

TRUE LIES

Screenplay by **James Cameron**

Produced by **James Cameron**
Stephanie Austin

Directed by **James Cameron**

Cast List:

Arnold Schwarzenegger	Harry Tasker
Jamie Lee Curtis	Helen Tasker
Tom Arnold	Gib
Bill Paxton	Simon
Tia Carrere	Juno Skinner
Charlton Heston	Spencer Trilby
Art Malik	Aziz

TITLE SEQUENCE

EXT. MOUNTAINS, NEAR GENEVA, SWITZERLAND – NIGHT

The snow covered Alps stand out clearly in the light of a full moon. A fortress-like CHATEAU is situated in a flat saddle of forest partway up the mountain, next to a frozen lake. The property is surrounded by high stone walls, and the stately grounds are bathed in floodlights and patrolled by armed guards with dogs.

EXT. CHATEAU – NIGHT

The driveway and motorcourt are filled with cars. A formal-dress party is in progress... a private reception for a middle-eastern dignitary. Tuxedoed men escort their diamond-encrusted ladies through the huge front doors, where they doff their overcoats and are politely scanned with hand-held metal detectors by white gloved security staffers.

The walled perimeter of the house runs along the lake, forming a kind of rampart. There is an opening, to a kind of waterway or canal, which connects to the private docks inside the grounds. There is a steel grating across the opening. The bars disappear down into the thin ice of early winter.

With the house visible background, we CRANE DOWN below the parapet wall along which a guard in a white exposure-suit is walking... down along the dark wall to the grating... TILTING DOWN to see a glow pulsing under the ice.

EXT. BENEATH THE ICE, UNDERWATER – NIGHT

Camera moving toward: A FIGURE in diving gear working at the metal bars with an oxygen arc cutting torch. One bar has already been cut out. Two quick cuts and a second bar falls to the muddy bottom. Lit now only from the floodlights filtering down through the ice, the figure slips through the bars and swims powerfully along the stone canal wall.

Seen from below, the figure is a black shadow moving against the rippled-glass of the ice above.

EXT. CANAL AND BOATHOUSE – NIGHT

A dock extends into the frozen canal, just behind a large boathouse. There is a faint chipping sound. The ice breaks quietly, and the pieces are slid back. A head appears, in a rubber drysuit hood. The DIVER slips the regulator out of his mouth and turns slowly, scanning... revealing:

HARRY TASKER. *Our hero. Harry floats with just his eyes above the surface, silent as a water snake, as a guard passes on a footpath nearby.*

After a few beats Harry slips out of his tanks and fins, letting them sink, and climbs the frozen ladder onto the dock. He moves like a ninja into the shadows of the boathouse. Opening a WATERPROOF BAG, he pulls out a walky talky.

HARRY

Honey, I'm home.

INT. / EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN, MOUNTAIN ROAD – NIGHT

Meet Harry's partner, ALBERT "GIB" GIBSON, an overweight twenty-year-man with a lived in looking face. Gib answers Harry via his headset.

GIB

Roger that.

(he covers the mike and turns)

Hey, Fize! Get your butt in here. Harry's inside.

Outside, FAST FAISIL, an Iranian-American, finishes making yellow snow and hurries back to the van. They are parked on a winding mountain road a half-mile from the chateau, whose lights are visible through the trees.

Faisil jumps in and goes to the eyepiece of a huge telephoto nightvision scope. The eerie green image lurches as he sweeps the grounds, locating the boathouse.

EXT. BOATHOUSE – NIGHT

Concealed in the shadows, Harry is shucking out of his drysuit. Underneath is he is wearing black tux pants, suspenders, cummerbund and a formal shirt. He puts a tiny plug, like a hearing aid, deep in his ear canal. A SUB-VOCAL TRANSCEIVER. Very advanced.

HARRY

Switching to sub-vocal. Gib, you copy?

GIB (V.O.)
It's Talkradio. You're on the air.

Harry slips into his shoulder harness... holster on one side, containing his .45 auto Glock-22, and the transmitter pack for the ear-piece slung on the other. He slips on a formal jacket, concealing the rig. Then a final touch. A little aftershave from a tiny plastic vial.

Harry adjusts his bow-tie and strides confidently out of the shadows, crossing quickly to the main house. He looks ultrasharp in his black tux with the white silk cummerbund and his hair slicked back. He enters the main house through a back service entrance.

INT. KITCHEN – NIGHT

Harry strides through the huge kitchen like he owns the place. The kitchen staff are scurrying around, too busy to really notice. He finger-tastes a dish as he passes.

HARRY
(French; subtitled)
This needs more garlic.

He breezes through unchallenged, exiting into the –

INT. MAIN HALL – NIGHT

Here the party is in full swing. Harry blends smoothly into the crowd of foreign dignitaries, businessman and minor mid-east nobility. They are a high-octane mixture of new oil money and old European money, and run the spectrum from stodgy bankers to playboy arms dealers.

Harry strolls amiably among the glittering woman, the cigar smoking men, casually snagging a glass of champagne and a canape from the passing waiters. He nods to someone as if he knows them. Greets another is quite fluent Arabic. People in his wake look at each other like "Do you know him"? They shrug, go on with their conversation. Harry moves through the crowd. Scanning.

HARRY
There's Daddy Petrobucks.

HARRY'S POV

Through the crowd is sees JAMAL KHALED, the host of the party and owner of the chateau. He is fat and animated, greeting guests with a flourish. As Harry watches he warmly greets a beautiful WOMAN. They become absorbed in a conversation.

The woman glances up and sees Harry checking her out. There is a frank moment of returned interest. Then the crowd shifts, cutting off their view of each other.

INT. STAIRCASE AND SECOND FLOOR – NIGHT

Harry makes his way up the grand staircase to the second floor. He slips through doors into the private area of the mansion.

INT. LIBRARY – NIGHT

The doors open and Harry slips into the darkened library. He crosses quickly to a window and opens it onto a terrace.

EXT. BALCONIES – NIGHT

Harry goes onto the terrace, and in a display of acrobatic prowess, he pulls himself up onto the third floor balcony directly above. He lets himself into –

INT. KHALED'S OFFICE – NIGHT

Khaled's office is ornately furnished. Beautiful antiques glint in the moonlight coming in the French-doors. Harry crosses to an immense desk and boots up the computer there.

Bathed in the glow from the screen, he pulls a FLAT BOX, about the size of a paperback, from the back of his cummerbund. He connects it quickly to the modem port in the back of the computer.

HARRY

Modem in place. Transmitting... now.

He pushes a button and a green light comes on.

INT. VAN – NIGHT

Gib and Faisil watch as their monitor screen lights with DATA from Khaled's private computer.

FAISIL

Affirmatory. We are in.

Fast Faisil is a computer ace. His fingers fly on the keyboard as he types rapid key commands. We see familiar "windows appear". The words are all in Arabic characters.

FAISIL

These are encrypted files, guys. This is going to take me a few minutes.

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY – NIGHT

TIGHT ON LIBRARY DOOR. *It opens a crack and a dental mirror comes out, looking around like a U-boat periscope. Seeing the coast is clear Harry slips out. But just as he is closing the door, a GUARD rounds the corner ten feet away. Harry turns smoothly. He smiles sheepishly and moves toward the guard.*

HARRY

(In Arabic; subtitled)

Where's the john around here? I have to take a major leak.

The guard points warily down the corridor. Harry nods and heads that way, back toward the party.

INT. MAIN HALL / STAIRCASE – NIGHT

Harry comes down the staircase amid the glitter of the party. He is sipping champagne and looking bored. He sees two security guys moving purposefully through the crowd toward the stairs, walkies in their hands. He turns away as they pass him and pretends to study a large fragment of bas-relief... a temple frieze depicting a war chariot drawn by four horses.

He senses someone next to him and turns. It is the WOMAN. She is captivatingly beautiful, and her gaze is piercing.

HARRY

(indicating the bas-relief)

Magnificent, isn't it?

WOMAN

Yes. Hi, I'm Juno Skinner. I thought I knew most of Khaled's friends but I don't believe I know you.

Harry offers his hand to her.

HARRY

Renquist. Harry Renquist.

INT. VAN – NIGHT

Gib whirls to the screen displaying the mission database. He scans rapidly for –

GIB

Skinner. Skinner. Come on...

Gib finds the entry he's looking for. Juno's picture and data appear on the screen.

GIB

Juno Skinner. Art and antiquities dealer, specializing in ancient Persia.

INT. MAIN HALL – NIGHT

Harry turns back to the fragment of frieze.

HARRY

This is Persian, if I'm not mistaken.

JUNO

Very good. It's sixth century B.C. Do you like the period?

HARRY

(shameless)

I adore it.

EXT. DOCK / BOATHOUSE (NIGHTVISION POV) – NIGHT

Seen through the starlight scope, we see one of the guards shining his light on the hole in the ice and then on Harry's footprints leading to the boathouse. He calls to one of the other guards, who comes running over.

INT. MANSION – NIGHT

Harry, still with Juno, hears Gib in his ear:

GIB (V.O.)

Harry, we got a problem. Guards are swarming all over the dock.

Harry glances up the stairs. Khaled's SECURITY CHIEF is gesturing to several of his men, and speaking quickly into a walky. Three SECURITY MEN come down the stairs, scanning the crowd. Harry turns smoothly away from them and takes Juno's arm.

HARRY
Do you dance, Ms. Skinner?

He steers her toward the dance floor.

INT. VAN – NIGHT

Gib, listening, rolls his eyes. He looks through the night-vision scope. Guards are running around outside the chateau.

Harry's stirred up the hornet's nest. Faisil is still jamming at the keyboard.

FAISIL
Okay, files are unlocked. I'm in. I'm down, baby. I got my hand up her dress and I'm going for the gold. I'm –

GIB
Just copy the goddamn files!
(into his headset)
Harry, don't be stopping to smell the roses, now. You hear me, Harry?

INT. MAIN HALL – NIGHT

Harry whirls Juno aggressively across the dancefloor. She responds deftly. They are well matched. She parries each of his smooth moves with a flourish. It is a contest of wills, and a surprised appraisal for each that the other is worthy.

Juno is hot. He bends her back at the waist, then snaps her up. She twirls into the crook of his arm. Their faces are inches apart. Wow. The music ends and she gives him a wry grin.

JUNO
Well. And I thought this was going to be just another bunch of boring bankers and oil billionaires.

GIB (V.O.)
Harry, seconds count, buddy. Ditch the bitch, let's go.

HARRY
Unfortunately, Juno, I have a plane to catch.

She slips a card out of a pocket in her otherwise sheer dress. She hands it to him, maintaining eye contact. Serious sparks.

JUNO
Call me, if you'd like to see some of my other pieces.

HARRY
I'd like that.

INT. VAN – NIGHT

Gib can't believe this conversation.

GIB

(to Faisal)

Son-of-a-bitch is with her two minutes and she's ready to bear his children

(to Harry)

What's your exit strategy Twinkle Toes?

EXT. CHATEAU / FRONT ENTRANCE – NIGHT

Harry nods to the security men at the door as he strides confidently through. He goes down the steps to the broad terrace above the motor court. Behind Harry, a GUARD lowers his walky talky and starts after him.

GUARD

May I see your invitation, sir?

Without turning, Harry slips a small flat box out of his breast pocket. A REMOTE DETONATOR.

HARRY

Here's my invitation.

He pushes the button and –

KABOOM! The second floor office windows blow out in a fiery explosion. Using the diversion, Harry leaps off the terrace before the guard can open fire.

INT. / EXT. VAN – NIGHT

Gib sees the rising fireball a half-mile away. He starts the van.

GIB

Aw, shit. Here we go –

EXT. CHATEAU AND GROUNDS – NIGHT

Harry sprints across the snow-covered lawn, through the trees. Guards with automatic weapons run after him, firing. The snow explodes around him with bullet hits.

TWO DOBERMANS pelt toward Harry, leaping at him in perfect unison. He waits... and knocks their heads together in mid-leap with a crack like a baseball bat. The dogs drop to the snow, wobbling around like they're drunk.

As Harry sprints on, ANOTHER DOBERMAN lunges out of the bushes ahead, leaping directly for his throat. Harry grabs the dog and shot-puts him up into a tree without breaking stride. Dog Fu. The dog yelps and scrambles to hold onto an icy branch, looking down in amazement.

EXT. PERIMETER WALL / MOUNTAIN SLOPE – NIGHT

Harry leaps down on the outside of the wall, hitting a snow bank and sliding downhill. He sprints down the gentle slope toward the highway.

Harry looks back as TWO GUARDS ON SKIS come out of a guard station beside the main entrance.

TRACKING WITH THE SKI-GUARDS

Searching through the trees with lights. They have lost Harry. They stop. A snowbank behind them EXPLODES as Harry leaps out. He disables them both with vicious street-fighter moves. Harry looks upslope as –

A service gate opens in the perimeter wall and TEAMS OF SECURITY MEN in white snow-suits pour out, some on skis, some on SNOWMOBILES. A HELICOPTER rises over the wall in a blast of swirling snow. Its xenon lights rake through the trees, casting lurid wheeling shadows on the snow.

On Harry, snapping closed the ski boots he has stolen from one of the disabled guards. He pops the boots quickly into the bindings and takes off downhill with one of the guard's FN FAL rifles slung across his back.

The helicopter swoops downhill, its searchlight blazing through the forest. Snowmobile headlights illuminate the ski-patrols zig-zagging among the trees.

Harry slashes expertly downhill. He cuts a distinguished figure in his black tux. Automatic weapons fire rips through the trees from behind him. Harry is going flat-out. The xenon light hits him. A 7.62 mm machine gun in the chopper rips the slope into white clouds around him. Harry slashes, turns, weaving among the trees at breakneck speed. A snowmobile is closing in, outflanking him. He turns toward it, suddenly.

Hits a mogul. Uses the air to slash his skis right across the rider's face. The snowmobile crashes and tumbles into the night.

INT. / EXT. VAN – MOUNTAIN ROAD – NIGHT

GIB'S VAN takes an icy turn in a hairy slide.

INSIDE

Gib is peering upslope, trying to see what's going on. All he can see are lights and gunfire.

GIB

Harry, what's your twenty? I need a position, buddy –

Suddenly a skier in a black tux launches across the road from the slope above, RIGHT OVER THE VAN, and lands deftly downslope.

GIB

Uh... right! I'll catch you on the next bend.

Behind the van, pursuing guards leap across the road. Only about half can make the jump. The rest crash horribly. The helicopter thunders overhead.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SLOPE – NIGHT

Harry sees the chopper start an attack run. He comes out into the open, going straight downhill like a rocket. The chopper gets suckered in... trying to hit him, getting right down behind him... and suddenly – Harry slides to a stop in an explosion of powder and whips up the rifle. P-P-P-POW! He rakes a burst across the windshield. The startled pilot swerves and – Suddenly two tall pine trees are right in front of him.

K-WHACK! The main-rotor blade snaps clean off and the chopper drops into the snow, plowing into a snowbank. It slides right to the edge of a steep ridge and stops, teetering.

Firing from a snowmobile, one of the guards puts a burst right across Harry's path. Harry's skis are hit and he tumbles, comes out of it... running down the hill like a juggernaut in his heavy boots. He has lost the rifle somewhere in the snow.

Harry takes cover behind the burning wreck of the downed chopper, which still has its engine running. The ski patrol opens fire from upslope. Rounds whacking against the disabled helicopter.

Harry looks down the slope and gets an idea. He jerks the unconscious pilot out and pushes on the fuselage, rocking it.

It slips over the edge. He leaps inside as it topples forward and slides down the slope.

INT. / EXT. HELICOPTER – MOUNTAIN SLOPE – NIGHT

Harry adds throttle and works the footpedals, using the tail-rotor to steer. The chopper had snow-skids, and Harry is skiing the damn thing down the mountain.

The copter is burning as it rockets down the slope on its skids. Bullets are hitting the fuselage, and everything around it. Skiers are wiping out, hitting trees. A snowmobile hits a rock and flies spectacularly into a ravine.

GIB (V.O.)

Harry! Where are you!

HARRY

In the helicopter.

INT. / EXT. VAN – MOUNTAIN ROAD – NIGHT

Gib slides the van around a curve.

GIB

(deadpan, to Faisil)

He's in the helicopter.

Big is scanning above for the chopper. Then upslope he sees the burning fuselage skiing expertly among the trees.

The chopper hits a jump and launches into the air – It crashes through trees, still soaring and – Gib looks up, screaming as – The chopper drops right toward him – He hits the brakes and – BLAMMO! It drops onto the road ten feet in front of the skidding van... then slides over the edge and tumbles into a rocky canyon where is BLOWS UP! The fireball lights up the night.

Gib and Faisil jump out of the van. They look downslope at the burning wreckage.

GIB

Harry? HARRY?!

HARRY

What?

Gib and Faisil spin to look behind them. Harry is lodged in tree-branches hanging over the road. Gib hands his MP-5K machine gun to Faisil and reaches up to Harry, who grabs his hand and pulls. Harry tumbles down into the snowbank. He stands, brushing snow off his tux, and clomps toward the van in his ski-boots. He is completely unruffled.

HARRY

Let's go. We can still make our flight.

As Faisil is getting into the van behind Harry, TWO GUARD TEAMS ON SNOWMOBILES roar around the bend behind them, fish-tailing on the ice. Faisil OPENS FIRE. One snowmobile swerves over the embankment. The other pulls up broadside, and the guards duck behind it. Gib floors it and the van roars down the mountain. Faisil is still Ramboing on full-auto.

FAISIL

This is GREAT!! I never get to shoot!

CUT TO:

EXT. DULLES AIRPORT – NIGHT

An American Airlines 747 touches down amid puffs of tire smoke.

EXT. SUBURBAN D.C. STREET – NIGHT

A NON-DESCRIPT SEDAN pulls to the curb in a neighborhood of modest middle-income tract homes. The street is deserted. It is 4 A.M. Gib is at the wheel, dropping Harry off at his house.

INT. SEDAN – NIGHT

Harry is emptying his pockets... passport, business cards etc. All documents under his name "Renquist". He double checks that his pants and jacket pockets are empty. Gib fastidiously puts the items into a plastic zip-lock.

HARRY

Empty. Go.

Gib starts handing him items from a briefcase. This should all feel like a tired ceremony between them.

GIB

Harry Tasker wallet. Harry Tasker passport. Plane ticket stub, hotel receipt, Tasker. Two postcards of Lake Geneva. House keys. Souvenir snowing Swiss village.

Gib shows him how it snows when you shake it up and turn it over.

HARRY

What's this for?

GIB

For Dana, schmuck. Bring your kid something. You know. The dad thing.

HARRY

Got it. Nice touch. Okay, pick me up at eight. The de-brief is at ten hundred.

Harry opens the car door.

GIB

Hey, hey, hey... what are we forgetting?

Gib holds up Harry's gold wedding band. Harry puts it on.

HARRY
What a team. See you at eight.

GIB
Yep. Sleep fast.

INT. TASKER HOUSE – NIGHT

Harry slips inside. He sets down his suitcase and walks quietly down the hall. He pauses at a door with lurid labels and stickers plastered all over it ("TOXIC WASTE", "STAY OUT!", "IF IT'S TOO LOUD YOU'RE TOO OLD", etc.).

Harry silently opens the door and looks in at his sleeping daughter, DANA. She looks like an angel in the moonlight coming in the window. In fact, she is a typical 14 year old girl, and therefore hardly an angel. But to Harry she is unflawed.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM – NIGHT

Harry, undressed now, slips into bed next to... a lump in the covers which we presume to be a human being. This is HELEN TASKER, Harry's wife of 15 years. He kisses her on the cheek and she stirs. She rolls toward him, giving him a sleepy hug and a kiss.

HELEN
(a drowsy murmur)
Hi, honey. How was the flight?

HARRY
Fine, honey. Stay asleep.

HELEN
Okay.

As she drifts off, Harry puts his head on the pillow and stares at the ceiling.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TASKER HOUSE – DAY (MORNING)

TIGHT ON SWISS VILLAGE

It is snowing.

ON DANA

Reaching to the present Harry just gave her.

DANA
Hey, thanks dad. I never had one of these.

They are in her room, which is your basic room from Hell. Pearl Jam posters, and an unbelievable clutter of junk, magazines and cheap jewelry. Harry kisses her on the cheek, to which she submits dutifully. He looks at his watch and heads for the door.

HARRY
You better hurry. You're going to be late for school.

Harry hurries out and Dana considers the Swiss village a moment.

DANA

Really lame.

She plonks is straight in the wastebasket.

INT. HALLWAY / BEDROOM / BATHROOM – DAY

Harry strides down the hall, avoiding their small but incredibly ugly dog, GIZMO, who skitters past him going the other way.

HARRY

Dana, don't forget to feed Gizmo!

Harry crosses the bedroom, hurrying past Helen who is clearly rushing to get ready herself. We get our first good look at Helen. She is wearing a terrycloth robe as she picks out an outfit. Her hair is wrapped in a towel. To call her plain would be inaccurate. She could be attractive if she put any effort into it, which doesn't occur to her.

HARRY

I'm late.

HELEN

Me too.

They talk without looking at each other, the way people who have been together a long time do.

HELEN

How'd it go at the trade show? You make all the other salesmen jealous?

HARRY

Yeah. You should have seen it. We were the hit of the show with the new model ordering system, the one for the 680... how you can write up an order and the second the customer's name goes into the computer, it starts checking their credit, and if they've ordered anything in the past, and if they get a discount...

She is already tuning him out. And it hits us: SHE HAS NO IDEA WHAT HARRY REALLY DOES.

HELEN

(barely listening)

That's fabulous Harry.

HARRY

Yeah, it was wild.

Harry glances at her, oblivious to him and brushing her teeth. He smiles. The best lies are told with enthusiasm.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY, LIVING ROOM – DAY

Gib opens the door, knocks a bit, then strolls in like he lives there. He is wearing dark Ray Bans, like he's doing a Roy Orbison impression. Gizmo runs toward him, yapping, but Gib gives him the evil eye.

GIB

Come any closer I'll kill you.

The dog backs up, whining plaintively. Gib throws his jacket over the back of the couch and then, inexplicably, he takes out a pack of CAMELS and sets it on the mantelpiece. He adjusts its position carefully. Hmmm.

INT. BATHROOM – DAY

Harry and Helen maneuver around each other expertly. She is doing her make-up.

HELEN

The plumber came yesterday. He said they have to dig under the slab or something and it's going to be six hundred dollars to fix.

Harry is not really paying attention as he ties his tie in front of the mirror. His mind is elsewhere. He couldn't care less about these domestic problems.

HARRY

Uh huh. Okay.

HELEN

It's not okay. It's extortion.

HARRY

What did you tell him?

HELEN

I slept with him and he knocked off a hundred bucks.

HARRY

Good thinking, honey.

Harry kisses her on the cheek and exits.

INT. KITCHEN – DAY

Gib enters and pours two cups of coffee. Dana is drinking orange juice from the bottle at the fridge.

GIB

Hi, kid.

DANA

Hey, Gib. What up?

She EXITS, eating an uncooked pop-tart. Harry comes in a second later and Gib hands him his coffee.

HARRY

Thanks dear.

GIB

Here, check these out.

Gib hands Harry the glasses. Harry studies them, seeing the VIRTUAL VIDEO DISPLAY inside the left lens of the Ray Bans. Harry glances down the hall, making sure no-one is looking, then he puts them on.

HARRY'S POV – INSIDE THE GLASSES

A black and white video image of his own living room.

GIB
The CCD camera and transmitter and inside a pack of smokes. Slick little unit, huh?

IN POV

We see Dana enter the living room. She looks around carefully, then quickly lifts Gib's jacket and slips out his wallet. She palms two twenties in the blink of an eye and puts the wallet back. Pro moves.

HARRY
Son-of-a-bitch!

GIB
What?

Harry whips off the glasses and charges out of the kitchen.

Gib goes after him.

EXT. HOUSE – DAY

Dana comes out the front door, letting it slam behind her, and runs to her boyfriend, TRENT, who is waiting for her in the driveway on his idling YAMAHA. Trent is 16, dressed in grunge-rock style, trying to look tough. Harry comes out the front door as Trent revs the motor.

HARRY
Dana!!

She waves from the back of the bike as Trent pops the clutch and they shoot down the driveway.

DANA
(yelling over the engine)
Can't stop, I'm late. Bye, Dad!

INT. / EXT. GIB'S CAR / STREETS OF WASHINGTON – DAY

They are driving through D.C. Harry is still shocked by his daughter's behavior.

GIB
Kids. Ten seconds of joy. Thirty years of misery.

HARRY
She knows not to steal. I've taught her better than that.

GIB

Yeah, but you're not her parents, anymore, you and Helen. Her parents are Axl Rose and Madonna. The five minutes you spend a day with her can't compete with that kind of constant bombardment. You're outgunned, amigo.

Gib and Harry turn onto Pennsylvania Avenue, heading toward Lafayette Square. Capital Hill is behind them.

INT. TEKTEL OFFICES – DAY

Harry and Gib come out of an elevator on the 12th floor. Behind the receptionist is a burnished metal sign which reads "TEKTEL SYSTEMS". They cross a open floor of cubicle spaces. There is the hum of activity everywhere. A normal day at a normal business.

SECRETARY

Morning, Mr. Tasker.

HARRY

Morning, Charlene.

GIB

See, kids now are ten years ahead of where we were at the same age. You probably think she's still a virgin...

HARRY

Don't be ridiculous. She's only – how old is she?

GIB

Fourteen, Harry.

HARRY

Right. She's only fourteen.

They go into a corridor.

GIB

Uh huh. And her little hormones are going like a fire alarm. I say even money that physicist on the bike is boinkin' her.

HARRY

No way. Not Dana.

They stop at a door, like any other along the corridor. It is blank.

GIB

Okay. Okay. De-nail ain't just a river in Egypt. She's probably stealing the money to pay for an abortion.

HARRY

Will you just open the door!

Gib touches a plastic card to an unmarked spot just above the doorknob. There is the CLUNK of a SOLENOID LOCK.

GIB

Or drugs.

INT. CORRIDOR – DAY

They enter a long corridor, which is featureless except for video surveillance cameras. They walk along the silence for a moment, then...

GIB

Twenty here, fifty there... I figured my wife's boyfriend was taking it.

HARRY

I thought you moved out.

GIB

Well... I moved back in. My lawyer said it would give me a better claim on the house in the property settlement. Don't change the subject... you owe me two hundred bucks.

They approach another door, with a (bulletproof) glass window in it. Beyond is a brightly lit room, with a woman sitting at a desk... and nothing else. Gib presses a buzzer.

INT. OUTER SECURITY ROOM – DAY

JANICE sits at the non-descript desk like a receptionist... but she is a highly trained security specialist. She is also hefty through the shoulders, aggressively unattractive and utterly humorless. She watches them on a monitor screen as they stand outside the door. Harry and Gib appear as living X-Ray images. Their weapons are visible in their shoulder harnesses. Janice puts one hand automatically on the butt of a .45 tucked in a holster riveted beneath her desk. She buzzes Harry and Gib in with the other.

JANICE

Gentlemen, please identify yourselves to the scanner.

Harry and Gib step up to the combination retinal-thumbprint-voice scanners. Harry presses his thumb against a black-glass plate for laser scan, and looks into the eye-piece of the retinal scanner.

HARRY

Harry Tasker. One zero zero two four.

GIB

Albert Gibson. Three four nine nine one.

Their clearance appears on a monitor on Janice's desk.

JANICE

Thank you. You are cleared.

She stands to give them plastic I.D. badges which they hang around their necks.

GIB

Janice, how many years have you been buzzing us in?

JANICE

Ten, Mr. Gibson.

GIB

And you still reach for your piece every time.

JANICE

Yes sir.

GIB

God! You have no idea how much that turns me on. I've never had the courage to say this before but... I love you, Janice.

JANICE

Yes, sir.

He kisses her wetly on the cheek as he goes by. She does not react in any discernible way.

They pass through a heavy stainless steel door which opens automatically. Beyond is a kind of airlock... a SALLY PORT. Behind a lexan shield are TWO GUARDS armed with MP5s. They nod but do not speak at Harry and Gib pass them.

HARRY

You better watch it. She might file on you for sexual harassment.

GIB

In her dreams.

INT. OMEGA SECTOR INNER SANCTUM – DAY

Gib and Harry pass through the inner door of the sally port into a large austere atrium.

ANGLE FROM ABOVE

As they cross. A huge graphic logo covers the floor. Across the center it says OMEGA SECTOR. In smaller print, around the perimeter, is the motto: "THE LAST LINE OF DEFENSE".

They enter a high-tech office space. It is a maze of glass partitions surrounding a central floor-space of cubicles. There is a hushed quality here. People do not joke. They do not hurry. There are a lot of computer screens displaying information from around the world. It looks like a combination of NASA mission control and FBI headquarters.

Fast Faisal greets them, yawning, as they pass his partitioned cubicle.

HARRY

Come on, Fize. We're late for our butt-grinding.

Faisal gulps his coffee and hurries after them.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

A dark and severe conference room, with large-screen computer displays at one end. Glowering at one end of the long, polished table, is SPENCER TRILBY, the chief of Omega Sector. Visualize a cross between Colin Powell and J. Edgar Hoover.

TRILBY

Jesus, Harry! You guys really screwed the pooch last night. Please tell me how I can look at this, that it's not a total pooch-screw.

HARRY

Total is a strong word –

GIB

There are degrees of totality.

FAISIL

It's a scale really, with "perfect mission" on one end and "total pooch-screw" on the other and we're more about here –

TRILBY

Faisil. You're new on Harry's team, aren't you?

FAISIL

Yes.

TRILBY

So what makes you think that the slack I cut him in any way translates to you?!

FAISIL

Sorry, sir. Uh... here's what we got.

He hits a button and a photo of Khaled fills a wall-screen.

FAISIL

Jamal Khaled. We think he's dirty so we raid his financial files... Check it out...

Faisil hits some buttons and a second screen lights up with the data for their raid.

FAISIL

One hundred million in wire transfers from the COMMERCE BANK INTERNATIONAL –

GIB

Which we all know is a front for certain nations to fund terrorist activities. Something big is going down –

FAISIL

And we know that a week ago four MIRV warheads were smuggled out of the former Soviet Republic of Kazakhstan...

HARRY

We think Khaled's group has bought the nukes and is bringing them to U.S. soil.

TRILBY

So far this is not blowing my skirt up, gentleman. Do you have anything remotely substantial? Don't be pumping beets up my ass here. Do you have hard data?

HARRY

Not what you'd call rock hard.

GIB

It's pretty limp, actually.

TRILBY

Then perhaps you better get some... before somebody parks a car in front of the White House with a nuclear weapon in the trunk!

INT. OFFICE BUILDING – DAY

It is the interior of a huge law office. Helen works there as a paralegal. She is going to the break room for coffee with her friend, ALLISON, a secretary. Allison is black, younger than Helen, and still single.

HELEN

I mean, it's not like he's saving the world or anything. He's a sales rep for Chrissakes. Whenever I can't get to sleep I ask him to tell me about his day. Six seconds and I'm out. But he acts like he's curing cancer or something.

ALLISON

So I guess you didn't get away for the weekend after all?

HELEN

Are you kidding? Harry had to go out of town.

ALLISON

I'm shocked.

HELEN

Yeah. You know Harry.

Helen's nerdy boss BRAD, comes up behind her, scowling.

BRAD

Helen, have you pulled those files yet? I need them by lunch.

HELEN

I won't let you down, Brad.

Brad leaves.

HELEN

(under her breath)

You little pencil-neck.

(to Allison)

So... yo... sista! D'you do anything interesting?

ALLISON

Oh... Eric and I drove up to this little romantic inn, and... pretty much lapped champagne out of each other's navels for two days.

HELEN

You bitch.

ALLISON

Girlfriend, you got a man. You just have to take control... set up the right mood.

HELEN

Harry only has two moods: busy... and asleep.

ALLISON

Then you better do something to jumpstart that man's motor. You know... wake up the sleeping giant of his passion.

They both crack up at that one.

INT. OMEGA SECTOR (DATA CENTER) – DAY

Harry meets up with Gib and Faisal coming from the ANALYSIS Department.

HARRY

What'ya got?

The following will play as they wind their way through the rows of data-analysis workstations.

FAISIL

(handing Harry a printout)

Here, check this out –

GIB

It's a two million dollar disbursement from Khaled to... Juno Skinner.

(Harry raises an eyebrow)

Uh-huh. The babe at the party.

HARRY

It doesn't mean anything. She buys antiquities for Khaled.

GIB

Nope. The art buys are in a separate ledger.

FAISIL

And this is a little above market-rate for the horizontal bop, even for a total biscuit like her.

HARRY

Alright, I want a complete workup on her. Do we know where she is?

FAISIL

Uh-huh. Right here in river city.

HARRY

You're kidding.

FAISIL

She lives in Rome, but she does stuff here the Smithsonian and has a lot of diplomatic connections, so she has offices here.

Gib starts tangoing with an imaginary partner.

GIB

Sounds like a job for a specialist.

INT. TASKER HOUSE / KITCHEN – NIGHT (10PM)

DING! Harry opens the microwave as his dinner finishes re-heating. He sits down alone at the kitchen table and pulls the Saran-wrap off the plate. Another solo supper two hours late. His motions are so automatic we gather that this is the rule, not the exception. Helen comes in from the living room, holding the suspense novel she is reading.

HELEN

I need you to talk to Dana. The vice principle called and she cut class again this afternoon.

HARRY

I'll handle it.

Harry picks up his porkchop and goes out the back door.

EXT. DRIVEWAY – NIGHT

A basketball hoop is bolted to the garage and Dana is shooting baskets in the driveway. Moths orbit the outside floodlights. She sinks one, dribbled back to the foul line. Harry comes up behind her and lifts the ball out of her hands as she stands poised to shoot. She turns.

HARRY

Dana, Mr. Hardy called. Why weren't you in class today?

DANA

He lies! I was there! I was in the nurse's office, cause I had a headache.

HARRY

You seem fine now.

DANA

Great! You're going to believe that fat dweeb Mr. Hardy over your own daughter.

HARRY

I'm not sure what to believe anymore, young lady. You never used to lie to me. But lately you don't seem to know the difference between right and wrong.

Dana studies something really fascinating at the end of a fingernail.

HARRY

Dana, are you listening to me?

DANA

Yeah, Dad.

HARRY

You know you can always talk to me. Right? Whatever is going on in your life, your mom and I'll understand.

DANA

Okay, Dad.

HARRY

You'd tell me if there was something wrong, wouldn't you, pumpkin?

DANA
I'm not a pumpkin! Okay?!! Do I look even remotely like a pumpkin?! I'm not a muffin, or a cupcake or a honeybear either! And you don't understand anything Dad...

Dana runs into the house, agent. Hold on Harry, superagent, unable to comprehend the mind of a 14-year-old. He looks up to see Helen at the backdoor.

HELEN
(macho voice)
"I'll handle it".

CUT TO:

INT. / EXT. LIMO – DAY (NEXT MORNING)

A BLACK LIMO cruises through a morning fill of bright promise.

INSIDE

Gib is at the wheel in a chauffeur's uniform. He talks to Harry, riding in the back, without turning.

GIB
It's all set up... ghost phones and fax, all the usual stuff. You have a suite at the Marquis Hotel under Renquist. Okay, reality check. Go.

HARRY
Hi, I'm Harry Renquist. I own a –

INT. JUNO'S OFFICES – DAY

HARRY
– corporate art consulting company in San Francisco. I have an appointment with Ms. Skinner –

Harry is extending his business card to the receptionist as Juno breezes into the lobby from a corridor. She is dressed sharply and looks as stunning as Harry remembers.

JUNO
Harry! I thought I might see you again. I just didn't expect you to call so soon.

Juno lingers a second or so long on the handshake.

HARRY
Well, what's the point of waiting?

JUNO
I agree.

There is definitely unholy magnetism here. She indicates for Harry to walk with her and leads him through the suite of offices. There are mounted fragments of ancient sculpture in niches on either side, and beautifully restored mosaics and tablets of hieroglyphics mounted on the walls.

JUNO

So your clients want something for the lobby of their new corporate headquarters?

HARRY

That's right. They want something... dramatic. I spoke to a number of people who said you're the one to see.

Juno leads Harry through a door into a large warehouse area. There is a bustle of activity as workmen unpack crates. An overhead crane is used to move huge stone pieces. There are massive columns, and statues two stories high. Even the entire facade of a tomb.

JUNO

So what did these... people... say about me exactly?

They stroll amongst the statues, as covered workmen move around them with tools, scaffolding, pneumatic equipment. Most of the workers are middle-eastern.

HARRY

Let's see... that you can read ancient Sanskrit without having to sound out the words. And that other dealers and archeologists don't like you much.

JUNO

Those wimps. It's because I use my diplomatic contacts to export cultural treasures from countries which tell them to take a hike.

(yelling in Arabic to two workmen)

I told you to move those crates an hour ago. Come on guys, let's get going.

We realize that a WORKMAN is watching them intently from nearby. He is an intense looking MIDDLE-EASTERN MAN in his mid-thirties.

JUNO

You see, a lot of these pieces are from ancient Persia. Unfortunately, ancient Persia is twenty feet under the sand of Iran, Iraq and Syria. Not the most popular places lately. So I've had to become an expert in international diplomacy.

Juno stops and looks at Harry. Her smile indicates the possibility of more than just business.

JUNO

Well, do you see anything you like, Mr. Renquist?

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE – DAY

Harry, Gib and Fast Faisil are in a luxury suite at the MARQUIS HOTEL. It is a corner suite, with a spectacular view of the city. Faisil is routinely sweeping the room for bugs with an electronic DETECTOR.

HARRY

She's importing stuff from all over the mid-east.

GIB

She could be moving money, guns. Anything.

FAISIL

And the second you left there, we started getting calls to the ghost numbers. They were checking out the Renquist front.

HARRY

Okay. Let's step up the surveillance on her. Put on two more guys.

INT. JUNO'S WAREHOUSE – DAY

WE FOLLOW the WORKMAN we saw watching Harry earlier. He catches up with Juno, who is going through the doors to the office area. His name is MALIK.

MALIK

Ms. Skinner? Can I speak to you for a moment please, in your office?

His manner is self-effacing. Humble. He doesn't meet her gaze. She nods and they go into the private office.

INT. JUNO'S OFFICE – DAY

MALIK comes in behind her and closes the door. The moment they are away from public observation, his manner changes. His humble posture straightens and his eyes flash intensely as he approaches her. Without warning he SLAPS HER HARD ACROSS THE FACE.

MALIK

You stupid undisciplined bitch!

Her jaw clenches but her reaction is surprisingly submissive.

JUNO

It's a good thing you pay me well.

MALIK

Do you realize that there are surveillance teams watching this place right now? Your phones are almost certainly tapped. And you are busy laughing and flirting like a whore with this Renquist, who may be a –

JUNO

No. He checked out okay –

Malik slaps her again.

MALIK

That is for interrupting.

(he backhands her)

And that is for being wrong. We do not tolerate mistakes.

Juno bites her lip.

JUNO

What do you want me to do?

MALIK

Find out who this Renquist is.

JUNO

How?

MALIK

Use the gifts that Allah has given you.

INT. TEKTEL SYSTEMS OFFICES – DUSK

The phone rings on the desk of CHARLENE, Harry's secretary at Tektel Systems, the permanent front-company for Omega Sector.

SECRETARY

Hello, Tektel Systems. Mr. Tasker's office.

INT. TASKER HOUSE – DUSK

Helen is in the kitchen, showing Dana how to put icing on a large birthday cake.

HELEN

Hi, Charlene? It's Helen. Is he there?

INT. TEKTEL OFFICES – DUSK

Charlene doesn't hesitate a microsecond.

CHARLENE

Harry's in a sales meeting, Mrs. Tasker. Let me try him in there. Hold please.

She punches a key, engaging a digital scrambler and connecting to...

INT. SUITE AT THE MARQUIS – DUSK

A PHONE RINGS. Gib opens his briefcase and looks at the console of the cellular scrambler-phone inside. The display reads "TEKTEL / CALLER ID POS – TASKER, HELEN".

GIB

It's Helen.

Harry picks up the phone.

INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING WITH HELEN

HARRY

Hi honey. What's going on?

HELEN

Sorry to bother you in a meeting, but you have to promise me that you'll be home at eight. I don't want Dana and I sitting here by ourselves like we were last year. You promise?

HARRY

(laughing)

Baby, I said I'd be there. Really. Trust me.

(the room phone RINGS)

Gotta go, honey. Bye bye.

RING. Harry raises an eyebrow as he answers.

HARRY

Hello? Oh, Juno, hi.

(pause)

Well sure. I can be there in twenty minutes.

Harry hangs up. Gib, checking his watch, has a look like he's got a bad gas pain.

HARRY

What? It's on the way. She says she's got something for me.

GIB

Yeah, right.

INT. JUNO'S WORKSHOP – NIGHT

A WORKMAN guides Harry through the maze of statuary. He points toward the back of the warehouse and then leaves. Harry is left alone in the vast space.

Only a few lights are on, rendering the place somewhat Gothic. Harry strolls in the direction the workman pointed. Ahead of him, is the huge facade of a royal tomb. There is a flickering light inside. A shadow moves across the wall in the entryway.

HARRY

Hello?

He enters the stone doorway of the tomb. FOLLOWING HARRY as he steps into the inner chamber. There is an oil-lamp burning on a stone sarcophagus, the only light. The room appears empty.

REVERSE ON HARRY

Behind him a figure emerges from a shadowed alcove. It is Juno. She looks ethereal in the strange light.

JUNO

Hello, Harry.

Harry whips around, startled.

JUNO

Do you like my tomb? The museum financing fell out, so I thought your clients might be interested.

HARRY

It's certainly... dramatic.

JUNO

Especially in this light. This is the only light they had then, so I like to study it this way. I love this place. I love all ruins.

HARRY

Is that why you got into this business?

Juno turns to him in the flickering half-light. She moves closer. Her eyes seem to glitter.

JUNO

I've always been a collector at heart. When I see something I want, I have to have it.

HARRY

And you have a reputation as someone who gets what she wants.

She is very close to him. Her eyes seem to glitter in the light from the oil lamp. She is unbelievably beautiful.

JUNO

Yes, I do.

INT. GIB'S CAR – NIGHT

Gib is sitting in the car, in the shadows, up the street... with his earphone in place. Listening.

GIB

Harry, this is your conscience speaking...

INT. TOMB – NIGHT

Juno picks up the lamp and walks along the wall, holding it up so that the flickering shadows seem to bring the bas-relief figures to life. Stone faces shift and change, stone eyes move.

JUNO

Look at this. People who died twenty centuries ago.

Juno presses her cheek against the cold stone. She runs her fingers slowly across the figures. It is strange and erotic.

JUNO

They breathed and loved and wept, just like us. And now their ideals, their religions, their social orders... are gone like mist. What did any of it matter?

She crosses to Harry.

JUNO

I only hope they lived well. That they got what they wanted.

She puts her hands on him and pulls herself close. It is a hypnotic moment.

JUNO

Getting what you want is the only important thing.

She kisses him, very lightly, with infinite sensuality.

INT. GIB'S CAR – NIGHT

GIB

Harry? Listen to the following code word. Helen. H-E-L-E-N. Now, do you want me to I beep you?

INT. TOMB – NIGHT

Harry breaks the kiss... slowly pulling back.

HARRY
Yes.

JUNO
Yes what?

HARRY
Uh, yes, it is important.

Juno is moving in for a more passionate lip-lock when – BEEP BEEP BEEP!! Harry pulls his beeper off his hip and looks at it. The moment is spoiled.

HARRY
Uh, it looks like I have to run. I'll call you tomorrow. Your proposal is very interesting.

INT. GIB'S CAR – NIGHT

Gib lets out a big exhale of relief. He looks at his watch.

INT. TASKER HOUSE – NIGHT

Helen and Dana are sitting expectantly at the dining room table. There is a big cake, and presents piled on the buffet. The food is getting cold. Helen looks at her watch.

DANA
See.

INT. / EXT. GIB'S CAR – NIGHT

Harry is changing clothes, getting ready to be Harry Tasker again, as Gib drives through evening traffic. Gib keeps checking the rearview.

GIB
We have a friend. Five cars back, inside lane. They've been on us since we left Juno's.

Harry adjusts the passenger side mirror.

HARRY
Station wagon?

GIB
Uh-huh. Want me to lose them?

HARRY
No. We need this lead.
(into his Rover)
Unit Seven.

UNIT SEVEN (FAISIL)
Seven here.

HARRY

(into Rover)

I need you at the Georgetown mall in three minutes.

SEVEN

Copy that. We're rolling.

GIB

Helen's going to be pissed.

HARRY

See, that's the problem with terrorists. They're really inconsiderate when it comes to people's schedules.

INT. STATION WAGON – NIGHT

There are three men in the car. YUSIF and MAHMOUD are in the front, with Mahmoud driving. In the back, shadowed, we can just make out ABU MALIK. Yusif is massively built, with a body like a beer-keg. Mahmoud is skinny and intense.

INT. / EXT. GIB'S CAR – MALL – NIGHT

Harry puts his SUB-VOCAL TRANSCIVER into his ear canal.

HARRY

Test two three.

(Gib nods, receiving)

Pull over here.

Gib pulls the car to the curb near the mall entrance. Half a block behind them the station wagon does the same. Harry slips on the virtual-image sunglasses and gets out of the car.

EXT. MALL – NIGHT

Harry pauses on the sidewalk a moment to light a cigarette. He coughs slightly.

GIB

(in his ear)

You don't smoke, dickhead.

Harry lets his hand drop to his side, holding the pack of cigarettes casually. He turns his hand. The tiny lens in the cigarette pack glints.

POV VIDEO SCREEN

Inside the left lens of the glasses. The camera in the cigarette pack reveals Yusif and Mahmoud getting out of their cars, crossing the street half a block away.

HARRY

... strolls into the mall. It is an open promenade design, with a moderate crowd of shoppers and movie-goers. Harry watches in the glasses as Mahmoud and Yusif slip through the crowd behind him.

GIB (V.O.)
What's the plan?

HARRY
(apparently mumbling to himself)
Gonna try to get a closer shot of Beavis & Butthead.

INT. / EXT. GIB'S CAR – NIGHT

Gib looks in the rearview, studying the car behind him.

GIB
There's another guy, still in the car.

HARRY
(on radio)
Stay on him.

All Gib can see is a silhouette in the car. A soft cherry glow, the tip of a cigarette in the dark. No features.

EXT. MALL – NIGHT

Harry turns off the main concourse, into a narrower walkway between shops. In the video-glasses he watches Yusif and Mahmoud, who have split up to look less conspicuous, as they track him through the pedestrian traffic.

INT. / EXT. GIB'S CAR – NIGHT

Gib in on the cellular phone.

GIB
Helen? Hi, it's Gib. Harry remembered something he left at the office. You know Harry.

As he is talking he sees that a bus has blocked his view of the station wagon.

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE – NIGHT

She sighs fatalistically.

HELEN
Yeah, Gib. I know Harry.

Helen hangs up the phone just as Dana strides through the room, putting on a jacket and heading for the front door.

HELEN
Where are you going?

DANA
Out. If Dad doesn't care enough about us to be here on his birthday, then why should I care? I'm going to a movie.

HELEN

No you're not. You're going to stay here until your father gets home and have cake!

DANA

Mom, wake up! Dad barely knows we exist.

We see the hurt in her eyes. She doesn't hate her father. She just misses him.

HELEN

That's not true, honey –

DANA

It is true! He doesn't know anything about me. He still thinks I'm like ten years old or something. As long as I just smile and say yes to whatever he says, like his good little fantasy daughter, he thinks everything's fine. But it's not fine. Nothing's fine.

Dana runs out the kitchen by the other door. Helen runs after her.

HELEN

Dana! Come back here!

The slamming door is her answer.

EXT. MALL – MEN'S ROOM – NIGHT

Yusif sees Harry, up ahead, enter a public restroom. He signals Mahmoud with his eyes and the two of them close in on the restroom.

INT. / EXT. GIB'S CAR – NIGHT

Gib hangs up the car-phone. Ten the bus blocking his view finally pulls away and Gib see that the station wagon is empty. No silhouette.

GIB

Oh shit.

(into his headset)

Harry, I lost the third guy. Harry?

INT. RESTROOM – NIGHT

Harry can't answer because Mahmoud just entered the room behind him. Harry is at one of the urinals, apparently taking a leak. Mahmoud goes to the mirror. Starts combing his hair. He doesn't much notice the pack of Camels sitting on the counter nearby. Harry is whistling. Shaking himself.

HARRY'S POV

In the video glasses Harry sees himself and Mahmoud. Yusif comes into the restroom, seemingly ignoring both Harry and Mahmoud, as if heading for the stalls. As he passes behind Harry he reaches into his coat...

Harry spins lightning fast. He knocks away the SILENCED PISTOL aimed at the back of his head with a sweeping block, capturing Yusif's arm in an arm-lock. The shot goes wide, shattering a urinal.

Harry slams his palm into Yusif's face like a piledriver, and spins him against the steel stalls. The silenced pistol goes skittering across the floor.

Mahmoud whips a pistol out of his waistband. Still holding the bear-like Yusif, Harry draws his Glock so fast we can barely see him move. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Three .45 slugs go through Mahmoud's chest, shattering the mirror behind him. He flops on his butt, slumping against the wall.

Yusif, who is easily Harry's size, bellows and grabs his gun arm. They smash against the walls, struggling for the gun.

Yusif, locked to Harry, hurls him against the stalls. They hit a locked door, which pops open, banging inward.

Yusif drives Harry to the floor. Harry's head is between the shoes of an OLD GUY sitting on the can, who looks down uncomprehendingly at him.

Yusif slams Harry's gun hand repeatedly against the doorframe of the stall. He twists Harry's wrist brutally. He even pounds against Harry's hand with his knee. The old guy winces.

That's got to hurt. Harry cries out in pain and the gun drops. Yusif reaches for it, but Harry kicks it under the stalls.

He punches Yusif in the face, driving him back. They grapple, spinning. Harry drives Yusif's head into the counter. Then he elbows him in the throat and they crash together on the filthy floor. Harry grabs Yusif's hair and pounds his face repeatedly against the rim of a urinal. In case you haven't noticed, this is a messy, nasty fight. Survival is like that.

Yusif sags into submission. Harry pulls a nylon zip-strip out of his pocket and uses it like handcuffs, securing Yusif's wrists.

EXT. MALL – NIGHT

Gib is running full out, drawing his gun. He has one finger jammed in his ear. His gut is doing the rumba as he runs.

GIB
Harry? Harry, you copy?! Shit!

INT. RESTROOM – NIGHT

Harry is pulling Yusif to his feet when the door bangs open behind him. He turns, thinking it is Gib. It's not. Malik raises a FULL-AUTO BERETTA 92-F and opens fire. Harry spins Yusif between him and the machine pistol. Yusif's beer-keg body stops the spray of 9mm slugs from hitting Harry long enough for him to dive into a stall.

Malik hoses the room with the Beretta. The metal stalls are riddled with hits.

HARRY

Is in the stall with the old guy, who's just sitting there. The walls of the stall are pimply with the hits on the far side. Harry reaches under the stall, retrieving his Glock.

MALIK

Goes empty. Harry hears that and pops out, cranking off rounds –

Malik is a blur going out the door, as Harry's shots shatter tiles on the doorframe. Then silence.

HARRY
(to the old guy)

Sorry.

EXT. MALL – NIGHT

MOVING WITH MALIK, *who backs rapidly away from the restroom, reloading.*

GIB (O.S.)
FREEZE!!!

Malik spins to see Gib nearby, going into a firing stance behind a light-standard. The terrorist doesn't hesitate. His Beretta ROARS at 900 rounds per minute.

Gib tries to hide behind the light-standard, which is about half as wide as he is. Shots hit all around him, shattering window glass behind him. His stomach sticks out from behind the pole. He sucks it in. Now his butt is sticking out on the other side. Shots clang into the steel column, and riddle everything behind him.

GIB
WRONG! THIS IS NOT GOOD!

Just when it looks like Gib is going to get a 9mm tummy tuck, Malik turns and sprints away, through shocked pedestrians. Harry runs out of the restroom, trying for a shot, but there are too many people in the line of fire and Malik knows it.

HARRY
Get back to the car!

Gib nods and heads the other way as Harry takes off after Malik. Malik is fast and vicious. He hurls people out of the way, sending shoppers sprawling. Harry is ruthless in his pursuit. They pound through the mall and out onto the street –

EXT. STREET – NIGHT

Malik sprints straight into traffic. A car screeches, not stopping in time... Malik goes right over the hood. Harry leaps over the hoods of cars after him. Malik sees Harry coming after him like a juggernaut.

He turns and sees a MOTORCYCLIST coming down the street, accelerating from a right-turn. Malik runs at him, clothes-lining him right off the bike. The terrorist picks up the nimble little Kawasaki 250, which is still running, and leaps on. He pops the clutch and takes off. Harry pounds after him like a locomotive. He sees Malik turn, taking the bike path into a large PARK. Harry cuts into the park on a diagonal.

EXT. PARK – NIGHT

ON HARRY, *running. Ahead is a MOUNTED COP. Harry doesn't break stride, heading right for the cop on the horse. The cop turns, surprised, a split second before – Harry pulls him off the horse and slams him to the ground (he's wearing a helmet).*

HARRY
Federal Officer in pursuit of suspect! Sorry.

Harry is in the saddle and galloping after Malik before the cop can get his gut out of the holster to stop him.

Malik roars through the park on the Kawasaki. He looks back, amazed to see Harry charging after him on a horse. They scatter joggers and bicyclists, people walking their dogs.

TRACKING WITH THEM

As they rocket through the park. Malik leaves the winding path and goes straight through the trees. Harry charges through some rollerbladers who go sprawling. Malik fires his Beretta straight back at Harry, emptying it. He drops the pistol and crouches over the bike, twisting the last bit of throttle out of it. They are going flat out, through the trees, in a kinetic blur.

EXT. STREET – NEAR MALL – NIGHT

Gib, panting and heaving, pulls his car into traffic. The Unit Seven car pulls out as well, up the block.

GIB
Harry, what's your twenty?

EXT. PARK / STREETS – NIGHT

Harry is legging the police horse hard. He has his reins in one hand, his Glock in the other. It's the wild west.

HARRY
Westbound in the park... suspect is on a motorcycle... he's going to come out on Franklin. Hang on –

Harry leaps a park bench like he's in a steeple chase.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I want you on 14th in case he turns south. And I need Seven on the north side to box him in.

INT. / EXT. GIB'S CAR – NIGHT

Gib is weaving furiously through traffic. He slides into a turn.

GIB
Copy that.

HARRY
And make it fast. My horse is getting tired.

ON GIB

Mouthing "Your horse?"

EXT. STREET – NEXT TO PARK – NIGHT

Malik explodes through the bushes and out onto the street. Cars skid around him, out of control. He turns south. Weaving through traffic. Harry leaps the hedgerow behind Malik and gallops among the spun-out cars. He goes right over the hood on one which is blocking his path. The driver ducks as the horse's hoof cracks the windshield.

EXT. STREET / HYATT REGENCY HOTEL – NIGHT

Up ahead traffic is stopped, jammed tight at a light. Malik goes into the oncoming traffic lanes, which are empty. Gib's car slides around the corner in a blare of horns and comes barrelling down the street toward him. Gib cranks the wheel the slides the car broadside, blocking both lanes. Malik locks up the brakes and the bike slides to a stop. Then the terrorist pops the clutch and wheels the bike around – Jumping the curb and going straight at the entrance of THE HYATT REGENCY HOTEL.

Bellmen and guests scatter as the bike roars right at them. The sliding doors and opening for a bellman coming out with bags and Malik blasts past him into the lobby.

HARRY

Ducks, galloping through the doors after him.

INT. HOTEL – NIGHT

Acres of marble and red carpet. Liveries porters. Guests dressed for evening, the men in suits, diamonds on the women. And sudden pandemonium as Malik roars through the lobby, with Harry charging along behind him. Malik guns it across the lounge, knocking over tables. He gets air at the top of the steps going up to the RESTAURANT.

Harry swerves to avoid a panicking guest and finds himself careening toward the JAZZ QUARTET at a full gallop. He gathers the animal and LEAPS (in glorious SLOW MOTION) over the bassist, who is diving for the carpet. Harry and horse land deftly and then he urges his mount right up the steps after Malik.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT – NIGHT

Malik roars between the tables, looking around wildly for a way out. Harry charges in, ducking to avoid the chandelier.

Waiters, trays, dinners, tables... everything seems to be flying at once as people dive out of the way.

INT. HOTEL – MAIN HALL – NIGHT

MALIK skids out into the main hall by another door, and sees – the ELEVATORS. The door is just closing on one of them. He guns it and slides through the doors.

HARRY RIDES out of the restaurant in time to catch a glimpse of Malik as the doors close.

INT. SCENIC ELEVATOR – NIGHT

Harry canters the horse into the next elevator, which has just been boarded by an older couple. He has to practically lie down on the horse to fit through the door. The animal barely fits, nose to tail, in what turns out to be...

A GLASS ELEVATOR

With a view of the whole atrium of the hotel as it rises, right to the top of the building. Harry looks through the glass at the elevator car next to him, fifteen feet away. Malik is inside, punching a button. He glances up and sees Harry. Their eyes meet for a moment, just before Malik's car ascends rapidly. Malik's malevolent glare is etched on Harry's retinas.

The older couple is jammed against the side-wall by Harry's panting, snorting horse. It clomps around the tight elevator. The woman is trying to crawl between her husband and the wall.

HARRY

Can you just press the top floor, please.

The man nods mutely and complies. Their elevator takes off, rising after Malik's.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY – NIGHT

Gib runs in with Faisal and Keough. They follow the path of destruction, growing more and more amazed. Gib yells to one of the porters.

GIB

The guy on the horse?!

The porter points at the elevators.

INT. / EXT. SCENIC ELEVATORS – NIGHT

Harry has slid off the horse to get next to the control panel. He can look up at an angle and see Malik in the car above him. His thumb hovers over the emergency stop button. If Malik gets out at any floor, Harry will have a moment to react and stop. Malik can look down and see this. He knows Harry's got him. He just keeps going, floor after floor, using the time to think.

The older woman is still just staring, trying not to breathe. The horse flicks her in the face with his tail.

INT. / EXT. ROOFTOP – NIGHT

The rooftop has a spectacular view of the city. TRACKING WITH Malik as he comes out of the elevator, rides to the far edge of the roof and slides to a stop. He looks down twenty stories.

THE SECOND ELEVATOR ARRIVES

The doors part and Harry comes out, with his Glock poised and ready. He sees Malik revving his bike. The terrorist brodies the bike into a fast one- eighty and speeds back toward the edge of the roof. Amazingly, he increases speed, ROARING RIGHT OFF THE EDGE, ARCING THE BIKE SUICIDALLY OUT INTO SPACE!

Harry rides to the edge in time to see Malik, on his bike, CLEAR A 60 FOOT JUMP and SPLASH INTO THE ROOFTOP POOL of a LOWER BUILDING next to the hotel!

Harry is out of control now, seeing the guy setting away. He wheels his mount and charges across the roof to get some running space. Then he turns again, back toward the edge Malik jumped from. He kicks the horse's flanks and yells HAAHH!!

The horse's hoofs thunder on the roof as they go full tilt toward the edge.

But a horse is not a motorcycle. It is slightly smarter. It slams its front hoofs down together, stopping suddenly. Harry goes right over its head. He flies forward, almost going right off the roof. He slams to the edge, with his legs dangling over, holding onto a piece of pipe with one hand. His Glock tumbles down into darkness.

Harry sees Malik far below, climb out of the pool, running to the roof door of the other building. Getting away. Harry clammers up onto his own roof, breathing hard. He walks over to the horse.

HARRY

What the hell were you thinking? We had the guy and you let him get away.

He looks into the horse's innocent brown eyes. Pats its neck fondly.

HARRY

What kind of cop are you?

INT. TASKER HOUSE – NIGHT

Helen is asleep at the dining room table next to a half-eaten cake and some melted ice cream. His unopened presents are piled at one end of the table. She raises her head as Harry enters sheepishly.

HARRY

Look, I know you're upset. I'm really sorry, honey. I raced home as quick –

HELEN

It's okay, don't bother, Harry.

He goes to her and puts his arms around her. He is tender with her. He wishes he can tell her the truth.

HARRY

I'm sorry. Thank you for the party.

HELEN

Yeah. It was great.

Helen finds a smile for him somewhere. She really does love him, though more and more often lately she finds her heart in pain.

HELEN

Let's go to bed, Harry. There's only one present you have to open tonight.

She grins and arches one eyebrow meaningfully.

INT. BEDROOM / BATHROOM – NIGHT

Helen walks Harry to the edge of the bed and sits him down. She puts her hand on his chest and pushes, causing him to lie back.

HELEN

Don't move. I'll be right back.

She turns on the stereo. A Kenny G disc she put in there earlier. Soft tenor sax flows around the room. Helen enters the BATHROOM and shuts the door partway. She opens a cupboard and quickly pulls out some things she hid there earlier. A bottle of champagne on ice. Two glasses. Some trashy lingerie.

HARRY

Come on to bed, you don't have to brush your teeth.

HELEN

I'll just be a second. So what happened tonight at the office?

HARRY

I couldn't believe it. I go back to get this report I need, right, and the phone is ringing, so like a bonehead I answer it –

Helen is hurrying to put on the unfamiliar lingerie. G-string panties and low-cut bra. She holds up the garter belt, turning it backward and forward, trying to figure out which way it goes.

ON HARRY

Yawning. Lying with the ease of years of practice.

HARRY

It's the big client in Japan, and it's the middle of the morning there and their whole system is crashed... this guy's having a meltdown –

HELEN

(keeping him talking)

What'd you do, honey?

HARRY

Well I pull out the manual on their setup, which is the new 680 server...

Helen is pulling up the black stockings. She fastens the garters to the tops. Her features are a scowl of concentration. She is very earnest in her preparations.

HARRY (CONT'D)

... and I'm troubleshooting it with them over the phone... talking to a translator, right, who's getting half of it wrong... it was unbelievable... really wild.

HELEN

(putting on black pumps)

It sounds wild. So now you're a big hero, right? For fixing their system.

HARRY

(faintly)

Uh-huh.

HELEN

My husband the hero.

Red lipstick. Then she puts a little perfume on her wrists.

HELEN
I'll be right there, honey. Just a minute.

Harry doesn't answer. Helen puts a little perfume down the front of her panties.

HELEN
Just a second.

Helen quickly pours two glasses of champagne. Then she slinks around the doorframe, making her entrance. She looks like a living 900 number. Helen stands before the bed, looking down, holding the champagne glasses.

ON HARRY

Sprawled on the bed, fully clothed, snoring softly. A little bit of drool is coming out the side of his mouth.

HOLD ON HELEN

All dressed up with no place to go. She gazes down at him, her shoulders slumping.

HELEN
Happy Birthday, Harry.

She sighs deeply and downs her champagne in one long gulp.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET / NEAR HIGH-SCHOOL – DAY

It is the following morning. Harry and Gib are staked out watching the front of Dana's school. Actually, Harry is staked out, scanning the crowds of kids with binoculars.

Gib just keeps looking at his watch. He picks up a cellular phone and pretends to call the office.

GIB
Hey, did that guy Harry chased last night call in to give himself up yet? Cause apparently that's the only way we're going to catch the son of a bitch –

HARRY
(not listening)
Okay. Here she comes.

EXT. STREET – DAY

HARRY'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS – *We see Dana come out to the curb and meet Trent, who pulls up on his bike. She gets on behind him, adjusts her walkman headphones over her ears and he launches out into traffic.*

INT. HARRY'S CAR – DAY

Harry, who is behind the wheel, pulls out after her. Trent weaves radically through the light traffic, going in between the cars.

HARRY

Look at the way the little punk is driving. He's all over the place. Look – he hasn't signaled once.

GIB

Goddammit! That's outrageous.

Harry speeds up. Somebody honks as he cuts them off to stay with Trent.

EXT. MOTORCYCLE – DAY

ON DANA AND TRENT *as she looks back and sees Harry following her. She is mortified that her father is actually tailing her.*

DANA

Oh my God! I think that's my dad!

TRENT

Hang on!

Trent downshifts and punches it. The nimble little bike screams as it zips between cars.

INT. HARRY'S CAR – DAY

HARRY

(clenching his jaw)

So, you wanna play huh? You little –

GIB

(rolling his eyes)

That's it. Get 'im Harry

(he draws a pistol)

We'll teach that little puke not to signal.

EXT. MOTORCYCLE

BACK ON TRENT, *who's actually a really good rider. He zig-zags through the cars, cutting between them at the next light where Gib and Harry get blocked. He cuts a sharp right turn and disappears.*

INT. HARRY'S CAR – DAY

Harry is stuck in stopped traffic. He pounds the wheel in frustration.

GIB

(exploding with laughter)

Ha! The little prick ditched you! That is so goddamn funny.

HARRY

Son-of-a-bitch!

GIB

Can we go to the office now, Mr. Superspy?

CUT TO:

INT. OMEGA SECTOR / I.D. ANALYSIS ROOM – DAY

Harry is sitting at a computer workstation, lit by the monitor screen. Gib and Faisal look on as he clicks through HEADSHOTS of known terrorists. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. Harry is very focussed. He stops. He goes back one. Studies the face.

INT. ANALYSIS ROOM – TIGHT ON THE SCREEN – DAY

A defiant looking Syrian with a full beard.

HARRY

Holds up his hand, blocking out the beard, concentrating on the eyes.

HARRY

That's him.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

Harry slaps photos down in front of Trilby.

HARRY

Abu Kaleem Malik.

GIB

(reading from a file)

Hardcore, highly fanatical, ultra-fundamentalist. Linked to numerous car-bombings, that cafe bomb in Rome, and the 727 out of Lisbon last year. Major player.

FAISIL

Now he's formed his own splinter faction called CRIMSON JIHAD.

GIB

Guess he thought the other terrorist groups were too warm and fuzzy for his taste.

FAISIL

They call him "The Sand Spider".

TRILBY

Why?

FAISIL

(he shrugs)

Probably because it sounds scary.

TRILBY

This is impressive, gentlemen. Of course, it would have been even more impressive if you actually knew where he was.

HARRY

We'll get him.

TRILBY

Yes. You will.

(meaning – you damn well better)

Harry, I still want you in charge, even though your cover is blown. Just keep a low profile.

(he slaps a newspaper on the table)

I generally prefer it when my covert operations don't make the front page.

The agents look at the headlines: "WILD WEST CHASE". Harry and Gib wince.

EXT. HELEN'S OFFICE BUILDING – DAY

Harry and Gib pull to the curb in front of the building.

GIB

What's going on?

Harry gets out of the car and turns back, leaning in the door to talk to Gib.

HARRY

Look, uh... I've got to talk to Helen about this thing with Dana. I'm just going to run in and see if she can get away for lunch.

GIB

You want me to just hang...?

HARRY

Just hang a minute.

GIB

I'll just hang then, shall I?

INT. OFFICE BUILDING – DAY

Harry enters the office of Helen's firm. He stops at reception.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello Mr. Tasker. Just a second, I'll buzz Helen.

HARRY

No. No, I'd like to surprise her. Thanks, I know where her desk is.

He smiles and breezes past her before she has a chance to object.

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE – DAY

TRACKING WITH HARRY *as he moves through the offices. He passes through a library-like maze of records stacks. Through them he can see Helen at her desk. But as he approaches, still concealed, ALLISON puts a call on hold and whips around to Helen.*

ALLISON

Helen!

(grinning conspiratorially)

It's your mystery man.

HELEN
Simon? Ohmygod.

Helen, normally the image of composure, goes suddenly fluttery and nervous as a high-school girl. She takes the phone, turning away from Allison.

HELEN
Hello, Simon?
(pause)
It's all right. There's no one around.

Helen glimpses Allison with her ears cocked and gives her a scowl and a shooing motion. Allison turns away, grinning.

INT. OFFICE – STACKS OF RECORDS – DAY

ON HARRY, behind the stacks, reacting. He silently mouths "SIMON?!"

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE – DAY

HELEN
You mean right now?
(she looks around guiltily)
I guess so. Okay. I'll be right there.
(pause)
Yes. I can't wait. Bye.

She hangs up, a little flushed. Then turns to Allison.

HELEN
Can you cover me for an hour?

ALLISON
Just an hour? You should tell this stud to take more time.

HELEN
Will you shutup. I should never have told you about him.

Helen grabs her purse and rushes out, going right past the stack where Harry is standing, dumbfounded. He looks like he was slammed in the stomach with a lead pipe. His whole life is unraveling.

EXT. BUILDING – DAY

Gib sees Harry crossing the street, holding his stomach. He seems dazed. He is not so much walking to the car as wandering in its general direction. He stops, in the street. Gib gets out of the car and rushes to him. He pulls him out of the path of a bus which is HONKING irritably.

GIB
You look like you got gut-kicked. What's the matter? You sick?

Harry leans against the car for support.

HARRY
(barely audible)

He – Helen. Helen – it's Helen. It's Helen, Gib.

GIB
Something to do with Helen, is what I'm getting.

HARRY
She's having an affair.

Harry's best friend in the world brightens with the news. He slaps him on the back.

GIB
Congratulations. Welcome to the club.

HARRY
It can't be. Not Helen.

GIB
Nobody believes it can happen to them.

HARRY
It can't be.

GIB
Same thing happened to me with wife two. I had no idea until I came home and the house was empty. I mean empty. She even took the ice-cube trays from the fridge. What kind of person would think of that?

HARRY
(not listening)
I still don't believe it.

GIB
Relax. Helen still loves you. She just wants this guy to bang her. It's nothing serious. You'll get used to it after a –

Harry wheels around on Gib, grabbing him by the lapels, and slams him against the car.

HARRY
STOP. CHEERING. ME. UP.

We see in Harry's rage, frustration, and hurt confusion a vulnerability we never expected to see.

GIB
What'dya expect Harry? She's a flesh and blood woman. And you're never there. It was only a matter of time.

Harry sags. His friend is right. Gib opens the car door and helps him in like an invalid, talking soothingly the whole time –

GIB
I say we concentrate on work. That's how I always got through it whenever my life turned to dogshit. Let's catch some terrorists and then you can beat the crap out of them. You'll feel better.

Gib gets in and starts the car, full of stoic cheer for Harry.

GIB
Women. Can't live with 'em. Can't kill 'em.

INT. OMEGA SECTOR / LISTENING ROOM – DAY

Harry and Gib are in the LISTENING ROOM. Banks of tape-decks recording calls, rows of technicians in cubicles processing and collating transcripts.

GIB

He's giving us a blank check on wiretaps. So I've set 'em up on all of Juno's shipping agents, her clients, and Faisal made up a list of possible contacts that Crimson Jihad might have in this country. Now all we can do is wait –

He notices Harry is not listening.

GIB

Is this national security stuff boring you?

HARRY

Put a tap on her phone.

GIB

What're you talking about? We have that.

HARRY

Helen's phone. Her office line and the line at my house.

Gib gives Harry a stricken look, and glances around nervously. He pulls him into an empty office.

GIB

(a whispered hiss)

Okay... I have two words to describe that idea. In. Sane. Unauthorized wiretap is a felony, pard.

Harry grabs him and rams him up against the wall, his teeth clenched.

HARRY

Yeah, and we do it twenty times a day. Don't give me that crap. Just put on the taps. Now.

GIB

Sure, Harry. I'm on it.

Harry releases him and turns away. Gib straightens his jacket, looking at his friend like he's completely losing it.

INT. TASKER HOUSE – NIGHT

That night Harry is actually there on time for dinner. He glances at Dana, who has been eyeing him warily. She looks at her peas.

HARRY

How was school today?

DANA

Fine.

Harry takes a bite of his food, watching her. Silence. Helen glances at him.

HELEN
So. You came by to see me today?

She is a too casual, masking her nervousness.

HARRY
I was in the area, and I thought you might like to have lunch.

HELEN
They must've just missed me.

HARRY
They said you had to run out.

HELEN
Yeah. It was a rush thing. They needed some documents down at the court house. I barely made it.

Harry watches her lying to him with some amazement. You can see the jaw muscles clenching.

HARRY
So, a little excitement in an otherwise dull day. Did it work out okay?

HELEN
Oh, sure. Fine.
(she gets up suddenly)
I'll get some more gravy.

DANA
I'm done.

Dana bolts. She has eaten about four bites. Harry sits at the table, alone. He feels isolated, knowing that everybody is lying to everybody else. He is a man without a center, lost.

CUT TO:

INT. OMEGA SECTOR / LISTENING ROOM – DAY

TRACKING ALONG THE BANK OF RECORDERS, Harry comes to a particular set of machines. He reaches past the technician and picks up the hard-copy of the transcripts.

ON HARRY

Walking and leafing through the phone transcripts. Gib watches him through a glass partition, shaking his head slowly. Harry freezes, staring at the page and WE HEAR THE SOUND OF THE CONVERSATION OVERLAID:

HELEN
Hello?

SIMON
Helen? It's Simon. Is it safe to talk?

HELEN
Yes. Go ahead.

INT. CAR – FLASHBACK SEQUENCE – DAY

A man in his mid-thirties, sitting in a car SOMEPLACE (DAY), speaks into a cellular phone. This is SIMON. He is dark haired, and fairly good-looking in an off-beat way. He is unshaven and his clothes look slept in. He glances around in a furtive manner.

SIMON

I can't talk long. Can you meet me for lunch tomorrow? I must see you.

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE – DAY

NOW WE SEE HELEN at her office.

HELEN

Yes. I suppose so. Where?

SIMON

The same place. One o'clock. I have to go now. See you tomorrow. Remember, I need you.

INT. LISTENING ROOM – DAY

The last line is played ON HARRY, reading. Now he is seeing the proof in black and white. He slowly crumples the paper in one hand, his expression dark.

INT. TASKER HOUSE – NIGHT

Helen is reading in bed. She glances up as Harry comes into the room. Gives him a quick smile. Too quick.

HARRY

I thought we might have lunch tomorrow.

HELEN

I can't, honey. I promised Allison I'd go shopping with her. Sorry.

Harry watches her smoothly lying to him. It's surreal to him.

HARRY

No problem.

He surreptitiously picks up Helen's purse from a dresser and goes into the hall.

EXT. TASKER HOUSE – NIGHT

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS and Harry comes out, walking Gizmo on a leash. Harry walks briskly along the sidewalk, jerking the poor dog along twice as fast as his little legs will go.

EXT. SIDEWALK, BY GIB'S CAR – NIGHT

He reaches Gib's car, half a block up, and hands him Helen's purse. Gib eyes the dog warily. He growls at it. Gizmo hides behind Harry's legs.

GIB
Look, Harry. I know this is rough. I felt the same way the first time it happened to –

Harry holds up one finger. His eyes and expression are so intense, Gib just soft of trails off.

GIB
Right.
(hefting the purse)
So... the usual, right?

GPS locator, telemetry burst transmitter, audio transmitter, power supply.

HARRY
Just have is back in two hours.

INT. / EXT. HELEN'S CAR – DAY

TIGHT ON THE PURSE *sitting on the seat next to her as Helen drives through the city.*

INT. / EXT. N.D. SEDAN – DAY

Harry drives while Gib watches –

INT. SEDAN, CLOSEUP ON MAP – DAY

A COMPUTERIZED MAP below the dash. Helen's purse appears as a moving blip on a street-map of the city.

INT. / EXT. SEDAN – DAY

GIB
Okay, she's turning on Seventeenth. Make a left, you should see her.

Harry makes the turn.

HARRY
There she is.

EXT. PARKING LOT – DAY

Up ahead they see Helen's RED ACCORD pulling into a parking lot next to a CAFE. Harry parks the car a block away and gets out his binoculars.

EXT. HELEN'S CAR THROUGH BINOCULARS – DAY

HARRY'S POV *through the scope. Helen gets out of her car and looks around as she walks to the cafe. It is not a nervous look, but it is clear she is making sure she is not followed. She goes inside.*

INT. SEDAN – DAY

HARRY

Give me audio.

Gib hits a switch and they hear the clamor of the cafe at lunch rush come over a speaker.

INT. CAFE – DAY

The restaurant is nothing fancy. A little dark. Helen makes her way to a booth in the back. Sitting in the shadows, facing the door, is SIMON. She sits down opposite him. He doesn't smile or kiss her in greeting, but glances around the room like he expects a threat to leap out at any moment.

SIMON

Are you sure you weren't followed?

HELEN

I kept looking back, like you taught me. I didn't see anyone.

SIMON

Okay. It's just, things are a bit hot for me right now. If I get a signal...

*(holds up a cigarette lighter
meaningfully)*

I may have to leave suddenly.

HELEN

I understand.

SIMON

It's my job to risk my life, but not yours. I feel bad about bringing you into this, but you're the only one I can trust.

Simon creates an atmosphere of danger. His haggardness give him an air of mystery and desperation.

HELEN

Where were you? On a... uh, mission?

SIMON

Ssshhh! We say Op. Covert operation. And this one got a little rough.

HELEN

Worse than Cairo?

SIMON

Cairo was a day at the beach next to this.

INT. SEDAN – DAY

Harry and Gib turn to each other, shocked with the dawning awareness.

GIB

Guy's a spook!

HARRY

Yeah, but for who?

GIB
He could be working her to get to you.

Harry waves his hand, silencing Gib.

INTERCUT FROM HERE ON BETWEEN HARRY / GIB AND HELEN / SIMON

INT. CAFE – DAY

Simon puts a newspaper on the table, sliding it over to Helen.

SIMON
Did you read the papers yesterday?

HELEN
Yes.

SIMON
**Sometimes a story is a mask for a covert operation. See –
two men killed in a restroom, and two unidentified men in a
running shootout, ending at the Marriot...**

INT. SEDAN – DAY

HARRY AND GIB react, realizing that it is the story of their operation gone awry.

INT. CAFE – DAY

HELEN
That was you?!

SIMON
**You recognized my style. See, you're very good. You're a
natural at this.**

INT. SEDAN – DAY

Harry starts to get it. Then it dawns on Gib.

GIB
The guy's a fake! He's taking credit for our moves.

INT. CAFE – DAY

HELEN LEANS CLOSE TO SIMON. She clearly is hanging on his every word.

HELEN
Tell me what happened?

SIMON
I'm sorry, I can't.

HELEN
You can trust me completely.

SIMON

I know. But it would compromise your safety too much to know certain things.

HELEN

Right, of course. I was worried when I didn't hear from you that night.

SIMON

It's strange. I knew I was in a woman's thoughts when I was shooting it out with those assassins.

INT. SEDAN – DAY

HARRY REACTS *to the outrageous fabrication.*

GIB

Unbelievable.

INT. CAFE – DAY

BUT HELEN *is eating it up.*

HELEN

Were they trying to kill you?

SIMON

Three of them. Hardly worth talking about. Two won't bother me again.

HELEN

And you chased one?

SIMON

Something came over me, I just had nail him, no matter what the risk. It was pretty hairy. I thought he had me, a couple of times. But I really can't take credit...

HELEN

You can't?

SIMON

No. It's the training. It shapes you into a lethal instrument. You react without thinking.

INT. SEDAN – DAY

HARRY AND GIB *guffaw. This is too much.*

GIB

I'm starting to like this guy.

Harry shoot him a hard look.

GIB

(holding up his hand defensively)

We still have to kill him, that's a given.

INT. CAFE – DAY

BACK TO HELEN AND SIMON *as she leans even closer.*

HELEN

What is it you want me to do?

SIMON

Not here. I'll call you and we'll rendezvous again.

(he looks around)

We have to leave separately, so we aren't seen together. For your safety.

HELEN

You'll call me then?

SIMON

Yes. Now go.

EXT. STREET / CAR LOT – DAY

Simon is cruising in the Corvette with the radio blasting. Thinking he is supercool.

EXT. USED CAR LOT – DAY

Simon pulls into a used car lot, which is a run-down place. A hodge-podge of makes and models, a few that might aspire to be classics.

Simon backs the Vette into an open space on the front line. He reaches into the back seat and pulls out a dayglo sign showing the SALE PRICE of the car. He sticks it back on the dash. The car doesn't even belong to him!

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM CAR LOT – DAY

Harry and Gib pull up. They watch as Simon jumps out of the Vette and goes into the sales office.

GIB

(laughing)

He's a goddamn used car salesman. This just gets better.

(catching himself)

Sorry Harry, I know this is painful.

Harry's eyes are slitted down lethally as he stares across the street.

INT. CAR LOT SALES OFFICE – DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

TIGHT ON A TAPE PLAYER, *with Simon's hand adjusting the volume. The sound of traffic noise and middle-eastern music blares from the deck.*

PULL BACK

To see Simon on the phone, talking loud, as if over the din of a real place.

SIMON

It's a great little bar, Amanda, you'd love it. Beirut's a great place if you know the city. Listen, this isn't a secure line. I'll tell you all about it when I get back tomorrow... if I live.

(pause)

Scared? Never! Except of you –

During this, the owner of the place, DOUG WURTZ, has come out of the back room and looked out at the lot. What Doug sees is...

HARRY

Browsing among the cars.

DOUG

Turns from the window and bears down on Simon, who sees him coming and speeds up his rap.

SIMON

– I have to go, baby. A guy's coming toward me –

Doug grabs the phone out of his hand and slams it in the cradle.

DOUG

Simon, look out there. You see that man? Notice how he's looking at the cars. He's called a customer. I know it's been a while, but do you remember what you're supposed to do when we have a customer?

EXT. CAR LOT – DAY

Simon bounces jauntily up to Harry, talking before he's even reached him.

SIMON

It wants you too. Feel it vibrate? How about a little spin?

Simon opens the passenger door and sits Harry inside, then runs around the car. He leaps over the closed door into the driver's seat and starts the car.

SIMON

You gotta jump in. That's rule number one. It takes a little practice, but there's no way around it.

EXT. STREET – DAY

Simon swings the car out onto the boulevard, kicking back.

SIMON

See, it's not just the car, it's a total image. An identity you have to go for. This isn't some high-tech sports car... it doesn't even handle that great. But that's not the idea, is it.

Simon gives Harry a big grin. Harry returns a knowing chuckle. Ha ha.

SIMON

What're we talking about here? Pussy, right?

HARRY

Absolutely.

Simon laughs. Harry laughs. A big lusty, male-bonding kind of laugh.

SIMON

Well then this is a vital piece of equipment. Used properly, it can change your life. See, you cruise. No racing. This ain't a Ferrari. You check out the scenery, let the scenery check you out. You got to take it slow. Old cars are like good women... they heat up fast.

How do you grin warmly while your eyes are so cold? Ask Harry.

HARRY

Keep talking.

CUT TO:

EXT. TACO STAND – DAY

Simon is holding court. Over tacos, he waxes eloquent on his greatest area of expertise. We see Harry laughing, going along with the guy. Pretending to bond.

SIMON

Let's face it, Harry, the Vette gets 'em wet. But it's not enough. If you want to really close escrow, you gotta have an angle.

HARRY

And you've got one.

SIMON

It's killer. Look at me – I'm not that much to look at. No really. I can be honest. But I got 'em lining up, and not just skanks, either. Some are.

HARRY

So what's your angle?

SIMON

Sorry. Trade secret.

HARRY

(grinning)

Sure. Set me up and then don't tell me.

Simon leans forward, conspiratorially.

SIMON

Okay, just ask yourself. What do women really want? You take these bored housewives, married to the same guy for years. Stuck in a rut. They need some release. The promise of adventure. A hint of danger. I create that for them.

HARRY

So you're basically lying your ass off the whole time? I couldn't do it.

SIMON

Well, think of it as playing a role. It's fantasy. You have to work on their dreams. Get them out of their daily suburban grind for a few hours.

HARRY

Isn't that hard to keep up, in the long run?

SIMON

Doesn't matter. I like change. You know, constant turnover. As soon as I close the deal, it's one of two more times, then adios.

HARRY

Use 'em and lose 'em.

SIMON

Exactly. The trick is, you gotta pick your target. They have to be nice little housewife types. School-teachers. But, I'm telling you, you get their pilot lit, these babes, they can suck-start a leaf-blower.

HARRY

What about the husbands?

SIMON

Dickless. If they took care of business, I'd be out of business, know what I mean?

HARRY

Those idiots.

EXT. STREET / VETTE – DAY

They are cruising along, with Harry driving this time.

HARRY

You working on someone right now?

SIMON

I always have a couple on the hook. You know. There's one right now, I've got her panting like a dog. It's great.

Unconsciously, Harry's hands clench the wheel tighter.

HARRY

What does she do?

SIMON

Some kinda legal secretary of something. Married to some boring jerk.

Harry takes a corner too fast. The tires squealing.

SIMON

And she could be so hot, if she wanted to be. She's like a dying plant that just needs a little water.

When Simon is looking, Harry is open and encouraging... they laugh together... then when he looks away Harry goes snake-eyed. He could kill Simon with one punch. He's visualizing his wife getting porked by this guy.

HARRY
But with you, she gets to be hot, right?

SIMON
Red hot. Her thighs steam.

They laugh together. Harry's laugh is getting a bit brittle. He speeds up, his knuckles white on the wheel. Now for the big question: HAVE THEY OR HAVEN'T THEY?

HARRY
Sooooo... she's pretty good in bed, then?

SIMON
(yelling suddenly)
Hey, slow down you're gonna miss the turn!

EXT. USED CAR LOT – DAY

Harry comes barreling into the lot at forty. He cranks the wheel and hits the emergency brake, slewing the car into a smoking bootlegger-180. It screeches backward, sliding right into its parking space perfectly.

Simon is bug-eyed. But he is non-plussed for only about two seconds. Then he's back to selling. He scrambles out and goes around to Harry, coughing in the cloud of tire smoke.

SIMON
See. You and this car were meant for each other. Why fight it? Sure, I have a couple other buyers lined up, but I like your style. Whattya say? Should we start on the paperwork?

HARRY
Let me think about it. Hold it a day for me?

Simon grins and winks.

SIMON
Because it's you.

INT. TASKER HOUSE – NIGHT

Dana is in the living room, watching TV when she sees her mother cross through, dressed to go out.

HELEN
Dinner's in the warmer. Tell your father I may be late.

DANA
Where are you going?

HELEN

Out.

Dana is momentarily puzzled by the reversal of roles.

INT. ENTRY WAY – NIGHT

ON HELEN, checking herself in the hall mirror. She looks at her big dowdy purse. Hating it suddenly. She pulls her pocketbook out and rummages on the top shelf of the hall closet for a small handbag, then charges out.

INT. / EXT. SEDAN – NIGHT

Harry is driving. Gib pulls a sheaf of pages out of his briefcase and hands them to him.

GIB

Here's today's transcripts. There's nothing interesting.

SIMON

Nothing from Simon?

Keeping one eye on the road, Harry riffles through the sheets. He glances at the top of the last couple of sheets. He scowls. Then SUDDENLY SLAMS ON THE BRAKES. The car dives to the curb, bumping one wheel. Harry gets out and charges around to Gib's side. Gib gets out, his expression blank.

HARRY

Give me the page.

GIB

What are you talking about?

HARRY

It skips from page nine to eleven. Where's page ten?

GIB

Aw, it's gotta be a typo –

HARRY

GIVE ME THE GODDAMN PAGE!!

Harry hammers his fist against the car-window right next to Gib. It explodes inward in a shower of glass.

GIB

(shrugging)

Okay. Here.

He fishes a crumpled sheet of paper out of his pocket. Harry grabs it from him, straightening it.

GIB

Jeez, Harry. Seek help.

As Harry begins to read, we go into FLASHBACK.

INT. USED CAR LOT OFFICE – DAY / FLASHBACK

ON SIMON – *He is talking into the phone in hushed, urgent tones.*

SIMON
Helen. I need your help. Can you meet me tonight?

INTERCUT WITH HELEN

At her office.

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE – DAY / FLASHBACK / INTERCUT

HELEN
What's happened?

SIMON
It's serious. That's all I can say. Just meet on K Street under the Key Bridge. At eight sharp.

INT. / EXT. SEDAN – NIGHT

BACK TO THE PRESENT. *Harry checks his watch.*

HARRY
Shit! It's almost eight.

He jumps back in the car and activates the GPS locator. Helen's purse-blip flashes on the grid map.

HARRY
She's still at my house.

GIB
The purse is still at the house.

INT. SEDAN – NIGHT

Harry growls and slams the car into gear, roaring out into traffic. Horns honk as he cuts off people. He is oblivious. He grabs his rover.

HARRY
Unit Two? Unit Seven?

CUT TO:

FAISIL AND AGENT WEBSTER IN THE UNIT SEVEN VAN

FAISIL
Seven here.

CUT TO:

AGENT MORTON IN UNIT TWO CAR

UNIT TWO
This is Two.

INT. SEDAN – NIGHT

HARRY

Immediate roll. Acquire subject at K Street and Key Bridge. Vehicle is red-and-white convertible. You have six minutes.

FAISIL

Roger, One. Rolling.

UNIT TWO

Copy that.

GIB

Wait a minute! Are you out of your mind? You can't pull agents off a priority surveillance to follow your wife! It's gross misappropriation of Sector's resources, it's... it's a breach of national security.

Harry drives on, ignoring him. Gib grabs his shoulder, shaking him.

GIB

You copy, Harry? This is too far. You're losing it big-time. I have to stop you.

HARRY

Whatya going to do? Tell?

GIB

Goddamnit, Harry. This is our butts. So your life is in the toilet. So your wife is banging a used car salesman. Sure it's humiliating. But be a man here –

HARRY

You tell on me, I tell on you.

GIB

Whatya talking? I'm clean as a preacher's sheets, babe. Clean as a –

HARRY

What about that time you trashed a six-week operation because you were busy getting a blow-job?

GIB

(instantly contrite)

You know about that?

Harry turns to him. His glare could melt metal. Gib gives a fatalistic shrug.

GIB

Take Franklin, it's quicker.

Harry makes the turn, squealing tires.

GIB

You don't have any pictures though, do ya. Huh?

EXT. BRIDGE – NIGHT

Helen pulls her car under the bridge. She checks her watch. Helen notices that her hand is shaking. She looks around and the place seems deserted. She is about to leave when she sees headlights flash briefly in the shadows.

A red-and-white Vette emerges from the darkness and pulls up next to her. Simon motions for her to get in quickly.

EXT. PARKING LOT – THROUGH BINOCULARS – NIGHT

LONGSHOT *on Simon and Helen in the Vette, coming out of the parking low under the bridge. We are watching them through a sophisticated telephoto night-vision device.*

INT. UNIT TWO SEDAN – NIGHT

Agent MORTON lowers the SCOPE and picks up his rover. He puts the car in gear to follow.

MORTON

Two here. Subject is southbound on Key Bridge. A man and a woman in the vehicle.

HARRY (RADIO)

Roger's two.

INT. / EXT. SIMON'S CAR

Simon makes a show of checking the mirrors.

SIMON

Now don't be alarmed... but if I'm spotter, it would be best if they don't see you. You should keep your head down until we're out of the city.

He pushes her head down onto his lap. She crouches there, with her cheek against his thigh. He's cruising along, loving it.

INT. HARRY'S CAR – NIGHT

Gib is trying to watch the computerized city map on the screen, but Harry keeps cornering so fast he loses his place.

MORTON (RADIO)

The woman has her head in the guy's lap.

Harry is doing a jaw-clenched slow burn.

HARRY

Roger, two. One to Condor, do you have visual?

EXT. HIGHWAY LEAVING CITY – NIGHT

It is a highway heading away from the city. IN A LONG LENS SHOT, the Vette appears over the brow of a hill. A moment later A HELICOPTER rises up behind them, A DRAMATIC REVEAL. It follows the Vette.

CONDOR (V.O. / RADIO)

This is Condor. We have the ball, repeat... we have a good lock-up on I.R.

CUT TO:

INFRARED VIEW

Of the Vette, from the helicopter's FLIR system. The greenish, image-intensified view of the car is like daylight.

EXT. HELICOPTER – AERIAL SHOT – NIGHT

Down past the helicopter, to the Vette on the highway below as they head out into the country.

EXT. TRAILER PARK – NIGHT

The headlights of the Vette light up a ratty single-wide mobile home, on the outskirts of a TRAILER PARK off the highway. Simon and Helen get out of the car.

SIMON

My place in the city is too hot right now. So is the penthouse in New York. But this place is secure.

He takes her inside.

INT. SIMON'S TRAILER – NIGHT190

Helen feels awkward in the small, junky space. A tape deck is playing cool jazz. Simon hands her a glass of cheap wine. He clinks her glass with his.

SIMON

To our assignment.

HELEN

What is it you need me to do?

SIMON

Helen, I want you to be my wife.

HELEN

I'm married!

SIMON

(quickly)

Just for the operation in Paris. I need to be married. They'll be looking for a man traveling alone.

HELEN

We're going to Paris?

SIMON

Helen, there's a double agent in my outfit... I don't know who. There's no one I can trust. Except you. Can you get away? Just for two days.

HELEN
I don't know. I have to think...

SIMON
Here. Sit down. Be comfortable.

He clears a place for her on the bed, shoving clothes and magazines out of the way. She sits down and he tops off her glass from the wine bottle.

EXT. BILLBOARD AND TRAILER PARK – NIGHT

The agents have gathered behind a billboard. Harry, Gib and the other three agents have donned black jumpsuits. They finish fitting battle-harnesses, then they grab black ski-masks. They don them in perfect unison. Commando precision. Harry leads off and they quick-time from behind the billboard, closing in on Simon's trailer.

INT. TRAILER – NIGHT

Helen looks up at Simon and nods slowly.

HELEN
Okay. I'll do it.

Simon shoots over and sits next to her, taking her hand.

SIMON
You are incredibly brave. I have to remind myself the fear you must be feeling. I've lived like this for years, so I'm used to it. Every day when I get up, I think it might be my last. But it makes you appreciate life.

And the moment. Because that may be all you have.

He moves a little closer. Casting his spell.

SIMON
To pull this cover story off, we have to look exactly like two people who are intimate with each other. The enemy can spot a fake easily.

He puts his hand on her knee. She tenses up instantly.

SIMON
You see what I mean? That reaction would give us away in a second. Try to relax.

HELEN
It's just that... it's been sixteen years since anyone but Harry did that, I –

SIMON
Relax. There, that's better. Let yourself slip into the role.

He puts his other arm around her shoulders and pulls her slowly into a kiss. This doesn't seem real to Helen. She finds herself not pulling away. He lowers her slowly until they are lying together on the bed.

SIMON
There you go. That's right...

He slides his hand up her thigh. The fingers, stroking in little circles, slips under her skirt. And – She suddenly EXPLODES, pushing on his chest, forcing him up off her.

HELEN
NO! Stop!
(he keeps kissing her)
Get off me RIGHT NOW!

Simon struggles with her. She gets one knee up under him and levers him up. She pushes him to a standing position. She sits up on the bed, straightening her skirt.

He looks forlorn and pathetic. Now he's going to try pleading...

SIMON
If not for me, do it for democracy.

INT. / EXT. TRAILER – NIGHT

KABOOM!!! The back wall of the trailer is blown outward by tiny shaped-charges. The concussion throws Simon forward on top of her. Five BLACK-SUITED FIGURES swarm in, carrying machine pistols and flashlights.

INT. TRAILER – HARRY'S POV – NIGHT

Lit by the beam of the flashlight, he sees Simon on top of Helen, her knees up on either side of his hips. It looks bad. Simon and Helen sit up... stunned. They look like two rabbits in the headlights of a truck. She screams.

INT. TRAILER – ON SIMON – NIGHT

Reacting as all his years of bullshit have suddenly materialized as a nightmarish reality. He is stunned. Blinking, mouth hanging open.

INT. / EXT. TRAILER – SIMON'S POV – NIGHT

WHAT SIMON SEES – *Five demonic figures, backlit by the XENON LIGHT from a helicopter. Smoke and dust swirling in the rotor-wash. The figures lunge toward them, grabbing them both. Helen struggles fiercely as Gib (disguised) pulls her up. Harry yanks Simon to his feet.*

EXT. TRAILER – NIGHT

Gib comes out first with Helen. She struggles like a wildcat, frankly surprising the hell out of Harry. Simon is brought out, dazed and compliant. Helen whips around, KNEEING GIB right in the balls. Gib OOPHS and doubles over, and Helen runs for it.

Harry leaves Simon with the other agents and runs after Helen. She sprints through the trees, Harry pounding after her. He grabs her and gets her in a headlock. She bites the hell out of his

arm. Harry yells and lets her go, just as – Keough runs up and matter-of-factly clips her on the head with his weapon. Standard operating procedure. Which is why he can't understand why Harry punches him, knocking him down.

Harry supports a sagging Helen, gesturing sharply to the other agents and going RRRRR-RRRR to make his point (since he can't talk without her recognizing his voice). They head for the cars.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM / OBSERVATION CHAMBER – NIGHT

An empty room with a single stool under a light, and a large two-way mirror. The door opens and Helen is escorted in by Keough, still wearing his jumpsuit. Helen has a black hood over her head. Keough undoes a pair of handcuffs, freeing her, then leaves quickly.

Helen whips the hood off and blinks in the light. She wheels at the sound of the door locking and runs to it. Pulls twice on the handle, without effect. She crosses to the mirror and peers at her reflection, trying to see if anyone is there on the other side.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM – NIGHT

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS is a dark chamber. We see Helen perfectly, peering in, though she sees nothing. Harry and Gib, in silhouette, sit at a console. Harry speaks into a microphone.

HARRY

Sit down.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM – NIGHT

ON HELEN'S SIDE of the mirror we hear Harry's voice shifted by a DIGITAL PROCESSOR. It is a cold booming mechanical voice. Harsh and inhuman.

VOICE (HARRY)

I said SIT DOWN.

(she does)

Who do you work for?

HELEN

Kettleman, Barnes and McGrath. I'm a legal secretary.

VOICE (HARRY)

Of course. Mrs. Tasker. And what were you going with the international terrorist, Carlos the Jackal? Taking dictation?

HELEN

He said he was an American agent.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM – NIGHT

INSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM we can see Harry, Gib and, through the glass, Helen. Their voices sound normal on this side.

HARRY

How long have you been a member of his faction?

HELEN

I don't know anything about a faction. I just met Simon... or whatever his name is... a couple of weeks ago. I barely know him.

GIB

That's not what it looked like when we found you.

Harry scowls at Gib in the dark. Helen flushes, remembering.

HARRY

How did you meet him?

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

INT. MALL – DAY / FLASHBACK

We see Helen sitting at table at a mall near where she works, having a cappuccino and a croissant.

HELEN (V.O.)

About two weeks ago I was at the mall, having coffee...

Simon appears behind her, sort of stalking up to her. He approaches quickly the last few steps and slips into the seat next to her. His manner is furtive. He keeps looking around, as if for hidden assassins. He hands her a briefcase.

SIMON

(speaking very low)

Keep this for me. I can't afford to be taken with it. National security is at stake. I'll contact you if a can. Okay? Oh –

He seems to suddenly spot something OFF CAMERA and dashes off the other way.

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT – DAY / FLASHBACK

Helen walks back to her office building, carrying the briefcase. She keeps looking over her shoulder.

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE – DAY / FLASHBACK

She has the briefcase on her desk while she works. She keeps glancing at it as she types. Finally she hunches over it and starts picking the locks with a paper clip.

TIGHT ON SECOND LOCK

Popping open.

ON HELEN

As she opens the case. She gasps.

INSIDE THE CASE

Are the following items: A tiny camera, some loose tapes, some circuit diagrams, some transcripts that look like gibberish which must be ENCRYPTED, some street maps of Beirut, Rome and Berlin, and a Walther P.P.K. PISTOL. Helen, eyes wide, closes the case.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM – NIGHT / PRESENT

Helen shrugs, finishing up her story.

HELEN

I should have gone to the police, I suppose.

GIB

But you didn't. Why not?

HELEN

I don't know. I guess... I wanted to see what would happen.

HARRY

What did happen?

HELEN

Three days later, he called me. He told me to meet him at Overlook Park.

EXT. OVERLOOK PARK – SUNSET / FLASHBACK

Through the trees is a sweeping view across the Potomac to Georgetown and Embassy Row. Helen is sitting on a park bench when Simon shows up, sitting beside her. She hands him the briefcase.

SIMON

Thank you. You saved my life. What's your name?

HELEN

Helen.

SIMON

You can call me Simon.

(he touches her hand)

You're very brave to do this...

(then notices the locks have been opened)

You opened it.

HELEN

I just glances inside.

EXT. OVERLOOK PARK – CLOSEUP ON SIMON

CLOSE ON SIMON, *looking right into her eyes.*

SIMON

(solemn)

Then you know.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM – NIGHT / PRESENT

Harry shakes his head and rubs his eyes, picturing the whole thing.

HARRY

Why did you continue to see him?

HELEN

He needed my help.

HARRY

Not because you were attracted to him?

HELEN

No.

HARRY

You weren't attracted to him at all?

HELEN

Well, maybe a little.

GIB

Is this a common thing for you? Cheating?

HELEN

No! Never!

GIB

So, it was your first time.

HELEN

I wasn't cheating!

HARRY

Tell me about your husband, Mrs. Tasker.

HELEN

Harry? What can I say about Harry? He's a sales rep for a computer company.

HARRY

(hard question for him)

Would you say he was boring, then?

HELEN

(she sighs, nodding fatalistically)

Yeah. I suppose he is.

GIB

So sex with him isn't exactly making your flag wave anymore.

Harry cuffs him on the shoulder. Signals with a scowl for him to stay out of it. Gib smirks. Harry's put him through enough shit the last couple of days, it's time for a couple digs.

HELEN

That's none of your goddamn business! What kind of questions are these?

HARRY

You're in a lot of trouble, Mrs. Tasker, so I suggest you cooperate. If we want to know the most intimate details of your life, you'd better tell us.

Helen glowers at the mirror. Her hands are shaking and she hates it that they can probably see she is afraid.

HELEN
My husband is a good man.

GIB
But he's not exactly ringing your bell lately, right? I mean –

Harry covers the mike and whips around on Gib.

HARRY
Let me handle this part. Do you mind?
(to Helen)
Why did you go to Carlos' hideout?

HELEN
He wanted me to go with him on a mission, to pose as his wife.

HARRY
And you agreed?

HELEN
Yes.

HARRY
(amazed)
Why?

Helen searches herself for the explanation.

HELEN
I don't know. I guess I needed something...

HARRY
What did you need?

HELEN
I needed to feel alive. I wanted to do something... outrageous. And... I don't know... it felt good to be needed. To be trusted. To be special.

In verbalizing it she just feels smaller, more pathetic than she ever did. She hates the unseen voices for making her try to explain her deepest, unvoiced needs.

HELEN
There's so much I wanted to do in this life, and it's like I haven't done any of it. And the sand's running out of the hourglass. I want to be able to look back and say: See! I did that. It was wild and it was reckless and outrageous and I fucking did it!
(she glares at the mirror)
And I frankly don't give a shit if you understand this or not.

Gib looks at Harry, eyebrows raised. Whew! Harry is studying his wife like she's some fantastic new species.

HARRY
This Simon. Did you sleep with him?

HELEN
No.

GIB
(covering the mike)
She's lying.

HARRY
You didn't have sexual relations with him?

HELEN
(acidly)
Look, if you ask me everything twice, this is going to take a really long time. And I have to get home to my family.

GIB
You're not going anywhere.

Helen loses it. It is fury and fear, tears and rage all at once –

HELEN
Let me out of her! Right now!

HARRY
Answer the question –

She picks up her stool and charges toward the mirror, swinging it with all her might. It bounces off harmlessly.

HELEN
(she swings again, yelling)
I didn't sleep with him!
(and again –WHAM!)
You hear me, you chickenshit bastards –

WHAM! She hits the mirror again.

GIB (INHUMAN VOICE)
Everyone tries. It's unbreakable.

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! The mirror suddenly stars from side to side with huge cracks. She's about to beat her way through it.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM – NIGHT

INSIDE THE OBSERVATION ROOM *Harry and Gib jump back.*

GIB
She could be telling the truth.

HARRY
(to Helen)

Wait! Calm down, Mrs. Tasker. There is only one more question.

Helen drops the stool. She stands there panting. Her fury spent, she begins to cry.

HELEN

What?

HARRY

Do you still love your husband?

HELEN

(softly)

Yes.

HARRY

Louder please.

HELEN

I love him. I have always loved him and I will always love him.

(she wipes at her eyes)

Can I go home, please?

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM – NIGHT

INSIDE THE OBSERVATION ROOM Harry states at her. He smiles.

GIB

Now what?

HARRY

(leaning forward to the mike)

There is only one solution to your problem, Mrs. Tasker. You must work for us.

GIB

(whispering to Harry)

Oh shit. Harry... what're you doing?

HARRY

(like: isn't it obvious?)

I'm giving her an assignment.

(to Helen)

I am offering you a choice. If you work for us we will drop the charges and you can go back to your normal life. If not, you will go to federal prison, and your husband and daughter will be left humiliated and alone. Your like will be destroyed.

HELEN

Oh, gee thanks. Mmmm, let me see –

HARRY

Yes or no.

HELEN

What do you think? Of course yes! What's involved?

HARRY

You will be contacted with the assignment.

HELEN

My husband can't know about this.

HARRY

No one must know! Especially him. You must appear to live your life normally, conveying nothing. The security of this nation depends on it. Can you do that?

HELEN

I think so.

HARRY

Think carefully. You will be lying to the man you love. The person who trusts you the most.

HELEN

(fearless)

I can do it!

HARRY

The code name of your contact will be Boris. Your code name will be –

HELEN

(excited)

Natasha?

HARRY

No. Doris.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM – NIGHT

ON HELEN, *not liking her wimpy code-name.*

EXT. BRIDGE – NIGHT

The unit-seven van pulls up in the spooky shadows under the bridge, stopping next to Helen's red Accord. The door slides open and Helen gets out, helped by black-garbed hands. She is wearing her hood, which is whisked off by one of the hands. She whirls in time to see the door slide shut and the van speed off. She watches it drive off into the night.

EXT. ROCK QUARRY – NIGHT

The van pulls up near the edge of a large quarry. The door opens and Simon is pushed out, followed by Harry, who is in his black jumpsuit and wearing a ski-mask. Gib follows as Harry guides Simon to the edge of a sheer drop. Harry whips off the hood and Simon takes in his surroundings.

SIMON

Yeeaaowww!!

HARRY

You son-of-a-bitch. Did you really think you could elude us forever, Carlos?

SIMON

Wait! You got the wrong guy. My name's Simon. Look, just let me go. There's no need to kill me. I haven't seen your –

Harry whips off his ski-mask.

SIMON

– face. Shit! Shit!!

Simon has ducked his head and won't look at Harry. Then it dawns... He looks up, brightening hopefully.

SIMON

It's you! Hey, you still interested in that Vette at all?

GIB

You can drop it now, Carlos. The game is over. Your career as an inter-national terrorist is too well documented.

SIMON

No... I sell cars. That's all! Not even foreign cars. Nothing international, I swear. I'm no terrorist. Everything I said was a lie... you have to believe me. I'm actually a complete coward. If I ever even saw a gun I'd –

Harry whips his pistol out in one liquid motion and snaps the muzzle right in front of Simon's eyes.

SIMON

– faint. Aahhh! Don't kill me. I'm not a spy. I'm nothing. I'm navel lint. I have to lie to women to get laid. And I don't score much. It's pathetic.

(he looks down)

See, look... would a spy pee himself?

Harry is finally sickened by his groveling. He pulls Simon away from the edge, then gestures with his gun.

HARRY

Beat it.

SIMON

No. Soon as I turn you'll shoot me.

Harry starts back to the truck. Simon stays right with him, facing him, terrified to turn away. Like a dog following him.

SIMON

Please don't. You can have the car for free –

GIB

Take off, dipshit!

Gib finally shoves Simon back and Harry contemptuously cranks THREE ROUNDS into the ground by his feet, forcing him to dance backward. The two agents get into the van and tear off in a cloud of dust. Leaving Simon alone in the moonlight, miles from nowhere.

CUT TO:

INT. / EXT. SEDAN – DAY

TIGHT ON LOCATOR SCREEN as a blip moves across the grid of city streets. Gib drives while Harry watches the screen.

HARRY

We should pick up visual at the next light.

The scrambler phone in Harry's briefcase rings. He picks it up.

HARRY

Morning, boss.

INT. OMEGA SECTOR – DAY

INTERCUT WITH SEDAN

Spencer Trilby stands glowering as he talks to Harry.

TRILBY

Harry, this report on last night's operation is the thinnest piece of crap I've ever seen from you. I'm sure you won't mind giving me a little more detail on why all these assets were deployed.

INT. / EXT. SEDAN – DAY

HARRY

Absolutely. But can it wait? I'm on a critical surveillance right now.

Harry spots something up ahead. He snaps his fingers and points, then whips a pair of gyro-stabilized binoculars to his eyes.

HARRY'S POV THROUGH SCOPE

Trent, on the Yamaha with Dana on the back, rides through the intersection up ahead. Dana bops to the sound coming over her walkman headphones as Trent zips between cars. Gib makes the turn, pulling in behind them at a distance.

TRILBY

Harry. Is there anything you want to tell me?

HARRY

(innocently)

No. Not that I can think of.

THE CAMERA PUSHES IN ominously on Spencer Trilby.

TRILBY

Harry? You know we never fire anybody.

Click. Harry hangs up the phone slowly.

GIB

We're dead, right? So... where'd you put the transmitter?

HARRY

In her Walkman. It's the one thing I knew she'd be taking.

EXT. WAREHOUSE – DAY

Harry walks toward the closed warehouse doors, past Trent's parked Yamaha. We hear MUSIC from inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE – DAY

INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE, we see what it is that Dana has been doing when she skips school. A garage band of teenagers, mostly older than her, are playing loudly. Dana has the microphone, belting out a punchy cover of the old Cream classic "Sunshine of Your Love". The guitar parts have been industrialized, and it actually sounds pretty hip.

Harry watches from the shadows, standing behind a pillar not far from the stage. Watching his daughter gyrating in the spotlight. His reaction is hard to read.

INT. WAREHOUSE – CLOSEUP OF CIRCUIT-BREAKER – DAY

TIGHT ON THE MASTER CIRCUIT-BREAKER as Harry's hand throws the switch.

INT. WAREHOUSE – STAGE – DAY

The stage is plunged into darkness and the music stops abruptly. Before the band members can react, they hear the big metal doors rolling and sunlight blazes in. Dana stares into the glare, seeing an ominous silhouette standing there. The shadowy figure walks toward them.

FIGURE

You! Come with me.

The figure comes straight toward Dana. To her horror it turns out to be her dad. Her heart stops.

DANA

Oh my Gooooood.

EXT. WAREHOUSE – DAY

Harry appears through the doors, marching Dana by the arm. He walks her over to some industrial junk nearby, overgrown with weeds, and sits her down for a talk.

She is sullen, still mortified from getting dragged out in front of her friends.

HARRY

There are going to be some changes Dana. You're going to start following some rules. And I'm going to be there to see that you do.

DANA

Yeah, right.

HARRY

You're going to stay in school. Do you understand?

DANA
Why? So I can wind up like you? What's the point?

You think Harry's going to really rain on her parade. But he doesn't. He becomes very tender. He pushes the hair back from her face.

HARRY
Did I tell you about the time we first met?

She looks up at him, puzzled?

HARRY
You were quite young at the time. All wet and still attached to your mom by a cord. You opened your eyes and looked right at me. And I knew then I would always love you with all my heart.

Dana stares at her father with a dawning awareness. This is not just some chump that she has to put up with. This is her father. He is a part of her. No matter what happens they are in this thing together. Tears start to run down her cheeks.

HARRY
Somewhere along the way I got lost, honey. I forgot about what was really important. I'm sorry pump – I mean –

She grabs his in a fierce hug. Harry closes his eyes, letting the moment purify him.

HARRY
Dana, regarding this singing –

She pulls back, suddenly wary. Oh shit.

HARRY
(grinning)
You were pretty good.

INT. / EXT. SEDAN – DAY

Dana sits wedged into the front seat between Gib and Harry. Father and daughter are singing raucously loud, with the windows down.

HARRY / DANA
I've been waiting so long To be where I'm going In the sunshine of your loooooove.

They crack up after the long sustain. They are both suffused with a glow of rediscovery. Harry pulls the car to the curb in front of Dana's school.

DANA
Dad, how come you know the words?

HARRY
Honey that song came out in 1968, when I was exactly your age.

DANA
Unbelievable! Trent told me he wrote it. He's history.

INT. TASKER HOUSE – NIGHT

The image of a family dinner. Helen is avoiding Harry's eyes. Harry looks over at Dana and she gives him a tiny smile. Then she rises from her half-finished dinner and heads out of the kitchen.

DANA
I'm done.

HELEN
Where are you off to young lady?

DANA
(pointing toward her room)
I have a book report.

Helen watches her go. That's strange.

HARRY
So last night was pretty exciting, huh?

HELEN
(alarmed)
What?
(then smoothly)
Oh, the flat tire? Yeah, I thought the damn towtruck was never going to get there.

Harry smiles, reaching for more chicken. The phone RINGS. Helen controls the urge to run to it.

HELEN
Hello?

METALLIC VOICE
Doris?

HELEN
Oh. Yes?

INT. OMEGA SECTOR – NIGHT

GIB, AT OMEGA SECTOR, *uses the SPEECH SYNTHESIZER to disguise his voice.*

GIB
Listen carefully. Go to the Hotel Marquis in one hour. Pick up an envelope marked Doris at the front desk. And dress sexy.

INT. TASKER HOUSE – NIGHT

BACK ON HELEN *as she reacts to that.*

HELEN
What?

VOICE
Get going!
(CLICK)

HELEN

(thinking for a second, then...)

Uh... well, okay then. You sound terrible. I'll run out right now. Just call the prescription in to the pharmacy. Sure, no problem. Bye.

Harry smirks, listening to her lie. She's good. The smirk drops as she turns.

HELEN

Allison is sick in bed. I have to go over there, honey.

HARRY

Sure, hon.

She walks unhurriedly out of the room. Behind her back, Harry is grinning. The second Helen is out of his sight line, she runs up the stairs. Harry waits a moment then picks up the phone.

INT. OMEGA SECTOR / ELECTRONIC LAB – NIGHT

Gib is in a corner of the electronics lab, in an area dedicated to DIGITAL AUDIO PROCESSING. The phone in his briefcase rings. Gib answers.

GIB

You've reached a new low with this one. I can't believe you're crazy enough to use the room at the Marquis.

HARRY

Why not? You think I can afford a suite like that on my salary? Is Jean-Claude done yet?

Gib looks over at a SOUND RECORDING BOOTH nearby. In it a FAT FRENCH AGENT, JEAN-CLAUDE is doing voice recording from a hand-written page.

GIB

Not quite.

INT. OMEGA SECTOR – INSIDE THE BOOTH – NIGHT

We hear Jean-Claude record a line on a tiny DAT tape recorder. He speaks with a cosmopolitan French accent. Close your eyes and he's Charles Boyer.

JEAN-CLAUDE

No no. Do it slowly. Very slowly.

INT. HOTEL MARQUIS – NIGHT

A big luxury hotel downtown, with an opulent lobby. Helen enters, looking different than we have ever seen her. She has been commanded to be sexy, and she is. Her black slinky dress is cut at mid-thigh, showing some good legs we haven't been aware of. She's pulled her hair back and added pearls. Now she looks elegant and hot. Playing the role.

INT. HOTEL – FRONT DESK – NIGHT

She goes to the front desk and signals the ASSISTANT MANAGER with her eyes. He comes over to her.

HELEN
Do you have an envelope for Doris?

The man nods. Saying nothing, he reaches under the counter and hands her the envelope. She opens it as she walks across the lobby. In contains a room key, a small bugging device, and a phone number.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY – NIGHT

TIGHT ON A PAY PHONE *as Helen finishes dialing the number. She scans the lobby as the phone rings...*

METALLIC VOICE
Listen. You are a prostitute named Michelle. Go to the room. A man will be there. He is a suspected arms dealer.

HELEN
Do I have to... you know...?

VOICE
No. He has particular tastes. He likes to watch. You will say his regular girl, Carla, is sick. If he likes you, he will tell you what to do. You must plant the bug near the telephone, by the bed, before you leave. If you do not accomplish your mission, the deal is off.

INT. HOTEL / TENTH FLOOR – NIGHT

Helen exits an elevator and walks down the long hallway toward the suite. She stops by a mirror and checks her look. Decides she is too uptown. She pulls the neckline of her dress down so it shows more shoulder, then hitches up the hem. Ditches the pearls. Puts on some red lipstick.

Now she doesn't look hot and elegant... just hot. She practices a slinky walk, getting into the role.

Suddenly she remembers her wedding ring. She pulls on it. It probably hasn't been off in years. She licks her finger and twists it off. Yoww! She puts it on her right hand and turns the modest diamond palm-side in... Out of site. Then, reading the number off the key, she goes to the room and unlocks the door.

INT. SUITE – NIGHT

Helen comes in hesitantly. The lights are off. The suite is large and richly furnished, with a breathtaking view of the city. It is the room Harry was using, posing as Renquist. A FRENCH-ACCENTED VOICE comes from the next room.

VOICE
In here.

She goes into the bedroom. There is a dark figure sitting in a chair, just a silhouette.

MAN
Step into the light.

It is a corner room. The drapes on one side are closed, shadowing the man, but open on the other just enough to let in a slash of moonlight. She steps forward into it.

TIGHT CLOSEUP ON THE FIGURE

We can just make out that it is Harry, though Helen cannot. TILT DOWN to show his hand, out of sight behind the chair-arm, as he manipulates the pause button on the DAT tape deck.

HELEN

**I'm Michelle. Carla's sick. She thought you might like me,
so...**

Harry goes SSSSHHHH. Silencing her gently. He silently clicks off the PAUSE button. The DAT recorder plays. Charles Boyer, deep and hypnotic, speaks from Harry's outline. Harry lipsynchs.

HARRY (TAPE)

**Let me do the talking. You are very pretty. You may start
by unzipping your dress.**

PAUSE button. She starts to yank the zipper down.

HARRY (TAPE)

No no. Do it slowly. Very slowly.

Helen turns her back to him, and draws the zipper down languorously, revealing her creamy back. She is not wearing a bra.

HARRY (TAPE)

Now slip the dress down... slowly.

Helen is starting to get into the ritual. She lets the dress slip off her shoulders. It slides down her body to the floor. She steps out of it, still in high heels.

HARRY (TAPE)

Now slide the nylons off one by one.

HELEN

(puzzled)

I'm not wearing any.

Harry winces. He starts the next line immediately.

HARRY (TAPE)

That's good. Now the panties.

The ritual continues as she strips slowly (this will be tastefully done). She conceals the bugging device in her hand as she sets her clothes on the bed near the phone. Helen is still concentrating on her mission.

HARRY (TAPE)

**Now turn, cheri, in the moonlight. Let your body flow like
water.**

She turns. Her skin is beautiful in the silvery light.

HARRY (TAPE)

Now dance for me. Go on.

Helen has no idea what to do, but she improvises quite well. The scrutiny of the shadowed man, who is fully clothed, and her raw vulnerability are a quiveringly powerful erotic combination.

HARRY (TAPE)

Let your hands be a lover's hands on your own skin as you move. Yes, that's it.

TIGHT ON HARRY'S EYES

As he studies her. His game, meant to give her a dangerous fantasy, is actually turning him on mightily. He is amazed to see her playing the role, getting into it. This is not the Helen he thought he knew for sixteen years.

HARRY (TAPE)

Now, lie on the bed and close your eyes.

She does. Harry rises and goes to her, bringing the tape deck.

HARRY (TAPE)

Keep them closed. Do not open them.

He sits on the bed, next to her, but without touching her. He strokes her hair, lovingly. Then runs his fingertips over her eyes, down her cheeks. To her it feels delicate and delicious. Part of her is enjoying this a lot. But Helen is torn between wanting to flee and knowing that nothing the man has done so far is enough to cause her to abort her mission.

HELEN

I thought you only liked to watch.

Harry goes SSSHHH. It's all he can do. He bends over her and brings his lips slowly down to her. He touches them to hers so slowly that she barely knows he is kissing her. Then he takes her in a passionate kiss.

And she grabs the lamp on the bedside table and SMASHES IT OVER HIS HEAD. Harry flies off onto the floor, groaning and semiconscious.

Helen flips on the light and grabs her clothes, starting to dress rapidly. She still doesn't recognize Harry, who is face down. He groans and starts to rise. She kicks him in the ribs and finishes putting her dress on. She sticks the bug under the night table and grabs her shoes. Mission accomplished, motherfuckers.

Harry grabs her ankle. She raises one shoe to kosh him again, and sees who it is. Freeze-frame. Total shock. She can't even form the question.

HELEN

Harry – ?!

INT. SUITE DOOR – NIGHT

CRASH!!! The door lock is shattered by tremendous force and THREE MEN burst into the room. We may recognize them as workers from Juno's shop. They are wielding pistols and are clearly part of Malik's terrorist brigade.

Harry is still groggy, and he doesn't want to start anything with Helen there, and risk her getting shot. He acquiesces as they pull him to his feet.

HELEN

He's got nothing to do with this. It's me you want, right?

HARRY

(to lead TERRORIST)

Let the hooker go. She's not important.

HELEN
Harry, be quiet. Let me handle this.

LEAD TERRORIST
Shutup, both of you.

During this exchange, the thugs have handcuffed Harry's hands behind his back. The leader gestures to one of the men to bring Helen along. Helen and Harry are dragged roughly out of the room with pistol-muzzles stuck in their ribs.

INT. STAIRWELL – NIGHT

The door from the corridor bangs open and the thugs hustle Harry and Helen down the fire-escape stairs.

HELEN
Listen, you don't need him, he's nothing. He's a sales rep for a computer company, really –

The thug leader cuffs her across the head to shut her up.

HELEN
That was unnecessary.

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT – NIGHT

A stairwell door opens and the terrorists rush Harry and Helen through the basement labyrinth.

HELEN
What were you doing there?

HARRY
You wouldn't believe me.

A pistol muzzle is jammed hard behind Helen's ear.

TERRORIST LEADER
Talk again, I kill you.

They are hustled across a loading dock to a RENTAL VAN waiting with the door open. A fourth terrorist slides the van door shut after they get in and gets in behind the wheel. The van takes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT – NIGHT

The rental van pulls up to a G-3 JET warming up outside a private hanger. The van doors open and the hostages are brought out. Harry sees a long black LIMO pulling up behind the van. The driver, an enormous man names AKBAR, hurries to open the passenger door. A slender pair of ankles emerge, followed by the rest of Juno Skinner, looking devastatingly beautiful but now quite sinister.

To Helen it is like a living James Bond film, with the jet, the limo, the terrorists, and now an exotic femme fatale, dressed to kill, approaching them.

JUNO

(with a wry smile)

Hello, Harry.

HARRY

Juno. I wish I could say it's a pleasure to see you again.

HELEN

You know her?

Juno signals with her eyes and the terrorists march the prisoners toward the plane.

JUNO

Who's your little friend?

HELEN

I'm Helen Tasker. Harry's my husband. And you are?

JUNO

(to Harry)

So now it's Tasker? Not Renquist?

INT. G-3 JET – NIGHT

They enter the luxurious passenger cabin of the plane. Helen has never seen anything like this.

HELEN

Look, Harry's not part of this. He's just a sales rep.

JUNO

No, my dear, he is a federal agent. He killed two of my colleagues the other night.

HELEN

No, you don't understand, we've been married for 15 years

–

HARRY

Look, Juno, this is just some whacko hooker I met in the bar.

AKBAR and the other terrorists push Helen and Harry into seats and strap them in.

HELEN

Harry, what's the matter with you? Tell them the truth. We're married, we have a daughter –

HARRY

(looking at Helen contemptuously)

I don't know what this crazy bitch is on. You should just cut her loose, so we can get down to business.

HELEN

Oh yeah? Oh yeah? Then where did I get this?

Helen grabs the locket, dangling on a chain around her neck, and opens it to show Juno.

THE PICTURE IN THE LOCKET

Harry and Helen together, smiling.

Harry roles his eyes. Great, Helen. A FLIGHT HOSTESS walks up carrying a tray. Juno smiles graciously at Helen.

JUNO
Something before take-off?

The hostess whips a PNEUMATIC INJECTOR off the tray and zaps Helen in the shoulder.

HELEN
Oooowww!! That hurt. You biii –

She slumps. Juno looks at Harry.

JUNO
She was telling the truth, wasn't she Harry? She really doesn't know. Interesting.

Juno nods and the hostess zaps Harry. He slides into unconsciousness as the plane engines begin to SCREAM.

EXT. AIRPORT – NIGHT

The G-3 lifts into the night sky, turning south.

EXT. PIER – NIGHT

A small FREIGHTER is tied up to a half-crumbling pier. Next to the pier is a dilapidated corrugated-metal warehouse building, two stories high. There are floodlights on the dock but beyond is black night, with the ghostly shapes of mangroves and palms. It is an abandoned facility on what appears to be a tiny island in the Caribbean.

There is a lot of activity. Three U-RENT TRUCKS are parked by the warehouse, as well as some other vehicles. About thirty men, clearly CRIMSON JIHAD TERRORISTS are busy at various activities. Many of them carry AK47 assault rifles.

MALIK is supervising them as they finish unloading a tarp-covered object about 15 feet high from the ship. A rusting gantry crane trundles it into the warehouse. Malik looks up as an AEROSPATIALE HELICOPTER thunders toward them over the black Caribbean water.

The helicopter lands and Juno steps down from the front door. The sliding door is opened and Akbar and the others pull a groggy Harry and Helen out of the aircraft. They are covered by hoods.

Malik walks up to them and pulls their hoods off. Harry takes in his surroundings and looks back into the eyes of Malik. Lethal energy flows between them.

MALIK
Who is this woman?

JUNO
His wife.

MALIK
(seeing the possibilities)
His wife? Good. Bring them.

INT. WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

Malik leads the entourage into the warehouse, where brilliant floodlights illuminate –

THREE HUGE STONE FIGURES

Lined up in the middle of the space. The tarp is removed from the object they just unloaded, revealing a FOURTH STATUE. The figures are cracked and obscured by centuries, but they are unmistakably warriors mounted on horseback. The legs and arms are missing on some, but the massive heads and necks remain.

JUNO

Incredible, aren't they? Warrior figures from the Persian Empire of Darius the First, around 500 BC. I call them "The Four Horsemen".

She approaches the nearest figure, caressing its flank. A man with a jackhammer steps up to her.

JUNO

They're absolutely priceless.

She shrugs and nods to the man with the jackhammer. He blasts right into the body of one of the Horsemen, destroying it. Stone fragments fall away, revealing a cavity cut with great precision inside the figure.

Inside is a BRIGHT METAL CONTAINER. Four terrorists pull it out and set it on the ground. It is six feet long and coffin-like. Malik steps up to it, his eyes glistening. A hush has fallen over the group.

MALIK

Open it.

The latches are released and the lid lifted. Inside is a machined metal object, roughly conical, about five feet long. Malik signals to Harry to step closer and look.

MALIK

Do you know what this is?

HARRY

Can you give me a clue? It could be a water heater for all I know.

Malik grabs Helen, jerking her roughly forward. He whips out a knife and inserts the point under Helen's jaw, forcing her head back and drawing blood.

MALIK

Do you know why you have been brought here?

HELEN

N-no.

MALIK

So that this man can verify to the world that Crimson Jihad is now a nuclear power.

HELEN

How can Harry do that? He's a salesman for chrissakes.

MALIK

**If we were wrong about him... then the last thing you see
will be your blood spraying in his face.**

Harry steps forward, his face grim.

HARRY

**This is a Soviet MIRV-Six, from an SS-22N launch vehicle.
The warhead contains 14.5 kilos of enriched uranium, with
a plutonium trigger. The nominal yield is 10 kilotons.**

(in Arabic, subtitled)

Release her and I'll cooperate.

*Malik lowers the knife from her jaw. He turns away from her like she has ceased to exist and yells
at the terrorists to remove the other weapons. Jackhammers tear into the stone figures.*

*Helen is just staring at Harry, her mouth open. He turns to her, not knowing what to say. He
shrugs sheepishly.*

HARRY

What can I say? I'm a spy.

*She just looks at him for a long time. She moves closer, staring and staring, letting it sink in. Then
she hauls off and slugs him right in the jaw so hard it almost knocks him down.*

HELEN

You bastard!!! You lying son of a bitch!!!

Terrorists grabs her and restrain her. She starts to cry.

HARRY

I'm sorry, honey.

HELEN

**Don't call me honey! You don't ever get to call me honey
again. You understand?! You pig!**

Juno looks at them both and laughs. She offers Helen a tissue.

JUNO

Here you go, dear.

NEARBY

*Akbar is going through the contents of Helen's handbag and Harry's wallet. He rips open the
bottom stitching and pulls out the geo-positioning transmitter.*

AKBAR

Abu! Look at this!

*Malik looks at the tracker and then smashes it to the floor. Helen looks at the crushed transmitter.
She stares at Harry with dawning realization.*

HELEN

You bugged me?!!

Juno cracks up at this.

INT. CITATION JET – NIGHT

The jet has become a mobile tactical-command center, with Gib, Faisil, and several other agents working out of portable equipment cases. Faisil looks up from a computer screen suddenly.

FAISIL
We've lost the signal.

Gib, who has been pacing the aisle whirls to the screen.

GIB
Son-of-a-bitch! Where?

FAISIL
It's an island in the Keys, out past Marathon.

Gib goes up to the cockpit. They are on approach and the lights of Miami fill the front window.

PILOT
Miami TCA, we are on final.

GIB
Call our DEA contact, tell him I want those choppers flight-ready the second we land.

INT. WAREHOUSE – NO NAME KEY – NIGHT

TIGHT ON BLACK AND WHITE VIEWFINDER IMAGE *of the terrorists' handycam. Harry is speaking directly into the camera, finishing up his message.*

HARRY
... and I can verify that they have the arming box and all equipment necessary to detonate the four warheads. This is absolutely the real thing, gentlemen.

The camera swings off Harry to Malik, standing before the rest of the Jihad warriors, who are assembled behind the four bombs.

MALIK
You have killed our women and children, bombed our cities from afar like cowards, and dare to call us terrorists –

Over the image of Malik, a LOW-BATTERY warning begins to flash.

CUT TO:

SCENE

As Malik speaks into the camera, which is held by one of his men. The CAMERAMAN is sweating, wondering if he should interrupt. He gulps nervously as Malik drones on.

MALIK
– But now the Oppressed have been given a mighty sword, to strike back at their enemies. Unless the US pulls all military forces out of the Persian Gulf area, immediately and forever, Crimson Jihad will rain fire on one major US city each week until these demands are met...

BACK TO:

VIEWFINDER IMAGE

BATTERY *warning flashing faster.*

MALIK

... First one weapon will be detonated on this uninhabited island as a demonstration of Crimson Jihad's power and our willingness to be humanitarian. However, if there demands are not –

In a burst of static the image GOES BLACK.

The cameraman nervously lowers the camera, ashen faced. Malik's eyes are black with murder.

CAMERAMAN

Battery, Abu.

MALIK

Get another one, you moron!

INT. BUILDING – NIGHT

A filthy, crumbling cinderblock building (near the warehouse). A few bare light bulbs with bugs zipping around them, and no glass in the windows. Harry and Helen are brought in by two TERRORIST GUARDS. Juno follows then into the bleak room.

Guards shackle them to steel chairs with handcuffs.

A MAN enters the room carrying a small suitcase. He has skull-like features. He opens the suitcase and Harry has a good view of the contents: medical instruments, needle-probes, drills, Dremel tools with saw blades.

JUNO

This is Samir. See if you can guess his specialty.

HARRY

Oral hygiene?

JUNO

Not exactly.

HELEN

(scared)

What's going on, Harry?

JUNO

Samir is just going to ask Harry a few questions. See, we're not even sure which agency Harry works for. Now, Samir is absolutely first class, but on the other hand we have Harry, here, who has managed to lie convincingly to the woman he loves for 15 years. So it will be interesting to see how long he can resist.

SAMIR

(holding up a syringe)

This will help.

Samir injects Harry in the arm with the syringe.

HARRY

You know, you should swab that with alcohol. I might get an infection.

SAMIR

I'll return when this has taken effect. Then we'll talk.

HARRY

I'm looking forward to it.

Samir exits.

HARRY

Why are you helping these raving psychotics.

JUNO

Because they're very well-funded raving psychotics, and I'm getting a lot of money.

She kneels down in front of Harry, stroking his leg.

JUNO

You think I care about their cause? Or yours? Not at all. See, America is on top now... but so was Rome, once. All civilizations crumble. One nation succeeding over another. What does it mean in the long run? The only important thing is to live well. And... living well takes money.

HARRY

You're damaged goods, lady.

Harry's words are beginning to be slightly slurred. The drugs are taking effect.

JUNO

(indicating Helen)

Did you tell her about us, Harry?

HARRY

There is no us, you psychotic bitch.

JUNO

Sure. Say that now.

Juno puts her arms around him and kisses him passionately. She breaks, looking at Helen to savor the effect. Helen is trembling with rage.

JUNO

Thanks for everything, Harry. It was good while it lasted.

Juno crosses to the guard and takes a hand-grenade off his belt. Then she goes to Helen and places it between her knees. She pushes Helen's knees together to hold the spoon against the grenade then pulls the pin.

JUNO

Now just keep your knees together, and you'll be fine.

HELEN

Something you obviously have a hard time doing!

JUNO

Hold that thought.

Juno leaves. Harry looks dopily at Helen.

HARRY

There was nothing. I swear.

Helen doesn't believe him, and why should she. She looks up from staring at the grenade, to see that Harry's head has slumped forward.

HELEN

What did he give you?

HARRY

(groggy)

Sodium amytal, maybe some other truth agent.

HELEN

It makes you tell the truth?

HARRY

Yes.

HELEN

Is it working yet?

HARRY

Ask me a question I would normally lie to.

HELEN

Are we going to die?

HARRY

Yup.

HELEN

I'd say it's working.

HARRY

They'll either torture us to death, shoot us in the head, or leave us until the bomb goes off.

HELEN

Okay, okay. I get it. How long have you been a spy, Harry?

HARRY

17 years.

HELEN

My God. Have you had to... have sex with other women in the line of duty?

HARRY

I don't take those assignments.

HELEN

What about Juno?

HARRY
She's really a fox, isn't she?

HELEN
Did you pork her Harry?

HARRY
No.
(pause)
But I wanted to.

HELEN
(crying)
Are you a total lying, scumsucking pig Harry?

HARRY
Looks that way.

INT. WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

ON MALIK *as he pokes through Harry and Helen's stuff on the table. He picks up Helen's wallet and opens it.*

EXTREME CLOSEUP WALLET

A picture of Harry, Helen and Dana. Malik stares at it a moment. Then motions to one of his men.

INT. TORTURE ROOM – NIGHT

Samir lifts Harry's head and sees that he is pretty shitfaced.

SAMIR
Is there anything you would like to tell me before we start?

HARRY
Yes. I'm going to kill you pretty soon.

SAMIR
(calmly preparing his instruments)
I see. How exactly?

SAMIR
Well, I thought I'd break your neck, then use you as a human shield, then kill the guard with that knife there on your table and take his gun.

Samir approaches Harry with a long steel needle probe.

SAMIR
(humoring Harry)
And what makes you think you can do all that?

HARRY
Because I picked the lock on these handcuffs...

He holds them up to show Samir. Then he explodes out of the chair – Breaks the torturer's neck – Spins him between himself and the guard – who then hesitates to fire – Giving Harry the split second he needs to grab the knife from the table and throw it into the guard's eye, killing him instantly.

Helen is flat blown away. Wow. It only took a few seconds for Harry to reverse the situation. Her Harry! He picks up the guard's 9mm pistol and staggers over to her.

HARRY

Don't move.

He kneels down in front of her. Gently he slips his hands between her thighs, getting a grip on the grenade, then sliding his fingers slowly over the spoon to hold it securely.

He stops moving, suddenly. She realizes with a sudden jolt of terror that he has frozen.

HELEN

What is it?

HARRY

(staring transfixed)

God, you have great legs.

HELEN

Harry... snap out of it!

She sees how shitfaced he is. He holds the grenade up, gripped safely so the spoon can't fly off.

HARRY

Go it, baby.

EXT. BUILDING – NIGHT

Harry and Helen emerge from the building, creeping through the shadows. She stops him for a second. Gets very close to him, whispering, crouched in the shadows.

HELEN

Tell me something before this stuff wears off and you start lying again.

HARRY

What?

HELEN

Do you still love me?

HARRY

Yes.

HELEN

As much as you used to?

HARRY

No.

(she deflates)

Much more.

She looks into his eyes, and knows he is telling the truth.

HELEN

(grinning)

It wore off.

At that moment, they hear yelling from the cinder-block building.

HARRY

They found the bodies. Come on –

EXT. SWAMP – NIGHT

Harry takes her hand and they sprint for cover at the edge of the mangrove swamp. A LIGHT HITS THEM. TWO TERRORISTS, running around the corner, open fire with AK47s just as Harry and Helen reach a cluster of palm trees. The trunks explode with bullet hits as they run through the darkness.

As the two terrorists move through the trees, Harry lunges from the shadows and grabs one from behind. He wrests his rifle away and swings it at the other, knocking his AK down. The first terrorist draws a knife and slashes at him, but Harry grabs his knife arm and swings the blade into his partner.

Then he elbow smashes the first guy and seizes him in a two-hand neck-breaker – SNAP.

Two more run around the corner of a building. Harry stomps his foot down on one of the AKs, which is lying across a log. It flips into the air and he catches it in firing position... and takes them out with two well-aimed bursts. Helen comes out of the shadows staring at Harry in amazement. His shirt is ripped, he is scratched and bleeding, holding an assault rifle expertly and scanning the brush like a feral animal.

HELEN

I married Rambo.

He grabs her and kisses her passionately.

HARRY

Let's go.

INT. WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

LOOKING DOWN FROM A CATWALK *on the activity below the four horsemen statues and several utility trucks almost fill the floorspace. A rental truck is being loaded with conventional weapons, including machine guns and several HAND-LAUNCHED STINGER MISSILES. One of the nukes has been lowered into a pit cut in the concrete floor. Malik and most of the terrorists are gathered around it.*

A GUARD, foreground on the catwalk, watches intently from the railing. So intently that he doesn't head Harry sneak up on him. SNAP. Harry catches the guard's MAC-10 machine pistol before it can hit the floor. He and Helen crouch behind a steel pillar, watching the proceedings below. Helen keeps glancing at the dead guard, killed so effortlessly a moment before by her husband. It is all surreal.

BELOW

MALIK is shouting in his native language. He pulls a chain from around his neck and holds up a METAL ARMING KEY. Then jumps down into the pit and inserts it into the warhead's arming computer. Harry is listening intently, translating for Helen.

HARRY

**In ninety minutes a pillar of holy fire will rise at this place
as a sign to out enemies.**

(Malik theatrically turns the arming key)

It is done...

*Malik jumps out of the pit. He signals and terrorists pour concrete into the pit, covering the bomb.
He begins ranting again.*

HARRY

**Now no man can stop us. We are set on our course. No
force can stop us...**

(as libbing)

... we're cool, we're badass, blah blah.

INT. WAREHOUSE – DOWN BELOW – NIGHT

*Malik raises his fist and chants some Crimson Jihad slogans. The terrorists echo and chant and
then cheer, firing their guns in the air. Harry pulls Helen back as ricochets clatter all over the
inside of the metal building.*

*Malik shouts something and all the terrorists go back to work at double time. They are loading
warheads Two and Three onto trucks (one per truck) and the last, number Four, is being wheeled
out on a cart to the Aerospatiale outside.*

INT. WAREHOUSE – ON CATWALK – NIGHT

HELEN

If we're on an island, why are they using trucks?

HARRY

**We must be in the Florida Keys... the Overseas Highway
connects the islands to the mainland.**

HELEN

**So there's no border, no customs. They can just drive
anywhere they want... there's nothing to stop them...**

HARRY

Just us.

HELEN

What are you going to do?

HARRY

(shrugs, like: what do you think?)

Go down there and kill everybody, I guess.

He hands her the MAC-10. She holds it clumsily.

HELEN

Oh shit.

HARRY

**Wait here. If you have to use this, use it. Don't choke.
Okay?**

She nods gamely and Harry starts down the steel stairs to the floor below.

INT. WAREHOUSE – MAIN FLOOR – NIGHT

ON HARRY, reaching the floor. He slips behind some packing crates. Then swings into action – He hurls the grenade as hard as he can, down to the other end of the building. **KABOOM!!** He uses the distraction to move forward. But it goes wrong almost right away... A **TERRORIST** comes around a corner behind him, shouts – Harry dives for cover as the guy fires, but – He trips on a pipe and goes sprawling – Losing the **AK47**, which slides under some equipment and – Seven terrorists run toward him, with guns raised.

HARRY
(to Helen)
SHOOT!!

INT. WAREHOUSE – CATWALK – NIGHT

HELEN fires a burst at the terrorists, actually hitting one! But – The recoil knocks her back, into a metal column, and the gun

FLIES OUT OF HER HANDS.

It falls to the metal steps and hits – Going off. B-B-BLAM!

The burst kills two more terrorists, and – The Mac-10 cartwheels and hits further down. ANOTHER BURST. Another terrorist is splattered.

It spins and hits another step – ANOTHER RANDOM BURST MIRACULOUSLY KILLS THE LAST TWO TERRORISTS!!

She has inadvertently saved her husband. Harry looks up from behind cover – to see all seven dead. Now it's his turn to be amazed. He signals to her to run... get off the exposed catwalk. She makes it through the door to the outside stairs as bullets start hitting the steel walls behind her.

INT. WAREHOUSE – MAIN FLOOR – NIGHT

A **TERRORIST** with a knife runs at the unarmed Harry. Harry snatches up a jack-hammer and **BRAT-TAT-TAT** – Drives it into the guy's chest. Then he – Grabs an **AK** from one of the fallen terrorists and opens fire. Malik shouts to the drivers of the trucks to get going. The other terrorists return fire at Harry – who sprints from cover to cover, reaching a side door – where he rakes one of the passing trucks with a burst – but terrorists behind him in the building have a clear shot and rounds hit the wall next to him as he – dives through the door –

EXT. WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

– landing outside. He takes cover behind an aircraft **REFUELING TRUCK**. Not a good place. He is pinned down by automatic weapons fire. He looks around for Helen, who is –

EXT. WAREHOUSE – BEHIND A FORKLIFT – NIGHT

50 yards away. She is unarmed and unable to help.

EXT. WAREHOUSE – BEHIND A REFUELING TRUCK – NIGHT

HARRY cranks up the pump on the refueling truck and grabs the nozzle of the hose. He opens the flow and – A stream of JET-FUEL blasts out of the nozzle and – Harry fires his AK right across the nozzle – The muzzle-blast ignites the av-gas and he has a flame thrower with a 70 foot reach.

Harry, lit demonically by the inferno, paints the whole area, setting vehicles afire, and scattering the terrorists.

EXT. WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

Through the flames and smoke he sees one of the men hand Malik a LAW rocket. Malik snaps it to his shoulder, preparing to fire.

EXT. DOCK – NIGHT

Harry runs toward the edge of the dock thirty feet away as – MALIK fires. The rocket shoots toward the truck and – Harry leaps toward the dark water as – KABOOOM! Behind him the gas truck EXPLODES IN A HUGE FIREBALL.

EXT. UNDERWATER – OFF THE DOCK – NIGHT

ANGLE LOOKING UP, UNDERWATER, as Harry hits the water and dives down. An instant later a sheet of fire sweeps across the surface above him. Harry kicks hard, trying to swim beyond the inferno above him so he can surface.

EXT. WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

CLOSE ON HELEN, watching the burning wreckage of the gas truck.

HELEN

Oh my God. Harry.

A PISTOL ENTERS FRAME. Its muzzle taps the back of her head. She gasps and turns to see – JUNO, holding the weapon expertly.

JUNO

My condolences to the window.

Juno grabs her and yanks her to her feet. Helen SLAPS JUNO HARD. Juno has a slash across her cheek. Blood trickles down. She grabs Helen's hand and viciously turns it, seeing the wedding ring turned inward, the diamond on the palm-side. Her face darkens with fury and she points the gun at Helen's face, preparing to kill her...

And Malik's hand grabs her wrist, stopping her.

MALIK

Not now. We may need a hostage.

Juno grabs her and twists her around, pushing her toward the limo nearby.

JUNO

Let's go, Suzy Homemaker.

EXT. UNDERWATER – NIGHT

Harry is still swimming. He reaches the edge of the fire and surfaces, gasping for breath. Treading water he scans the dock.

EXT. WATER OF THE DOCK – HARRY'S POV – NIGHT

Amid the fire and smoke, he sees Juno walking Helen at gun point toward a LIMO.

EXT. WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

TRACKING WITH JUNO, *approaching the car. Malik passes, jumping into the Aerospatiale with his few remaining men. The fourth bomb is clearly visible as the sliding door is closed. The copter pulls pitch, fanning the flames of the inferno below as it arcs away.*

AKBAR, the 300 pound terrorist / chauffeur opens the door and Juno gets into the limo with Helen. Akbar scrunches into the front seat and starts the car.

EXT. RAMP TO HIGHWAY – PREDAWN

There is just enough light to see some geography. The island is very tiny. Running right over it and to the horizon in both directions is the OVERSEAS HIGHWAY. The terrorists' trucks rumble up an on-ramp past a sign that says MIAMI – 110. The limo is the last member of the convoy. The Aerospatiale passes overhead, hugging the deck, headed for Miami at 150 knots.

EXT. DOCK / WAREHOUSE – DAWN

It looks like the aftermath of a battle... burning wreckage, black smoke, bodies. Not a living soul around. The smoke swirls as two big BELL 206 HELICOPTERS settle on the middle of the dock. GIB jumps out of the nearest with an AR-15, scanning the wreckage. Several of his men, and a couple of DEA agents, spread out. Gib breaks into a grin as he sees –

HARRY, materializing out of the swirling smoke. Dripping wet, clothes ripped and bloody. But okay.

GIB

I thought this looks like your work.

HARRY

Let's go. I'll brief you in the air.

GIB

You're welcome.

INT. BELL 206 – DAY

Gib and Harry are working out of brief-case mobile com-units. Several Omega agents with headsets are reading maps, giving commands, coordinating the evacuation, mobilizing their own forces. The energy is controlled but very high, everybody talking at once. This is the day they all have trained for.

It is impressive to watch.

GIB

– you tell the son of bitch this is Bright Boy Alert. Repeat, a Bright Boy Alert. And I need a patch of the White House ASAP. That's right –

HARRY

(overlapping)

... the Coast Guard has to clear them back to a twenty mile radius. Anybody that can't make the minimum safe distance we need an airlift on, immediately –

Gib whips around to Harry, lowering his headset mike.

GIB

I can get 3 Marine Corps Harriers here in about 12 minutes. They're on maneuvers out of Boca Chica.

HARRY

(checking his watch)

Get 'em. I'll brief them on the way in.

EXT. OVERSEAS HIGHWAY – DAY

TRAFFIC on the two causeways is almost non-existent this early in the morning. The three rental trucks, followed by the limo about a mile back, are almost the only vehicles.

INT. LIMO – DAY

Juno has a 9mm pistol aimed at Helen. She opens the sunroof, letting in the morning air and light. Then pours herself a Scotch from the bar.

JUNO

Like one?

HELEN

(eyes like steel)

Fuck you.

INT. BELL 206 COPTER – DAY

HARRY and GIB are both talking a mile a minute, coordinating the evacuation of the highway and the surrounding area.

GIB

... well get the Highway Patrol to go through the streets and tell everybody on their damn loudspeakers. Just the basics... get away from windows, don't look at it... yeah –

HARRY

Here they come.

Gib looks out the window in time to see...

THREE hunch-winged P.S.T.O.L. HARRIER jets pass them at 600 knots.

HARRY

(to the pilots)

Roger, Mike Three Five, you are cleared to engage. Be advised, your targets have Stingers and light machine guns.

INT. COCKPIT OF LEAD HARRIER – DAY

The pilot, like all jet pilots, seems icy calm.

PILOT

Copy that, Bright Boy command.

(to his wingman)

Tally ho.

EXT. OVERSEAS HIGHWAY – DAY

The terrorists see the Harriers approaching on a low attack run, and scramble to get out their Stingers.

The Harriers open fire with cannons and rocket pods on the trucks below. The 20mm cannons rip the ocean on either side of the causeway into plumes of spray.

EXT. HIGHWAY – ON TRUCK – DAY

One of the Bomb trucks is hit. It explodes and flies off the bridge into the water. The terrorists on one of the other trucks fire a Stinger missile.

EXT. ABOVE HIGHWAY – ON HARRIER – DAY

It arrows up, blowing one wing off the lead Harrier. The pilot ejects as the plane cartwheels into the sea and explodes.

INT. BELL 206 COPTER – DAY

Harry sees the battle far ahead... the exploding jet.

HARRY

(to the pilots)

Recommend you use your Mavericks to take out the bridge.

PILOT (OVER)

They won't set off those nukes will they?

HARRY

Negative, Mike Three Five. That's a negative.

(low, to Gib)

Probably not.

EXT. HIGHWAY / OCEAN – DAY

The two remaining Harriers make an attack run, launching four Maverick missiles at the bridge.

EXT. HIGHWAY – DAY

The missiles hit the support trestles ahead of the trucks and... K-BOOOOM!! A whole section of the concrete span collapses into the water.

EXT. HIGHWAY – TRUCKS – DAY

The first truck is consumed in the blast. The last truck slides to the edge of the gap and stops.

INT. / EXT. LIMO – DAY

Juno is trying to see what's going on ahead. All they can see is smoke and explosions. Akbar is speaking heatedly (in Arabic) into a walky talky and getting no answer.

Helen uses this moment of distraction to lunge forward, grabbing the gun. Juno fires wildly as they struggle for control of the weapon. The sound is deafening in the tiny space. The second shot catches Akbar behind the ear, and he slumps forward. His foot mashes down on the accelerator pedal and the car surges faster.

EXT. HIGHWAY / BATTLE SITE – DAY

The third Harrier fires its 2.75 Rockets and blows the remaining truck into tinfoil. Battle over. Two bombs down.

INT. BELL 206 COPTER – DAY

The columns of smoke from the battle are still a couple miles ahead of the copter.

HARRY

Good shooting, Mike Three Five. I need you to stay on station.

(to the copter pilot)

Okay. You see that limo?

INT. / EXT. LIMO – HIGHWAY – DAY

The LIMO tracks lazily back and forth across the lanes from one guardrail to the other, throwing sheets of sparks where it hits. In is funneling along the causeway, unslowed, like an out-of-control-train.

INT. LIMO – DAY

Helen knocks Juno's hands against the edge of the open sunroof and the pistol goes flying out.

HELEN

You... bitch!!

*Helen is raging, grabbing Juno's head and pounding it against anything hard she can find inside the car. Suddenly she stops, looking out the front window. Juno turns too, off her look, to see –
ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD. The causeway is blown away about a quarter mile ahead.*

JUNO

Shit!

Juno climbs through the window into the front seat, tugging on the dead driver. The heavysset Akbar is like a bag of cement. Helen look up through the sunroof and sees –

EXT. ABOVE LIMO – DAY

THE BELL 206 COPTER, *descending rapidly. Harry is climbing out onto the skids. He hooks on arm and leg over the skid and hangs down as low as he can.*

HELEN *stands up in the opening and waves her arms.*

INT. / EXT. BELL COPTER / LIMO – DAY

Gib is yelling at the DEA pilot, who's not thrilled with this idea.

GIB

Get lower, goddamnit! Right now!

Harry strains downward with one hand. Helen reaches up toward him. The car screeches along the guard-rail, slamming against it, throwing her from side to side in the sunroof. Their fingers touch, then separate. She looks – the limo is almost on the precipice.

INT. LIMO – DAY

Juno is desperately pulling on the inert driver. He slumps over on her, pinning her. She looks over the dash as the shattered edge of the causeway rushes toward them –

EXT. LIMO – DAY

HARRY'S HAND grabs Helen's. He pulls her out of the car just as the limo clears the edge. She is jerked through the sunroof, screaming. The car falls away, arcing gracefully to the ocean below. It hits with an enormous explosion of water.

INT. / EXT. BELL 206 COPTER – DAY

HARRY PULLS HELEN up onto the skid with him, getting her stable. She is gasping, holding on for dear life. She looks down at the ocean, the burning wreckage on the bridge, the whole unbelievable panorama.

Then she looks at Harry and – grins. She's alive! And so is he. And not only that, this is the biggest rush of her life. Harry grins back. Surprised and pleased that she is more of a soul-mate than he ever knew.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY – DAY

ANGLE ON A HARRIER, landing in full-hover on the causeway. The shriek of the jet engine is enormous. It bounces down onto its wheels like a big insect. The other remaining Harrier is already down, behind it.

EXT. BELL 206 – DAY

TRACKING past burning wreckage to Harry's Bell 206 just settling on the highway. In the background the other DEA Bell 206 is landing with the Harrier pilot who ejected hanging in a sling.

Harry jumps out of the open door, followed by Helen and Gib. Harry looks at his watch.

HARRY

Any minute now.

GIB

(with a megaphone / to everybody)

It's show time. Don't look at the flash. Do not look at the flash.

HARRY

(to Helen)

We're safe here.

EXT. CAUSEWAY – DAY

Helen and Harry move away from the agents. They are safe and together. They look at each other, and there is nothing to say. Harry removes her wedding band from the wrong hand and slips it back onto its rightful finger.

He leans forward to kiss her. She reaches for him. Their lips meet.

EXT. CAUSEWAY – HARRIERS IN BACKGROUND – DAY

And they are locked together in that position when the sky lights up behind them. Talk about fireworks. Harry covers her eyes and they stay in the kiss.

They are in no danger, but the effect is stunning. The classic mushroom cloud appears at the horizon. Helen watches, awed, the most glorious and terrifying sight of our age.

HELEN

That was some kiss.

The two young Harrier pilots stand nearby, watching the mushroom disperse. Gib is with the other Omega agents, his finger pressed in his ear, listening to his headset. He waves to Harry to come to him.

Harry detaches from Helen and walks over to him. Helen watches him go... back to work. She glances over at the two Harrier pilots.

HELEN

(to the pilots)

That's my husband.

Harry goes into the huddle with Gib and the others.

GIB

Malik's copter landed twenty minutes ago in Miami. He's on the top of a high-rise downtown. SWAT's on the scene, and I got the cops sealing off the area. He rendezvous'd there with about a dozen more faction members. They're barricaded on the twentieth floor.

(he gets very serious)

Harry, they have a hostage. It's Dana.

HARRY

My Dana!?

GIB

They must have grabbed her during the night... we didn't know. Sorry, Harry, I –

EXT. HARRIER – DAY

But Harry is already moving. He sprints toward the nearest Harrier, which is idling nearby. Gib runs after him.

GIB
Harry! We'll get her out! We have a man inside already...
Harry!! Aw, shit... here we go.

Harry walks up to the young pilot...

HARRY
I need to borrow this thing for a few minutes.

He pushes past the pilot before the guy can react.

PILOT
Excuse me... sir?!

GIB
Force Comm cleared you to give us total cooperation, right?

PILOT
Yessir, but...

GIB
That's coming right from the President, Captain.

PILOT
Yessir. Uh... sir? You're going to have to sign for the aircraft.

GIB
I'll sign for it. You got a pen?
(one of the agents pulls out a pen)
Here, he'll sign for it.

Harry is in the cockpit by now. Gib climbs up.

GIB
I'd like to remind you that it has been ten years since you were actually in one of these.

HARRY
If I break it they can take it out of my pay.

INT. HARRIER – DAY

Harry doesn't have a G-suit or a helmet of anything. He just has his walky on his belt.

INSIDE THE CRAMPED COCKPIT

Harry looks around for the lever which vectors the thrust. Finds it, and sets it to 90 degrees (vertical). He bangs the canopy closed and brings the throttle up to FULL.

GIB

(to pilot)

It'll be fine. He's got hundreds of hours in Harriers. Joint-ops, cross-training and all that.

AGENT

Harry can fly anything.

The big plane wobbles off the ground like a drunken bumble-bee.

GIB

He's a little rusty. It's like riding a bicycle... you never forget. Uh... I'd seek shelter!

It drifts sideways and everybody runs to get out of the way. At about six feet above the ground it slides sideways, clips the top of a cop car and knocks off the light bar. It lifts unsteadily straight into the sky. It turns around 180.

GIB

He's got it.

HARRY

Sorry.

Harry pushes the vector lever forward and the thrust-nozzles turn, accelerating the plane forward.

EXT. CAUSEWAY – DAY

Gib is standing, watching Harry go. He never believes this guy. Harry's voice comes over the walky...

HARRY

Tell Helen what's going on. Tell her I love her. And ask the pilot where the button for the 20mm cannon is – never mind. I found it.

The plane disappears toward Miami.

EXT. HIGH RISE – MIAMI – DAY

AN AERIAL SHOT, circling the building. It is an unfinished building in the high rise district. The Aerospatiale sits on the roof, its rotor turning slowly. The street below is jammed with cars. Honking horns echo up the glass canyons.

EXT. STREET – DAY

ANGLE AT STREETLEVEL as cops use bullhorns and bad attitudes to clear the street around the building, setting up a perimeter two blocks away.

INT. HIGH RISE – DAY

The terrorists have barricaded themselves on the twentieth floor. There are 12 TERRORISTS, all with automatic weapons. Occasionally one of them will fire a burst down a stairwell with an AK-47. Miami-Dade SWAT team members are deployed in the stairwell but are keeping their distance.

INT. HIGH RISE – ON THE 21ST FLOOR – DAY

Malik is sequestered with the bomb. It sits on the floor, still in its shipping case. Dana stands nearby, looking scared. She is not tied up. Where can she go?

She watches Malik go to the warhead and insert his arming key. He has a TV set up on some crates, and we see that his video-tapes demands are running on CNN. Harry's face fills the screen, verifying the the nuclear weapons as a real threat. He is identified at the bottom of the screen as HARRY TASKER, ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION. Dana stares at her father's face on the national news. It's like a bad dream. She has been crying but she is fairly composed now.

DANA

I have to go to the bathroom.

The terrorists ignore her. A terrified ACTION NEWS REPORTER and his CAMERAMAN, under guard by TWO TERRORISTS, are hastily setting up to shoot Malik.

CAMERAMAN

Tape is rolling.

MALIK

This is a communique from Crimson Jihad. You have heard from your own expert. You have seen the Holy fire with your own eyes. Do not force us to destroy this city. And do not try to use force against us. I can trigger this bomb instantly. All I have to do is turn that key...

(he points fiercely at the bomb)

... and five million of your people will die.

The reporter glances down, nervously.

REPORTER

What key?

MALIK

(pointing like the guy's blind)

That key right there!

Malik looks down. The key is gone.

MALIK

(to his men)

Someone has stolen the key!

He turns, looking around wildly. Malik then sees Dana running for the stairwell to the roof. He pulls a pistol and shoots at her, but hits the wall as she bangs through the door. He runs after her.

EXT. BUILDING / ROOF – DAY

ON THE ROOF, Malik bursts through the stairwell door. His TWO MEN have followed him. Malik stops suddenly when he sees – Dana standing at the edge of the roof. She is holding the ARMING KEY by its chain. Dangling it over the edge. He signals to his men not to fire.

DANA

(terrified, but thinking)

You shoot me, this'll fall.

Malik advances slowly, his eyes glistening ferally. She backs up a step with each of his, moving along the edge of the roof. Malik keeps his pistol aimed at her chest.

DANA
Don't come any closer. I'll drop it! I swear to God.

MALIK
If you drop it, I will have no reason not to kill you.

He advances, calling her bluff. She backs away from him along the edge.

MALIK
Come on, child. Give me the key.
(smiling)
Don't you want to live? I give you my word.

DANA
No way you whacko.

She reaches the corner of the building. Her back touches something. It is the boom of a small crane, used for lifting building supplies. Careful to keep the key dangling over open space, Dana climbs up on the lattice-work boom and moves out beyond the edge of the building, never taking her eyes off Malik. She is hyperventilating, terrified, but thinking clearly.

Malik steps up on the crane, crawling out after her. He knows she will not drop the key as long as he has the gun. It is a game which will end when she reaches the end of the boom. Dana puts the key between her teeth so she can hang on better. It is windy and the boom is swinging.

INT. 20TH FLOOR – DAY

The Crimson Jihad warriors hear a thunderous, shrieking roar and look toward the window.

EXT. HIGH RISE – DAY

RISING INTO VIEW, LIKE A GARGOYLE FROM HELL, IS THE HARRIER. It fills the windows completely, hovering only a few feet outside. The terrorists raise their AK-47s to fire just as Harry hits the 20mm nose-cannon.

INT. / EXT. HIGH RISE – 20TH FLOOR – DAY

Glass explodes into glittering mist, and terrorists explodes into bloody spray as Harry pivots the plane and the cannon sweeps the floor clear from side to side. The Crimson Jihad is vaporized.

EXT. ROOF – CRANE BOOM – DAY

Malik hears the thunder of the jet and the firing, but from where he is he can't see what's going on. He focuses on the key. He must have that key.

EXT. ROOF – NEAR HELICOPTER – DAY

Malik's TWO REMAINING MEN run to the helicopter, gesticulating to the pilot to get ready to take off. The pilot revs the turbine and the rotor whirls faster. The two men jump in, picking up M-60 machine guns.

EXT. ROOF – CRANE BOOM – DAY

MALIK IS STILL ADVANCING out the crane boom. Dana slips as she backs up, toppling off the boom. She is hanging now by her hands over a 20 story drop.

Malik is almost to her. He needs a hand free to grab her. He sets his gun down on the girder. He grabs for her wrist.

EXT. ROOF – OVERLOOKING EDGE – DAY

ANGLE LOOKING DOWN. Malik, Dana, the street far below. With an unbelievable roar the Harrier sweeps in beneath Dana, FILLING FRAME.

EXT. CRANE BOOM / OVER EDGE – DAY

Harry has the canopy up. Malik sees Harry, ten feet below. His eyes narrow with an all-consuming rage. He glances at the pistol on the beam. Back at the girl, the key in her teeth – so close.

Harry maneuvers the cockpit directly under Dana.

HARRY

(shouting)

Let go baby! I've got you! Daddy's got you!

EXT. ROOF / HARRIER – DAY

Malik lunges for her wrist. She screams and lets go – Dana drops and hits the windshield of the hovering jet – Harry grabs her with his left hand, right hand still on the stick – he holds her until she can get a grip. She is lying across the nose of the plane. Harry starts to bank away and...

EXT. CRANE BOOM – DAY

Malik shrieks in rage. He grabs his 9mm pistol and leaps off the crane –

EXT. HARRIER – DAY

Onto the back of the plane. He starts crawling toward the cockpit. Dana screams and Harry looks back, but just then –

EXT. BUILDING – DAY

The Aerospatiale swings around the building right in front of them – The door-gunner OPENS FIRE.

EXT. HARRIER – DAY

Harry banks hard, taking the hits under the wing. He pivots and slides sideways around the building, playing tag with the copter.

He can't do anything radical enough to dislodge Malik without tossing off his own daughter.

EXT. BUILDING – DAY

The helicopter appears around the corner, guns blazing in the doors. Harry pivots the plane and FIRES THE NOSE CANNON. The helicopter is riddled. It tilts and plummets, auto-rotating out of control.

EXT. BUILDING – ANGLE AT STREETLEVEL – DAY

As the copter hits the ground and explodes. Fortunately the police had created a cleared perimeter.

EXT. HARRIER – DAY

THE HARRIER dips and slews, half out of control. Malik is taking aim with the pistol, right at Harry's head. Harry grabs his daughter with his left hand, holding her with all his strength and he – Jinks the stick hard, just as – Malik opens fire, but – The plane tilts wildly and Malik topples, screaming – he slides along the wing, and falls over the leading edge – only to catch himself on the only available hand-hold – the last Sidewinder missile.

EXT. HARRIER / SIDEWINDER – DAY

Harry and Malik lock eyes for one long second. Then Harry hits the FIRING STUD. The Sidewinder drops away and ignites. Carrying Malik out over Miami Beach. It explodes a mile out to sea.

INT. HARRIER – COCKPIT – DAY

HARRY PULLS DANA into the cockpit, settling her on his lap.

HARRY
Don't touch the stick, baby.

She stares at her father in amazement. He banks away from the building, accelerating the jet. He grins at her. Raises one eyebrow. Woggles the plane's wings.

HARRY
Hi, pumpkin.

ONE YEAR LATER

INT. TASKER HOUSE – NIGHT

Dinner at home, and everybody's there. We come in on the end of some story that everybody thinks is hysterical.

HELEN
... you should have seen your father, standing there all covered with spaghetti sauce. He looked like such a dope.

HARRY
I told the guy –
(snorts, it's too funny)
I told the guy, this isn't even my order.

Dana is laughing too, a part of it. They are happy. They are a family. Dana gets up, her meal half-eaten as usual.

DANA

I'm done.

She heads for the front door.

HARRY

**I seem to remember something about a history project
that's due tomorrow.**

DANA

(busted)

Dad. You just think you know everything, don't you?

Dana trudges off to her room to do her homework. The phone rings. Helen answers.

VOICE

Boris and Doris?

HELEN

(calmly, signaling Harry with her eyes)

Go ahead.

INT. EMBASSY PARTY – NIGHT

It is a black tie affair. Very glitzy. CAMERA SWOOPS over the guests, sipping champagne and dancing. It is an embassy crowd, very international.

HARRY AND HELEN work their way through the crowd. He is in tux, hair slicked back, looking rakish. She is elegant in a low-cut gown and diamond choker.

Harry scoops two glasses of champagne off a passing tray and hands her one.

INT. VAN – NIGHT

VERY CLOSE ON GIB, hunches in a dark van someplace nearby. He speaks into his headset mike.

GIB

So, what's the scoop, team? You see your contact yet?

INT. PARTY – NIGHT

HELEN AND HARRY smile and nod as if they know people. Speaking very low, Helen answer Gib via SUB-VOCAL transceiver.

HELEN

Not yet. But we'll find him.

HARRY

Dance?

He whirls her across the floor and the CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP as they dance.

FADE OUT

THE END