

MILLENNIUM BLUES

By

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"MILLENIUM BLUES"

FADE IN

EXT. MOONLIT SEAS. SILHOUETTE OF ISLAND - NIGHT

The SILENCE of the sea is gradually broken by a submarine's PINGING SONAR. Naval COMMANDS BURBLE as the sub surfaces. At the bottom of the screen, a digital read out identifies the date, time and global position of the sub.

EXT. SUBMARINE DECK, MOONLIT - NIGHT

Water sprays, hatches CLANK open. CAMOUFLAGED MEN with high tech armaments clamor on to the deck. Rafts inflate with a HISS. As the sub plunges beneath the water, the men silently paddle to shore.

EXT. ISLAND SHORE, JUST BEFORE SUNRISE - NIGHT

Beaching their rafts, they quietly move through the jungle... sotto voce RADIO COMMANDS WHISPER in their earpieces. The COMMANDER checks the luminescent green screen of his GPS locator.

INT. RADIO CONTROL ROOM OF THE SUBMARINE - NIGHT

In the cramped confines of the sub com deck, the 2ND OFFICER reads a screen, makes notes, and then shakes his head. He punches some buttons on the console and watches the changing, glowing image.

EXT. ISLAND CANOPY, DAYBREAK - DAY

The COMMANDOS steal through the jungle, avoiding every little obstacle to maintain their silence. Attached electronically, they move as one.

INT. RADIO CONTROL ROOM OF THE SUB - DAY

1ST COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
 "What's up, Ken?"

The seated man shakes his head as he points to the screen.

2ND COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER (KEN)
 Look at these coordinates.
 Here's the first set, then
 here's the confirmation, which
 is different, and here's the
 recheck, which confirms the
 first set.

1ST COMM OFFICER
 Hmmm. Millennium bugs.

2ND COMM OFFICER (KEN)
 What, sir? Is this some sort of
 CINCPAC joke, or is this part of
 the training exercise?

1ST COMM OFFICER
 No. NSA geeks are tweaking our
 entire information system. They
 said we could experience some,
 some- 'systemic anomalies' I
 believe was the term.

2ND COMM OFFICER (KEN)
 So what do I confirm to the SEAL
 team?

The standing officer stares at the glowing data screens...

1ST COMM OFFICER
 Go with two out of three.

2ND COMM OFFICER (KEN)
 Aah... Aye, aye, sir.

EXT. ISLAND VILLAGE, JUST BEFORE DAWN, - DAY

The village is quiet and peaceful.

INT. VILLAGE HUT DAWN, - DAY

The hut is still and quiet. It's primitive construction is in stark contrast to its contents. The room is filled with files and research papers. The white feet of a CAUCASIAN WOMAN slowly swing out of a bamboo and thatch cot, touch the floor and search for her sandals. She removes her simple native nightgown and wraps a sarong about her body. She picks up a towel and a small bag, and heads out the door. Her graceful curves disappear into the forest.

EXT. ISLAND CANOPY, JUST BEFORE DAWN - DAY

The COMMANDOS slink slowly through the jungle. The COMMANDER checks his GPS, pauses and then motions for his men to move forward.

EXT. WATERFALL BEHIND THE VILLAGE, DAWN - DAY

The WOMAN is walking on a footpath that leads to a natural waterfall. There is a small clearing with a good-sized pond. The ROAR of the crashing water drowns out the AWAKENING SOUNDS of the jungle. Small rays of sunlight pierce the dense foliage. She places her sarong on a rock and wades into the water.

EXT. ISLAND CANOPY, EARLY MORNING - DAY

The COMMANDOS are now in sight of their destination-a series of huts and lodges in a distant clearing overlooking the coast. The scene is tranquil, as cattle graze in the pasture. The COMMANDOS fix their armaments in preparation for their covert assault.

The serenity of the moment breaks a soldier's concentration. As he adjusts his gear, he leans his M-16 against a tree. The moist bark is slippery, as the rifle falls in slow motion, a twig catches the trigger. AUTOMATIC RIFLE FIRE RIPS into the silence of the morning.

COMMANDER

OH SHIT!!! -- GO!

As the command screams into all their earphones, from too great a distance, they rake the area with AUTOMATIC FIRE. Tossing empty clips, they SLAM new rounds into their weapons. Others are throwing smoke grenades and other incendiary devices.

The village erupts as little brown people burst from their huts, SHRIEKING in fear, and scatter into the dense bush. The small herd of cattle stampedes over the cliff.

Through the smoke, the COMMANDER is startled at the sight of the civilians. He SHOUTS into the small black microphone that runs along his jaw...

COMMANDER

Cease Fire!! Clear your weapons.
Front and center!!

The shooting stops, but the village is in chaos. There are small fires everywhere. Dogs are BARKING, roosters are CROWING. Most of the cattle are gone and FAINT MOANS come from the shore below the cliff. A dozen figures emerge from the jungle to form a small group in front of their COMMANDER.

The COMMANDER punches some buttons at his wrist, looking back towards the sea, he screams into his microphone...

COMMANDER

What the FUCK is going on here!

He pushes another button and turns to his men,

COMMANDER

Recon and check for casualties.

INT. SUBMARINE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

1ST COMM OFFICER

Having problems, Sir?

COMMANDER

Having problems???? Listen, pal,
we just came within a Royal Cunt
Hair of My Lai II! You hear me?

The 1ST COMM OFFICER winces as he listens to the radio.

1ST COMM OFFICER

Jack—it looks as though there could have been some data contamination.

COMMANDER (VO)

Data Contamination? What do you mean data contamination? Who's fucking with us?

1ST COMM OFFICER

Ahh, I don't think anyone is ah fucking with us, sir. But CINPAC did say we might encounter anomalies...

COMMANDER (VO)

Anomalies? I want the name of every fucking geek who touched that 'data path', you got that!

1ST COMM OFFICER

Yes, yes sir.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING IN FRONT OF VILLAGE - DAY

The COMMANDER punches some more buttons. Several COMMANDOS reenter the clearing and several make a 'safe' motion with their hands.

The VILLAGERS cautiously come out from their cover. Still suspicious they won't be shot, they assess their damages and begin complaining in a language that is unknown to the COMMANDOS, but who continue to mime apologies nonetheless. One of the VILLAGERS walks up to the COMMANDER...

VILLAGER

What you GI! Why you want kill us! Why you come here?

COMMANDER

Sorry-- very sorry. We fix. No problem. No problems. Nobody Dead? Nobody dead?

VILLAGER

Cows jump off cliff. Cows dead. Fuck you GI! Bad joss man. Fuck you American shit! You bad luck.

More villagers come out of the jungle. They are muttering and gesturing wildly behind the lone English speaker.

THE COMMANDER pushes more buttons and speaks to the COMMANDOS:

COMMANDER

Powers and Yantorni-- take point. Back to the beach. Double Time. Wait for me at the drop zone.

The COMMANDOS disappear into the jungle from where they came. They never look back.

The COMMANDER scans the area one last time, and turns to the angry and frightened Villagers

COMMANDER

Look- I'm sorry. I'm very sorry. This never should have happened...

VILLAGER

Cows dead! You fix? GI buy cows!! GI fix! GI fix!

The VILLAGERS are all shouting at the ENGLISH SPEAKER and the COMMANDER.

COMMANDER

Yeah sure. We buy cows! Tomorrow- GIs come and bring new cows! New huts! Cable TV!

The COMMANDER turns and and mutters to himself as he heads off,

COMMANDER

Son of a bitch!

He runs a crossing maneuver, looking from whatever high points are around, searching for anyone who might have seen what happened or maybe coming after them.

EXT. JUNGLE, EARLY MORNING - DAY

As the morning sun streams through the jungle canopy, the faint voice of a WOMAN SINGING can be heard in the distance. The GENTLE ROAR of a small waterfall occasionally drowns the singing out.

The sounds are so incongruous that the COMMANDER slows to investigate. As he pushes through the thick jungle growth, he happens upon the waterfall, the SINGING is now louder— the sound of an ENCHANTING VOICE can be heard above the CRASHING WATER.

As he approaches the water's edge, he clears the foliage to reveal a stunningly beautiful WOMAN bathing in the waterfall. She is SINGING in a language he has never heard. The COMMANDER is slack jawed and very confused.

She sees him. He stares. She steps out from the wall of water. She brings her hands down from her head and drops them to her side, making no move to cover herself.

WOMAN

Lt. Rambo. I don't recall ordering a bodyguard this morning. I've been taking showers here for the last three months and no one has bothered me— until now.

He opens his mouth but there is no sound. She folds her arms across her breasts and says,

WOMAN

Hmmm, speech impediment— definitely Rambo.

She raises her hand and beckons him with one finger. He is powerless but to obey.

WOMAN

Are you lost Lt. Rambo? Do you want me to help you find your way home?

He stumbles badly even after she wraps a sarong about her.

COMMANDER

We were ah, we were on a ah mission to ah, a training mission... but ah, mistake, some mistakes were ah ...made.

WOMAN

Mistake? Yeah. I'd say you've made a mistake. You've just barged in on me taking my shower.

COMMMANDER

No. Ah, I mean yes. Sorry ma'am. But I, ah I was referring to ah, another mistake. Didn't you... didn't you hear?

WOMAN

Hear what?

COMMANDER

Well, we ah, we were on a training mission.

WOMAN

Yes?

COMMANDER

And I guess we got lost...

WOMAN

And, and come on, you can say it.

COMMANDER

Well, we sort of attacked the village.

WOMAN

YOU WHAT!!! You attacked the village???

The WOMAN lunges at him, and starts to the village. He blocks her path initially by accident. They are awkwardly close. Neither of them understands the attraction to each other. She trips and he catches her.

WOMAN

Let me go! Get out of here.

She's angry, worried, upset, and dripping wet. He puts his hands up - in supplication - to surrender.

COMMANDER

Okay. It's okay!! Take it easy!

She's pacing, part of her wants to fight, part of her wants to flee, part of her is interested in this soldier which creates even greater confusion.

COMMANDER

No one was hurt! It's a training mission that went a little-

WOMAN

What? You're teaching your soldiers to kill indigenous people?

She's tightens the fit of her sarong and collects her things.

COMMANDER

No, no, no. I told you! Nobody was hurt, no one was hurt- just a couple of cows.

She walks over to him and spins him by pulling on his shirt sleeve.

WOMAN

Great. You've just blown three month's worth of trust building.

He turns and touches her hand. For a moment, he's lost. She softens. Something happened...

COMMANDER

Trust building? I'm sorry, I'm but ah, I don't understand.

WOMAN

My name is Mather, Doctor Margaret Mather. I'm an Anthropologist currently living with the village you just tried to annihilate. And you?

COMMANDER

I'm Jack Braddock, of the ah... I guess that doesn't matter.

MARGARET

What do you mean it doesn't matter? You shoot up my village, you bust in on my shower, and it doesn't matter?

She cocks her head and rests her hands on her hips.
She's playing with him.

JACK

(stuttering) I'm, I'm, I'm
really sorry about this. Ah,
there's a clean up crew...

MARGARET

Clean up crew? What— no one ever
taught you to clean up your own
mess?

JACK

Well ah, it, it's. It's just
that we ah, aren't very good at
repairing damage, or in—

MARGARET

—Or in working with people you
just tried to ... how do you put
it— terminate with extreme
prejudice?

JACK's RADIO CACKLES, his TROOPS are getting worried.

YANTORNI (VO)

Commander? Are you okay, sir?

He pulls on the earpiece and punches some more
buttons.

JACK

No! I mean yes, yes, I'm okay,
I've just run into some, some
ah... I'll be there in 10 minutes—
Over and out.

He pulls on the earpiece again and punches some more
buttons. He turns back to MARGARET.

JACK

Look, I'm sorry about this. I
really am. It's just that you
have to understand, that—

MARGARET

Understand what?

JACK backs away, shuffles...

JACK

Well, that we have to have
training missions to, to- keep
in shape and to-

MARGARET

Keep the world safe.

It is now Jack who is fidgeting and looking to flee.

JACK

Yes, yes. Safe for democracy-
you got it... sorry about this-
but I gotta run.

MARGARET

Sorry about what? The attack on
the village, interrupting my
shower, or running away?

JACK is half turned away when he looks back at her.

JACK

Oh Jesus. All of it.

MARGARET

Are you always this charming on
your first date?

But JACK is gone. Slipping through the jungle-
sweating more than he had during the entire attack.

MARGARET gazes at his back. A faint smile purses her
lips.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, - NIGHT

JACK BRADDOCK is dreaming a broken record of visions
of his men firing on the village and his encounter
with MARGARET. The juxtaposition of the two opposing
images is cause for a very restless sleep. He's
sweating and moaning, sheets and blankets are strewn
across the bed and floor.

INT. MARINE'S MEMORIAL CLUB, SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

JACK staggers into the coffee shop weary from his
lack of sleep. He approaches the counter for a quick
breakfast. The WAITRESS notices his movement and
smiles.

WAITRESS

Jack, if I didn't know you better, I'd say you were hung over.

JACK

Thanks, Betsy. Rough night— couldn't sleep.

WAITRESS

Jet lag huh? Oh yeah, what's that cliché, you could tell me, but then you'd have to kill me.

JACK

How about a cup of coffee Navy style and—

TWO MEN in a booth are waving at him. JACK doesn't see them..

1ST MAN

Hey, Jack. Jack Braddock.

JACK turns to see two men in a booth waving at him. JACK winces, smiles and slowly walks over to their table.

1ST MAN

Hey you son of a bitch. How ya doin'? Haven't seen you in a while. How've you been?

JACK

Uh, fine, ah just fine, fine..

2ND MAN

God you look like shit. Heard about your mission. That was some pretty scary stuff huh?

1ST MAN

Yeah, being attacked by all those cows?

Both men break out laughing; they spill their coffee.

2ND MAN

Hey it's okay, Jack. We're just having a little fun. Trillion dollar budget and we can't get directions right, huh?

JACK

Uh, yeah something like that.
Computer glitches I guess.

The WAITRESS comes over with JACK's coffee.

JACK

Uh, sorry Betsy. Can I have that
to go?

WAITRESS

Sure. I added paint thinner—just
the way you like it.
(beat)
I'll have it waiting for you at
the counter.

The waitress leaves for the kitchen.

1ST MAN

Y2K right? We haven't seen the
end of it. Hey Jack don't worry
about it. Doesn't sound like it
was your fault.

JACK

Look guys, It's great to see
you, but I've got a busy day
today.

2ND MAN

Yeah. Good to see you. Happy
hunting Jack!

JACK picks up his coffee and leaves the coffee shop.
Both men chuckle and shake their heads as he leaves.

EXT. MAIN QUAD, STANFORD UNIVERSITY - DAY

Animated students, mostly foreign, stream by JACK as
he walks across the Quad. He enters the Anthropology
Building #110.

INT. ANTHRO BLDG - DAY

In the far back wing he finds a tiny office piled
high with boxes and crates. On the door is a hand
lettered sign: "KATE LIN DOH-Anthro TA". He knocks,
and from the back a voice bids him enter.

INT. KATE'S OFFICE - DAY

A lithe twenty-something AMERASIAN WOMAN amidst an arc of papers and artifacts, squeals with delight.

KATE

Dad!

She leaps from her desk and spins him in an enthusiastic bear hug. They get on well. This is the ostensible DAD checking on his DAUGHTER, but it is a troubled father and a VERY sharp daughter.

JACK

So you're teaching now, huh?

KATE clears a chair for JACK to sit down and tries to straighten up the office.

KATE

Well sort of. Mostly just research for papers... So what have you been up to? How long are you going to be out here? Or are you off to make the world safe for America?

JACK winces, then chuckles and looks away. Kate sits back down at her desk.

JACK

I don't know. I just don't know...

JACK slumps down in the chair. Jack's answer takes Kate by surprise.

KATE

Dad- are you okay?

JACK

I've been better. Guess I should have checked the coordinates myself. If you want something done right, you really-

KATE

Coordinates? Dad, what do you mean? What's the matter with you?

JACK doesn't even hear her. He's just talking the same talk that's been rattling around in his head ever since he came back from the island.

JACK

The villagers, the doctor at the waterfall. I don't know, I just don't know... Maybe I'm getting too old for this.

KATE

Too old for this? You? What are you talking about??

JACK

Perhaps I should learn more about computers...? Maybe I should find another line of work?

KATE

Another line of work? Dad, what happened? What village? What doctor?

JACK

I shouldn't talk about it.

KATE

Right. Don't talk about it.

JACK

It's just that the training mission encountered some ah anomalies- it was a real village... we attacked a real village.

KATE

Why are you telling me this? The doctor? The waterfall? Did he speak English?

JACK

Yes, she was quite fluent, actually.

KATE

'She?' You didn't say anything about a 'she'.

JACK

Well, it was just that it was so unusual-

KATE

Unusual? What's normal for you Dad?

JACK
- to find a fluent English speaking woman in the middle of the jungle on an island in the the South Pacific.

KATE
Watching a major foreign policy gaffe in action.

JACK
Roger that. But at least she didn't get on the radio or call CNN.

KATE
No, but she sure got your number!

JACK
My number? What number?

KATE
I dunno Dad. Sounds like a compromised mission from a compromised position.

JACK
What is it with you?

KATE is laughing. She's really enjoying this.

KATE
I guess you could say that you were shaken AND stirred.

JACK stands up as if he's getting ready to go...

JACK
Great. That's it. That's what smart daughters are for- the insight thing. Enough of your wise cracks. I'm off to Washington.

KATE
You mean, you mean you're not staying for dinner? You just barge in on me, mumbling incoherently about-

A thirty something ASIAN MAN bursts into the room. He stops dead when he sees JACK.

KATE flushes and jumps up.

KATE

Hi, Cho!

He puts his arm around KATE, and she kisses him.

KATE

Dad, I'd like to introduce you
to Cho Sing. Cho, this is my
father, Jack Braddock.

CHO is now embarrassed. KATE is now flustered. JACK
is even more rattled but shakes his hand and turns to
KATE.

JACK

Ah, I guess I need to stop in
more often...

KATE

Cho has been helping me out-.

JACK

I see. Uh, huh. So, Cho where
are you from?

CHO SING

Beijing, why?

JACK

Great. And what are you studying
here at Stanford?

CHO SING

Network systems and programming-
the usual geek stuff. I'm the
Network Administrator for the
Anthropology department. Do you
need help with your computers?
Your daughter did.

JACK

Yeah, I guess it runs in the
family.

EXT. NSA HQ WASHINGTON DC, - DAY

JACK pulls up and enters the building.

INT. NSA HQ - DAY

COLONEL JACK BRADDOCK looks to the left and to the right as he walks down a windowless corridor of office cubicles. Low-ranking officers and bureaucrats look up and react in a variety of ways as he passes. Furtive looks, nervous twitches, failed eye contact, clipped pleasantries, shuffled papers, a slight nod of greeting and then eyes back to business.

An AIDE gives him his collection of mail.

AIDE

Good morning, Colonel. Here's your mail.

JACK

Thanks.

(Inside is a postcard from Margaret.)

"Hi Jack, Is it safe yet?"

JACK

Oh shit. How did she...

AIDE

Problem, sir?

JACK

No. No, ah where's Cargill?

AIDE

In his office, sir. He's been expecting you.

JACK comes to a massive doorway guarded by TWO ARMED GUARDS. They salute him and open the door to the office of WINSTON CARGILL, Director- National Security Agency.

INT. CARGILL'S OFFICE - DAY

CARGILL'S office is a combination of Old World elegance and high tech. It's a full blown war room with every conceivable satellite, computer, and telecomm link imaginable.

CARGILL is reviewing a series of reports on large multimedia screens in his office. Economic data streams are running on his credenza, CNN reporters SPEAK SOFTLY in the background. The TV is on in the corner of his office, but he's not watching it.

CARGILL

Hi Jack. Good to see you.

CARGILL gets up slowly from his desk. He's a distinguished-looking man with a commanding presence.

JACK

Always a pleasure, Winston.

JACK walks into the room surveying the massive amounts of information and technology. They shake hands and sit down.

CARGILL

So I understand you encountered some problems on your last training mission?

JACK continues to survey the technology and information streaming into the room.

JACK

Winston, we've been friends for a long time.

CARGILL pushes back from his seat, and watches JACK scan the room.

CARGILL

Yes, we have and I cherish our friendship.

JACK

We ran into some problems Winston. And I traced the difficulties all the way back... back here, sir.

CARGILL gets up. He has a remote control in his hand. He begins to change some screens. Others go blank.

CARGILL.

I'm sorry, Jack. I should have said something about our cowboys and their janitorial work.

JACK watches CARGILL manipulate the data stream.

JACK

Cowboys? Janitors? What are you talking about?

CARGILL

Surely you're aware of the clean-up job of the century, Jack?

JACK

Can't say that I am, Winston.

CARGILL

Our best COBOL cowboys are working round the clock to clean up the Y2K mess.

JACK

Y2K what?

CARGILL

Jack. Every computer, scratch that, every machine with a microprocessor contains code for determining the date.

Cargill continues to flip channels of data screens as he paces his office.

CARGILL

Many years ago when memory was scarce, programmers decided to abbreviate dates. Now that we are approaching the millennium, the 2-digit date is a problem. When 2000 hits, microprocessors will think it's 1900.

JACK

Okay. So what? Our computers think it's 1900—sounds like a personal problem to me.

CARGILL

I can assure you, it will get personal when your bank tells you that you have no money in your account. In fact, you don't even exist.

JACK

Makes me yearn for ink pens, carbon paper, and gold bullion.

CARGILL

We are a nation of 280 million people, Jack. There are 6 billion folks on the planet. Do you have any idea how problematic this will be?

JACK

Yes Winston. I believe I'm here today because of one of these little snafus.

CARGILL

Sometimes these little clean up operations have downstream effects that are hard to predict or control.

CARGILL flips a couple of buttons on the remote and a whole series of Y2K articles, news clips, failed projects dance across the screens in the room.

JACK

Hard to predict or control? We were 150 kilometers off course!!!

CARGILL

Sorry Jack. I know how this type of thing upsets you.

JACK

Upsets me? Winston- we could have killed someone. Worse- we were so wrong that if this HAD been the real world, it would have been a lot worse than being embarrassed!

CARGILL

Right Jack. I understand your fears. They are, I'm afraid, very well grounded. The tip of the iceberg...

JACK

You mean this could get worse?

CARGILL

Much. We suspect a number of fanatical groups may use the millennium bug as a window for widespread terrorism. The handle to crack the whip.

Cargill TAPS the remote on his desk. He looks intently out of his office and then turns to JACK.

CARGILL

Yes, this *is* a new mission.

JACK

A new assignment? I just told you that these computer fuck-ups almost killed cilians and my career and you want to talk about a new assignment?

Jack shakes his head. He reaches into his pocket, takes out a double eagle coin and flips it.

JACK

What's the bottom line here, Chief?

CARGILL

We don't know.

JACK

But it's our job to know.

CARGILL

Yes, chaos and uncertainty. We've got to figure out the downside and then perform triage and hope we get lucky.

Jack is still flipping the coin.

JACK

So what's your best guess?

CARGILL

Three groups could use Y2K.

CARGILL hands JACK three bound reports. As he does so, the lights dim and screens on the wall begin to televise streams of data. Banks of computers are running simulations and "what-if" scenarios on the various potential threats.

JACK thumbs through the reports as CARGILL gets up from his chair and walks over to the flashing information screens.

CARGILL

The first report explains how previous administrations financed covert operations through an extraordinary form of capitalism.

On the screen, images flash of Air America flying into remote villages and loading planes with large containers. Seedy looking men with guns glance away as the camera pans their faces...

CARGILL

Initially focused on South East Asia, it worked so well, they used the same methods in Central and South America.

The video screens switch to scenes of Che Guevara in Columbia and protests in the streets in Chile.

CARGILL

That's how we took out Allende, and fought the Sandinistas.

JACK

You know my feelings about this.

CARGILL

Yes I do. But it seems that not all of our operatives or former operatives agree with your position...it gets worse.

JACK

How?

Cargill makes a VOICE REQUEST into a workstation, and the Operations Room comes alive. Bad guy hot spots are defined in red on huge illuminated maps: various pinpricks on Africa, Colombian drug cartels, the Shining Path in Peru, China vs. Japan etc. etc.

CARGILL

Part of the cartels that we set up in South America are operating on behalf of the Fourth Reich. They've got a cash cow, and-

JACK

And what?

CARGILL

—and they are financing a number of paramilitary organizations out West.

JACK

So Bo Greitz is declared President of the Republic of Idaho? Sounds like a job for the FBI.

CARGILL

Well, it is. But some of our retired operatives are involved. A bunch of weekend wannabes playing soldier in the woods is one thing. An organized, well-funded militia with insider knowledge and an agenda is another...

JACK

What does secession have to do with Y2K?

CARGILL

Secession is not the issue. From their perspective, Washington has gone soft on the Constitution. It's not just guns. At some point, they feel they have the right, the obligation to declare war on all of us traitors. An eclectic bunch who haven't a clue, but they'd be happy to squeeze the trigger.

JACK

And Y2K gives them the cover?

CARGILL

Not only cover, Jack. It gives them the justification. Government has gotten so huge, so rife with regulation, that it's time to put it out of its misery. And with the possibility of systems crashing, we'll be preoccupied. Remember the power outage in '96? That was just a dead tree limb on a power line in Oregon.

JACK nods, still flipping the coin.

CARGILL

Now add the Russians selling nukes to the Jihads, and the Chinese accelerating their 30-year plan with a techno crash, and all the other crazies whizzing by these screens. It's one hell of a mess.

Jack is still flipping the double eagle...

CARGILL

Not to mention earthquakes, tornadoes, the green house effect, rogue hurricanes, a volcano or two and--

JACK

Winston! You have what--a couple billion or so tied up in this. You've got operatives all over the world. You've known this for how long and at the eleventh hour, you're calling in the cavalry?

CARGILL continues to monitor the information on the walls, but he's wincing as he listens to JACK.

CARGILL

We've never faced anything like this before. Our simulations are based primarily on prior experiences.

A series of simulations start running on the overhead screens. Graphs and variables mutate into statistics.

CARGILL

The bad guys previously were military types. We played by the same rules.

War game simulations running on screen... switches to kids playing military computer games.

CARGILL

And the hackers we've nailed were just kids proving their manhood.

CARGILL points to the monitors and screens with data and images flashing by...

CARGILL

The resources at your disposal are unprecedented and shy of all out war, will never happen again. There are no budget limitations and I've cleared all channels from the UN to the PTA.

The visual screens run through a shopping list of agencies and resources available to Jack.

CARGILL

We must find these people- in whatever group they're in- and put them down. No questions asked.

JACK

OK, but there's something I don't understand. We've been on to the warlords in Columbia and Russia's new form of Robber Baron capitalism, but what's with China? They're poised to rule the world anyway, why would they attempt this?

CARGILL

We're not sure, but it seems that the Young Turks in Beijing have had it with waiting. They think that the millennium is the time to accelerate their game plan. Some analysts dismiss it.

The screens run through a quick analysis of China and then go blank... then flash "loading **Achmed** file."

And although we've been tracking our Islamic crusaders for some time, you might want to check this out.

INT. CLOSE ON SCREENS IN CARGILL'S OFFICE - DAY

One screen shows a portrait of an impeccably dressed Arab businessman in his 40's: ACHMED EL FAHD.

A multimedia CV runs on another screen showing his upper class Islamic upbringing in Bahrain, public school in England, undergraduate at Oxford, law at Cambridge, Ph.D. in Economics at the Sorbonne.

Investment Banking at Barings in London, then on to Bache on Wall Street. Appointed Managing Director of the Universal Muslim Community—a \$1 Trillion trust fund to benefit the Nation of Islam.

Cargill hands a Jack a dossier on Achmed.

CARGILL

Groups such as Mossad and Savak are mere puppets that do what we tell them. That's why Fahd worries me the most. He's smart. He's rich. He knows us—he became one of us. And then we abandoned one of his pet projects. Now, he wants revenge.

JACK

No agency restrictions? Extreme prejudice? What about Achmed?

CARGILL

Unfortunately, he's just too well known. You know our policy about offending the Arab world. We can't risk the repercussions.

JACK

Even if he brings us all down?

CARGILL

Try to look at the big picture Jack.

JACK

I am.

INT. NSA HALLWAY/ OFFICE - DAY

CARGILL and JACK walk out of CARGILL'S office. They pass through an open area where a half dozen conservatively yet casually dressed men in their sixties are working with a group of hackers in their twenties wearing baggy pants, pierced anatomy, and hair in a variety of cuts and colors.

Jack's facial expression is all the question necessary.

CARGILL

Don't say it Jack. Imagine how hard it was to get those kids security clearances-but they're the best.

INT. STANFORD UNIVERSITY, MARGARET'S OFFICE - DAY

A young woman enters the office of Dr. MARGARET MATHER, Dept. of Anthropology. She places a packet on Dr. Mather's desk and exits. The office is not that small, but it appears so due to the cramming of files, books, skulls, pipes, masks, and mementos of other civilizations. One wall features a crossed spear and cornstalk, another a poster of a gorilla with the word "ISHMAEL WATCHES".

MATHER opens an invitation from the Consulate of Peru. The aboriginal KOGI have invited Mather to be the first person from the outside world to visit their community.

MARGARET picks up her phone and presses the intercom.

MARGARET

Kate! Kate! We got it!

INT. KATE'S OFFICE - DAY

KATE LIN DOH scrambles up from her desk. Papers flying, she runs from the room.

INT. MARGARET'S OFFICE - DAY

MARGARET is holding the invite as KATE bursts into the room.

KATE

Really? We got it?

MARGARET

Who else?

KATE

When do you think you'll head out?

MARGARET

"We" will probably leave within the week.

KATE

You're taking me? Wow! For once I'll go someplace more exotic than my Dad!

MARGARET

You've never said anything about your father Kate. Is he in the field?

KATE

A lot—I mean no...no he's not a scientist. He, he... just travels.

MARGARET

Really? Well—are you ready to be a groundbreaker?

KATE

You bet! I mean...do we know *anything* about these people?

MARGARET

Not much. Rumors have been around for years—the Peruvians called them the 'old ones.' They've only been seen in the last few years, coming down to the sea for salt.

KATE

And the messenger?

MARGARET

Very curious. We don't even know how he learned Spanish, much less find his way to the university.

KATE

Why now, Ret?

MARGARET

Must be the message. It must be awfully important to them to risk-exposing themselves.

KATE

God, Ret—you make it sound as though we're a disease.

MARGARET looks around her office at the trappings of other worlds and then out the window at the passing crowds of students.

MARGARET

I wonder about the consequences of our addiction to technology. As excited as I am about our meeting the Kogi, I fear we may destroy that which we are seeking to find.

EXT. NEWARK AIRPORT, - DAY

A Gulfstream IV descends past the dawn light on the Statue of Liberty. When it lands, FAHD and TWO MEN are met by TWO MEN with a black limo.

EXT. ESTATE - DAY

They drive to an estate on Staten Island, where FAHD is ushered into the library of the mansion. An elderly STOUT MAN is sitting behind his desk attended by a cadre of well-dressed MEN wearing dark glasses.

ACHMED

(British Oxford accent)

It is a pleasure to see you again.

The STOUT MAN gets up and comes around his desk.

STOUT MAN

It has been too long.

ACHMED

My friend, I have a problem. All I have is money and your good will to help me solve it.

STOUT MAN

We are always available to accommodate our friends.

The STOUT MAN takes ACHMED by the shoulder and walks him out of the library.

STOUT MAN

But business can wait. Let me show you my new Arabians. I think you will be impressed.

EXT. STREET SOFIA, BULGARIA - DAY

ACHMED watches the city from the back of a taxi. ONE ASSISTANT is with him in the back seat speaking Arabic on his cell phone, ANOTHER ASSISTANT is riding shotgun. They stop and enter a University Hall--the "Central Laboratory of Parallel Processing."

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

ACHMED and his entourage are in a lecture hall filled with blackboards, computers and YOUNG MEN. Although the building is old and decrepit, the computers are cutting edge. Everyone immediately focuses their attention on ACHMED before a word is spoken.

ACHMED
(in Bulgarian)
So how do you intend to
accomplish this?

One of the YOUNG MEN goes to the board. He hurriedly sketches diagrams and computer code.

YOUNG MAN
(in Bulgarian)
From what we've downloaded, they
are adding code to increase the
year of the date to a four-digit
number. Since they opened their
code, it will be easy to
piggyback into their programs
and override their circuit
breakers.

The YOUNG MAN is writing code on the white board in IF / THEN logic statements. Next to his scribbling is a list of all the lines of code that address the circuit breakers.

YOUNG MAN
(in Bulgarian)
They will think it's part of the
Y2K code. They'll never suspect
a thing.

ACHMED
Okay then, let's do it.

INT. CARGILL'S OFFICE - DAY

BRADDOCK and CARGILL are in Cargill's office with a number of other men. They are strategizing and running simulations.

An AIDE walks in with an interoffice envelope that he hands to JACK. Puzzled, JACK opens it to find a postcard of a phoenix with:

"I'm out of the jungle, where
are you? MM"

JACK loses his train of thought.

CARGILL
Everything okay Jack?

JACK
Uh? Oh yes. Everything's fine.

CARGILL'S phone rings. He picks it up, and GRUNTS.

CARGILL
Here. It's your daughter. Must
be important if she got through...

JACK is embarrassed and alarmed. He takes the phone.

JACK
Kate? Are you okay?

KATE
Dad, Dad you're not going to
believe this. It's just so cool!
I'm off to South America. We got
the invitation. We'll be the
first!

JACK
Whoa... Kate. Calm down. South
America? You'll be the first
what?

KATE
The professor is taking me on
assignment to work with the
Kogi. We're the first! We are
the first outsiders to ever
interact with these people!

JACK

Honey, that's great. I'm really proud of you. We'll talk later. I've got to go now kiddo. I love you too.

(writes in his planner)

"Check out Kate's boss."

A JUNIOR OFFICER enters the Ops Room with a stack of papers, a stream of tape, and a couple of hard drives under his arm.

JR OFFICER

According to our security logs, Achmed's Bulgarian boys breached the system at oh seven hundred hours, twenty-three minutes. Our firewall is still intact, but they're leaving messages all over the place. Don't get me wrong, we're crashing their party too, but, but...

CARGILL

What are you trying to say Kim?

JR OFFICER

Well, we don't know how he did it, but there's a video message for Colonel Braddock.

JACK nods acknowledgement and another wall flickers to life. ACHMED appears on screen.

(insert screen)

ACHMED (VO)

Colonel Braddock. I appreciate your interest, but I question your intentions. Aren't you better suited to chasing cows?

ACHMED laughs as the screen fades to a silhouette of the Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem, and then goes blank.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT, - DAY

A 747 lands at the San Francisco Airport.

JACK, still seething from Achmed's slur, rents a car and promptly dings the fender getting out of the parking lot. His driving is erratic...

EXT. KATE'S APT. - DAY

Kate sees JACK pull up in her drive and runs out to meet him.

KATE

Dad, it's so good to see you.
I'm so glad you made it. Can you believe it? Can you believe it?

Kate gives JACK a big hug, JACK hugs her back but he's not focused as they walk to her door.

What happened to your car? Did they rent it to you like that?

JACK

No, I did it. And, and no, I don't need glasses - it's just...

KATE

I'm so excited! We'll be the first. We don't know what to expect. They have a message for us. They say it's real important.

JACK

That's great. First huh?
(scanning the perimeter)
Message? They have a message?

KATE

Yes, they have a message. They want to share... Dad- what is it?

INT. KATE'S APT - DAY

KATE and JACK walk arm in arm into Kate's studio apartment. It's a quaint little bungalow in an old neighborhood. JACK carries only his briefcase. KATE returns to the kitchen to check on dinner, JACK wanders about the dining/living area.

JACK

What? Nothing. I'm just, I don't know, I guess I'm just a little concerned.

On a table next to the couch, there are pictures of JACK and KATE as KATE grows up, a single picture of her MOM, one of JACK and her MOM in front of the Saigon Embassy.

KATE

Dad. Look at me. I'm no longer your little girl. I'm a woman-capable of taking care of herself. I know how hard you've tried to protect me, save me from your world. And even though it hurt when you didn't want me to use your name...

JACK

It had to be this way.

KATE

I know. I didn't understand then but I do now. But it's okay Dad. It's okay.

JACK

I'm sorry Kate, I'm sorry. I just don't want to lose my little girl.

KATE

Your little girl? Dad, it's time for me to have a life. It's time for you to have a life too.

JACK

(beat)
And so who is this professor that's so impressed with you that he's taking you with him?

KATE

My new boss, you know the head of the Anthropology Department- Dr. Mather and SHE prefers Ret.

JACK looks at Kate with a look KATE doesn't understand.

KATE

What Dad? What is it?

JACK

Nothing- just thinking of something I need to finish before I get back to Washington.

KATE

The most important news of my entire adult life and you're itemizing your 'things to do' list? Hello. Hello. This is your daughter speaking and I'm getting a little pissed.

JACK

Okay-sorry. So. I presume that she's done this sort of field research before?

KATE

Many times! Don't you remember my telling you about her work with the Sukai tribe? She just got back from that one. Anyway- we're taking a film crew and the whole documentary support team, and-Dad?

JACK

Yes?

KATE

Are you listening? You seem out of it, or still stuck in the waterfall or whatever.

JACK

No. (beat) I mean. Yeah, just stuck in the waterfall... sorry honey. I'm thrilled for you to be on this project,

KATE

You could have fooled me!

JACK

I've just had a troubling assignment.

KATE

Dad—I know we can't just chat about your having a bad day on the job like other folks, okay—but something is really bothering you. You've got me worried. It's not like the worst that can happen to you is you get fired from your job. Losing one parent is bad enough. Becoming an orphan is not an option. It's not an option!

KATE drops her kitchen chores and closes in on her father. JACK embraces her and comforts her.

JACK

Hey now. How about some food if you're so concerned about your father's welfare. I'm starving.

KATE

Oh I get it. Evasive maneuvers. Gotcha. You can pour the wine and I'll toss the salad.

JACK looks at his watch as he moves towards the wine. KATE smiles as she tosses the salad—it's been a small victory.

KATE

Look at your life Dad. Is keeping the world safe for this consuming lifestyle worth it? You have no social life— not that I know of. You have no pattern, no hobbies, no pets, and no people. You keep your friends at bay—in case you or they end up dead or missing. Do you think you've been hiding this from me?

JACK

We've been over this before. My life is devoted to service. It's what I know and up to now, I thought I was good at it. Maybe I don't know how to have a life. Maybe this makes me happy.

KATE

But how do you know what happiness is if you've never done anything for yourself? Everything you do is for duty! How can joy enter your life if you never have any time for yourself? And when are you going to stop blaming yourself? For Mom—as well as all the goddamn foreign policy screw ups?

JACK

Probably never, and it's only getting worse.

KATE

So what is it, Dad. You're mumbling incoherently, you're running into things just getting out of parking lots. What is it?

JACK

Kate. Right now the only thing in my life that isn't up for scrutiny is you. Everything else is perched on the edge of a sheer cliff. In my line of work, doubt isn't an option. And now I wonder what socks to put on in the morning.

KATE

But you still haven't told me what is it.
(beat)
It's that woman isn't it? She really got to you.

JACK

Damn, Kate, when are you going to let up?

JACK gets up from the table and looks to bolt but has nowhere to go.

JACK

Yes—she got to me and I made a complete fool of myself. And I've got a bad feeling that the situation may get worse.

KATE

But chances are you'll never see her again. It's not like you share a car pool.

KATE gets up and gets something in the kitchen.

KATE

And this relationship has so much potential that you're questioning your career?

JACK

It's more than that. Let's just say things aren't the same. I'm not the same. And I don't feel comfortable with it—with any of it. In the meantime I want you to take this with you.

JACK goes over to the sofa and collects his briefcase.

JACK

Here's a little going away present.

KATE

A satellite phone? I'm not sure I should take this.

JACK

Why? Are you incommunicado for the duration of your trip?

KATE

No. That's not it.

JACK

Okay— what is it?

KATE

I don't know. It's just that this is an indigenous tribe and we are the first civilized humans to interact with them. How do I explain a telephone that allows me to talk to my father whose 5,000 miles away?

JACK

Well take it. Maybe your boss knows a way.

EXT. STANFORD UNIVERSITY - DAY

JB repeatedly flips a large gold coin as he paces the commons and looks at his watch. College students begin to stream out of the Anthropology Building. He makes his way to the entrance and enters.

INT. STANFORD, ANTHROPOLOGY BUILDING - DAY

JACK is walking down the hallway, peering into empty classrooms. He's stumbling, and hesitant in his movements. He peers into a classroom through an open door. He freezes. Dr. MARGARET MATHER is standing at the front desk collecting her papers. JACK enters.

JACK

Thanks for the postcards.

MARGARET

Jack? What are you doing here?

JACK

I need to know—

MARGARET

So much for small talk. You sure have a way with women.

JACK

Is it safe?

MARGARET

Is it safe? Hey— that's my line.

JACK

No. I'm serious. Is it safe for my daughter?

MARGARET

Safe for your daughter? What the **hell** are you talking about?

JACK

Don't you know?

MARGARET

Whoa... Cowboy. Know what?

JACK

You're going to South America to receive a message from the Kogi, an ancient tribe. You are taking your assistant, Kate Cho Lin.

MARGARET

Man, you are a spook. How did you know that?

JACK

Kate is my daughter.

Silence. MARGARET freezes.

MARGARET

How would I know she's your daughter?

JACK

You wouldn't. And, given my line of work, I think you can understand why.

MARGARET

There are a lot of things I understand. What you do for a living may not be one of them.

JACK

Look. I'm going to be busy the next few weeks. I gave Kate a satellite phone, which you can use, just in case.

MARGARET

Just in case what? The Kogi don't pay their United Nations bill? A Swiss army knife would do fine. This isn't a life-endangering project. What is it with you anyway?

JACK

I can't, I can't tell you.

MARGARET

Figures.

(beat)

Look. She'll be fine. I'll be fine. We aren't the ones who go storming villages with automatic weapons.

JACK

Please. Please don't say anything.

MARGARET

Well if it makes you feel better, we never had this conversation.

It's an awkward moment. JACK pauses to say something, wants to stay, but turns and walks out.

EXT. RIVER DELTA - DAY

RET, KATE, AND CREW arrive at the base of the Andes. They unpack their gear from the plane. No one is there to greet them. RET and KATE exchange anxious glances, as the floatplanes take off.

CAMERAMAN

Weren't they to meet us? I mean, now that the others are gone?

RET looks to the nearby jungle, scanning.

RET

They didn't say.

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - DAY

They begin their trek into the jungle. The growth becomes thicker and the trail narrower. The entire group gets progressively spooked with the SOUNDS OF THE JUNGLE.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

LEAVES REVEAL EYES, as the group treks along the stream.

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - DAY

RET perks up. She feels a presence.

RET

We're being watched.

CAMERAMAN

Do you see anyone?

RET

No. I feel them.

CAMERAMAN

That's great and all, love, but we can't shoot that, now can we?

RET

Not yet.

KATE

Did the message say how far to go?

RET

No. Just follow the stream.

KATE and the crew peer into the jungle as they move ever higher along the trail.

EXT. ANGLES ON THE JUNGLE - DAY

Dark-skinned people press closer as the crew moves up the trail. They become intermittently visible.

CAMERAMAN

(sotto voce to RET)

I see them! I'm going to handheld.

He moves to one of the bundles of gear on the back of one of the porters, when RET grabs him, hard.

RET

No! You do nothing, Tony! You understand? You take that cinematic enthusiasm sit on it!

A chastised TONY backs off, but gets a low-key thumbs up from the SOUND MAN. A red light is glowing amidst the gear on his chest.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The KOGI form up into small groups as they observe the procession. The lead group is centered on an OLDER MAN, to whom deference is shown. When he nods, they move off, keeping pace with the anthropologists.

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - DAY

RET's crew keeps moving up the trail, as KOGI begin to fall in behind them, in twos and threes.

EXT. PLATEAU ABOVE JUNGLE - DAY

The KOGI village is a cluster of reed huts covering a few acres. There is an open space in the center into which RET and her group enter, followed closely by the accompanying KOGI. They stop in front of two men waiting for them. RET bows to the men, who return the motion.

PRIEST

(Speaking Kogi)

Welcome to our land. First, you rest, then we eat, and then you listen.

The second man, the GO-BETWEEN, translates this into Spanish.

RET

(In Spanish)

We are honored to be your guests.

PRIEST

(Speaking Kogi)

You are not our guests. Kogi are happy to see a guest. You are a messenger. You rest now. Here is where you stay. Follow our ways when you are here. That is all.

RET, KATE, and the CAMERA CREW look to each other, before being shown to their huts.

INT. SILICON VALLEY INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - DAY

ACHMED is in the center of a group of hard core WIREHEADS. A bank of computers fills the room. White boards cover the walls. WIREHEADS are drawing code on the whiteboards; others are punching code into the computers. Then we see a series of computer screens go blank one right after the other. The WIREHEADS smile. ACHMED smiles. ACHMED nods. His ASSISTANTS advance with briefcases filled with cash.

INT. CHINESE ARMY HQ, - NIGHT

SEVERAL MEN in uniforms attend computers. Various screens show Chinese missile sites and American satellites. Other men move symbols of warships, missiles, and troops around a screen showing Taiwan.

OFFICERS convene at a large map of Southeast Asia, with emphasis on Singapore and Malaysia.

EXT. BUENOS AIRES VILLA - DAY

A GROUP of YOUNG and predominately BLONDE MEN sit on a spacious veranda working on laptops and talking on phones. Others go in and out of the room behind.

INT. VILLA - DAY

More BLONDE men fill a room packed with computers, large-screen monitors and whiteboards. The room is similar to CARGILL's OFFICE but the architecture is Spanish and the decor German. The room opens to the veranda. Wagner is playing in the background.

Data streams across the monitors- with aerial views of western American areas with rows and rows of data running up and down one side. Below the simulations and calculations a series of percentages are displayed. The men look from one screen to the next, make a few notes and talk amongst themselves.

1st Young Man
(In German)

The war was all wrong. The
Americans and the British should
have been our allies, not our
enemies.

2ND YOUNG MAN

Absolutely. I never understood our alliance with the Japanese.

In front of an electronic map of the U.S. Power Grid, a third man joins in.

3RD YOUNG MAN

Have you ever studied the religious ceremonies of the Japanese? They say Shintoism is based on Buddhism, but there's a striking similarity to Judaism.

2ND YOUNG MAN

Their temples are built just like Jewish temples. Many of their pageants and rituals correspond to Jewish pageants and rituals. They even offer up sacrifices just like Jews.

A wall chart behind the 2nd man lists the heads of high tech companies in the Seattle area.

1ST YOUNG MAN

Of course what can you expect? Hitler was part Jew anyway.

3RD YOUNG MAN

Whereas the British have Aryan blood.

The men are momentarily distracted as a door opens and a man wearing a white biohazard suit and a containment visor helmet walks by with a metallic cylinder.

2ND YOUNG MAN

And the Americans were unwilling to participate in the European theatre until Pearl Harbor.

1ST YOUNG MAN

The Americans imprisoned their Japanese in concentration camps and confiscated their property. They understood our methods.
(beat)
This time we'll get it right.

EXT. MANHATTAN HELIPORT, - DAY

ACHMED exits the chopper with an aide. A line of men stands waiting for him on the pad. He speaks to them individually and sends them off.

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE - DAY

A quick elevator ride brings ACHMED to the top floor office of Chairman DAVID FENNELLI. It is quite opulent in a modern New York sort of way. A RECEPTIONIST is on hand to escort ACHMED to a waiting area where the CHAIRMAN'S SECRETARY greets ACHMED and escorts him into an office of enormous proportions.

FENNELLI

Achmed. It's been a long time.

ACHMED

Yes it has David. Good to see you again. How's the family?

FENNELLI

Fine, fine. So tell me, what brings you slumming to New York?

ACHMED

Well, David, the Trustees asked me to inquire about security.

FENNELLI

Anything in particular making them nervous, Achmed?

ACHMED

Perhaps you could explain how our \$100 Billion or so will not suffer from 'Y2K' disruption.

FENNELLI

That's it? No problem. Here, let me call in my geeks. They've been working on this for years. They've run full-scale tests and the system performed flawlessly. Your stocks are safe.

FENNELLI punches his intercom.

FENNELLI

Hey Tom, bring your troops up to my conference room. We need a Y2K dog and pony show for an old friend of mine.

EXT. WAREHOUSE OLD SOVIET UNION, BAKU - DAY

Three YOUNG BLONDE MEN from the villa leave two others behind in a van as they enter a ramshackle warehouse next to the Port.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Inside the warehouse a group of SEEDY LOOKING MEN with automatic rifles smoke cigarettes. There is a pallet of wooden crates with Cyrillic markings. The MEN with rifles frisk the YOUNG BLONDES.

1ST GERMAN

(In Russian)

So you have all the codes for these devices?

1ST RUSSIAN

(In Russian)

Here is their computer with all their files. Part of the information is coded. That's your problem.

2ND GERMAN

Let me see them.

The RUSSIANS open up the crates and the GERMAN looks over the machines inside very carefully.

2ND GERMAN

(In Spanish to the other Germans)

These are the units we have the blueprints for. Even if the codes are wrong we can still arm them.

The 2nd RUSSIAN moves towards the 2nd GERMAN and COCKS his rifle and shoves it into the German's gut.

2ND RUSSIAN

(In Russian)

Fuck you. Speak Russian or I'll blow your guts out.

The 2nd GERMAN motions to his COMPANIONS...

2ND GERMAN

(In Russian)

But then you'd never have a chance to exhale that filthy smoke from your cigarette.

His COMPANIONS all draw automatic pistols...

2ND GERMAN

(beat)

Now. Shall we be reasonable?

2ND RUSSIAN

(In Russian)

That's funny- fucking stupid but funny.

1ST GERMAN

(In Russian)

We will meet you at the ship in one hour.

3RD SHIFTY

(In Russian)

Give us the money first!

3RD GERMAN

(In Russian)

No. You'll get your money--once the goods are on board.

A strained truce engulfs the room. The YOUNG BLONDE MEN walk out of the compound.

EXT. KOGI VILLAGE - NIGHT

The KOGI are gathered around a large fire. Children play at the periphery. The FILM CREW is setting up and RET and KATE have notebooks at the ready. The PRIEST and the GO-BETWEEN arrive and sit down near RET.

PRIEST

You are here to tell our story. We only do this because we must. The Kogi have no enemies in our world. The other worlds never sent enemies either. The earth is our Mother, and she cares for us. She gives us the food we eat and the clothes we wear. She gives us shelter and the birds that sing. For this we are thankful and show respect.

The PRIEST pauses and looks into the fire. TONY looks up from his viewfinder, and KATE is squirming with the desire to ask questions. A look from RET stills both of them. RET looks into the fire, and then closes her eyes. The PRIEST continues, still looking into the fire, his eyes glassy and fixed.

PRIEST

We live in harmony. But your people change the world and that is not for you to do. We do not tell others— those who live in other worlds— how to be. That is not for us to do. But now the younger brothers are causing problems. They are wounding our Mother. This must stop— now.

The language of the KOGI is a breathy, lilting sound that has RET on the edge of trance. She no longer hears the Spanish or the words— just the tone of the PRIEST. As he continues, he closes his eyes, and tilts his head to the night sky. RET tilts her head up too. The firelight plays upon her face. The SOUND MAN taps TONY's leg in concern.

He looks away from the camera with one eye, and whispers softly to MARC.

TONY

What the hell is she doing?

MARC

Bonding? How would I know?

As the PRIEST intones, some of the KOGI arise and begin moving in a circle around the group, their eyes closed and looking to the heavens. TONY changes his shot. KATE furiously scribbles notes.

PRIEST

Perhaps little brother forgot his Mother. This is not right. We know because we walk beyond our time and place. We walk through other worlds.

MARC the SOUND MAN and KATE look to each other in total bewilderment. RET is moving her head in synch with the circle of KOGI shuffling first one direction, then, as one, changing to the other. The PRIEST and the GOBETWEEN get up, and join the others shuffling around the fire. They continue as TONY goes handheld and moves with them around the fire.

RET still moves her head in time, until the entire group comes to a dead stop as one. RET snaps her head and opens her eyes. Startled and disoriented, she gasps and turns to KATE.

RET

Where was I?

KATE

You were right here, Ret. Right next to me. You didn't leave.

RET

I... I don't think so.

EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT, HAMBURG, - DAY

A GROUP of YOUNG BLONDE MEN exit a black Mercedes limousine. They're greeted by a group of elderly men. Everyone is smiling and courteous.

EXT. PARIS AIR SHOW, - DAY

The YOUNG BLONDE MEN walk through rows of planes.

1ST GERMAN

(In German)

Did they accept our offer?

2ND GERMAN

(In German)

Sort of. They only have five MiG 21s.

1ST GERMAN

Just five?

2ND GERMAN

They might be able to get a MiG 23 or a MiG 17. They suggested our "compadres" contact a certain commander in Cuba.

(beat)

They asked if we're interested in used American aircraft?

1ST GERMAN

(In German)

American aircraft? Interesting.
Very interesting.

EXT. CUBAN MILITARY BASE - DAY

THREE COLUMBIAN *NARCO-TRAFFICANTES* taxi onto a Cuban Air Force Base in a Beachcraft Bonanza. The base Commander meets them.

COMMANDER
(In Spanish)
Carlos- good to see you again.

CARLOS
(In Spanish)
What's happening with you?

COMMANDER
(In Spanish)
We can't eat these planes and without parts, we can't fly them either.

CARLOS
(In Spanish)
We won't be conspicuous? A MiG 29?

COMMANDER
(In Spanish)
We'll deliver. Spare parts were sold long ago. Buy your spare parts from your East German friends.

CARLOS
(In Spanish)
What about fire power?

COMMANDER
(In Spanish)
We've got plenty of Aphids, Archers and Alamos; 250-pound bombs, napalm tanks, and an assortment of rockets from 80 to 240mm. The machine guns aren't Gatling, and only carry 150 rounds per 30mm gun, but we've got a few thousand rounds.

INT. GROSVENOR HOUSE HOTEL, LONDON - DAY

JACK is talking on his cellular phone outside the Conference Hall where an OPEC meeting is in session. As the doors open JACK enters and begins searching through groups of Arab and Western businessmen. He finds ACHMED.

JACK

I got your message--thought I'd deliver mine in person.

ACHMED

So nice to see you Colonel Braddock, but it really isn't appropriate for me to talk to you. It spoils my image.

JACK

Same here. How about a walk in the park?

JACK motions to the park across the street. ACHMED waves off a couple of older ARABS in traditional dress as he escorts JACK out of the room. Another group of YOUNGER ARABS in black suits is moving very cautiously with Achmed as he leaves the room. He motions with his hand that he is OK. They acknowledge but continue to move with JACK and ACHMED nonetheless. A similar group of AMERICAN YOUNG MEN stationed outside the conference room move in similar fashion.

EXT. GROSVENOR HOTEL - DAY

AS JACK and ACHMED put their troops at ease, they exit the Hotel onto the street adjacent to Hyde Park.

JACK

Is that the best you can do? Send me video clips from your friends in Bulgaria?

ACHMED

You're right. Next time I'll send you flowers. My apology for such an inhospitable intrusion.

They cross the street. The NOISE of TRAFFIC almost drowns out their conversation. ARAB and AMERICAN bodyguards are freaking as they saunter into the park.

JACK

Listen Achmed. I'm not worried and I'm on to you. To the world, you look like some jet-setting sheik. But to me, you're just a thug with a checkbook. Got that?

ACHMED

Ah Braddock, savior of nations; remember 'he who would be a lion, must be a lion to the end'.

JACK

I'm not sure how you talked yourself onto the moral high ground, but it must be pretty lonely there. I'm sorry, but this Jihad stuff is old news- or don't you watch cable?

ACHMED

My people do that, Colonel. And they would tell me that you are 'talking trash.'. If I were a betting man, I wouldn't like your odds.

JACK

I'll take my odds. I'll even spot you a few points.

ACHMED

Really? And why is that?

JACK

We know the secret accounts with the offshore corporations and the charitable trusts. It all looks so respectable. And with equal amounts of respectability, those funds can be converted into Social Security checks for little old ladies with blue hair in Peoria. And we can do it, pal, because our talented geeks are bulletproof. Don't do it Achmed. You'll set your people back 100 years.

ACHMED

What makes you so sure Mr. Lion?

JACK

History has an awful habit of repeating itself.

ACHMED

I've studied your history Jack. You had a period called the Dark Ages when barbarians overran the Roman Empire and your world was barely civilized until the Renaissance. But during this age of darkness, my world was flourishing. We established culture and amassed wealth of epic proportions. You were not even worthy of our trade or exploration. And to many of my people, you still aren't worthy.

JACK

I'm giving you an opportunity to stop this madness before millions of innocent people are hurt.

ACHMED

My people are used to suffering Jack. My people would have a difficult time accepting your word because your people are not honorable people.

JACK

I'm not giving you the word of my people Achmed. I'm giving you mine.

One of ACHMED's men approaches him, whispers in his ear, and shows him his watch.

ACHMED

Duty calls, Colonel, but I do so enjoy our little chats.

He gives JACK an almost imperceptible bow, turns and walks away followed by his men. Jack is left standing in the empty park.

EXT. BEIRUT WAREHOUSE DISTRICT, - DAY

TWO OLDER MEN in a Land Rover maneuver delicately through the streets of Beirut, slowing only when outside a garage. The double door opens at the SOUND of their horn, and they pull in next to a twenty-year-old Mercedes S class.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

The door closes, and the men set to work, pulling various machined steel components from the undersides of the Rover, and installing them into the trunk of the Mercedes.

INT. LONDON BANK - DAY

ACHMED walks into the boardroom of his investment company in London. There is a bank of computers along the far wall; the windows open to the Thames. A group of YOUNG MEN sit around the conference table, working on laptops, and poring over reports. They are drinking water, not coffee. The room is elegant, understated, and the mood is subdued.

ACHMED

Good morning. As you know, we've been analyzing this strategy for sometime. We are now going into full operation. The tests confirmed our projections. So here are your assignments:

Nigel. I want you to short the FOOTSIE. Enter the market slowly and then gradually build your position.

Ted. I want you to talk to all the currency desks. Short the mark, the pound, and the dollar against each other.

Mohammed. Short all the tech stocks: Microsoft, IBM, SAP, HP, Dell, Cisco, etc. You know my preferences. Position yourself for up to 5% of all outstanding shares.

Spread your positions to a variety of brokers and use all of our offshore accounts. Don't worry about striking the best price; just make sure you've achieved the appropriate investment level.

I'm interested in making a profit, not creating a panic.

If we need to create another 100 corporations, then do so. Call the attorneys.

EXT. KOGI VILLAGE, - NIGHT

RET is moving with the KOGI ELDERS, CHANTING around a large fire. They CHANT SOFTLY moving in one direction, and then as if on cue, change course and move the other way. Their eyes are half closed, half rolled up into their heads. They're moving in unison but their consciousness is in a different dimension.

RET suddenly collapses like a rag doll. KATE runs to her and drags her out of the way. The group ignores her. RET comes to, looks around and sits next to KATE. The group comes to a stop and TWO PRIESTS sit down next to RET. The GO-BEWTEEN sits next to them.

PRIEST 1

We saw you.

PRIEST 2

We all saw you.

TONY's one visible eye widens. MARC and KATE look to each other. RET looks to the two men and smiles as she brushes the dust from her hair and face.

RET

I saw you, too.

PRIEST 1

How can this be? You are not Kogi.

PRIEST 2

She must be Kogi, for she was with us.

RET

Does it matter?

PRIEST 1

Yes, this is only for Kogi.

RET

Then I'm from the lost tribe,
and I have returned.

The GO-BETWEEN stares in amazement at RET. He is silent for several beats before he speaks to the PRIESTS. When he does, the PRIESTS follow suit.

PRIEST 1

Elder brothers- This is our
sister from the lost tribe.
Welcome home.

The priest rubs dirt on her feet and smudges her third eye with the limestone/ coca powder from his special gourd.

You are "She who walked with the
White Ghosts."

RET is a little flustered by all the attention and still isn't quite sure what happened.

RET

Thanks, thank you. It's, it's
good to be back.

EXT. STREET, KIEV - DAY

ACHMED and his small group drive through the streets of Kiev. They reach a rundown factory on the outskirts of town. They exit the car and scan the area before heading for the door.

INT. FACTORY - DAY

ACHMED and Co. are met by three men with a trunk sized polished aluminum container. One of Fahd's men approaches them...

FAHD'S MAN

(In Russian). This is the full
twenty kilos?

The RUSSIAN nods. Another opens the case revealing four metallic cylinders cradled inside. Another of Fahd's men approaches with a small Geiger counter and gets it within a yard of the cylinders before quickly retreating. He nods to Achmed.

INT. RET'S HUT - NIGHT

RET and KATE have notebooks open before them, along with some fruit and nuts.

KATE

Try telling me that 'where' part again- I'm not slow, it's just that your story is really weird.

RET

Well, once the trance took effect, I shifted into another realm. I could still feel my body, but it was something remote- on autopilot that didn't require any attention from me. I could let it go. Once I did, I came to a different place that I experienced through a new reality. Then all those questions of perceptions started crowding me and that's when I fell.

KATE

Okay- but if you didn't go anywhere- what did you see when you didn't get there?

RET

It was like a funhouse ride- where you're whisked through different visions or tableaux- some of them still, some of them animated. As you focused on one of them, it would come into greater clarity. If I turned, I saw the Kogi watching with me.

KATE

That's all pretty interesting stuff, Ret, but I think you're missing the obvious here.

RET

I am?

KATE

(Very frustrated)

WHAT did you see? Now I know how you saw it. What did you see?

RET

Oh, right. I saw a man- but I saw him younger and older as well- I think. And I saw streaking death clouds rushing up the mountains- that's what's freaking out the Kogi.

KATE

What was he doing?

RET

The man?

Kate nods.

He was running after somebody- and some of the people were running after him, but he couldn't see them. It was very unfocused. I hope to get better if I can do this again. I have to trust the Kogi, and hope that they'll help me, or show me the way to focus better.

KATE

You really think that what happened is something you can learn?

RET

Absolutely.

EXT. TEHRAN PLANT - DAY

ACHMED and his boys are on more comfortable sand in Baghdad. They meet with several khaki clad officials, one of whom ACHMED addresses as Odai. They go to a building whose Arabic sign identifies it as a baby food processing plant.

INT. TEHRAN PLANT - DAY

Inside they watch as several men in severe bio-hazard suits transfer four thermos-sized canisters to a foam-lined transport case, and then roll it towards the door behind which they stand. The men smile, shake hands, and kiss cheeks.

MATHER'S TENT, KOGI VILLAGE, EARLY MORNING - DAY

KATE

Hi Ret. How was your dream walk last night?

DR. RET MATHER is frantically writing, and so absorbed in her thoughts, she doesn't even hear Kate.

KATE

Ret? Ret? Are you okay?

RET

Yeah. Yeah fine. I've just got to get this done.

KATE

More postcards from the edge huh? Aren't you bending the rules a bit? The Kogi said no contact with the outer world.

Who's the lucky guy? You've never mentioned anyone.

Ret looks up over her glasses, and pauses, sizing up the timing and tenor of the moment...

RET

Your father.

KATE is absolutely stunned. She drops her gourd filled with coffee.

KATE

My father? You know my father?
(beat)

Is that, is that why he's been visiting me so much?

Where, how, why, what are you...
 What are you...? I mean, are you
 seeing each other. Is it
 business? Oh shit! You're--

RET

Calm down. I was stunned to find
 out as you are.

KATE

To find out what?

RET

That Jack is your father. It's
 not that there isn't a
 similarity mind you, but unless
 you know him, you wouldn't
 recognize it... your names are
 different, how would I know?

KATE

Well, are you seeing each other?

RET

Not exactly.

KATE

So how do you know my father?

RET

We met under unusual
 circumstances--

KATE

At Stanford?

RET

No, I was taking a shower, and
 your dad was destroying the
 village. But he did apologize.

EXT. CHINA / BURMESE BORDER, DAWN - DAY

TANKS AND HALF-TRACKS ARE THUNDERING past. Soldiers
 in personnel carriers and mobile rocketry stream by.
 A full six divisions are on maneuvers.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY

Jack is in a taxi winding its way through the snarled traffic of Manhattan. He bails close to the NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE - DAY

JACK is escorted into a mid-level conference room where three men appear very uncomfortable.

JACK

Who's been asking about the millennium bug? To whom have you shown demonstrations? Anybody holding major positions?

1ST MAN

Colonel Braddock. We get thousands of inquires regarding the Y2K issue. We even have a Website devoted to it.

JACK

I'm not talking about mom and pop investors. I'm talking about big-ticket guys. Who's made a special appearance about their sizeable investments?

The three men look at each other wondering how to answer his question.

2ND MAN

Can we get back to you on this?

3RD MAN

Our Chairman would be able to assist you, but he's out of the country right now...

JACK

Then have him call me- tonight!

EXT. SYRIAN DESERT, - DAY

Three bearded men in flowing robes with scant provisions are driving a flock of longhaired goats across the sand. They are pitiful in their poverty. In the distance we see the Holy City, to which they move the flock.

INT. NSA HQ - DAY

In a room filled with computers, the Gen-X hackers are getting edgy. The room is strewn with empty cans of Jolt, cigarette butts, sweaters and jackets. Punk MUSIC IS BLARING, and the walls are papered in code with big slashes and highlighter marks. Posters of big-busted women are taped over the printouts. The space feels more like a college dormitory than a special room within the new NSA headquarters.

1ST GEN-X HACKER

Fuck! I just crashed again.

He starts beating on the side of his computer.

1ST GEN-X HACKER

You lousy piece of shit. I've had it. I'm outta here.

2ND GEN-X HACKER.

Yeah fuck it man. I thought we'd be programming war games and shit. This Y2K shit sucks.

3RD GEN-X HACKER

Cobol sucks.

4TH GEN-X HACKER

Just getting into these building sucks.

2ND GEN-X HACKER

No shit. Ever have them stick that camera up your ass?

3RD GEN-X HACKER

No way!

2ND GEN-X HACKER

Or try making a phone call. I can't even phone my girlfriend.
FUCK THIS PLACE!

THEY all get up and make for the door just as JACK BRADDOCK is entering.

JACK

Problem fellas?

He looks around the room in disbelief...

1ST GEN-X HACKER

Problem fellas? You assholes
think you can solve all this?
Here, solve this problem.

He types on the keyboard, smiles at his cronies, and presses "enter." The screens go blank then flash naked girls dancing.

They all walk out.

Braddock pulls out his address book and picks up the phone.

JACK

Cho Sing? Is that you?

CHO

Yes.

JACK.

I don't know if you remember me
but, my name is...

CHO

Jack Braddock- Kate's father.
Yeah, what's up?

JACK

I was wondering if you could
help me with a computer problem?

EXT. KOGI VILLAGE - DAY

RET, KATE and the FILM CREW are amidst a group of KOGI, watching and listening as they are shown elements of KOGI life. They are smiling and laughing. The camera is on a tripod some distance in the background.

INT. JACK'S APT. - DAY

Jack is tossing and turning in bed- sweating, dreaming, and agitated.

He wakes with a start and stumbles into the kitchen, turns CNN on the television and fixes coffee.

TALKING HEAD

...and in other news, the United Nations is holding its 4th annual conference on Aboriginal Peoples tomorrow at the United Nations.

Dr. Margaret Mather of Stanford University just returned from Peru to share her initial findings on the Kogi and the parallels with other indigenous tribes...

(Beat)On Capitol Hill this afternoon, the Senate Judiciary...

Jack calls his office for a booking to New York.

JACK

I need a ticket for the shuttle to New York today. I'll pick up the ticket in 40 minutes.

INT. UN GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL MOVIE SCREEN, - DAY

A circle of MEN wearing capes and penis sheaths moving in a rhythmic cadence around a campfire, SINGING AND CHANTING songs, looking to the left and the right as they do so. High on a nearby rock, DR. MATHER points a long narrow microphone at them and makes notes with the help of a flashlight.

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL UNITED NATIONS - DAY

With the help of a flashlight, RET is shuffling her notes at the podium. RET is addressing a full house at the United Nations Conference on Native Peoples. The conference room is dark and she is reading her notes from a light on the podium. Slides and movie clips are playing in the background as she speaks.

A binocular POV shows RET scanning the audience-not as a speaker's trait, but for a presence. She stares straight into the POV. The glasses come down to show a smiling JACK BRADDOCK. He moves towards the podium as she concludes. The lights come back on. As she approaches him, he hesitates- almost fearful, then smiles.

INT. HALLWAY BEHIND THE PODIUM, UN - DAY

JACK

I hardly recognized you with
your clothes on.

RET

And you? No body armor, no
camouflage- you clean up real
nice.

(beat)

So all those letters and just
one admonishing visit?

JACK

Your esoteric communiqués had no
return address.

RET

But aren't you resourceful and
filled with initiative?

JACK

Okay. How about lunch?

RET

Can't do lunch. How about
dinner?

JACK

I'll pick you up at 7.

RET

But you didn't say where?

JACK

Your place- not mine. Italian
cuisine? Or you hungry for bugs
and snails?

RET

Cute- that's so rare in an
action figure.

She grabs him by the collar. They're both flirting.
She kisses him on the cheek and turns.

Gotta go. This time it's my turn
to run.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE MIDTOWN NYC NEAR THE UN, - DAY

A drilling rig is boring down into the bedrock of Gotham for the foundation of a new high-rise. The WHISTLE blows. The YOUNG BLONDE OPERATOR looks at his depth gauge. He reaches the required depth of 75 feet but keeps drilling-- 77, 78, 79 80 feet. He reverses the drill and tracks the rig away from the hole.

As everyone leaves the job-site, a white van marked TRIBECA DRILLING pulls up. The van drives down to the BLONDE's rig. Two men get out and start working on it. Another two men set up test instruments. The SECURITY PATROL comes by.

SECURITY

Hey guys. The jobsite is closed.

1ST YOUNG MAN

Yeah, but the boss told us to fix this rig, it's acting up and they need to finish tomorrow. We'll stop to see you when we're ready to leave.

SECURITY

Okay. But next time sign in before you come down here.

1ST YOUNG MAN

Sure no problem. Thanks- traffic is murder this time of day.

SECURITY

Yeah. Sometimes I think we should just blow the place up and start over.

1ST YOUNG MAN

Not a bad idea.

The SECURITY GUARD walks away.

The men rig a hoist over the hole. From the back of the van, they slowly slide a long metallic cylinder out of a crate.

The 1ST YOUNG MAN opens a cover plate on the cylinder and punches a keypad. An LED screen lights up 12:01 AM 1-1-2000. He presses 'Enter', and another LED screen starts a countdown. He closes the cover plate, and the cylinder is lowered into the hole. As the TWO MEN slowly lower the cylinder, the other TWO MEN mix a small batch of concrete. The cylinder hits bottom. The hoist and chain are removed. The men carefully funnel the concrete into the hole. The FOUR MEN get back into the van and drive to the entrance gate and the Security Tower.

1ST YOUNG MAN

Wow, that took longer than we thought.

SECURITY GUARD

Everything okay?

1ST YOUNG MAN

Yep. She's all set. That rig should run for another 500 hours without a hitch. These penalty clauses are killing us. My boss could buy a new rig for what the penalties cost for delays.

SECURITY GUARD

So why doesn't he?

1ST YOUNG MAN

This one is paid for. If it's not the developer getting into your pocket, it's the bank.

SECURITY GUARD

Take it easy fellas, don't get stuck in traffic.

As the van pulls out, it stops for RET and JACK to walk by on their way to the ristorante. JACK stares at the driver, something seems oddly familiar, but RET tugs on his arm and they continue.

INT. RISTORANTE ITALIANO - NIGHT

Intimate Northern Italian restaurant in midtown. Quiet cultured ambiance. RET is absolutely stunning in a low-cut dress. JACK and RET are shown to their table. He assists her with her chair and lightly touches her on the shoulder.

JACK

You look fabulous. You brought that dress with you from Peru?

RET

No. I went foraging for it here in the local jungle.

JACK

Does uh, does, does this means we're on a date?

RET touches his hand and then recoils as a static spark POPS. She looks at her finger and smiles. His body tightens. The electricity between these two could light up Las Vegas.

RET

Now let's not start with that speech impediment thing...

They both laugh.

JACK

So what have you been up to?

RET

For 25 years I've worked with indigenous people, but never encountered anything like the Kogi

JACK

No. I don't mean business. Not career. Who are you? What makes you wake up in the morning and be someone special? What compels you to send enigmatic postcards to a man with guns?

RET

Still no luck with the small talk, huh General? Well, I don't get back here often. It's not my kind of jungle. Matter of fact, it makes my little cubbyhole at Stanford look like the Little House on the Prairie. And that's fine by me, because I think we need a lot more of my kind of jungle.

JACK

And that would be?

RET

A lot closer to where we met—as opposed to what’s outside. Even though we are in one of the better neighborhoods of the Upper West Side.

JACK

Well, I was trying to make an impression.

RET

And you did, Rambo, you really did.

JACK

But how can that be, Doctor? Your jungle, my jungle, worlds apart. Diametrically opposed and all that.

RET

It can be, Jack, if you let it. And you can let it if you really want it.

JACK

That’s not an area I’m familiar with—want. I’m more aware of need—what I need to do to get the job done.

RET

That’s due no doubt to your devotion to mission. Pro patria and all that.

JACK

Anything wrong with working for one’s country?

RET

Not at all and don’t be so defensive on me! I’m talking about one’s life and how there is much more to it than serving one’s country. You know, in just about every society there’s a layering order—self, spouse, children, neighborhood, tribe, town, province, country. But you seem to have gone directly to country. Why is that?

A WAITER appears and JACK orders another bottle of a young, yet confident, cabernet.

JACK

It wasn't always like that. I have a daughter. She's not adopted. She had a mother and I had a wife.

JACK pauses. He clasps his hands and looks away. RET puts his hands in hers and peers right into his soul.

JACK CONT'D

I took it pretty hard when Kate's mother died. She'd still be alive if she had never met me. She was captured by the Viet Cong. They executed her as a collaborator. There was nothing I could do. My anger drove me for years and the pain never went away. I didn't want to let anyone in because my world isn't safe. My only contact with normal life has been my daughter. The thought of any harm coming to her is more than I could take.

RET sips her wine and digests this revelation. She takes his hands in her own again.

RET

That explains a lot.

JACK

But we were listening to you explain how our worlds are apart when you turned this back on me.

RET

So we were. You noticed. (a beat) This may come as a shock to you, but I was an Army brat. I grew up on outposts of western civilization all over the world and never fit in on any of them. By the time I got the lay of the land, we were shipping out. I suppose in a way, it's why I chose the career that I did, but it became the way I handled my personal life too. As soon as anyone got close, I figured it was time to move on.

JACK

Never married? No children?

RET

Married once. For about two years. I was a graduate student and when an opportunity to do field work came up, I took it. We talked about how it was good for my career, and good for us and all that, but the letters and phone calls became less frequent and less personal. Finally, I couldn't reach him on the phone, and then I got the letter telling me how the twenty year old performance artist from New York made him feel more alive than he'd ever thought possible. So I made students my surrogate kids.

JACK

And the Third World your neighborhood?

RET

More like my country. It's where I feel at home. It's where the noise stops and then I can hear God's voice.

JACK

I wonder what it would be like to hear that.

RET

You must be very still to hear it, Jack. Very quiet. Sometimes it's like a waterfall with voices mixed in, and then it builds to something far richer, more textured and sweeping. Symphonic, at times. Come with me sometime and give it a shot.

JACK

But how could I fit in there—what with my job and all? The disparities of our worlds?

RET

Jack, you're dragging your box of data and rules into an arena of the heart. Scissors cut paper and love beats the law.

JACK

Sounds magical. Sounds so unlike my life. (a beat) The Marines say that if the Corp wanted you to have a wife, then they would have issued you one.

RET

But is that all it is, Semper Fi?

JACK

I wake up. I take cold showers. I save the world. You know Ret, in many ways, we are cut from the same cloth.

It's now RET's turn to pull away.

RET

I don't think so.

JACK

I do. We are both married to our careers. We are both out saving the world. I'm saving the first, and you're saving the third.

RET

OK soldier. I'll grant you that our work, my work has been a poor substitute for many unfulfilled aspects of my life. But I'm not sure we are both saving the world. Your world is killing mine. It sees no value in it. And this is where I've grown comfortable Jack. No phones, no freeways, no junk mail. Here we don't live, we consume. We're marks for the next ad campaign. This isn't freedom, it's tyranny masquerading as liberty. But the Kogi. The Sukai. Their involvement with the outside world as we know it is non-existent. They live by a river that feeds into the Pacific- up in the mountains. It's as if time ceased to exist. These people know freedom. Did you know that the typical hunter-gatherer only worked 20 hours a week? The rest of the time was communing with his tribe or family.

JACK

Are you suggesting that we abandon our iPods and pack up our tents and start wandering aimlessly?

RET

There is wisdom in living simply Jack. I seek that wisdom. And in the search, I've found you.

JACK

My life is filled with uncertainty Ret. Are you sure you want this?

RET

Jack, I see a spark. I see a man who wants to hear, who wants to see. But you need to adapt to a reality that will last a whole lot longer than your current one.

I've been accepted into the Kogi as part of their tribe. I've walked in their dream state where the present and the past and the future are all one. I have seen you in a place free from chaos.

JACK

What are you talking about?

RET

They enter into a transcendent reality—one that is truly different from ours—and they know of things we cannot know.

JACK

And do they place any kind of time frame on the demise of my reality as you put it?

RET

Not yet—but how long are you committed to your current role?

JACK.

Whoa. What kind of question is that? You think I can just walk away from my responsibilities?

RET takes Jack by the hand again, cocks her head and looks him in the eyes.

RET

Listen Mr. Soldier Boy. Ever since you interrupted my singing in the shower, you've been on my mind. I'm not sure why, but, I'd like some company in a future that maybe you don't or won't see.

JACK

But you do?

RET

Not specifically. It's not like I know if or when life as we know it will crash.

JACK

December 21, 2012, seems to be the leading contender.

RET

But what do you say Jack? Is your work that fulfilling?

JACK

I gave my oath. I believe in duty. There's a lot I don't care for with the politics, but I believe in the philosophy upon which we based this country. So I have a job where I deal with the real world—not as how we or some of us would like it to be, but how it is.

RET

I'm not talking about living Jack. I'm talking about being. Does this make you happy?

JACK

Happiness has never been a factor.

RET

Well, is that subject to change? If I could help you, if I could make you happy, would you accept my help?

JACK

The world will need all the help it can muster, the consequences are much more sinister than anyone can imagine... but I shouldn't be telling you this.

RET

I'm not talking about the world Jack, I'm talking about you. You and me. You haven't told me anything. Come on Jack. What's in there? Show me, I want to see it. I want to feel it.

RET'S words are getting to Jack's heart. He pays the bill. And they walk out of the restaurant.

JACK

You're asking for emotions I haven't expressed in decades.

RET

Neither have I. But for some reason, this feels right. Maybe the real challenge is to be open to help that comes from unexpected sources.

She presses a small fat Buddha-like amulet into his hand.

Here take this. I want you to have this.

She kisses him again on the cheek. JACK holds her; he cradles her face in his hands and kisses her on the mouth. She responds.

JACK

I'm not quite sure what to do next.

RET

Me neither. But, it's cold and it's a long walk, so how about hailing me a cab?

JACK pulls out his double eagle and puts it in her hand.

JACK

For 25 years this coin has always brought me home.

She wraps herself around him. A cab pulls up and she gets in.

RET

I'm leaving tomorrow. I won't be back for awhile. Thanks for a wonderful dinner. Promise that you will listen to me?

JACK

I promise.

Jack waves goodbye and walks down the street.

INT. JACK'S APT -NIGHT INTERCUT BDRM / DREAM LOCATION

JACK is sleeping in his bedroom, but it is a tormented sleep. As we push into his face we go inside JACK's head and experience his dream.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

The KOGI are dancing around a fire in their rhythmic cadence. RET is with them.

EXT. WATERFALL - DAY

And then the dream goes deeper and RET is back in the waterfall. But this time, JACK is in the waterfall, not as a soldier, but natural.

They embrace passionately.

INTERCUT: BEDROOM / WATERFALL

JACK is tossing in his sleep. In his dream they are making love, deep wet kisses, their bodies entwined under the waterfall. They climax and fall back into the water. As they surface, RET holds JACK's face in her hands...

RET

Sure beats phone sex huh?

JACK

Uh, ah, how-

JACK is trying to speak as he tosses in his dream.

RET

Now don't go Rambo on me again. We've got a lot to talk about. But just focus on the thought, it takes up too much bandwidth to actually say the words.

JACK

How are you doing this?

RET

What? Do you mind? I told you I could help in strange and mysterious ways. But I thought we'd take the edge off first. I've been wanting to do this ever since I first met you.

JACK

How is this possible?

RET

God. Will you quit with the analysis and just accept it? Is this a guy thing or something? Listen, you're trailing a group out of South America. They're getting planes to do something, but I can't see what. Just stop the planes.

JACK

What kind of planes?

RET

Gotta go skipper. Some kind of jets. Not my field. A quick kiss and I'll catch you next time--

The dream vanishes into the fire of the KOGI, then into JACK's head and he wakes with a start. He's soaking wet.

INT. CARGILL'S OFFICE, - DAY

JACK bursts into CARGILL'S office.

CARGILL

Jack? Something the matter?

JACK

What have we got on aircraft? Anything fishy coming up on those billion-dollar screens? MiGs. Anybody wholesaling spare parts from the Cold War?

CARGILL

One of our operatives at the Paris Air Show indicated that MiGs were a hot item with no appropriate destination.

JACK

Follow that lead. Anything else?

CARGILL

There's an airbase on the southern coast of Cuba that's been pretty active lately. They're burning way too much fuel given the embargo. We figure they are selling munitions and spare parts.

JACK

How can we pull their plug?

CARGILL moves back behind his desk, and keystrokes his computer. A series of screens runs an inventory of munitions, spare parts, and aircraft at Base Aérea Santiago, Cuba

From this screen, CARGILL keys in a few more programs. Satellite photos flash on screen of the base. We see the aircraft on deck and then a later photo shows a MiG 29 is gone.

CARGILL

It looks like we've found the bird. And here's the probability of armaments.

CARGILL punches in another series of keys and satellite photos of ships and airstrips in the Caribbean come into view. CARGILL punches some more buttons and stares at the screens for a moment.

CARGILL

Hmmm...here's all the possibilities for a container of that size- not a lot of ships in the area could handle it... There. That looks like the one. What's its destination?

Another screen pops up showing a shipping schedule from Santiago to Cancun to Miami.

JACK

Shit! They were going to take off right out of the US? That's balls.

CARGILL

Probably disguised as an air-show. Good work Jack. How did you figure this out?

JACK

Ah, let's just say it came to me
in the shower.

JACK exits CARGILL's office. As he's walking down the
corridor, a JUNIOR OFFICER catches up with him.

JUNIOR OFFICER

Colonel Braddock. Colonel
Braddock.

JACK

Yes?

JACK answers but keeps walking. The JUNIOR OFFICER is
almost running with a packet in his hand.

JUNIOR OFFICER

Here sir. This is for you. It
says it must be hand delivered.

JACK is handed a bulging packet of mail. Inside the
packet are a number of postcards, a letter and
pictures of RET and KATE.

The letter reads:

Oh God, I can't wait to see you
again. Go for a long run tonight
so you'll sleep soundly. All
that mental energy of yours
blocks the signal. Love, Ret

The postcards are pictographs. One postcard shows the
Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem, another a line of
tanks, another shows a room filled with chemical
canisters, another an electrical transmission
station, another a stockpile of guns, drugs and
money. There's a PS to the letter.

"I don't know what any of this
means, but these images keep
floating around in dream time.
Go get'im tiger! MM"

EXT WASHINGTON MONUMENT, LATE - DAY

JACK is running and smiling.

INT. JACK'S APT. - NIGHT

He enters his apartment, sheds his running gear, showers, and goes to bed. He's content. He mumbles to himself.

JACK

Thanks Ret. See you soon.

EXT. KOGI VILLAGE - DAY

RET, KATE, TONY, MARC et al are working with a group of KOGI, participating in the planting of food. The camera and sound gear are nowhere to be seen.

INT. CARGILL'S OFFICE - DAY

JACK enters light and chipper. CARGILL & Co. are already hard at work poring over reports, watching the big screens and drinking copious amounts of coffee.

JACK

Good morning gentlemen. You're certainly looking glum this morning Winston.

A few heads look up.

CARGILL

Jack. Here. It's worse than we imagined.

Screens in Cargill's office go blank and then they light up again. The screens show the factory in KIEV and the chemical plant in Hamburg. CARGILL nods to one of the men.

CARGILL

Ed, run down what we've got this morning.

ED indicates the two screens.

ED

Our friend Achmed is a busy boy these days- even by his standards. Lotsa fingers, lotsa pies. The place in Kiev is where you found the former Russian soldiers, Jack. The radiation traces and the heads up from the NKD says that they made off with 3-6 tactical field devices. Not sure about the codes. 70% chance that they could detonate them.

JACK

Damage wise- how nasty is several kilos in high-density environments? Square blocks or square miles?

ED

How about square cities? Most of New York for example.

JACK

What's this?

ED

The Hamburg plant is a little softer- but it looks as though they might have sold several kilos of aflatoxin. This is shit so nasty that you only want future martyrs handling it- even in sealed containers.

EXT. FACTORY - DAY

JACK and THREE MEN approach the same building. One jimmys the door; the other scans the area with a Geiger counter. He nods. All four draw weapons.

INT. FACTORY - DAY

They slip inside and cautiously make their way to the main room. Three RUSSIANS lie in a pool of fresh blood.

EXT. KOGI VILLAGE, - NIGHT

Ret is amidst a group of KOGI ELDERS at the meeting campfire. She offers the golden coin to each of them in turn- who take it, hold it against their chest, then hand it back to her for the next man. The fire blazes as they dream walk around it. We pierce the veil of Ret and see the cities going dark; then red with flames; then mushrooming into the too bright dawn of a nuclear morning. We pierce the veil of one of the elders and see the curved stars; the panic in the cities; the streets of Jerusalem pockmarked with bodies.

RET snaps out her walk. She is shaking and sweating-wild-eyed. Some of the ELDERS come out of their walks and smile. They surround RET.

KOGI ELDER

(In Kogi). Never mind. Never mind all that warning little brother. It's too late. It's too late. Problems fix themselves.

RET

But, but I need...

KOGI ELDER

Yes, we know. Your world has died. But your heart has always been here. You are home now. No need to walk in the land of the little brother. All your friends can stay and become Kogi.

EXT. JERUSALEM, MORNING - DAY

From street level in Jerusalem we see the donkey-riding goatherds and their flock pass by. As the goats pass close, we see stainless steel cylinders flashing briefly through their long belly hair.

INT. HIGH TECH WAREHOUSE, - DAY

Jack paces around Cho Sing and his compatriots as they scribble on greaseboards; point and discuss; as well as hammer away at several keyboards.

JACK

Look Cho. This isn't my normal mode of leadership, but it is December 18th!

CHO

Ok. Ok. We're close. We'll have it in a couple more days.

JACK.

Let's hope we've got a couple more days.

CHO

But you said this is supposed to happen December 21st?

JACK

Maybe. Maybe sooner. Maybe later. We don't know and that's what bothers me.

INT. HASMODEAN TUNNEL, - NIGHT

In the recently opened tunnel near the Wailing Wall, four men with headlights work to loosen several stones of the wall. They caution each other in Arabic to be as quiet as possible.

INT, NSA, - DAY

Jack surveys a world map studded with red pins. His satellite cell phone rings. Jack looks surprised, worried, and fumbles around his office looking for the damn thing.

RET (O.S.)

Jack. Jack. Oh God, I'm so glad I got you. Jack. It's horrible. You won't believe what I saw. You've got to get out of there.

JACK

Ret? Hi. Thanks for the warning, but it's been the shits here for some time now and we expect it will get worse.

RET

Yes. Jack it will. It will.
You've got to get out of there.
Jack you can stay here. Come be
with us Jack. We need you. I
need you.

JACK

Is Kate okay? What are you
saying? Is Kate hurt?

RET

No she's fine, but you aren't.
Please, Jack, please...

JACK

I'm okay Ret. Don't worry. It'll
be fine.

EXT, POSH COUNTRY CLUB, - DAY

A foursome of 50 -something executives are getting ready to putt out the 15th green. In the forest by the green, two men in camouflage sight in their respective targets. Silenced M-16 rifles fire, and then fire again, and again, and again. Four men in the Brooks Brothers casuals are dead and bleeding on the green.

EXT, LONG ISLAND MANSION, - DAY

A busy executive is talking on his cell phone getting into his Mercedes. The starter lugs, and clicks and in wide screen the car explodes in a fiery ball.

EXT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL

A group of executives ride up in the glass elevator. From a distance we see a sniper acquire his first target. Glass shatters, blood splatters and the executive slumps to the floor. The other three panic, but the sniper lines up in his next target with the same precision. The remaining two men begin to pound on the doors and control buttons. The elevator stops moving and with two rapid bursts of shots both men slump to the floor.

INT. NORTH SHORE CHICAGO RESTAURANT

An elderly executive is having dinner with his wife. The atmosphere is quiet, understated, soft music in the background. A busboy comes up to clear the table.

BUSBOY

Are you finished sir?

EXECUTIVE

Oh yes, go ahead.

The busboy removes a silenced automatic and double taps the executive in the forehead. As the dead man's wife begins to scream, she too is silenced with a shot sounding like the "pop" of champagne cork.

INT. NEW YORK SKYSCRAPER, - DAY

A group of WORKMEN are setting up barricades around an elevator. In the next elevator over, JUNIOR LEVEL ASSISTANTS scurry in and out. We overhear conversation about a board meeting on the top floor.

Just then a group of EXECUTIVES come around the corner with SECURITY. As they wait for the elevator, the SECURITY personnel fall away, the elevator WORKMEN go into the elevator they are working on. Inside the elevator, the WORKMEN remove a cache of silenced automatics from a canvas toolbag. They come out of the elevator and mow down the EXECUTIVES. They remove their work clothes under which they are dressed in business suits and quietly walk out of the rear of the building.

EXT, SILICON VALLEY HOTEL, - NIGHT

A major conference of computer engineers is taking place at a local hotel. All of the major WIREHEADS, are in attendance.

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN -NIGHT

A group of heavily armed young CHINESE men are tying up the KITCHEN HELP and taping their mouths shut. They drag them into the cold storage and change into their waiter attire.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM -NIGHT

The WIREHEAD party settles down to dinner and the young CHINESE men come out with trays of salad. Other men come out with large silver platters with domed silver covers. As the men line up in position, the headliners are up on the dais overlooking the crowd. The room is filled with the best and the brightest.

The silver domes come off the main entry- full automatic Uzis with silencers and 40 round clips. The waiters spray their tables. Two waiters clear off the dais. The entire room is eerily quiet in 20 seconds. The waiters strip off their uniforms and disappear.

EXT. COMPUTER SOFTWARE CAMPUS, REDMOND, WASHINGTON - NIGHT

A convoy of maintenance vans drives up to the campus. Each van drives up next to a building. Inside the vans, YOUNG WHITE MEN with headsets set buttons and adjust radios. The van is filled-not with cleaning supplies but with three 55 gal. drums. Each drum is surrounded in a semi-circular fashion with 6 green compressed air bottles. A little black box with green and red lights sits on top of each drum. A wire leads from the black box to a stick of dynamite plugged into the top of the drum.

The YOUNG WHITE MEN jump out of their vans and run up to their respective buildings. They attach another black box, and then run into the parking lot. Another van races in and collects the men.

A SECURITY PATROL drives up as the men are assembling in the van. One man steps out of the van and approaches the Security patrolman.

SECURITY

Hey. What are you guys doing?
Aren't you a little late
tonight? Is something wrong with
your equipment?

WHITE MAN

Yeah. It's our equipment. Things
have been blowing up on us all
day.

We're just taking a break.

As he speaks, a thin wire with two wooden handles flashes out of his cuff. The patrolman is dead before the white man finishes speaking.

Quick. Get this dumb fuck and his car next to one of the vans.

Another YOUNG WHITE MAN jumps out of the van, pushes the dead patrolman over and drives the patrol car next to the closest van.

Inside the pick up van, a NAVIGATOR is peering at a computer screen and talking into a headset.

NAVIGATOR

Yes. They are all in position. We had some extra company, but it's taken care of.

The NAVIGATOR'S computer screen shows blinking lights at the various buildings at the campus. The Navigator is talking to a helicopter. When the van is about a mile away, the NAVIGATOR speaks into his headset.

NAVIGATOR

All clear.

All the vans explode simultaneously. Nothing is left of the campus.

INT., JACK'S APARTMENT, WASHINGTON, 3 AM -NIGHT

Jack is sleeping, the phone rings, he answers groggily.

JACK

Hell, Hello.

WINSTON

Jack. You need to get down here right away.

JACK.

What, what is it? What time is it?

WINSTON

Turn on CNN and take a cold shower and I'll see you in 25 minutes.

The phone goes dead. Jack hits the remote and surfs through the channels. CNN has reports coming in from New York, Boston, Washington, Seattle, Silicon Valley, and Los Angeles. Corporate Christmas parties throughout the US have been hit through the evening. War was declared on American industry. Thousands are dead, especially in high-tech industries.

JACK

Oh shit! Oh my God. That son of a bitch...

Jack cold showers in 30 seconds, is dressed in 30 more and is racing to NSA headquarters.

INT. NSA HEADQUARTERS, 4AM -NIGHT

Jack is running down the hall into CARGILL's office.

WINSTON

Do you believe this Jack? It's a brave new world of warfare.

On the screens, the reports keep coming in. IBM, Microsoft, Sun Microsystems, Cisco... the list just goes on. Major corporations have been decimated of their human resources.

Other screens show buildings exploding with CNN voice overs indicating that as the attack was carried out, company headquarters were car-bombed as well.

JACK

Who's on this? Have we got a statement of responsibility?

Early reports show stock markets opening in Singapore, Hong Kong and Tokyo. American stocks traded in foreign markets are taking huge hits. Markets are stopping out. Circuit breakers are tripping and trading is suspended. Markets lose 25% of their value in the first 20 minutes.

A CNN reporter is comparing the situation to 1929—experts fear the collapse of the world economy.

CARGILL

Remember. You've got carte blanche. And no, we haven't a clue who's behind this. We don't even know if this is the work of one group.

JACK
Get me a line to Achmed.

CARGILL
Are you crazy?

JACK
Get me a line to Achmed. I'll
handle this.

JUNIOR OFFICERS go scurrying about, moving wires and connecting computers to other phone lines. Video cameras focus on JACK and he sits in the empty conference room next to CARGILL's office. A screen across from JACK shows snow and then blips and a somewhat startled ACHMED is on screen.

JACK
You son of a pig!

INTERCUT INT. ACHMED'S OFFICE, - DAY

ACHMED
Such manners Jack really. You are a representative of Western Civilization after all. If you're going to interrupt me unannounced, the least you could is be civilized.

JACK
Fuck you pal. You just killed thousands of innocent civilians and you want to get technical on protocol. Fuck you!

ACHMED
Innocent? What is innocence Jack? Given your country's recent exploitations...

JACK
Shut the fuck up, Goddamnit. What did an Indian, a Moslem Indian computer programmer in San Jose ever do to you?

ACHMED pales in anger and surprise.

ACHMED

Jack-I don't know what you are talking about. But if this is true, then the enemy of my enemy is not my friend.

JACK

You had your chance Achmed. There's no way out.

ACHMED

We are men of honor you and I Jack. Let me offer my assistance.

ACHMED's Palestinian BODYGUARD walks in on the last sentence. ACHMED motions to wait, then JACK reaches over to the computer video and disconnects the call. AS JACK disconnects the call, ASCHMED, exasperated, motions for the bodyguard to come in. The BODYGUARD is quizzical.

ACHMED reaches over to his speakerphone and calls his aides.

Mohammed. Mohammed. Quick. Come here. Get Iziz and Talouf too.

Three YOUNG MEN come running into his office looking very surprised and slightly fearful.

ACHMED

Who decided to embellish upon my plan? And how did Braddock get into my office?

MOHAMMED

What are you talking about?

ACHMED

Turn on CNN. I just got a call from Braddock on my computer indicating that a bunch of American civilians were murdered. He thinks I'm responsible. Who did this? Who took it upon themselves to order this kind of chaos? This far and away exceeds my intentions, and my instructions.

The Reuters screen behind ACHMED shows stocks plummeting across the world.

Get everyone in on a conference call.

ACHMED'S ASSISTANTS scurry around, connecting phones and computers.

Okay. Please listen and no questions. We must act fast. Someone has embellished our strategy that has placed our plan in jeopardy. I want you to start closing out our shorts in reasonable buy lots and then transfer the funds to the accounts that will be sent to you via secure fax. We wanted to make a killing on the market—but not kill the market. Be discreet. Don't make any buys bigger than ten million at a time. If you have any questions, call me back on my secure line.

Achmed turns to Iziz, and pages through a NYSE trading manual.

Is there any way to pull the programming on the circuit breakers?

IZIZ

Not according to our friends from Bulgaria. We paid them quite handsomely to insure this.

ACHMED

So those markets will be in free fall with no stops.

IZIZ

None that I know of sir.

INT. HIGH TECH WAREHOUSE, 2 AM - NIGHT

Cho and his PROGRAMMERS are madly programming away.

CHO

Hey. Check this out.

PROGRAMMER

Wow. It's a Trojan horse.

CHO

How many hours do we have before
New York opens?

PROGRAMMER #2

About 4 hours why?

CHO

We need to pull this code and
replace it with something
benign. Will our modems be able
to handle the traffic?

PROGRAMMER #3

If we double them up they will.

Cho picks up the phone and calls Jack's office in
Washington.

INT. NSA, JACK'S OFFICE -NIGHT INTERCUT 2 OFFICES

JACK

Hello?

CHO

Whoa! I thought I was going to
leave you a voice mail. What are
you doing at work?

JACK

Nothing much--heading off the
collapse of civilization as we
know it.

CHO

We found it.

JACK

Found what?

CHO

We figured out how they were going to collapse the markets. While the Cobol cowboys of Wall Street were busy writing code to fix the Y2K program, your Bulgarian buddies were apparently piggy backing the code lines. They added instructions to override the circuit breakers. Nothing would prevent a complete collapse of the market.

JACK

Can you fix it?

CHO

We don't know. Were doubling up the modems so we can strip the code and replace it before the market opens.

JACK

Thanks for the heads up. Call me if you find anything else.

WINSTON CARGILL walks into Jack's office.

CARGILL

Jack. I need you to take a look at a couple of my screens.

JACK

What is it Winston?

CARGILL

Seems our friends envisioned more than just an economic meltdown. The Mossad found a nuclear device under the Dome of the Rock.

JACK

Call them and tell them I'm on my way. I'll meet them at the IAF airport in 4 hours. Get the SR-71 ready to go at Andrews in 2 hours.

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE, 6 AM - DAY

The SR-71 is getting prepped on the tarmac. JACK is in full flight gear with a slew of technical equipment.

JACK

Okay. Let's get this loaded. We may not have much time.

The CREW starts loading his gear onto the plane. JACK punches some buttons on his wrist communicator. Jet engines ROAR in the background as the SR-71 goes through its pre-flight check. JACK climbs on board. All gear is stored and tied down.

JACK

Here's the mission Pilot. We need to be there ASAP.

The SR-71 begins to taxi down the runway and takes off with a full afterburner launch.

EXT. IAF MILITARY AIRPORT, ISRAEL 5 PM 12/31/99-NIGHT

The SR-71 comes in for landing, then taxis to stop in front of Israeli Air Force Complex. A group of Israeli SPECIAL FORCES awaits JACK's arrival. The SR-71 stops, doors WHOOSH open.

1ST ISRAELI

Jack. God, I'm so glad Winston sent you. How long as it been? Twenty years?

JACK

Good to see you too Moshi. Thanks for making me remember how old I'm getting. Pretty soon, I won't even know your name.

MOSHI

Just so long as you mention me in your will. How's your daughter?

A construction van pulls up next to the SR-71. JACK and MOSHI motion to the crew and the Israeli team loads up the Van. The vehicle is equipped with surveillance gear.

JACK

Fine. She's communing with nature.

MOSHI

Uh?

JACK

She's fine Moshi. Let's get out of here and tell me what we've got.

MOSHI

It's a stainless steel canister a little longer than a meter in length and about 30 centimeters in width.

JACK

Four feet long?

MOSHI

Well Jack. Yes, if you must use your archaic measuring system, I'd estimate it to be 4 feet six inches long, give or take an inch or two.

JACK

Umm. Did you pull the cover?

MOSHI

No. What's the matter?

JACK

Well it's just that it's a little longer than the Soviet standard SJK-2 models we've been prepped for.

MOSHI

So with Perestroika your information is outdated. Happened to all of us. Come on. Let's get out of here.

JACK

Yeah. Let's do it. I've got plans for the evening.

MOSHI

What? You weren't going to stay and celebrate with the boys?

INT. HASMODEAN TUNNEL, DOME OF THE ROCK, 6 PM - NIGHT

JACK and the squad of ISRAELIS, edge down the tunnel underneath the Dome of the Rock.

JACK

What's that?

1ST ISRAELI

That's where our crews were making repairs.

JACK

And this over here?

1ST ISRAELI

Take a look.

JACK kneels down and brushes away sand and dirt. A shiny metallic cylinder surfaces. On the face of the cylinder, an LED read out indicates that it is December 31st, 09:00 hours.

JACK

Sweet. Looks like about 4 Kilotons. Soviet late model, potential shaped charge. OK. Let's get at it. We've got some work to do.

JACK's CREW sets up a computer with an antenna. JACK gets on his satellite phone and calls headquarters.

Okay, our link is operational. I need the diagrams of the wiring and numerical sequences for arming these types of devices. It looks different than the ones we've seen before. It's longer or something...

Okay good. Got it. I'm setting the camera on it now. We've got it uncovered. Let me know if you have any thoughts. I can't figure out its size. It doesn't make sense.

Jack's CREW gets to work. The inspection cover is removed and a computer is hooked up to the arming numbering sequence. A new algorithm is programmed into the clock causing it to slow down. JACK looks at the wiring diagram and looks back at the physical wires. His CREW members motion to hurry up.

As the clock begins to strike 12, Jack clips the yellow wire, then the black wire, then the green wire, then the blue wire, and finally the red wire. The display goes dead. As the LED shuts off, the crew lets out a DEEP SIGH.

It looks like we got it. It looks like we got it. Okay. Let's clean up and get out of here. Call the disposal squad to pick this thing up. Charlie, you and Ray stay with it until it's contained.

MOSHI

Thanks Jack. Sure you don't want to stay and celebrate.

JACK

I wish I could Moshi, but my shift isn't over.

MOSHI

All work no play... makes Jack a dull...

JACK

Thanks Moshi. You remind me of my age and now you're getting on my case for not wanting to party. The next time you need someone to disarm a nuclear device, call 1-800-EAT SHIT.

MOSHI

Now that's the spirit.

EXT. SR-71, IAF AIRPORT, 9 PM - NIGHT

The construction van returns to the airport and pulls in next to the SR-71. The Israeli squad quickly loads JACK's gear into the SR-71. The van with the Israelis gets ready to leave.

MOSHI

Hey Jack. Don't forget to write.

On board the SR-71, Jack radios back to CARGILL.

JACK

Winston. We just dodged a mighty big bullet.

CARGILL

Thank God. The consequences would have been unthinkable.

JACK

I'll see you in 2 hours.

CARGILL

Great. It's not over yet.

The SR-71 takes off with its signature afterburner lift off.

INT. TUNNEL, DOME OF THE ROCK, 9 PM, - NIGHT

Back at the bomb, a faint plume of green smoke begins to waft from the bottom of the canister. The bomb begins to HISS. The plume of smoke fills the tunnel.

EXT. JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

Up on the streets the gas wafts through the buildings. PEDESTRIANS begin COUGHING, then GAGGING and collapse in the streets; their bodies begin to spasm and collapse.

INT. HASMODEAN TUNNEL - NIGHT

Back in the tunnel the canister is glowing white.

EXT. JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHT

The smoke continues to billow out of the tunnel into the city. Cars collide. Buses run into buildings. Everywhere PEOPLE are vomiting blood, and then collapse in spasmodic dances of death.

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE, 3 PM - DAY

The SR-71 touches down and taxis to a stop in front of the launch facility. A black Chevy Suburban is waiting. JACK gets into the Suburban and tears off.

JACK

Boy I sure could use some sleep...

EXT. NSA HEADQUARTERS, 3:45 PM - DAY

Jack runs into the building.

INT. NSA HEADQUARTERS 3:46 - DAY

BUZZERS are sounding. The building has gone to red alert. JACK is very confused. He thinks its time for a hero's welcome and instead, they are under siege.

INT. CARGILL'S OFFICE 3:50 - DAY

JACK bursts into the room. Before he has a chance to ask what's going on, the screens tell it all. A Jerusalem City Cam shows the ancient streets littered with corpses.

CARGILL

Jack. Jack. They got us. It was a ruse.

JACK

What? We disarmed the device.

CARGILL

No, you thought you disarmed the device. It was biological not nuclear. When you disarmed the nuclear, you set the biological. I doubt if the bomb ever was nuclear. They just set it up so we would think it was nuclear. Apparently it was rigged to go off 15 minutes after you unplugged the nuclear trigger.

JACK

What's the material?

CARGILL

Afatoxins.

JACK

Get that son of a bitch on line!

JACK stomps into Cargill's conference room, a screen lights up to electronic snow. Achmed's office flashes on screen. All around ACHMED are large screens with data and video images showing carnage in an ancient city.

JACK

You son of a lame camel! How could you do this?

ACHMED

Well hello Jack. So good of you to call. How was your trip? Oh yes, and thanks for your help. You really didn't think I'd blow up the Holy City did you? I just wanted it back for its rightful owners.

JACK

You just killed thousands of people.

ACHMED

I like to think of it as an eviction, really.

JACK

And what about all the Muslims that died in your "eviction?"

ACHMED

Ah yes, the Arms of Allah are wide. 70 Virgins Jack—what better death than the death of a martyr?

EXT. JERUSALEM, - MIDNIGHT

An old silver Mercedes, S Class, is parked near the Dome of the Rock. The street is littered with corpses. A DIGITAL DRONE breaks the stillness of the dead city. The Camera zooms in on the trunk and the license plate of the Mercedes. As JACK and ACHMED continue to banter, their respective city cams depict a flash of yellow white light and then go dead.

JACK

Sweet Jesus. What happened? What did you do?

ACHMED

What did I do? I just told you I was only interested in eviction, not demolition. By the Prophet, who did this?

JACK

Get me another camera. Go to satellite.

The TECHS push buttons. A satellite view zooms in to show the image of Jerusalem shimmering in heat waves as a mushroom cloud rises into the late afternoon sky.

INT. BUENOS AIRES VILLA, 5/ 6 PM - DAY

A group of young MEN watch the same satellite feed, smile and congratulate themselves. WAGNER IS PLAYING in the background.

1ST YOUNG MAN

(In German). Okay. That's a start. How are we progressing up north?

2ND YOUNG MAN

CNN reports a major explosion in Seattle. Nothing yet from San Jose, Austin, New York, or Cambridge.

1ST YOUNG MAN

Who cares if they got our MiGs? The indirect approach seems much better.

INT. LONDON OFFICE, 10 PM - NIGHT

A large screen shows the cloud over Jerusalem from a Russian satellite. The room is frantic with people SCREAMING. Programmers are punching keystrokes. Others are making phone calls. Jack's connection is still functional.

ACHMED

(In Arabic) Get me Arafat. How did this happen? How did this happen?

The room is still frantic. ACHMED's Palestinian BODYGUARD is quivering with rage. He pushes ACHMED's chair away from him and pulls out his sidearm.

PALESTINIAN BODYGUARD

(In Arabic) You killed my family! You killed my family!

He's cocked his weapon and pointed it at Achmed's head. The gun is quivering. The BODYGUARD is torn between his duty and his rage.

ACHMED

(In Arabic) No. No! It wasn't me. It wasn't me!

Another BODYGUARD in the hallway hears the commotion. He draws his weapon and enters the room. He sees ACHMED with a gun to his head. He points his gun at the distraught Palestinian.

BODYGUARD 2

(In Arabic) Drop your weapon! Drop your weapon!

BODYGUARD 2 is within point blank range of the first guard who still has his gun pointed at Achmed's head.

ACHMED

(In Arabic) Gentlemen. Let's calm down, calm down.

Another bodyguard enters the room and points his gun at the second bodyguard, then at Achmed.

THIRD BODYGUARD

(In Arabic) You killed my family! You killed our families!

ACHMED

(In Arabic) No. No. It wasn't me?

JACK is still watching via computer telephone video link. The bodyguards are screaming at each other and ACMED in Arabic. ACHMED knows the video connection is still open. He looks toward the screen... does he ask JACK for help? Does he close the connection? He slowly moves his hand to the keyboard. Everyone is still yelling at everyone else in Arabic. The Bodyguards are accusing each other, questioning their friendship, questioning their loyalty.

ACHMED

(In Arabic) We must find the culprit who did this.

1ST BODYGUARD

(In Arabic) You did it. You must die. You must die.

2ND BODYGUARD

(In Arabic) Aziz. Stop it. Think what you are doing.

1ST BODYGUARD

(In Arabic) He killed your family too. What is wrong with you? Put down your gun and let me kill this camel shit.

Then men begin to lower their guns. ACHMED reaches for his mouse, but in the tension of the moment, his hand slips and the mouse crashes to the floor.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM, BOOM! The 1st BODYGUARD terminates ACHMED, the 2nd BODYGUARD shoots the first, the third bodyguard shoots the second. The 1st BODYGUARD fires two more shots before dying, both miss ACHMED but terminate the 3rd Bodyguard.

JACK closes the video connection.

JACK

Good God. Oh my God. But if it wasn't you...

Jack goes back to CARGILL's main office. One bank of screens is running all the financial data through the world markets. Another bank of screens is showing the executive carnage. Another bank is showing the blast of high-tech buildings and banks. He runs out of the office.

JACK

Where's that phone? Where did I leave that phone? Shit.

He's dragging his feet. He stops at a drinking fountain and drenches his head in the cold water.

EXT. BURMA - CHINESE BORDER, MORNING - DAY.

The Sixth Chinese Army on the border of Burma waits to invade.

INT. HIGH TECH WAREHOUSE, 2 PM - DAY

Cho Sing and his Chinese friends are feverishly hacking away at Beijing's computer system.

CHO

Oh shit. How did this happen.
How did this happen?

1ST CHINESE STUDENT

We made it happen Cho. They
never would have figured this
out without us.

CHO

We got to stop them. We got to
stop them.

2ND CHINESE STUDENT

I got it! I got it! I'm in.
Whose got the coordinates?

CHO

Here. Here are the coordinates.
Somebody get Jack on the line.

INT. NSA, BRADDOCK'S OFFICE 5 PM -NIGHT INTERCUT SV WAREHOUSE

JACK is exhausted and is almost incoherent tearing his office apart looking for his satellite phone. His desk phone begins to ring.

JACK

What?

CHO

Jack. We did it.

JACK

Oh. Cho. Gosh that's great. What is their plan?

INT. HIGH TECH WAREHOUSE -NIGHT

The CHINESE STUDENTS are rapidly downloading data onto their computers. Others are reprogramming the data for view on overhead screens.

CHO

It looks like part of the plan has been implemented. They're out killing Silicon Valley engineers regardless of ethnicity.

JACK

I'll send another squad of security. Looks like you'll need it.

CHO

We're reading a plan for Burma. It seems the freeway to the sea was for Chinese tanks. The Sixth Army is mobilizing their invasion right now.

JACK

Our technology transfer for communication satellites provided us with access to their missile systems. Let me see what I can do.

CHO

Okay. Make it quick. I've got a lot of spooked programmers here whose biggest thrill up until now has been arcade games and masturbation.

JACK

How quick can you make it to the airport?

CHO

30 minutes.

JACK
 Stay put. I'll be right back to
 you.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE 6 PM -NIGHT

JACK is barely able to stand or sit up. He is still looking for the satellite phone. He is tearing his desk and credenza apart and in the process, he finds Ret's postcards. As he gazes on the postcards, a series of flashbacks come to mind—the first encounter, the coincidence with Kate, New York, the dreams. He nods off and in a flash he is in contact with KATE.

INT. KOGI HUT 4PM - DAY

JACK is now sleeping in his clothes at his desk but his desk is now on an earthen floor in the middle of a small hut in the Kogi Village. KATE enters the hut.

KATE
 Hi Dad.

JACK "wakes up." He looks around and at himself, then back to KATE.

JACK
 Kate? What, what are you doing?

KATE
 Ret was busy, so she asked me to give you a ring. God it's hard to get you to sleep.

JACK
 Sleep?
 Call?
 Dreaming? Why wouldn't you use the phone?

KATE
 Well—why did you think you were even looking for the damn thing?

JACK
 I can't understand this.

RET walks in and shakes her head.

RET

Yes you CAN understand this. You wouldn't be talking to us right now if you didn't understand this.

JACK looks down into the floor and he can see his office in Washington with him sleeping at his desk. He puts his hand out to touch it, but-

RET

Hi. It's me. Look. You got to get out of there now. Pronto. The world as we knew it is no more. We need you. You need us. It's time for you to make a new life.

Jack's phone begins to RING. His intercom is flashing, and announcements are BLARING on the PA. JACK looks into the earthen floor to his office in Washington and the dream state collapses.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE 6:15 PM - NIGHT

CARGILL

Jack. Jack. Get over here now.

He wakes up. There are soldiers knocking on his door. He picks up the phone.

JACK

Yeah. Yeah. What is it?

CHO

Jack? We're still waiting.

JACK

I'm sending the coordinates right now.

JACK hangs up the phone and calls CARGILL via the intercom.

JACK

Winston. Send Cho the coordinates for the Sixth Army.

CARGILL.

Got it. Now get over here.

JACK

Check.

INT. HIGH TECH WAREHOUSE 2:15PM - DAY

The CHINESE STUDENTS are engaged in a major anxiety attack. The coordinates are streaming in and are on screen on the big overhead projectors. One of the screens starts flashing, "Press Enter to initiate sequence."

CHO

Shut up. Shut up. How do you think I feel?

1ST CHINESE STUDENT

My brother is in the 6th Army.
That's my brother!

2ND CHINESE STUDENT

My uncle is in Saigon. I can't do it. I'm not going to have the blood of my ancestors on my hands.

Cho's screen has run the coordinates and the logarithms. The screen continues to flash "hit enter to initiate sequence."

CHO

Okay. Okay. We can't do this. I can't do this. We're going to have to come up with an alternate solution. I'll call Jack.

1ST CHINESE STUDENT

Call your Jack. This isn't what I signed on for. I'm out of here. This never happened. I was never here. I don't know any of you.

He gets up and starts for the door.

CHO

Hey Jack. I've got a situation here.

JACK

I'm kind of busy too, Cho.
What's the problem?

As the 1st Student reaches the door, the same CHINESE ASSAULT SQUAD that wiped out the engineers in the hotel burst in. They level their automatic weapons on the STUDENTS. CHO looks up and meets his maker. As his life ends, his head falls onto his keyboard. The big screen begins to flash, "SEQUENCE INITIATED."

The CHINESE SOLDIERS shoot up the computer monitors, but it's too late.

EXT. MILITARY BASE OUTSIDE BEIJING, 7 AM - DAY

A general ALARM SOUNDS. SOLDIERS look surprised. Silo doors open and missiles begin launch sequences. One, two, three missiles blast off. The ROAR of the rocket engines drowns out the general alarm.

INT. CARGILL'S WAR ROOM 8 PM -NIGHT

A series of satellites and screens begins tracking the trajectory of the missiles.

JACK

Cho. Are you still there? Good work Cho. Cho? Cho? Shit. Get me security.

Then the satellites go static.

CARGILL

What's wrong with that feed. Check that feed?

JACK

How quick can we get a team to the warehouse? Get me a link into Oakland.

1ST JUNIOR OFFICER

Sorry Sir. But I'm having trouble with the phone lines right now. We're experiencing some kind of rolling power surges.

CARGILL

What's with the satellite feed?

The satellite feed comes back on. Simulation programs suggest probability of trajectory. The screen goes blank again, flickers, and shows another piece of real estate.

JACK

Where is that coming from?

1ST JUNIOR OFFICER

The coordinates suggest North Korea.

CARGILL

Get me the White House.

Another satellite feed takes over another screen and a countdown begins. The coordinates indicate the sequence is for a series of missiles in Montana.

JACK

Winston. Who initiated that launch sequence? Tie into NORAD and find out what's going on.

1ST JUNIOR OFFICER

We can't sir. The lines are jammed with interference.

CARGILL

Oh shit. Someone hacked our missiles. What's the target? Can we establish a target?

The room erupts with terror as they see codes that NO ONE could have known being sent to them for confirmation of a launch and fire sequence.

INT. MONTANA SILO 9:40 PM - NIGHT

A group of AIR FORCE OFFICERS are madly trying to stop a launch sequence. Programmers are madly typing in code but nothing is working.

COMMANDING OFFICER

Evacuate! Evacuate! Here. I'll fix this.

He pulls his Beretta and empties the clip into the control panel.

EXT. MONTANA SILO 9:45 PM -NIGHT

Two silos open and missiles blast out of the silos.
The third silo opens. A huge blast engulfs the scene.

INT. CARGILL'S WAR ROOM 11:45 PM -NIGHT

CARGILL sits at the helm of the control section,
staring at the giant screens as they flicker; go
jagged; go black; show ball scores; Dr. Strangelove;
then blow out. His eyes widen as he begins to speak.

CARGILL

Did those birds fly? Did those
birds fly?

1ST OFFICER

We aren't sure sir. We did hear
a blast and then all
communication went dead.

The OFFICER puts his hand to his ear. Listens.

- Wait!

Satellites are confirming two
launches.

JACK goes into the conference room and begins to
pace. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the
amulet that Ret gave him. JACK smiles...

CARGILL

Jack, I think it's mayday. There
must have been six or seven
operations running. And we only
had three of them. You stopped
them, Jack. Did a hell of a job.
How could we have known only
half of them? How could this
have happened, Jack? Jack? Jack?

CARGILL turns to the conference room, but the room is
empty. The screens continue to flicker on and off,
and then one begins to flash. Target = Washington DC.
Target = Washington DC.

CARGILL

Jack? Jack!

EXT. WASHINGTON DC AIRSPACE, 11:50 PM - NIGHT

JACK is in a helicopter flying over Washington. The CHOPPER PILOT is running coordinates for the SR-71. In the streets of Washington, DC, the partying and anarchy are rapidly reduced to a feeding frenzy. Lights fail. Revelers become terrified, and flee in all directions. Mobs break into buildings and stores all over the city. Fires spread. Patrol cars collide with one another, responding to the radio calls that may or may not be real.

The night sky begins to fill with the arcing glow of satellites burning up as they reenter earth's orbit.

EXT. OCEAN AIRSPACE - NIGHT

Jack's helicopter flies out to sea. The familiar ping of SONAR is heard in the background. A submarine surfaces as the pilot talks to the sub.

HELICOPTER PILOT

We are good to go Sir. It's been an honor to serve with you, Sir.

JACK.

Thanks son. Now let's get out of this thing and underwater before we're all toast.

HELICOPTER PILOT

Aye, aye sir.

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE -NIGHT

The chopper precariously lands on the curved bow of the submarine as it bobs in the water. JACK flips a duffel bag over his shoulder. Both MEN jump out of the 'copter and onto the sub's deck. The hatch is open, a bevy of SAILORS stand by. A GENERAL ALARM is sounding. The men cram down the hatch. The hatch closes with a WHOOSH, and a DIVE SIREN sounds. As the sub sinks beneath the surface, the helicopter floats off the bow, fills with water and slowly sinks into the dark sea.

In the distance two missiles pierce the night sky over Washington. Two mushroom clouds light up and vaporize the city. As the explosions flash, the light subsides and only a few fires smolder on. Moments later the sky lights up again but far off in the distance to the North.

EXT. SOUTHERN PACIFIC OCEAN OFF PERU, - DAY

The sun is coming up over the mountains; our view is from the water. Water sprays, hatches CLANK open. JACK clamors on to the deck with a small bag of gear. A raft inflates with a HISS. JACK's voice asks the MEN ON DECK what they are going to do now. They say how even the ELF network is down, so they'll probably head back to the Sound. Figure it out from there. They wish each other good luck. JACK paddles away towards the river delta and the sub silently sinks beneath the surface.

EXT. KOGI VILLAGE -NIGHT

A GROUP OF ELDERS dances in a rhythmic cadence around a soaring bonfire, SINGING. The mood is festive and the DRUMMING is spirited. RET MATHER is among them, as well as KATE and the FILM CREW. RET, KATE and the FILM CREW are all dressed in traditional Kogi attire. RET follows the sparks as they move skyward. She smiles.

EXT. OCEAN NEAR MOUTH OF RIVER -NIGHT

Jack pulls through the water with the same rhythm, and with each stroke, sings the same song. He smiles.

THE END