinerated --

Harry steps into this parade of horrors toward the keyboard -- but when he touches one key, all the screens dump out at once.

CLOSE ON HARRY'S FACE

-- what he's thinking is plain. Any doubt he had is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. WORST CASE DIRECTORATE - CONFERENCE ROOM - HARRY

is sitting at a table -- nearby are Glenn, Rachel and Forster are there as well -- and Forster looks very impatient.

HARRY

I know who's behind the dam incident. It's the same man who sabotaged the Metroliners.

(beat)

It's Thomas Parrish. He's alive.

FORSTER

You called the Bureau in for this?

(explodes)

Jesus Christ -- I knew you were crazy, but this is the fucking limit --

HARRY

His autopsy checked out as suicide. They had bone and tissue samples from the wreckage of the boat for a genetic match. But I checked the M.E. report. The samples were pieces you could remove from your own body, and live without --

(checks autopsy report)

-- multiple strips of skin, several molars, a pint of blood --

FORSTER

(disbelieving)

So let me get this right -- he tore this stuff off his body and planted it in the boat so the ID would be positive?

HARRY

He knew enough about autopsies to satisfy a coroner, and enough about accident investigation to put them where they'd be found. I saw the explosion. I heard him on the phone. His life was destroyed.

(beat)

Who was going to question the autopsy?

FORSTER

That's a hell of a lot of trouble for someone who had nothing to live for.

HARRY

He had something to live for. This. The dam, the trains -- those were both scenarios we'd worked out, and he played them out to the letter. And believe me, he's got a million where they came from.

(beat)

What's worse is, he knows the planned solutions to the scenarios. He can improve them, and use decoys.

GLENN

It's even worse than that. Parrish designed our computer database to have a back door into every federal computer system. The potential for cyberwarfare is tremendous.

Forster is rolling his eyes, but Rachel is more interested --

FORSTER

You haven't got any proof --

HARRY

I saw him yesterday, from the train --

FORSTER

Uh-huh. Did anybody else?

HARRY

He left a note on the train. He sent me computer downloads, including a picture of his wife, right before she died.

FORSTER

So where are they?

Harry is stuck -- he knows how lame this sounds --

HARRY

The note went up in smoke on the train. The downloads vanished when I tried saving them.

FORSTER

Sure. I've got to run, Batman. You let me know if the Riddler sends you a new puzzle.

Before Forster can take Rachel out of the room -- Keith bursts in, out of breath, in a biking outfit, clutching a helmet.

KEITH

Sorry I'm late. The roads are really jammed up -- for some reason, no one wants to take the trains today.

(catches his breath)

I've just been to Union Station. You know what it took to cause about ten million dollars in damage yesterday?

Keith pulls out an envelope, and shakes it out onto the table -- eight computer chips plink and bounce around.

KEITH

About twenty bucks in computer chips. Three of them went into the Metroliner control cars. The rest went into dispatch computers.

RACHEL

How could anybody physically break into all those systems to install the chips?

KEITH

That's the beautiful part. Nobody had to break into anything.

(beat)

The chips were installed six weeks ago by the in-house maintenance guys as a part of a routine upgrade.

Harry's eyes light up at this --

HARRY

Who sold them the chips?

Keith pulls out a receipt, grinning --

KEITH

One year ago, a mail-order computer supply house underbid the competition for Amtrak's business by sixty percent -- and --

(lets it drop)

-- the address is local.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY - A METRO TRAIN

chugs out on an elevated track, past a dingy three-story warehouse on a corner by the station. It's worn and torn, but oddly, the top story is lined with reflective windows --

INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE - ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WINDOWS

The one-way glass, floor to ceiling on each wall, provides an unobstructed high view of all streets leading toward it.

This loft, which is a single, enormous room, is a workshop.

Some tables are full of electronic gear, others have chemical mixes, and on still others are two dozen running computers, all hooked into phone lines, all hooked to a master station.

Near that is a pile of federal Ids that run through a magnetic striper hooked up to the computers to program codes into them. They all look perfect. We finally find --

#### PARRISH

His face is in a metal device wired into the computers. He keeps one eye open, as a laser scanner sweeps across it. A nearby screen shows: "**RETINAL IDENTIFICATION SCAN RECORDED**".

When a computer BEEPS, Parrish gets up to look at it. As he passes other computers, we see each is tied to a different federal agency: big ones like the Navy, Air Force, CIA, and smaller ones like ATF, CDC, Department of Energy. Parrish stops at the one BEEPING: it's tied into the FBI network.

THE SCREEN - **AN FBI DISPATCH LOG READS:**

**1600 HOURS - STRIKE PERSONNEL TO 7121 JACOB AVENUE**

**RESOURCES: THIRTY-TWO AGENTS            TWO HELICOPTERS**

#### PARRISH

looks up from the screen, as unconcerned as if he were ordering the strike himself -- out one of the windows, he can see, that a helicopter is indeed on the way, as well as a caravan of federal sedans speeding from each road toward him.

Parrish walks over to the main terminal to type in commands, and "**C4 SEQUENCE - INITIATED**" appears on screen.

Parrish picks up a duffel bag, and calmly walks out, as all the computers furiously exchange information and commands with their federal networks -- as --

#### OUTSIDE PARRISH'S BUILDING - **THE FBI STRIKE TEAM**

arrives all at once -- a dozen cars BRAKE to a halt, agents in kevlar vests and blue jackets with the gold **FBI** legend on the back roll out, the helicopter starts circling the building --

-- at the lead car, Forster, clearly in charge, grabs a radio and starts waving men toward the entrance --

-- from one of the cars, Harry and Rachel follow and run in, guns out, behind the four lead agents -- as --

#### INSIDE THE BUILDING - IN A STAIRCASE - PARRISH

moves down with the bag on his shoulder, as casually as if he were going to catch a cab. He stops in a lower room, as --

#### AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE - **THE LEAD AGENTS CHARGE UP THE STAIRS**

to the top level. Harry and Rachel are right behind -- at the second level, they kick into a sealed, darkened room --

-- darkened, except for a a blinking red light on a package of plastic explosive that's wired up to the ceiling --

Harry and Rachel look at each other, surprised -- as --

**ON THE TOP LEVEL - PAN DOWN THE ROW OF COMPUTERS**

Each screen says, in succession, **TRANSMISSION COMPLETE** -- as --

**IN THE SECOND LEVEL - RACHEL**

runs for the wire, pulling a knife out of her vest and snapping it open as she does -- she's almost to it -- as --

**ON THE THIRD LEVEL - THE LEAD AGENTS**

are bursting up the stairs and into the workshop -- and --

**ON THE ROW OF COMPUTERS**

We finish that PAN we started -- at the end of the computers is a thickly wadded pile of plastic explosives --

**IN THE SECOND LEVEL - RACHEL SAWS THE WIRE WITH HER KNIFE**

-- she cuts through and yanks out the bottom of the wire, as the top part SPARKS against her knife -- as --

**IN THE THIRD LEVEL - THE BOMB DETONATES**

in a **FIREBALL that blows back the four lead agents** --

**IN THE STAIRWAY - OTHER AGENTS ARE BLASTED DOWN**

by the force of the explosion and flying debris --

**OUTSIDE THE BUILDING - FORSTER**

looks up, his jaw dropping, because the explosion is blowing up the entire third story -- he grabs the radio --

FORSTER

Pull back! Pull back! Everybody out!

**IN THE SECOND LEVEL - HARRY AND RACHEL**

seem okay -- the room is rattled, dust rains down. Rachel's been knocked to her feet by a closet -- Harry helps her up.

HARRY

Are you all right?

RACHEL

Yeah -- I guess we missed him --

As Harry helps her up, something catches his eye in the closet.

HARRY

-- no -- he's still here --

Harry runs like hell out the door -- as

OUTSIDE THE BUILDING - THE SURVIVING AGENTS STRUGGLE OUT

The ones able to walk help the ones who can't out the door --

IN THE STAIRWELL - HARRY

paces down the stairs -- as --

IN THE SECOND LEVEL - RACHEL

stands up, looks in the closet, and sees what Harry saw --

It is stocked with every federal raid jacket imaginable: FBI, DEA, ATF, with kevlar vests and caps hanging nearby --

OUTSIDE THE BUILDING - **PARRISH**

is one of the "agents", in an FBI jacket, cap and sunglasses, helping a badly injured genuine agent out of the building. As he turns the man over to another pair of agents by a car --

-- Parrish easily slips into the growing bedlam of bystanders.

AT THE BUILDING'S ENTRANCE - **HARRY RUNS OUT**

-- breathless, scanning in each direction -- there is nothing. Men in blue jackets, sunglasses and caps, injured and uninjured, move in every direction. Harry moves into the chaos, grabbing jackets, tearing off hats -- but none are Parrish. We go to --

**PARRISH'S HIGH POV OF HARRY** - FROM METRO WINDOW

Thirty feet above, from a grimy Metro window, he can see Harry finally being forcibly restrained by two FBI agents --

ON A METRO WINDOW - PARRISH

looks down, now obviously without his federal jacket. The train pulls out of the station and speeds away -- as we CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BUILDING - A LITTLE LATER - AMBULANCES ARRIVE

to treat the wounded. Bomb squad members scan for more traps, as other agents inventory items from inside. One AGENT comes up to Forster, carrying a charred wastebasket --

AGENT

Looks like he left in a hurry. He started a fire, but this didn't burn.

The agent hands some wadded, burnt pages to Forster.

CLOSE ON FORSTER'S HAND - THE NOTES

The first note is scrawled on a partly burned envelope:

**TWA #848 7:20PM 7/3 DULLES**

The second is really just a torn corner of legal pad:

**IMPLEMENTED C4 SCENARIO**

Forster hands the notes back to the agent --

FORSTER

Good work. Get a squad prepped for Dulles.  
I want to see just who this fucker is.

Harry is not far away -- he hears this --

HARRY

You think that note wasn't planted there?  
(Forster turns)  
Parrish had doctorates in chemistry,  
physics, and electrical engineering. I  
think he knew how to work a book of  
matches. He's also a specialist in psyops.  
This is a decoy.

FORSTER

We'll stick with this. Anytime somebody's  
thinking about C-4 and Dulles Airport at  
the same time, we like to follow up on it.

HARRY

Parrish'll be anywhere but Dulles --

FORSTER

(furious)  
I haven't seen any proof that "Parrish"  
exists anyplace outside of your fucking  
skull. As far as I can see, except for  
getting innocent people killed, all these  
"scenarios" of yours aren't worth shit.  
(turns to several agents)  
Get this asshole out of here.

Two agents grab Harry by the arms to hustle him away, but Harry  
shakes them off and heads back to his car himself.

CUT TO:

INT. WORST CASE DIRECTORATE - SIMULATION ROOM - HARRY AND KEITH

sit in the midst of the wall-sized screens. They show diagrams  
of planes with optimal spots for bomb placement; a list of  
chemical elements of C-4, and tracked sales of it; and photos of  
airline crashes.

KEITH

I think Bugs Bunny said it best --  
(beat)  
-- I give up, Doc, on account of I can't  
fight such genius no more.

HARRY

There has to be something we're not  
getting.

Harry hears a noise, and turns to see Rachel walking in.

HARRY

It's almost six. Why aren't you at Dulles?



RACHEL

Same reason you're not. It's a snipehunt.  
(walks up)  
What've you got so far?

HARRY

Absolute zero. I've run about two hundred scenarios involving C-4 and airports.  
(frustrated)  
It could be any of them, or none of them. But I know he left the notes for a reason. He never did anything without a reason.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - AT SECURITY STATION - PARRISH

is mildly disguised, walking through a metal detector -- nothing on him sets off the detector. As he passes, a SECURITY WORKER takes the duffel bag off the conveyor belt.

SECURITY WORKER

Could you open this, sir?

PARRISH

Sure --

Parrish zips it open, and the worker finds the contents of an average carry-on: a radio, a book, and the handheld videogame we saw earlier. Satisfied nothing's wrong, the worker hands the bag to Parrish, and he blends into the crowd, as we --

CUT TO:

INT. WORST CASE SIMULATION ROOM - HARRY AND RACHEL

are scrolling through the scenarios on Parrish's computer. Rachel is wide-eyed at the variety of threats --

RACHEL

How many ways are there to get a bomb past airport security?

HARRY

The weakest airport has a hundred and fourteen ways in. Tightest one had sixty possible entries, last time I checked.

But one of the computers BEEPS, and the screen's information dumps out. The words "**INCOMING CODED TRANSMISSION**" appear -- and as they watch, a **color photograph** downloads onto the screen, depicting the aftermath of a plane crash in Hong Kong.

HARRY

He sent me this one this morning --

But as soon as the image stabilizes, the background digitally erases -- and line by line, the background is replaced by a photo of the unmistakable, tall, curved features of --

HARRY

National Airport. He's at National.

Over the background, the words weave into view --

**THINK FAST**

Harry and Rachel run out, as we CUT TO:

INT. THE NATIONAL LOUNGE - BEHIND THE CURVED WINDOWS - PARRISH  
is seated idly by the windows, playing with the videogame --  
CLOSE ON THE GAME SCREEN - A "PLANE" FLIES THROUGH A "CANYON"

The graphics are rough, but the game's objective is to take a plane through a rough, ever-changing narrow canyon. Parrish fails. With electronic "too bad" music, the game ends --

PARRISH

plays with the game, barely trying. He is really looking at --

A NEARBY MODEL OF NATIONAL AIRPORT - A **TEN YEAR OLD BOY**

with his own bag, travelling alone, checks out a scale model of the airport. He's clearly bored. But he turns when --

PARRISH

Excuse me --

(kid turns to look)

Do you know anything about video games?  
I'm having some trouble with this one.

The kid's face brightens, and he heads over -- as --

INSIDE HARRY'S CAR - HARRY

drives like a maniac off the "National Airport" exit, swerving through taxis, as Rachel flips off her phone --

RACHEL

Forster won't pull anyone out of the Dulles search. According to him, this is the decoy.

Frustrated, Harry cuts off a slow-moving limo in his way --

AT THE CIRCULAR DRIVE OF NATIONAL'S ENTRANCE - HARRY'S CAR

SCREECHES to a halt. Harry and Rachel get out and run for the terminal entrance. Rachel flashes her ID to an AIRPORT COP --

RACHEL

FBI -- I need to talk to your chief about a coordinated search, now --  
(sees Harry is still running)  
-- where're you going?

HARRY

(shouts back as he runs)  
Whatever he's doing, he's already started.

IN THE AIRPORT LOUNGE - PARRISH AND THE BOY SIT TOGETHER

The kid blazes through the game, as Parrish smiles indulgently.

PARRISH

Hey, not bad --

KID

-- see, at this part, you gotta go left  
and up past the branch, or ka-boom --  
("game over" music plays)  
-- oh, man --

PARRISH

You almost made it through that time.  
(stands up)  
Well -- I've got to catch my flight --

The kid looks up, a little disappointed --

KID

You've gotta go already?

PARRISH

'Fraid so. Listen. I just picked up that  
game to kill some time, but I think at my  
age it's going to kill my eyes instead --  
(beat)  
-- how about if you hold onto it for me?

KID

No way! For keeps?

Parrish smiles as if he were Santa Claus, and walks away --

PARRISH

For keeps.

ELSEWHERE INSIDE THE TERMINAL - HARRY

Harry runs along the lounge's top level for maximum visibility,  
desperately trying to look everywhere at once --

HARRY'S POV - THREATS

seem to be everywhere -- his eye is drawn to each one --

-- below: a gun -- but it's on the waist of a cop below, who  
clearly isn't Parrish --

-- to the side: a fuel truck driving by outside -- Harry focuses  
on the driver, and he too is not Parrish --

-- ahead: a cart of metal gas tanks moved through on a cart --  
but it's oxygen pushed by a maintenance worker -- as Harry's POV  
follows the worker, the cart wheels past --

-- Parrish -- slightly disguised, but unmistakably Parrish --

HARRY RUNS TO THE NEAREST ESCALATOR

-- he shoves down the "up" escalator, past the crowds --

## AHEAD IN THE LOUNGE - PARRISH

hears the sounds of pissed off people as Harry shoves through. With no more level of concern than a passenger late for a flight, he walks faster, and draws a card from his pocket --

## HARRY HITS THE BOTTOM OF THE ESCALATOR

and runs through the dense crowd, swerving through passengers. Harry gets his phone, and as a result --

-- he almost collides with the boy with the videogame, who is playing as he walks -- while --

AHEAD IN THE LOUNGE - PARRISH MOVES TO AN EMPLOYEE ONLY DOOR

that is controlled by a magnetic smart card and keypad. Parrish swipes the card through and enters a code -- the door unlocks -- and Parrish breezes through it --

HARRY SHOVES THROUGH THE CROWD

to get to the employee door before it shuts -- but he reaches it a second too late -- the metal door clicks and locks shut.

Harry, panting, bangs against the door. An annoyed TICKET AGENT comes over, and Harry takes out his ID --

HARRY

Open this door! Right now!

The startled ticket agent fumbles for her card, and swipes it through, but it won't work -- the computer's been frozen. As Harry figures his next move, the cell phone rings --

PARRISH (ON PHONE)

I see you got my note.

## IN A STAIRWELL - FOLLOWING PARRISH

-- he walks down the stairs at a fast, yet casual clip. No one is coming after him, and he knows no one will stop him.

HARRY (ON PHONE)

Tom -- why are you doing this?

PARRISH (INTO PHONE)

You're an intelligent man, Harry. You squander your mind crafting nightmares for nameless, faceless people. Can't you tell when a nightmare is being crafted for you?

Parrish exits through the bottom door, and outside -- as --

UP IN THE AIRPORT - BY THE WINDOWS - HARRY

moves parallel to Parrish, but he has no way out to get to Parrish as he crosses the tarmac. Parrish looks up at Harry --

PARRISH (ON PHONE)

Are you sure you want to follow me? You're going to miss the trigger.

HARRY (INTO PHONE)

(angry now)  
For a bomb? I thought you were a little  
more original than that --

ON THE TARMAC - PARRISH

heads toward a passenger tram service. As he walks, Parrish  
keeps eye contact with Harry through the window --

PARRISH (INTO PHONE)

I'm not. But since you have an endlessly  
genocidal imagination, I used one of yours.

(modestly)

I added a couple of flourishes, but you  
are the sole architect of the catastrophe  
that is about to happen.

IN THE AIRPORT - HARRY STOPS COLD

-- he looks out at Parrish, and at the airfield, thinking --

PARRISH (ON PHONE)

You haven't guessed yet? It was one of  
your favorites. You didn't think it was as  
funny as, say, your idea about nerve gas  
in the balloon drop at a political  
convention, but still, you were laughing  
for days.

(disappointed)

Come on, Harry. Think fast.

Harry stops, sickened, as realization crosses his face.

HARRY (INTO PHONE)

Jesus -- no -- you can't have --

PARRISH (ON PHONE)

It's definitely one of your best. I  
couldn't have done it without you.

Harry stops, looking outside, looking inside, reeling --

PARRISH (ON PHONE)

It's an exhilarating feeling, isn't it? To  
have one of your scenarios fully play out?  
It's like being an author on opening night.

HARRY

Tell me where it is --

(desperate)

If this is about me, come after me,  
goddamn it, not innocent people --

ON THE TARMAC - THROUGH A GATE - PARRISH

waves to a worker as he moves from the fenced area and gate,  
toward a bench full of passengers waiting for a shuttle.

PARRISH

Hmm. So you don't count yourself among the  
innocent.

PARRISH

That is remarkable progress and candor,  
coming from you.

(beat)

But, no, that annoying tone of moral  
certitude, thinking that bystanders are  
innocent by definition --

(beat)

I'm afraid you still have a lot to learn.

Parrish steps up the pace -- a shuttle bus is coming. He looks  
up, and sees that Harry is no longer at the window.

PARRISH (INTO PHONE)

I see you've decided not to follow me --

INSIDE NATIONAL AIRPORT LOBBY - HARRY RUNS THROUGH

the airport, frantic, looking everywhere at once --

PARRISH (ON PHONE)

Let's see if you can apply half as much  
ingenuity toward stopping this scenario as  
you used in creating it.

The phone abruptly CLICKS OFF -- and Harry starts dialing --

IN AIRPORT POLICE OFFICE - RACHEL

is with the SECURITY CHIEF. She answers her RINGING phone --

RACHEL

-- Harry?

INSIDE NATIONAL TERMINAL - HARRY RUNS

through, desperately looking left and right -- it could be  
anywhere -- as he urgently talks on the phone --

HARRY

The trigger is a kid with a videogame.

RACHEL (OVER PHONE)

The trigger? For a bomb?

HARRY

Worse. It's a high energy radio gun,  
planted outside. With a bomb, you only get  
one plane. With this thing, you blast  
every plane in the glide path out of the  
sky -- it'll cook their electronics.

(urgent)

Get outside with whoever runs the  
airfield. Start with recent maintenance.  
Look for a dish, or an antenna that  
doesn't belong --

RACHEL (O.S., ON PHONE)

On an airfield? It's nothing but  
antennas --

HARRY

Just do it --

As Harry runs through the lounge --

ELSEWHERE IN THE AIRPORT - IN A PLUSH LOUNGE CHAIR - THE BOY furiously plays the game, twisting in videogame body english --  
THE GAME SCREEN - THE "AIRPLANE"

is moving more skillfully through the cartoon "canyon" --

IN THE TERMINAL - HARRY

is drawing stares. He looks like a nut from the way he's running and sweating, and he looks even crazier when the faint SOUND of tinny electronic music makes him stop and stare at ---- a family waiting at a gate, including a ten year old BOY playing with a Gameboy.Harry runs over like a man possessed -- the people in the lounge look frightened by his weird behavior. Harry snatches the game away -- without acknowledging the kid's startled YELL, Harry smashes it against a railing, once, twice --

-- and the game splits in half. Harry looks at the electronics inside -- with one glance, he knows this isn't the one. Without explaining, he runs off, looking left and right --

IN THE PLUSH LOUNGE CHAIR - THE BOY

is still playing like his life depended on it --

On screen, he's almost made it, but the "wing" hits a wall, and the "plane" CRASHES, starting the "too bad" MUSIC --

-- the boy starts it over immediately, excited, because he knows he's almost got it worked out -- while --

IN THE NATIONAL TERMINAL - HARRY SNATCHES ANOTHER GAME

from a different kid, and SMASHES it open. Harry looks at it -- it's not the one. He flings it aside and runs on, not hearing the outraged SHOUTS of people behind him.

Harry pauses, desperate, his eyes darting everywhere for a clue. Something catches his eye across the terminal --

-- the swinging door of a first class lounge -- hidden from the rest of the airport, yet the closest part to the exterior.Harry knows this is his best shot -- he runs to the door, as nearby, an angry PARENT points two airport cops toward Harry.OUTSIDE THE AIRPORT - AT A RADAR UNIT - RACHEL

examines it with the security chief, who is unconvinced --

CHIEF

I oversaw the installation of the new radar network myself. There's no way anyone could raise a transmitter here without my knowing.

But as he says this, Rachel is distracted by the blinding runway lights that SEAR on -- she covers her eyes --

**CLOSE ON ONE OF THE "VISI" LANDING BEACONS**

-- which is the perfect size for a transmitter. When triggered by the tower, it shines a light directly up at the planes --

ON RACHEL'S FACE AS SHE REALIZES WHERE IT IS

-- she grabs the radio and SHOUTS urgently into it --

RACHEL

The transmitter is in the landing beacon -- you have to cut it off, now --

Meanwhile --

IN THE FIRST CLASS LOUNGE ENTRANCE - HARRY

runs in, and shoves past the RECEPTIONIST --

RECEPTIONIST

Sir -- I need to see a ticket, sir --

Harry stops -- all he can see are the usual collection of business passengers, and the backs of plush lounge chairs --

THE BOY IS HIDDEN FROM HARRY'S VIEW

-- behind the chair back, facing the window. He is in the zone, playing the game with a frantic expression on his face --

THE GAME SCREEN - THE "PLANE"

is almost out of the "canyon" --

ON HARRY

Harry looks around, and finally sees the reflection of the boy in the window -- he can clearly see he's playing a game --

-- Harry sprints across the lounge toward the boy, pushing aside chairs, shoving aside a waitress -- each second is an eternity -- Harry is three feet from the boy, when --

-- the two airport cops grab Harry from behind --

COP

Okay, asshole, that's enough --

Harry struggles, wild-eyed -- it only makes him look crazier --

HARRY

It's the game! You've got to stop it --



But the boy is totally oblivious, his body whipping around --

THE GAME SCREEN - THE "PLANE" CLEARS THE CANYON

-- the word "CONGRATULATIONS!" is followed by victory music --

CLOSE ON HARRY'S FACE

-- he knows one more crisis has slipped through his fingers --

CLOSE ON THE GAME UNIT

-- there is an electronic microburst transmission --

OUTSIDE THE AIRPORT - ON A VACANT RUNWAY

The signal activates a landing light -- a high energy, high frequency blast fires up out of it --

ELSEWHERE ON THE GROUND - THE RADAR TOWER

sparks and short circuits, completely frying --

Rachel, horrified, looks around: all of the ground electronics are short circuiting and dying -- our VIEW shifts UP to show --

A 727 JETLINER IS LANDING

-- it's several hundred feet up, and on approach -- nearby --

A SMALLER GULFSTREAM PRIVATE JET IS TAKING OFF

like a sleek rocket, angling up from an opposite runway -- but

INSIDE THE GULFSTREAM COCKPIT - THE CONTROL PANEL SPARKS OUT

and completely dies -- the PILOTS have no time to react --

INSIDE THE JETLINER CABIN - THE LIGHTS

and all electricity die out -- PASSENGERS SCREAM, as all you can see in the dark is the ground rushing up at an odd angle --

WIDE VIEW ON BOTH JETS - ALL LIGHTS FAIL

-- and you can also hear their engines WHINE to a halt --

CLOSE ON RACHEL'S FACE WATCHING THE JETS

-- unable to believe what she's seeing --

CLOSE ON HARRY'S FACE

-- he can only watch helplessly out the window as --

WIDE VIEW ON THE JETS - BOTH ARE POWERLESS

and out of control -- the 727 that was landing now dips dangerously to one side, three hundred feet above the ground --

-- the Gulfstream has stopped its ascent, four hundred feet up -- it plummets directly toward the front of the 727 --

INSIDE THE GULFSTREAM COCKPIT - THE PILOTS

look out helplessly at the faces of the 727 pilots, dead ahead -- the arc of their fall takes them past the cockpit --

THE GULFSTREAM SMASHES INTO THE WING OF THE 727

-- the Gulfstream ricochets off the wing and its own wing is torn off -- it spirals toward the airport, as --

-- the 727 is skewed sideways by the impact -- with no engines to direct it, it begins to corkscrew down to the ground --

-- the 727 IMPACTS ON THE RUNWAY at a sickening, steep angle -- the first thing to hit is the weakened wing, which shears off --

-- the plane's fuselage hits hard -- the landing gear collapses and the fuselage's bottom scrapes the runway at eighty miles an hour, sparking and igniting fuel in its wake -- as it skids --

-- the fuselage tears in half, expelling a section of passengers still in their seats -- both halves skid in separate directions across the airport field --

-- until finally, the fuselage's halves separately skid to a halt at the end of the runway. But at the same time --

THE PLUMMETING GULFSTREAM IS HEADING DIRECTLY TOWARD THE AIRPORT

and it looks like it'll hit the crowded observation area, but it falls just short of that -- it crashes in a FIREBALL against the concrete, one hundred yards from the building --

ON THE RUNWAY - RACHEL AND THE SECURITY CHIEF

are knocked down by the blast of heat and air -- as --

INSIDE THE NATIONAL TERMINAL - AT THE WINDOWS - THE SHOCKWAVE blasts the windows, forty feet high and hundreds of feet long, into the lounge area, showering the crowd inside with glass --

THE INSIDE OF PARRISH'S CAR

-- he drives it, dispassionately, out of "Long Term Parking" --

IN THE LOUNGE - CLOSE ON HARRY'S FACE

-- he is staring out, devastated.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE AIRPORT - AT RUNWAY - RACHEL STARES AT THE WRECKAGE

strewn across hundreds of feet of runway. There are tangled shards of metal and luggage, burning into the asphalt. The first of the fire crews and EMTs rush in to remove the dead and rescue the survivors.

Harry runs up to Rachel, who is more emotionally shocked than physically hurt. She's never seen a disaster like this before.

RACHEL

I should have stopped it.

(shaken)

All these people --

HARRY

There's nothing else you could have done. Sometimes, you do everything right, and it's still not going to make a difference.

RACHEL

If I'd gotten to that beacon --

HARRY

-- then you'd be part of that fireball too. You might as well blame that kid with the videogame as blame yourself.

FORSTER (O.S.)

You should pay attention to this guy.

Rachel and Harry see Forster, flanked by other FBI agents.

FORSTER

He's had lots of practice at shifting blame away from himself.

HARRY

(angry)

Not as much as you've had at showing up ten minutes too late. If you'd pulled your head out of your ass and listened to me --

Harry trails off in mid-speech, because his eye is caught by --

-- **a work crew** pulling at some tangled wreckage -- one of the identifiable things taken out is a **scorched child's toy**.

Harry's face shifts from anger, to horror, to fear. He's thought of something worse than the carnage in front of him.

Without another word, Harry runs away as fast as he can. Rachel and Forster watch, both concerned, both for different reasons.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE HARRY'S HOUSE - IN THE DRIVEWAY - HARRY AND KAYLIE

are locked in an intense goodbye hug -- Maggie stands by at a car. Harry finally lets Kaylie go, and she looks up miserably.

KAYLIE

Why aren't you coming with us?

HARRY

Strategy, honey.

(trying to cheer her up)

You can play Battleship with Maggie. Let her win sometimes -- just don't let her whistle "Rule Britannia" when she does.

(she smiles slightly)

I'll see you soon, angel. I promise.

Kaylie kisses Harry, and as she walks to the car, Harry turns to Maggie to speak in low, intense tones.

HARRY

This is important, Maggie. Every one of these things is important.

(she nods)

Don't use credit cards, or ATMs. This should be enough cash for a while.

(hands her envelope)

Don't call anyone I know. Don't call anyone you know. Don't call anyone at all.

(hands her note)

This lodge in Virginia is out of the way and off the road. When you get there, stay out of sight. Garage the car. Keep Kaylie inside. Don't let her listen to the radio.

As they speak, headlights illuminate them -- another car pulls up. Harry takes a zippered packet he was about to give Margaret, and he unzips it -- inside is a revolver --

-- but as the car stops, he sees it's Rachel. As Rachel gets out and sees what's going on, she understands why Harry left.

Harry turns back to Margaret -- he zips the packet back up.

HARRY

This part is crucial. If you see Parrish, do not hesitate to shoot him in the face --

(she blanches)

-- in the face, because if he shows up, he's got something a hell of a lot worse in mind for Kaylie.

(beat)

Can you do that, Maggie?

Margaret nods, frightened, as Harry puts the gun in the bag. She starts the engine, as Rachel reaches Harry.

RACHEL

You think he'd go after her?

Harry waves to Kaylie, as the car drives off into the night.

HARRY

She's all I've got left of my wife.

(beat)

She's all I've got, period. I've thought of a lot of horrible things, but none worse than something happening to her.

(beat)

That's why he has to go after her. Otherwise, it wouldn't be -- complete.

Rachel puts a hand on his shoulder --

RACHEL

Then let's find him first. They've started forensics on the planes --

HARRY  
 No. Forster can look at what Parrish's  
 already done, but it's not taking us any  
 closer to what he's doing next.  
 (beat)  
 It's got to be in the old scenarios.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR FORCE BASE - LOBBY GUARD STATION - NIGHT - **PARRISH**

is now in a suit, being escorted past an entrance GUARD seated  
 at a security console, as the words type onto the screen --

**FORT DETRICK, MARYLAND: ADVANCED VACCINE RESEARCH PROGRAM**

Parrish is escorted to an elevator by a man in his 70s -- DOCTOR  
 NAGLE, who seems irritated as he looks at his watch.

NAGLE  
 At this hour, this had better be  
 important, Mister --

PARRISH  
 Gant. Richard Gant.

Both swipe magnetic cards through a reader to gain access --

AT THE GUARD CONSOLE - ON A COMPUTER SCREEN - PARRISH'S ID

checks perfectly. The retrieved information indicates he is  
**"RICHARD GANT - CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY"**, complete with a  
 photo, thumbprint, and a whole written history.

INSIDE THE ELEVATOR - NAGLE AND PARRISH RIDE UP

PARRISH  
 In Russia, in three hours, I have a team  
 of men who are going to raid a Chechen  
 storehouse that's full of treaty-banned  
 weapons bought on the black market.

PARRISH  
 (hands over paper)  
 Our source indicates that this is inside.

Nagle eyes it with concern -- then with actual shock.

PARRISH  
 Before my men go in, Doctor, I need all  
 the intel I can get on this thing. How it  
 might be used, if it can be contained --  
 (serious)  
 The safety of our country depends on it.

INT. "VACCINE DEVELOPMENT" LABORATORY - A MOMENT LATER - PARRISH

and Nagle are in a lab -- and both men are now in biohazard  
protective suits. The lab has another element to it -- one of  
 several walk-in vaults that have more computer locks.

Nagle punches in a keypad, and swipes a smart card through the magnetic reader. Parrish does the same -- but we'll note, as Parrish swipes his through, it does more than "identify" him --

BACK AT THE GUARD CONSOLE - THE GUARD READS A MAGAZINE

and doesn't see that a monitor, VAULT ONE, freezes its image. It doesn't show that Parrish and Nagle have entered.

INSIDE THE VAULT - NAGLE

withdraws a rack of three test tubes from an incubator --

NAGLE

This is Hemolyticus necrosii. We made it from a form of streptococcus --

PARRISH

The "flesh eating bug". I heard.

Nagle takes out a petri dish of a dark brown substance. He takes a wire tool, and very carefully dips into the tubes --

NAGLE

This form is far, far worse.

(withdraws wire)

It can enter a human through inhalation, or even skin contact. It can spread in the air, it can survive in temperatures from ten degrees to thirty-nine centigrade, the kill rate is one hundred percent, and no antibiotic we can develop works against it.

(sort of admiring it)

It is absolutely unstoppable.

Parrish watches as Nagle takes the wire tip, and lightly traces a spiral pattern through the petri dish.

NAGLE

This is animal plasma. Now watch --

As the wire traces through, the bacteria visibly breaks down the blood, following the greenish, spiral pattern. The green pattern spreads -- in no time, it will destroy the entire sample.

NAGLE

It's irreparably breaking down hemoglobin at an unprecedented rate. In a human, it would spread through the capillary system until all tissue is desiccated.

(beat)

Your men must exercise extreme caution. No wild shooting around this, because there is no cure, there is no treatment, there is no containment if it gets loose.

(picks up tubes)

There's enough of a threshold dose in these vials to wipe out millions.

Parrish takes the tube rack out of Nagle's hand, and hefts it, as if he can feel the millions of lives inside. Nagle looks surprised, as Parrish's face changes. The game is over.

PARRISH

You understand that I'll be taking this.

Nagle takes the rack from Parrish, and puts it on the counter.

NAGLE

Like hell. I don't care who you are --  
this sample stays here. It's maintained  
for research only, not for offensive --

With sudden ferocity, Parrish shoves Nagle across the vault.  
Nagle tumbles down, and Parrish walks to him, slowly --

PARRISH

You know, you remind me of someone --

Parrish topples an incubator onto Nagle with a loud CRASH --

BACK AT THE GUARD STATION - THE GUARD SEES NOTHING

The "VAULT" monitor is frozen on the image of an empty room --

INSIDE THE VAULT - CLOSE ON NAGLE

Nagle is pinned under the incubator, in pain, unable to get up  
or even to move his arms. He looks terrified, as Parrish tears  
Nagle's hood out of his suit with controlled anger --

PARRISH

He's in government service too. He's as  
deluded as you are. He spends his days  
like you do, thinking of new, innovative  
ways to kill millions of people --

Parrish's hooded face is almost up against Nagle's unprotected  
head. Nagle struggles, but is in pain and can't move --

PARRISH

-- and he's convinced himself that he's  
protecting them. He pretends to be a  
savior. Just like you.

(intense)

But, deep down, he knows what he really  
is. Just like you.

Parrish sticks the wire tool inside the bacteria tube --

PARRISH

Don't you know what you are, Nagle?

Nagle shrinks back, but it's no use -- Parrish lightly traces  
the wire across Nagle's forehead -- and we CUT TO:

THE GUARD STATION AND LOBBY - PARRISH

walks out of the elevator, back in his suit, incredibly calm. He  
breezes past the guard station and is almost gone, when --

GUARD

Sir --

(Parrish turns)

-- you're required to sign out, sir.

Parrish signs out, and leaves. The guard finally notices that the "Vault One" image is stuck -- he gets up to check it out.

IN THE VACCINE RESEARCH LABORATORY - A MOMENT LATER - THE GUARD checks it out. Nothing seems out of the ordinary. He heads to the vault, and looks through a porthole --

THROUGH THE PORTHOLE - THE GUARD'S FACE

registers revulsion and absolute horror --

**NAGLE'S AGONIZED, COLLAPSING FACE IS RAVAGED BY THE BACTERIA**

which has spread into his open, dissolving eyes -- he is still alive, screaming soundlessly -- as the bacteria breaks down the hemoglobin, it has etched a green trail in its wake --

-- a green trail that shows the word Parrish traced into Nagle's forehead, burned into it by the disease --

**KILLER**

CUT TO:

INT. WORST CASE SIMULATION ROOM - NIGHT - HARRY

doesn't want to believe what he's found, but it's right in front of him: all of the photos of disasters sent by Parrish. The Asian plane crash, and the text of the radio gun scenario written by Parrish and Macneill, with a date one year earlier.

Under the photo of the South American mass grave is the text: "08-12-88. 324 casualties in Sandinista village from radioactive material in water supply. Under that is the scenario explaining the threat of plutonium in water. **Its date is six months earlier.**

Under the photo of the Prague street wreckage is: "05-16-93. 67 casualties in multiple car/train wreck caused by computer sabotage. Casualties include former Soviet mole Anatoly Borchov." Under it is the **WORST CASE SCENARIO** memo outlining potential threats against trains, dated **ten months earlier.**

Harry struggles with this, as the phone rings. He answers --

PARRISH (ON PHONE)

It took you long enough to figure it out.  
Was it that you really didn't want to know?

HARRY

Tom?

INT. PARRISH'S CAR - NIGHT - PARRISH DRIVES DOWN THE HIGHWAY

with the case of vials on the seat by him. There's also a laptop computer that shows what's on the simulation room screens.

PARRISH

You know that idea we had to plant scanners in a sprinkler system, rigged to a phone line so you can read a computer monitor from anywhere in the world?



PARRISH

(beat)

Turns out it works.

INT. SIMULATION ROOM - HARRY LOOKS UP

at the sprinklers on the ceiling -- they're perfectly positioned to be receivers, scanning every monitor in the room.

PARRISH (ON PHONE)

It's amazing that we never guessed. After all, it is the final, logical conclusion of what we do. There's never been an advanced weapon in history that's been developed and not used. That is what our ideas are. Weapons.

(beat)

Seems the CIA had been digging into our database for years to map out black ops against other countries. As you see, they weren't that discriminating in their methodology. It didn't particularly matter to them if they murdered five hundred people just to get one arms dealer.

(beat)

I didn't find out myself until the hearings. The CIA director warned me not to talk too much about what we did to the Hill.

(small laugh)

He said I should "rise above my principles".

Harry is sickened, and stunned into silence, looking at all the photos of disasters surrounding him.

PARRISH (ON PHONE)

All that time we thought we were saving lives by thinking the unthinkable, and it turns out we were just idea men for assassins.

(calm)

How does it make you feel to be surrounded by all that death you helped cause, Harry? Do you feel powerful, or --

HARRY

(cuts him off, furious)

It doesn't make me feel like murdering people, you sick fuck. You should've killed yourself on that boat --

IN PARRISH'S CAR - PARRISH

drives off an exit, moving into higher rural territory --

PARRISH

I intended to, at first. I wanted to die on the roof of the gas plant. I arrived at the inescapable conclusion that my life means nothing. Absolutely nothing.

PARRISH

But after considering it for a while, I decided my death would be a wasted gesture if I couldn't take a few of the people responsible with me.

IN SIMULATION ROOM - HARRY

paces around the room, furious --

HARRY

Yeah? Who was responsible on those planes?

PARRISH (ON PHONE)

(sighs, as if to a child)

Responsibility is a distinctly fugitive concept, Harry. The harder you look for it, the faster it runs away.

(beat)

You know what the reaction is, when someone reads about death squads in Salvador, or assassinations in Chile, or bombings in Nicaragua, or some of the other assorted strife that we export around the world? The reaction everyone has, reading the paper?

(beat)

The reaction is, "what a shame. Too bad. But fuck 'em for being dumb enough to live there."

IN PARRISH'S CAR - PARRISH

drives a winding route, high through the hills of Virginia --

PARRISH

What do you think the odds are someone was reading the Post on one of those planes, thinking just that before it crashed?

(simply)

Everyone is responsible. Everyone.

IN SIMULATION ROOM - HARRY LISTENS ON THE PHONE

PARRISH (ON PHONE)

By this time tomorrow, a lot of them will be dead, including you and me.

HARRY

What are you going to do?

PARRISH

Wait and see. You'll like it, Harry. It's another zero solution, with a very sweet body count.

The phone CLICKS off. Harry hangs up, shaken, but determined.

CUT TO:

INT. **FBI HEADQUARTERS** - A CORRIDOR - DAY - RACHEL

walks through the "DOMESTIC TERROR DIVISION", reaching Forster's office. Forster, dead serious, is behind his desk.

FORSTER  
Come in. We need to talk.  
(she shuts the door)  
I know you're getting close to Macneill.

RACHEL  
I'm not sure that's any of your business,  
or that it has anything to do with my  
caseload.

Forster, who is standing by a VCR/TV combo, starts the tape.

FORSTER  
Oh, it's got everything to do with your  
caseload.

Forster points to the playing videotape, which is aimless,  
amateurish, chaotic shots of the aftermath of the dam attack.

FORSTER  
A tourist at the dam shot this with a  
camcorder. Real nice one -- digital,  
hundred and twenty magnification. So he  
mails this in, thinking he's got the new  
Zapruder film --

The tape wanders, zooming into extreme distances, finally  
locking on "Joshua" in the radiation tent, talking to Harry. The  
VIEW ZOOMS onto Joshua's cracked, bleeding lips --

FORSTER  
-- and damned if I don't think so too,  
because I've had lip readers on this all  
night, and they all read it the same way --  
(exaggerates lip movements)  
"Mac. Macneill. It was planned by Harry  
Macneill."

The tape's moves off "Joshua", and onto a very stunned Harry.  
Forster freezes the tape. Rachel freezes too, with astonishment  
and doubt on her face, as a FORENSIC TECHNICIAN comes in.

TECHNICIAN  
Mr. Forster? Most of the beacon is clean.  
Whoever built it wore gloves.  
(beat)  
But gloves tear. We got a partial.

Off the technician's smile, we --

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL VIRGINIA DIRT ROAD - DAWN - OUTSIDE A BARN

Parrish's car is parked in this rural, heavily wooded, but  
elevated area. There is the SOUND of work going on inside --

INSIDE THE BARN - CLOSE ON PARRISH'S FACE

as he's on his back, a worklight by his side. He's focused intently on his work, as he carefully solders electronics onto -- something. Beyond the fact that it's about the same size as a car, we can't make out what it is. We GO BACK TO --

INT. WORST CASE DIRECTORATE - SIMULATION ROOM - HARRY

We'll note that the sprinklers have been torn out of the ceiling. As Harry focuses, something draws his view to --

-- the screen with scenarios involving "C-4". Harry stares at it -- and an idea hits him. In the search engine, he deletes the "-" in "C-4" -- and re-enters a search for "C4" -- as --

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - MORNING RUSH HOUR TRAFFIC - PARRISH

now drives through city streets, following a particular path --

Next to him, on the seat, a global positioning system navigation computer records the path he is taking. As --

INT. WORST CASE DIRECTORATE - SIMULATION ROOM - HARRY

is gaping at the computer screen --

CLOSE ON SCREEN - THE TEXT

reads, from a database of military acronyms:

**C4 - Command, Control, Computer, and Communications.**

CLOSE ON HARRY'S FACE

-- his mind is racing -- as --

EXT. AT THE CAPITAL DOME REFLECTING POOL - PARRISH WALKS

along the edge of the pool, surrounded by the usual tourists. As he walks a straight path, we see in his knapsack --

-- the GPS navigation computer is recording this path. While --

INT. WORST CASE DIRECTORATE - SIMULATION ROOM - HARRY

is working as many different scenarios as he can on the computers, as Keith rushes in, looking worried.

KEITH

Harry, you gotta take a look at this --

(move to console, breathless)

I traced back some of the equipment from Parrish's place. All of it was paid for from the CIA "black budget". I hacked in --

(brings up screen)

Parrish has built up this highly placed, fake officer, "Richard Gant", who supposedly runs covert ops in South America. Gant's been diverting money and military technology for ten months --

Keith rapidly scrolls through a dizzyingly long manifest of armaments, including shoulder-fired missiles, mortars, mines, and so on. Keith, agitated, freezes the scroll at one point --

KEITH

-- now, look at that little item.

We see under **ASSET DESCRIPTION**, the item is a **HUNTER UAV**.

Harry's reaction is stunned silence. Keith laughs nervously --

KEITH

That's not possible, right? I mean, nobody could just get one of those -- right?

Harry's silence is the only answer Keith's gets, as we --

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - FORENSIC TECH LAB - AT A COMPUTER

The technician loads in a digital facsimile of a partial fingerprint. Behind him are Forster, Rachel, and other agents.

TECHNICIAN

It's only thirty percent of a print, but it's enough to check the federal employee database.

RACHEL

Parrish's prints'll be in there.  
(to Forster)  
I hope this'll settle it for you.

Within seconds, the partial print checks against thousands of federal employee prints -- until it freezes on a match.

Rachel looks confident, as the search results materialize on the display -- but her confidence falls when the screen reveals the photo and dossier of Harold Macneill.

FORSTER

You took the words right out of my mouth.

Off Rachel's thrown look, we CUT TO --

INT. THE HAY ADAMS HOTEL LOBBY - AN IMPECCABLY DRESSED PARRISH

checks in -- he absolutely seems to belong in Washington's finest hotel. As a bellman takes his bags, we GO TO --

INT. WORST CASE SCENARIO SIMULATION ROOM - HARRY

is running through the computer scenarios, his attention furiously shifting from one screen to the next --

-- until, finally, he stops. Whatever he was trying to piece together is complete. Glenn rushes in --

GLENN

There was a theft last night at Fort Detrick.

GLENN

They're trying to keep it quiet, but I know the security chief. It was --

HARRY

Bacteriological. Taken by a Richard Gant.

Keith is surprised that Harry already knows, but manages a nod.

HARRY

(quietly)  
I know what he's going to do.

Off Harry's anxious look, we GO TO --

INT. PARRISH'S SUITE - DAY - PARRISH

walks through the suite, appointed with art and antiques, and over to the balcony curtains. Parrish throws them open --

-- showing a stunning fifth-story view of **the White House**. As he opens the French doors, he turns back to --

-- his suitcases on the bed. As he zips them open, revealing a wide variety of electronics and computers inside. We GO TO --

INT. WORST CASE DIRECTORATE - CORRIDOR - HARRY

comes out of the simulation room with Glenn and Keith --

HARRY

Glenn, coordinate a search, room to room, on all the hotels in D.C., starting with the ones around the mall and working out. Keith, work on the phone records --

Harry stops when he sees that Rachel, blank-faced, has arrived.

HARRY

Rachel -- we've got a lot of work to do. I know what the next scenario is --

RACHEL

Somehow that doesn't surprise me.  
(stone)  
You're under arrest, Harry.

Six FBI agents round the corner and grab Harry, handcuffing him.  
Others AGENTS confiscate and seal off equipment -- as --

INT. PARRISH'S SUITE - DAY - PARRISH DINES

on a terrific room service meal. He's set up his command post: a computer with a wireless modem, and a satellite phone.

The television shows thousands of people gathered in the Capitol Mall between the monuments, waiting for the July 4th celebrations. It's interrupted by CNN's "BREAKING NEWS" --

ON THE TELEVISION - NEWS FOOTAGE OF HARRY BEING LED OUT

of the WCSO building, handcuffed and surrounded by agents --

REPORTER (ON TELEVISION)  
 CNN has learned that federal agent Harold Macneill, who has been on-site for several disasters and near-disasters, has been arrested on suspicion of causing them --

ON SCREEN, Harry is shoved into an FBI van, as the VIEW CUTS TO an FBI briefing office. Forster is caught in mid-sentence --

FORSTER (ON TELEVISION)  
 -- investigation focused on Macneill because he fits the profile of a man who would create a calamity so that he could step in with a solution. Psychologically, he's determined to be a hero at any cost.

IN THE HOTEL SUITE - PARRISH

watches, smiling -- as --

OUTSIDE THE WORST CASE DIRECTORATE - THE FBI TRANSPORT VAN

The back door of the van is padlocked from outside -- as --

INSIDE THE FBI VAN - HARRY IS SHACKLED

into the van's metalwork -- Rachel is glowering across at him.

RACHEL  
 I didn't believe it at first. But the prints on that airport beacon did you in.

HARRY  
 My fingerprints?  
 (beat)  
 We built experimental versions just to prove it could be done with store bought equipment. Parrish must have kept parts from one --

RACHEL  
 That's pretty thin, Macneill. I know you were angry, but you should have gotten help --

HARRY  
Shut up and listen -- he's still out there, and he's not done. He's running a C4 scenario.

RACHEL  
 That was yesterday's bullshit --

HARRY  
 It's not an explosive, it's a military acronym. Command, control, computers and communication.  
 (beat)  
 C4 codes out as a multistrike attack on Washington that destroys the entire city.

INT. PARRISH'S SUITE - DAY - PARRISH SITS AT THE DESK

and taps on the computer, which has a wireless modem hooked up to a satellite phone. On the screen, we see icons set up to run programs -- he hits one that looks like a telephone --

HARRY (V.O.)

If he planted a logic bomb or virus in the control computers for any of the utilities -- phones, gas, power -- all he needs is a phone call to activate it.

As we hear Harry, Parrish moves the onscreen mouse to another icon -- a lightning bolt, obviously meaning power --

IN THE VAN - HARRY AND RACHEL

can see outside -- suddenly, all the lights in Washington D.C. die out -- the only lights visible now are from the travelling cars. Rachel looks at Harry, trying to believe him.

HARRY

He's cutting off the whole city --  
(serious)  
-- no one leaves.

ON PARRISH'S SCREEN - PARRISH

hits an icon of a tiny gas flame -- as it transmits --

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. - NATURAL GAS UTILITY CENTER - DAY

In a centralized control room that shows a large electronic wall map of the city, and the gas lines underneath it --

-- the MANAGER is startled to his feet by an alarm siren. The board shows one -- two -- three -- then four flashing danger signs on segments of pipe at opposite ends of the city.

MANAGER

What the fuck is happening?

TECHNICIAN

Gas pressure's building up on segment  
1132 -- holy shit -- and 2719 --

The techie helplessly pounds a computer -- as --

IN THE VAN - HARRY AND RACHEL

Rachel tries a cell phone -- it won't work.

HARRY

He's recreating Boyne Lake.

RACHEL

I don't get it.

HARRY

To him, Boyne Lake meant a zero solution. He had to sacrifice his wife for the lives of thousands of people.



HARRY

(beat)

He's got a UAV. You know what that is?

(she doesn't)

It stands for Unmanned Aerial Vehicle, and he's got the best one ever built. It can beat radar, it's got missile countermeasures, and it sure as hell can spray that bacteria all over the city.

(beat)

There is absolutely no containment for the bacteria if it gets out. It could wipe out the whole continent. So there's only one solution for this scenario. One choice.

RACHEL

(realizing, shaken)

Sacrifice of Washington.

HARRY

At least one nuclear bomb. Depending on the release, there might be two or three in a chain, to make sure the bacteria can't spread in a high wind pattern.

(beat)

I wrote the recommendation memo myself.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODROW WILSON BRIDGE - NIGHT

The road is crowded with July Fourth traffic -- but suddenly --

-- a gas explosion tears through the edge of the bridge, hurling cars up -- the bridge, severed and aflame, is out. As --

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY - A GAS MAIN BLOWS

underneath a highway overpass -- another exit is cut off, as --

IN PARRISH'S SUITE - PARRISH SITS AT HIS COMPUTER

On the segmented screen, we can see a live local news telecast in one corner, showing copter footage of the FBI van moving --

PARRISH

Harry -- you can't leave town yet --

On a low segment of the monitor, Parrish compares the TV footage to a utilities map of gas mains -- he manipulates pressure controls for a specific gas main on the map, and --

IN THE VAN - DRIVER'S POV - A MOTORCYCLE ESCORT

and holiday traffic is ahead -- but, suddenly, a gas explosion tears through the highway two hundred yards away --

-- the gigantic blast tears a sixty foot gap across both directions of the highway -- cars caught in the blast burn and explode -- others, unable to stop, fall into the blazing gap --

The van driver stands on the brakes, but --

ON THE HIGHWAY - THE VAN IS BROADSIDED

by one car that is unable to stop -- it flips onto its side and skids uncontrollably toward the gap --

INSIDE THE VAN'S CARGO AREA - HARRY AND RACHEL

are tossed around like toys from the impact --

ANGLE ON THE VAN

-- the driver, limp and bloodied, is clearly dead -- the van, sparking against the asphalt, skids toward the flaming gap --

-- it stops, ten yards from the gap -- but it's clear from the CRACKING and RUMBLING that the section won't stand long --

INSIDE THE CARGO AREA - HARRY AND RACHEL

help each other up, dazed. Rachel unlocks Harry's chains and they move to the door, but it won't open --

OUTSIDE THE VAN - THE DOOR IS PADLOCKED

-- and the bolts holding the lock on are loosened but intact --

-- the road, however, isn't -- cracks spiderweb beneath it --

INSIDE THE VAN - HARRY AND RACHEL

hear the CRACKING -- they SLAM against the door, until the damaged lock finally gives, and they tumble onto the road --

Harry and Rachel stumble out, running across segments of road that crumble as fast as they leave them behind --

-- until a moment later, the road completely collapses under the van and it falls into the flames.

At a stable section, Harry and Rachel lean on a rail to catch their breath. As news copters SWARM above, Harry looks back --

Washington D.C. is completely immobilized. Electricity is out everywhere -- the only light comes from the fires of blown highway segments, and the lights of thousands of trapped cars.

HARRY

We have to find Parrish -- if he's done this, he's ready to release the bacteria.

Harry turns toward Rachel, and sees she's holding a gun on him.

RACHEL

We're not going anywhere. I still can't be sure that --

(tense, shaky)

-- that you're not making all this happen.

HARRY

(intense)

You can't? Be sure. I wish to Christ I'd blown my own brains out five years ago before I thought of it, but you're right. I planned this, every step of the way.

(agitated)

If it happens, hundreds of thousands of people will die, and I am responsible.

(voice cracks)

If it happens, my daughter is in Virginia, and she'll die too, and I'm responsible.

(beat)

There's not a goddamn thing I can do to take back the fact that I thought of this. Just --

(desperate)

-- help me find him, and help me stop this.

Harry convinces her -- she lowers her gun, and takes out her badge to wave down a TV news copter overhead. Meanwhile --

INT. PARRISH'S SUITE - NIGHT - PARRISH

hits the last onscreen icon, which looks like a small plane -- the computer transmits the GPS data he's collected -- and --

EXT. RURAL VIRGINIA - ON A HILLSIDE - THE BARN

that Parrish was working in earlier lights up -- we hear engines and computers whirring to life --

INSIDE THE BARN - THE "HUNTER" UAV

is just as advanced and frightening as advertised: it's about ten feet across, made from a black, non-reflective alloy, and shaped like a sting-ray to beat radar.

On top of the ship are its electronics -- underneath it is an aerosol full of the bacteria, and a pair of booster rockets --

-- the rockets fire, blasting the UAV out of the barn and away -- the rotten wood of the barn goes up in flames -- as

THE HUNTER UAV CLIMBS UP

and levels off at two hundred feet -- its spent booster rockets detach, tumbling to the trees below.

As the rockets fall away, nothing illuminates the UAV -- it is virtually invisible. The ship's silent jets propel it toward Washington, now as quiet and unobtrusive as a black kite.

INT. HELICOPTER - RACHEL IS FLYING

away from the shut-down highway, leaving behind a pissed-off NEWS PILOT. Harry, seated next to her, works on his palmtop --

RACHEL

What're you doing?

HARRY

Parrish's knocked out the regular phones and the cell phones, but he has to be using a line himself. The only ones left are direct satellite phones.

Harry looks at the palmtop screen -- it reads "**DOWNLOADING ACTIVE SATPHONE PATTERN - ZONE 2814**". But as the graphic loads with a map of the capital mall area, hundreds of dots light up to indicate satphone activity.

Off Harry's frustrated look, we CUT TO --

**THE HAY-ADAMS SUITE - PARRISH**

looks at his laptop screen, which is now segmented into monitors for the UAV. One segment shows a "gun camera" view out the front, and another shows the targeting system: after **POSITION**, we see a constantly-changing GPS number -- and after **TARGET**, we see one unchanging GPS number. At the same time --

**THE UAV FLIES OVER THE FRINGES OF WASHINGTON**

matching the GPS path Parrish programmed in. As it flies over the city, we see there's a **POSITION** and **TARGET** readout by the aerosol -- when the numbers match, the sprayer will go off.

**INSIDE THE HELICOPTER - HARRY**

tries something else, as the copter flies over the darkened city, dimly illuminated by flashlights and small fires.

On the palmtop screen, Harry switches from the graphic to an "**ACTIVE SATPHONE USER LOG**" -- he scrolls through the list of hundreds of names. Rachel looks over at this, incredulous --

RACHEL

You think he's listed?

Harry scans down the names quickly, then stops at an entry for **KAFFA GROUP INC**. As he switches it to a graphic --

HARRY

Very cute, Tom -- the phone's registered to the "Kaffa Group".

(off Rachel's puzzled look)

It's obvious. The first known use of biowarfare. In the fourteenth century, when the Tartars catapulted plague-ridden bodies into the city of Kaffa.

RACHEL

(blank)

Sure. Everybody knows that. Did it work?

HARRY

The Tartars won the city. But half of Europe was wiped out by the worst plague of all time.

Harry grimly looks down -- they are over the Constitutional Mall, and it is swarming with thousands of people.

HARRY

This has to be his target. There's no protection -- every one of these people would get dosed if he sprayed it here.

(looks at screen)

We're close. He's at the Hay-Adams -- and the number he called was in Virginia. The UAV's already on the way. It'll be coming from the northwest.

The helicopter STREAKS off, the Washington Monument and Jefferson Memorial visible below -- as, not so far away --

**OVER WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY - THE UAV PURRS ALONG**

at two hundred feet, heading fast toward the White House. But we hear the SOUND of the copter approaching, and --

INSIDE PARRISH'S SUITE - PARRISH STARES AT THE LAPTOP

and is shocked to see, on the "gun camera" front view, that the helicopter is approaching and Harry is inside -- while --

**OVER THE EDGE OF WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY - THE HELICOPTER**

almost collides head-on with the UAV as it streaks under it --

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER - HARRY AND RACHEL ARE THROWN BY TURBULENCE

Rachel turns the copter around, and starts after the UAV -- it's moving fast, but not fast enough to outpace the copter --

RACHEL

I can catch up and force it down, easy --

HARRY

No -- you'll break the tank if you do --

RACHEL

(frustrated)

-- well, what can we do?

Harry's face shows that he has no idea whatsoever -- as --

**HIGH ANGLE - THE UAV AND THE COPTER**

are both heading toward the airspace of the White House --

INT. **WHITE HOUSE - SECRET SERVICE COMMAND** - AN AGENT

monitoring the radar almost spits coffee into the equipment as a single blip appears -- he grabs a phone, frantic -- as --

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER - HARRY AND RACHEL

are on the tail of the UAV -- but they also see, just ahead --

**ON THE WHITE HOUSE ROOF - TWO SECRET SERVICE AGENTS**

are perched, one looking through high-tech binoculars, the other prepping a ground to air missile launcher --

AGENT

Bogey is two hundred yards off, heading  
right for us --  
(beat)  
-- fire --

The agent pulls the trigger and the missile fires --

IN THE HELICOPTER - HARRY AND RACHEL SEE THE APPROACHING MISSILE

Rachel pulls the copter up and hard to the right --

-- the UAV, meanwhile, continues on its path, undisturbed --  
because the missile is tracking with the copter --

IN THE HELICOPTER - RACHEL

strains to pull the stick as far to the upper right as she  
can -- she can see the missile is almost upon them --

-- at the last second, she pulls the stick hard to the left --

THE MISSILE STREAKS PAST DOWN THE STREET

to impact against the side of the Internal Revenue Service  
building, blowing out a tenth story wall -- as --

THE UAV HUNTER FLIES ON AT TWO HUNDRED FEET

skirting the boundary of the White House lawn --

ON THE WHITE HOUSE ROOF - THE AGENTS SEE THE UAV

The SENIOR AGENT yells at the agent with the rocket launcher --

AGENT

It's in the perimeter -- fire a heat-  
seeker, now --

The agent expertly aims at the UAV over the lawn and fires --

-- the missile unerringly tracks toward the UAV -- but --

IN THE HAY-ADAMS SUITE - PARRISH LOOKS AT THE LAPTOP SCREEN

which shows "MISSILE COUNTERMEASURES ACTIVATED" --

OVER THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN - THE UAV'S COUNTERMEASURES FIRE

and light up the night: they are an omnidirectional blast of  
small, white hot thermite flares that streak to the ground --

-- the missile arcs after the flares to impact on the ground,  
blowing the iron fence at Pennsylvania Avenue to bits --

-- and the UAV continues undisturbed in a straight line, heading  
toward the crowded Mall area, as --

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER - RACHEL STABILIZES THE COPTER

and heads after the UAV, giving the White House a wide berth --  
but Harry looks back and has an idea --

HARRY  
 Get back on top of it --  
 (off her look)  
 Straight toward it and right on it, like  
 this was a missile --

She starts toward it full tilt --

**AT THE EDGE OF THE MALL - THE HELICOPTER STREAKS AFTER THE UAV**

at full speed, straight behind it -- while --

**ON TOP OF THE WHITE HOUSE - THE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS SEE THIS**

AGENT  
 They're moving in to attack the crowd, but  
 they're making one mistake --  
 (fast)  
 -- if they stay close together we can bag  
 'em both. Lock on target, and fire --

The agent looks through the eyepiece to aim --

**AGENT'S POV THROUGH MISSILE LAUNCHER'S EYEPIECE**

The UAV alone is a flat, nearly invisible target -- but with the  
 copter on top of it, together they form an inviting target --

**IN THE MALL AREA - THE "CELEBRATION" IS BREAKING UP**

-- between the power outages, gas fires and missile launches,  
 the people have figured out that something's wrong -- they're  
 shoving, running and nearly rioting, as --

**VIEW OVER MALL - THE UAV AND THE HELICOPTER**

-- the copter closes the distance -- it's thirty feet behind --

**INSIDE THE HELICOPTER - HARRY AND RACHEL**

are almost on on top of it -- the UAV is just ahead --

HARRY  
 -- closer -- get right on it --

As the copter crowds in, its skids almost banging the top --

-- the UAV's countermeasures go off -- the miniature thermite  
 flares fire up underneath the copter -- some deflect down onto  
 the UAV, some cling to the copter, still burning --

Rachel almost backs off, but --

HARRY  
 No -- you've got to stay right on it --

Harry impatiently looks back at the White House --

HARRY  
 -- come on, guys --

ON TOP OF THE WHITE HOUSE - THE SECRET SERVICE AGENT

fires the rocket launcher -- the missile tracks straight out --

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER - HARRY LOOKS BACK

and can see the flash of the missile launch far behind them --

HARRY

-- get ahead of it -- now --

Rachel shoves the stick ahead, full speed --

THE HELICOPTER FLIES OVER AND AHEAD OF THE UAV

-- the tilt of top speed exposes the underside, which is studded with still burning miniature charges --

Once it gets over, the copter positions itself ahead of the UAV, which has some of its own thermite charges stuck to the top -- as it passes onto the crowded border of the mall area, near the towering Washington Monument --

CLOSE ON THE TARGETING DISPLAY AND AEROSOL SPRAYER

-- the TARGET and POSITION numbers match and lock -- the sprayer is ready to activate -- but --

MISSILE POV - THE UAV AND THE HELICOPTER ARE DEAD AHEAD

The heat-seeking targeting is locked onto the combined heat signature of the helicopter and the flares burning on the UAV --

IN PARRISH'S SUITE - PARRISH LOOKS AT HIS LAPTOP

One window shows "AEROSOL DELIVERY IS ACTIVATED" -- but a status line warns "MISSILE COUNTERMEASURES DEPLETED", and the "gun camera" view shows the helicopter is ahead of the UAV --

OVER THE MALL - THE MISSILE IMPACTS AGAINST THE UAV

and it detonates in a gigantic explosion, surging forward -- the UAV and the sprayer are incinerated in a FIREBALL -- as --

-- the helicopter twists forward and upward, the blast licking the tail rotor as they roar ahead of it --

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER - RACHEL

struggles to stay ahead and fly steady through the shockwave of the blast -- Harry looks down and back --

THE BURNING WRECKAGE OF THE UAV

streaks straight ahead like a meteor, as the crowd scatters --

-- the twisted, burning wreckage falls into the Reflecting Pool, within sight of the Lincoln Memorial. The crowd is running in a panic, but no one is hurt by the debris.



INSIDE THE HELICOPTER - HARRY

reaches for his palmtop, as Rachel stabilizes the copter --

AT THE HOTEL - FROM A BALCONY - **PARRISH WATCHES THE BLANK SCREEN**

and knows this scenario isn't going as planned. Suddenly, surprisingly, his satellite phone RINGS. Parrish picks it up --

HARRY (ON PHONE)

Time's up. Plane's down.

(beat)

The good news is, you can still kill yourself if you feel like it. The bad news is, you're going all by yourself.

PARRISH

(undisturbed)

Congratulations, Harry. That was nicely done. But you can't think I wouldn't go into this without secondary and tertiary backups.

(beat)

Then again -- you can think a lot of things if you try.

IN THE HELICOPTER - HARRY

listens to Parrish, ashen --

PARRISH (ON PHONE)

It was your idea, Harry. Children make excellent delivery vectors.

(beat)

I've wondered for three years if you would have moved faster for the sake of someone you cared about. Or if you'd be capable of the same sacrifice I had to make.

(beat)

Now we'll find out.

The phone clicks off. Harry looks at the screen, realizing what Parrish has done: it shows "**EMAIL HAS BEEN SENT**" on his account.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIRGINIA BED AND BREAKFAST - NIGHT

This is a spacious, rustic, "George Washington slept here" kind of inn -- inside one of the cabins --

INT. CABIN - KAYLIE'S BEDROOM - KAYLIE

is awakened by the pager's screen -- she smiles, as it reads:

**Hi Angel!**

**Daddy's got a surprise for you.**

**Think! You can think anything that you wish.**

**You can think a race on a horse on a ball with a fish...**

KAYLIE

gets out of bed, delighted. Her father has set up a hunt. As --

**IN THE HOTEL** - PARRISH

crosses to the case that contained the bacteria vials. The impressions show two are missing, but **one is still there**. Parrish snaps it shut and starts out of the room, as --

**IN THE HELICOPTER** - HARRY AND RACHEL

Harry pounds on the palmtop in frustration.

RACHEL

What is it?

HARRY

Dr. Seuss' "The Thinks You Can Think". It's Kaylie's favorite book. Goddamn it --

RACHEL

Can't you just send her another e-mail and tell her to ignore it?

HARRY

It won't go through -- he must have blocked the line.

RACHEL

Then we have to go out there.

Rachel banks the copter away, out of the city -- and --

**CLOSE ON HARRY'S FACE**

as he desperately thinks it through, trying to find any other alternative, any other way -- he's shaken to his core, because there's only one thing to do, only one decision to make.

HARRY

No. We can't. Go to the hotel.

RACHEL

(staggered)

We're talking about your daughter --

HARRY

(angry)

Don't you think I know that? Don't you think he knows that? Fly to the hotel --

Rachel turns the helicopter back to head toward the Hay-Adams, above the chaos in the streets, as Harry struggles with his decision -- it's killing him, but there's no other choice.

HARRY

He said he had two backups. He's banking on my going to Virginia so he can implement the other one.

HARRY

(beat)

He's going to release some of the bacteria himself, using the hotel as a launching point. If he gets any of it out, any at all, he wins, Washington's gone --

(shaky)

-- and Kaylie's dead either way.

RACHEL

If we get there first -- do you know how to stop him?

Harry's face darkens -- it's not a very pleasant solution.

HARRY

Yes.

IN THE HOTEL STAIRCASE - PARRISH CLUTCHES THE CASE

and quickly trots up the stairs toward the roof -- while --

**OUTSIDE THE HAY-ADAMS HOTEL - AT STREET LEVEL - THE CROWD**

stampedes in a panic -- our VIEW PANS UP to the rooftop --

-- the copter arrives as, at the other end of the roof, an access door opens -- and Parrish emerges, with the case.

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER - HARRY

pockets something as the copter lowers to the roof --

HARRY

Give me one minute -- if I can't get it away from him, do what I told you.

RACHEL

I can't --

HARRY

(sharp)

You have to.

Harry stares down Rachel -- he's asking her to kill him. And after a long moment, her look shows that she agrees.

HARRY

(resigned)

When it's over -- get to Kaylie as fast as you can.

As the copter dips to the roof, Harry opens the door -- and --

AT ROOF LEVEL - **HARRY JUMPS FROM THE COPTER**

and runs across to intercept Parrish before he can reach the front -- Parrish sees him coming, and unlatches the case --

Harry slams into Parrish hard -- they go down in a tangle, but **the open case is knocked away** -- **it clatters across the roof**, stopping precariously at the front edge.

They struggle, but Parrish gets the better of Harry, who's weakened -- Parrish kicks Harry down --

PARRISH

I'm surprised to see you, Harry -- and a little flattered.

(breathing hard)

I never would have guessed that you hate me more than you love your daughter.

Leaving Harry behind, Parrish lopes back toward --

#### THE CASE

which stands open, over the edge -- the vial shakes loose and falls out onto the roof --

Parrish moves up to grab the case -- but as he gets there --

Harry moves into view and tackles him -- Parrish swings the empty case back at Harry, smashing him in the face with it -- Harry staggers back at the roof's edge, as --

#### THE GLASS VIAL ROLLS LOOSE ALONG THE ROOF'S EDGE

The roof's edge is stylishly rounded, and the vial's bulbous shape has it wavering back and forth, toward either the hundred foot drop to the crowd, or back to the roof --

-- until finally, it rolls off the edge and off the roof --

PARRISH SEES THIS

and tosses away the case -- he looks over the edge to see --

PARRISH'S POV - THE VIAL HAS LANDED

on a small, ornate part of a window sill -- it is cracked, but it is still sealed and intact, dangling above the street and the crowd -- it is also wedged in where it is, and clearly won't go anywhere unless it's knocked loose -- so --

PARRISH CAREFULLY CLIMBS OVER THE EDGE

to tentatively drop to a narrow ledge -- high above the crowd, Parrish cautiously moves across the ledge to try to get to the vial, but it is placed higher than he is.

HARRY

sees this, and runs to the opposite end of the same ledge --

-- Harry drops down over the roof, and gets on the ledge -- he slips, but recovers his footing and starts toward the vial --

BELOW IN THE STREET - MEMBERS OF THE CROWD SEE ALL THIS

-- instead of running away, the crowd thickens, pointing up --

FRONT VIEW OF THE HAY-ADAMS - HARRY AND PARRISH

move across the building, along opposite sides of the ledges.

Both men reach the end of their respective ledges, separated by a twenty foot gap. Parrish strains, but the vial is wedged just out of reach. He or Harry will have to jump to get at it.

Parrish looks at Harry contemptuously --

PARRISH

You shouldn't have come, Harry. It was the right thing to do, but you still shouldn't have done it.

(beat)

The bacteria will set her blood on fire. Her skin will peel off in sheets. She'll feel every part of her body liquefy, because her nervous system will go last. It'll take hours.

(beat)

If you'd gone to her, you'd have had the same mercy you left me: you could save the only person who ever meant anything to you by incinerating her. Instead, you've sacrificed her without stopping me.

(almost smiles)

You've blown the solution, Harry.

HARRY

No. You've got it backwards.

(beat)

The solution is going to blow you.

Harry takes a cylindrical emergency flare out of his jacket --

-- and the helicopter returns, hovering over the hotel edge. Harry waves the flare in a signal -- as --

CLOSE ON PARRISH'S FACE

-- he knows there's only one way left for him to win --

-- Parrish leaps off the ledge and toward the vial -- as --

IN THE COPTER - RACHEL

holds steady -- and reaches for the "FUEL DUMP" lever --

UNDERNEATH THE COPTER - THE FUEL TANKS EMPTY

in a spray of gasoline -- driven by the prop wash, it turns into a column of fine mist down the front of the hotel --

ON PARRISH'S LEAP

-- Parrish reaches the vial -- with a sweep of his hand, the vial is knocked, still intact, out of its perch --

Parrish and the vial fall separately toward the canopy, as the aerated fuel showers right behind them --

-- The vial strikes a flagpole extending from the front of the building -- the glass shatters, exposing the bacteria -- but --

ON THE LEDGE - HARRY TWISTS THE FLARE TO LIFE

-- and he hurls it down toward the cloud as --

IN THE HELICOPTER - RACHEL

shoves the "FUEL DUMP" lever back, and banks the copter away --

LONG SHOT ON FRONT OF HAY-ADAMS

-- the copter rapidly turns away, ending the fuel dump -- as --

-- the spiralling, thrown flare moves into the heart of the fuel cloud and ignites it -- from the center, it burns out --

PARRISH

has almost fallen to the canopy -- but his face shows he knows he's been beaten here -- we see what he sees --

PARRISH'S POV - A TWENTY FOOT COLUMN OF FIRE

surges down toward him -- it unmistakably incinerates all the bacterial fluid, just before it catches up to Parrish --

PARRISH'S BODY IS BLOWN THROUGH THE STONE CANOPY

by his fall and the explosive force of the cloud. The canopy has provided a "floor" for the column of fire, elevating it safely above the crowd -- but now the cloud burns up --

VIEW DOWN FRONT OF HOTEL - HARRY

is directly above the sheet of fire that's racing up -- he leaps for the roof's edge and pulls himself up and over, just as the sheet of flame shoots up past him --

On the roof, Harry catches his breath, slightly singed -- as --

FRONT VIEW OF HOTEL - THE COLUMN OF FLAME BURNS ITSELF OUT

in an instant, leaving residual traces of fire -- the hotel's flags are in flaming tatters, but the hotel will survive.

ON THE ROOF - THE HELICOPTER SWINGS AROUND

and Harry jumps in, breathless, but far from relieved --

HARRY

Let's get to Kaylie.

Harry pulls the door shut, and the copter speeds off -- as --

AT THE BED AND BREAKFAST - IN THE OUTER GROUNDS - KAYLIE

has dressed and is following the clue to the stables. On a barn, there is a sign with a horse -- freshly painted on it is a ball with a fish. Kaylie checks behind it and finds a page --

**Think of light, think of bright...**

Kaylie looks across, and sees a lantern hanging from a tree.

IN THE HELICOPTER - HARRY TURNS TO RACHEL

impatiently -- the ride feels incredibly slow.

HARRY

Can't we go any faster?

RACHEL

No. We're almost out of fuel.

AT THE VIRGINIA BED AND BREAKFAST GROUNDS - KAYLIE

steps up to the brightly glowing lantern, hanging from a tree in the middle of nowhere. Another Seuss page is hanging there.

**Think of stairs in the night...**

Kaylie turns, and looks across the grounds. Far off, she sees --

-- a set of stairs that are part of a Revolutionary War fort, stretching a hundred feet up the hillside. Kaylie runs toward it, as the distant SOUND of a helicopter can barely be heard --

BINOCULAR POV - **KAYLIE RUNS ACROSS THE FIELD**

-- from this far-off view, she is a small figure --

IN THE HELICOPTER - HARRY LOWERS THE BINOCULARS

when the fuel-starved engine sputters. Rachel starts it down --

HARRY

What are you doing? We're almost there --

RACHEL

If I don't land here, now, we'll crash --  
 (cuts off another protest)  
 -- we'll crash, and he'll win.

Rachel continues landing -- all Harry can do is sit and wait.

IN THE RUINS - AT A STAIRCASE - KAYLIE IS SMILING

This is cool. In the stone stairs, she finds another page --

**Think left, think right...**

Kaylie veers off to her right into a stone room -- as --

ANGLE ON HELICOPTER COMING DOWN

-- it's on fumes -- on the last thirty feet the engine dies out altogether and comes down on a rough autorotation --

THE HELICOPTER LANDS ROUGHLY IN THE CLEARING - HARRY

throws open the door to bolt across the clearing, but we see he is at least a couple of hundred yards from the fortress --

INSIDE THE RUINS - KAYLIE

finds another note -- she knows she's close now --

**Think low...**

Kaylie looks down: a page is under a rock on the floor.

HARRY REACHES THE TOP OF THE FORTRESS

He looks down, and sees light streaming out of a low window --

INSIDE THE RUINS - KAYLIE

picks up the note under from the rock -- it reads --

**Think high...**

Kaylie shines the light to a high point in the room -- atop a tall stack of rocks, is one of the figures she collects --

CLOSE ON THE TOY - THE PLASTIC BUBBLE

has the final Seuss page taped to it --

**Oh, the Thinks you can Think if only you try!**

In the bubble, the toy holds the last bacterial vial, sealed so delicately that if it tips, it will definitely spill out --

ON THE ROCKS - KAYLIE

starts climbing up, carefully -- as --

HIGHER UP IN THE RUINS - HARRY

runs down recklessly, stumbling through the dark stairs --

KAYLIE CLIMBS UP THE ROCKS

-- she slips, but catches herself against the wall --

-- the impact of her slapping the wall causes the toy to slide forward slightly -- it is a centimeter away from falling --

ELSEWHERE IN THE RUINS - HARRY

is taking the steps three at a time --

KAYLIE REACHES THE TOP OF THE STACKED STONES UNDER THE TOY

She stretches for it -- as her fingers brush it for a grip --

Harry's arm COMES INTO VIEW and snatches her away to the other side of the room, holding her as if his life depended on it --

KAYLIE

Daddy --

Harry holds her tight -- but across the room, he sees the toy is sliding off the perch -- the vial is falling -- but --

-- Rachel's hand shoots out to grab it -- the fluid in the vial stays steady. Rachel and Harry trade relieved looks, as we --

DISSOLVE TO:



INT. WORST CASE DIRECTORATE - HARRY'S OFFICE - A DIFFERENT DAY

As we PAN across Harry's office, we see the Worst Case Directorate has been strengthened: one memo reads "Re: WCSD Severs Ties With NSA and CIA", another says "Re: WCSC Oversight Authority Restored by Congress". The PAN continues --

-- we find Harry working behind the computer on a "Disaster Prevention Memorandum". As he's about to add a point, the computer beeps -- an "URGENT ACTION BULLETIN" box pops up.

Harry glances at it, troubled -- and gets up --

IN THE WORST CASE CORRIDORS - HARRY WALKS THROUGH

an agency that looks like it's had a big boost in manpower and equipment -- past Glenn and Keith, arguing an encryption problem -- reaching a door marked "ENFORCEMENT DIVISION - OFFICE OF DIRECTOR". Behind a desk, Rachel sits at her computer.

HARRY

Trouble --

RACHEL

I know -- it came up on my screen too.

ON THE SCREEN - THE "URGENT ACTION BULLETIN"

reads -- "TRIED TO COOK LASANYA FOR SURPRISE DINNER. IT BURNED. MAGGIE CAN'T TURN SMOKE DETECTOR OFF. HELP! Kaylie."

IN OFFICE - HARRY AND RACHEL

Harry looks at Rachel, perplexed --

HARRY

There isn't an easy solution, you know --

RACHEL

Sure there is. Stop at the Thai place on 13th Street.

HARRY

I mean the smoke alarm. I don't know how to turn it off either.

(beat)

Why don't you join us? She sent you the message too, you know.

(smiles)

Chances are the world's not going to come to an end if we both take the night off.

Rachel returns the smile -- and turns her computer off.

DIRECTORATE PARKING LOT - HARRY AND RACHEL GET INTO HIS CAR

and drive into the sunset and the gridlock of Washington.

FADE OUT.