

JESS' WAR

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FADE IN:

EXT. A DESERT - DAY

A squad of Marines in combat gear trudges along a rutted asphalt highway cut through a desert.

In the background, oil well fires light up the early evening.

SUPER: KUWAIT, 1991 - OPERATION DESERT STORM

Off to the side of the road the aftermath of war is evident. Twisted tanks - trashed armored vehicles - bomb pockmarks.

And an occasional body.

A USAF A-10A Thunderbolt SCREAMS by overhead, launching rockets at an enemy far ahead, out of sight.

The squad leader - JESS MASTERS, twenties, light-skinned Afro-American, wide receiver build. Tense. Aggression bottled up.

Jess senses danger - stops suddenly. He raises his right arm to signal for his group to halt, points off the road.

JESS

Gomez, Jones! Check out what's
left of that tank.

Privates GOMEZ and JONES, rifles ready, approach a tank wreckage lying about 20 yards off the road.

THE TANK

Jones bangs on the top hatch of the tank with the butt of his rifle, yells in the language of Iraq.

JONES

(Arabic)
Out!

The hatch opens, and two IRAQI soldiers appear, hands raised.

Jones motions for them to climb down.

THE ROAD

The two Iraqi soldiers stand in front of Jess, hands resting on top of their heads.

JESS
Strip 'em down. Check for
explosives.

REESE, a battle proven vet, second in command, responds.

REESE
Fuck, Jess. The Iraqi lit outta
Kuwait so fast they didn't have no
time to set no traps. They're
haulin' their asses back to Hussein
in his fuckin' palace.

Jones ignores Reese, waves his rifle at the enemy soldiers.

JONES
(Arabic)
Strip.

The two Iraqis start to disrobe. When they're done, they
turn to face Jones wearing just their underwear.

JESS
All the way. Have them lay face
down and check - everywhere.

JONES
Gees, Captain.

JESS
Do it!

Jones speaks to the Iraqis, motions with his gun. They look
at Jones and each other - is he serious?

Jones repeats his command with more gusto. The Iraqis
comply. When naked, they lie, face down on the asphalt.

Jones and Gomez start to search the prone Iraqis. Suddenly,
Gomez shouts out.

GOMEZ
Shit!

Gomez stands, turns to face Jess, carefully holding a small
brown-stained hand grenade with only his fingers.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)
You don't want to know where I
found this.

JESS
I can guess. Get 'em dressed,
march 'em in front of us.

The Iraqis start to dress, but one of them does not take his beady little eyes off Gomez - and the grenade.

Partly dressed, the Iraqi - launches himself at Gomez - grabs the grenade - pulls the pin.

The Iraqi holds the small time bomb - squeezes on the safety lever - turns around - shows it to the startled Marines.

IRAQI
(defiantly)
Allahu Akbar.

Then with a sadistic smile - he releases the lever.

Gomez reacts - dives on the Iraqi - wrestles him to the ground - pins the grenade under them.

And the grenade EXPLODES.

The shocked Marines rush to their fallen comrade - but it's too late. Nothing left but two tattered bodies, smouldering.

Two Marines tend to Gomez while the others look toward the remaining Iraqi, raise their weapons.

Jess surveys the situation. Veins stand out in his neck.

Reese observes his commander. He chambers a round in his side arm and heads toward the surviving Iraqi.

Jess stops Reese - takes his handgun - lowers the hammer.

INT. A LARGE ROOM - DAY

Looks like an abandoned mosque. Sparse furniture, hardened mud walls, high ceiling.

Jess stands at attention in front of COLONEL BROCK "THE ROCK" GORDON, forties, seated at a makeshift desk.

Gordon's all Marine - short, stocky, powerfully built. Old world take-no-prisoners gunslinger.

He ignores Jess, looks at a framed photo of a forty-ish woman with a young boy and teenaged girl on his desk.

The young woman is a real looker. She wears a college cap and gown, in front of a Brown University monument.

GORDON
At ease, Masters.

Jess relaxes as Gordon checks him out.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Heard you found a hand grenade
stuck up some towelhead's ass?
Nice work.

JESS
Thank you, Colonel Gordon. But I
did lose a man...

GORDON
Collateral damage is just one of
the many prices of freedom. Don't
dwell on it.
(beat)
So, you brought one Iraqi back to
me. Heard Reese almost dealt with
the fucker, but you stopped him.

JESS
Sir?

GORDON
You know, dealt with him.

Jess shuffles his feet, uncomfortable like.

JESS
That's not what I learned at the
Naval Academy, sir.

GORDON
Yeah. I wanted warriors, they sent
me college kids.
(beat)
Well - did you get any intel from
him?

JESS
Intel sir?

GORDON
Intel - like what does he know
about Saddam's WMD's? He has them
you know.

JESS
These guys were just grunts. They
wouldn't know that kind of stuff.

Gordon notices Jess staring at the photo on his desk. He
adjusts the photo so Jess cannot see it.

JESS (CONT'D)
Your family, sir?

GORDON
Son Kyle's ten, Wilhelmina - we
call her Willis - just out of
Brown. Stayin' for a doctorate.

Gordon returns to the debriefing.

GORDON (CONT'D)
You're a good man, Masters, but I'm
not sure you're cut out for combat.
Too much by the book, not enough -
initiative.

JESS
Sir, We did identify and clean out
some roadside bombs.

Gordon grins at Jess.

GORDON
You may do better riding a desk,
somewhere where you wouldn't get
your ass blown to bits.

JESS
I did learn a lot about conflict at
Annapolis, different ways to win.
(beat)
Gotta be a better way than war.

Jess and Gordon lock eyes, neither giving in.

INT. A PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Gordon stands outside a prison cell, along with a GUARD.

Inside the cell - the Iraqi prisoner captured by Jess. He
watches Gordon, wary.

GORDON
(to the Guard)
Secure his hands.

The Guard gestures for the prisoner to approach the bars. The
Guard then removes handcuffs from his belt.

The prisoner complies. Facing the Guard he extends his arms
through the cell bars, ready to be cuffed.

GORDON (CONT'D)
 Behind his back. Not around the
 bars.

The Guard hand signals for the prisoner to turn around, lean back against the bars. He cuffs the prisoner's hands behind his back as Gordon watches.

GORDON (CONT'D)
 (to Guard)
 Keys.

The Guard hands Gordon the handcuff key.

GORDON (CONT'D)
 Jail cell also.

The Guard looks concerned, but hands Gordon the cell key.

GORDON (CONT'D)
 Leave us.

The Guard hesitates, then leaves the area.

When the Guard is gone, Gordon removes a ten foot length of rope from under his shirt. He looks up to the cell ceiling.

The ceiling of the cell is composed of bars, like the front.

GORDON (CONT'D)
 (to prisoner)
 Well...let's see what you have to
 tell us.
 (beat)
 Before you leave us.

Gordon smiles, inserts the cell door key into the lock.

EXT: LOGAN AIRPORT, BOSTON - DAY

Early flights take off into the clear morning air.

SUPER: SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

INT. TERMINAL, LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

At the American Airlines gate, a Flight Attendant scans boarding passes for Flight 11 as passengers crowd up.

A nervous Middle Eastern Man looks around as he hands over his boarding pass. He has a small carry-on bag.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The city's just waking up. Sun peeking up over the bay. Taxi cabs and bike messengers vie for space on the streets.

EXT. THE WORLD TRADE CENTER TWIN TOWERS

Two giant towers jut into the sky, defying gravity and common sense.

INT. WORLD TRADE CENTER NORTH TOWER, CANTOR FITZGERALD LP

Early arrivals help themselves to coffee, shuttle about the desks at this investment bank.

One worker looks out the window of the 101st floor at the city below. Then he looks up.

WORKERS POV

A Boeing 757 aircraft heads directly for his floor.

EXT. WTC NORTH TOWER

The aircraft IMPACTS the side of the building - a massive EXPLOSION - fire jets out of the impact site.

INT. UNITED 747, LAX TO DEN - DAY

Travelers relax in Business Class, sip coffee. A man, fifties, in an aisle seat, looks at his boarding pass - "United Airlines Flight 742." He stows it in a seat pocket.

The PILOT wakes up some with an announcement.

PILOT

Ground control on the east coast
has gone off-line. We've been
directed to land at the nearest
airport.

This causes a buzz among the passengers. Some stand, talk to other passengers and the flight crew, seek clarification.

A BUSINESS MAN scans his Blackberry.

BUSINESS MAN

A plane crashed into the World
Trade Center.

Business class ignites with heated discussion.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY

The North WTC Tower is aflame where the aircraft impacted.
Then - another airplane hits the South Tower.

Debris rains down from the crash sites.

LATER

The South Tower collapses, followed by the North Tower.

STREET LEVEL

Smoke, debris from the towers spreads over the street.
Pedestrians scurry for cover. Chaos, SHOUTS.

LATER

Police and firefighters rush to the towers. EMT's and
ambulances fight for access to ground zero.

LATER

All that remains of the Twin Towers is a fragment of a wall,
jutting up defiantly into the smoky air.

EXT. CUBA - DAY

Overhead shot of the island of Cuba.

SUPER: GUANTANAMO BAY, 2002

EXT. GUANTANAMO BAY DETENTION CAMP - DAY

Establishing shot of the infamous prison.

INT. DETENTION CAMP

Two men are huddled outside an interrogation room. They
watch a prisoner being questioned through a heavy window.

One is Brock Gordon, now fifties, the other the COMMANDANT.

GORDON
So this is Khalid Sheikh Mohammed,
the famous mastermind of 9/11.

COMMANDANT
KSM for short.

INT. AN INTERROGATION ROOM

A scruffy prisoner slumps on a bed, back to the window.

OUTSIDE THE ROOM

Gordon studies the prisoner through the window.

GORDON
We're the most powerful country in
the world, yet we let ourselves be
pushed around by a bunch of
religious fanatics hiding in caves.

COMMANDANT
Now that you're the DCI, we've been
able to take the gloves off.

Gordon smiles, turns to the Commandant

GORDON
Lets get on with it.

INTERROGATION ROOM

Two soldiers enter the interrogation room. They grab KSM.
He fights his captors - he knows what's coming.

The soldiers wrestle KSM down flat on the bed, face up,
secure his arms, legs with straps. KSM struggles, SCREAMS.

A soldier places a towel over KSM's face. He lifts a pail of
water from the floor, pauses, pours it over the towel.

KSM thrashes around on the bed, COUGHING - drowning.

The pail's empty. The soldier looks toward the window, to
Gordon and the Commandant, outside the room.

SOLDIERS POV

Gordon draws circles with his finger - do it again.

INTERROGATION ROOM

The soldier lifts a full pail of water.

INT. AN OFFICE - DAY

Gordon sits in front of a desk, the Commandant behind it.

The Commandant removes a fifth of whiskey from a drawer, two shot glasses, set them on top of the desk. He fills both.

COMMANDANT

We ain't getting nothin' outta him.

Gordon clinks glasses with the Commandant, downs his drink. He slams the glass on the desk, pushes it forward. More.

The Commandant refills the shot glass.

GORDON

Time to up the ante.

Gordon reaches over to the secure phone on the desk. He pauses, thinks, then places a call.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

KSM is secured to the bed. The soldiers prepare for another waterboard session.

Gordon enters the room. He's holding several sheets of glossy paper. He addresses the soldiers.

GORDON

I'd like to talk to the prisoner.

The soldiers watch Gordon, not moving.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Alone!

The two soldiers leave the room.

Gordon approaches the bed. He smiles down at KSM.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Good morning Sheikh. Are the accommodations adequate?

Gordon positions the sheets of paper up so KSM can see them from his position on the bed.

They're photographs.

CLOSE ON A PHOTO

It's a young child - bloodied, throat slit from ear to ear.

GORDON (V.O.)
This is your youngest daughter.

KSM SCREAMS out.

GORDON (V.O.)
Recognize her?

Then another photo - a bullet-ridden body of a woman.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Gordon and the Commandant clink shot glasses.

GORDON
The fucker squealed like a stuck
pig when I told him if anything
else happens in the United States,
any more terror attacks, we're
gonna kill the rest of his family.

The Commandant refills both shot glasses.

EXT. THE CHESAPEAKE BAY - MORNING

Sun just peeking over the horizon, light breeze, flat seas.
A Cal 40 sailboat glides over the water on a port tack.

SUPER: CHESAPEAKE BAY - 2011

EXT. THE SAILBOAT

At the wheel is a tall, super fit looking man, forties,
reading a bank of gauges, consulting an electronic chart.

It's Jess, all grown up.

Trimming the sails on the port side of the boat is KYLE
GORDON, thirty. Short, muscular - like daddy Brock Gordon.

Kyle yells at Jess over the WHIPPING of the sails.

KYLE

Hey, man. Get your nose outta those fuckin' gauges.

JESS

Gotta be careful. It's not my old boat. Don't want to scuttle it.

A powerful engine ROAR off the starboard bow diverts Jess' attention. He cranks the wheel hard over to port, luffing the sails as a 35 foot speedboat cuts in front of him.

The wave from the speedboat SLAMS against the fiberglass hull of his sailboat, washes over the transom.

Jess collects himself, looks after the swiftly departing power boat. Kyle gestures "what the fuck."

EXT. A BOAT DOCK

Jess and Kyle secure the sailboat, tie ropes.

Jess looks across the marina to another dock and sees the speedboat that cut them off. He turns to Kyle.

JESS

You go on. I'll be right up.

KYLE

Yeah. Later bro.

Kyle heads to the parking lot while Jess continues to look across at the speedboat.

EXT. THE OTHER DOCK

Jess walks down the dock toward the offending speedboat, now tied in a slip. Jess has on a baseball type cap with the letters "Annapolis Dojo" stitched on the front.

Jess works to control his anger. Fists clinched, relaxed.

The DRIVER of the speedboat, inside his boat, wrestles with a large locker, trying to raise it onto the dock. He pauses, looks up as Jess stops at his boat.

JESS

Morning. Need some help?

DRIVER

Damn kids put too much crap in this locker. Weighs a ton.

Jess jumps into the powerboat, grabs the handle on one side of the locker and directs the Driver to get the other side. They then smoothly lift the locker out and onto the dock.

JESS
Must be close to two hundred
pounds.

The Driver looks askance at Jess, exits his boat. This guy is about fifty, overweight, chewing on a cigar butt. Looks more like a used car salesman than a boater.

JESS (CONT'D)
Nice boat. Twin 454 jets?

DRIVER
Guess so. Powerful sucker.

The Driver attempts to drag the locker toward the car parking lot. He's struggling.

JESS
Let me help you.

Jess lifts one end of the locker up by a handle, and the Driver lifts the other end. They head toward the shore.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Jess and the Driver stand behind a Cadillac Escalade, tail gate open, with the locker safely inside.

Kyle wanders over to the two, watches the interaction. He tenses up - ready to go to war.

DRIVER
Thanks.

JESS
My pleasure.

The Driver heads toward the car door. Jess follows.

JESS (CONT'D)
You know, it was fortunate that it was me that you cut in front of with your powerboat. Any other sail boater would have been really upset by your careless disregard of boating etiquette.

The Driver, intimidated and not sure how to respond, just stares at Jess.

JESS (CONT'D)
Have a nice day.

Jess smiles, as the jet boat Driver gets in his car and drives away.

Kyle is amused by the behavior of his friend.

KYLE
Still the same old Jess. If it was me, I woulda kicked his ass.

Jess acknowledges that observation with a head nod.

JESS
You're just like your old man.

Jess and Kyle head toward Jess' convertible.

EXT. BAY BRIDGE, ANNAPOLIS - DAY

Jess' convert cruises over the bridge, toward the city.

INT. THE CONVERT

Jess and Kyle laugh, josh each other - buds having a good time. Why not - it's a beautiful day.

EXT. ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND - DAY

Upper class neighborhood. Big, well maintained homes on manicured lawns. Luxury SUVs in driveways.

A flock of pigeons circle by overhead.

EXT. JESS' HOME

Jess' convert approaches a large home. A black limo and a two large black SUV's rest in the street next to the home.

Jess waves at the three cars, pulls up into the home's circular driveway. Jess and Kyle get out, enter the home.

INT. THE HOME

Colonial furniture is spread around large but closed off rooms, common in hundred year old homes.

Jess and Kyle enter the kitchen, Kyle toward a bowl of chips, Jess toward WILLIS MASTERS, his wife, Kyle's sister.

Willis is blond, white and gorgeous, late thirties. Looks and moves like an athlete. Now just a bored housewife.

Two kids, CARLYN, mid-teens, and ERIK, early-teens, sit at a kitchen table. She's texting, he's playing a video game.

Both are a fortunate blend of their Afro-American dad and Anglo mom. They got it made - and know it.

WILLIS

How was the boating?

KYLE

(munching)

Your hubby let some speedboat guy run over his ass.

JESS

(to Kyle)

I told you a million times not to exaggerate.

Jess helps himself to some chips.

JESS (CONT'D)

Just a minor right-of-way issue.

Gordon enters the kitchen. He pats Kyle on the shoulder.

GORDON

Son. Keep the captain here...

Gordon nods toward Jess.

GORDON (CONT'D)

...from sinkin' my boat?

JESS

How are you sir?

Gordon looks at Jess, not really thrilled. Jess returns the look. They hold a stare. An uneasy truce.

A news show plays on a small flat screen TV on the counter. It shows a Middle East town, homes leveled, people running.

Jess notices the telecast, motions toward the TV.

JESS (CONT'D)

What's goin' on there?

WILLIS

Car bomb. Same old, same old.

Jess hurries out of the kitchen, returns holding a book.

He holds it up for all to see.

JESS

Well, they should have read my...

Before he can finish, the others chime in, mocking-like.

JESS AND THE OTHERS

... best selling self-help book,
Conflict Resolution.

They all get a good chuckle from that.

JESS

Laugh if you want, but - I'll get
the last laugh.

Gordon's wife CAROL enters the kitchen. She's Gordon's age,
well preserved. A beauty in her day - like daughter Willis.

CAROL

How's my sailor boys?

Carol hugs Jess, then Kyle.

JESS

Fine, fine.

KYLE

Great, mom.

Carol checks the oven, then two pots on the stove.

CAROL

Dinner's at six. You boys go have
a drink.

Willis leans on the kitchen island - something's on her mind.

WILLIS

(to Jess)

Dear, could you please talk to
Misses Smith? She keeps feeding
those damn pigeons...

CARLYN

(interrupting)

And they shit all over the yard.

WILLIS

I swear - if that flock keeps growing, I'm gonna take out your Browning over and under...

JESS

Whoa, whoa, whoa. That's no way to solve the problem, with violence. Besides, you can't be shooting off a shotgun in this neighborhood.

ERIK

Those birds are protected. You can't just kill 'em. We learned that in Scouts.

WILLIS

Well, we gotta do something. Those birds pose a health hazard.

ERIK

Maybe we could get a hawk. It'd chase away those messy birds.

JESS

There, you see that? A peaceful solution. Good thinking son.

WILLIS

Peaceful? You ever see a hawk kill a dove? You'll have pigeon bones and feathers all over the yard.

ERIK

Put a fake owl on the roof.

GORDON

Just like your dad. Typical peacenik suggestion.

Jess and Gordon again stare at each other.

INT. PARLOR - NIGHT

Gordon, Jess and Kyle enjoy post-dinner drinks. Gordon lights up a cigar, blows smoke in the air.

Jess scowls, watches the smoke flutter up to the ceiling.

Willis enters the room.

WILLIS

Can I join you boys?

The three men look at Willis. She takes that as a - yes.

GORDON

Your brother will be heading out next week. One final tour.

JESS

The President said our involvement will ramp down end of this year...

GORDON

Don't want to lose your playmate?

WILLIS

Hardly seems worth it to go back over. The war's over.

GORDON

The war's never goin' to be over.

Willis leans over, whispers in Jess' ear.

WILLIS

I got a bad feeling about Kyle's deployment.

JESS

I've learned to trust your spooky instincts.

(beat)

I don't think your dad has.

Jess takes Willis' hand, squeezes it.

EXT. A SUBURB OF BAGHDAD, IRAQ - MORNING

A lower class neighborhood, scars of war all around. Stray dogs in the street, kids playing near bombed out cars.

A police car bounces down a road, sirens BLARING, past a modest home. Shrapnel marks decorate the home's exterior.

INT. THE HOME

MOSEL, twenties, hurries past his family, shoving morsels of breakfast in his face. A happy, content would-be terrorist.

Mosel's family, Mom, Dad, two younger siblings, bid him farewell.

EXT. THE HOME

Mosel bounds out of his home, cigarette dangling out of his mouth.

On the street Mosel invites himself into a pickup game of soccer with some younger kids, who humor him.

Mosel stops chasing the ball when a mid sized truck pulls up.

Looking around, he carefully stomps out his cigarette and gets in the passenger side.

INT. THE TRUCK

Mosel high fives the driver, FARHOUD, another carefree young man. Another terrorist in training.

Mosel leans into Farhoud, whispers to him.

EXT. A SHIITE MOSQUE, BAGHDAD

The truck pulls up outside the mosque. Worshippers file into the mosque while a funeral procession passes by.

A Team of Marines patrols the neighborhood, stopping to engage the mourners and Mosque goes in conversation.

Mosel and Farhoud exit the truck, go to the rear and open a flap covering the cargo bay. Inside is piled high with white bags, usually used for grain.

As they attend to the truck cargo, the Marine Team leader, Lieutenant Kyle Gordon, approaches Mosel and Farhoud.

Kyle addresses the two men - in English. He points at truck.

KYLE

You're gonna have to move that truck.

Mosel tears open one of the sacks. Grain spills out of the sack, as he points toward the building next to the mosque.

MOSEL

(Broken English)

It's grain for the hotel here.
We'll be gone after we make our delivery.

Kyle is still wary as he watches each young man sling a bag over his shoulder and head toward the building.

He motions to one of his SOLDIERS.

KYLE

Keep an eye on these guys. If they don't come back soon, go after them.

SOLDIER

Will do, Lieutenant Gordon.

Kyle goes to the truck, starts to probe the sacks.

EXT. THE NEIGHBORING BUILDING, AWAY FROM THE STREET

Mosel and Farhoud deposit their sacks outside the door. They look around - is the coast clear?

Then the guys hurry away from the building - put distance between themselves and the mosque.

EXT. CLEAR OF THE MOSQUE

Farhoud removes a trigger device from his blouse, looks at Mosel, who nods OK.

Farhoud presses the trigger.

EXT. THE MOSQUE

The truck EXPLODES - levels the mosque - kills everyone within sight. SCREAMS - debris - homes reduced to rubble.

EXT. DOVER AIR FORCE BASE - EARLY MORNING

It's still dark as a C-17 heavy life transport sets down on the runway. It taxis slowly to a hangar area.

THE HANGAR

The rear cargo hatch swings down. Eight parade dressed Marines appear at the hatch opening, bearing a casket.

The Marines move down the cargo ramp carrying their burden.

The funeral procession passes in front of DCI (Director of the CIA) Brock Gordon, in his old military uniform.

The PRESIDENT and SECRETARY OF STATE are with Gordon.

All salute as the casket moves past.

Gordon's stoic, a soldier til the end. But - looks like he wants to tear off your head, shit down your neck.

PRESIDENT

We're so sorry for your loss.

GORDON

Kyle was a soldier. He was doing his duty.

PRESIDENT

Do you have any details about the attack?

GORDON

Thirty eight people killed. Shiite mosque in the northern suburb of Mosul. The attack was likely part of a strategy to discredit the provincial government and the local security forces. It'll also fuel ethnic and sectarian tensions.

PRESIDENT

This terrorism is destabilizing the entire Middle East.

The President turns to Gordon, delivers an awkward hug, as does the Secretary - then they leave.

Gordon stands there, stares into the hangar at his son's coffin.

AWAY FROM GORDON

The Secretary of State whispers to the President.

SECRETARY

Gordon's really upset. He looks more like a Secretary of War than your DCI. I hope he doesn't go all ballistic.

PRESIDENT

He'll be fine. Let me worry about Gordon.

The two approach a waiting helicopter.

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

A small crowd is gathered around a coffin suspended over a grave. It is covered with the American flag.

A PREACHER stands next to the coffin, delivering the eulogy. Sixties, Afro-American - an older version of his son Jess.

PREACHER

In Matthew, chapter five, it tells us that Jesus went up on a mountainside, sat down, and began to teach the crowd.

THE PREACHER'S POV

Director Gordon and his wife Carol are seated in the front of the gathering, watching the Preacher.

Jess, in his Marine uniform, and Willis stand behind them.

Two Secret Service agents flank the Masters.

PREACHER

What Jesus taught them is known as The Beatitudes. One of them is "Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted." Also "Blessed are the merciful, for they will be shown mercy."

Gordon smirks, doesn't try to hide it.

ON THE PREACHER

PREACHER

Jesus continued to teach the crowd, telling them "You have heard that it was said, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.' But I tell you, do not resist an evil person. If someone strikes you on the right cheek, turn to him the other also. You have heard that it was said, 'Love your neighbor and hate your enemy.' But I tell you: love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you."

The Preacher looks away from the Gordons.

EXT. THE CEMETERY

The Preacher is at the grave site, greeting those who attended as they leave. The Gordon's approach him.

PREACHER
Director Gordon, Misses Gordon.
I'm so sorry about your loss.

GORDON
Reverend Masters. Thank you for
being here today.

PREACHER
Thank you for inviting me. It was
an honor.

GORDON
About the eulogy...

PREACHER
I just wanted to remind us all what
Jesus said about forgiveness.

GORDON
I think I'm more inclined to go
along with Moses, what God told him
after he received the Ten
Commandments. You remember that,
Reverend?

PREACHER
I think so, but...

GORDON
(interrupting)
Anyone who strikes a man and kills
him shall surely be put to death.
That's what the Lord said to Moses.
An eye for an eye, etcetera,
etcetera.

PREACHER
Yes, but all the major religions
teach forgiveness...

Gordon responds to that comment with a blank stare. The two Secret Service men direct the Gordon's toward their car.

Jess and Willis approach the Preacher. Willis seems agitated.

JESS
Thanks for being here dad.

WILLIS

Reverend Masters - dad - that was
the wrong approach for our family.

Willis casts a skeptical look at her father-in-law, leaves.

JESS

Well. That didn't turn out well.

PREACHER

What did you expect given your poor
choice of professions?

Jess looks up, notices Willis as she watches her father
talking to a white-robed man who could be a Saudi prince.

The man, forties, Van Dyke beard, handsome, is Prince Rezi, a
college friend from Brown. Regal, suave, rich.

Jess approaches his wife - stares at her - mocks her.

JESS

Your old college buddy.

(beat)

You were almost wife number five.

Willis casts a nasty look at Jess, heads toward the Prince,
who is accompanied by a giant bodyguard. Jess tags along.

Willis greets the Prince.

WILLIS

Rezi. Thanks for coming.

The Prince shakes Willis' hand, holds on to it a beat.

PRINCE

Wilhelmina. I'm sorry for your
loss.

Jess joins the two of them. Extends his hand to shake.

JESS

Prince Rezi. How's the family.

The Prince smiles at that sarcastic comment. Then he shakes
Jess' hand, turns back to Willis.

PRINCE

If there's anything I can do...

JESS

How about keeping your riffraff out
of our country.

PRINCE
 If you'll keep your military out of
 our countries...

The Prince bows, holds Willis' hand again, smiles at Jess.

PRINCE (CONT'D)
 Wilhelmina, Doctor Masters.

The Prince and bodyguard head toward a Rolls Royce limo.

WILLIS
 (to Jess)
 That's no way to talk to the Saudi
 Ambassador.

Jess looks away, ignores the barb.

INT. AN OFFICE - DAY

Small office. Old metal furniture, pictures of the President
 and the CIA logo. Sophisticated computer monitors.

MANNY ROJAS, forties, well dressed CIA yes man, the do
 anything to get ahead type, is on a secure VoIP phone.

MANNY
 Yes sir. I understand the target.

Manny listens to his caller, responds.

MANNY (CONT'D)
 You know this may require some out-
 of-the-box thinking...

Manny's ears perk up as he continues to listen.

MANNY (CONT'D)
 Yeah, I know about that program.
 We tried it years ago. Never
 amounted to anything concrete...

Manny's weasel-words are interrupted by his caller.

MANNY (CONT'D)
 Yes sir. Got it. I wouldn't give
 up on our more traditional methods -
 stuff we spend billions to develop.

Manny sneers, stares at the handset of his secure phone. He
 fingers the receiver cradle, terminates the call.

He addresses the handset like he's talking to a jilted lover.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Don't worry, that money has been well spent on my bag of tricks.

EXT. IRAQ - DAY

An MQ-9 Reaper drone aircraft slowly carves a zigzag path in the sky above Iraq. Underneath the fuselage, surveillance cameras search the ground below.

MANNY (V.O.)

I got my drone loitering over the battle zone. It can stay up days gathering data. If I'm lucky, I can watch Bin Laden takin' a shit.

EXT. EARTH ORBIT - DAY

A boxcar sized spacecraft arcs through a low Earth orbit. The Middle East can be seen not too far below.

MANNY (V.O.)

I got my Keyhole spacecraft circling the globe just lookin' for trouble. Smile, you mother-fuckers - you're on candid camera!

INT. A CONTROL ROOM - DAY

A dozen or so Army soldiers and civilians huddle around an assortment of electronic recorders. Each soldier wears a head set and takes notes as he listens.

MANNY (V.O.)

I got my service boys and girls listening to cell traffic and tapped phones.

EXT. AN AIRFORCE RUNWAY - NIGHT

An SR-71 spy plane taxis down the runway, and gently lifts off into the night sky, exhaust BOOMING.

MANNY (V.O.)

I got my spy plane to look down on you at night. I can see if some high-and-mighty Imam is sneakin' into his neighbor's tent for a little late night ah, prayer meetin'.

EXT. A BAZAAR - DAY

Customers shuffle about, negotiating with merchants over a few rials. A sneaky looking local collars an older Iraqi and engages him in conversation.

MANNY (V.O.)
I got my Humint - human
intelligence - sources. These guys
can tell me who's makin' it with
who's favorite goat.

EXT. ABOVE THE EARTH - DAY

A satellite with a huge parabolic antenna is parked in a stationary geosynchronous orbit. Periodically, the spacecraft rolls to acquire a new target.

MANNY (V.O.)
I got my Sigint - signal
intelligence - sources. If you
FART out a signal, I'll smell it.

INT. MANNY'S OFFICE

Manny is still holding the phone, smiling.

MANNY
Plus, I always got my Rumint -
rumor intelligence.

Manny slams the phone down onto its cradle.

INT. A GYMNASIUM - DAY

Jess and Manny, wearing loose fitting Gis secured with black belts, tug at each other on a large mat.

Willis, also with black belted Gi, practices Karate moves in the background. She's beating the crap out of a dummy.

CLOSE ON THE MAT

Jess and Manny circle each other, looking for an edge.

On occasion, Manny attempts a throw, but Jess is very adroit at fending off the hold. Jess plays a defensive game.

Off the mat, SENSEI KONISHI, an older Asian-American man, watches the action. He does not look pleased.

KONISHI

Time. Take a break.

Both fighters stop, bow at each other, then leave the mat.

Konishi walks toward Jess, calls to him.

KONISHI (CONT'D)

Jess. I know this is just exercise
for you, but show a little
enthusiasm, a little aggression.

Konishi looks over to Willis hammering the cloth dummy.

KONISHI (CONT'D)

Like your little woman there.

Jess looks at his Sensei as he loosens his belt.

JESS

Yeah, I know Sensei. I want to
win, but I want to do it by showing
my skill, having a better plan.
Like chapter three in my book...

SENSEI KONISHI

I scanned your book. Good in
theory, but sometimes you just
gotta kick ass.

Jess smiles, bows to Konishi, who returns the bow. Jess then
looks up to see Manny approaching.

Manny loosens his Gi as Sensei Konishi departs.

MANNY

Good workout.

JESS

Not according to Konishi. Not
enough aggression.

MANNY

Fuck Konishi.

INT. GYM LOCKER ROOM

Jess and Manny are ready to leave the locker room. Jess is
casually dressed, but Manny sports a tie, business suit.

JESS

Back to the office?

MANNY

Yeah. Got a new assignment.

JESS

New assignment? Shit, I really gotta start pushing my plan.

MANNY

Still workin' on that bogus number crunching approach to terrorism?

JESS

Gonna bury the buggers under a mountain of data.

MANNY

Yeah, whatever.

Jess pauses as Manny heads for the door.

INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM

Jess is in the front of the room, populated by Director Gordon, Manny, plus an audience of aides and hangers-on.

JESS

So, Director Gordon, what I'm trying to do here at the CIA is formulate a unified conceptual model of human insurgency.

The audience squirms, look at each other as Jess continues.

GORDON

And how are you doing that?

JESS

I've looked at over 50,000 attacks in insurgencies and religious wars, starting in about 1969. I've studied the timing and frequency of attacks for patterns, to see if they took place differently.

KIM, twenties, a Halle Berry look alike, speaks up.

KIM

So, Doctor Masters. Did they?

Jess looks at Kim, pauses, likes what he sees.

JESS

They didn't. That is, the probability of attacks followed the same pattern - an exponentially climbing curve determined by the size of the local population that was sympathetic to the insurgents. The attacks weren't random. There were attacks on quiet days, followed by a period of time waiting for response by other groups. The insurgents would post video of the attack on the internet - like showing off.

(beat)

Kim. You're Kim Jones.

KIM

Guilty.

JESS

Miss Jones...

KIM

Kim. How is this model of any use in combating terrorism?

JESS

With it, I hope to test different defensive strategies in the computer, rather than in real life.

Jess clicks on a remote and a slide with a map of the Middle East lights a screen in front of the room.

Jess uses a laser pointer to call attention to the map.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN

Jess clicks again and colored dots materialize on the map.

JESS (V.O.)

This map shows the places in the Middle East that have had terrorist attacks over the last ten years.

Another click and the map rotates, becoming the bottom plane in a three dimensional box-like figure. The third dimension is an axis perpendicular to the map.

Jess points to it.

JESS (V.O.)

This axis shows time, in one year increments, starting from the 9/11 attack on the United States.

The colored circles in the planar view have become spherical in this 3D view, each above the map at various heights.

JESS (V.O.)

The dots are where, on the map, and when, on the time scale, that attacks have occurred.

One more click and the view zooms in on a smaller region.

CONFERENCE ROOM

The conference room door BANGS opens and an AIDE rushes in, goes to Director Gordon, whispers in his ear.

Gordon pauses, looks at the Aide.

GORDON

I'll be there shortly.

The Aide stands by, waiting. But Gordon returns his attention to Jess, who continues.

JESS

The size of the dot indicates the severity of the attack, and the color denotes which group claimed responsibility.

Jess turns to his audience, proud of his visual display.

Gordon stands, addresses Jess.

GORDON

Jess my boy, this is all very interesting, but I don't see how it fits into our planning.

JESS

But, sir, I want to show you how it can be used to investigate different defensive strategies.

Jess turns toward the screen, raises the clicker.

JESS (CONT'D)

For example, the data shows that we need a 15-to-1 troop advantage...

Gordon looks away - calculating.

GORDON

With about 25,000 Taliban troops in Afghanistan, that means we'll need - more than 300,000 NATO forces?

Jess starts to walk back and forth in front of the room.

JESS

This was just an example Director Gordon...

GORDON

An example of how mathematics is of little use in the real world of international relations.

Jess looks anxious, but plunges on.

JESS

In another example, the data shows that providing financial incentives to the local tribal leaders...

GORDON

(interrupting)

Incentives? The United States does not pay off terrorists.

Gordon looks at his entourage, grins - then toward Jess.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I want you to terminate this project. It's wasting valuable resources.

Gordon and entourage head for the door. Kim stays put. Then Gordon turns back to Jess for a final word.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I'll speak to your Branch Chief about finding something more productive for you to work on.

Jess stands, clicker in hand, dejected. He clicks through the remaining portion of his slide show - slowly.

Kim waits while the rest of the crowd filters out.

Manny walks over to Kim, talks to her like she's a young school girl, as the other attendees leave.

MANNY

Were you a bad girl today? Did the teacher make you stay after class?

Kim smiles, turns to leave.

KIM

I'm looking forward to hearing more about your project, Doctor Masters.

Jess and Manny watch Kim leave. Then back to business.

MANNY

So - how did you think the pitch went?

JESS

You saw. Gordon could care less about my statistics.

Jess turns off the projector and they leave the room.

EXT. SAINT JOHN'S COLLEGE, ANNAPOLIS - DAY

The sun has yet to make a full appearance. Just a hint.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Rows of metal-bar bike racks wait patiently for - bikes!

EXT. THE KIOSK

Cars, bikes on top, back, file past the parking lot kiosk.

A banner near the kiosk announces that this is the first ANNAPOLIS TRIATHLON.

Jess' SUV is in the kiosk queue. Inside, the family - Jess, Willis, Erik, Carlyn.

EXT. TRANSITION AREA

Competitors set up their transition area - rack bikes, arrange towels, running shoes, bike bottles.

The majority of these people are disgustingly fit looking, with shaved, zero fat bodies. Mostly sub-forties.

In the TEAM transition area, Erik squeezes into a full length wet suit, dons a colored swim cap, swim goggles.

Jess, dressed for a bike ride, stands by, supervising the operation.

Gordon and two Secret Service men stand outside the roped-off transition area. A concerned mom, Willis, next to them.

Gordon beckons Erik over to him. Other wet suit clad competitors start to head out to the swim start.

Erik goes to his grandad - who bends down, whispers to him.

GORDON

Grandson. Remember - the swim start could be rough. Lots of people trashing about. Don't be afraid to hold your position, swim over people if you have to.

Erik, not shy, holds a fist up, nods an OK to Gordon.

EXT. SEVERN RIVER, BOAT DOCK

Erik stands on the end of the dock, watches other competitors jump into the dark creek.

He looks into the water.

ERIK'S POV

The surface is alive with sea nettles - little jellyfish. They float around, bobbing - waiting.

THE RIVER

Swimmers in the team competition tread water, wait for the starting gun to blast off.

Erik has seated himself at the back of the pack.

The gun sounds - and they're off.

THE BOAT DOCK, LATER

Swimmers fight each other for access to a ladder. Erik finds a spot, climbs out, runs to the transition area.

TRANSITION AREA

Willis, outside the transition area, calls Jess over.

WILLIS

Be careful on the road, especially
going over the draw bridge.

JESS

What? Why?

WILLIS

Just be careful.

Jess nods, returns to prepare for his bike leg.

TRANSITION AREA - LATER

Chaos. Swimmers entering, bikers leaving. All in a hurry.

Erik runs to Jess, on his bike, tags him. Jess takes off.

Erik takes off his wet suit. He looks at his hands, legs,
feet, not protected by the wet suit.

They're covered by little welts - courtesy of the nettles.

EXT. ST. MARGARETS ROAD - DAY

Jess, other bikers - close by, not drafting - race down a
hilly road, head toward the bridge.

EXT. DRAW BRIDGE

Jess moves to the right hand side - so faster bikers can
safely pass him.

Then...

Two bikers - drafting each other - zip past Jess - cut in
front of him. He swerves to avoid a collision.

TRANSITION AREA - LATER

Bikers entering, runners leaving. Jess comes in to the Team
area, tags Carlyn - who takes off in a rush.

EXT. THE FINISH LINE

Carlyn sprints, just beats out an older male competitor. She
slows to a walk, works out the soreness.

In all, some 300 competitors cross, sprinting, jogging, walking. In the adjacent press area, the winners and some famous competitors are being interviewed before TV cameras.

TRANSITION AREA - LATER

Jess, at the bike rack, stuffs soiled racing apparel into a backpack. Carlyn sits there, gulps Gatorade.

Erik is closer to the swim exit, rubbing meat tenderizer on his sea nettle bites.

PARKING LOT

Jess and his team head toward their SUV, Gordon and his Secret Service henchmen side-by-side. Jess turns to Gordon.

JESS

I feel it gives the family some together time - and keeps the competitive spirit alive.

GORDON

Why don't you stay for the awards presentation?

JESS

It's not about winning - it's about pushing yourself.

GORDON

It's always about winning.

Jess looks down, shakes his head.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Paint ball would be better for the kids. More fun.

JESS

They get enough of that kind of stuff on their computers.

Gordon stops, grabs Jess' arm to stop him.

GORDON

Say. I got an idea. I'll take the kids to the shooting range next time I go.

No reaction from Jess.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY - DAY

Establishing shot of the famous spy complex.

INT. MANNY'S CIA OFFICE

Manny sifts through reams of photographs, sometimes stops on one and examines it more closely with a magnifying glass.

He creates two piles of photos.

LATER

Manny studies the large flat panel monitor screen on his desk, clicks the mouse to page through data.

Aerial photos of desert terrain blink off and on the screen.

Manny looks up from the screen, clearly frustrated. He walks to his window, peeks through the shades.

Manny's secure phone rings. He returns to his desk, answers.

INT. GORDON'S OFFICE

Nice office - spacious, expensive wooden furniture - fit for the big cheese.

DCI Gordon is on his secure phone.

GORDON

How's our project going Rojas?

INTERCUT - GORDON AND MANNY ON THEIR PHONES

MANNY

Not good sir. Can't get a line on our - target.

GORDON

Have I selected the wrong man for this effort Rojas?

MANNY

No - no, sir. I've used all our assets to find the target, but so far, no luck.

GORDON

Well. I've got one you didn't have access to. Come up to my office this afternoon, about three.

MANNY

Yes sir. I'll be there.

Gordon and Manny hang up their phones.

EXT. A SUBURB OF BAGHDAD, IRAQ - DAY

Mosel's humble home, as seen in the opening scene.

INT. MOSEL'S HOME

Mosel's father delivers a stern lecture to his two younger children, as Mosel sits by, listens.

Mosel's mom, in the kitchen, prepares a meal.

All look up as a WHISTLING catches their ears. They're not sure what the sound implies - but it can't be good.

EXT. THE SKY ABOVE THE SUBURB

The down swept V-tail and pusher prop of a Predator Drone come into view - four Hellfire rockets under its wings.

The plane zooms down on Mosel's home - launches two rockets.

EXT. MOSEL'S HOME

The rockets TEAR through the house - vaporize it - and anybody unlucky enough to be there.

THE SKY ABOVE THE SUBURBS

The Predator turns - circles back to Mosel's - launches the other rockets at his neighbors.

Nearby homes are leveled. Nothing left but a crater.

EXT. A FIELD, BAGHDAD, IRAQ - DAY

Farhoud and several of his friends kick a soccer ball around the dusty field. They laugh, jostle each other.

Suddenly, their attention is drawn to the edge of the field as a large black SUV approaches them at high speed.

All the young men take off in the opposite direction.

The SUV approaches the fleeing players - machine gun fire bursts out of the vehicle - sprays the area.

Almost all of the young men are down. Including Farhoud.

One man has escaped the attack. The SUV stops but... does not follow in pursuit. The young man disappears from sight.

In the aftermath pools of blood seep into the sandy soil. Bodies, some still moving, litter the area.

A man exits the SUV - walks from body to body - deliberately puts a bullet into the head of anyone still alive.

INT. JESS' HOME, PATIO - NIGHT

Jess and Willis share cocktails on the back yard patio. Family chit-chat, how-was-your-day kind of stuff.

Then - Willis notices something on the patio concrete - bird droppings. She walks to the nearest pile, kicks at it.

Willis kicks, mumbles, swears as Jess watches - perplexed.

JESS

Dear. What are you doing?

WILLIS

Damn birds! They shit all over our patio. Can't get rid of 'em.

JESS

Take it easy. This is not the end of the world.

Willis sets down her cocktail, stands, picks up the hose coiled on the patio.

She turns on the hose, uses it to flush away the do-do.

Jess looks up to the roof of the house, nods that way.

JESS (CONT'D)

We had spikes installed on the roof. We put screen around places where they nest.

Willis stows the hose, removes a golf ball from a small bucket with a variety of well-used balls.

She throws it up on the roof, scattering the cooing pigeons.

Willis collects the ball as it tumbles off the roof, returns it to the bucket. She turns, challenges Jess.

WILLIS

So, you're the genius - find a way to get rid of these turd droppers!

JESS

They're just God's little children, doing their thing.

WILLIS

You gotta help me deal with this.

JESS

I'll bring the full weight of your federal government to bear on the issue.

Willis looks sideways at her hubby at this comment.

WILLIS

I can do without the sarcasm.

Willis motions for them to go inside.

INT. JESS' HOME

Jess and Willis are in the kitchen, sipping their cocktails. Jess looks at Willis with a concerned expression.

JESS

I don't know why you let this bird stuff get you so upset.

WILLIS

It wasn't just the pigeons...

JESS

What else?

Willis looks out the window, ignores her hubby. She closes her eyes, zones out.

WILLIS

And now you're concerned about your work. You think no one sees any value in your numbers project.

Then she comes out of it. Jess shakes his head.

JESS

You could always read me, get into my head. It's spooky.

WILLIS

It's nothing. A lot of couples who have been together for years seem to have this kinda - empathy.

JESS

Not like that.

(beat)

More like at the triathlon, when you warned me...

Just then Gordon enters the kitchen. He sets down his cocktail, hugs Willis and gives Jess a friendly back slap.

GORDON

How's my little girl?

Willis nods, shakes her head OK.

JESS

Willis is a little out of sorts.

WILLIS

I'm fine. Don't worry about me.

Gordon takes a sip from his drink, gets serious with Jess.

GORDON

Jess - I want a private moment with my daughter.

JESS

Yes sir.

Jess leaves the kitchen - but lingers just outside the room. He hovers, strains to hear the conversation.

GORDON

You did a good thing today. Don't let it get you down.

WILLIS

Easy for you to say.

GORDON

You have a gift. You need to find a way to deal with the aftermath without falling apart.

Just outside the kitchen Jess wears a puzzled expression - what was that all about?

EXT. A DESERT LANDSCAPE - DAY

The view skims over barren sand dunes, then over rooftops in an old desert village. A gentle turn, then back over the village, back and forth.

Searching.

INT. A CONTROL ROOM

Pulling back, the view of the desert is actually on a TV monitor, in a dimly lit room.

Pulling back more, the monitor is mounted in a rack, along with other electronic equipment.

Seated at the rack is an AIR FORCE PILOT. He mans controls like those in an aircraft cockpit, watches the TV monitor.

THE CONTROL ROOM

A handful of other military personnel stand behind the Pilot, watch him fly the drone.

A SENIOR OFFICER points to the monitor at a large isolated house. A black SUV and a Mercedes limo sit beside the house.

SENIOR OFFICER
There! That looks like it.

PILOT
I'll make another pass to confirm.

CLOSE ON THE MONITOR SCREEN

The view sweeps back over the desert.

Pulling back, the view is now on a different monitor in a different small room.

INT. THE DIFFERENT SMALL ROOM

Old, dingy stucco room. A painting of a Muslim cleric covers some of the cracks on the wall.

Seated in front of this monitor is a young bearded man, ASID.

When the view on the monitor returns to the large isolated house a second time, Asid picks up a cell phone.

EXT. THE LARGE HOUSE

About a dozen desert garbed men scurry from the house - jump in the SUV and Mercedes - peel out. Heading for safety.

THE CONTROL ROOM

The assembled military men look up from the video monitor, now showing the departing men, then at each other, stunned.

SENIOR OFFICER

What just happened?

PILOT

These guys have the ability to pick up the video transmission from the drone. You can get a software program called SkyGrabber from the internet for about 26 bucks. The video, unlike the command and control, is not encrypted.

ANOTHER OFFICER

If they get into the C and C, we're so fuckakated.

The soldiers watch the monitor as the remote drone loiters, not sure what to do.

EXT. A FARM HOUSE

Asid exits his house, greets several family members tending to a herd of sheep. He picks up a bucket and joins them.

EXT. A BAZAAR

Asid leads two sheep into the bazaar. Vendors greet him, congratulate him. He shares a few laughs with the vendors, then he raises his arms, proud.

ASID

Allah is great.

The vendors and shoppers cheer, celebrate.

INT. MANNY'S OFFICE - DAY

Manny checks out two piles of photos on his desk. He gathers them up - throws them in a safe - slams it - spins the dial.

He turns off his computer - storms out of his office.

EXT. A HALLWAY - LATER

Manny talks to a young CIA AGENT outside an open door. Through the door, video monitoring equipment can be seen.

The Agent hands Manny several pages of note paper.

CLOSE ON THE PAGES

A crude hand drawn sketch - of the bazaar Asid visited. On the next page, a hand drawn map.

ON MANNY

Manny nods to the Agent, walks away with the data.

INT. THE DRONE VIDEO SCREEN - DAY

Desert dunes undulate as the drone passes over them. Then a village - and Asid's bazaar.

The view wavers from side to side as the drone loiters. Asid and family members lead a herd of sheep to the bazaar.

Again, the family is greeted with joy, celebration.

The view steadies, moves closer.

Then - a white, silent flash. When the screen clears, the bazaar, and almost all in it, is laid to waste.

A lone sheep escapes the carnage.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - MORNING

Beautiful Spring day in Virginia. No pigeons, just little songbirds populate the oaks hiding the familiar building.

CLOSE ON THE ENTRANCE

Spies, scientists and support personnel cross the CIA logo embedded on the marble floor. Jess follows the crowd in.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS

Jess greets the Marine security guard at the front counter, shows him his badge, then passes through the turnstile.

INT. JESS'S OFFICE

Jess is at his desk in an office identical to Manny's. Same CIA logo on the wall, computer monitors on the desk.

Jess has a photo of his family on prominent display. And a wedding photo of Jess and Willis with Brock and Mrs. Gordon.

Jess studies his large flat screen monitor.

CLOSE ON THE MONITOR

It shows a photo of the crater where Mosel's house had been.

RETURN TO SCENE - JESS'S OFFICE

Jess clicks the mouse and a new photo lights up the screen - the field where Farhoud and his friends were gunned down.

Bodies covered with blankets. Dried blood on the sand.

Next picture - what's left of Asid's bazaar.

Manny enters, breaks Jess's concentration. He plops in a chair, makes himself comfortable.

MANNY

Willis still upset?

JESS

Yeah, guess so. Don't know why.

(beat)

Say - you have access to advanced surveillance methods. What can you tell me about my psycho, ah, psychic wife?

MANNY

Well, she just shot eighty five and took two hundred bucks off her buddies. And you and the little woman are having some issues over a certain type of airborne rat.

Jess reacts in disbelief, shakes his head. Manny picks up a ruler that was resting on Jess's desk.

JESS

That's, like, impressive. So, what's with your new assignment?

MANNY

It ain't computer hackin' anymore. And it's probably of more use than that pie-in-the-sky dribble coming from your Science and Technology Division.

Manny plays with the ruler, barely paying attention.

JESS

Thanks to my daddy-in-law I have to put that dribble aside. But...

Jess rotates the flat screen so Manny can see it.

JESS (CONT'D)

There were two attacks in Iraq that resulted in civilian casualties. In at least one case, it appeared that U.S. assets were involved - according to observers.

Manny picks up a paperclip - tosses it in the air - WHACKS it with the ruler, like hitting a baseball.

JESS (CONT'D)

I am boring you?

MANNY

Well, shit, Jess, you know you can't rely on eye witnesses, especially locals.

Jess rotates the monitor back to his view.

JESS

I'm gonna see if these attacks fit my insurgency database.

MANNY

Jesus, Jess. Gordon'll cut you a new asshole if he finds you playin' with that stuff - after he told you to drop it.

JESS

You'll sing a different tune when I'm awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

And Manny is off, leaves Jess scratching his head.

EXT. JESS' HOME - DAY

Jess walks through the house, out to the back patio carrying a large cage. He sets it down, looks over the back yard.

THE BACK YARD

Willis stares at the cage, as Jess makes adjustments. Jess opens a trap door on one end, sprinkles bird seed in.

JESS

So, here's the plan. You disable the trap door, let them get used to the cage for a few days. Then - whammo - you set and spring your not-so-tender trap!

WILLIS

What am I supposed to do with a dozen pissed off pigeons inside this stupid cage?

Jess walks to the trap, examines it. Then looks at Willis.

JESS

You take your guests to the local Animal Shelter. Come home, repeat.

WILLIS

What do they do with these eatin' shittin' and fuckin' machines?

JESS

They release them in the country.

WILLIS

Well, that's a welcome change from your fake owl, peaceful approach. But I got a better plan for their - relocation.

Willis picks up the cage and walks to a back yard pool.
Then throws the cage into the pool.

WILLIS (CONT'D)
Bye bye birdie.

Willis and Jess watch the cage sink to the bottom of the pool.

INT. A MODEST APARTMENT - DAY

JOE BONDS, twenties, bends over a cheap Formica kitchen table studying a map. Joe looks scruffy and needs a shave.

He stands, looks around his digs - it's not gonna be on HGTV.

The map has blue, orange, green, yellow and red lines crisscrossing the page. Names like Crystal City and Pentagon City, in small type, can be identified on the map.

It's the Washington Metro commuter rail system.

Joe folds the map and stows it in his pants pocket.

INT. AN ELECTRONICS STORE

Joe searches through a collection of prepaid cell phones. He selects a phone and heads to a checkout stand.

EXT. THE CRYSTAL CITY METRO ENTRANCE - DAY

Joe is across the street from the terminal entrance.

He holds a counting device in his right hand and clicks it with his thumb as each commuter enters the terminal.

INT. A METRO STATION.

Joe lingers in the station as people board a train. When the loading dock is empty, he takes photos of the train with a small digital camera.

INT. A RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Joe is seated with two men in their forties. Beards, Middle Eastern complexion. Guys you don't want with your daughter.

The three talk in muted tones, frequently look around.

EXT. A METRO STATION.

Joe is on the loading dock, against a wall looking across at a train, just unloading. He holds a small device against the wall and a weak laser beam reaches out to the train.

Joe looks at the device and notes the distance measured in a small note pad. He waits until all the commuters have left, then walks to the train and looks under it, to the rails.

INT. A CAVE

An enormous underground cavern, like a hidden city. A sea of tents, vehicles, armament - and big guns, rocket launchers.

Desert dressed men move about - with automatic weapons. Women and children scurry around in the background.

About a dozen of the men encircle a tall, BEARDED MAN. He seems to be preparing for a speech, reviewing notes.

In front of the Bearded Man another man sets up a video camera on a tripod, arranges spotlights.

The Bearded Man puts aside his notes and sits on a stool located so a wall of the cave is behind him.

The cameraman nods to him and turns on his camera.

The Bearded Man looks toward the camera and starts his speech - in English with a hint of a Boston accent.

BEARDED MAN

The United States and it's allies must leave the Middle East. You have tried to infect us with your way of life far too long. You have destroyed our cities and killed our people. You have mocked our religion and invaded sovereign countries without justification.

The Bearded Man pauses to lift an AK-47 rifle onto his lap.

BEARDED MAN (CONT'D)

Now you have destroyed a family and leveled a bazaar, killing hundreds of innocent citizens. These were not acts of war - they were acts of terror.

The speaker playfully aims the rifle at the camera.

BEARDED MAN (CONT'D)
These acts will not go unpunished.
One of your major American cities
will suffer Allah's wrath.

INT. JESS' OFFICE - DAY

Jess is watching a news report on his office flat screen TV showing the Bearded Man's threat.

ON THE TV

The Bearded Man continues his tirade.

BEARDED MAN
(On TV)
We will fight terror with terror.

The screen goes blank.

RETURN TO SCENE - JESS' OFFICE

Jess turns off the TV, but he looks - pleased.

Manny knocks on Jess' office door, pauses, then enters.

MANNY
Mornin' professor. You called?

Manny seats himself, starts to play with a paperweight on Jess' desk.

Jess goes to his desk and rotates the computer monitor.

On screen - a picture of the United States with colored dots - like the one Jess showed to Gordon in his presentation.

JESS
Yes I did.

Manny repositions himself so he can see the monitor.

JESS (CONT'D)
I used my data base to identify
potential targets...

Jess points to the map on the monitor.

MANNY
...for the attack promised by that
bearded yahoo on the internet.

Jess leans forward, about to tone down the expectations.

JESS

Kind of. This is not an exact science, just educated guesses.

MANNY

What's that mean?

JESS

I've selected eight locations that have a high probability of being the target. I recommend you consider all of these - check surveillance camera data and any other intelligence you can get your hands on.

Manny rotates the flat screen so he can have a better view.

JESS (CONT'D)

One of the possibilities is the Washington Metro.

This gets Manny's attention.

INT. JOE BOND'S APARTMENT - DAY

Joe works in his kitchen, maps and photos of the Washington Metro scattered carelessly on the table.

The front door BURSTS open - a SWAT team storms in, weapons drawn. They seize Joe and drag him away.

INT. A WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The SWAT team invades the warehouse as three young men scatter for cover.

Munitions and electronic gear are uncovered, along with maps of the Metro.

INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - DAY

Director Gordon relaxes behind his desk. Jess and Manny sit in front of him.

GORDON

The President would like to thank you both for your participation.

JESS

Do you think she'd be interested in a story about how I'm trying to stop the bombings in the Middle East using statistics?

WILLIS

You think that's a good idea? Isn't that stuff classified?

JESS

I could clean it up, sanitize it. She could say it came from "reliable sources" who didn't want to be identified.

WILLIS

You could get your tit in a wringer. They could trace her to me - then to you.

Another swig of his cocktail spurs Jess on.

JESS

I think I can work around that.

WILLIS

How about your next poly? When they ask if you've ever removed classified material from a closed area?

JESS

The data itself isn't classified. It's available in open sources.

(beat)

Anyway, my update isn't for three years.

Willis shakes her head, walks away with her drink. Jess, now a little looped, yells after her.

JESS (CONT'D)

I'm tired of being ignored.

Jess holds up his glass, smiles to himself, pleased.

INT. AN OFFICE - DAY

Jess is at his desk, attention focused on a flat screen monitor on the L-shaped Return of his desk.

Kim knocks on his open office door, enters, breaks his concentration. He doesn't seem to mind.

JESS

Kim. Nice to see you.

KIM

Doctor Masters...

JESS

Please. I'll call you Kim, you call me Jess.

KIM

Jess. Given your non-violent approach to terrorism, is that short for Jesus?

JESS

Ah, bless you my child. But, no. Just plain old Jess.

(beat)

So, what's up? Take an interest in my mathematical approach?

Jess motions to a chair in front of his desk.

Kim sits and adjusts her short skirt so her long shapely legs are on prominent display.

KIM

You know I work for Mister Rojas, but he's been busy lately on something that I'm not cleared for. Perhaps I could help you wage your virtual war. Mister Rojas told me if you have a charge number and want my help, I'm yours.

JESS

You were at the meeting when the DCI told me my data mining project was over.

KIM

Yes. I remember.

Kim stands, prepares to leave Jess' office.

JESS

But - wait, there's more. I am working on something that is related to that effort. I could use your help on that.

Kim sits back down, returns her attention to Jess.

KIM
Maybe you could bring me up to
date.

Jess picks up a remote control resting on his desk and turns on a large flat screen TV on the wall.

He then uses another remote to activate a VCR.

CLOSE ON THE FLAT SCREEN

An overhead view of Asid's bazaar, before the attack, lights up the screen. Vendors fuss about hocking their wares.

JESS (V.O.)
This footage is from an overhead
asset.

Toward the outer edge of the view Asid and his family and herd enters the scene - unidentifiable in this overhead shot.

JESS (V.O.)
Everything seemed normal until this
group showed up.

KIM (V.O.)
It's just a goat herder.

Then the bazaar evaporates in one blinding flash.

KIM (V.O.)
Jesus!

JESS (V.O.)
Exactly.

KIM (V.O.)
What could do that?

JESS (V.O.)
And why? And who?

The bazaar scene continues to unfold. A few people on the edge of the destruction seemed to have survived, crawl as the smoke and dust clears.

RETURN TO SCENE - JESS' OFFICE

Jess turns off the TV and faces Kim.

JESS

My - our - new assignment is to answer those questions. This is the second attack in just a few weeks that we don't understand.

Jess stands and returns to the safety of his desk.

JESS (CONT'D)

These two attacks are actually serendipitous...

KIM

Serendipitous?

Kim's getting into the spirit of the challenge.

JESS

It means there's something of value here that you didn't expect.

KIM

I know what it means.

JESS

Yes - of course you do. What I mean is that we can use my terror data base to study these attacks. Kill two birds with one stone.

Jess stands, walks to a window - it's covered by a blind so prying eyes can't see in.

KIM

I don't know. Sounds like a wild goose chase - speaking of birds.

Jess returns to his desk, leans his butt against its front edge in front of Kim.

JESS

So - how can you help?

KIM

Well, my undergraduate degree was in meteorology...

JESS

(interrupting)

Yeah. I can see you as one of those cute little girls who point at weather maps on the TV, telling us about high pressure areas.

KIM
Really, now.

JESS
Sorry. Go on.

KIM
My Masters thesis involved reviewing years of data on violent weather to look for trends. That's very similar to what you were doing on Jess' War...

JESS
Jess' War?

KIM
That's what Mister Rojas calls it.
(beat)
...and that background could be helpful in your new effort.

Jess grins, shakes his head.

JESS
If we don't find out what's goin' on here soon it could affect the course of the war on terror.
(beat)
There's a chance that Allied assets were used in these attacks, but it's not just "friendly fire."

Kim smiles. She's in.

EXT. A MOUNTAIN REGION OF AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT

A squad of American soldiers hunkered down on the side of a mountain exchange small arms fire with an enemy.

A SECOND LIEUTENANT crouches behind a huge boulder, talking - abrupt, anxious - on a remote phone.

SECOND LIEUTENANT
(phone)
Yes sir, about ten of 'em. Came out of nowhere, jumped us.

INT. A COMMAND CENTER

A SENIOR OFFICER is on a field phone. Other officers scurry about the makeshift center, trying to look busy.

SENIOR OFFICER
(phone)
Yeah, hold your position. I'll
call in an air strike.

The Officer hangs up the phone - pauses - heads toward a small office at the far end of the Command Center.

INT. THE OFFICE

The Senior Officer enters the office, comes to attention in front of a desk occupied by a COMMANDING OFFICER.

The Commander looks up from his desk. Then back down.

COMMANDING OFFICER
At ease. What's on your mind Bob?

SENIOR OFFICER
Sir, squad nine is pinned down in the hills south of the supply road. I called in air support.

COMMANDING OFFICER
Fine. Dismissed.

But the Senior Officer doesn't leave. Something more is on his mind. The Commanding Officer looks up at him.

COMMANDING OFFICER (CONT'D)
Something more on your mind Bob?

SENIOR OFFICER
Yes sir. Sounds like my guys are under attack by the same group that's been hitting at us for the last few months. They seem to come out of nowhere, hit and run. Our intel tells us they move around in the hills, cave to cave, don't stay in one place. We gotta clean out these guys - but we can't find 'em.

The Commanding Officer studies his underling, thinks.

COMMANDING OFFICER
I hear ya. I'll see if I can call in a favor. I got this old buddy, he's King Shit now, and he owes me.

The Commander then returns to the notes on his desk.

COMMANDING OFFICER (CONT'D)
Dismissed.

The Senior Officer salutes, pivots and leaves.

INT. A CONTROL ROOM

The young CIA Agent is seated in the room, monitoring TV recording equipment. Nose glued to a screen.

He looks up when Manny enters, then toward a camera mounted on his side of the one-way mirror.

Manny leans over the Agent, checks a monitor screen.

CIA AGENT
This is so cool - sir. I've read about this but never witnessed it.

MANNY
The Agency tried it and other goofy paranormal approaches years ago to locate terrorists. The effort was a major failure, but a few of the participants actually had limited success. Our friend in there...

Manny points toward the one-way mirror.

MANNY (CONT'D)
...seems to have the skill.

Manny turns and leaves the room. Kim waits in the hall.

THE HALLWAY

Manny walks down the hallway toward a door with a cipher lock. He keys in the code, opens it and enters a room.

INT. VIEWER'S ROOM

The room is dimly lit, empty except for a small table and chair in the middle and a mirrored wall at one end.

There is a photo of the President on the wall.

A VIEWER, seen from the rear, wears a hoodie and sits at the table. A note pad and pencil are on the table.

An IV bottle hangs from a stand next to the table. A tube leads from the bottle to a needle in the Viewer's arm.

Manny approaches the Viewer. He leans over, looks at the Viewer's face, as if checking the Viewer's condition.

Manny sets down an aerial photo of the mountain region where the ambush of the Army patrol took place.

MANNY

This is your target. Start here
and work backwards.

Manny goes to the door (no cipher on this side) and exits into the hallway.

THE HALLWAY

Manny walks down the hall in the direction of the mirrored wall in the Viewer's room and enters the control room.

THE CONTROL ROOM

Manny addresses the Agent.

MANNY

Call me if anything happens.

Through the one-way glass, the Viewer can be seen looking down to the table, hoodie hiding the face.

VIEWER'S ROOM

The mountain ambush photo sits in the middle of the table.

ON THE VIEWER, FROM BEHIND

The Viewer looks up, toward the mirrored wall.

VIEWER'S POV

The mirrored wall slowly dissolves into a panoramic view of the mountain firefight between U.S. soldiers and insurgents.

Even though its night time, the battle can be seen clearly.

Time backs up - the attackers take positions in the hills prior to their attack.

Time continues to rewind - the insurgents leave their cave as the sun sets in the background.

An image of the cave entrance materializes. Then through the side of the mountain as if it's not there.

Inside - a huge underground cavern. Weapons, vehicles and personnel are scanned and recorded by the Viewer.

The Viewer, still unidentifiable, starts to sketch, but very deliberately, as if in a drug-induced trance.

LATER, CLOSE ON THE TABLE

Off to the side - a hand drawn map on a sheet from the pad.

Then...the Viewer draws a crude sketch of the mountain side.

LATER

The Viewer cleans up the mountain sketch, adds details to the map.

VIEWER'S POV

The Viewer looks toward the wall, now showing a blurry vision of the cave exterior during day time, sun high overhead.

The vision penetrates the cave wall to go inside.

The view morphs from a cloudy vision to a clear, real-time view of the cave, where inhabitants - women and soldiers - go about their morning rituals.

Children run around, playing terrorists and soldiers.

Then the cave EXPLODES - a pained SHOUT fills the room.

VIEWER
No! No! No!

THE HALLWAY

The ciphered door bursts open - the Viewer lurches out - hoodie pulled down - IV in her arm - dragging the IV bag.

It's Willis. Distraught - terrified - confused.

The young CIA Agent runs into the hall to check on Willis. He stands aside, not sure what to do.

Willis collapses against the wall, slides down to sit on the floor. The CIA Agent hurries back into the control room.

THE HALLWAY, LATER

Director Gordon approaches Willis, still on the floor, head down, head in her hands.

He gathers her up, hugs her.

GORDON
There, there.

Willis relaxes against her father, still sobbing.

WILLIS
It was terrible. So many innocent women and children...

GORDON
Remember what I told you about collateral damage...

Willis collects herself, separates from Gordon.

WILLIS
I can't do this anymore.

GORDON
You can and you will. Remember what they did to your brother.

Gordon hold Willis by her shoulders, looks her in the eyes.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Get a grip on yourself. Clean yourself up. Go home.
(beat)
I have to get back to work.

Gordon turns to leave. But he stops, looks into her room.

VIEWER'S ROOM

Gordon enters the room, gathers the notes that Willis made.

Manny enters the room, sees Gordon with the notes. Looks over his shoulder.

MANNY
Afghanistan.

GORDON
At least it's not Pakistan or Iran.
(beat)
Or Saudi Arabia - God forbid.

MANNY

Why? Because their suppose to be our friends? Because your daughter went to college with the Saudi Ambassador?

GORDON

No dipshit - because soon there will be millions of visitors crowding into the holy city of Mecca - in Saudi Arabia - on their yearly pilgrimage.

MANNY

Shit - sir - we wouldn't be anywhere near that.

Gordon hands the notes to Manny, heads out.

INT. JESS' OFFICE - DAY

Jess is reviewing data on his computer monitor, quickly flipping through pages and pages. He looks tense, uncertain.

He takes a break, stands and goes to the window, peeks through the blinds.

JESS'S POV

He squints to watch as a car leaves the multi-level parking garage next to his building - a dark colored SUV.

And it's in a hurry.

RETURN TO SCENE - JESS' OFFICE

Jess rushes to his desk, opens a new window on his monitor.

Jess enters a web site that allows tracking of the location of a cell phone. He types a phone number on a query box.

EXT. AN AIRFIELD - DAY

An F-22 Raptor stealth fighter jet rests on the tarmac. Two JDAM smart bombs are wheeled out to the aircraft.

The bombs are loaded into a bay in the fuselage, under the wings.

LATER

The Raptor takes off, ROARING into the air.

EXT. 50,000 FEET

The F-22 cruises at over Mach one.

EXT. A MOUNTAIN SIDE, AFGHANISTAN

A massive boulder hides the opening to a large cave.

INT. THE CAVE

The cave opens into a huge underground cavern. Taliban soldiers move about, illuminated by makeshift lamps.

Older children chase each other, ducking in and out of the shadows.

Women, protected by their ever-present burkas, keep an eye on the kids.

Inside, the cavern is enormous - it houses enough people to populate a small village.

It's the same cave seen when the Bearded Man recorded his threat to the U.S.

INT. THE F-22 COCKPIT

The pilot checks the coordinates on Willis' hand drawn map, keys them into a computer.

EXT. THE F-22

One bomb drops from the bay in the fuselage. It jets off, as if it knows where it is going.

ABOVE THE CAVE

The bomb zeros in on the hidden cave entrance.

INT. THE F-22

A video display sees what the bomb is seeing as it dives.

EXT. THE CAVE

The bomb hits near the cave entrance - a ROAR echoes through the once silent landscape - causes a massive landslide.

LATER

Soldiers take positions outside the cave, but - no enemy troops appear to confront them.

They sneak up to the cave entrance. Reconnoiter. Go in.

INT. THE CAVE

Mostly collapsed - no sign of previous enemy occupation.

INT. THE FIELD COMMAND CENTER - DAY

The Senior Officer is on the phone - not happy - looks up at his Commanding Officer. Hangs up the phone.

He hangs his head, shakes it - the mission is a failure.

The two soldiers stare at each other. Now what?

EXT. A GOLF COURSE - DAY

Gordon and Jess drive up to the second tee box in a golf cart. They exit the cart, prepare to hit.

Then two more carts - Secret Service and playing partners.

As Gordon takes practice swings at the tee box, another golf cart hurries to the tee. A Marine gets out, sees Gordon.

Gordon notices the soldier, pauses his preparation.

The Marine salutes, leans over, whispers something in Gordon's ear. Gordon smirks, returns the salute.

The Marine departs as Gordon returns to the tee, Big Bertha driver in hand. He places a ball on the tee.

Gordon addresses the ball, takes a huge back swing and BLASTS the ball almost three hundred yards down the fairway.

JESS

Bad news?

Gordon to Jess - no response. Just The Look.

EXT. FAIRWAY - DAY

Jess addresses his ball. To his left - a grove of trees. Ahead - a clean lay-up shot to the green.

Jess sets up for the lay-up. However, if he tries to hit over the trees he could land on the green. Cut one shot.

Jess stands over the ball, wiggles his club back and forth - like he's a pro in a tournament.

Gordon approaches Jess.

GORDON

Jess. What are you doin'?

JESS

Lay-up. Be on the green in three.

Gordon points toward the trees.

GORDON

If you go over the trees you'll be on the green in two.

JESS

Too risky.

GORDON

Always playin' it safe.

JESS

The risk is not worth the reward.

Jess swings, hits - and lands in a deep sand trap just off the green. He bangs his club down, disgusted.

Gordon giggles. Walks to Jess, slaps him on the back.

GORDON

Jess, my boy. Sometimes it's good to take the risk.

Jess looks at Gordon, doesn't respond. That tells the story.

INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - DAY

Director Gordon is seated at his desk, signing papers. He looks up briefly at Jess and Kim, sitting in front of him.

Gordon ignores his guests, returns his attention to his desk.

Finally, he's let them wait long enough.

GORDON

Miss Jones, Jess. I hope your new assignment - whatever it is - will be more fruitful than your last.

Gordon locates a remote, turns it on, directs his guest's attention to a wall mounted screen.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Jess - you've shown me slides of your research, now I'd like to show you the results of my research.

Gordon looks toward the screen as he lectures. He seems quite proud of himself.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN

A video clip of a forty-ish woman wearing a flack jacket interviewing a soldier starts to play.

GORDON (V.O.)

Do you know this woman, Jess?

JESS (V.O.)

She does look familiar, sir.

GORDON (V.O.)

This is Grace Kroupa, a reporter for USA Today.

RETURN TO SCENE - GORDON'S OFFICE

Jess looks a little uncomfortable. Kim looks confused.

GORDON

She knows your wife - my daughter.

JESS

Willis?

Gordon clicks the remote and the clip stops. It is replaced by a slide of a newspaper story, complete with photos.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN

The headline of the story proclaims "The Science of Insurgency Can Shape Strategy." The story text follows.

GORDON (V.O.)
This is a galley proof of a story
written by the Kroupa woman that
will run in the USA Today
newspaper.

RETURN TO SCENE - GORDON'S OFFICE

Jess looks a little befuddled. Then he recovers quickly.

JESS
That's my research.

GORDON
How did she get it - Jess?

Jess shrugs, looks at the screen, reads for a beat.

JESS
There's nothing classified there.

Gordon stands.

GORDON
Who knows how many deaths this leak
could cause. When I find out who
was responsible - and I will - I
will eviscerate that person. Now,
if you'll excuse me...

Gordon stands. Time for Jess and Kim to go.

INT. JESS' SPORTS CAR - DAY

Jess drives, Kim's shotgun. His hands squeeze the wheel.

KIM
What the hell was that about?

Jess glances out his window, tries to ignore the question.

JESS
I guess someone leaked the data.

KIM
Someone?

They drive past a park. Kim sees an open parking stall.

KIM (CONT'D)
Pull into that spot. Relax.

Jess follows Kim's suggestion.

Jess parks, turns off the ignition. In front of them a pickup basketball game is in progress.

JESS

I've been going over our terror database after adding the latest event - the destruction of a cave that was empty. And why?

(beat)

It also doesn't fit the data. Just like the other attacks - the two we reviewed - don't fit the data.

Jess checks out the basketball game. Young males, white and Afro-American, beating the crap out of each other.

JESS (CONT'D)

I played in high school. Tried out at the Academy - had the skill level but not the necessary, ah, enthusiasm.

Kim tries to stay on point.

KIM

Maybe it's time to forget about your database.

On the basketball court, a PLAYER executes a tricky cross over dribble on a fast break - zips past a DEFENDER - lays up the ball.

After, Jess can hear the court trash talk.

PLAYER

In your face!

DEFENDER

Fuck off!

Kim calls Jess back to the real world.

KIM

They don't fit the data?

Jess continues to watch the basketball game.

JESS

Especially the cave bombing. We're the only ones that have that kind of fire power.

(MORE)

JESS (CONT'D)

The attacks that came after the mosque happened too soon to fit our other data.

On the court the Defender fakes out the Player - sprints for the basket - receives a lob pass - dunks the ball.

DEFENDER

Payback's a bitch!

Watching the court action, Jess tilts his head, shakes a finger at the player. An epiphany?

Kim sees Jess' reaction. Time to put on the brakes.

KIM

Look at it this way. It was the bad guys who got hit. And... no recent terror attacks against us.

JESS

There is that.

KIM

Your daddy-in-law told you to dump your terror database.

JESS

True. Maybe he just wanted to point me in the right direction.

KIM

So - maybe you shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth.

Now Kim has Jess' full attention. But he's not sure.

JESS

If I don't look it in the mouth it may bite me in the ass.

Jess starts up his roadster and they pull away from the park.

EXT. A STEEP DIRT TRAIL - DAY

Jess rides a mountain bike up the trail, dodging debris.

TOP OF THE TRAIL

Jess reaches the trail crest, sweating, breathing heavily.

Waiting at the top is a woman, forty, sitting on a rock next to her mountain bike. This is Grace Kroupa, short cropped hairdo, muscular build, almost butch.

Grace holds her water bottle, stands to greet Jess.

GRACE

Looks like you're draggin' your
sorry butt.

JESS

I gotta get in shape. Judo just
ain't doin' it.

Jess sets his bike aside, motions for them to sit down.

GRACE

So, Jess. What's so important that
we have to meet like this?

JESS

Grace, Grace, Grace. I'm sorry I
got you into this. They connected
me with you even before your story
was published. I just wanted to
warn you - be careful.

GRACE

Shit, Jess, they already contacted
me, wanting to know where I got the
story. I gave them the old "I
can't reveal my sources" bit.

JESS

I thought meeting like this would
be safe. I'd see if I were being
followed.

GRACE

You could have simply asked my ex-
college room mate to remote view
the situation. She'd tell you if
we were being spied on.

JESS

Willis? Remote view? What the
hell are you talking about?

GRACE

You mean Willis never told you.
Well, shit - listen up.

(beat)

So, Willis and I were roommates at
Brown, back in '89?

JESS

Yeah, I remember. So?

GRACE

One night, we were staying up late, studying for a very important test the next day. We were listening to the radio, the ART BELL Show.

JESS

Art Bell, that guy in Nevada who believes in UFO's, aliens, crazy stuff? She would dig that.

GRACE

Don't laugh. At his peak, he had over 40 million listeners.

FLASHBACK

INT. A COLLEGE DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Willis and Grace, now early twenties, pour over textbooks. Looks like an all night cram session.

Willis wears a hooded sweatshirt with a Brown logo.

The radio plays in the background. Suddenly, a topic on the radio show attracts their attention.

Both pause in their cramming, look at the radio.

ART BELL

(radio)

If you'll recall, the government, over many years now, has dumped a lot of money and time into remote viewing. So, it's not as crazy as it may seem. I managed to get Major Dames on the line. Major, welcome to the program.

ED DAMES

(radio)

Thank you, Art.

ART BELL

(radio)

What can you tell us?

ED DAMES

(radio)

Well, in addition to our training, and our high-level contracts that we perform for various agencies - tracking terrorists for the government - we have data indicating that human babies will be dying soon, many human babies... It appears there is a bovine AIDS virus developing. This bovine AIDS will become a toxicological insult to human babies and they will die in relatively large numbers.

ART BELL

(radio)

God. Whew!... No escape, huh?

ED DAMES

(radio)

No, no escape.

ART BELL

(radio)

Oh, God, this is horrible news.

Willis and Grace continue to stare at the radio. Then Willis starts to laugh.

WILLIS

This - Major - is so full of shit.

GRACE

Yeah, maybe. But, I've heard that same claim, that the government has funded a special unit to investigate the application of paranormal methods to modern warfare. This remote viewing was just one of a collection of crack pot ideas they looked at.

WILLIS

Just what is "remote viewing?"

Grace turns off the radio, warming to the subject.

GRACE

Well, I can just tell you what I heard before on Art Bell's program.

(beat)

It's like there's this Matrix...

WILLIS
Matrix? What is the matrix?

GRACE
The matrix. It's like this giant collective unconscious, like a library, a repository, that contains all the knowledge ever created, or ever will be created. Its also called the Universal Mind.

WILLIS
Go on, you're messing with me.

GRACE
No, no. But the matrix is hard to explain - apparently, you have to experience it yourself.

WILLIS
So - the matrix. Then what.

GRACE
Well, each person is supposed to have an individual unconscious mind, which is part of the matrix and can tap into it.

Grace takes the textbook Willis holds, sets it aside. She then positions a blank page of a notebook on the desk in front of Willis, and places a pen in her hand.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Here. You should be good at this, the way you're always guessing what's gonna be on a test, or guessing what bar will be hot.

Grace tears a sheet out of the notebook and writes on it.

CLOSE ON THE SHEET OF NOTE PAPER

On the sheet is written "What is on tomorrows test?"

RETURN TO SCENE - THE DORM ROOM

Grace then sets the sheet on the desk in front of Willis.

She then goes to a closet and selects a soiled t-shirt from a laundry bag. Ties it around Willis' head, blindfolding her.

WILLIS
Hey, what the...

GRACE
This will help you concentrate.
See, this note is the target, the
things you want to view, remote
like. Your conscious mind wouldn't
know the answers, the target, but
the matrix does. You gotta
transfer the target data from the
matrix to your unconscious mind,
then to your conscious mind, and
then write that info down on the
notebook. See, easy.

Grace lifts the blindfold and lets Willis see the target data. Then replaces the blindfold.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Now, just relax and let your mind
go wander, and find the target.

Grace sits back on the bed. After a few minutes, Willis starts to squirm. She removes the makeshift blindfold.

WILLIS
This is not working. I can't
relax.

Grace goes to the closet, returns with a bottle of pills. The bottle looks like it holds prescription medication.

Grace takes two pills from the bottle, hands them to Willis. She then leaves the room, and returns with a glass of water.

GRACE
Here. Take these.

WILLIS
What is it?

GRACE
Just some meds I take to calm me
down. Help you relax.

Willis downs the two pills, flips up the sweatshirt hood.

Grace looks at the desk clock - eight o'clock exactly.

LATER - CLOSE ON THE CLOCK

The clock now reads eight thirty.

THE DORM ROOM

Willis starts to write on the notebook. She writes what appears to be questions on a history topic.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. THE MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

Jess plays with his bike bottle, while Grace stands by.

GRACE

I guess Willis had a natural talent for this remote viewing thing. She wrote down the test questions, got most of 'em right on the money.

JESS

You know this sounds like BS?

GRACE

I guess that's why she never told you, you being the skeptic and all.

Jess continues to shake his head.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Willis got really angry after - you know she has a temper.

Another biker crests the hill, waves to them, takes a break.

JESS

She ever try it again?

GRACE

Just once that I know of. But she got so upset and violent after she decided it wasn't worth the risk.

As the two watch, the other biker starts down the hill.

INT. JESS' HOME, KITCHEN

Jess, in his biking attire, enters the kitchen. He takes a beer from the frig. Willis sits nearby, sips coffee.

WILLIS

How was your ride?

JESS
Interesting.

Jess tries to stay calm. He pops the beer can tab.

JESS (CONT'D)
I started to look into several attacks that happened recently that don't fit the usual profile.

WILLIS
I thought your virtual war was cancelled.

JESS
Yeah, it was, but I decided to use my data to examine the new events.

Willis sips her coffee, seems bored.

WILLIS
And what did you find Sherlock?

Jess takes a healthy slug from his brew.

JESS
All of them had earmarks of U.S. weapon technology.

WILLIS
So, we were finding bad guys and taking them out. What's the downside?

Jess starts to become tense, squeezes his beer can.

JESS
Then I wondered - if we are doing this, how the hell did we find the bad guys? I don't think looking at old surveillance data helped.

WILLIS
I'm sure you'll tell me.

JESS
You have this uncanny ability to know things that you shouldn't know, like mind reading. And I just found out that you may have some kind of psychic skill called remote viewing...

WILLIS
So, now I'm involved?

JESS
I think I saw you leaving my building the other day, just before the cave bombing, so I checked the location of your cell phone...

WILLIS
Surely you jest.

JESS
... and found you were at my building before every attack that's on my list. And, you got really angry after every time you viewed.

Willis sets down her cup, reaches her arms toward Jess, as if offering to be handcuffed.

WILLIS
You got me. I confess. I did it.

Jess laughs at her confession.

JESS
Go on. I'm just messing with you.

WILLIS
I'm serious. I did it. Your virtual war is bogus. No way will that help end terrorism. So I stepped up, helped Manny find his targets.

JESS
No, really. This ain't funny.

Willis rises, pours herself another cup of coffee.

WILLIS
So, that's why I never mentioned the remote viewing. It worked, but it's still hard to believe.

JESS
So, have you used this - talent - often?

WILLIS
Not really, until Manny asked for my help. That and the fact that it's personal, because of Kyle.

JESS

So, you're viewing stuff that has national security implications? That would require a very high clearance level.

A back yard commotion diverts Willis' attention - briefly. She looks outside then sits down.

WILLIS

Manny takes my notes away before I become fully conscious...

JESS

Conscious? They put you out?

WILLIS

They just give me a mild sedative to help me relax. I don't clearly remember what I just viewed. I just write it down. I remember the target for about a minute - like with a dream when you first wake up - then forget it. It's, like, gone.

JESS

If you could really do that, see things that happened, or were gonna happen, you'd be the most powerful person in the world. It's simply not possible.

WILLIS

Well, I do have my limitations. I need a clear target, I need to be very calm and quiet - that's why Manny gave me a sedative - and I can't see everything. I can see the future, but it's not clear.

Jess reaches down to Willis, caresses her face.

JESS

Honey doll, you're delusional.

WILLIS

What if it's helping win the War on Terror? You're not getting anywhere with your virtual war.

Jess takes a beat to consider Willis' comment.

JESS
You could actually SEE the targets?

WILLIS
I'm two for three.

JESS
What happened with the one you missed?

WILLIS
Right location, wrong time.

Cooing in the back yard finally gets to Willis. She stands - opens the back door - SLAMS it shut. Scatters the pigeons.

JESS
You realize what your dad did violated God knows how many international laws...

Willis returns to the kitchen, sits.

WILLIS
Not my concern.

Willis stays seated and turns to face Jess. She clutches her fists, veins in her neck stand out as her heart races.

WILLIS (CONT'D)
Look. After I left my practice, I felt kinda lost, like I wasn't making a difference playing golf. I wanted to make a contribution.

JESS
You were contributing to the death of innocent people.

Willis looks hard at her hubby, starts to leave the room.

WILLIS
I was helping to stop religious nuts from pissing all over us.

Jess stares at his wife. She stares back, defiant.

INT. GORDON'S OFFICE

Gordon is on the VoIP, smoking a cigar.

GORDON
What do you want?

INTERCUT - GORDON AND MANNY ON THEIR PHONES

MANNY

Jess is onto us.

GORDON

I know. I'll take care of it.

MANNY

We'll have to be extra careful with our next target.

GORDON

Our next target, yeah, about that. It's kinda like a revisit.

(beat)

I'll pouch you the coordinates.

MANNY

I think I know where it is.

GORDON

I'll send you the data. I don't want any screw-ups this time.

Manny listens, frowns, then terminates the call.

GORDON'S OFFICE

Gordon hangs up the phone, rests his hands on his desktop.

There are three framed photos on his desk. One is of Jess and Willis - a wedding picture.

Another picture - the grandkids with Carol, Gordon's wife.

Gordon picks up the wedding picture, opens a desk drawer, drops it in the drawer then SLAMS it shut.

INT. JESS' HOME - DAY

Jess enters the kitchen, dressed for biking - black biking shorts and a colorful U.S. Postal jersey, golf socks.

Jess opens the refrigerator and fills a bike bottle with Gatorade as Willis enters.

JESS

Goin' for a ride. Clear my mind. Forget about the war on terror.

WILLIS

Be careful. There's a lot of crazy drivers out there.

Jess smiles, heads out. No good bye kiss.

EXT. OUTSIDE JESS' HOME

Jess wheels his fancy road bike out. Puts on his helmet.

Two Hell's Angels types sit on Harleys, across from the house, partly hidden by the neighborhood oaks.

They come to attention when Jess wheels his bike out.

HELL'S ANGELS ONE

That our man?

HELL'S ANGEL TWO

Looks like it. Shit - this is gonna be easier than we thought.

HELL'S ANGLE ONE

Let's wait and get him on the road. Remember - we just rough 'em up a bit.

As the two watch, Jess clips into his pedals, takes off.

Across the street, the Angels fire up their V-twins, and turn slowly to follow him.

EXT. ST. MARGARETS ROAD - DAY

The road off Route 50 is a gradual downhill, through a gentle canyon, with only two lanes, and lots of curves.

The road is bordered on both sides by large flat lots with mansion-sized homes.

Jess turns left onto the road at the stop sign - picks up speed - heads downhill.

The motorcycles follow him.

With the road clear, the motorcycles accelerate, decrease the spacing between themselves and Jess.

Alerted by the roar of the motorcycles, Jess, still moving fast, pulls to the right to allow them to pass.

One motorcycle moves to the right - directly behind Jess - forces him into the center of the road.

Temporarily confused, Jess realizes he is in danger - as he and the motorcycles blast down the canyon.

The motorcycle tries to force the bicycle to the left, into the path of oncoming uphill car traffic.

Both motorized and pedaled two wheelers are now moving at over 40 miles per hour.

Jess looks back at the motorcycle - then ahead, where a large SUV is approaching in the uphill lane.

A collision is imminent - Jess hits his brakes hard - slips behind the motorcycle - swerves to the right of it.

The startled motorcycle rider looks back at Jess, then looks ahead, into the grill of a Ford Expedition.

The IMPACT is dramatic - rider and cycle soar into the air - over the SUV.

Jess looks back - the other motorcycle closes in on him.

Jess leans down - becomes more aerodynamic - hits 50 mph - lays the bike hard over to make the curves.

The motorcycle is within feet of Jess' rear wheel.

Jess veers sharply to the right - moves to the far right hand side of the road - the motorcycle tight on his ass.

The motorcycle touches Jess' rear wheel - the bike becomes unstable - wobbles - crashes down - throws Jess off.

The motorcycle rider sees an oil slick in the road too late - his bike slides, loses traction - goes down - pins him under.

Bike and rider slide off the road - SLAM into a concrete bridge abutment.

Jess - on the ground - shaken - cut, bleeding - barely moving. He sits up, groggy, removes his helmet.

Jess rubs his head, examines his helmet. It's trashed.

EXT. ST. MARGARETS ROAD - DAY

Willis' SUV idles on a downhill section of the road as police hold up traffic. An ambulance races by, heading uphill.

Finally traffic clears. A police officer directs Willis to continue downhill.

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE GRADE

Jess leans against a sign post, his bike lying on the berm.

Jess waves to the SUV. Willis pulls over.

Jess opens the tail gate, loads his bike inside the SUV.

INT. THE SUV

Willis looks over at her disheveled hubby.

WILLIS
What the hell happened to you?

JESS
Two bikers tried to run me off the road.

WILLIS
Why? Did you flip them off?

Jess looks askance at Willis, shakes, rubs his head.

JESS
Let's go home.

Willis checks the road for traffic, U-turns, heads back up the hill.

WILLIS
No way. I'm taking you to the ER.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Willis and an ER DOCTOR stand outside a room. On the door - Computerized Axial Tomography (CAT) Scan.

As they look through the glass into the room, Jess, on a table, slides out from under a tunnel in a huge machine.

He has cuts, bruises - and a bandage over his right eye.

DOCTOR
He had a mild concussion.

WILLIS
How mild?

DOCTOR
He should stay home from work for
at least a week.

WILLIS
Knowing him, that's not gonna
happen.

DOCTOR
It could impair his judgement.

Inside the CAT Scan room Jess sits up - slowly - on the
table.

INT. JESS HOME - DAY

Jess sits on a couch in the Family Room. Shorts, no shirt -
cuts, scars - looks like he got the shit kicked out of him.

Willis walks into the room, casts a jaundiced eye on Jess.

WILLIS
How are you?

No verbal response from Jess. Just a smirk.

WILLIS (CONT'D)
Do you want anything?

JESS
World peace.

WILLIS
Good luck with that.

Jess stands. He limps out of the room, bumps into a door
frame. He SMACKS the frame, hard, pissed off.

EXT. JESS' HOME, BACK PATIO - DAY

Willis rests on the patio when Jess steps outside, dragging a
bottle of beer. He sits, moans, rubs his head.

JESS
I think your daddy tried to put me
out of commission.

WILLIS
Be serious. Why would he try to do
that?

JESS

So I don't out you and your dad,
now that I know what you're up to.

Jess notices a flock of pigeons feeding in his back yard.

JESS (CONT'D)

Fuckin' birds.

Willis pauses, looks at her husband.

WILLIS

About time!

Jess leaves - returns holding a Browning over and under
shotgun. He opens the breech and inserts two shotgun shells.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

Jess? What are you doing?

Jess closes the breech, clicks off the safety. Finger off
the trigger, he slowly aims the gun at the birds.

Jess levels the gun and FIRES - both barrels.

THE BACK YARD

The yard - littered with dead birds - feathers and bones.

Willis hurries up to Jess, grabs the still smoking gun.

WILLIS

Are you crazy? You'll get
arrested, thrown in jail. What
were you thinking?

Jess has calmed down, seems at peace.

JESS

That should take care of the
birdies for a while.

WILLIS

Go upstairs. I'll clean up this
mess.

Jess, in a daze, heads into the house.

INT. JESS' BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Sunlight just starting to creep into the room. Jess and
Willis are still soundly asleep.

Suddenly, Willis bolts upright, eyes wide open.

Woken, Jess stirs, looks at his wife.

WILLIS
I had the dream again.

JESS
Same thing? Nukular attack?

WILLIS
This is not funny.

JESS
Sorry.

WILLIS
I think this time my dad may go too far.

JESS
I'll check it out.

Jess rolls out of bed, takes time to limp to the bathroom.

WILLIS
You need to rest for a while.

Jess looks at his wife, smiles.

INT. MANNY'S OFFICE - DAY

Jess still looks beat-up as he enters Manny's empty office.

Aware that Jess is there, Kim enters the office.

JESS
Where's my man Manny?

KIM
He had a meeting. He'll be back in about an hour.

Kim notices Jess checking out Manny's desk. She's nervous.

KIM (CONT'D)
I'll tell him you were looking for him.

Jess nods an OK - but doesn't leave. Kim stands and waits.

JESS
I'll leave him a note.

KIM

Don't leave anything classified on
his desk.

JESS

Duh! I know that.

Kim smiles, leaves the office.

Jess takes a sheet of note pad and starts to compose a
message. Then he notices a note on the desk.

CLOSE ON THE NOTE

31° 25' N, 69° 49' E

THE OFFICE

Jess makes a mental note of the coordinates.

INT. JESS' OFFICE

Jess enters his office, sits at his desk. In a hurry.

He boots up his computer, goes to Google Maps. He zeroes in
on the Middle East.

With his finger he locates Manny's coordinates on the map -
in the middle of Afghanistan.

JESS

Goin' back to good old cave city.

Jess stares at the map for a beat - searching. He moves his
finger, on the map, toward the left.

INT. JESS' HOME - NIGHT

Jess walks into the kitchen. He's all smiles, happy. He
finds the Jack Daniels and fixes himself a drink.

Willis enters the kitchen, sees Jess. Senses his attitude.

WILLIS

Aha! Good day at the plant.

JESS

You could say that. And - I'm
gonna take the next few days off.

WILLIS
How's your head feel?

JESS
Still feels woozy. But I'll live.

Jess grabs his wife, gives her a big hug and kiss.

JESS (CONT'D)
And...your daddy's gonna love me
for what I did today.
(beat)
Finally.

Willis disengages from Jess.

WILLIS
He always loved you.

JESS
I don't think so. He tolerated me.
(beat)
But now he'll respect me.

Willis has no idea where this is going. Changes gears.

WILLIS
Dinner at 6:30.

Jess finishes his drink. Pours a refill.

JESS
Not for me. Think I'll spend the
night on the boat.

WILLIS
Good. You really need to rest.

JESS
You could come with me.

WILLIS
Can't. Gotta watch Erik - got
things to do.
(beat)
You go.

Jess smiles, shakes his head - OK.

LATER

Willis is on a cell phone. Erik, playing a video game, can be heard in the background.

WILLIS

Dad. Jess' acting weird. Thought you should know.

Willis listens, calls into the other room.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

Quiet down!

Then back to the phone call.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

I called his cell phone, but it went right to voice mail

Listens some more.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

He said he'll be on your boat.

Willis stands, goes to check on Erik. Still on the cell.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

It's all about you. He said now you'll respect him. I'm concerned.

Willis shakes her head, holds onto the phone. Sits there for a beat - thinking.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

Dad. Is it OK if I bring Erik over for mom to keep an eye on?

Willis clicks off her cell, stands, calls to Erik.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

Erik! I need to take you to Nana's. Get ready.

Willis locates her car keys, heads out.

LATER

Willis enters the back of the home, throws her car keys on the counter - careless, in a hurry.

A BATHROOM

Willis roots through a medicine cabinet, pulls out pill bottles, examines them - finally selects one.

Prozac. Mother's little helper.

She shakes out two pills, slams them into her mouth.
Followed by a water chaser.

MASTER BEDROOM

Willis, wearing an old Brown University hooded sweatshirt,
relaxes on a easy chair. She flips the hood onto her head.

EXT. EAST BOUND ROUTE 50 - NIGHT

A large limo sandwiched between two black SUVs cuts in and
out of rush hour traffic. Flashing lights, barking horns.

Get outta our way.

The Bay Bridge, spanning the Chesapeake Bay, in the distance.

EXT. THE BOAT DOCK - NIGHT

Gordon, Manny and a SECRET SERVICE MAN hurry to Gordon's
sailboat's slip.

The sailboat - not there.

MANNY

What the fuck.

GORDON

Not to worry. I can trace it with
the GPS.

Gordon turns on his cell phone GPS. It displays icons of
varying sizes that represent every boat on the bay.

Gordon puts his finger on the largest ship icon, about two
miles off shore.

They look in that direction, but the sailboat is not visible.

Walking off his dock, Gordon looks across the marina and sees
a twin jet powerboat, returning from a cruise.

It's the boat that cut in front of Jess.

Gordon and company hurry off his dock.

EXT. JET BOAT DOCK

Gordon arrives at the jet boat, being secured by the Driver.
The Driver looks up, sees three men staring at him.

DRIVER
Can I help you?

GORDON
I need your boat.

DRIVER
Say what?

GORDON
I need to borrow your boat. I have
a national security issue.

The Driver takes a defensive stance on the boat.

DRIVER
Fuck off with your "national
security" issue.

The SS Man holds out his badge to show the Driver. Gordon
jumps into the jet boat.

GORDON
I don't have time to argue.

The Driver takes a swing at Gordon. Big mistake. Gordon
blocks the shot and Judo chops the guy in the gut.

When the Driver is doubled up, Gordon gets underneath him,
lifts him and throws him into the water.

Manny undoes the lines - Gordon starts the engines - Manny
and the SS Man jump into the jet boat - accelerate away from
the dock.

EXT. THE MARINA

The jet boat tears through the marina, generates huge waves
that bounce the moored boats.

EXT. THE BAY

The jet boat speeds toward where his sailboat should be.
Suddenly, it comes into view heading north.

As Gordon approaches the sailboat, he gives it a wide berth.
He passes behind it, assumes a parallel course.

Gordon accelerates away from the sailboat. Ahead of it, he
suddenly turns the jet boat to block the sailboat's path.

The sailboat also turns hard, to avoid a collision.

But - it's too late. The bow of the sailboat SLAMS into the jet boat.

The sailboat lets down it's sails.

EXT. THE SAILBOAT

Gordon and Manny face Jess, still holding the wheel. The SS Man ties the jet boat to the sailboat.

GORDON
Jess. What the hell have you done?

JESS
Something that will make you proud
of me.

GORDON
And just what is that?

Jess looks up, gets pensive. In a daze.

JESS
End a struggle that's been going on
for thousands of years.

GORDON
A struggle?

JESS
Between good and evil, light and
dark, knowledge and...

GORDON
(interrupting)
Got it. Get to the point.

Jess smiles, turns his attention back to the wheel. Starts to sing...

JESS
"Onward Christian solders, marching
on to war..."

INT. A ROOM - NIGHT

A waiting room. Old newspapers and magazines on a coffee table. Furniture like the bad old college days.

An U.S.A.F. COPILOT, in flight gear, roots through the reading material. He settles on an old USA Today newspaper.

He pages through it, stops at an interesting article.

CLOSE ON THE NEWSPAPER

The headline banner looks familiar - "The Science of Insurgency Can Shape Strategy." He starts to read.

THE ROOM

An U.S.A.F. PILOT enters, brimming with excitement.

PILOT
Chop-chop. Let's go. Got a new
package to deliver.

The Copilot tears out the page containing the article.

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

A B-2 Stealth bomber rests on the tarmac. Batman would love it. Support personnel ready the plane for a mission.

A large bomb is wheeled out of a nearby hangar. On its side, in crude handwriting - "Hello You 71 Virgins."

The support personnel are commanded by a CREW CHIEF, a grizzled veteran. He pats the bomb, makes an observation.

CREW CHIEF
Bunker Buster. Kick some serious
ass.

INT. THE COCKPIT OF A B-2 BOMBER - DAY

The Pilot at the controls. The Copilot reads the article.

PILOT
What you got your nose in?

COPILOT
Some CIA guy's working on a way to
fight the War on Terror using a
computer model. A virtual war.

PILOT
Yeah. Like that's gonna work.

COPILOT
Better than bombing the Middle East
back into the Stone Age.

PILOT
They never left the Stone Age.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

The range that contains the cave city - from 5,000 feet.

B-2 COCKPIT

The Copilot sets the newspaper aside.

COPILOT
So - what we carrying?

PILOT
GBU-57A/B Massive Ordnance
Penetrator.

COPILOT
What! Bunker Buster? Big BLU?

PILOT
All 14 tons of it.

The Pilot retrieves a sealed envelop from a pouch, tears it open, removes the contents. He hands them to the Copilot.

PILOT (CONT'D)
Coordinates 21° 25' N, 39° 49' E.

MOUNTAIN RANGE

Entrance to cave city. Workers clear the bomb rubble.

B-2 COCKPIT

The Copilot checks the coordinates on a digital map.

COPILOT
That can't be right.

PILOT
It's right.

COPILOT
I saw the coordinates before.

PILOT
Now you see them again.

COPILOT

It should be 31 degrees, not 21,
and 69 degrees, not 49.

PILOT

Change of plans I guess.

COPILOT

That's dead nuts on the Kaaba, in
the Masjid al-Haram.

PILOT

Say what?

COPILOT

The Kaaba. Don't you know your
geography?

PILOT

So?

COPILOT

And it's Hajj.

PILOT

What?

COPILOT

Shit. You're fuckin' dense.

MOUNTAIN RANGE, CAVE

Inside the cave - business as usual. No signs of the bombing
raid. Kids, women and terrorists preparing for the day.

B-2 COCKPIT

PILOT

What are you? Some kind of a crazy
Middle East scholar?

COPILOT

No. I'm just a sane U.S. Officer.

PILOT

Listen. We're gonna drop it smack
dab in the middle of the country
who sent us the 9-11 terrorists.

COPILOT

We're gonna start World War Three.

The Pilot checks gauges, throws switches, prepares for his bombing run.

PILOT
Key in the coordinates.

The Copilot pauses - removes his sidearm - activates the slide - points it at the Pilot.

COPILOT
We're not doing this.

PILOT
What are you gonna do - shoot me?
You gonna fly this plane?

CO-PILOT
I don't need you. This plane
almost flies itself.

The Copilot hesitates, not sure of his next action.

EXT. MOSQUE, CITY OF MECCA, SAUDI ARABIA - DAY

Thousands of pilgrims crowd into a massive outdoor mosque. The monolith that all Muslims pray to is in the center.

SUPER: MECCA, SAUDI ARABIA

In the mosque, the crowd looks skyward as two Saudi jet fighter planes ROAR overhead, afterburners spitting fire.

INT. THE B-2 BOMBER

Pilot and Copilot in a stalemate - Copilot holding the gun.

Then... outside, the Saudi jets flash into their view.

The Pilot checks out their entourage, outside, and the gun in his face, inside. Time to shit or get off the pot.

PILOT
Looks like our mission has been
cancelled.

He looks at the gun, still aimed at him.

PILOT (CONT'D)
Put that away.

The Copilot clicks on the gun's safety, lowers the hammer.

EXT. THE B-2 BOMBER - DAY

The aircraft veers off on its course. It crosses over open water and onto land, heading eastward. Two jets alongside.

EXT. SAILBOAT - NIGHT

Jess turns the sailboat back toward the land.

JESS

You do know that the Bunker Buster type of bomb has been upgraded?

GORDON

How do you know about that?

JESS

Hah! Remember where I work. I'm a spy - just like you.

MANNY

What kind of upgrade?

JESS

A big one.

Jess returns to piloting the sailboat.

JESS (CONT'D)

I am gonna have the last laugh.

MOSQUE, MECCA

The thousands of startled pilgrims continue to look up, far after the Saudi jets have disappeared from sight.

INT. JESS' HOME - NIGHT

Willis, still hoodie clothed, is on her cell phone.

WILLIS

(phone)

Yes, much thanks Rezi. Saved both our asses.

Willis clicks off the cell, smiles.

FADE TO BLACK:

