RECOMPENSE

An Original Screenplay

by

Ron Aberdeen
FADE IN.

EXT. SMALL VILLAGE – IRAQI/KUWAITI BORDER – NIGHT


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. solider 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. solider, 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 thailandaise avec feves germées. 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 it’s 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 it’s 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
document 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 let's 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.

ONSESHOT
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.

CHRISS – (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.

CHRISS
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 an 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.

              RECESSION CLERK #2
That’s three hundred and sixty
two dollars, Mister Green.

Oneshot passes cash over the counter.

              RECESSION 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.

              RECESSION 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 were 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.
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"


    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 then 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.

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.
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
There abouts.

The three of them go below deck.
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-Zargawi 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 Strom, 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 let’s 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 background. 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

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 BLEEP.

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 itself 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.

JOHNSTON (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