

RECOMPENSE

An Original Screenplay

by

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RECOMPENSE

FADE IN.

EXT. SMALL VILLAGE - IRAQI/KUWAITI BORDER - NIGHT

SUPER: "IRAQI/KUWAITI BORDER - 1991"

A British soldier, ONESHOT, 26, lays half covered by sand.

Though his night vision goggles, images of green and black move behind a window as he scans a small house in the village.

His RADIO CRACKLES into LIFE.

ROBBIE CAMPBELL - (V.O.)  
Are we clear?

Oneshot, checks the deserted village street and other buildings, there's no movement.

ONESHOT  
Roger that.

ROBBIE CAMPBELL - (V.O.)  
Go. Go. Go.

In the distant four S.A.S. soldiers run silently towards the house at the end of the village.

Two FLASHES as S.A.S. soldiers, TAFFY and SIXPACK, enter the house. Taffy through the front door and Sixpack through a side window.

SIX SHORT BURSTS of AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE immediately pepper the night air.

TAFFY - (V.O.)  
Room one secure.

SIXPACK - (V.O.)  
Room two secure. I have the package. It is complete.

Oneshot's head jerks up as a door opens in the building, he saw the movement in, earlier. A Man dressed in Iraqi army uniform steps outside and looks around.

EXT. ONESHOT'S POSITION - NIGHT

Oneshot snatches his night goggles off and raises his rifle.

He studies the Iraqi man through the scope of his rifle as the CROSS HAIRS hover on the man outside the building, as he searches the street.

A single DULL THUD and the man falls.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Oneshot scans buildings through the scope on his rifle.

The two S.A.S. soldiers outside the desert house, MAJOR ROBBIE CAMPBELL and TIGER enter it as two more S.A.S. soldiers, BUSBY and MACK, appear from the darkness and take their place.

Mack stops at the front of the house, Busby goes round the back.

Three Iraqi uniformed men appear outside the building where the body of their dead comrade lies. They examine the body as three RAPID DULL THUDS from Oneshot's RIFLE adds three Iraqi soldiers to his tally.

Oneshot's RADIO awakens.

ROBBIE CAMPBELL - (V.O.)

What's our status?

He pulls the microphone attached to his helmet closer to his mouth.

ONESHOT

Four dispatched. No other interest.

Oneshot looks over his shoulder in response to the distant RHYTHMIC DRUM of a HELICOPTER. He puts his night goggles on.

ONESHOT

Wait. We have a bird coming in.

EXT. OPEN DESERT - NIGHT

An Apache Helicopter skims across the sand.

INT. APACHE HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - NIGHT

The PILOT pushes a button and a screen in front of him  
LIGHTS UP.

The WEAPONS OFFICER'S hand flicks the red cover of a  
missile firing switch, up. The pilot, CHAS SCOTT steadies  
the helicopter.

EXT. OPEN DESERT - NIGHT

The Apache Helicopter creates a cloud of dust in its wake.

CHRIS REYNOLDS - (V.O.)

It's okay, I can see it's a friendly.

ROBBIE CAMPBELL - (V.O.)

Who the fuck sent that?

EXT./INT. APACHE HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - NIGHT

The Weapons Officer, SERGIO SARMIENTO looks up from the  
screen and at the village, fast approaching.

SERGIO SARMIENTO (WEAPONS OFFICER)

(into radio)

Target in sight, do I have a go?

FEMALE COM'S OPERATOR - (V.O.)

You have a go.

SERGIO SARMIENTO

We have a go.

CHAS SCOTT

Fire One.

Sergio Sarmiento flicks a RED SWITCH.

A missile flares away from the helicopter.

EXT. DESERT - ONESHOT'S POSITION - NIGHT

Oneshot stares at the sky towards the ROTOR DRUM from the HELICOPTER, and watches a MISSILE STREAK across the sky.

ONESHOT  
(into radio)  
INCOMING!

ROBBIE CAMPBELL - (V.O.)  
WHAT THE! . . .

Oneshot turns to see the BLAST of the missile as it EXPLODES in the house at the end of the village. The house EXPLODES outwards as the AREA lights UP.

ONESHOT  
FUCKING WANKERS!

Oneshot rips his night goggles off as he stands up from his concealed position then races across the sand towards the house.

INT. HOUSE - FIRST ROOM - NIGHT

A boot of a S.A.S. soldier, still with a foot inside it, separated from its owner.

The house is a total wreck. Seven bodies or what's left of them litter the first room.

INT. HOUSE - SECOND ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Four men sit on the floor, they and the room is covered in dust. Two S.A.S. soldiers, an IRAQI OFFICER and a well dressed ARAB CIVILIAN.

All four are alive but wounded.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Oneshot rushes to the S.A.S. soldier who lays facedown in front of the house. He stoops to see if the man is alive.

ONESHOT  
Mack, are you okay?

He turns Mack over to see he has no face.

ONESHOT  
Bastards.

Oneshot rises and turns towards what remains of the front door of the house. At that moment S.A.S. soldier, CHRIS REYNOLDS comes around the far corner of the house.

CHRIS REYNOLDS  
Is that you, Oneshot?

ONESHOT  
It was the fucking Yanks.

CHRIS REYNOLDS  
Yeah, I saw it.  
(looks at Mack's body)  
Is Mack. . .

ONESHOT  
(interrupts)  
Dead? Of course he fucking is.  
(looks at the house)  
Take the back, I'll go in through  
the front.

The DRONE of the APACHE helicopter INCREASES as it draws closer.

Oneshot pulls his mic across his mouth.

ONESHOT  
(into mic)  
Postmaster, this is Postman Two.  
We need medics. Fast.

INT. APACHE HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Through the windscreen the crew look at the devastation.

CHAS SCOTT (V.O.)  
This don't look right, Sergio,  
that's the British down there.

SERGIO SARMIENTO (V.O.)  
I can see that, Chas.

CHAS SCOTT (V.O.)  
I'm going to put down.

SERGIO SARMIENTO (V.O.)  
That's against orders.

CHAS SCOTT (V.O.)  
We've got to do something.

EXT. NEAR TO THE FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

The APACHE helicopter lands.

INT. HOUSE - ROOM ONE - NIGHT

Oneshot carefully steps through the human remains spread over the floor. He stops at the body of an S.A.S. soldier and kneels down. He feels for a pulse. There is none, he rises, takes another look at the body and moves on.

ONESHOT  
Someone's going to fucking pay for  
this.

He moves slowly on and sees the S.A.S. boot, with its owner's foot inside. He lifts the remains of a kitchen table that covers a MAN.

The Man stirs as the table comes off his legs, then  
SCREAMS.

ONESHOT  
Major, you alive?

ROBBIE CAMPBELL (THE MAN)  
(thought the pain)  
Of course I fucking am.

Robbie struggles to move, looks at the stump where his foot was and continues to scream.

ROBBIE  
My foots gone. Where's my  
fucking foot?

He writhes in pain.

ONESHOT  
Don't worry about that, you've got  
another.

ROBBIE  
Jesus! You're a bastard, Oneshot.

ONESHOT  
Yeah, I know I am.

ROBBIE  
Take a look at my back, will you,  
something hit me there.

Oneshot puts a tourniquet on Robbie's left leg, gives him two shots and slowly turns him over to look at his back.

A piece of shrapnel sticks out. Oneshot takes a field dressing and covers the wound the best he can.

His RADIO CRACKLES.

CHRIS REYNOLDS - (V.O.)  
Busby's dead but Sixpack and Tiger  
are alive, just.

Oneshot adjusts his Microphone.

ONESHOT  
(into radio)  
The Major's still with us. But  
he ain't going to play football  
anymore. Taffy's gone.

ROBBIE  
(through the pain)  
Never liked the game anyway.

ONESHOT  
You okay, Sir, I'd like to see to  
the others?

ROBBIE  
I'll be alright.

Oneshot moves to room two.

INT. HOUSE - ROOM TWO - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Chris Reynolds applies a field dressing to Sixpack's chest.

Tiger sits and leans against a wall, he holds a dressing on  
his shoulder. Another is on his abdomen.

Chris Reynolds looks up as Oneshot enters.

CHRIS  
The civilian is the package, take  
a look at him first.

ANDREW MORROW (SIXPACK)  
What a fucking mess.

TIGER  
You alright, Oneshot?

ONESHOT  
Yeah. But, Mack and, Taffy have had  
it. And the, Major's in a bad way.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Sergio Sarmiento and TONY RICARDS approach the front of the  
house. Ricards looks down at Mack's body.

TONY RICARDS  
Shit, they're the S.A.S.

SERGIO SARMIENTO  
That's all we need.

They move towards what was the front door.

INT. HOUSE - ROOM ONE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sergio Sarmiento and Tony Ricards enter, slowly, carefully.

                  SERGIO SARMIENTO  
Anyone in here?

                  ROBBIE  
Over here.

Sergio Sarmiento and Tony Ricards move towards Robbie Campbell. They both see his boot on the way.

                  ROBBIE  
You responsible for this?

                  SERGIO SARMIENTO  
'fraid so. I'm Sarmiento, this  
is Ricards. We're from the One  
Hundred and First Airborne Division.

Oneshot appears in the remains of the doorway between room one and room two.

                  ONESHOT  
Well, if it ain't the fucking cavalry.  
You can piss off for a start.

                  SERGIO SARMIENTO  
We thought we could arrange pick up  
of the injured.

                  ONESHOT  
Feel guilty do ya?

                  TONY RICARDS  
Hey man, we were only carrying out  
orders.

                  ONESHOT  
That's what Goebbels said.

SERGIO SARMIENTO  
I'm sorry but we didn't know you  
were here.

ONESHOT  
Like it would have made a  
difference.

SERGIO SARMIENTO  
Do you want a lift back or not?

ONESHOT  
No mate, our own bus is on the way.

EXT. 10 DOWNING STREET - LONDON - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE. "FIFTEEN YEARS LATER"

INT. 10 DOWNING STREET - PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE - DAY

The PRIME MINISTER sits behind his desk and looks up at  
MAJOR FORDHAM, who faces him.

Over the top of his desk they shake hands. The Prime  
Minister rises and walks from behind his desk. Major  
Fordham turns, he is Oneshot.

PRIME MINISTER  
Major, I'll be sorry to see you go.

ONESHOT - (MAJOR FORDHAM)  
Life moves on, Sir.

PRIME MINISTER  
Yes it does, Major, thanks to you.  
If you hadn't reacted the way you  
did when we were in the Sudan, I'm  
sure my term of office would have  
been cut short.

ONESHOT  
Just doing my job, Prime Minister.

PRIME MINISTER  
It was appreciated and I now know  
why they call you, Oneshot.

Both men laugh.

ONESHOT

It was a good shot.

PRIME MINISTER

What are your plans for the future,  
now that you've retired?

ONESHOT

Well, a last drink with the lads at  
Hereford. A few scores to settle,  
you know the sort of thing, Sir.  
You're welcome to come Prime Minister.

PRIME MINISTER

I think that would result in the end  
of my term in office.

ONESHOT

You're probably right, Sir.

INT. BUDDHA BAR RESTAURANT - PARIS - NIGHT

Large Oriental, busy restaurant. BUDDHA BAR MUSIC plays in  
the BACKGROUND.

At a table in a far corner sits Oneshot, Andrew Morrow,  
Angus 'Tiger' Stuart, Chris Reynolds and Major Robbie  
Campbell (in a wheelchair), in conversation as they enjoy a  
meal.

CHRIS

Why Paris?

ROBBIE

Rob Roy works here.

ONESHOT

NATO, I think.

MAJOR GENERAL, SIR ROBERT MCGREGOR, 63, strides through the  
restaurant in Highland Dress (kilt and all). His trim  
white beard only adds to his powerful demeanor.

Chris looks up to see the Scotsman.

CHRIS  
Shit! He's here.

Sir Robert stops at their table.

ONESHOT  
(stands up)  
Brigadier.

The others stand.

ROBBIE  
Mind if I don't get up, Sir?

SIR ROBERT  
Always excuses, Campbell. And by  
the way it's Major General, now.

ANDREW  
Congratulations, Sir.

SIR ROBERT  
Honor where honor's due my boy.

Sir Robert takes a chair from another table and joins them.  
He picks up an empty wine bottle and looks at the label.

SIR ROBERT  
I see your tastes haven't improved  
since our last encounter.

A WAITER approaches the table.

SIR ROBERT  
(to waiter)  
Deux bouteilles de Nuits Saint  
Georges quatre-vingt quatre et  
des verres propres. S'il vous plait.

WAITER  
Oui Monsieur, est-ce que vous  
voulez manger?

SIR ROBERT  
Oui un poulet thaïlandaise avec feves  
germees. Merci.

The waiter leaves with a tray of empties.

ROBBIE  
So, how are you, Sir?

SIR ROBERT  
Reducing my handicap every day. It's  
a tough life at the top, you know.

TIGER  
I've heard that, Sir.

SIR ROBERT  
Is everyone up to speed?

ONESHOT  
Yes, Sir.

TIGER  
Everything is in position, Sir. Just  
waiting the green light.

SIR ROBERT  
Well that you have. I've gone over your  
plan and its fine. The bank accounts  
are open and funds are in place.

The Waiter returns with two bottles of wine and fresh  
glasses, places the glasses on the table and fills them.

ROBBIE  
Merci.

SIR ROBERT  
But I suggest we enjoy this evening  
and meet tomorrow in your hotel to  
go through the details. Can you set  
up a discreet meeting room, Angus?

TIGER  
Consider it done, Sir.

SIR ROBERT  
Good man.  
(picks up glass of wine)  
Let's drink a toast to Recompense and  
fallen comrades.

They all lift their glasses for the toast.

SIR ROBERT

To Taffy, Busby and my beloved son,  
Mack . . .

(reflects)

. . . and all the other sons and  
daughters who never made it home.

ONESHOT

To recompense.

EXT. PALACE HOTEL - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: "MONDAY - 7:30 PM"

SERIES OF SHOTS

Four long black cars pull up at the front of the hotel.

A "DHL" van turns into a side road and parks.

A motorcyclist enters the hotel car park.

Six plain clothes security officers in black suits exit  
from the last and the second of the long black cars.

Andrew Morrow walks out of the hotel entrance.

Chris Reynolds steps out of the "DHL" van.

The motorcyclist parks his bike and removes his helmet. It  
is Oneshot.

EXT. PALACE HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

A SECURITY OFFICER opens a rear door of the third car.

The hotel doorman steps out of the way as GOVERNOR JACOBS  
and his wife BETTY enter the hotel, surrounded by the  
security officers.

EXT. PALACE HOTEL - ROOF - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: "TUESDAY - 2:30 AM"

From the shadows of the elevator motor housing room, a MAN IN BLACK emerges, dressed for combat.

A black balaclava covers his face and gossamer gloves on his hands. He's carries a small backpack.

He adjusts the microphone on his headset and looks at his Black watch.

MAN IN BLACK  
(into microphone)  
In position.

He walks to the edge of the hotel roof and secures a rope to a radio aerial array.

He throws the rope over the edge of the roof and abseils down the face of the hotel.

EXT. PALACE HOTEL - FACE OF HOTEL - NIGHT

The Man In Black descends to halfway down the window on the top floor and hangs there.

From his backpack he takes a glass cutter and cuts a hole in the outer pane of glass, six inches in diameter. He removes the cut glass with a suction cup, then places the piece of glass in his backpack.

He repeats the process on the second pane of glass, and cuts a smaller hole of four inches in diameter.

With a thin metal object that looks like a bent clothes hangar he hooks a curtain in the room and pulls it to one side.

The Man In Black slips a pair night goggles on.

For a moment he studies a man and a woman in bed, asleep.

TWO DULL THUDS interrupt the silence as a bullet enters the forehead of the woman first, then the man.

The assassin hangs at the window, as he takes the silencer off his pistol and places it in the backpack, followed by his pistol.

He untangles the bent clothes hangar and releases the curtain so it falls back into position.

Then he takes a CD in a square plastic cover from his backpack and peels the double sided tape off. He puts the strips in his pack, and sticks the CD over the hole in the second pane of glass.

Slowly he pulls himself up to the roof and removes the rope. Another man dressed in the same Black combat kit steps from the shadows.

The assassin looks up and nods.

MAN IN BLACK  
(adjusts the microphone)  
Mission completed.

INT. OUTSKIRTS OF CITY - HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "TUESDAY - 7:41 AM"

DESMOND JOHNSTON and his wife MATTIE are asleep in bed as the telephone RINGS. Eventually Desmond stretches over and lifts the receiver.

DESMOND JOHNSTON  
(still half asleep)  
Johnston.

He wakes abruptly as he listens to the voice on the other end of the phone.

DESMOND JOHNSTON  
I'm on my way.

His wife wakes as he leaves the bed. His black muscular, six foot frame tensions as he stretches and yawns.

MATTIE JOHNSTON  
What's up?

DESMOND JOHNSTON

Work.

MATTIE JOHNSTON

You're not the only F.B.I. man  
in town.

(sits up)

Don't forget we're having lunch with  
your sister.

DESMOND JOHNSTON

Not today, someone's just shot  
the Governor and his wife.

MATTIE JOHNSTON

It's a year tomorrow since Allen was  
killed. She needs you.

DESMOND JOHNSTON

Sorry Baba, not today.

INT. PALACE HOTEL - TOP FLOOR - CORRIDOR - DAY

Desmond Johnston exits the elevator. The corridor is full  
of Police and FBI officers.

KAREN CHAN walks to meet him half way down the corridor.  
Her petit frame is dwarfed by the other officers.

JOHNSTON

What have we got, Karen?

KAREN CHAN

Single shot to the head for both,  
the Governor and his wife. No sign  
of entry. Close shot, maybe ten foot.

JOHNSTON

Where were his guards?

CHAN

Two on duty outside his room. One  
at each end of the corridor and two  
walking the hotel and grounds, all  
night.

JOHNSTON

Yeah?

(reaches the room)

Checked the hotel security cameras?

CHAN

On it. But, nobody came down the hallway and the guards were on duty all night.

JOHNSTON

Is there an adjoining room?

CHAN

No.

They each take a pair of gossamer gloves from an officer at the door to the room.

INT. PALACE HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

They enter. FBI AGENT #1 already in the room, looks up.

JOHNSTON

This how it was? Curtains drawn?

FBI AGENT #1

Exactly, nothing has been moved or touched. Forensics will be here in about fifteen minutes.

JOHNSTON

Who discovered the bodies?

CHAN

Hotel maid, bringing breakfast in at seven.

JOHNSTON

(to FBI Agent #1)

Draw the curtains, let's get some light in here. Why are hotel rooms always so dark?

FBI Agent 1# pulls back the curtains.

FBI AGENT #1  
Clever.

JOHNSTON  
(looks up from the body's)  
What?

FBI AGENT #1  
Through the window.

Desmond and Karen walk across the room.

CHAN  
This was a professional hit.

FBI AGENT #1  
It's sharp, putting a C.D. over the  
hole so no wind blows the curtains.

Chan and Johnston study the CD.

JOHNSTON  
It's stuck to the outside and too  
large to bring through the hole.

CHAN  
I've never seen anything like that.

She turns to officers in the doorway.

CHAN  
Get up on the roof and seal it.

JOHNSTON  
And get someone to remove the C.D.  
and bring it to me, there might be  
something on it.

INT. ROOM 636 - FRANCIS DRAKE HOTEL - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "TUESDAY - 10:52 AM"

Oneshot, Tiger, Chris Reynolds and Robbie Campbell lounge,  
as they drink coffee.

ROBBIE

What news on Sixpack?

TIGER

Nothing.

ONESHOT

The F.B.I. will interview and check out all guests, it's normal. So I reckon he'll be at least another couple of hours.

ROBBIE

So, we move to stage two.  
Everything in place, Tiger?

TIGER

Has been for four years and I ran a check last Friday, nothing has altered.

CHRIS

Rob Roy said the General's schedule is unchanged.

ROBBIE

So, are you set, Oneshot?

ONESHOT

Picked up the flight tickets yesterday morning, hotels booked, U.P.S. booked.

ROBBIE

And you're happy to do these two alone?

ONESHOT

I said I would.

INT. FBI SITUATION ROOM - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "TUESDAY - 11:18 AM"

Frantic activity. Several PHONES RING.

Johnston and Chan walk through the situation office, coffee in one hand documents in the other.

They step into Johnston's side office and close the door.

INT. JOHNSTON'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Johnston flops into his swivel chair.

CHAN

What business was the Governor into?

JOHNSTON

Good question. I don't know. . . Well I never voted for him. Did you?

CHAN

No. But he seemed to be turning out okay.

JOHNSTON

So what have we got? Professional hit. That means he's pissed somebody off. Who ever did this has done it before, so check for M.O's.

(sips his coffee)

Where the hell is forensics?

CHAN

You said he's pissed somebody off. But it could have been his wife who was the main target.

The door opens and they are interrupted by FBI officer RANDY GLOVER.

RANDY GLOVER

(passes a document to Johnston)  
Forensic report just faxed over.

JOHNSTON

(scans the document)  
Nine millimeter. . . from the window  
. . . no fibers. . . NO cartridge cases.

CHAN

How did he manage that, ninety foot up, hanging by a rope.

JOHNSTON

We don't know it was a rope, he even wiped the ledge with a cleaning fluid.

GLOVER

Any thing there?

JOHNSTON

No, common household brand.

CHAN

What about the C.D.?

GLOVER

Um. . . We're having a bit of difficulty reaching it.

JOHNSTON

Jesus, this man hangs there, shoots two people, catches the cartridges and leaves without a trace and we can't even retrieve a C.D. stuck to the window.

CHAN

What about the guests?

GLOVER

Interviews and checks on going, now.

INT. PALACE HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "TUESDAY - 12:08 PM"

Andrew Morrow rises from his interview and shakes the hand of FBI AGENT #2.

FBI AGENT #2

Thank you, Mr. Winters, we know where to contact you if we have any further questions, enjoy the rest of your visit.

ANDREW

Thanks. It's a great City.

INT. FBI SITUATION ROOM - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "TUESDAY - 2:11 PM"

The frantic activity has increased. Johnston, Chan and Glover look over the shoulder of a COMPUTER OPERATOR.

COMPUTER OPERATOR

Right, there's only one file on the disc and its labeled -- Recompense.

GLOVER

What's that mean?

COMPUTER OPERATOR

Funny you should say that. I looked it up in the dictionary.

JOHNSTON

And?

COMPUTER OPERATOR

The act of compensating for service, loss or injury.

JOHNSTON

Can you open the file?

COMPUTER OPERATOR

Yeah, it's just a text file.

The Computer Operator moves her mouse and watches the cursor glide over the screen.

ON MONITOR SCREEN.

The Cursor moves across screen and the file opens.

Words on screen:

"NOW WE HAVE YOUR ATTENTION -- MORE DEATHS WILL FOLLOW UNTIL YOU AGREE TO PAY TEN BILLION DOLLARS FOR IT TO STOP -- THIS IS RECOMPENSE"

Johnston goes to move.

COMPUTER OPERATOR  
Hang on, there's more.

Another page of text appears on the screen:

"PUT A MOST WANTED POSTER UP ON THE FBI WEB SITE AS FOLLOWS  
-- IMAGE -- BLACK SILHOUETTE OF THE PRESIDENT -- TEXT --  
ONE DOLLAR REWARD -- DO THIS AND YOU WILL BE TOLD THE NEXT  
STEP -- YOU HAVE ONE WEEK"

JOHNSTON  
Can you get any thing else off the  
disc?

COMPUTER OPERATOR  
Afraid not.

JOHNSTON  
(points at the screen)  
Print that and bring me twenty copies.

GLOVER  
It's a standard "T.D.K." disc, sold  
everywhere. No prints, no fibers,  
in fact nothing.

Johnson pats the computer operator lightly on the shoulder.

JOHNSTON  
Thanks.

Johnston, Chan and Glover walk to Johnson's office.

CHAN  
Ten billion dollars. Jesus.

JOHNSTON  
I've dealt with ransom and blackmail  
demands before but as you say, ten  
billion.

CHAN  
By the sound of the killer's demand,  
this is a personal vendetta against  
America.

They reach Johnson's office.

INT. JOHNSTON'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

And enter.

GLOVER

What makes you think that?

CHAN

Asking for the image of the President. It's like the killer is trying to prove a point.

JOHNSTON

I see where you're coming from. Shit, what if he's a target.

GLOVER

Who?

JOHNSTON

The President?

CHAN

Do you think it's Al-Qa'ida?

JOHNSTON

A terrorist operation. Yeah, it's got all the hall marks.

GLOVER

No it's not their style? They aren't normally after money, just blood.

JOHNSTON

Ten billion dollars is blood.

INT. ROOM 636 - FRANCIS DRAKE HOTEL - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "TUESDAY - 2:54 PM"

A KNOCK on the door. Robbie flies across the room in his wheelchair and opens the door. Andrew Morrow walks in.

ROBBIE  
How'd it go?

ANDREW  
Fine, usual stuff. The others away?

ROBBIE  
Yep. Tiger and Chris on the one forty eight to Birmingham and Oneshot on the four eleven to Washington.

ANDREW  
And are you ready?

ROBBIE  
All packed Captain.  
(looks at his watch)  
Dead on target, fifteen hundred hours.

ANDREW  
Well then, let's join Tiger and Chris.

#### SERIES OF SHOTS

Hotel car park -- Andrew Morrow helps Robbie Campbell out of his wheelchair and get into the passenger seat of a Black Dodge Sprinter van.

Tiger Stuart and Chris Reynolds settle back in first class airline seats.

Oneshot looks at a flight departure board in San Francisco airport.

The Black Dodge van leaves the hotel car park.

Chris and Tiger walk through BIRMINGHAM terminal.

Oneshot walks through DULLES AIRPORT terminal.

Robbie drives as Andrew sleeps in the passenger seat.

INT. FBI SITUATION ROOM - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "WEDNESDAY - 6:45 AM"

Activity, scaled down. Johnston strides through the office -- wall clock "6.45" -- A PHONES RING somewhere. He reaches his office and opens the door.

INT. JOHNSTON'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

In the corner sits a STRANGER, a man in his late sixties, well dressed.

INT. JOHNSTON'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Johnston stops dead in his tracks.

JOHNSTON  
Who the FUCK are you?

The stranger doesn't move from his chair.

SAMUEL KINGSLEY - (STRANGER)  
(passes Johnston a card)  
Samuel Kingsley, National Security.

JOHNSTON  
You're up early.

KINGSLEY  
Haven't been to bed, since reading  
your report.

JOHNSTON  
I didn't know I'd sent you one.

KINGSLEY  
I see most things. So, what's your  
game plan?

JOHNSTON  
What do you mean?

KINGSLEY  
Well, the way I see it is, you've  
got yourself a can of worms here.  
If it's for real.

JOHNSTON

IF IT'S REAL! I call a Governor and his wife murdered and a demand for ten billion dollars real enough.

KINGSLEY

If it's what I think it is, the game has only just begun.

EXT. WASHINGTON - DULLES AIRPORT - EXIT - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "WEDNESDAY - 2:31 PM"

Three middle aged men dressed in smart casual gear walk out of the exit to an awaiting car. GENERAL WRIGHT, GENERAL BISHOP and GENERAL DAVID TUCKER.

Golf bags stacked on their trolleys.

GENERAL WRIGHT

I still can't believe that shot on the last hole.

GENERAL TUCKER

Best round since I was in Saudi, in Desert Storm. Got a hole in one, there.

GENERAL BISHOP

What club was that with? A tank.

The three laugh. Tucker grabs his chest and falls.

GENERAL WRIGHT

(kneels to help)  
God David. Are you all right?

A trickle of blood runs through Tucker's fingers.

GENERAL BISHOP

Good Lord, he's been shot!

Tucker falls face down, dead.

A crowd gathers around.

## SERIES OF SHOTS

Oneshot walks through the top floor of the long term car park and carries a large travel bag.

A crowd gathers around the dead General.

Oneshot descends the steps from the car park and hails a taxi.

An ambulance SIREN SCREAMS as it SCREECHES to a halt besides the General's body.

Oneshot's taxi drives pass the fallen General as Oneshot flips open his cell and hits one key. Then closes it.

A black van parked on the top floor of the car park BURSTS into flames and EXPLODES. It takes four other cars with it.

The top floor of the car park ILLUMINATES from a SERIES of EXPLOSIONS.

Oneshot relaxes in the back of the taxi.

Opens his cell and dials a number.

EXT. RED STONE - MILITARY BASE - PERIMETER FENCE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "WEDNESDAY - 3:05 PM"

Tiger and Chris pull along side the fence in their rented Ford Mustang.

Chris steps out of the car and takes a map from the door pocket and opens it.

TIGER

No cameras. Two hundred yards to the hangar. Total job two minutes fifteen seconds.

CHRIS

Okay. All we need now is Robbie and Andrew to arrive and we can do it.

TIGER  
When are they due?

CHRIS  
Later tonight. About eleven.

Tiger looks behind as a vehicle approaches in a cloud of dust.

TIGER  
We've got company.

Chris pulls a cigarette from his shirt pocket.

CHRIS  
Yeah, I see.

Tiger gets out of the car as Chris spreads the map on the hood. Moments later an army vehicle pulls up with two soldiers in it.

SOLDIER #1 steps out of the vehicle and approaches them.

SOLDIER #1  
This is a restricted area. You lost?

CHRIS  
(put-on refined English accent)  
Maybe. But I needed a fix.

Chris lights the cigarette.

CHRIS  
You can't smoke in rental cars  
these days.

SOLDIER #1  
Where're you heading?

CHRIS  
We are looking to get to Huntsville.

SOLDIER #2  
(glances at their map)  
No problem. Hey you guys from  
England?

CHRIS

Yes.

SOLDIER #2

What're you all doing in our neck  
of the woods?

CHRIS

We work for a film company and we're  
looking for locations that may fit a  
production's requirements.

SOLDIER #2

Hey man, that sounds awesome.  
What sort of movie?

CHRIS

State secret I'm afraid. My partner  
would have to kill you if I told you.  
Then me for telling you.

Soldier #1 laughs and looks back at their map.

INT. DODGE SPRINTER - CAB - HIGHWAY 40 - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: "WEDNESDAY - 7:51 PM"

The Dodge cruises along the highway. Robbie drives, as  
Andrew wakes in the passenger seat.

ROBBIE

(sees Andrew stir)

Ten minutes and we'll change, okay?  
I've got to send the email.

ANDREW

Oneshot's called in then?

ROBBIE

Yeah, he has. By the way did you  
collect the cartridge cases?

ANDREW

Of course I did. . . Where are we?

ROBBIE

We're just outside Memphis. Another two to three hours and we'll be there.

ANDREW

Great I've always wanted to see Elvis's house.

(takes a cigarette from his shirt pocket)

So the conversion to the pedals worked?

ROBBIE

No you asshole. I'm using my prick on the accelerator. But it don't half hurt when I hit the brakes.

ANDREW

Better take an aspirin with the "Viagra" then.

Andrew lights his cigarette as Robbie opens a window.

INT. FBI SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: "WEDNESDAY - 8:14 PM"

SUE FISHER runs through the office, she carries a sheet of paper and enters Johnston's office without knocking.

Johnston and Kingsley are in conversation.

INT. JOHNSTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

She hands Johnston the sheet of paper.

SUE FISHER

You'd better take a look at this.

JOHNSTON

(reads the paper)

JESUS! . . . Thanks Sue.

She leaves the office as Johnson passes the paper to Kingsley.

JOHNSTON

Read this.

Kingsley reads the paper.

KINGSLEY

So it begins.

JOHNSTON

Look at the email address.

Kingsley looks at the sheet again, then laughs.

KINGSLEY

That's class.

JOHNSTON

I'm glad you think so.

KINGSLEY

Des, you don't mind if I call you  
Des? No, of course you don't.

JOHNSTON

(miffed)

If you must.

KINGSLEY

I thought you might be dealing with  
a military organization.

JOHNSTON

Really, do you want to let me  
in on it?

KINGSLEY

The hit at the hotel was Navy Seal  
stuff, you know what I mean?

JOHNSTON

Not really. Well, kind of.

KINGSLEY

My anti-terrorist intelligence unit  
has been predicting a military hit for  
sometime, but we had no idea when or  
where.

JOHNSTON

What makes you think this is military?

KINGSLEY

The hit was too good for a paid job. This email just confirms it. Any one who can send the F.B.I. an email from the "F.B.I. DOT. GOV." web site is either crazy or highly intelligent. And I think don't think he's crazy.

JOHNSTON

Whatever. The main point is they are claiming to have shot, General Tucker.

KINGSLEY

Well, he was shot this afternoon.

Johnston's frustration shows.

JOHNSTON

I know that!

Kingsley takes a sheet of paper from his inner pocket and passes it to Des.

JOHNSTON

I down-loaded that, from Washington, myself. It says the shot was believed to have come from the long term car park. The top floor of the car park was obliterated a few moments after the shooting. That's a shot of twelve hundred yards and the bullet was a Lapua point three, three eight caliber.

KINGSLEY

You realize they've may have used the new "T.P.G. ONE" sniper rifle. It has a level projectile ratio at twelve hundred yards.

JOHNSTON

How do you know that stuff, off the top of your head?

KINGSLEY

It's my job. Like knowing three cases were stolen from "Unique Alpine" firearms manufacturing plant in Erding near Munich about six months ago.

JOHNSTON

Three cases?

KINGSLEY

Yep. Thirty weapons, we thought they may end up here, on the black market. Or. . .  
(reflects)  
. . . be used in something like this.

JOHNSTON

They, and I say they because I don't think this is the work of one man now, must have been planning this for sometime.

KINGSLEY

I agree.

JOHNSTON

Are you taking this over?

KINGSLEY

Not yet. Let's see how you do. But you will have my full support. I'll start by getting us on the ten twenty to Washington tonight. Tell Chan, I want her along.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: "WEDNESDAY - 10:40 PM"

Oneshot walks through the terminal and stops at a Car Rental desk.

EXT. DULLES AIRPORT - REMAINS OF CAR PARK - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "THURSDAY - 11:16 AM"

Johnston, Kingsley and Chan stand in the devastated car park and watch the 'Crime Scene Investigators' pick through the debris.

KINGSLEY

This is definitely the work of a military organization.

CHAN

What do mean, Sir?

KINGSLEY

It's clinical. Any evidence of the shooter there might have been, will have been destroyed in this mess.

Johnston signals for one of the investigators to come to him. A CSI OFFICER, comes forward.

JOHNSTON

Have you got anything useful?

CSI OFFICER

Just the explosive used, Sir. It was C. Four, with a remote detonator, probably triggered by a cell phone.

CHAN

Lucky no one was killed.

KINGSLEY

With these guy's luck doesn't come into it.

CSI OFFICER

There were four men and a woman injured.

KINGSLEY

But not seriously, I understand?

CSI OFFICER

That's correct, Sir.

JOHNSTON

Anything on the surveillance cameras?

CSI OFFICER

Not as yet. The problem is we don't know who we are looking for.

KINGSLEY

Who does!

CHAN

But there's no doubt in your mind, Sir, that it's the same group?

KINGSLEY

No doubt at all.

INT. HUNTSVILLE - EXECUTIVE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: "THURSDAY - 9:12 PM"

Robbie, Chris, Tiger and Andrew sit at the table and finish a meal.

ROBBIE

I'm impressed, Tiger, that was delicious.

ANDREW

Where'd you learn to cook like that?

TIGER

It's a just a hobby, my way of relaxing.

CHRIS

Do you want to relax again tomorrow night?

They all laugh as Andrew refills their glasses with wine.

ROBBIE

We won't be able to relax tomorrow night.

CHRIS

Oh yeah.

ROBBIE

So lets go over it once more.

(looks at the others)

Okay?

TIGER

Sure.

CHRIS

Have you heard from Oneshot?

ROBBIE

No, but he will be in position.

He's the most reliable guy I've  
ever worked with.

ANDREW

I think we'd all second that. If it  
wasn't for him I doubt if any of us  
would have got out of that fucking  
house in Iraq.

EXT. SCOTTSDALE - HILTON HOTEL - CAR PARK - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: "THURSDAY - 9:36 PM"

Oneshot lifts his travel bag out of the back of a Black  
"HONDA" convertible and walks towards the entrance of the  
hotel.

INT. HILTON HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Oneshot stands at the reception desk. The RECEPTION CLERK  
looks up.

RECEPTION CLERK #1

Good evening, Sir. How can I  
help you?

ONESHOT

I believe you have a room reserved  
for, George Wainwright?

The Reception Clerk checks a computer screen.

RECEPTION CLERK #1  
Yes that's correct, Sir. Just the  
one night?

ONESHOT  
Yes, thank you. Has a U.P.S.  
package arrived for me?

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: "THURSDAY - 10:29 PM"

Kingsley , Johnston and Chan walk through the terminal.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL ROAD - SCOTTSDALE - EARLY MORNING

SUPERIMPOSE: "FRIDAY - 7:05 AM"

The front door of a small executive house opens and Chas Scott walks down the drive to check his mail box. He takes a newspaper from the lawn as he returns toward the house.

As he reaches the steps to the house a DULL THUD registers in the distance and the back of his head explodes.

A few seconds later a cream "NISSAN" car drives past with Oneshot in the driver's seat.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - CAR PARK - SCOTTSDALE - DAY

The Cream Nissan car pulls into the deserted car park.

Oneshot gets out of the car, takes a large travel bag from the trunk and walks across to a Black "HONDA" convertible and gets in it.

INT. HONDA CAR - HIGHWAY 93 - DAY

Oneshot's looks up through the windscreen as the car passes a road sign that reads:

"LAS VEGAS -- ROUTE 10"

Oneshot flips his cell phone open and hits one key.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - CAR PARK - DAY

The cream Nissan EXPLODES.

INT. HONDA CAR - HIGHWAY 10 - DAY

Oneshot hits another key on the cell pad and raises the phone to his ear.

ONESHOT

Good morning father, mission  
completed.

He closes the phone and turns the RADIO ON. He SCANS  
several channels until he finds one that plays JAZZ.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO - FBI SITUATION ROOM - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "FRIDAY - 3:07 PM"

Kingsley , Johnston, Glover, Chan and four other FBI agents  
look at the incident boards that cover a complete wall.

Photo's from the Palace Hotel and Washington Airport cover  
two boards.

JOHNSTON

(to Kingsley)  
You're convinced it's the same  
shooter?

KINGSLEY

Reasonably.

Johnston walks to a map of the USA.

JOHNSTON

(to Glover)  
Get me all the C.C.T.V. footage from  
San Francisco and Dulles Airports.

KINGSLEY

Plus the passenger lists for all the flights from San Francisco to Dulles for Tuesday and Wednesday. Also the profiles on the guest list of the Palace Hotel and any video they have.

CHAN

I've already run profiles on the guests. Nothing outstanding except two Hollywood Stars staying there under aliases.

KINGSLEY

Yeah?

CHAN

They were booked into the same room number. Both married, but not to each other.

KINGSLEY

Maybe we can do a deal with "Hello Magazine". . .

Johnston raises his eyebrows and stares at Kingsley.

KINGSLEY

. . . only kidding.

EXT. RED STONE - MILITARY BASE - PERIMETER FENCE - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: "SATURDAY - 2:26 AM"

Chris, Tiger and Andrew lay in the long grass beside the road where Tiger and Chris parked before. All three are dressed in black combat gear with night goggles on.

A military vehicle drives pass them. They watch it disappear round a bend at the end of the road.

CHRIS

Fifteen minutes before they're back.

TIGER  
Synchronize.

The three look at their black watches.

A finger presses a button on the side of the watch and the DIGITAL NUMBERS go to ZERO.

Andrew slips across the road and cuts through the chain link fence. Tiger goes through the opening and runs across the clearing to the hangar.

On the hangar door is a security pad with provision for a swipe card. Tiger holds a black object the size of a calculator and attaches a lead to it with a card at one end.

He slides the card into the aperture on the pad. He hears a CLICK. Then takes the device and puts it in a pocket. He moves to the lock on the door.

Tiger picks the lock on the hangar. Then opens the door and disappears inside.

INT. HUNTSVILLE - HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Robbie sits at a writing desk with a laptop open. He puts on a headset.

ROBBIE  
(into microphone)  
Father's connected.

ANDREW - (V.O.)  
Cuckoo's in the nest.

ROBBIE  
Roger. Video on.

TIGER - (V.O.)  
Can you see, Father?

LAPTOP SCREEN shows TIGER'S vision inside a DIMLY LIT hangar.

As he turns his head he reveals rows and rows of missiles.

ROBBIE

I have good visuals.

TIGER - (V.O.)

Where do you want it?

ROBBIE

First steel support pillar along the right hand wall. Four foot in front of you. There should be a black plastic cover.

TIGER - (V.O.)

Got it.

INT. MISSILE HANGAR - NIGHT

Tiger uses the blade of a large military knife to lift the plastic cover off. Then from a pocket he takes a small black plastic box with two metal pins protruding.

He places the box where the cover was and pushes it down. The two pins break a seal and connect. He pushes a small three inch long aerial into a hole in the box.

TIGER

(into his headset)

Baby's in the pram.

CHRIS - (V.O.)

Mother's waiting.

EXT. RED STONE - MILITARY BASE - PERIMETER FENCE - NIGHT

Tiger slips through the chain link fence and disappears into the long grass on the other side of the dirt road.

CHRIS

One minute twenty eight seconds.

Andrew unfolds the chain-link fence and with small metal ties re-fastens the two cut parts back together. So at a quick glance it looks as if it's not been disturbed. Then he slips across the road to the others.

CHRIS

Two minutes eleven seconds.

ROBBIE - (V.O.)

I thought you needed another  
four seconds.

TIGER

(into his head set)

I allowed for your call, father.

CHRIS

Two minutes fifteen seconds. Exact.

ANDREW

He's always fucking right.

CHRIS

Let's go home.

INT. HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - HUNTSVILLE - NIGHT

Robbie closes the laptop and takes his headset off.

EXT. HOUSE - HUNTSVILLE - NIGHT

The garage door swings up and a white Dodge van exits,  
followed by a Ford Mustang.

EXT. HIGHWAY 65 / 565 JUNCTION - AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT

The White Dodge Sprinter turns North as the Ford Mustang  
heads South.

INT. DODGE SPRINTER - CAB - HIGHWAY 65 - NIGHT

Andrew drives as Robbie sits with his laptop open.  
DASHBOARD CLOCK reads "3.40".

ANDREW

How far have we gone?

ROBBIE

(looks at the laptop)

We're just coming up to ten miles  
as the crow flies.

ANDREW

That should be far enough.

ROBBIE

Give it another couple more miles,  
just to be safe.

EXT. HUNTSVILLE - HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is in darkness.

INT. HUNTSVILLE - HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A small incendiary device ignites.

SERIES OF SHOTS

House dining room another small incendiary device ignites.

Pools of gasoline on the floor ignite.

House garage a small clock attached to a pack of  
explosives, ticks down to ZERO.

EXT. HUNTSVILLE - HOUSE - NIGHT

The house FLARES into FLAMES that quickly engulf the  
building, then the house EXPLODES.

INT. DODGE SPRINTER - CAB - HIGHWAY 65 - NIGHT

ROBBIE

(looks at his laptop)  
Thirteen miles exactly.

He presses a key on the laptop and then closes it.

EXT. RED STONE - MILITARY BASE - PERIMETER FENCE - NIGHT

The hangar is deserted as a line of small EXPLOSIONS ERUPT  
around the complete building, a foot above ground level.

EXT. RED STONE - MILITARY BASE - AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT

The Hangar EXPLODES in a GIGANTIC BALL OF FLAMES. Followed by more and more EXPLOSIONS as the missiles EXPLODE.

EXT. HUNTSVILLE - CITY OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

THE HORIZON SKYLINE IGNITES.

EXT. HUNTSVILLE - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Shops and buildings shake (like an earthquake) to the RUMBLE of THE EXPLOSIONS.

SERIES OF SHOTS

SHOP WINDOWS SMASH and SHOP ALARMS go OFF.

A row of CARS as their ALARMS go off.

Front of cinema with marquee reading "ALL NIGHT CLASSIC HORROR SHOW".

A small cinema audience watch "PSYCHO" and are startled as cinema VIBRATES to the RUMBLE of EXPLOSIONS.

Several missiles streak through the sky.

A shop EXPLODES as a missile HITS IT.

A farm barn EXPLODES from IMPACT of a MISSILE.

Small woods EXPLODE from IMPACT of a MISSILE.

A railway track EXPLODES from IMPACT of a MISSILE.

An overhead pylon EXPLODES from IMPACT of a MISSILE.

EXT. HUNTSVILLE - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The City lights FLICKER then GO OUT.

INT. DODGE SPRINTER - HIGHWAY 65 - NIGHT

Andrew looks into the rear view mirror.

IN MIRROR.

Distant horizon reveals LIGHT from the Hangar with a MUSHROOM cloud above the GLOW.

Robbie twists his outside cab mirror so he can see.

ROBBIE

Must be the fourth of July.

INT. THE JOHNSTON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: "SATURDAY - 5:39 AM"

Mattie and Desmond Johnston are asleep when the PHONE RINGS. Desmond wakes immediately and picks up the receiver.

JOHNSTON

Johnston.

KINGSLEY - (V.O.)

It's Kingsley, get dressed and join me immediately.

JOHNSTON

What's the panic?

KINGSLEY - (V.O.)

I'll tell you when you join me.

JOHNSTON

Where are you?

KINGSLEY - (V.O.)

Parked outside your house.

Johnston gets out of bed and carries the phone, he looks out of the window.

JOHNSTON

Give me five minutes.

He puts the phone down as Mattie stirs.

MATTIE JOHNSTON  
What time is it?

JOHNSTON  
(looks at alarm clock)  
Quarter to six. Go back to sleep,  
Baba, I've got to go to work.

She buries her head under the covers.

MATTIE JOHNSTON  
(muffled)  
Fucking work, work, work.

INT. KINGSLEY'S CAR - OUTSIDE JOHNSTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Johnston joins Kingsley in the back of his car. The driver,  
WILLIAM looks at Kingsley in the rearview mirror.

KINGSLEY  
Airport, William, and put the siren on.

WILLIAM  
Yes, Sir.

The car lurches forward as the SIREN wakes most of  
Johnston's neighbors.

JOHNSTON  
Where we going?

KINGSLEY  
Alabama, they have just taken out  
a missile base.

JOHNSTON  
WHAT? Who the fuck are these guys?

KINGSLEY  
Who ever they are, they have just  
declared war on the United States  
of America.

Kingsley's cell BUZZES. He takes it from his jacket pocket and flips it open. He glances at the callers number.

KINGSLEY

Yes, Sir.

A pregnant pause as he listens. He closes the phone and returns it to his jacket.

JOHNSTON

Are you going to let me in on this?

KINGSLEY

That was the President. Change of plans, we're going to Washington.

JOHNSTON

The PRESIDENT of the U.S.A.?

KINGSLEY

I don't talk to any other President.

JOHNSTON

(glares with disbelief)  
Jesus!

KINGSLEY

(leans forward)  
William, change of plans take us to  
Travis Air Base at Fairfield.

WILLIAM

Right, Sir.

EXT. ENTRANCE GATE - TRAVIS AIR BASE - DAWN

SUPERIMPOSE: "SATURDAY - 6:34 AM"

The duty officer looks at Kingsley's security card and salutes. The gate rises and the car enters the base.

INT. KINGSLEY'S CAR - TRAVIS AIR BASE - DAWN

The car heads through the base to a distant hangar.

KINGSLEY

What you are about to see is classified. When we get to Washington I'm going to have to raise your clearance level. So until then, don't look.

JOHNSTON

(in a mild state of shock)  
Yeah. Whatever.

The car pulls up at the hangar and they disembark.

INT. EMPTY HANGAR - TRAVIS AIR BASE - DAY

Kingsley and Johnston walk through the hangar as COMMANDER BESIEGER joins them from a office at the rear.

KINGSLEY

Commander Besieger, this is F.B.I. Agent, Johnston, do you have a suit that will fit him?

COMMANDER BESIEGER

We'll see what we can do, Colonel.

JOHNSTON

Colonel?

Kingsley raises his eyebrows at Johnston as they enter the small office.

INT. EMPTY HANGAR - TRAVIS AIR BASE - LATER - DAY

Kingsley and Johnston walk back across the hangar in flight suits and go through a door into the next hangar.

INT. NEXT HANGAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Johnston stops dead in his tracks in the doorway as they enter the hangar.

He stares at the sleek "SR-71 BLACKBIRD" in front of him.

JOHNSTON  
That's a Blackbird. I thought they  
were decommissioned.

KINGSLEY  
I told you not to look.

JOHNSTON  
But we won't fit in that.

KINGSLEY  
"Lockheed" built five specials with  
two passenger seats for my department  
some years ago. We have them  
positioned in various locations for  
emergency use.

JOHNSTON  
No wonder my taxes are so high.

KINGSLEY  
(raises eyebrows)  
With this we will be in my  
Washington office in two hours.

An Air Force Office salutes as Kingsley and Johnston start  
to board.

JOHNSTON  
(moans - to himself)  
Wednesday night go to Washington,  
Thursday night return to San  
Francisco. Saturday at dawn, go  
back to Washington. God knows  
where I'll be tomorrow.

KINGSLEY  
Are you moaning, Des?

JOHNSTON  
No, Sir, just a bit dizzy.

Kingsley puts a head set on and Johnston follows his lead.

The plane taxis out on to the runway. Johnston's face  
reflects his fear as his body is thrown into the seat with  
the kick of acceleration as the jet takes off.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - LOBBY - LAS VEGAS - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "SATURDAY - 8:01 AM"

Oneshot checks out.

RECEPTION CLERK #2  
That's three hundred and sixty  
two dollars, Mister Green.

Oneshot passes cash over the counter.

RECEPTION CLERK #2  
Thank you, Sir. I hope you enjoyed  
your stay with us and the cards fell  
your way, yesterday.

ONESHOT  
Made a killing. Make sure U.P.S.  
collect my package today.

RECEPTION CLERK #2  
It's been organized, Mr. Green.

Oneshot picks up his travel bag and leaves.

EXT. EDWARDS AIRBASE - WASHINGTON - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "SATURDAY - 8:27 AM"

The "SR-71" ROARS down the runway. Then taxis to a small  
isolated building. Close by is a new "Lockheed US 101"  
helicopter.

INT. EDWARDS AIRBASE - ISOLATED BUILDING - DAY

Kingsley and Johnston walk in.

The DESK SERGEANT jumps to his feet and knocks the chair  
behind him over as he gets up.

DESK SERGEANT  
(salutes Kingsley)  
Good morning, Colonel.

KINGSLEY

When our clothes arrive this afternoon, have them sent onto my office in the Pentagon immediately.

DESK SERGEANT

Sure thing, Colonel.

JOHNSTON

(pulls at the flight suit)  
Have we got to keep this on all day?

KINGSLEY

I'll take care of that in a moment.  
Is the helicopter ready, Sergeant?

DESK SERGEANT

When you are, Sir.

KINGSLEY

(heads for the door)  
Come on, Desmond.

INT. US 101 HELICOPTER - PASSENGER COMPARTMENT - DAY

Kingsley and Johnston put headsets on as the DRONE of the ROTOR'S gathers PACE.

KINGSLEY

I'll call my office then we can settle back for the fifteen minute hop.

JOHNSTON

Yeah, sure.  
(with sarcasm)  
Colonel.

KINGSLEY

(into headset)  
Julia. . . Yes, good morning. I want you to look up F.B.I. agent five, zero, seven, seven, four, Desmond Adrian Johnston's file, take a note of his description spec and  
(CONT'D)

KINGSLEY (MORE)

get him a dark suit, six shirts, two ties, overnight bag, shoes you know the sort of thing. Oh, and you better get him some socks and shorts and some casual wear.

(listens)

No. I need the suit and bits ready in fifteen minutes. Thanks.

JOHNSTON

She can do that in fifteen minutes?

KINGSLEY

She'd do it in five if she had to. But we've got over an hour before we see the President.

JOHNSTON

WE?

INT. SAN FRANCISCO - FBI - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "SATURDAY - 8:43 AM"

The Situation room, buzzes with activity. Karen Chan sits at her desk and reads a file as her PHONE RINGS.

CHAN

(into the phone)

Chan.

AGENT MADAYOUS - (V.O.)

Hi, I'm Agent Madayous in the Phoenix office. Washington said I should give you a call regarding the murder of, General Tucker. Is that your case?

CHAN

Yes. What can I do for you?

AGENT MADAYOUS - (V.O.)

We had a similar shooting in Scottsdale yesterday morning. Sniper rifle used. Nobody saw nothing and ten minutes later a car exploded in a local parking lot. Sound familiar?

CHAN

Do you know what the bullet was?

AGENT MADAYOUS - (V.O.)

A Lapua point three, three eight.

CHAN

Send me everything you've got.

I'll be on the next flight.

(swirls round in her chair)

RANDY.

INT. THE PENTAGON - KINGSLEY 'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "SATURDAY - 9:03 AM"

Johnston stands and looks through the glass partition in Kingsley's office at the array of computer screens and personnel confronting him. He thought his office was busy.

In the background are three large monitors each with a different map of the USA showing colored lights and information. Armed guards are everywhere.

A WOMAN approaches the office and carries three shopping bags. She enters the office.

JULIA (A WOMAN)

Agent Johnston?

JOHNSTON

Yes.

JULIA

Good morning. I'm Julia, the Colonel's P.A.

(passes the bags over)

I hope it all fits.

JOHNSTON

So do I. Good Morning.

JULIA

If you would like to follow me I'll show you where you can get changed.

Johnston follows her out of the office.

JULIA  
I'm afraid you'll have  
to be accompanied.

INT. THE PENTAGON - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

They leave the office and walk to the washroom. A burly armed security GUARD stands outside the washroom.

JULIA  
If you would like to get changed  
in here?

Johnston looks at the guard.

JULIA  
He'll bring you back.

Johnston enters the washroom.

INT. WASHROOM - DAY

Johnston admires his new "Armani" suit and silk tie, in the washroom mirror.

JOHNSTON  
I could get used to this.

The guard pushes the washroom door open and peers in.

GUARD  
Are you ready to go, Sir?

JOHNSTON  
Be right with you.

INT. KINGSLEY 'S OFFICE - DAY

Kingsley in his office on the phone, as Johnston enters.

KINGSLEY  
(puts hand over the receiver)  
You clean up well. Take a  
seat, I won't be a moment.

Johnston puts the shopping bags and the flight suit into a corner and sits down.

KINGSLEY

I've got to go, I'll call you back  
once we've seen, The Boss.

(puts the phone down)

It seems your girl, Chan is onto  
something?

JOHNSTON

What?

KINGSLEY

Apparently there was another killing,  
yesterday morning, at Scottsdale.

JOHNSTON

Phoenix?

KINGSLEY

Yeah. And it looks as if it could be  
the same shooter. She's on her way  
there now.

JOHNSTON

How did she make the connection?

KINGSLEY

Same type of bullet as used on the  
General. Also another email has  
arrived.

Julia enters the office she carries a sheet of paper and  
passes it to Kingsley and leaves.

KINGSLEY

Right on cue.

He passes the email to Johnston who reads it.

INSERT - EMAIL

"RECOMPENSE -- SAN FRANCISCO -- WASHINGTON -- SCOTTSDALE  
-- RED STONE -- WHERE NEXT - TIME IS RUNNING OUT"

JOHNSTON

Who was killed in Scottsdale?  
And what's Red Stone?

KINGSLEY

Chas Scott, forty five years old  
and the owner of a dry cleaning  
company. Red Stone was the missile  
base near Huntsville, Alabama.

JOHNSTON

What's the connection?

KINGSLEY

Don't know, that's your job.  
(looks at his watch)  
Come on we've got to go.  
(passes a five page document  
to Johnston)  
Oh, sign this.

JOHNSTON

What is it?

KINGSLEY

Your level five clearance.

JOHNSTON

Shouldn't I read it first?

KINGSLEY

Not if you want to meet the  
President. We haven't got the time.  
Initial each page and sign the last  
sheet.

Johnston initials each page and signs as instructed then  
hands the document to Kingsley.

Kingsley also initials each page and signs the final page.

KINGSLEY

(passes a plastic ID card over)  
Put this on.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - PRIVATE HANGAR - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "SATURDAY - 9:33 AM"

A Black FBI "LEAR JET" REVS UP. Chan and Glover step out of a black limousine and walk towards the jet.

GLOVER

How did you fix this? I've never been in the Director's jet before.

CHAN

Nor me. I had a call from Kingsley, then from the Director, himself.

GLOVER

Going up in the world, Karen.

INT. AIRBUS 320 - IN FLIGHT - AIRLINE CABIN - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "SATURDAY - 9:36 AM"

Oneshot relaxes in a first class seat and reads the in-flight magazine.

CAPTAIN VICTOR ROZARNA - (V.O.)

Good morning Ladies and Gentlemen welcome to "United Airlines" flight fourteen thirty six to Chicago.

INT. CHICAGO - AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "SATURDAY - 9:44 AM"

Tiger and Chris walk through the terminal.

TIGER

Are we all in the same hotel?

CHRIS

No.

TIGER

When are the others due?

CHRIS

Oneshot should be on his way now,  
I think he lands about three this  
afternoon.

They reach the exit and Chris takes a cigarette from his  
shirt pocket.

CHRIS

Sixpack and Robbie, late this  
afternoon.

INT. THE PENTAGON - ELEVATOR - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "SATURDAY - 9:46 AM"

Kingsley and Johnston are in a descending elevator.

JOHNSTON

We go to the basement to go to  
the White House?

The elevator stops and the doors open. In front of them is  
a golf cart with a driver waiting.

KINGSLEY

Yep. It saves walking.

INT. THE PENTAGON - UNDERGROUND PASSAGE - DAY

Kingsley and Johnston sit in the golf cart as it speeds  
through the tunnel.

INT. THE PENTAGON - END OF UNDERGROUND PASSAGE - DAY

Kingsley and Johnston disembark. The CART DRIVER looks at  
Kingsley.

KINGSLEY

(to the driver)

Wait for us, Tom we shouldn't be  
too long.

CART DRIVER  
Yes, Colonel.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - LONG CORRIDOR - DAY

Kingsley and Johnston walk towards the Oval Office.

Kingsley looks at his watch.

KINGSLEY  
Nine fifty nine. Perfect.  
The Boss doesn't like to be  
kept waiting.

They reach the Oval Office door. A MARINE KNOCKS on the door, then opens it.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

PRESIDENT MICHAEL CHANNING walks from behind his desk and shakes Kingsley's hand.

PRESIDENT CHANNING  
Good morning, Colonel.

KINGSLEY  
Good morning Mister President. This  
is F.B.I. Agent Johnston.

The President shakes Johnston's hand.

JOHNSTON  
(no nerves show)  
Good morning, Mister President.

PRESIDENT CHANNING  
Good morning. Would you like to  
introduce the others, Colonel?

Johnston turns to see three other men who sit on a sofa. PATRICK DONOVAN, DOUGLAS BISHOP and CHRIS RILEY. All are in smart business suits and in their forties.

The President returns to his chair as Kingsley introduces Johnston to the three men.

KINGSLEY

Patrick Donovan, Head of the National Security Council. Douglas Bishop, Secretary of Defense and Chris Riley, Director of the C.I.A.

Johnston moves along the line and shakes hands with each of them. Then takes a seat.

CHRIS RILEY

You are probably wondering what you are doing here, Agent Johnston?

JOHNSTON

You could say that, Sir.

KINGSLEY

About eighteen months ago twelve "F.I.M. NINETY TWO A. STINGER" missiles were stolen from a base in Kentucky. I told you of the "T.P.G. ONE" rifles. Eight months ago two tons of C. Four, went missing from a cargo ship in Baltimore.

JOHNSTON

Two tons?

DOUGLAS BISHOP

Yes. When the container was opened in Saudi, it was empty.

PATRICK DONOVAN

In addition to that, there's been several break-ins to secure offices, no doubt to get codes and communication information.

JOHNSTON

Which is why you believed a military strike was imminent?

KINGSLEY

Exactly. The problem was not knowing where they were going to hit. It just happened that the first strike was on your watch.

PRESIDENT CHANNING

What we need, Agent Johnston is a detective. I understand from, Colonel Kingsley, you're quite a good one.

JOHNSTON

Thank you. We still don't know why or who.

KINGSLEY

Recompense means reward, payment, compensation.

CHRIS RILEY

We are being asked to pay for something, somebody blames us for.

PRESIDENT CHANNING

And they, who ever they are, are threatening the security and stability of our country.

CHRIS RILEY

As you know the C.I.A's. considerable resources cannot be used on the mainland, except in a time of war. Mind you, what took place in Huntsville early this morning is not far off an act of war, but we still can't be seen to be involved.

DOUGLAS BISHOP

In that case the total security of America is my departments responsibility.

PRESIDENT CHANNING

However, we feel that this should remain an F.B.I. operation to all intents and purposes.

DOUGLAS BISHOP

Through, Colonel Kingsley you will have access to the full resources of the all offices of the Secret Services and the C.I.A.

The President stands up and indicates the meeting is over.

DOUGLAS BISHOP  
And according to your first report  
we have a week.

PATRICK DONOVAN  
Less than that now.

PRESIDENT CHANNING  
Gentlemen, I don't need to tell you  
how important this is. Keep me  
informed. Good luck, Agent Johnston.

The men rise and make their way out of the office.

INT. CHAS SCOTT'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "SATURDAY - 12:23 AM"

Agents Madayous, Chan and Glover sit consoling JANICE  
SCOTT, Chas Scott's widow.

TWO FEMALE AGENTS sit next to Janice Scott. Chan sees a  
photograph on a side table, she gets up and walks over to  
it.

INSERT PHOTOGRAPH:

"Chas Scott in his army uniform."

CHAN  
What outfit was your husband in?

JANICE SCOTT  
(through her tears)  
One Hundred and First Airborne  
Division.

CHAN  
So, he was in the first Gulf War?

JANICE SCOTT  
Yes, but he never spoke of it.

CHAN

Would you mind if I borrowed this?

She picks up the photograph.

CHAN

I promise it will be returned today. Agent Madayous, will make sure it is. Won't you?

AGENT MADAYOUS

No problem.

JANICE SCOTT

No, that's okay, if it might help. . .

CHAN

Thank you. Agent Glover and I are going to go now.

(looks with compassion at Janice)

Okay.

JANICE SCOTT

Yeah. Okay.

INT. WHITE DODGE VAN - HIGHWAY 65 - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "SATURDAY - 2.45 PM"

Andrew drives as Robbie reads a map.

ROBBIE

About another hour and we will reach the City limits.

ANDREW

Good, so we can have a night out on the town.

ROBBIE

You're not getting me in a club.

ANDREW

Well we can at least have a meal together first. I think we've earned it.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - CHICAGO - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "SATURDAY - 3.11 PM"

Oneshot walks through the terminal.

INT. KINGSLEY 'S OPERATIONAL OFFICE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "SATURDAY - 4.19 PM"

The room buzzes with activity. Johnston works feverishly on a computer. Kingsley walks up behind him.

KINGSLEY

What you working on?

JOHNSTON

(raises his hand)

Just a moment.

(continues on the computer)

Got it.

He swivels round in the chair and faces Kingsley.

JOHNSTON

The connection. Let me just print this file and I'll show you.

KINGSLEY

Bring it to my office when you're ready.

INT. KINGSLEY 'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Johnston walks in and sits down.

JOHNSTON

It was something Chan said on the first day. What if the target wasn't the Governor but his wife.

KINGSLEY

Good thinking.

JOHNSTON

When she visited the Scott's place earlier today she noticed a picture of Scott in uniform. It was the same unit as General Tucker.

KINGSLEY

One Hundred and First Airborne.

JOHNSTON

Yeah. Well Elizabeth Jacobs was a communication officer in the One Hundred and First Airborne Division.

KINGSLEY

The Governor's wife's maiden name was. . .

JOHNSTON

Jennings.

(pleased with himself)

They were all in the same operational division during "Desert Storm".

KINGSLEY

JESUS!

(reflects)

So was I.

JOHNSTON

Really?

KINGSLEY

I was a Captain then, General Tucker was a Colonel and the Commanding Officer. So, what's the connection between them, other than the same division?

JOHNSTON

Well, that I've got to work on. But I bet my bottom dollar there is one.

KINGSLEY

Right, you get back to your digging and I'll phone, the Boss. He will be pleased with your progress.

INT. PENINSULA HOTEL - DINING ROOM - CHICAGO - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: "SATURDAY - 9:55 PM"

Oneshot, Robbie, Andrew, Chris and Tiger finish their meal.

TIGER

Nearly as good as my cooking.

CHRIS

As modest as ever.

ROBBIE

Just for a moment, we need to talk  
business.

ONESHOT

In a public place?

ROBBIE

I can say what's got to be said.

(takes a sip of wine)

Rob Roy made contact to say the U.S.  
are unraveling the puzzle.

CHRIS

That's earlier than expected.

ANDREW

Perhaps we should leave out the next  
one and move to the final stage.

ONESHOT

NO!

(the others look at him)

I want S.K. He was the one that  
ordered the mission.

TIGER

That's why we came to Chicago.

ROBBIE

This is not about revenge.

ONESHOT

I know that! But Christ, he's  
the one responsible for the  
deaths of Mack, Taffy and Busby.

ROBBIE

Let's leave it till tomorrow  
morning. He won't be on his  
daughter's boat until midday.

ONESHOT

You're sure he will be there?

ROBBIE

He never misses Sunday lunch. No  
matter what's going on.

ONESHOT

I hope you're right.

CHRIS

You're making this personal.

ONESHOT

For him.

(loudly)

You're fucking right I am.

Other restaurant patrons look as voices rise.

ANDREW

That's not our mission.

ONESHOT

It is mine!

ROBBIE

Keep it down.

CHRIS

Our job is to make a Government face  
responsibility for it's actions.

ROBBIE

And make them pay for their  
ineptitude and disregard for the  
relatives left behind.

ONESHOT

I know that! My brother was a victim and I saw what it did to his wife. It took four years before she was officially told how he died. And all she got was seven thousand pounds compensation.

ROBBIE

Okay, so we all know why we are here.  
(looks at Oneshot)  
Don't we?

ONESHOT

(with anger)  
YES.

ROBBIE

If we have to cancel tomorrow's program, so be it. Remember your training, nothing interferes with the main target.

ONESHOT

(calmer)  
Sorry Robbie, I know you're right.

ROBBIE

Good, that's settled then. Right now, I'm bushed and going back to my room. If you go out tonight don't drink too much.

(looks at Andrew)  
That includes you, Sixpack.

TIGER

Oh yeah. That's right. Can you still down six pints in six minutes?

ANDREW

No. It's down to four now.

CHRIS

What, four minutes?

ANDREW

No. Four pints you asshole.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - WASHINGTON - NIGHT

Kingsley and Johnston enjoy a Chinese meal.

KINGSLEY

Fancy an early start in the morning?

JOHNSTON

What have you in mind?

KINGSLEY

I fly up to Chicago in the morning  
and join my daughter for lunch.  
I do it most Sundays.

JOHNSTON

Well, a break would be appreciated,  
it's been quite a day. She wouldn't  
mind?

KINGSLEY

No, she's used to unexpected guests.

JOHNSTON

Is it alright to take the time out?

KINGSLEY

What's the point of being a boss, if  
you don't get some privileges.

JOHNSTON

(looks at watch)

I won't get a ticket at this time  
of night?

KINGSLEY

Don't need one, we'll fly up in  
my "Cessna".

JOHNSTON

How long does it take?

KINGSLEY

Well if you stay at my place  
tonight, we can leave at five  
thirty and be there about twelve.

JOHNSTON

Sounds good to me.  
(takes cell out of pocket)  
I'll just call, Mattie, to let her  
know I'm working hard.

Kingsley smiles as he refills their glasses with wine.

INT. SLICK'S LOUNGE NIGHT CLUB - CHICAGO - NIGHT

FUNKY MUSIC fills the air. The place is alive. Smart  
people. Smart Set. Smart women.

Andrew, Oneshot and Chris sit at a table. Drinks in hand.  
Tiger hits on a SMART BLONDE at the bar.

ANDREW

(looks at Tiger)  
Doesn't he realize she's a hooker?

ONESHOT

With Tiger he'll get a refund after  
the first hour, then she'll pay him  
for the second.

They laugh as Tiger brings the Smart Blonde to the table.

TIGER

This is, Cherrie.

CHRIS

You think she's still got one?

CHERRIE (SMART BLONDE)

(high pitched squeaky  
southern voice)  
Pleased ta meet y'all.

ONESHOT

Likewise darling.

Oneshot gets up and makes his way to the washroom. A very large Black American, HARDMAN #1 bumps into Oneshot and spills most of the hand full of drinks he carries.

HARDMAN #1  
Watch it asshole.

Oneshot takes a roll of notes from his hip pocket and peels off a one hundred dollar bill and passes it to Hardman #1.

Who sees the bank roll.

ONESHOT  
Sorry mate, here buy another round.

Oneshot moves off as Hardman #1 speaks to HARDMAN #2, a friend at his table. Hardman #2 gets up and they follow Oneshot into the washroom.

INT. CLUB - WASHROOM - NIGHT

Oneshot washes his hands, in the mirror he sees the two Hard Men enter.

Hardman #1 draws a switchblade from his pocket and flicks open the knife.

HARDMAN #1  
Show me respect, man. My gear's  
worth more than a hundred.

Oneshot doesn't turn but watches Hardman #1's approach in the mirror. Hardman #1 is annoyed that he not getting respect. He puts his left hand on Oneshot's left shoulder and begins to thrust the knife forward with his right.

Oneshot ducks and turns in a flash as he pushes the hand with the blade away with his left hand and punches Hardman #1 in the throat with his right fist.

Hardman #1 collapses. Hardman #2 with a knife in his right hand rushes from the washroom door toward Oneshot. He lurches at his victim.

Oneshot twists his body so that the blade misses, then with both hands he grabs the assailant's wrist and wrenches it backwards.

Hardman #2's ELBOW SNAPS in a loud CRACK as Oneshot bends it backwards.

HARDMAN #2

You've busted my fucking arm.

ONESHOT

There's worse to come mate. It's called respect.

INT. KINGSLEY 'S DODGE PICKUP - BALTIMORE - DAWN

SUPERIMPOSE: "SUNDAY - 6:35 AM"

Kingsley drives, Johnston dozes. Kingsley looks up as he drives pass a road sign

"OLD ROAD BAY".

The pick-up turns off Highway 695 onto a minor road.

Johnston opens one eye and sits up abruptly. He stares out of the window at a marina.

JOHNSTON

I thought we were flying, this is the coast.

KINGSLEY

Seaplane, Des, seaplane.

JOHNSTON

(looks up at the sky)  
Where?

KINGSLEY

Very funny. It's moored in the bay.

EXT. JACKSON PARK MARINA - CRUISER - CHICAGO - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "SUNDAY - 10:49 AM"

Oneshot and Tiger step on board the cruiser. Chris is on deck, he sits with a soft drink in his hands.

CHRIS  
Good night then, Tiger?

TIGER  
Good morning then, Chris?

ONESHOT  
(completely un-jaded)  
Where's his daughter's boat?

CHRIS  
(leans backwards to his right)  
It's the old fashioned one, all wood.  
Next to flashy playboy version.

Oneshot takes a drink from the table and walks to the edge of the cruiser and looks across the marina.

ONESHOT  
Yeah. I see it.

TIGER  
Father in position?

CHRIS  
He will be.

TIGER  
Weapons safe?

CHRIS  
Just as they were last month.

ONESHOT  
About six hundred yards.

TIGER  
Thereabouts.

The three of them go below deck.

INT. CESSNA CARAVAN SEAPLANE - COCKPIT - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "SUNDAY - 11:09 AM"

Kingsley flies the plane, Johnston takes in the view.

JOHNSTON

You don't realize how beautiful our coast is until you see it like this.

KINGSLEY

I agree.

JOHNSTON

Do you do this every Sunday?

KINGSLEY

When ever I can.

A sudden CLICK and WHIRL as a fax machine, located behind them, springs into life. Johnston turns around somewhat surprised.

JOHNSTON

A fax?

KINGSLEY

I've got everything back there.  
See what it is.

Johnston un-belts and walks to the rear of the plane.

After the first two passenger seats there is a bed, small armory, fax, phone and computer screen.

JOHNSTON

You're a flying office.

KINGSLEY

I like to be kept informed.

A two page fax arrives. Johnston takes it and returns to the cockpit.

KINGSLEY

What does it say?

JOHNSTON

It's from a General Lightwater.  
Office of Strategic Defense.  
Preliminary report Red Stone.

KINGSLEY

Good, I was expecting it a little  
later. Don't read it all out, just  
pick out the highlights.

JOHNSTON

(browses fax)

Good Lord! The explosives used were  
embedded into the foundation of the  
brickwork of the hangar. He reckons  
it was put there when the place was  
built, four years ago.

KINGSLEY

Clever. What else?

JOHNSTON

(reads again)

He believes a "Kingdom" detonator  
was used.

KINGSLEY

Jesus, that's a C.I.A. Top Secret  
device they only started using about  
five weeks ago.

JOHNSTON

What's so special?

KINGSLEY

It works by receiving an email.  
Anything else?

JOHNSTON

I hope it doesn't get the Spam I get.

(back to the fax)

They entered through the perimeter fence  
some two hundred yards from the hangar.

(reads more)

They found an Iraqi cigarette butt.

KINGSLEY

That makes sense.

JOHNSTON

(browses the second page)

Some of the charged missiles engaged. Even reaching Huntsville nearly five miles away. No casualties, except five cows in a field.

(still on the second page)

Shit! Estimated damage and loss at the base, one hundred and eighty million dollars.

KINGSLEY

Not bad for a night's work. Buckle up, we're starting our descent.

Johnston fastens his seat belt and finishes reading the fax.

JOHNSTON

Do you think the Iraqis are capable of this kind of action?

KINGSLEY

Well, when you consider the activities of, Abu Musab al-Zarqawi in Baghdad over the last couple of years. And we know he has considerable funding, if he's not doing it, he could be paying for it. Particularly when you consider, General Tucker, the Governor's wife and, what's his name?

JOHNSTON

Chas Scott.

KINGSLEY

Yeah. Were all involved in Desert Storm, that has to be, as you said, the connection.

JOHNSTON

What was your role out there?

KINGSLEY  
Mission controller. I decided what  
targets were hit.

JOHNSTON  
Hit with what?

KINGSLEY  
Apache gun ships.  
(reflects for a moment)  
Does it say what missiles were at  
the base?

JOHNSTON  
(glances at the fax)  
Yeah. "Hydra Seventy" and "Hellfire".

KINGSLEY  
That's what we fired.

JOHNSTON  
Are they still made?

KINGSLEY  
Well, later versions but basically  
the same weapon.

Kingsley takes a phone concealed in the cockpit control  
area.

KINGSLEY  
Good morning Julia, put me through  
to Chris Riley, thanks.

JOHNSTON  
Working Sunday?

KINGSLEY  
This situation has all security  
departments on amber alert. So no  
staff will stop until we down grade.  
Mind you that doesn't include . . .  
Chris, hi, on the golf course?

EXT. JACKSON PARK MARINA - CRUISER - CHICAGO - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "SUNDAY - 12:08 AM"

Oneshot on deck watches a "Cessna Caravan seaplane" descend, then land about a mile out in the bay. He walks into the cabin.

Set up on a table is a TPG-1 sniper rifle, it points out of a porthole. Oneshot looks through the scope.

The CROSS HAIRS hover on a MAN, then a WOMAN, then a fourteen year old GIRL on deck of the old fashioned wooden cruiser.

The Man and the Woman set a table for lunch.

EXT. JACKSON PARK MARINA - CHICAGO - DAY

The Cessna Caravan seaplane taxis across the bay.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A small craft leaves the old fashioned wooden cruiser.

Kingsley and Johnston disembark from the Cessna and climb into the small craft.

Chris walks on deck and looks through a pair of Binoculars.

Kingsley and Johnston disembark from the small craft and climb on board the old fashioned all wood cruiser.

Chris walks back into the cabin.

INT. JACKSON PARK MARINA - WOODEN CRUISER - DAY

Kingsley gives his daughter JOANNA a kiss and hugs his fourteen year old granddaughter TINA.

KINGSLEY

This is Des Johnston.

JOANNA DeMILL (WOMAN)

(shakes Johnston's hand)

Please to meet you. I'm Sam's daughter, Joanna.

JOHNSTON  
Thanks for letting me join you.

JOANNA DeMILL  
This is my husband.

GARY DeMILL (MAN)  
(shakes Johnston's hand)  
I'm Gary. We're used to Sam's  
unexpected guests.

JOANNA DeMILL  
And our daughter, Tina.

JOHNSTON  
Hello.

TINA DeMILL (GIRL)  
Do you work with Grandpa?

JOHNSTON  
No. I'm a F.B.I. agent in San  
Francisco.

Kingsley steps between them.

KINGSLEY  
Well, that's enough of business.  
(looks at Tina)  
I hear you won the junior title,  
well done.

He fishes a small gift wrapped box out of his jacket pocket  
and passes it to Tina.

KINGSLEY  
Coming first always deserves a prize.

Tina opens the box, which contains a gold and jade  
bracelet. She throws her arms around Kingsley.

TINA DeMILL  
I love the way you spoil me,  
Grandpa.

INT. RED DODGE VAN - HIGHWAY 45 - CHICAGO - DAY

Andrew drives, Robbie looks at his watch.

ROBBIE

Twelve forty-five.

Andrews looks through windscreen as they pass a road sign indicating "BEACH" they approach a corner where another sign reads "E 79 ST". The van turns the corner.

ANDREW

This plastic peel off system works well.

ROBBIE

Yeah. What color will the truck be next?

ANDREW

I've no idea. Rob Roy set it up.

INT. JACKSON PARK MARINA - WOODEN CRUISER - DAY

Kingsley, Johnston, Tina, Gary and Joanna begin lunch of fresh lobsters. Gary fills the glasses with wine. Gary and Joanna are at each end of the table, Kingsley sits on the far side opposite Johnston and Tina.

The boat lurches from a wave caused by a passing large cruiser.

THROUGH SNIPER SCOPE - CROSS HAIRS hover on Kingsley as he picks up a glass.

SERIES OF SHOTS

The Red Dodge Sprinter pulls into a parking space besides a low wall. On the other side of the wall is the beach.

Kingsley's paper napkin flies off the table with a gust of wind.

Tina cracks a lobster claw.

Kingsley bends over to pick up the napkin.

A YOUNG MAN on a boat in the next mooring flies backwards from the impact of a bullet.

THROUGH SNIPER SCOPE - Oneshot sees the Young Man fall from the impact of his shot -- Kingsley comes into sight as he straightens up -- then Johnston's back shields Kingsley.

INT. JACKSON PARK MARINA - WOODEN CRUISER - DAY

Johnston stands up and pushes the table, everything falls over.

Then he grabs Tina's arm and pulls her towards the floor.

JOHNSTON  
GET DOWN!

Kingsley looks behind him as he dives beneath the table.

Gary and Joanna follow. Both look confused.

BENEATH THE TABLE.

TINA  
What's going on?

KINGSLEY  
Do exactly what I say, don't argue,  
question or hesitate. Make for the  
tender on the starboard side.  
(sees Johnston's puzzled look)  
The small boat on the right-hand side.

Two bullets tear through the wooden side of the boat and through the table top, they just miss, first Tina, then Johnston.

JOANNA  
Is somebody shooting at us?

KINGSLEY  
No. They're shooting at me.

INT. JACKSON PARK MARINA - CRUISER - DAY

Chris casts off and Tiger steers the boat away from the mooring. Oneshot comes on deck.

ONESHOT

Fuck it. I had him in my sights.

TIGER

Right, now lets get the hell out of here.

Chris puts a headset on.

CHRIS

(into headset)

Father, children coming home,  
mission incomplete.

ROBBIE - (V.O.)

Understood.

INT. JACKSON PARK MARINA - WOODEN CRUISER - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "SUNDAY - 1:41 PM"

The bay and harbor swarm with police boats. The side roads are filled with police cars.

Three helicopters BUZZ overhead. Two paramedics carry the injured Young Man to an ambulance.

Kingsley and his family stand beside the roadway, close to the mooring platforms, they talk to police. Johnston is on his cell. Kingsley's cell RINGS.

KINGSLEY

Kingsley.

(listens)

Great, thanks.

JOHNSTON

(closes his phone)

The F.B.I. jet is standing by at O'Hare.

KINGSLEY

Chicago's Police Chief has let us borrow a helicopter, it should land in a few moments. He's just arranging for the park to be cleared first.

Turns to his family and hugs Tina.

KINGSLEY

I'm going back to Washington.  
Get yourself home now.  
(hugs Tina tighter)  
Don't worry it's me they want,  
they're not after you. And they  
won't get that close to me again.

EXT. SOUTH BEACH - CHICAGO - DAY.

A rubber raft skims onto the beach and Chris, Tiger and Oneshot step out and leave it to float away. They walk across the beach towards a red Dodge Sprinter.

INT. SOUTH BEACH - RED DODGE SPRINTER - DAY

Oneshot opens the rear door and gets in, Tiger and Chris follow.

The interior of the van is equipped as a mobile communication vehicle. They make their way to the passenger seats behind Andrew, the driver.

ROBBIE

What the fuck happened?

ONESHOT

A chance in a million he bent down at the moment of kill. I didn't get a second clear shot.

ANDREW

Maybe another day.

ROBBIE

No. That's a diversion we cannot afford.

TIGER

We'll see.

Robbie opens his laptop and presses a key.

EXT. SOUTH BEACH - CHICAGO - DAY

The CRUISER bobs about two hundred yards out from the beach.

The vessel ERUPTS in a BALL of FLAMES as it EXPLODES. Debris shower down on the beach, people run for cover.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "SUNDAY - 5:36 PM"

President Channing, Patrick Donovan, Douglas Bishop and Chris Riley are in a heated debate.

PRESIDENT CHANNING

. . . the truth is none of you have any idea who's behind this.

DOUGLAS BISHOP

I certainly don't buy the idea it's the Iraqis. For one, they don't have the technical know how to take out a place like Red Stone and for another. . .

CHRIS RILEY

(interrupts him)

. . . You're out of touch. They've got sophisticated in the last few years, OUR intelligence indicates this.

PATRICK DONOVAN

It was YOUR intelligence that started the second Gulf War.

DOUGLAS BISHOP

Yeah. We haven't found any weapons of mass destruction.

A KNOCK on the door signals a truce.

Kingsley and Johnston enter.

PRESIDENT CHANNING  
I hear you had a close shave,  
Colonel.

KINGSLEY  
Close enough, Mr. President, close  
enough.

PRESIDENT CHANNING  
Family okay?

KINGSLEY  
Yes. Thank you, Sir.

PRESIDENT CHANNING  
Take a seat gentlemen, currently your  
colleagues are trying to find a scapegoat.

KINGSLEY  
Let's hope we don't need one.

JOHNSTON  
(clears throat )  
Instead of looking out, I think we  
should be looking in.

PRESIDENT CHANNING  
What do you mean, Agent Johnston?

JOHNSTON  
(takes a deep breath)  
These people infiltrated a work site  
on a secure military installation  
four years ago and placed explosives,  
waiting for this weekend. According  
to General Lightwater's fax they used  
a "Kingdom" detonator.  
(looks at Riley)  
I believe the C.I.A. have only just  
started to use this themselves?

CHRIS RILEY  
(surprised he's aware)  
That's correct.

PRESIDENT CHANNING  
Go on.

JOHNSTON  
They knew the schedule of General  
Tucker and where to find, the Colonel  
today. Even the itinerary of,  
Governor Jacobs. They send emails to  
the F.B.I. from our own web address  
and when we traced the source, the  
location did not exist.

KINGSLEY  
You're suggesting an inside job.

Riley and Donovan show there displeasure at such an idea.

JOHNSTON  
Not necessarily. It could be an  
outside agency, one that we trust.

CHRIS RILEY  
That makes sense.

JOHNSTON  
On the flight here, Colonel Kingsley  
said in his opinion, only four  
organizations were good enough to  
carry out the type of hits we have  
suffered this week.

(breaths in)  
The Israelis, the French, the British  
and our own Navy Seals.

DOUGLAS BISHOP  
Jesus!

CHRIS RILEY  
That's a hell of a theory.

PATRICK DONOVAN  
Mind you I've never trusted the  
French.

KINGSLEY

It is pretty obvious they are capable of much worse than we have seen and I think there is worse to come.

PRESIDENT CHANNING

Are you suggesting we pay them?

CHRIS RILEY

We can't start that.

KINGSLEY

Certainly not. But its only going to stop if they are caught, killed . . .

(hesitates for a moment)

. . . or paid.

PATRICK DONOVAN

That puts it in perspective.

KINGSLEY

I think it does. And remember they have a time clock. One week they said.

JOHNSTON

I contacted my office on the flight here and they are now having all C.C.T.V. footage of all locations and airports fed into a computer for image recognition. This will find image matches and flag them up.

CHRIS RILEY

I'm not sure we've got that technology?

KINGSLEY

It just proves my point at the last general meeting, we don't talk to each other enough.

PRESIDENT CHANNING

Well, that's going to change.

INT. WHITEHALL - MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - LONDON - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "MONDAY - 8:16 AM - UK TIME"

Sir Robert McGregor is at his desk and reads a report. SIR WILLIAM MARSHALL enters the office.

SIR WILLIAM MARSHALL  
What do you make of it, Robert?

SIR ROBERT MCGREGOR  
Sounds as if our cousins have a bucket of shit.

SIR WILLIAM MARSHALL  
Not quite the way I would have put it, but I get your drift. Do you think we have some rogue players?

SIR ROBERT MCGREGOR  
It's a possibility, Sir William.

INT. THE PENTAGON - OPERATION ROOM - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: "MONDAY - 3:26 AM - EST TIME"

Johnston works on a computer. Kingsley studies an incident board in the back ground. The office is as busy as normal hours.

ON JOHNSTON'S COMPUTER SCREEN

a document open, with the HEADLINE

"TOP SECRET -- OPERATION BUMBLE BEE".

Beneath the text are images of MAPS showing the IRAQI / KUWAITI BORDER.

Johnston leans back in his chair.

JOHNSTON  
Colonel, I think I've got it.

Kingsley responds and walks over to Johnston.

KINGSLEY

What have you found?

JOHNSTON

A possible link between you, General Tucker, Betty Jacobs and Chas Scott. "Operation Bumble Bee".

KINGSLEY

First two weeks of the war. Taking out Iraqi communication and radar sites.

(reflects for a moment)

Interestingly, the French, British and although never publicly acknowledged, the Israelis were all involved in that, as well as the Rangers, Navy Seals and Delta Force.

JOHNSTON

So it could be any of them?

KINGSLEY

Yep. But it's a start.

(glances at Johnston's screen)

Let's call it a night.

EXT. EDWARDS AIRBASE - WASHINGTON - JUST BEFORE DAWN

SUPERIMPOSE: "MONDAY - 5:30 AM"

A "BOEING" 747 taxis to the runway.

INT. BOEING 747 - FLIGHT DECK - DAWN

PILOT and CO PILOT check the instrument panel in pre-take off checks.

FLIGHT CONTROLLER - (V.O.)

"Champagne One" you are cleared for take off.

The pilot's hand pushes the throttle forward as the ENGINES ROAR their eagerness.

CO PILOT - (O.S.)  
Systems check complete.

The Pilots look through the windscreen as the Boeing 747 edges forward for its take off.

INT. ANDREWS AIRBASE - CONTROL TOWER - SUNRISE

COLONEL BUCKHIMMER, FLIGHT CONTROLLER QIAN and three airmen watch through the window, as the jet ROARS down the runway.

BUCKHIMMER  
What time's the President's flight?

QIAN  
Takeoff is at eight fifty. "Champagne One" will return in twenty five minutes, when the pilots are completely satisfied every thing on board is working well. Then we will change it's call sign to "Air Force One".

They watch the Boeing soar from the runway.

BUCKHIMMER  
There she goes. This is really exciting.

QIAN  
Yes, it is, Sir. I remember my first Air Force One flight. Have you met the President before?

EXT. ROADSIDE NEAR EDWARDS AIRBASE - DIRT TRACK - SUNRISE

Tiger stands beside a parked Grey "HONDA ACCORD LX" car pulled off the main road, parked on a dirt track and hidden by bushes.

He watches "Champagne One" accelerate and gain altitude over the Airbases perimeter fence.

On his shoulder rests a FIM 92A STINGER, surface to air missile launcher.

Tiger pulls the trigger on the STINGER.

EXT. WOODS - NEAR EDWARDS AIRBASE - DIRT TRACK - SUNRISE

Chris stands beside a parked Grey "HONDA ACCORD LX" car pulled into the woods. He also holds a FIM 92A STINGER, surface to air missile launcher.

The missile FLARES away from his launcher.

INT. BOEING 747 - FLIGHT DECK - SUNRISE

A RED LIGHT starts to FLASH in the CONTROL PANEL

PILOT

Jesus H. Christ, we've a missile incoming.

A second light GOES RED.

CO. PILOT

There's two!

PILOT

God, we're too low for the counter measures to work!

EXT. SKY - BOEING 747 - SUNRISE

The 747 "Champagne One" right wing EXPLODES into a BALL of FLAMES as the first missile STRIKES.

The plane lurches downwards. The second MISSILE screams toward the plane.

INT. ANDREWS AIRBASE - CONTROL TOWER - SUNRISE

Colonel Buckhimmer, Flight Controller Qian and all the personnel in the flight tower turn towards the window as the ROAR of the FIRST EXPLOSION RATTLES the WINDOWS.

Through the WINDOW as the ROAR and FLASH from the SECOND EXPLOSION reaches them.

QIAN - (O.S.)  
Oh, God no!

EXT. HYDE FIELD AIRPORT - WASHINGTON - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "MONDAY - 5:47 AM"

Two Grey "Honda Accord LX" cars pull into the airfield almost simultaneously and head toward a "KING AIR C90B" small private aircraft, with the prop running.

Chris and Tiger abandon the cars, walk to the plane and get into it.

INT. HYDE FIELD AIRPORT - KING AIR C90B - COCKPIT - DAY

Oneshot turns to see them get into the airplane and sit down behind him.

ONESHOT  
Done deal.

CHRIS  
Done deal.

Oneshot pulls the microphone of his headset towards his mouth.

ONESHOT  
(into microphone)  
Hello Father. Just to let you  
know the Goose is cooked.

ROBBIE - (V.O.)  
I hope it's well done. See you  
later.

INT. HOTEL BED ROOM - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "MONDAY - 6:05 AM"

Johnston lays on the top of his bed, asleep in his new casual gear. The PHONE RINGS. He gradually wakes and picks up the receiver, still with his eyes closed.

JOHNSTON  
 (into phone)  
 I'm not here.

KINGSLEY - (V.O.)  
 Switch the T.V. on, channel five.

Johnston feels for the TV remote on the side cabinet.

Eventually he finds it and SWITCHES the TV ON. The TV FLICKERS into life. The TV reveals A NEWS REPORT.

MICHAEL GARGIULO  
 (on TV screen)  
 . . . "Fox Five" reporters are in  
 the air now and bring you live  
 pictures of Rosaryville State Park,  
 ablaze from the wreckage of  
 "Air Force One". . .

The TV image changes to an AERIAL SHOT of ROSARYVILLE PARK from the NEWS Helicopter.

MICHAEL GARGIULO - (V.O.)  
 . . . I repeat, the President was not  
 on board, this was a routine test  
 flight before he boarded "Air Force One"  
 later this morning. Tony Hatch is our  
 reporter in the air. What's the scene  
 from your view point, Tony?

TONY HATCH - (V.O.)  
 The park is ablaze as far as I can see,  
 from the fuel as Air Force One crashed  
 into the park. It looks as if "Mount  
 Airy Mansion", one of the oldest  
 buildings in Maryland has been totally  
 destroyed.

MICHAEL GARGIULO - (V.O.)  
 Thanks Tony. If you have just tuned  
 in we are bringing you live pictures of  
 the crash site of "Air Force One" that  
 mysteriously exploded this morning just  
 after taking off from Andrews Airbase.  
 (draws breath)  
 I repeat the President was not on board.

Johnston presses a button on the REMOTE and TURNS the TV OFF.

JOHNSTON  
(into phone)  
Are you still there?

KINGSLEY - (V.O.)  
Yes. A car will pick you up in  
ten minutes.

INT. THE PENTAGON - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "MONDAY - 6:40 AM"

Johnston and Kingsley exit from an elevator and walk into the center of operations.

People stand around and watch TV monitors SHOWING the NEWS.

KINGSLEY  
Come on people, we make the news  
not watch it.

People start to move slowly back to their desks, constantly glancing back at the TV's.

Johnston's cell RINGS. He takes it from a pocket and opens it and looks at the screen before answering it.

JOHNSTON  
You're up early Karen.

CHAN - (V.O.)  
So are you boss.

JOHNSTON  
You seen the news?

CHAN - (V.O.)  
Yeah. Its on now. But that's not  
why I've called. In the early hours  
of Sunday morning two guys had their  
necks broken in a brawl in Slick's  
Lounge Night Club, in downtown Chicago.

Johnston's interest is obvious.

CHAN - (V.O.)  
C.S.I. lifted a print from a washroom  
soap dispenser and we've got an  
interesting match.

JOHNSTON  
Who?

CHAN - (V.O.)  
A retired British Major, Stuart  
Fordham, what's more his last job  
was personal security officer for  
the British Prime Minister.

JOHNSTON  
Have you any details on his military  
records?

CHAN - (V.O.)  
I tried but they are Classified.

JOHNSTON  
Good work, Karen. I'll speak to you  
later.

Kingsley walks over to Johnston.

JOHNSTON  
Can you access British military  
personnel files?

KINGSLEY  
No. But I know a man who can.  
Let's go to my office.

INT. KINGSLEY 'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kingsley and Johnston enter the office.

KINGSLEY  
Close the door.

They sit and Kingsley picks up the phone and dials a  
number.

KINGSLEY

Chris, it's Kingsley. I want you to look up the military record on a British . . .

(looks at Johnston)  
what's his name?

JOHNSTON

Major Stuart Fordham.

KINGSLEY

Major, Stuart Fordham. We know he was a security officer for the British Prime Minister.

CHRIS RILEY - (V.O.)

If he's traveled here with the British Prime Minister, we should have that already. I'll call you straight back.

Kingsley puts the phone down.

EXT. GREEN DODGE VAN - 16TH STREET NW - WASHINGTON -DAY

Green Dodge Sprinter parks within view of the White House.

INT. WASHINGTON - 16TH STREET NW - GREEN DODGE VAN - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "MONDAY - 7:16 AM"

Andrew and Robbie move to the back of the van, which is full of computer screens, electronics and four TV monitors. They both have headsets on. On each of the four TV monitors there is a different view of the White House.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

A helicopter descends ready to land.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

The helicopter lands on the pad on the White House lawn.

INT. 16TH STREET NW - GREEN DODGE VAN - DAY

Robbie and Andrew watch the helicopter land on the TV monitors.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The President with THREE SECURITY OFFICERS leave the White House and walk towards the helicopter.

INT. 16TH STREET NW - GREEN DODGE VAN - DAY

Robbie leans forward and pushes one key on his Laptop.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

The LAWN beneath the helicopter erupts in an EXPLOSION.

Instantly the helicopter EXPLODES and metal fragments fly in all directions.

The ROTOR BLADES spin across the lawn as the three security officers smother the President and push him to the ground.

The ROTOR BLADES hurtle towards them and splinter into pieces embedding into the fabric of the building. Just a few feet from the President and his three security officers.

INT. 16TH STREET NW - GREEN DODGE VAN - DAY

Andrew moves behind the steering wheel and starts the engine of the Dodge.

EXT. 16TH STREET NW - GREEN DODGE VAN - DAY

The Dodge Sprinter moves away and heads up 16TH Street NW.

EXT. OUT AT SEA - KING AIR C90B - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "MONDAY - 7:18 AM"

A KING AIR C90B light aircraft crosses the open sea.

INT. KING AIR C90B - COCKPIT - DAY

Oneshot flies the plane as Chris and Tiger put on parachutes.

ONESHOT

Take the controls, Tiger.

Tiger swaps places with Oneshot and Oneshot puts his parachute on.

Through the windscreen of the aircraft a large Motor Yacht comes view.

Oneshot changes places with Tiger as Chris puts his hand on the cabin door.

CHRIS

Ready when you are.

EXT. OUT AT SEA - KING AIR C90B - DAY

As the aircraft BUZZES high over the top of the motor yacht Chris, Tiger and then Oneshot bail out. The plane starts to descend until it hits the water.

The aircraft breaks into fragments on impact, then slowly sinks beneath the waves.

A few moments later Chris, Tiger and Oneshot hit the sea.

INT. KINGSLEY 'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "MONDAY - 7:22 AM"

Kingsley and Johnston drink coffee and look at files when the PHONE RINGS.

KINGSLEY  
Kingsley.  
(listens)  
Right.

He puts the phone down.

KINGSLEY  
They've just attacked the White House.

JOHNSTON  
Is the President okay?

KINGSLEY  
That's the interesting point. They  
could have killed him, but they didn't.

JOHNSTON  
How?

KINGSLEY  
They blew up "Marine One" the  
President's new helicopter, moments  
before he got in it.

JOHNSTON  
You don't think it was luck?

KINGSLEY  
No. As I've said before with these  
guys, luck doesn't come into it. If  
they can get that close, if they had  
wanted to, they would have killed him.  
I've no doubt about that.

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

President Channing enters and sits behind his desk. The  
room fills with various personnel.

Douglas Bishop rushes in.

DOUGLAS BISHOP  
(with concern)  
Thank God, you're safe.

PRESIDENT CHANNING  
(shaking)  
That was too close to call.  
(looks up)  
Please leave us.

The room starts to empty.

PRESIDENT CHANNING  
Can someone bring me a strong  
cup of coffee, please?

DOUGLAS BISHOP  
Are you sure you don't want  
something stronger?

A weak smile creeps over the President's face as a member  
of staff waits for the answer.

PRESIDENT CHANNING  
Coffee will be fine.

The door closes.

DOUGLAS BISHOP  
That was close.

PRESIDENT CHANNING  
Thank God, Mary was running late,  
she normally boards before I do.

A discreet KNOCK on the door.

PRESIDENT CHANNING  
Yes?

The door opens and a MARINE 2# steps in.

MARINE 2#  
Communications has just received  
this, Sir.

He hands a sheet of paper over to the President.

PRESIDENT CHANNING  
(takes the paper)  
Thank you.

He reads the paper as the Marine exits the room.

PRESIDENT CHANNING

Listen to this, Douglas.

(reads)

From Recompense -- No harm done this time -- can you watch everybody -- we can -- this is your last warning. The week is up.

DOUGLAS BISHOP

They're threatening your family.

PRESIDENT CHANNING

Yes, they are.

INT. KINGSLEY 'S OFFICE - DAY

Chris Riley enters Kingsley's office.

KINGSLEY

Chris what an unexpected pleasure. We don't often see you down where all the hard work is done.

RILEY

Well, I give you credit for finding this one.

(passes over a file)

I think you've found the shooter.

KINGSLEY

Our in house detective's people came up with the name.

Kingsley opens the file and starts to read it.

KINGSLEY

(from the file)

Outstanding marksmen. . . S.A.S. Officer. Saved the British Prime Minister from an assassination attempt in the Sudan. You see his citations? He's got more than a three star general.

RILEY  
Yeah, I saw that.

KINGSLEY  
This guy's a killing machine.  
(slight laugh)  
His nickname is "Oneshot".

RILEY  
Read on.

Kingsley continues.

KINGSLEY  
(leans back in his chair)  
Operation Bumble Bee.  
(reflects for a moment)  
He was involved in that.

JOHNSTON  
I don't know exactly how the S.A.S.  
work but I believe it to be in teams  
of twos and fours.

KINGSLEY  
Your absolutely right.

JOHNSTON  
So who were his team members in  
Operation Bumble Bee?

RILEY  
Good thinking detective. I'll get  
on that now.

KINGSLEY  
The Boss was right.

RILEY  
In what way?

KINGSLEY  
He said we needed a good detective.

Kingsley's office PHONE RINGS. He picks up the receiver.

KINGSLEY

Kingsley.

(listens)

Understood Mr. President, I'll get,  
Johnston to organize it immediately.

He puts the phone down.

JOHNSTON

He's going to pay.

KINGSLEY

Yep.

RILEY

What did you expect, after this  
morning?

JOHNSTON

I can't believe he's given in  
that easily.

KINGSLEY

Well, to make matters worse they've  
just threatened his family.

RILEY

A few seconds later and his wife  
would have been on the White House  
lawn with him.

KINGSLEY

Family, makes all the difference.

JOHNSTON

But can he do that, without Senate  
approval?

KINGSLEY

He has executive power. There's not  
much he can't do.

RILEY

And who's going to argue?

KINGSLEY

Des, get the image of the President  
up on the F.B.I. web site.

JOHNSTON

Over seventy-five percent of all  
ransom demands fall apart at the  
money change or drop, so there's  
still a chance.

KINGSLEY

I wouldn't put my money on it.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MARINA - OCEAN CITY - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "MONDAY - 9:12 AM"

The Dodge Sprinter pulls into the Marina's deserted car  
park.

Andrew Morrow gets out of the vehicle and walks towards a  
large Motor Yacht, just as it pulls into a mooring.

Oneshot jumps from the yacht onto the mooring platform and  
ties the vessel up. He looks up to see Andrew walk towards  
him.

ONESHOT

Packed and ready to go?

ANDREW

Yep, just need a hand with the bags.

Tiger jumps off the yacht and walks with Oneshot towards  
Andrew.

Tiger and Oneshot unload the bags as Andrew helps Robbie  
into his wheelchair. Then the four head for the yacht.

INT. PENTAGON - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Kingsley, Riley and Johnston look at a computer screen over  
the shoulder of a Computer Operator.

The Operator opens a couple of pages.

COMPUTER SCREEN reveals

"FBI MOST WANTED PAGE".

A black silhouette of the President with the text "ONE DOLLAR REWARD" beneath the image.

JOHNSTON

Well it's done.

Julia rushes up to Kingsley with a sheet of paper in her hand.

JULIA

It's another email.

She passes it to Kingsley.

RILEY

God, that's fast it's only been up a couple of minutes. What's it say?

KINGSLEY

These guy's are something else. Let's go to my office.

Kingsley, Riley and Johnston walk through the operations room to the office.

INT. KINGSLEY 'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The three of them enter the office, Riley closes the door. Kingsley pulls the middle drawer of three, out from his desk and holds it high in the air.

KINGSLEY

There's a disk stuck on the bottom can you remove it while I hold the drawer?

JOHNSTON

Let me get some gloves.

KINGSLEY

Don't bother we all know there won't be anything to trace.

Johnston pulls the disk off the bottom of the draw.

RILEY  
How the fuck?

KINGSLEY  
Don't ask. Des, get Bob Freeman  
in here.

Johnston leaves the office as Kingsley puts the drawer back  
into his desk. Riley examines the disk.

Johnston returns to the office with BOB FREEMAN. Kingsley  
re-reads the email.

JOHNSTON  
What's the instructions?

KINGSLEY  
Bob, sit at my desk and use my  
computer.

Freeman sits. Kingsley passes him the disk.

RILEY  
What does it say?

KINGSLEY  
(reads from the email)  
Insert the disk and type "Payment".

FREEMAN  
Do you want me to that, Sir?

KINGSLEY  
Just hang on a second, Bob.  
(continues to read)  
It says, "Each time you try to break  
the codes the payment will increase by  
five hundred million dollars".

RILEY  
Jesus.

JOHNSTON  
Are you just going to make the payment  
without trying to break the codes.

KINGSLEY

That's exactly what I'm, well, Bob is going to do.

Johnston's cell RINGS. He doesn't answer it.

KINGSLEY

Insert the disk, Bob.

The RING becomes insistent.

KINGSLEY

Answer it man.

Johnston flicks the phone open and looks at the screen. Then answers it.

JOHNSTON

Hi Karen.

(listens)

I didn't get that, do you want to repeat.

(listens)

It's no good the signals breaking up.

KINGSLEY

Use a phone in the Ops room.

Johnston leaves the room.

RILEY

Well, are you going to do it.

Kingsley looks at the computer, then through the glass at Johnston on the phone.

He reads the email again.

KINGSLEY

Chris, check the account number as I read it out. Right, Bob, just follow my instructions.

COMPUTER SCREEN shows the text

"TYPE IN THE WORD -- PAYMENT".

FREEMAN  
(looks up)  
Shall I?

KINGSLEY  
Yeah.

Freeman types in the word "PAYMENT". The disk WHINES.

COMPUTER SCREEN reveals text

"ENTER PAYEE'S ACCOUNT NUMBER AND NAME".

Kingsley looks at a small piece of paper in his hand.

KINGSLEY  
Chris, check these numbers as I  
call them out.

INT. PENTAGON - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Johnston puts the phone down and starts to work feverishly  
on a computer.

INT. KINGSLEY 'S OFFICE - DAY

FREEMAN  
(looks up)  
When I pressed the enter key  
it's gone.

KINGSLEY  
(picks up phone)  
Just wait.

Kingsley dials a number.

KINGSLEY  
Mr. President, it's Kingsley.  
(deep breath)  
It's ready to go.  
(listens)  
Okay, Sir.

Johnston rushes into the room as Kingsley nods to Freeman.

ON THE COMPUTER KEYBOARD Freeman STRIKES the ENTER KEY.

JOHNSTON  
I know who they are.

Johnston, Kingsley, Riley and Freeman stare at the computer screen.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN as text FLASHES. . .  
"TRANSFER COMPLETE"  
"TRANSFER COMPLETE"  
"TRANSFER COMPLETE".

The text then changes to. . .  
"BE MORE CAREFUL NEXT TIME"  
"BE MORE CAREFUL NEXT TIME".

Then it changes to. . .  
"THANK YOU -- RECOMPENSE"

The screen goes black.

EXT. MOTOR YACHT - OUT TO SEA - DAY

Oneshot, Andrew, Tiger and Robbie are on deck, they drink cans of beer.

On the table is Robbie's Laptop.

It BLEEPS.

Chris is in the wheelhouse. Robbie types a password on the keypad.

ROBBIE  
Transfer complete.

ONESHOT  
(shouts to Chris)  
It's done.

ANDREW  
And they definitely can't trace it?

ROBBIE

The bank account it was transferred to, closed down automatically, fifteen seconds after the transfer. That process repeats it's self for the next twenty four hours. That's a total of five thousand, seven hundred accounts, in sixty counties.

Chris steps down from the wheelhouse.

CHRIS

We will all be dead by the time they get even halfway through the maze and networks of banks.

TIGER

From natural causes I hope.

ANDREW

What about the payments made, won't they be able to trace them?

ROBBIE

They were all made from the receiving bank within the first ten seconds. And that's now closed.

ONESHOT

That computer course you did, really paid off.

Robbie's cell RINGS, he looks at the screen then answers it.

ROBBIE

Good morning, Campbell here.

(listens)

That's fine, thank you.

(closes the phone)

Good, that's the Dodge picked up and crated, it should arrive in Baltimore docks in plenty of time for loading.

ONESHOT

Where's it being shipped to?

ROBBIE

New Zealand. By the way what happen  
in the night club in Chicago? Rob Roy  
said the F.B.I. got your print from a  
crime scene.

INT. KINGSLEY 'S OFFICE - DAY

Johnston stands and stares at Kingsley then Riley in  
despair.

JOHNSTON

I said, I know who they are.

KINGSLEY

Thanks Bob, you can go now.

FREEMAN

Yes, Sir.

Freeman leaves as Johnston, Kingsley and Riley sit down.

KINGSLEY

From the top.

Johnston takes a deep breath.

JOHNSTON

On January twenty second nineteen  
ninety one, on the Iraqi, Kuwaiti  
border there was a Friendly Fire  
incident.

KINGSLEY

God. I remember that. Three S.A.S.  
officers were killed.

JOHNSTON

And three injured. Major Fordham,  
was first on the scene with a,  
Christopher Reynolds. Chas Scott,  
was the pilot. You gave the strike  
order. The communication of that  
order was given by, Elizabeth Jennings  
and Colonel Tucker was in overall command.

KINGSLEY

Who were the others?

JOHNSTON

James McGregor, William Lewis and Richard Busby, were the three killed. Major Robert Campbell lost a foot and received an injury to his spine. He was crippled and is now wheelchair bound. Angus Stuart and Andrew Morrow were also badly injured.

KINGSLEY

All this over a Friendly Fire incident that took place some fifteen years ago?

RILEY

It hits family's harder when a death is caused this way. You said yourself, family makes all the difference.

JOHNSTON

Tell me about it. My sister's husband was killed in Baghdad eighteen months ago, by friendly fire.

KINGSLEY

I'm sorry to hear that. But this is fucking ridiculous. I'd better call the Boss.

JOHNSTON

You can tell him as far as I'm concerned the case is not closed. I'm sure the money will be traceable.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO - JOHNSTON'S FBI OFFICE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "TUESDAY - 11:15 AM"

Johnston, Glover and Chan go over reports.

CHAN

Coastguards reported a plane going down fifteen miles off Ocean City.

JOHNSTON

Anything else?

GLOVER

It looks as if the sniper rifle was sent from hotel to hotel by U.P.S.

CHAN

They believe it was the "King Air C. Ninety B" stolen from Hyde Field Airfield, near Washington, yesterday. It disappeared off the radar about eight A.M.

JOHNSTON

You think it's them?

CHAN

Several people at Hyde Field identified the picture of, Major Fordham, we got from British Intelligence.

GLOVER

Two cars did exploded about ten minutes after takeoff, again C.Four, was used.

Sue Fisher enters the office.

JOHNSTON

What have you got Sue?

SUE FISHER

A connection with the names of the Pilot and the Co Pilot killed when Air Force One, went down. Sergio Sarmiento and Tony Ricards.

JOHNSTON

What's the connection?

SUE FISHER

They were the two U.S. servicemen that entered the building destroyed in the Friendly Fire incident at the start of "Desert Storm". They were the Weapons Officer and an observer on the Apache helicopter.

GLOVER

So every one who's been killed was involved one way or another with "Operation Bumble Bee"?

CHAN

Except the guy on the boat next to Kingsley's daughter's boat.

JOHNSTON

He wasn't killed, but even so.

SUE FISHER

What about Governor Jacobs?

JOHNSTON

He was on the Senate Committee that approved the budget for "Desert Storm".

GLOVER

The pilots on "Marine One"?

JOHNSTON

They were not injured. The flight deck and passenger cabin is made of a Titanium Alloy, built to withstand an attack.

GLOVER

You think they knew it?

Kingsley enters the office.

KINGSLEY

Oh yes. They knew everything about the new fleet of Lockheed U.S. one-o-one helicopters.

Kingsley takes a chair.

KINGSLEY

The landing apron at the White House was reinforced last year because of the extra weight. A plastic explosive was mixed in the concrete use for the surface of the landing pad.

JOHNSTON

Just like Red Stone.

KINGSLEY

Unbelievable.

SUE FISHER

They've must have been planning this for years.

KINGSLEY

I would say, fifteen.

GLOVER

And they gone, without a trace.

CHAN

No bodies have been recovered from the wreckage of the Air C. Ninety.

Johnston's PHONE RINGS.

JOHNSTON

(into phone)

Johnston.

INT. SMALL FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Johnston's sister JACKIE LEERY on the phone.

INTERCUT telephone conversation.

JACKIE LEERY

Hi Des, it's Jackie.

JOHNSTON

Hi Sis, what's cooking girl?

JACKIE LEERY  
I'm fine. Well . . .

She looks at a letter she's holds, tears run down her face.  
WORDS CATCH in her THROAT.

JACKIE LEERY  
. . . I. . . I was. . . I've. . .  
(sniffs her tears)  
. . . Oh Des. . .

JOHNSTON  
What's up girl?

JACKIE LEERY  
It's about Allen's. . . death.

JOHNSTON  
What d'you mean?

JACKIE LEERY  
Well, I received a letter in this  
morning's post. . .  
(swallows words)  
. . . with a check in it.

JOHNSTON  
For what?

JACKIE LEERY  
For one million, eight hundred and  
sixty thousand dollars.

JOHNSTON  
HOW MUCH?

JACKIE LEERY  
One million eight hundred and  
sixty thousand dollars.

JOHNSTON  
One million eight hundred and  
sixty thousand dollars.

Kingsley, Chan and Glover study Johnston with looks of  
curiosity as Sue Fisher steps out of the office.

JACKIE LEERY

Yes.

JOHNSTON

Who's it from?

JACKIE LEERY

The War Department, I think.

JOHNSTON

Well, what's it say?

JACKIE LEERY

It says the U.S. Government is sorry for your loss and as a token of it's appreciation, it encloses a check.

JOHNSTON

Who's the check from?

JACKIE LEERY

The check's from a department called. . .  
(looks at check)  
. . . Recompense.

Johnston's mouth drops.

KINGSLEY

What's up?

JOHNSTON

The money.

CHAN

It's turned up?

JOHNSON

You could say that. My sister has just received a check for one million eight hundred and sixty thousand dollars, from a department called, Recompense.

Kingsley leans back in his chair and glares at the ceiling.

KINGSLEY

Wasn't her husband killed in a friendly fire incident?

JOHNSON

He was.

KINGSLEY

Well, now they will find out what unfriendly fire is about.

All look at Kingsley for an explanation.

KINGSLEY

We know who they are and where they are.

JOHNSTON

How?

KINGSLEY

One of my guys worked out where the Email to the President came from. Somehow he located their computer and backtracked, or something and got a cell line number. From that, a G.P.S. signal.

CHAN

And from that a location.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - USS NIMITZ - DAY

Two jets ROAR down the deck and take off.

KINGSLEY (V.O.)

They are on yacht in the Atlantic.  
Jets are being scrambled now.

JOHNSON (V.O.)

You're going to take them out?

KINGSLEY (V.O.)

You bet!

The two jets bank and pass over the carrier.

FADE OUT.

SUPERIMPOSE:

"FRIENDLY FIRE ACCOUNTED FOR OVER 30 PERCENT OF ALL  
US AND BRITISH FATALITIES IN DESERT STORM".

THE END