

BLACK SKY

screenplay by

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BLACK SKY

The following quote appears in plain white text against a black background:

Let us never tolerate outrageous conspiracy theories concerning the attacks on September 11th. Malicious lies that attempt to shift the blame away from the terrorists themselves; away from the guilty.

- George W. Bush

FADE IN:

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Minimal credits run in counterpoint through a sequence of documentary images of the events of the morning of September 11, 2001. Passengers carrying luggage and pulling wheeled suitcases through a busy airport. Business people, families with children; and couples, both young and old, hugging their long awaited greetings and final farewells. We see people passing through security and passport control.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Title: 07:59 - Newark International Airport - New York

We see American Airlines flight 11 speeding along the runway. The noise of the engines builds as the airplane lifts off.

Then:

AMERICAN 11

We have some planes. Just stay quiet, and you'll be okay. We are returning to the airport.

More:

AMERICAN 11

Nobody move. Everything will be okay. If you try to make any moves, you'll endanger yourself and the airplane. Just stay quiet.

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

The sound of the early morning traffic mixed with the hustle-bustle of the big city. A radio DJ welcome sin the new day.

More:

FAA BOSTON

Hi. Boston Centre TMU, we have a problem here. We have a hijacked aircraft headed towards New York, and we need you guys. We need someone to scramble some F16's or something up there, help us out.

NORAD

Is this real world or exercise?

FAA BOSTON

No, this is not an exercise, not a test.

EXT. AIRPLANE IN FLIGHT - DAY

American Airlines flight 11 banks sharply as it veers from its current course and turns towards New York city.

More:

FAA NEW YORK

This is New York Centre. We're watching the airplane.....they've told us that one of their stewardesses was stabbed and that there are people in the cockpit who have control of the aircraft.

EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTRE TOWERS - DAY

Title: 08:46 - One World Trade Centre - New York

We see footage of the first plane, American Airlines flight 11, crashing into the North Tower of the World Trade Centre.

More:

FAA NEW YORK

We have several situations going on here. It's escalating big, big time. We need to get the military involved with us.

NEW YORK TERMINAL

I got somebody who keeps coasting, but it looks like he's going into one of the small airports down there. Got him just out of 9,500.....9,000 now.

FAA BOSTON

Do you know who he is?

NEW YORK TERMINAL

We don't know who he is. We're just picking him up now.

More:

UNITED 175

Nobody move please. We are going back to the airport. Don't try to make any stupid moves.

More:

FAA BOSTON

Heads up man, it looks like another one coming in.

Title: 09:02 - Two World Trade Centre - New York

Further footage of the second plane, United Airlines flight 175, crashing into the South Tower of the World Trade Centre. Plumes of thick black smoke and flames pour from the upper floors of the crippled building.

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

People fleeing from the carnage of the burning buildings. Devastation, panic! Heavy smoke billows from both towers. The sounds of shock and terror mixed with the communication of the New York Fire Department.

BATTALION 7 CHIEF

Battalion Seven.....Ladder 15, we've got two isolated pockets of fire. We should be able to knock it down with two lines. Radio err, radio that, seventy-eighth floor, numerous ten forty-five code ones.

LADDER 15

What stair are you in?

BATTALION 7 CHIEF

Battalion seven to lobby command post.

BATTALION 7 CHIEF

Go ahead ladder fifteen.

LADDER 15

Chief, what stair you in?

BATTALION 7 CHIEF
South stairway, Adam, south
Tower.

LADDER 15
Floor seventy-eight?

BATTALION 7 AIDE
Ten-four, we've got numerous
civilian, we're gonna need two
engines up here.

LADDER 15
Alright, ten-four, we're on our
way.

More:

LADDER 15
We're on seventy-seven now,
south stair, we'll be right to
you.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - DAY

Montage of footage of Washington DC. Cars cruising along a
busy freeway. The Pentagon visible in the background.

More:

AMERICAN 77
Keep remaining seated. We have a
bomb on board.

More:

AMERICAN 77
Uh, this is the captain. Would
like you all to remain seated.
There is a bomb on board and are
going back to the airport.

EXT. THE PENTAGON, WASHINGTON DC - DAY

We see footage of the Pentagon building burning following the
impact of American Airlines flight 77. heavy smoke; more
panic and destruction. Sirens over the din.

FAA COMMAND CENTRE
Err, do we want to think about
scrambling aircraft?

FAA HEADQUARTERS
God, I don't know.

FAA COMMAND CENTRE

That's a decision somebody's
gonna have to make, probably in
the next ten minutes.

CUT TO:

EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTRE TOWERS - DAY

Montage of footage showing both of the World Trade Centre towers collapsing. Plumes of dust and debris stretch along the neighbouring streets. Startled bystanders flee for their lives. Police officers and fire crew frantically try to usher people to safety.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHANKSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA - DAY

We see an empty field.

Title: 10:03 - Shanksville, Pennsylvania (80 miles South
East of Pittsburgh)

Then:

UNITED 93

Get out of here! Get out of
here!

We hear the sound of United Airlines flight 93, out of control and spiraling towards the ground. And the sounds of a struggle; and voices, in English and Arabic; the words unintelligible.

Followed by:

The deafening sound of impact.

Then:

Silence.

FADE TO BLACK:

FILM TITLE: BLACK SKY

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAWN

Title: Three months later.

We can scarcely make out the outlines of the furniture. The muffled sounds of people in the adjoining rooms can be heard through the paper-thin walls. We hear footsteps approaching the door. A key is heard scratching its way into the lock. We

hear the door handle slowly pushed down and the door open. Light from outside spills into the room. The light dims as we hear the door close, then, soft footsteps as someone approaches a chair and sits. We see a hand reach into an inside pocket and take out a mobile phone. The person dials a number then places the phone to their ear.

We hear the ringing tone.

Pause then:

The call is answered. Faint breathing can be heard down the phone. Then the caller speaks. His voice is low and his tone deliberate.

CALLER

Do you have it?

Pause, then a male voice answers.

PHONE

Yes.

CALLER

Good.

(beat)

You know what to do, right?

PHONE

Yeah.

CALLER

Let us know when it's done.

PHONE

I will.

We hear the click of the call ending. He dials a second number.

CALLER

He has it.

He hangs up. We see a hand reach back into the inside pocket and replace the phone.

Pause then:

We hear the click of the bathroom door opening as a man steps out onto the room. The caller looks up in surprise. The man takes a seat opposite him.

Pause then:

CALLER

You found me.

MAN

Of course.

CALLER

How?

MAN

It's my job, and I'm very good
at it.

Pause then:

CALLER

You're too late. I don't have it
any more.

MAN

So I heard.

Pause then:

MAN (CONT'D)

Where is it now?

CALLER

You expect me to tell you that?

The man smiles as he takes a pack of cigarettes from his top pocket. He takes one out, taps it on the pack a couple of times, and then puts it in his mouth. He doesn't light it.

MAN

You know we'll find it, don't
you?

CALLER

By then it'll be too late. We've
decided to go public.

(beat)

We're gonna blow this thing wide
open.

Pause then:

MAN

You should have gotten out when
you had the chance. This is way
too big for you.

CALLER

The people have a right to know
the truth.

MAN

I admire your integrity.

The man takes the cigarette from his mouth and rolls it in between his fingers. His gaze is upwards and away from the caller.

Pause then:

MAN
 (directly)
 Where is it now?

The caller says nothing more. He sits there staring silently at his antagonist.

Then:

We hear the distinctive popping sound of a silenced pistol firing. The caller's head rocks back and his jaw drops open. A thin line of blood begins to flow from the bullet hole in the centre of his forehead. The man take his lighter from his side jacket pocket and lights the cigarette. We hear the man stand and walk towards the door. As he passes the caller he reaches down and feels for a pulse in his victim's neck. Satisfied that he is dead he moves towards the door. Once more light spills into the room as we hear the door open as he leaves. The light gently fades as he closes the door quietly behind him.

FADE TO BLACK:

Title: Two Days Earlier.

FADE IN:

INT. NEWS ROOM - DAY

Bustling with activity. A cacophony of noise; numerous telephone conversations interlaced with the tapping of computer keys and telephones ringing. We see ROBERT HAIGH, 36, a journalist, typing up a story he's been working on. In the background, mounted on pillars, we see flat screen TV's showing news reports of the clean-up process at Ground Zero. A woman, VAL, late 50's, approaches pushing a trolley full of letters and parcels. She stops at HAIGH'S desk and drops a small brown package in front of him.

VAL
 This just came for you Mr.
 Haigh.

He looks up from his computer.

HAIGH
 Thanks Val.

His gaze returns to his work as VAL moves on to the next desk.

HAIGH
 (not looking up)
 How many times have I told you
 not to call me Mr. Haigh?

(beat)

It makes me sound way more
important than I really am.

Val turns back and smiles.

VAL

(cheekily)

Sorry.....

(beat)

Bob.

She turns and carries on. HAIGH smiles to himself as he stands and moves towards his printer and waits for his work to print off. He takes the printed pages and puts them in a tray on his desk marked 'OUT'. He picks up the package and studies it for a few seconds, turning it around in his hands. Handwritten on the front, in black capital letters is:

PRIVATE

There's nothing else. No stamp, no postmark; nothing.

HAIGH

How do you know this is for me?

(turns it in his hands)

There's no name on it.

VAL

It was delivered by hand.

HAIGH

By who?

VAL

(shrugs)

No idea.

HAIGH studies the package further.

HAIGH

Just now?

VAL

I guess so. It just came up.

HAIGH shrugs his shoulders. An office junior, a young girl in her late teens, passes his desk and takes the printed pages from his tray.

HAIGH

Thanks.

Without opening the package he drops it back on the desk and heads towards the water cooler underneath one of the flat-screen TV's. VAL has stopped there and is staring up at the screen. HAIGH pours himself a drink of water and joins her. The varying sounds of the busy office fill the air.

HAIGH

I still can't believe it.

VAL

No, me either.

HAIGH

All those people.

VAL

Doesn't bear thinking about.

(beat)

All we can do is continue to write the stories and keep the people informed as best we can, and when we go home try to leave it all behind.

Pause then:

HAIGH

I don't know how you do it.

(beat)

How can you not be affected by that?

(points at the screen)

All that death.

VAL turns to leave. After a few steps she turns back.

VAL

It does affect me. But I can't take that home with me, to my grandson.

HAIGH looks over his shoulder and shoots her a glance.

VAL

Sounds heartless, I know, but life goes on.

HAIGH turns to face him. He points with his thumb over his shoulder towards the screen.

HAIGH

Not for those people it doesn't.

VAL shrugs her shoulders in a 'there's nothing I can do about it' kind of way, then carries on. HAIGH turns back towards his desk. VAL calls after him.

VAL

Go home Mr. Haigh. Open a bottle of beer and forget your troubles.

He doesn't answer. As he passed the coat stand he grabs his jacket and puts it on. At his desk he picks up his briefcase

and opens it. In it he places his newspaper and the package and heads for the exit. As he passes one of the desks he taps on it. He doesn't break stride. JAMES CARTER, early 40's, looks up.

HAIGH

Good night Jim.

JAMES

Yeah, good night Bob.

HAIGH turns back.

HAIGH

Oh, and don't forget Saturday night. Eight o'clock, my place. You and that beautiful wife of yours.

JAMES

How could I forget?, you remind me twice a day.

HAIGH smiles as he heads towards the exit. His pace increases as he passes the office of his Chief Editor LARRY COLE. He is about to open the door to leave when:

COLE

Haigh, get in here.

HAIGH'S head drops at the sound of his boss's voice. He stops at the exit for a few seconds then turns and heads towards COLE'S office.

INT. LARRY COLE'S OFFICE - DAY

As HAIGH enters he sees COLE standing behind his desk, looking out of the window. He doesn't turn to face HAIGH.

COLE

Close the door and sit down.

HAIGH obliges.

HAIGH

I'd rather stand.

COLE

(voice raised)

I said sit down!

HAIGH sits.

Pause then:

COLE

What am I paying you for?

HAIGH

Excuse me.

COLE

I said what am.....

HAIGH interrupts.

HAIGH

Yeah, I heard you.

(beat)

What are you talking about?

COLE turns to face him.

COLE

(angrily)

This!

He throws a handful of papers at HAIGH. The same pages he had just finished typing up. He manages to catch most of them but some finish up on the floor. HAIGH reads a few lines from one of the pages. COLE picks up the pages from the floor and screws them up in his fist. He hold them out to HAIGH.

COLE

Three fuckin' months and still
you're churning out this shit.

HAIGH doesn't reply.

COLE

That's it, no more. I'm pulling
the plug; right here, right now.

(beat)

This newspaper has an obligation
to its readers. And not to
mention a damn fine reputation.

HAIGH interjects.

HAIGH

Jesus Christ Larry, is that all
you're interested in? our
reputation? Three thousand
people died. Let's get a little
perspective here.

COLE

You just don't get it, do you?

(beat)

This newspaper is not a forum
for your conspiracy crap.

Pause then:

COLE (CONT'D)

Facts Bob, I need to see some

facts.

HAIGH

But.....

COLE

But what? You refuse to name
your sources,

(laughs)

If you actually have any.

HAIGH interrupts.

HAIGH

These people.....

COLE

There they are again, *these*
people.....

HAIGH

.....they don't want to go on the
record, Larry. What they know
can incriminate some very
important people.

(beat)

They fear for their lives.

COLE

They don't want to go on the
record because they have no hard
evidence to back-up their
claims. They'd rather make you,
us, look like idiots.

COLE returns to the window and stares out.

COLE

Missiles, controlled demolition.

(shakes head)

Shit, what's next? Fuckin'
aliens?

HAIGH

(sarcastically)

Well.....

COLE spins around. His face a picture of anger.

COLE

(voice raised)

Don't jerk me around Bob. I'll
have you out that door so fast
your feet won't touch.....

People working at nearby desks turn their heads towards the
raised voice. One glance from COLE and they quickly return to

their work.

HAIGH

Just give me a few more days. If
I can't give you a name by then
I'll give it up, OK?

Pause then:

COLE

I should give you a kick up the
ass, that's what I should give
you.

HAIGH

Come on Larry, a few more days.
Have I ever let you down before?

COLE

We both know the answer to that
one.

(beat)

Shit.

COLE turns back to the window.

Pause then:

COLE

(exhales heavily)

I'm gonna regret this.

(beat)

We print nothing without a name,
do I make myself clear?

HAIGH

As a bell,

(stands)

And thanks you Larry.

COLE

This is your last chance Bob, no
more bullshit.

(beat)

Now get the hell out of my
office.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR PARK - DUSK

A strong wind blows heavy rain hard against HAIGH'S face. He hunches his shoulders as he makes his way towards his car. He raises his briefcase above his head in a vain attempt to take shelter from the downpour. As he approaches the car he takes out his keys and presses the alarm button. The indicators

flash and the central locking whirs as the doors unlock. He climbs into the car and drops the briefcase on the passenger seat. He puts the key into the ignition and is about to fire up the engine when he hears:

The beeping of a mobile phone.

He reaches into this jacket pocket and pulls out his phone. He looks at the screen - nothing. No new message.

Pause then:

He turns to look at the briefcase. He stares at it for a few seconds then lifts it onto his lap. He pops it open and takes out the package. He tears it open to reveal a small cardboard box. He opens the box and inside he finds a mobile phone. He looks at the screen and sees the words:

One New Message

press ENTER to read

he looks at the phone for a few seconds longer then presses the READ button. He doesn't know what to make of what he sees. The message reads:

Wait for my call. 11pm tonight.

Tell no-one.

He presses the OPTIONS button to check the sender's number. He doesn't recognise it.

Pause then:

He hits the REPLY button and types:

Who is this?

He hits SEND. After a few seconds he gets the following message.

Number not in service.

Please try later.

He stares at the phone for a few seconds longer. He turns to look through first the drivers then the passenger side window, as if expecting to find someone watching him. He sees no-one. He drops the phone back into the case and puts it back on the passenger seat. He turns the key and starts the engine. He puts the car into gear and sets off.

CUT TO:

INT. HAIGH HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT

ALICE HAIGH, 34, is in the kitchen preparing dinner. She holds a telephone to her ear.

ALICE

Yes Margaret, I know we've not visited for a few weeks but.....

More:

ALICE

And you haven't seen Josh for a few weeks either. Robert has been very.....

More:

ALICE

Do you want to speak to him now?

ALICE drops the phone from her ear into her hand.

ALICE

Josh! Come say hi to grandma Haigh.

No reply.

ALICE

(louder)

JOSH!

JOSHUA HAIGH, 12, slowly walks into the kitchen and takes the phone from his mother and puts it to his ear. ALICE continues to prepare dinner.

JOSH

Hi grandma.

More:

JOSH

Yeah, I'm okay.

More:

JOSH

I miss you too grandma.

ALICE glances back towards the telephone and shakes her head slowly.

ALICE

(to herself)

Jeez.....

Pause then:

JOSH

Do you want to speak to mom again?

More:

JOSH

Okay grandma, bye.

He walks over to the telephone and reaches up to replace the receiver. He's not quite tall enough so his mother has to help him. he heads out of the kitchen and back to the TV.

INT. HAIGH HOME/LOUNGE - LATER

JOSH is sitting on the sofa flicking through the TV channels.

ALICE (O.S.)

Turn off the TV now Josh.
Dinner's almost ready and daddy
will be home soon.

No sooner have the words left her mouth we hear the front door open and HAIGH enters carrying his briefcase.

JOSH

Hi dad.

HAIGH

Hey kiddo, how you doin'?

JOSH

I'm okay.

HAIGH

What ya watchin'?

He ruffles the boy's hair.

JOSH

Cartoons.

HAIGH

Where's mom?

JOSH doesn't look up from the TV.

JOSH

(points)

She's in the kitchen.

He drops the briefcase on the sofa.

INT. HAIGH HOME/KITCHEN - EVENING

On a wall-mounted TV an early evening news show is starting. ALICE watches the show with one eye and cooks with the other. HAIGH enters.

HAIGH

Hey.

He kisses her.

ALICE

(smiling)

Hey to you too.

(beat)

Your mother called, again.

HAIGH

What did you tell her.

He opens the fridge and takes out a carton of juice.

ALICE

That you've been busy.

He removes the cap and drinks straight form the carton.

ALICE

I wish you wouldn't do that.

She hands him a glass.

ALICE

Good day?

He pours half a glass of juice then puts the carton back in the fridge.

HAIGH

Got slated by Larry again, but other than that.....

(shrugs shoulders)

You?

ALICE

Yeah, usual.

In the background we hear the voice of a TV NEWSREADER.

NEWSREADER

The United States has begun its military campaign, Operation Enduring Freedom, against Al-Qaeda and the Taliban in Afghanistan.

HAIGH

(points at screen)

Can you believe this?

ALICE turns to the TV.

NEWSREADER

The attacks, which began around eleven thirty eastern standard time, were quickly followed by a public broadcast from The President who promised a *sustained and relentless*

campaign.

The TV shows images of fighter jets taking off from an aircraft carrier.

NEWSREADER

Cruise missiles and bombers have targeted the airports of Kandahar and Kabul and terrorist training camps near Jalalabad.

All the while HAIGH shakes his head.

HAIGH

More senseless killing. Don't people care what's going on around them?

ALICE

(smiling)

I think you care enough for all of us.

He looks at her.

HAIGH

You should take this more seriously.

The TV news show continues.

NEWSREADER

In other news, Senator Howard Jackson of Illinois confirmed today that he does intend to put himself forward for the Democratic Presidential candidacy.

HAIGH turns back to the TV.

HAIGH

He's got no chance.

Pause as Alice turns to face him and smiles.

ALICE

Come on, dinner's ready.

HAIGH

Yeah, I'm gonna wash up.

He heads for the door, turns back to her.

HAIGH

Wine?

ALICE

Err, red.

HAIGH

(nods)

Red.

He leaves the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIA BUILDING - NIGHT

A massive complex surrounded by razor wire and surveillance cameras.

Title: CIA Headquarters - Mclean, Virginia

One building several blocks long. Its roof bristling with antennas, dishes and domes.

INT. CIA BUILDING/OFFICE - NIGHT

Agent DONALD HICKS - mid 50's - sits working at his desk. His mobile phone rings and he recognises the number immediately. He picks it up and answers. Conversation cuts between HICKS and field agent EDDIE KNOX - 40's - sitting in his car.

HICKS

(alarmed)

What's happened?

KNOX

Nothing. We're still no him.

HICKS

What about the disc?

KNOX

We found the original at his place.

HICKS

The original?

KNOX

He left it for us. He must have made a copy.

HICKS

Am I to understand.....

KNOX

He hasn't passed it on. He's made no contact with anyone in the past 24 hours. No calls, nothing.

HICKS

What if he goes to the newspaper?

KNOX

He can't take a shit without me knowing.

HICKS

Make sure it stays that way. If he contacts anyone I want to be the first to know.

Pause then:

KNOX

I can make him go away. No-one would ever know.

HICKS

No, not until we're sure we have the disc.

(beat)

Stay on him.

KNOX hangs up. HICKS puts the phone back on the desk and puts his head in his hands.

CUT TO:

INT. HAIGH HOME/STUDY - LATER

The digits on the digital clock glow bright red under the lamp-light: 22:59. HAIGH sits at his desk, one eye on the clock and one on the mobile phone laying in front of him. both eyes focus on the clock as it clicks over to 23:00. he waits.

Nothing.

The phone doesn't ring. He picks it up and stares at it.

Then, the display begins to flash neon blue as the ringtone sounds.

CUT TO:

INT. NRO SURVEILLANCE LAB - SAME TIME

Banks of computer screens showing satellite images ranging from cities to building to cars to people. Other screens show information of mobile and fixed line communications, bank account details, credit card transactions and internet surfing habits. An overweight TECHNICIAN munches on a chocolate bar as he monitors the screens, tapping intermittently on his keyboard. He picks up a can of cola and cracks the top open. He puts the drink to his mouth then:

Beep, beep, beep.....

He's startled into action, slamming the can back down. The

liquid splashes onto the desk and into his lap.

TECHNICIAN

Shit!

Using a sheet of paper he wipes away the cola as he picks up the phone and dials.

Pause then:

TECHNICIAN

He's making a call.

More:

TECHNICIAN

I'm on it. Give me sixty seconds and I'll call you back.

He puts the phone down and taps away on the keyboard. Streams of data flash across the screen. Number after name after number; eventually thinning out until only one name remains. The cursor flashes against it - ROBERT HAIGH. He picks up the phone and re-dials.

TECHNICIAN

It's a guy named Haigh, Robert Haigh.

More:

TECHNICIAN

Two secs.

He taps more keys. The screen shows HAIGH'S electronic identity. Months, years flashing by quickly. His employment history, insurance policies, credit histories, video rentals, library checkouts, school records. ATM transactions, tax returns.....everything. Then, finally, a picture.

TECHNICIAN

Coming through now.

CUT TO:

INT. HAIGH HOME/STUDY - SAME TIME

At first he doesn't answer. He stares at the phone; the ringtone escalating in volume. Then he presses the 'ANSWER' button and slowly places the phone to his ear.

HAIGH

Who is this?

Silence.

HAIGH

Who is this?

VOICE

My name is David Hunt. I have something I think you might want.

HAIGH

I'm not following.

HUNT

I've read your column in the paper.

(beat)

I have the proof you're looking for.

HAIGH

Go on.

HUNT

Not now.

(beat)

Later.

HAIGH

Either you have something or you don't, which one is it?

HUNT

I do, just not now.

HAIGH

When?

HUNT

Later. Nero Diner, 2am. You know it?

HAIGH

Yeah, I know it. How will I know you?

HUNT

I know you.

The phone goes dead.

INT. HAIGH HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom door quietly opens and HAIGH peers in. He can just make out the bed in the dim light spilling into the room. ALICE lays still, her back to him. He slowly closes the door and leaves.

Pause then:

She turns slowly to face the door and sighs heavily.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Light rain wets the road. The occasional car passes, spraying water from its tyres. HAIGH stands opposite the diner, his warm breath condensing in the cool night air. He looks at his watch: 01:58. He checks for oncoming traffic then heads across the road.

CUT TO:

INT. NERO DINER - NIGHT

The door opens and HAIGH enters. He approaches the counter.

HAIGH

Coffee please.

WAITRESS

Take a seat and I'll bring it over.

There are three other people in the diner. He looks for a seat as far away from them as he can. He sees one, by the window, and sits there. The waitress walks over with the coffee and puts it on the table in front of him.

HAIGH

(glancing up)

Thank you.

He sits there, staring into the cup as if mesmerised by the steam curling up from the hot liquid. He is woken from his temporary daze by the sound of the door opening. He looks up and sees a man, mid 20's, approaching the counter. He wears blue jeans with a black bomber jacket, and a black baseball cap with the words 'NO FEAR' printed on the front. HAIGH returns his gaze to his coffee cup. Before reaching the counter the man turns and heads towards HAIGH'S table. HAIGH looks up as the man takes a seat opposite him. The two men regard each other cautiously for a few seconds.

HUNT

(softly)

Were you followed?

HAIGH is surprised by the question.

HAIGH

What?

HUNT

(louder)

Were you followed?

HAIGH

(puzzled)

No, err, I don't think so.

HUNT looks across the room towards a man sitting alone, then out of the window, then back to HAIGH. He takes a packet of cigarettes from his jacket pocket. He takes one out and lights it, leaving the half opened packet and the lighter on the table in front of him.

HUNT leans in towards HAIGH, blowing smoke in his face.

HUNT

(agitated)

You don't think so?

(beat)

Were you followed or not?

Pause then:

HAIGH

Why would anyone be following me?

HUNT exhales another cloud of smoke then leans in towards HAIGH once more.

HUNT

Because they have what I want.

HAIGH

They?

HUNT nervously scans the room once more. He stubs out the cigarette and immediately takes out another one and lights it. He gestures towards the packet.

HAIGH

No thanks.

(beat)

Who are they?

Another cloud of smoke.

HUNT

They're everywhere, watching.

A further nervous glance around the diner. HAIGH can muster only a frown.

HAIGH

What is it that you have?

HUNT

I told you; proof.

HAIGH

Proof of what?

HUNT

A cover-up.

HAIGH

About nine-eleven?

HUNT scans the room yet again then leans in.

HUNT

Of course about nine-eleven.

HAIGH

Can I see it?

Another glance around the room.

HUNT

I don't have it with me.

HAIGH lets out an exasperated sigh.

HAIGH

(annoyed)

Thanks for dragging me out here
at two in the morning.

He makes to leave. HUNT grabs him by the arm.

HUNT

I keep it hidden. They know I
have it, but not where.

HAIGH retakes his seat.

HAIGH

At least tell me what it is.

HUNT draws heavily on the cigarette. Smoke escapes from his
mouth as he speaks.

HUNT

It's a CD.

HAIGH

A CD?

(beat)

What's on it?

HUNT

Nothing you can dance to.

HAIGH forces a smile. HUNT puts out the cigarette and
straight away lights another one.

HAIGH

Can I get a copy?

HUNT

No, no more copies. I have the
only one. I left the original

where they could find it.....
 (inhales heavily on cigarette)
but they're way too clever to
 fall for that one.

HAIGH
 Can you at least tell me what's
 on it?

HAIGH reaches into his jacket pocket and takes out a small
 digital voice recorder.

HUNT
 (defencively)
 No tape recorders. Nothing goes
 on the record.

HAIGH
 Where have I heard that before?

HUNT
 If they find out I've told you
 we're dead. Do you understand?
 (louder)
 Dead!

The other customers look towards the raised voice. HUNT drops
 his head and they soon return to their own business. HAIGH
 puts the recorder back in his pocket.

HAIGH
 Why don't you go to the police?

HUNT
 The police? These people own the
 police.

HAIGH looks down at the table then back up to HUNT.

HAIGH
 If you can't show me or tell me
 then what's the point of all
 this?

HUNT
 I can tell you, just not here.

HAIGH
 What about my office?

HUNT
 The newspaper?

He stubs out the cigarette.

HUNT
 Are you serious?

He lights yet another.

HUNT

I'd be dead before we got there.
You too, probably.

HAIGH takes the mobile phone from his pocket and puts it down on the table.

HAIGH

you managed to deliver this,
(beat)
by hand.

HUNT

That wasn't me, that was an
associate of mine.

HAIGH

Who?

HUNT

Does it matter?

Pause then:

HAIGH

I can protect you, keep you
safe.

HUNT

You can't protect me from them.
no-one can. You reckon they'd
think twice about killing me if
they thought I was going public?

HAIGH

You said they were following
you. If they wanted you dead
they would have killed you by
now.

HUNT

You're not listening. They
can't, not until they get it
back. That's why I keep it
hidden. It's my insurance
policy.

HAIGH

I don't understand. Why don't
you just leave it hidden and
they can't hurt you.

HUNT

I'm tired of looking over my
shoulder all the time. I can't
take it any more.

HUNT nervously runs his hands through his hair. HAIGH sighs.

HAIGH

So, if not at my office then
where?

HUNT leans back in his seat.

HUNT

At your place.
(beat)
Your home I mean.

HAIGH leans forward.

HAIGH

No chance. My family stays out
of this.

HUNT

There's nowhere else that's
safe. It has to be your place or
not at all.

HAIGH leans back in his seat. He can see that HUNT is genuinely fearful as he picks nervously at his fingernails and draws repeatedly on the cigarette.

Pause then:

HAIGH

OK, my place, and I want the
full story. No bullshit.

HUNT

No bullshit, I promise.

HAIGH

My car's across the street.
(beat)
Let's go.

HUNT stubs out his final cigarette. HAIGH puts the phone back in his pocket and the two men stand and head for the door.

HAIGH

What's my wife gonna think? Me
bringing home a strange man in
the middle of the night.

HUNT

What's that?

HAIGH

Nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The two men step out into the night air. The street is quiet save for the occasional sound of a police siren or a screeching tyre in the distance. They start to cross the road. HAIGH stops as he hears a faint thudding noise. He turns to see HUNT falling to the ground, clutching his chest. HAIGH instantly realises that HUNT has been shot. He crouches down next to him, all the while looking up and down the street for any sign of a gunman. He sees nothing.

HAIGH

The disc, where is it? Where can
I find it?

HUNT struggles to get his words out, gargling on his own blood.

HUNT

Inside.....pocket.

HAIGH reaches in and takes out an envelope and stuffs it in his pocket. HUNT lets go his final breath and falls motionless. A pool of blood begins to spread beneath his lifeless body. HAIGH heads back to his car. Having seen what has just happened, the other customers and staff from the diner begin to emerge out onto the street. One of the customers reaches the body and checks for pulse.

CUSTOMER

Hey man, he's dead.
(looks towards Haigh)
Someone stops that guy.

Too late. HAIGH has already gunned the engine and is speeding away.

CUT TO:

INT. HICKS OFFICE - NIGHT

HICKS is seated at this desk with an open file in front of him. Next to the file is a bottle of Makers Mark and a half full glass; no ice. His mobile phone rings. He picks it up and looks at the display. He sees the name 'KNOX' on the screen. Conversation intercuts between HICKS and KNOX.

HICKS

What's the story?

KNOX

Hunt's dead.

Pause as HICKS head drops.

HICKS

And the disc?

FURNESS

No.

HICKS

(voice raised)

Jesus fuckin' Christ, Eddie. I told you to keep him alive.

KNOX

He met with someone tonight.

HICKS

Who?

KNOX

A guy named Haigh, Robert Haigh.

Pause then:

HICKS

I know that name.

KNOX

He's a reporter for the New York Post. Been writing lots of shit about nine-eleven.

HICKS

Does he know anything about us?

KNOX

He might do soon if Hunt told him where to find the disc.

HICKS

Fuck!

KNOX

Calm down.

(beat)

Haigh's a reporter. All he wants is a story. He won't be able to resist bringing it into the open.

HICKS

I need to own him Eddie. I need to own him now!

KNOX

We're already on it.

HICKS

You're taking a massive gamble killing Hunt.

KNOX

We'll find it. I've got my best people on it.

HICKS

Shit, I'll have to talk to Jackson, he needs to know.

KNOX

You haven't told him?

HICKS

I didn't think I'd have to. You said you'd have it back by now.

HICKS exhales heavily.

HICKS

Just get me my fucking disc back Eddie.

HICKS ends the call. He taps his fingers on the desk then dials a number. After a few seconds he gets an answer.

P.A.

Senator Jackson's office, can I help you?

HICKS

This is Donald Hicks for Senator Jackson.

P.A.

One moment please.

She transfers the call. The next voice he hears is JACKSON'S.

JACKSON

What have I told you about calling me on this number?

HICKS

Things have changed.

JACKSON

How?

HICKS

The disc.

JACKSON

What about it?

HICKS

There's a copy.

(beat)

And it's out in the open.

Pause then:

JACKSON

Shit! How the fuck could you
have let this happen?

(beat)

Can you get it back?

HICKS

I'm working on it.

JACKSON

We need to talk, and I mean face
to face.

(beat)

We meet in the open.

HICKS

That's not a good idea.

JACKSON

No-one will suspect anything.
We'll just be two friends
sharing breakfast.

Pause then:

HICKS

Okay, where?

JACKSON

News Café, 10am.

HICKS

I'll be there.

JACKSON hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

A quiet suburban neighborhood. A tree-lined street with large houses down either side. HAIGH pulls the car to a stop at the side of the road and sits there, still in shock from what has happened. He takes out the blood spattered envelope and stares at it. He tares it open and inside he finds a small cylinder key. He studies the key for a few seconds then he's startled as the mobile phone in his pocket begins to ring. He takes it out and stares at it. After a few rings he answers.

HAIGH

(tentatively)

Hello.

VOICE

Central Park mall, thirty
minutes. Come alone.

HAIGH

Jesus Christ.

(beat)

You know what, after what I've just been through, I'm not really in the mood for another secret rendezvous thank you very much.

HAIGH looks at the key.

VOICE

If you want to know what to do with the key you just inherited then you'd better be there in thirty minutes.

HAIGH is shocked by what he's just heard.

HAIGH

Who are you?

VOICE

A friend.

HAIGH

How do I know I can trust you?

VOICE

You don't.

(beat)

Half an hour; don't be late.

The line goes dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

HAIGH walks towards a park bench and sits. He is greeted unassumingly by another man sitting there.

MYSTERY MAN

Robert Haigh?

HAIGH

Yes.

MYSTERY MAN

I didn't think you'd come.

HAIGH

Well I'm here, Mr.....

No answer.

HAIGH

Did you know David Hunt?

Still no answer.

HAIGH

He was killed tonight.

The MYSTERY MAN doesn't bat an eyelid.

MYSTERY MAN

Did he give you the disc?

HAIGH

Do you think I'd tell you if he did?

MYSTERY MAN

I suppose not, no.

Pause then:

HAIGH

Who's side you on?

He turns to face HAIGH.

MYSTERY MAN

If I wasn't on your side I would have killed you by now.

HAIGH

Unless you want the disc and this is a set up..

MYSTERY MAN

(sincerely)

I'm on your side.

HAIGH takes the mobile phone from his pocket.

HAIGH

Did you deliver this to me?

MYSTERY MAN

Yes.

Pause then:

HAIGH

Before he died Hunt gave me this.

He takes the key from his pocket and shows it to the MAN. The MAN in turn takes something from his pocket. He hands a piece of paper to HAIGH. Written on it is: ISBN-13: 978-1897766569.

MYSTERY MAN

It's a book in the New York Public Library. Find it and you'll find the lock that fits that key.

HAIGH

Why are you doing this?

Again no answer:

MYSTERY MAN

Everything I'm going to tell you
is classified top secret.....

He looks at HAIGH; a serious look.

MAN

Do you understand?

HAIGH nods.

MYSTERY MAN

And you're prepared for the
consequences?

HAIGH

Yes.

Pause then:

MYSTERY MAN

Three buildings collapsed on
9/11, but you were only supposed
to remember the first two.

(beat)

You've heard of Tower Seven,
right?

HAIGH

I know it collapsed later that
day, brought down by fire.

MYSTERY MAN

And you believe that?

HAIGH doesn't answer.

MYSTERY MAN

And well you shouldn't. If it
was it's the first and only
skyscraper ever to have
collapsed because of fire alone.

He turns to face HAIGH.

MYSTERY MAN

Tower Seven was brought down by
controlled demolition.

HAIGH

I thought those things took
weeks, even months to arrange.
How can it have been done in
just a few hours?

MYSTERY MAN

Because they intended to bring it down all along. It's the most obvious example of demolition with explosives.

HAIGH

I don't get it. Why demolish it?

MYSTERY MAN

Because it's where the plans were hatched for the big sting on 9/11.

(beat)

They couldn't risk leaving key files there that told of their grand deception.

HAIGH

They? Who are they?

(beat)

The government?

MYSTERY MAN

(shrugs)

Maybe.

(beat)

What if I were to tell you that three of the lesser known occupants of Tower Seven were the Central Intelligence Agency, the Department of Defence and the United States Secret Service.

Pause as HAIGH tries to take it all in.

MYSTERY MAN

At 6.45 that morning the fire alarm system for the entire building was put on test because of routine maintenance. For the next eight hours any alarms received from the system were to be ignored. As soon as the second plane hit the order was given to evacuate Tower Seven according to plan.

HAIGH

It could have been a legitimate target. There were civilians in there.

MYSTERY MAN

Or they wanted to vacate the only office in the city designed to respond to a legitimate terrorist attack.

(beat)

They used the building as a forward command post. A place from which to conduct operations. They had to make sure that everything transpired according to the grand plan.

HAIGH slowly turns towards the MAN.

HAIGH

The Office of Emergency Management was in Tower Seven.

The MAN nods.

MYSTERY MAN

They had it all planned weeks in advance.

Pause then:

HAIGH

Then at 5.20pm, when they'd made good their escape, they pulled it.

MYSTERY MAN

Within minutes of it coming down there were Secret Service agents all over the place. Eye witnesses said they saw black trucks parked there hours before the building collapsed, as if they were waiting for it to happen. Christ, even CNN and the BBC reported that the building has collapsed at least an hour before it actually came down.

HAIGH

How could that have happened?

MYSTERY MAN

They already had the press releases prepared. Someone dropped the ball and released the reports too early.

HAIGH

Jesus!

MYSTERY MAN

You said it.

(beat)

A newsreader from the BBC actually reported that the building had collapsed when you could clearly see it behind her, in the background.

HAIGH can't muster an answer. The two men sit on the bench, staring out into the moonlit park.

Pause then:

HAIGH

How come you know all this? Are you with the Agency?

MYSTERY MAN

No.

(chuckles)

I used to work for the Pentagon.

(beat)

Black ops. The Middle East.

HAIGH

Used to?

No answer. He turns to face HAIGH.

MYSTERY MAN

Do you realise the danger that both of us are in right now? If they knew I was speaking to you, to anyone, they'd kill me.

(beat)

And you.

HAIGH

Then why did you ask me out here today?

MYSTERY MAN

Because the families have a right to know what happened.

HAIGH turns to face the MAN. His voice now more earnest.

HAIGH

Then go on the record.

MYSTERY MAN

Not a chance. They'd have me arrested before a single word

left my mouth.....or even worse.

HAIGH

Yes, I understand that. But this, all of this, it's way too big for me. I need evidence from people like you to give it credibility. I can't do it on my own.

MYSTERY MAN

(standing to leave)

I can't, so you have no choice.

(beat)

Just find the book and you'll find the disc.

HAIGH watches as the anonymous man leaves then stands, hands in pockets and hunched against the cold December air, and heads out of the park.

CUT TO:

INT. HAIGH HOME/HALLWAY - NIGHT

The house is in total silence. We see the door slowly open and HAIGH steps into the house. He closes the door behind him trying to make as little noise as possible. He disarms the alarm and heads down the hall.

INT. HAIGH HOME/STUDY NIGHT

HAIGH enters. He crosses the room and sits at his desk. He fires up his laptop and goes to the 'GOOGLE' homepage. In the search box he types the number from the piece of paper. He hits 'ENTER' and the results scroll down the page. There, right at the top in the sponsored links section is the following:

ISBN-13: 978-1897766569 Goodbye
America! Globalisation, Debt and
the Dollar Empire by Michael
Rowbotham (Paperback - 6 April
2000) Buy at Amazon.com.

HAIGH

How appropriate.

He picks up a pen and scribbles the title and the author onto the piece of paper. He shuts down the laptop and scoops up the piece of paper and his car keys. He checks his watch - 04:17, as he heads for the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAIGH HOME - NIGHT

HAIGH exits the house and heads for his car. He jumps in, fires up the engine and pulls away with a screech. He doesn't notice the car behind him, following.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

HAIGH is slumped back in the driver's seat, his jacket wrapped around him up to his shoulders. A car flashes past, sounding its horn. The noise rouses HAIGH from his light sleep. He stretches and rubs his eyes. He looks at his watch - 08:31. he steps out of the car.

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

HAIGH slams the car door shut and heads towards the main entrance to the library.

INT. CAR - DAY

EDDIE KNOX is photographing HAIGH with a Nikon and a 500mm Questar reflector lens. He puts the camera to his eye again and hits the button. The camera clicks off three shots.

INT. LIBRARY/LOWER FLOOR - DAY

Quiet. Almost deserted. HAIGH approaches the counter. The LIBRARIAN, a woman in her early 20's, is tapping away on a computer keyboard. HAIGH reaches the counter and stops there. The LIBRARIAN looks up.

LIBRARIAN

Can I help you sir?

HAIGH clears his throat.

HAIGH

I hope so; I'm looking for a book.

She smiles

LIBRARIAN

Well you've come to the right place.

HAIGH returns the smile.

LIBRARIAN

What is it you're looking for?

HAIGH

This.

HAIGH hands her the piece of paper. She takes it and taps the ISBN number into the computer.

LIBRARIAN

Let's see, ah yes, here it is.

She hands the paper back to HAIGH.

LIBRARIAN

Economics section.

(points)

Through those double doors, up the stairs, second on your right. If you ask up there they'll be happy to find it for you.

HAIGH

Thank you.

HAIGH smiles once more as he turns away.

INT. LIBRARY/UPPER FLOOR - DAY

HAIGH pushes the large double doors open and steps into the room. He looks around but sees no-one. He walks up to the counter where he is approached by the LIBRARIAN, a man in his late 40's.

LIBRARIAN

Can I help you?

HAIGH

Yeah, I'm looking for a copy of Goodbye America: Globalisation, Debt and the Dollar Empire by Michael Rowbotham. The young lady downstairs said you had a copy up here.

The LIBRARIAN steps out from behind the counter and heads towards the far side of the room. HAIGH follows. They reach a wall of books.

LIBRARIAN

Rowbotham you say? Should be right.....

(runs his finger along a line of books)

.....yes, here it is.

He pulls the book from the shelf and hands it to HAIGH.

LIBRARIAN

Here you go.
 (gestures)
 Please, take a seat.

HAIGH

Thanks.

The LIBRARIAN returns to the counter as HAIGH takes a seat at the nearest desk. He scans the front cover of the book, then the back. He quickly thumbs through the pages. His attention is caught by something he sees whilst flicking through the pages. He has to go back to see what it was. There, placed between the pages in the middle of the book is a piece of yellow lined note paper. HAIGH pulls the paper out and reads it. It says: **Univault, 420 Lexington Avenue - Box No. 1138 - CAPRICORN.** HAIGH stares at the paper then dips into his pocket and takes out the key. He stares at then for a few seconds.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWS CAFÉ - DAY

Breakfast is in full swing. The restaurant is a hive of conversation and activity. Waiters shuffle to and from table bringing food to their guests. This is the place to be for New York's rich and powerful. Sitting together, facing one another, are HICKS and JACKSON. The pair are halfway through breakfast.

JACKSON

How are your eggs?

HICKS flashes JACKSON a cautionary glance.

HICKS

I know you didn't ask me here to discuss food.

JACKSON

How close are you to recovering the disc?

HICKS

We're getting there.

JACKSON looks up.

JACKSON

Well get there quicker.

HICKS regards JACKSON with contempt. Their dislike for each other is plain to see.

JACKSON

Tell me about it.

HICKS

It was made by a Technician
working for me.

JACKSON

Why wasn't I told about it?

HICKS

Because I didn't think you'd
need to know.

JACKSON

Is there anything else I should
know about, whilst we're on the
subject?

HICKS

No, nothing.

JACKSON shoots HICKS an advisory glance.

HICKS

Nothing.

JACKSON

This technician, that's his
name?

HICKS

David Hunt.

JACKSON

What do we know about him? Who's
he working for?

HICKS

He's not working for anyone
anymore.

JACKSON

What do you mean?

HICKS

He's dead.

JACKSON

Dead?

HICKS

Yeah, last night.

JACKSON

And the disc?

HICKS

Knox thinks he passed it on,
(beat)
well, it's location at least.

JACKSON

He thinks?

(beat)

To who?

HICKS

A reporter from the Post. If he had it we'll get it.

JACKSON

A reporter? It'll be on the front page by tomorrow.

JACKSON takes a bite of food. He speaks whilst chewing, gesturing with his fork towards HICKS.

JACKSON

I say get rid of him. He can't do anything if he's dead.

HICKS

We can't just get rid of him. We need to get the disc back; we can't risk leaving it out there.

JACKSON

Well bring him in then. Let's question him. force him to tell us where it is.

HICKS

How would that look in the morning paper?

JACKSON

Jesus Christ.

(drops his fork)

Do you have any idea how serious this is?

HICKS

Don't patronise me.

JACKSON

(louder)

They'll put us in the chair Don, the fuckin' chair.

People on adjoining table look across at the pair. HICKS straightens his tie and smiles back at them.

HICKS

(through gritted teeth)

Keep your god-damn voice down.

(beat)

I knew this was a bad idea.

The two men exchange another uneasy glance. Both distrustful of the other.

JACKSON

Just make sure you get the disc
back.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

HAIGH sits there, one hand on the steering wheel, the key and piece of paper in the other. Through the window we see KNOX parked across the street. HAIGH still hasn't noticed he's being followed. We hear a phone ring. He grabs for the phone on the passenger seat. It's not ringing. He opens the glove box and takes out his own phone and looks at the screen: ALICE. He answers, but doesn't know what to say. He remains silent.

Pause then:

ALICE

Bob.....

Silence.

ALICE

Robert, are you there?

HAIGH

Err, yeah, I'm here.

ALICE

Where were you last night?

HAIGH

What?

ALICE

Last night, you didn't come to bed. And when I woke this morning you weren't there.

(beat)

Where were you?

HAIGH

Working.

ALICE

In the middle of the night?

(beat)

Where were you?

HAIGH

Honey, I can't talk about this right now.

She cuts in.

ALICE
Were you with her?

HAIGH
(surprised)
Who, no!

ALICE
Robert, I need to know.

HAIGH
I wasn't
(sighs)
I saw something terrible last
night.
(beat)
I saw someone die.

ALICE
What? What happened?

HAIGH
It's complicated, I.....

She interrupts.

ALICE
Robert, what's happened? Are you
okay?

HAIGH
Yeah, I'm fine. I'll tell you
all about it later, I promise.

Pause then:

ALICE
When are you coming home?

HAIGH
Later,
(beat)
look, I have to go, okay? I'll
call you later.

ALICE
(sighs)
Okay.

HAIGH
I love you.

He waits for an answer that doesn't come. He puts the phone
back in the glove box, guns the engine and pulls away.

INT. CAR - DAY

KNOX watches as HAIGH pulls away. He speaks into a concealed sleeve mic.

KNOX

Alpha one to alpha 4. He's moving west along Fifth.

ALPHA 4

(radio effect)

I've got contact. He's approaching Forty-Second. I'll take him at the intersection.

KNOX

Roger that. I'll have NRO check the sat feed.

ALPHA 4

(radio effect)

Roger. Alpha 4 out.

CUT TO:

INT. NRO INDIGO CONTROL ROOM - DAY

A massive room full of monitors and technology. Names of world regions are posted above endless monitor screens displaying live, digital-image feeds of Earth coming in from the Indigo spy satellites. Every populated area of the planet is covered here. TECHNICIANS attend the many feeds.

Title: National Reconnaissance Organisation - Chantilly, Virginia

Beneath a sign reading U.S. North-East Coastal Region, a TECHNICIAN reviews a time-coded, digital satellite feed of New York City seen from space. The city is nothing more than a grayish mass. The TECHNICIAN keys commands into his system.

EXT. EARTH ORBIT - SAME TIME

The fifteen ton Indigo satellite orbits four hundred miles above the surface of the Earth. It has huge wire-mesh radar antenna and one hundred and fifty foot solar panels to generate the kilowatts of electricity required by its powerful radar transmitter.

INT. NRO INDIGO CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The over head satellite view of New York City moves in closer. Soon streets are discernable, then the intersection of Fifth and Forty-Second, then cars and busses. Then we see a car turn the corner; it's HAIGH.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR DAY

KNOX sits there waiting for a reply from NRO. His in-car speaker crackles into life.

NRO
(radio effect)
Indigo to Alpha 1.

KNOX speaks into his sleeve mic.

KNOX
Go ahead Indigo.

NRO
We have eyeball. Maintain your position and await update.

KNOX
Roger that.

Pause then:

KNOX
Alpha 1 to Alpha 4.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Alpha 4 sits in a van jammed with hi-tech surveillance gear.

ALPHA 4
Go ahead.

KNOX
(radio effect)
Indigo has him. Hold your position.

ALPHA 4
Ten-four.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVAULT OFFICES - DAY

Two women chat idly behind the reception desk. HAIGH approaches but neither of the RECEPTIONISTS looks up. HAIGH clears his throat to get their attention.

RECEPTIONIST
Good morning sir. Can I help you?

HAIGH
Yes, I need access to my safe deposit box please.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I take your name please?

HAIGH

It's Hunt, David Hunt.

She taps a few keys on her computer.

RECEPTIONIST

Ah yes, here we are.

(beat)

Please enter your password into
the keyboard.

She gestures towards a keyboard set into the counter. HAIGH exhales heavily then begins to type. We follow his fingers as he types: C A P R I C O R N, then hits the enter key. The computer behind the counter lets out a soft BEEP.

RECEPTIONIST

That's fine Sir. Please sign the
register and I'll have the guard
escort you down.

HAIGH signs in.

CUT TO:

INT - SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Alpha 4's radio crackles into life.

KNOX

(radio effect)

Alpha 1 to Alpha 4.

ALPHA 4

This is Alpha 4.

KNOX

(radio effect)

Univault at 420 Lexington
Avenue. Apprehend subject as he
exits the building. He will be
carrying the package. Repeat, he
will be carrying the package.
Details coming through.

A small printer hums into action. A few seconds later a photo of HAIGH drops into its tray.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY VAULTS - DAY

The room is covered wall to wall with safe deposit boxes. Each with two cylinder keyholes on either side of a brass

handle. In the middle of the room is a table for lying out the contents of your box. HAIGH and a SECURITY GUARD stand in front of one of the boxes. Etched on the front of the silver coloured box is the number 1138.

SECURITY GUARD

Please insert your key Mr. Hunt.

HAIGH inserts his key onto the first keyhole. The SECURITY GUARD puts his key into the second keyhole.

SECURITY GUARD

Turn after three.

(beat)

One, two, three.....

Both men turn their respective keys and the box unlocks.

SECURITY GUARD

Just ring the bell when you're finished.

HAIGH

Thanks.

The SECURITY GUARD leaves the room. HAIGH takes the box and places it on the table. He takes a deep breath then lifts up the top flap of the box and peer sin. There, in its plastic jewel case, is the CD. He looks at it. Handwritten on the disc in black capital letters is: BLACK SKY. He stares At it for a few seconds then slips it into his inside pocket. He replaces the box in the wall and closes the door. He rings the bell and a few seconds later the SECURITY GUARD reappears.

SECURITY GUARD

All finished?

HAIGH

Yes, thanks.

The two men reverse the procedure and relock the box.

SECURITY GUARD

I'll show you out.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

HAIGH steps from the Univault building and out into the street. He doesn't see the two dark suited heavies standing either side of the door. As he heads towards his car the two men make a grab for each; each taking hold of an arm.

FIRST MAN

Mr. Haigh, can you come with us

please sir?

The man's voice makes it clear that it's more of an order than a request.

HAIGH

What? What the hell's going on?

(beat)

How do you know my name? Who are you guys?

HAIGH continues to struggle as the two men begin to lead him across the street towards a white van parked there. He continues to resist and one of the men elbows him sharply in the ribs, knocking the wind from him. His struggles lessen as he tries to get his breath back. As they reach the van one of the men releases his grip and starts to open the door. HAIGH seizes the opportunity and pulls hard against the other man's grip. He manages to free himself and in a flash sends his right elbow smashing into the man's face. The man is momentarily stunned. HAIGH balls together both his fists and lands a heavy blow across the shoulders of the second man opening the van door. He too is temporarily immobilised. HAIGH sets off running back across the street. The second man begins to give chase.

FIRST MAN

(spitting blood)

(into sleeve mic)

Alpha 4 to Alpha 1. We lost him.
He's heading south on Lexington.
Unit in pursuit.

He takes up the chase.

HAIGH sprints around the corner, occasionally glancing over his shoulder to check on the two men giving chase. He crashes into people as he charges past them. One man is knocked clean off his feet as HAIGH careers past him. He continues down the street when he sees a black car turn the corner and screech to a stop. Three more dark-suited men spill out of the vehicle and run directly at him. He looks around frantically, not breaking stride. He sees a shop doorway. He thinks he can make it before they reach him. He heads for it as fast as he can.

INT. DELI - DAY

The door bursts open and HAIGH stumbles in. He charges towards the counter. An elderly Chinese SHOPKEEPER stands there.

HAIGH
 (breathless)
 Back door!

No reply. The SHOPKEEPER stares at him.

HAIGH
 (louder)
 Back door!

The SHOPKEEPER points and HAIGH heads for the back exit. He throws the door open.

The front door to the shop explodes open for the second time as first one, then two, then three of HAIGH'S pursuers charge in; pistols drawn. They see the back entrance closing. The crash through the shop, knocking stock from the shelves and stands onto the floor.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

The three men burst out into the alley. One of them stumbles over a box of garbage but manages to stay on his feet. They scan up and down the alley, and up the adjoining fire escape. Nothing.

THIRD MAN
 You two,
 (points up the alley)
 I'll take this way. Stay in
 contact at all times.

The two men head off up the alley. The third sets off in the opposite direction.

INT. DELI - DAY

HAIGH pushes away empty cardboard boxes and peers out from under a table next to the rear exit to the shop. He's breathing heavily. He starts to get up and feels a sharp pain in his ribs. He pulls up his shirt and sees a bruise beginning to appear. The SHOPKEEPER approaches carrying a sweeping brush. He gestures towards HAIGH with the brush head.

SHOPKEEPER
 Out! You go, out. Now!

HAIGH stumbles to his feet. His hand pressed against his ribs.

SHOPKEEPER
 Out. I call police. You go, now!

HAIGH cracks open the back door and peers out into the alley. He sees no-one. He opens the door and steps out, helped along

by a shove from the SHOPKEEPER's brush. He hears the door lock behind him; no way back now.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

He has to think, and fast. He looks up and down the alley, trying to decide which way to go. He puts his hand in his top pocket, feeling for the disc. He reaches in and takes it out. He sees that it's still in one piece then puts it back. He starts off up the alley. After a few paces he stops, turns, and heads in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

INT. HICKS OFFICE - DAY

HICKS sits at his desk, tapping away at his computer. His mobile phone rings. He answers; it's KNOX.

HICKS

What the hell's going on?

KNOX

He has the disc. It was in a safe deposit box. I told you he'd lead up right to it.

HICKS stands. A smile flicks across his face.

HICKS

Good. So you have it then?

KNOX

Not exactly. We tried to grab him as he left the bank but he managed to get away.

The smile quickly fades.

HICKS

you mean to tell me he had the disc and he's on the move?

KNOX

We have NRO tracking him, as well as men in the field.

(beat)

He won't get far.

HICKS

Check his office, his home, friends.....

KNOX interrupts.

KNOX

I know what I'm doing.

HICKS

Then you won't want to waste any
more time talking to me.

He slams down the phone and drops back into his seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSY CITY STREET - DAY

HAIGH walks at a fast pace along the street, still deciding what to do next. He takes his mobile phone from his pocket. He scrolls down the numbers until he reaches 'HOME'. He's about to press the 'CALL' button when he has second thoughts. He puts the phone away and heads towards a nearby pay phone.

He steps into the phone booth and lifts the receiver. He fumble sin his trouser pocket and takes out a handful of coins and puts them on top of the telephone. He slips one into the coin slot and dials a number.

Pause then:

HAIGH

(anxious)

Come on, come on.

After half a dozen rings he gets an answer.

ALICE

Hello.

CUT TO:

INT. NRO SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

Several TECHNICIANS wearing headsets sit at banks of desks around the huge room, tapping away at their computer stations.

TECHNICIAN 1

The home number's taking an
incoming.

TECHNICIAN 2

Fixed or mobile?

TECHNICIAN 1

Fixed.

TECHNICIAN 2

Private?

TECHNICIAN 1

Two secs,
(beat)
payphone.

TECHNICIAN 2
Location?
TECHNICIAN 1
Coming up.

CUT TO:

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - DAY

We can see that HAIGH is clearly agitated. We can hear the tension in his voice.

HAIGH
Alice, it's me.

ALICE
Robert.....

HAIGH
Listen.

ALICE
What?

HAIGH
Alice, listen to me.
(beat)
Has anyone been to the house
today, looking for me?

ALICE
What? No, Robert, what's going
on?

HAIGH
Get out of the house. Take Josh
and leave, now!

ALICE
Josh is at school.
(beat)
What's wrong?

HAIGH
I know it sounds crazy but can
you please do this one thing for
me, please?

ALICE
Robert, you're scaring me.

HAIGH
I know, and I'm sorry but I
can't go in to it right now.
Please do as I ask.

ALICE

Is this to do with what you saw
last night?

HAIGH

Now's not the time Alice. Just
promise me you'll get out of the
house. Go get Josh from school
and.....

She interrupts.

ALICE

But.....

HAIGH

Alice, promise me you'll do it.

Pause then:

ALICE

Okay, I'll go get Josh.

(beat)

Where should I go?

HAIGH

Anywhere, as long as it's safe.

ALICE

Are you in danger?

HAIGH

They might be tracing the call.
I'll have to go.

ALICE

Who are they?

HAIGH

Take your mobile and I'll call
you later, Okay?

ALICE

Okay.

HAIGH

I love you.

Pause then:

ALICE

I love you too.

He hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. NRO SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

ALANYST 1

Payphone, corner of Ninth and
Broadway.

TECHNICIAN 2

I'm on it.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSY CITY STREET - DAY

A black saloon car screeches to a halt by the payphone. Two suited men emerge from the car and head to the phone booth. They find it empty; the receiver swinging by its cord. One of the men, a plaster across his nose. Picks up the receiver.

MAN

Shit!

He slams the receiver down and gets back into the car.

INT. CAR - DAY

The man sits in the passenger seat. He speaks into his concealed sleeve mic.

MAN

Target no acquired. Repeat,
target not acquired.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

A long corridor with classroom doors down either side and at the far end a pair of wooden double doors. The doors wing open and ALICE HAIGH walks purposefully down the hallway. The sounds of her footsteps echo off the tiled walls. A brief look through the first door, then the second, then the third. She stops at a fourth door and taps on the window.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The teacher stands at the head of the class writing on the blackboard. He hears the knock at the door and turns to see ALICE peering into the classroom. The TEACHER opens the door.

TEACHER

Can I help you?

ALICE

Yes, my name is Alice Haigh. I'm here to collect my son, Joshua.

The TEACHER looks over his shoulder towards JOSH, who is busy copying words from the blackboard, then back to ALICE.

TEACHER

Okay.

(beat)

Do you mind if I ask why?

ALICE

He has a dental appointment at 2 o'clock this afternoon.

TEACHER

I wasn't informed of any appointment today. Did you send a note?

Pause then:

ALICE

Err, no, I must have forgotten.

She forces a nervous laugh. The TEACHER looks a little concerned. He ushers ALICE out into the hallway and closes the door behind him.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

TEACHER

This is most irregular. We're not supposed to excuse children from class without prior notification.

ALICE

Yes I know, and I'm sorry. I forgot to send a note, that's all.

The TEACHER notices the panic beginning to grow in ALICE'S voice.

TEACHER

Are you okay Mrs. Haigh?

ALICE

Yes. I'm fine.

(beat)

Now can I please get my son?

She pushes past the teacher and into the classroom.

TEACHER

Mrs. Haigh.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

JOSH stands as he sees his mother.

JOSH

Mom. What are you doing in school?

ALICE

You have your dentist appointment today, remember.

JOSH heads to the front of the class.

JOSH

No.

ALICE

Sure you do. It's this afternoon.

TEACHER

Mrs. Haigh, are you sure you're okay?

ALICE turns back to the TEACHER.

ALICE

(angrily)

I said I'm fine.

The TEACHER raises his hands in apology. ALICE takes JOSH by the hand and leads him out of the classroom as the TEACHER and the rest of his PUPILS watch on.

CUT TO:

INT. HICKS OFFICE - DAY

HICKS stands behind his desk staring out of his office window. He spins around as his mobile phone sounds. He has answered the call before the phone has reached its second ring. It's KNOX.

HICKS

(impatiently)

Yeah!

KNOX

When our guys got to the house she was already gone.

HICKS

Shit!

(beat)

Did you find anything?

KNOX

Nothing we can use.

HICKS

And the boy?

KNOX

We checked the school. She called and took him, just before lunch.

HICKS sits down.

HICKS

Any more leads?

KNOX

My guys are working on it now. We're ready to go as soon as we have something.

CUT TO:

RURAL STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

An idyllic tree-lined street with large house with pristine gardens on either side. In one garden a water sprinkler spins, showering the lawn. In another, an elderly woman kneels, tending her flower beds. A taxi cab turns the corner and pulls up outside one of the houses. HAIGH steps out onto the street, pays the driver and the taxi pulls away. He stands and looks up at the house. He waits for a few seconds then heads up the path towards the front door. He reaches the door and rings the bell. He waits but gets no reply. He tries again but still no luck. He heads round to the back of the house and peers in through the window. The house is immaculate, not one thing out of place. He knocks on the back door; still no reply. He sits down on the back porch, making sure he is out of view of the neighbours, and waits.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PORCH - DUSK

HAIGH remains seated on the porch, waiting.

Then:

He hears a sound coming from inside the house. He quietly stands and peers in through the window. He can see the silhouette of a woman moving around inside the house. He goes to the back door and knocks.

CUT TO:

INT. NRO SURVEILLANCE LAB - DAY

TECHNICIANS continue their 24/7 surveillance of the world. we pull in to two of them working at their stations. One of them replaces a telephone receiver on its cradle as the other taps away at his keyboard.

TECHNICIAN 1

That was Knox.

(beat)

He wants something; anything,
and quick.

TECHNICIAN 2

Can't give him what we don't
have.

TECHNICIAN 1

You try telling him that.

More tapping of keys. Then:

TECHNICIAN 2

Hello, wait a minute, what's
that?

TECHNICIAN 1

What's what?

TECHNICIAN 2

That, on his credit card
statement.

(points at the screen)

He book a room in the same hotel
every Tuesday and Thursday night
for weeks. Up until a couple of
months ago, then it stops.

TECHNICIAN 1

Maybe he worked away a lot?

TECHNICIAN 2

Why would he stay in a hotel
that's less than fifteen minutes
drive from where he lives?

Pause then:

TECHNICIAN 1

(sniggering)

Maybe he had a bit on the side.

TECHNICIAN 2

You think?

TECHNICIAN 1

I dunno. Check the hotel register on the dates he was there.

TECHNICIAN 2

Already on it.

He taps a few more keys and they wait for the computer to show its results. Data scrolls down the screen.

TECHNICIAN1

There, second and forth of May. Then again on the ninth and eleventh of May.

TECHNICIAN 2

Who was he with? Any name?

TECHNICIAN 1

Err.....Caroline Harding.

TECHNICIAN 2

Address?

The TECHNICIAN brings up her drivers licence details.

TECHNICIAN 1

Let's see what we can see.....

(beat)

Here we go, 1264 Evergreen Road, Hunterdon, New York.

Further tapping of the keyboard. A picture of her appears on the screen.

TECHNICIAN 2

Might be worth checking out.

TECHNICIAN 1

I'll get Knox on the phone.

We close in on the picture of CAROLINE HARDING then:

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - DUSK

The door opens and we see the same face, CAROLINE HARDING, standing in the doorway. She takes one look at HAIGH then turns away, pushing the door closed behind her. Just before the door slams shut HAIGH stops it with his foot. She turns back to the door and tries to push it shut, putting her hand against his chest and trying to push him away. He resists.

HAIGH

Caroline wait, please.

She continues to push but can't move him away from the doorway. She gives in up and walks back into the house, leaving the door open. HAIGH steps into the house and closes the door behind him. CAROLINE picks up the phone form the table in the hallway and dials a number. HAIGH watches on.

CAROLINE

Police please.

HAIGH

Walks towards her but she turns her back to him. He reaches out to grab the receiver form her. She pushed against him with her back but he's too strong. He takes the receiver from her and puts in back on the cradle. She backs away from him.

Pause then:

CAROLINE

What are you doing here? I told you I never wanted to see you again.

HAIGH

Caroline please, I.....

She interrupts.

CAROLINE

Shouldn't you be at home with your son? That's what you said isn't it, that you couldn't leave your son?

HAIGH takes another step towards her but she continues to back away.

CAROLINE

Get out of my house Robert. You have no right to be here.

HAIGH

I need your help.

CAROLINE

(aghast)

You want *me* to help you?

(beat)

Go to hell!

Pause then:

HAIGH

I need somewhere to stay.

(beat)

Just for tonight.

CAROLINE

What? Has she finally thrown you out?

HAIGH

N, it's nothing like that. I'm in trouble.

CAROLINE

Not interested.

He begins to move towards her once more. This time she remains where she is. He puts his hands on her shoulders and look directly into her eyes.

HAIGH

You have to believe me.

CAROLINE

Where have I heard that before?

HAIGH

I'm in danger. I need somewhere to hole up for the night; give me some time to think. I couldn't think of anywhere else to go.

CAROLINE

Why don't you just go home?

HAIGH

I can't, it's too dangerous. Alice has taken Josh and.....

CAROLINE

What sort of danger?

HAIGH

I saw someone murdered last night, and now they're after me.

CAROLINE

Why?

HAIGH reaches into his pocket and takes out the CD. He holds it out to her.

HAIGH

Because of this.

She takes the CD from him and examines it.

CAROLINE

Black sky?

(sarcastically)

So it's not the Stones then?

HAIGH

Somehow I doubt it.

CAROLINE

What is it then?

Moving further into the house.

HAIGH

I don't know exactly. All I know is that whoever it belongs to wants it back, and they're prepared to kill to get it.

She stops and thinks for a few seconds.

CAROLINE

Are you serious?

HAIGH

(solemnly)

I've never been more serious in my life.

He takes the disc back from her.

HAIGH

You have a computer, right?

CUT TO:

INT. HICKS OFFICE - NIGHT

HICKS is speaking on his landline when his mobile rings.

HICKS

I have to go; I'll call you back later.

He hangs up the phone and answers his mobile.

HICKS

Yeah.

KNOX

We turned up an old girlfriend, Caroline Harding. My guys are checking her out now.

HICKS

If he's there make sure you don't lose him this time. Do I make myself clear?

KNOX

Yes sir. We'll be there in the next thirty minutes. Keep this line open.

CUT TO:

INT. HARDING HOME/LOUNGE - NIGHT

HAIGH and CAROLINE sit in front of her laptop computer, waiting for it to boot up. Once on, HAIGH opens the CD tray and inserts the disc. He closes the disc tray. The two of them sit staring at the screen, waiting for the disc to run. The first thing they see is the following pop-up dialogue box:

Sep 27 2007 (D:)

followed by:

files currently on the CD

followed by a list of the files on the disc.

The first document is titled:

Meeting_12.07.01_Dubai

They exchange a quick glance then HAIGH double-clicks on the icon. The hard drive clicks onto action and the document opens. It reads:

MORI DocID: 1150395

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY, MCLEAN, VIRGINIA 20504

14 July 2001

Memorandum For Record

CLASSIFIED

To: Donald Hicks
From: John J. Mitchell
Subject: Review - Meeting 12/07/2001

INFORMATION

Meeting 12 July 2001 in US hospital in Dubai, Saudi Arabia between JJM and the leader of Egypt's Islamic Jihad, Ayman el Zawahiri. During discussions it was hinted that MASSIVE ACTIVITY was imminent against US mainland targets, possibly as early as September 2001, involving potential hijackings of internal US flights. Probable targets discussed were The Pentagon, The World Trade Centre and The White House.

CONCLUSION

A distinct possibility exists that hijacked planes could be used as missiles against these and/or other possible targets within the continental US.

Advise immediate Presidential notification.

END

HAIGH

I knew it, they did know. They knew all along.

Pause then:

CAROLINE

Open the next one.

HAIGH opens the next document titled:

Memo_15.07.01_JJM_reassignment.doc

It reads:

MORI DocID: 1150729

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY, MCLEAN, VIRGINIA 20504

15 July 2001

Memorandum For Record

CLASSIFIED

To: John J. Mitchell

From: Donald Hicks

Subject: Reassignment

INFORMATION

Agent John J. Mitchell to return to Mclean for reassignment.
Travel arrangements as follows:

Date: 16.07.01

From: Dubai International Airport

Flight: Saudi Arabian Airlines flight 108 to
Washington D.C.

Departure Time: 22:35

END

HAIGH

Looks like they brought Mitchell back to the US the day after he informed them of his meeting with Zawahiri.

CAROLINE

Debriefing?

HAIGH

Maybe.

(beat)

Could be to stop him telling anyone else.

CAROLINE

Like who?

HAIGH

I don't know.

(beat)

People who could have stopped
it.

Pause then:

CAROLINE

(shakes head)

I'm not buying it.

HAIGH

The guy I got this from is dead.
If there's nothing here then why
are they so keen to get it back?

She shrugs her shoulders.

HAIGH

Exactly.

He clicks on the next icon and opens up the document. A
dialogue box pops up saying: **black_sky.doc is a protected
file: Enter Password:**

CAROLINE

Now were stuck.

HAIGH

No we're not.

He types: **CAPRICORN** and clicks 'OK'. The file starts to open.

CAROLINE

How did you know that?

HAIGH

The guy I got it from told me,
(beat)
well, sort of.

Both of them look on as hundreds of random eight and six
digit numbers scroll down the screen. Line after line after
line of numbers, like this: **222008 00443369**.

HAIGH

What the.....

CAROLINE

Is it a code or something?

HAIGH

Could be.

(beat)

Why would he give me information

that makes no sense?

She shakes her head.

CAROLINE

So what does it mean?

HAIGH

How the hell should I know?

CAROLINE

Okay, I was.....

Both of them are startled as the telephone rings. HAIGH looks at CAROLINE. She makes to get up and answer the phone; he grabs her by the arm to stop her.

HAIGH

No matter who it is, I'm not here.

CAROLINE

(nods)

Okay.

She reaches the phone and answers.

CAROLINE

(tentatively)

Hello.

She is answered by a male voice that sounds as though it has been digitally altered.

VOICE

If you want to live take the disc and leave the house, now!

CAROLINE

Who is this?

VOICE

Robert Haigh is there and he has the disc, correct?

HAIGH moves towards her. He mouths to her 'don't say anything'. She nods.

CAROLINE

I have no idea what you're talking about.

VOICE

There isn't much time. They'll be there in very soon. If you want to live you have to do as I say.

She covers the mouthpiece.

CAROLINE
 (softly)
 They know you're here.

HAIGH
 (softly)
 Shit!

She returns to the phone. He puts his ear to the receiver so he can hear what's been said.

CAROLINE
 Tell me your name.

VOICE
 I can't do that. They could be tracing this call.

This time HAIGH covers the mouthpiece.

HAIGH
 (softly)
 It's a trap. It's gotta be.

Back to the phone.

CAROLINE
 I don't know anything about any disc.

VOICE
 Have it your way. They'll be there in five minutes and you'll both be dead in six.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - SAME TIME

Three black saloon cars speed along the dark roads.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

KNOX sits in the passenger seat. His colleague drives the vehicle at break-neck speed. KNOX speaks into his sleeve mic.

KNOX
 ETA four, repeat four minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. HARDING HOME - NIGHT

HAIGH snatches the receiver from CAROLINE.

HAIGH
 How do I know this isn't a set up?

VOICE

You don't. You'll just have to trust me.

HAIGH

Yeah? I'm not in a very trusting mood right now.

VOICE

I understand that, but I'm the only chance you have of getting out of this alive.

He turns to CAROLINE.

HAIGH

Get the disc.

Back to the phone.

HAIGH

If I'm to believe you then we're dead if we stay anyway.

(beat)

What do we do?

VOICE

Leave on foot; out the back and head east.

(beat)

Go, go now!

CUT TO:

EXT. HARING HOME - NIGHT

The three black saloon cars screech to a halt outside the house. Two men rush from each vehicle. KNOX is the first to reach the front door. He draws his pistol as he kicks the door open. He charges into the house, the gun held out in front of him. The other men follow him into the house. Three of them head up the stairs to check the bedrooms. They search from room to room but find nothing. KNOX has stopped in the lounge, staring at the laptop computer. The machine is still switched on and its CD tray is open.

KNOX

FUCK!

He kicks out, knocking over a small coffee table.

KNOX

Set a five mile perimeter. Make sure nothing gets through.

EXT. HARING HOME/BACK YARD - SAME TIME

HAIGH and CAROLINE run across the back lawn, past a line of well kept conifer trees and out onto a dirt track running parallel to the main street. They stop for a second as HAIGH checks his bearings then they set off running along the track. The track ahead is in near darkness, making it difficult to spot pot-holes and other obstacles. CAROLINE stumbles but manages to stay on her feet. Then, up ahead in the distance, a pair of bright headlights appear. They stay on for a couple of seconds then go out.

CAROLINE

Did you see that?

HAIGH

Yeah.

Still running. They can just make out the vehicle in the distance. As they get closer they begin to slow down, their apprehension growing with each stride. They get close to the car then stop. The headlights come on once more, and then go out again almost instantly. HAIGH slowly moves to the side of the car. CAROLINE follows, clutching tightly to his arm. HAIGH tries to peer in through the window but can't make anything out. Then the window slowly lowers. HAIGH recognises the face instantly. It's the MAN he met the previous night in Central Park.

MAN

Get in.

The climb into the back seat. The car does a 180 turns and speeds off down the dirt track.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

HAIGH and CAROLINE sit in the back seat of the car. The MAN flicks them the occasional glance in the rearview mirror.

HAIGH

Who are you?

MAN

My name is John Mitchell.

HAIGH

The John Mitchell, from the memo's on the disc?

MITCHELL

Yes.

HAIGH

How did you know where to find me?

MITCHELL

Ex girlfriends are always a good place to start.

HAIGH and CAROLINE exchange a guilty look. MITCHELL notices.

MITCHELL

You'd be amazed at what they can find out; about your past.

HAIGH

What do they know about me?

MITCHELL

Everything.

HAIGH

And you, do they know you're helping me,

(looks at Caroline)

us?

MITCHELL

Maybe.

HAIGH

Maybe. What's that supposed to mean? Do they know or not?

MITCHELL

Well they know someone is watching out for you, but they may not know that it's me. I don't know.

CAROLINE

Where are we going?

MITCHELL

Somewhere safe.

HAIGH

Where?

MITCHELL

I know a place. A motel out of town. We can stay there.

Pause then:

HAIGH

Why?

MITCHELL

Why what?

HAIGH

Why did they do nothing about it? Why did they let all those

innocent people die?

A quick glance in the rearview mirror.

MITCHELL

Two words; money and power.

HAIGH pulls the disc from his pocket and gestures with it towards MITCHELL.

HAIGH

What's black sky?

MITCHELL

I'll explain everything when we get to the safehouse.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - NIGHT

Two black saloon cars sit nose to nose across the track. In the distance we see headlights approaching.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

MITCHELL almost doesn't see the road block until it's too late. He yanks the steering wheel sharply to the left and swings the car off the track and into an adjoining field. The car rocks violently on the uneven ground. In the back seat HAIGH and CAROLINE are thrown against the doors. MITCHELL cuts the lights.

CAROLINE

(angrily)

Are you crazy?

MITCHELL

Road block.

HAIGH turns to look through the rear window.

HAIGH

Where?

MITCHELL

About one hundred and fifty yards up the road.

Slowing.

CAROLINE

Did they see us?

MITCHELL

We'll find out soon enough.

MITCHELL brings the car to a stop and look out of the side window, up the track. He can just about make out the shapes of the two cars in the distance.

HAIGH

Well?

MITCHELL

No lights as of yet.

(beat)

I think they missed us.

Pause then:

CAROLINE

So what now?

MITCHELL

We ditch the car. Should take
about half an hour on foot.

(beat)

Let's get going.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

They exit the car and head across the field. MITCHELL leads the way as HAIGH and CAROLINE follow.

CUT TO:

INT. HICKS OFFICE - NIGHT

HICKS paces impatiently around his office waiting for word on the pursuit of HAIGH. His phone rings.

HICKS

Yeah.

KNOX

I'm at the Harding place. He's
been here; he's used her
computer to view the disc.

HICKS

Where is he now?

KNOX

On the move. We've set up a
perimeter.....

HICKS cuts in.

HICKS

You lost him again? Jesus
Christ.....

KNOX

If he's still within the
perimeter then we'll have him.

Pause then:

KNOX

Sir?

HICKS

Yeah, I'm still here.

(beat)

I want him dead. Get rid of him the first chance you get, and that's an order!

KNOX

What about the disc?

HICKS

He'll have it with him.

(beat)

I'm sick of all this chasing around. Just get rid of him

KNOX

And what if the Harding woman's with him?

HICKS

We have to assume she knows as much as he does.

(beat)

Kill her too.

KNOX

Yes sir.

HICKS hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL COMPLEX - NIGHT

Establishing. A roadside motel complex. A row of disheveled looking doors, desperately in need of a fresh coat of paint. MITCHELL, HAIGH and CAROLINE walk briskly into the carpark, heading for MITCHELL'S room. They approach the door and MITCHELL inserts the key.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens and they enter. MITCHELL closes the door and locks it. He walks to the window, pulls back the curtain and peers out into the night. He sees nothing. HAIGH switches on the light. The room is sparsely furnished and in need of redecorating. CAROLINE sits on the bed and rubs her eyes. HAIGH sits next to her.

CAROLINE

How the hell did I get myself

MITCHELL

Okay, certain agencies within the United States government knew that the attacks were going to happen.

(beat)

They knew dates, times, everything; and they chose to do nothing.

CAROLINE stands.

CAROLINE

That's bullshit!

(points at Haigh)

You're as bad as him.

(beat)

I'm outta here.

She stands and heads for the door. MITCHELL moves to stop her.

MITCHELL

You can't go home. They'll be watching. You won't last five minutes.

CAROLINE

(louder)

Get out of my way.

MITCHELL gestures towards HAIGH. HAIGH moves to CAROLINE and takes her by the arm.

CAROLINE

(pulls away)

Let go of me.

HAIGH

Caroline please, it's important.

Her struggles abate. She sighs heavily and sits back on the bed.

CAROLINE

Five minutes and I'm gone.

(beat)

Then you two nuts are on your own.

HAIGH and MITCHELL swap a brief glance and both shrug their shoulders. HAIGH retakes his seat on the bed. He looks at CAROLINE then back to MITCHELL.

HAIGH

Okay, what's black sky?

MITCHELL takes a seat in the corner of the room. He leans forward, hands on knees as he speaks.

MITCHELL

Black sky is a false flag operation; CIA black ops.

(beat)

It started right after I had a meeting with Ayman el Zawahiri in a US military hospital in Dubai.

HAIGH

We saw that memo.

CAROLINE

We let those guys use our hospitals?

MITCHELL

What you don't understand is the CIA, el Zawahiri link. He'd been giving the agency information regarding future terrorist activity for years.

HAIGH

He's an informant?

MITCHELL

Just weeks after he checked out of the hospital, United Arab Emirates security agents arrested a French-Algerian named Djamel Beghal for masterminding a plot to blow up the American Embassy in Paris.

CAROLINE

He told them it was going to happen?

MITCHELL

Exactly.

HAIGH

And he also told them, or you, about nine-eleven?

MITCHELL

Next thing I know I'm back at Langley, stuck behind a desk.

Pause then:

HAIGH

So you told this, what's his

name, Donald Hicks about the attacks, and then he transfers you back home.

MITCHELL

Yes, for what I though was a debriefing.

(beat)

A debriefing that never happened.

CAROLINE

Didn't you find that unusual?

MITCHELL

After a few days of pen pushing I started to get a little suspicious. There was no feedback form the field, and what little intel we had never found its way onto my desk.

HAIGH

So you went looking for it?

MITCHELL

I started doing a bit of snooping around, just simple stuff to start with.

CAROLINE

And?

MITCHELL

My suspicions started to grow.

HAIGH

Why, what happened?

MITCHELL

That's just it, nothing happened. It was totally ignored; brushed under the carpet.

HAIGH

What did you do?

MITCHELL

I approached Hicks about it.

HAIGH

And what did he have to say?

MITCHELL

That it had been investigated and there was no obvious threat.

HAIGH

That's it?

MITCHELL

I couldn't believe it. A virtual declaration of war and they totally dismissed it.

CAROLINE

Why? Why would they do that?

MITCHELL

Hicks knew that there were significant political and financial gains to be made if they kept it to themselves.

HAIGH

How?

MITCHELL

Do you have any idea how many electronic monetary transactions flowed in and out of the World Trade Centre in any one day?

Pause as HAIGH and CAROLINE exchange a glance.

HAIGH/CAROLINE

No.

MITCHELL

Well, they numbered in the millions. Massive amounts of money changing hands without so much as one person ever touching a cent of it.

HAIGH

Go on.

MITCHELL

Thousands of fraudulent transactions too place just minutes prior to the attacks on September 11.

(beat)

Billions of dollars gone.

CAROLINE

Gone, gone where?

MITCHELL

Well not gone as such, but no longer traceable.

CAROLINE

I don't understand.

MITCHELL

I'll put it in layman's terms for you.

(beat)

Billions of dollars were stolen from millions of bank accounts that day, and the computers storing the records of all the transactions went down with the buildings.

Pause as HAIGH and CAROLINE stare incredulously at each other.

HAIGH

That's what all the numbers were, bank accounts.

CAROLINE

Why so much? You couldn't spend that much money in a hundred lifetimes.

MITCHELL

Presidential campaigns are an expensive do.

HAIGH

Meaning?

MITCHELL

The money was to go to Howard Jackson, to fund his Presidential campaign.

CAROLINE

No way!

HAIGH

I never trusted that bastard.

MITCHELL

We're talking about the biggest crime ever committed, using 9/11 as the getaway car.

(to Haigh)

Now you see the significance of Tower Seven. They conducted the entire operation from there.

Pause then:

CAROLINE

So how come you know all this?

MITCHELL

Because it was all on hard drives found in the rubble at Ground Zero.

HAIGH

They found the drives?

MITCHELL nods.

CAROLINE

If the hard drives were recovered then how come all this never came to light?

MITCHELL

Because the drives were recovered by a German company by the name of Convar which, about two months before 9/11, was bought lock stock and barrel by a US firm by the name of Wipro.

HAIGH

Never heard of them.

MITCHELL

My old boss, Donald Hicks sits on Wipro's board of directors.

CAROLINE

My God.

MITCHELL

Wipro's offices were on the 71st floor of the north tower of the World Trade Centre. 295 of their employees were murdered that morning. All gathered there bright and early for a conference call that Hicks chaired from the safety of his Upper West Side apartment.

HAIGH

They knew that anyone who might have had a hint of what they were up to would be there.

CAROLINE

Like lambs to the slaughter.

MITCHELL

Exactly.

Pause then:

HAIGH

So where are the drives now?

MITCHELL

Who knows?

Pause then:

CAROLINE

That still doesn't explain how you came to know so much about it.

MITCHELL

That's where Hunt comes in.

(beat)

He was hired by Hicks as a freelance analyst for Convar. He was the one who recovered all the data from the damaged drives. He transferred as much as he could onto a disc and gave it to Hicks.

HAIGH

Let me guess, he kept a copy for himself?

MITCHELL

Yeah.

HAIGH

How did Hicks find out about the copy?

MITCHELL

When Hunt told him he wanted five million dollars for it.

HAIGH

When Hicks refused to pay up Hunt threatened to go public?

MITCHELL

That's when they started threatening him, and his family, if he didn't give up the disc.

HAIGH

Hunt knew that they had to get the disc back, so the only way to keep himself and his family safe was to hide it.

MITCHELL

Yeah, but after three months of looking over his shoulder he

decided he'd had enough.

HAIGH

And that's when he came to me?

MITCHELL

He'd been reading your articles in the Post. He knew you were the only person he could trust.

CAROLINE

(to Mitchell)

So where do you come in to it?

MITCHELL

I'd been listening in to Hick's telephone calls for the past few days. That's when I first heard it referred to as black sky.

(beat)

I'd also heard your name crop up a few times.

(to Caroline)

They stumbled across you by cross referencing a credit card statement against a hotel register.

HAIGH

Shit!

MITCHELL

I knew I had to get to you before they did.

Pause then:

HAIGH

Why black sky?

MITCHELL

All covert operations have a call sign.

HAIGH

Very fitting.

Another pause:

CAROLINE

So what do we do now?

MITCHELL

(looks at Haigh)

That would be up to you. you know what happened to Hunt. Are you willing to take that chance?

Pause as HAIGH takes time to consider his options. He stands and paces around the room. MITCHELL and CAROLINE watch him, waiting for a response.

HAIGH

I want to talk to Hicks. Can you arrange it?

MITCHELL

I can put you in touch with him, but I don't see what that will achieve.

CAROLINE

Yeah, the best way to avoid someone who is trying to kill you is to not talk to them.

HAIGH

I know that, but we have to do something; cut a deal.

(beat)

Do they have a payphone here?

MITCHELL

Yeah, at reception.

HAIGH

Wait here, I'll be back in five minutes.

MITCHELL

What about Hick's number?

HAIGH

I need to make one other call first.

HAIGH leaves the room and MITCHELL locks the door behind him.

INT. MOTEL RECEPTION - NIGHT

HAIGH steps into the reception area and approaches the counter. The RECEPTIONIST, a man in his mid30's, sits with his feet up on the counter watching a baseball game on an old black and white TV. HAIGH stops at the counter, the RECEPTIONIST doesn't look up. HAIGH spots the bell on the counter and rings it. The RECEPTIONIST slowly looks up but says nothing.

HAIGH

Where's your phone?

The RECEPTIONIST points nonchalantly towards the far corner of the reception, then returns to his TV. HAIGH shakes his head.

HAIGH

Thanks.

He heads to the phone and picks up the receiver. He drops a coin into the slot and dials a number and waits for an answer. After a few rings he gets one.

HAIGH

Hi, it's Bob.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The headlights from the black saloon car shine brightly on MITCHELL'S abandoned car. KNOX speaks loudly into his mobile phone.

KNOX

It's registered to whom?

Pause then:

KNOX

I don't fuckin' believe it.

He ends the call and quickly dials another number.

KNOX

We found an abandoned car just inside the perimeter. They must have spotted the road block and ditched it in a field.

More:

KNOX

You haven't heard the worst of it.

(beat)

We've run the plates and the car is one of ours.

More:

KNOX

Mitchell.

KNOX pulls the phone away from his ear, indicating a raised voice on the other end. He puts the phone back to his ear.

KNOX

Yes sir.

(beat)

Don't worry, I find them.

He hangs up the phone and dials another number.

KNOX

It's Knox; have a tow truck sent
to my location right away.

CUT TO:

INT. HICKS OFFICE - NIGHT

HICKS and JACKSON sit on opposite sides of HICKS desk.

JACKSON

(angrily)

This situation has gotten out of
hand.

HICKS

I'm fully aware of the situation
Howard.

Pause then:

JACKSON

Where are Haigh and the girl
now?

HICKS

Knox recovered the car they
were.....

JACKSON

I didn't ask about the fucking
car.

HICKS

You're not helping.

Pause then:

JACKSON

What have we heard from Knox?

HICKS

As I was saying, we found the
car they were traveling in, and
it would appear that they have
had a little help form the
inside.

JACKSON

Shit.

(beat)

Who?

HICKS

Mitchell.

JACKSON stands.

JACKSON

That son of a bitch.

HICKS

We've got men at the newspaper,
at the Haigh home, at the
Harding place and all of
Mitchell's known haunts.

(beat)

There's nowhere they can go.
It's just a matter of time.

JACKSON

What about his wife and kid?

HICKS

Still no sign of them. we
checked both grandparents; her
friends, his friends.....

JACKSON

So where do we go from here?

HICKS

They can't have gone far on
foot. My guys are checking the
area; hotels, motels,
everywhere.

JACKSON

If what's on that disc becomes
public then it's game over.

HICKS

Yeah, and you can kiss the
Presidency goodbye.

Both men stare at each other knowingly.

CUT TO:

INT, MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

MITCHELL and CAROLINE sit silently on the bed. There is a faint knock at the door. CAROLINE is startled. MITCHELL heads to the window and peers out through the net curtain. He moves to the door and unlocks it. The door opens and HAIGH enters.

MITCHELL

Well?

HAIGH

A friend of mine is going the
collect the disc.

MITCHELL

Who?

HAIGH

I think it best if he remains anonymous, don't you?

MITCHELL nods.

MITCHELL

Does he know what he's getting himself into?

HAIGH

Yeah, he knows.

MITCHELL

Can we trust him?

HAIGH

Absolutely.

MITCHELL

If he's a friend the chances are they are they are watching him. did you consider that?

(beat)

He could lead them right to us.

HAIGH

He won't. we'll leave the disc at a pre-arranged place and he'll collect it. They'll ever know.

MITCHELL

A dead drop.

HAIGH

If that's what you guys call it, then yes.

(beat)

You're trained for this kind of thing. It's better if you make the drop.

MITCHELL

(shrugs shoulders)

You're probably right.

(beat)

Where?

HAIGH

There's a deli on the corner of Fifth and Madison. He has coffee there every morning without fail. If they are following him then they shouldn't suspect a thing.

MITCHELL

And the letterbox?

CAROLINE

That what?

MITCHELL

I have to leave the disc somewhere where only he knows to look for it. It's known as a letterbox.

CAROLINE

(shrugs shoulders)

Okay.

HAIGH

Go into the men's room and leave the disc inside the paper towel dispenser. He'll pick it up there.

CAROLINE

What happens then?

HAIGH

My friend hides the disc. if anything happens to us, or our families he takes it to the newspaper and Hicks and his cronies go to the gas chamber.

MITCHELL

Howe long 'til we make the drop?

HAIGH

(glances at his watch)

About an hour.

CAROLINE

An hour? We don't have a car, remember?

MITCHELL

Leave that to me.

(beat)

What about you two?

HAIGH hands MITCHELL a piece of paper.

HAIGH

This is my friend's number. Call him just after seven to confirm that he has the disc. When you leave to make the drop we'll leave at the same time.

CAROLINE

To where?

(beat)

He already said we can't go home.

HAIGH

Don't worry about that.

MITCHELL opens a drawer and takes out a wad of cash and hands it to HAIGH.

MITCHELL

There's about a thousand dollars there.

(reaches into pocket)

And this is Hick's number.

HAIGH

Okay, thanks.

MITCHELL nods.

MITCHELL

All we can do now is wait.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT - MOTEL COMPLEX - DAWN

The door to the motel room opens and MITCHELL steps out. He crossed the carpark towards an old car parked there. He reaches the car and checks the driver's door. It's locked. He takes a screwdriver from his jacket pocket and puts it against the quarter light window on the driver's door. He gives the screwdriver a firm hit with the palm of his hand and the glass shatters. He looks around to make sure he wasn't seen or heard then reaches in and opens the door and climbs in.

INT. CAR DAY

MITCHELL sits in the driver's seat and, using the screwdriver, he breaks off the plastic around the steering column to expose the ignition wires. He rips off the connectors and touches the two wires together. The wires spark and the car stutters into life. He presses on the accelerator pedal to make sure the car doesn't stall. Confident that the vehicle is running he twists the two wires together.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - DAWN

The motel room door opens once more and HAIGH and CAROLINE exit. HAIGH locks the door and walks over to the car. He hands MITCHELL the motel key.

HAIGH

Good luck.

MITCHELL

You too.

MITCHELL guns the engine and pulls away.

CAROLINE

What now?

HAIGH

According to the receptionist there's a Greyhound bus that comes through here every hour.

(glances at his watch)

It should be here soon. It'll take us back to the city.

Pause then:

CAROLINE

I'm tired.

HAIGH

I know, me too.

He brushes her hair from her face. She reaches up and takes hold of his hand. Their eyes lock for a few seconds, neither of them speaks. He smiles and she smiles back.

HAIGH

Come on, let's get moving.

Montage of images showing the bus arriving, HAIGH and CAROLINE boarding and the bus leaving. Then, we see a car pull up.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL RECEPTION - DAY

The RECEPTIONIST sits behind the counter staring at the TV screen. KNOX enters and approaches the counter. He stands there but gets no reaction. He reaches into his pocket and takes out his ID badge and slams it down on the counter. The RECEPTIONIST looks up and sees the badge.

KNOX

I thought that might wake you up.

KNOX reaches into his pocket again and takes out three photographs, two men and one woman, and lays them on the counter.

KNOX

Have you seen either of these people in the last day or so?

The RECEPTIONIST studies the pictures. He point at the men.

RECEPTIONIST

These two I've seem, but not the chick.

Pause then:

KNOX

Were they together?

RECEPTIONIST

No, this guy,
 (points out Mitchell)
 he took a room yesterday.
 (beat)

This one,
 (points out Haigh)
 he came in to use the phone,
 'bout three hours ago.

KNOX holds up the photo of MITCHELL.

KNOX

Which room is he in?

RECEPTIONIST

23, out the door, turn left.
 It's the last door you come to.

KNOX

Can you let me in?

RECEPTIONIST

I don't know man, I could loose my job.

KNOX takes a \$100 bill from his wallet and holds it out to the RECEPTIONIST.

KNOX

Would this help?

The RECEPTIONIST reaches out to take the money but KNOX pulls it back.

KNOX

Not until I'm in there.

CUT TO:

INT. DELI - DAY

Several early morning commuters are dotted around the deli. Some are eating; other read the morning paper whilst drinking coffee. LARRY COLE walks into the deli and approaches the counter. The ASSISTANT, a woman in her 50's, smiles at him.

MAGGIE

Morning Larry.

COLE

Hey there Maggie, how are you today?

MAGGIE

Well, you know, mustn't grumble. What'll it be, the usual?

LARRY

Err, not today thanks, I'm in a bit of a rush.

(checks watch)

I'll just have a coffee.

MAGGIE

Okay. I'll bring it over.

Without taking a seat he heads straight towards the men's room. He calls back to MAGGIE.

LARRY

Can you make that to go?

MAGGIE

Sure.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

He checks that the room is empty then lifts the top off the paper towel dispenser and takes out the disc. He leaves the room and moves back into the deli.

INT. DELI - DAY

He walks back to the counter to find his coffee waiting for him. He picks up the drink and heads for the door.

MAGGIE

My, you are in a rush today.

He turns back to her.

LARRY

Sorry.

(checks his watch again)
Must dash.

MAGGIE
Okay, see you tomorrow.

LARRY
Bye.

He leaves the deli.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

He heads across the street and gets into his car.

INT. CAR - DAY

He sits there staring at his phone sitting on the dash. He checks his watch: 06:59. A few seconds later the phone rings. He grabs for it.

MITCHELL
Do you have it?

COLE
Yes.

MITCHELL
Good.
(beat)
You know what to do, right?

COLE
Yeah.

MITCHELL
Let us know when it's done.

COLE
I will.

He starts the car and drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - DAY

HAIGH and CAROLINE sit side by side on the busy bus. HAIGH'S phone rings. He answers.

MITCHELL
He had it.

HAIGH hangs up the phone.

HAIGH
The disc's safe.

(beat)

Now it's up me to speak to
Hicks.

CUT TO:

EXT, MOTEL COMPLEX - DAY

The door to the motel room opens and KNOX steps out. In the background we can see MITCHELL'S body slumped on the floor. KNOX closes the door and heads for his car. As he walks he takes out his phone and dials.

KNOX
Mitchell's out of the picture.

More:

KNOX
No, and both Haigh and the girl
are gone.

More:

KNOX
I'm on my way in now.

He hangs up the phone. Before he reaches his car he turns and heads back to the reception.

INT. MOTEL RECEPTION - DAY

KNOX walks up the counter. The RECEPTIONISH stands to greet him. Before he can do anything KNOX draws his pistol and shoots him in the forehead. The RECEPTIONIST drops to the floor. KNOX opens the hatch in the counter and steps through. He reaches down and checks the man's pockets. He finds what he's looking for. As he stands and walks out from behind the counter we see him putting the \$100 bill back into his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. HICKS OFFICE - DAY

HICKS paces nervously around his office, waiting for updates from the field. His office phone rings and he quickly grabs for it.

HICKS
Hello.

HAIGH
Agent Hicks?

HICKS
Who is this?

HAIGH

This is Robert Haigh.

HICKS is visibly shocked. Pause as he gathers himself.

HICKS

Where's my disc Mr. Haigh?

HAIGH

Don't worry, it's safe.

HICKS

We know Mitchell was helping you.

HAIGH

Was?

HICKS

We got to him earlier, in the motel room. He can't protect you any more.

HAIGH

Shit! You people. Is that your answer to everything? To pull the fucking trigger?

HICKS

Unfortunately Mr. Haigh, that is the nature of our business.

HAIGH

You fucking traitor.

HICKS

Come now Robert, you're taking this far too personally.

HAIGH

It is personal. All of us died a little bit on that day.

Pause then:

HICKS

Spare me the patriotic bullshit and let's get down to the real issue here.

(beat)

What's it gonna cost?

HAIGH

What?

HICKS

To get my disc back,

(beat)
how much?

HAIGH
We'll get to that later. First I want you to tell me why. Why you let all those innocent people die.

HICKS
All wars have their casualties Mr. Haigh. Most of them innocent.

HAIGH
Those people aren't casualties of war; they're victims of a crime.

(beat)
I know what you did with the money. You're using it to get Jackson into the White House.

HICKS
It wasn't just about the money?

(beat)
Are you familiar with the US Patriot Act?

HAIGH
I've heard of it, yes.

HICKS
The Patriot Act in fact is a clear case of giving the CIA an enhanced role in domestic intelligence gathering. It let's us spy on our own people, an activity that had been greatly curtailed since operation CHAOS was exposed in the mid seventies.

HAIGH
Go on.

HICKS
It takes back the role of gathering foreign intelligence in the United States from the Department of Justice and puts it firmly back in the hands of the CIA.

(beat)

Power, it's all about the power.

Pause then:

HICKS

Without 9/11 the Patriot Act would never have gone through Congress. The attacks generated such a public outcry against terrorism that it was passed almost without anyone reading so much as one line of the legislation.

HAIGH

And with Jackson as President, you were guaranteed that the Act would remain in force, even after the hysteria died down.

HICKS

You catch on quickly Mr. Haigh. You should be a reporter.

HAIGH

Very funny.

(beat)

You can't just buy the Presidency, Agent Hicks.

HICKS

You think it'd be the first time someone's made it to the White House on the back of dirty money?

HAIGH doesn't answer.

Pause then:

HAIGH

How can you ever have expected to get away with it?

HICKS

Because the people would never believe it to be true. The whole controversy would be just too hard for most people to think about, and that's why it works.

(beat)

The lie is simply too big, and beyond their conception of what's real. So, they end up

reverting back to the hypocrisy
thrown at them by the likes of
Fox News and CNN.

HAIGH

Until the disc turns up and your
house of cards starts to
collapse.

HICKS scoffs.

HICKS

Which brings us neatly back to
you.

HAIGH

What do you mean?

HICKS

I mean name your price.

Pause then:

HAIGH

You underestimate me.

HICKS

Everyone has their price Mr.
Haigh.

Pause then:

HAIGH

Okay, here's the deal.

(beat)

Firstly, Jackson withdraws his
candidacy with immediate effect.

Pause then:

HICKS

Is that it?

HAIGH

No. One million dollars.

HICKS

So, it is about the money?

HAIGH

I'm not finished, one million
dollars to each and every one of
the families of the three
thousand people you murdered
that day.

HICKS

Wait a minute, that's.....

HAIGH cuts in.

HAIGH

Yeah, three billion dollars.

(beat)

What you stole should more than cover it.

HICKS

I told you. I don't have the money, it went straight to Jackson.

HAIGH

Weren't you listening? He won't be needing it any more.

HICKS sighs heavily.

HAIGH

I pity you, having to live the rest of your life with three thousand deaths on your conscience.

Another sigh.

HAIGH

I know you can't bring all those people back,

(beat)

but this is your chance for a little redemption.

No answer. HAIGH continues regardless.

HAIGH

The game's up. You have no way of finding the disc.

HAIGH waits for an answer that doesn't come.

HICKS

If I do this then I have your word that the disc stays hidden?

HAIGH

I know you'll have me killed if it doesn't.

Pause then:

HAIGH

So, do we have a deal?

HICKS

Yes, we have a deal.

HAIGH

If any harm comes to either myself, or Caroline Harding, or any of our families or friends then the deals off and the disc comes out.

Pause then:

HICKS

Just out of curiosity, what exactly do you get out of all this?

HAIGH

Other than the knowledge that you did the right thing, nothing. I didn't ask to get involved in this; I was dragged into it. All I want now is for it all to be over so I can go home to my family.

HICKS

Bit of a catch twenty-two, wouldn't you say?

HAIGH

You could say that, yes.

(beat)

I'll be in touch.

HAIGH hangs up the phone. HICKS paces around his office before dialing another number.

HICKS

I need to speak with you, urgently.

More:

HICKS

Okay, my office, ten o'clock tomorrow morning.

HICKS hangs up the phone and drops into this seat, head in hands.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Title: Three days later

HAIGH stands at the bathroom sink splashing water on his face. From in the bedroom we hear a TV NEWSREADER.

NEWSREADER

Senator Howard Jackson cited personal reasons for his decision to withdraw from the race to become the Democratic Presidential candidate, just days after he announced his intention to run. Senator Jackson's representatives were unavailable for comment but promised an official statement in the next day or so. When asked if Mr. Jackson would be continuing in his current role as Senator for the state of Illinois the answer was unequivocally yes.

On hearing this HAIGH nods his contentment.

NEWSREADER

Some breaking news just reaching us this morning. The United States government had announced today that a compensation fund, thought to be somewhere in the region of three billion dollars, has been allocated for the families of the victims of the September 11 attacks on the World Trade Centre and the Pentagon.

HAIGH rushes to the TV and turns up the volume.

NEWSREADER

There is very little known at this time, but there is to be an official statement from the President later today. You will be able to hear that statement from the White House right here on Network 12 News from 1 o'clock eastern Standard Time.

HAIGH cannot help but smile.

NEWSREADER

In other news, local authorities here in New York City say that there is no link between the murder of John Mitchell Tuesday, and the apparent suicide of a

high ranking CIA official.

NEWSREADER

Donald Hicks was found dead in his office yesterday from a single gunshot wound to the head. A suicide note was found at the scene, the details of which are not yet known.

HAIGH stares open-mouthed.

More:

NEWSREADER

Stories began to circulate regarding a potential link between the two incidents after it was implied that Mr. Mitchell had apparent ties to the CIA, and had for many years worked as an agent in the Middle East

More:

NEWSREADER

Mr. Mitchell was found dead in a motel room close to Hunterdon in Upstate New York three days ago. Police are treating his death as suspicious. More on that story as and when we have it.

HAIGH switches off the TV and sits on the bed. He picks up the phone.

HAIGH

Caroline, it's Robert.

More:

HAIGH

Yeah, I just heard.

More:

HAIGH

Yeah, I know, and I'm sorry, for everything.

He hangs up the phone and dials another number.

HAIGH

Alice.

More:

HAIGH

I'm fine.

(beat)

It's safe, you can go home now.

More:

HAIGH

Yeah, I'll explain everything
then I get home.

(beat)

I'll be there in less than an
hour.

More:

HAIGH

I love you too.

HAIGH replaces the receiver and heads back to the bathroom.

FADE TO BLACK:

The following quotation appears in white text against a plain black background:

People who shut their eyes to reality simply invite their own destruction, and anyone who insists on remaining in a state of innocence, long after that innocence is dead, turns himself into a monster.

- James Baldwin

FADE OUT:

George W. Bush's Presidential address from 8.30pm on September 11, 2001 plays over the end credits.

PRESIDENT BUSH

Good evening. Today, our fellow citizens, our way of life, our very freedom came under attack in a series of deliberate and deadly terrorist acts. The victims were in airplanes, or in their offices; secretaries, businessmen and women, military and federal workers; moms and dads, friends and neighbours. Thousands of lives were suddenly ended by evil, despicable acts of terror. The pictures of airplanes flying into buildings, fires burning, huge structures collapsing, have filled us with disbelief, terrible sadness, and a quiet, unyielding anger. These acts of mass murder were intended to frighten our nation

into chaos and retreat. But they have failed; our country is strong. A great people has been moved to defend a great nation. Terrorist attacks can shake the foundations of our biggest buildings, but they cannot touch the foundation of America. These acts shattered steel, but they cannot dent the steel of American resolve. America was targeted for attack because we're the brightest beacon for freedom and opportunity in the world. And no one will keep that light from shining. Today, our nation saw evil, the very worst of human nature. And we responded with the best of America -- with the daring of our rescue workers, with the caring for strangers and neighbors who came to give blood and help in any way they could. Immediately following the first attack, I implemented our government's emergency response plans. Our military is powerful, and it's prepared. Our emergency teams are working in New York City and Washington, D.C. to help with local rescue efforts. Our first priority is to get help to those who have been injured, and to take every precaution to protect our citizens at home and around the world from further attacks. The functions of our government continues without interruption. Federal agencies in Washington which had to be evacuated today are reopening for essential personnel tonight, and will be open for business tomorrow. Our financial institutions remain strong, and the American economy will be open for business, as well. The search is underway for those who are behind these evil

acts. I've directed the full resources of our intelligence and law enforcement communities to find those responsible and to bring them to justice. We will make no distinction between the terrorists who committed these acts and those who harbor them. I appreciate so very much the members of Congress who have joined me in strongly condemning these attacks. And on behalf of the American people, I thank the many world leaders who have called to offer their condolences and assistance. America and our friends and allies join with all those who want peace and security in the world, and we stand together to win the war against terrorism. Tonight, I ask for your prayers for all those who grieve, for the children whose worlds have been shattered, for all whose sense of safety and security has been threatened. And I pray they will be comforted by a power greater than any of us, spoken through the ages in Psalm 23: "Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil, for You are with me." This is a day when all Americans from every walk of life unite in our resolve for justice and peace. America has stood down enemies before, and we will do so this time. None of us will ever forget this day. Yet, we go forward to defend freedom and all that is good and just in our world. Thank you. Good night, and God bless America.

Credit sequence ends.