

YEAR OF THE JAGUAR

By

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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.

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. A small print of the MAYAN calendar is taped to a pipe. 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

COMM OFFICER
What's up, Ken?

The seated man points to the screen.

COMM OFFICER 2
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.

COMM OFFICER
Son of bitch. Goddamn sunspots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMM OFFICER 2

What, sir? Is this some sort of CINCPAC joke, or is this part of the training exercise?

COMM OFFICER

No. SOCCOM geeks mentioned atmospheric disturbances may cause issues this week. They said we could experience some, some- 'systemic anomalies' -tech talk for fuck-ups.

COMM OFFICER 2

Systemic anomalies sir? So what do I confirm to the team?

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

COMM OFFICER

Go with two out of three.

COMM OFFICER 2

Aah... Aye, aye, sir.

EXT. ISLAND VILLAGE, JUST BEFORE DAWN, - DAY

The village is quiet and peaceful.

INT. VILLAGE HUT DAWN, - DAY

The room is filled with files and research papers. White feet slowly swing out of a bamboo and thatch cot, touch the floor and search for sandals. A sarong wraps about the body. A hand picks up a towel and a small bag, and the person heads out the door, humming.

EXT. ISLAND CANOPY, JUST BEFORE DAWN - DAY

The COMMANDOS slink slowly through the jungle. The COMMANDER checks his GPS once, looks around, checks it again, and then motions for his men to move forward.

EXT. WATERFALL BEHIND THE VILLAGE, DAWN - DAY

She is still humming. There is a small clearing with a good-sized pond. Small rays of sunlight pierce the dense foliage. She places her sarong on a rock and wades into the water, and begins to sing.

EXT. ISLAND CANOPY, EARLY MORNING - DAY

The COMMANDOS approach a village overlooking the sea. Cattle graze in the pasture. The COMMANDOS fix their armaments, and in doing so, one 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 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 (CONT'D)
Cease Fire!!

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 (CONT'D)
What the FUCK is going on here!

He pushes another button and turns to his men,

COMMANDER (CONT'D)
Check for casualties.

INT. SUBMARINE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

COMM OFFICER
Having problems, Sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMMANDER

Having problems???? Listen, pal,
there were people out here. Fucking
cows and fucking people. What the
hell are you doing in there-
playing Halo?!

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

COMM OFFICER

Captain 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?

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? We encountered fucking
cows! I want the name of every
asshole who touched that 'data
path', you got that!

COMM OFFICER

Yes, yes sir.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING IN FRONT OF VILLAGE - DAY

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 (CONT'D)

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 mutters to himself as he heads off,

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch!

He runs a crossing maneuver, looking from whatever high points are around.

EXT. JUNGLE, EARLY MORNING - DAY

A WOMAN SINGING is heard, blending in and out of the sound of a small waterfall. The COMMANDER slows to investigate. As he approaches the water's edge, he clears the foliage to reveal a stunningly beautiful WOMAN bathing in the waterfall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Hmmm, speech impediment-definitely Rambo.

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

WOMAN (CONT'D (CONT'D)

Are you lost Lt. Rambo? Need help?

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

Mistakes? Really? What were you training for? Communicating in awkward situations? Cuz honey I gotta tell ya, I am not sure training is going to help you on this one.

COMMANDER

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? The singing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COMMANDER

Singing? No, ah not singing. Well, we ah, we were on a training mission.

WOMAN

Yes, I believe we've covered that part.

COMMANDER

And I guess we got lost...

WOMAN

And, and come on, the point has got to be on tip of your tongue.

COMMANDER

Well, we sort of attacked the village.

WOMAN

YOU WHAT!!!

The WOMAN lunges at him, and starts to the village. He blocks her path initially by accident. They are awkwardly close. She trips and he catches her.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

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,

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

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

WOMAN

A little.... What? You're teaching your soldiers to kill farmers?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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

WOMAN

Just a couple of cows...Great.
You've just blown three month's
worth of trust building.

He turns and touches her hand.

COMMANDER

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

WOMAN

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

COMMANDER

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

RET

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...

RET

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 things, or in-

RET

-Or in communicating during awkward
moments?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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

YANTORNI (VO)
Captain? 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 RET.

JACK (CONT'D)
Look, I'm sorry about this. I
really am. It's just that you have
to understand, that-

RET
Understand what?

JACK backs away, shuffles...

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

RET
Keep the world safe?

JACK
It's rare, but these things
happen...

RET
Rare? How rare?

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

JACK
Sorry about this- but I gotta run.

RET
Sorry about what? Attacking the
village, interrupting my shower, or
running away?

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JACK

Oh Jesus. All of it.

RET gazes at his back. Slipping through the jungle- JACK is sweating more than he had during the entire attack. A faint smile purses RET's lips as he departs.

INT. HOTEL CORONADO ROOM, SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

JACK twists and turns his blankets into knots.

EXT. JUNGLE VILLAGE / WATER FALL -DAY

JACK BRADDOCK is dreaming a broken record of visions of his men firing on the village and his encounter with RET.

INT. SEAL TEAM SIX HQ, CORONADO - 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 no wait, you could
tell me, but then you'd have to
kill me.

JACK

Right. But, what I can tell you is
that I'm going to see my daughter
at Stanford today, so how about a
cup of coffee, and-

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN (CONT'D)

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...

MAN 2

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

MAN

Yeah, being attacked by all those cows?

Both men break out laughing; they spill their coffee.

MAN 2

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

JACK

Uh, yeah something like that. All this joint operations stuff just means exponential SNAFUS.

The WAITRESS comes over with JACK's coffee. Jack checks his watch.

JACK (CONT'D)

Uh, sorry Betsy. Can you make 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.

MAN

And what are they blaming it on? Sunspots right? We haven't seen the end of it. Hey Jack don't worry about it. By the end of today, you will never have been there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

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

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. A woman wears a button with a handwritten message: "Novelty." A building has a banner hanging: "Party like its 2012!" As he enters the Anthropology Building he passes 2012 graffiti.

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: "KATAYOUN HOSAYN-Anthro TA". He knocks.

KATE

Come in!

INT. KATAYOUN'S (KATE'S) OFFICE - DAY

A lithe twenty-something AMERICAN-IRANIAN 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

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. KATE sits back down at her desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

I don't know. I just don't know...I
should have checked it myself.

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

KATE

Dad- are you okay?

JACK

I've been better.

KATE

Dad- what's the matter?

JACK doesn't even hear her.

JACK

The village, the cows, the
waterfall. I don't know, I just
don't know... Maybe there is
something going on, or maybe I'm
just getting too old for this.

KATE

You? What are you talking about??

JACK

Finding another line of work.

KATE

What the heck happened to you?
You're making me nervous

JACK

I shouldn't talk about it.

KATE

Right. Whatever you do, don't talk
about it.

JACK

It was just a training mission-
but it was a real village... we
attacked a real village.

KATE

Was anyone hurt?!

JACK

No, just a few cows....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KATE
Okay- so what's with the
waterfall?

JACK
I ran into a doctor there.

KATE
Really? Did he speak English?

JACK
Yes, she was quite fluent,
actually.

KATE
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...

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 got your number!

JACK
My number? What number?

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

JACK
What is it with you?

KATE is laughing. She's really enjoying this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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, gotta go.

KATE

You mean, you mean 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 (CONT'D)

Hi, Cho!

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

KATE (CONT'D)

Dad, I'd like to introduce you to Cho Jianhao. 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 JIANHAO

Beijing, why?

JACK

Great. And what are you studying here at Stanford?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHO JIANHAO

I'm a Ph.D. candidate completing my dissertation in Operations Research but for Kate, I'm just the Network Administrator for the Anthropology department.

JACK

Systems Theory, chaos, optimization, fractals-that sort of thing?

CHO JIANHAO

Why yes-how do you know about-

JACK

Know anything bout sunspots?
There'll be a quiz later.

Jack's question trails behind him as he leaves Kate's office.

EXT. USSOCOM HQ - DAY

JACK pulls up and enters the building.

INT. USSOCOM HQ - DAY

Captain JACK BRADDOCK looks to the left and to the right as he walks down a 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 walks in.

AIDE

Good morning, Captain. Here's your mail.

JACK

Thanks.

(Inside is a postcard from
RET.)

"Hi Jack, Is it safe yet?"

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh shit. How did she...?

AIDE

Problem, sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

No. No, ah where's Cargill?

AIDE

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

JACK comes to a nondescript door guarded by TWO ARMED GUARDS. They salute him and open the door to the office of Admiral ERIC CARGILL, Deputy Commander, United States Special Operations Command.

INT. CARGILL'S OFFICE - DAY

CARGILL'S office is an attempt at 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 crisply from his desk. He's distinguished, fit and trim with a commanding presence.

JACK

Always a pleasure, sir.

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

We ran into problems and I've been asking about the difficulties all the way up the food chain, and here I am.

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. This war on terror has been going on for 10 years and Washington has us looking under every rock in the world. Some of this just feels damn foolish, and frankly I think it's impacting our real work.

JACK watches CARGILL manipulate the data stream.

JACK

So how does this bite me in ass in the South Pacific?

CARGILL

I'm not sure- it could be sunspots, it could be internal contamination, it could be we've been compromised, it could be natural phenomena beyond our control.

JACK

You still haven't answered my question.

CARGILL

We're classifying all of this as Jaguar.

JACK

What are you talking about?

CARGILL

What do you know about Mayan history, Jack?

JACK

Human sacrifices. Sun worship. Advanced mathematics and astronomy. Sudden disappearance of the civilization around 1500.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARGILL

Not bad, Jack. 2012 is the end of the Mayan calendar-the year of the Jaguar. Some people, and unfortunately that number is growing, believe that life as we know it will end on December 21, 2012.

CARGILL continues to flip channels of data screens as he paces his office. JACK looks at his friend to see how serious this problem really is.

JACK

Are you serious? Why is this even on our radar?

CARGILL

That, my friend is the potentially interesting part of this new age fiasco. It directly affects our radar, communications, GPS- it had your training mission shooting at cows.

At the mention of his mission JACK steadies himself by checking his watch, RET's postcard in hand.

JACK

What in the hell does this crap have to do with our satellite transmissions?

CARGILL

Sunspots Jack. There's an 11 year cycle, but 2012 is something else. Our sun is completing a 26,000 year cycle and it wobbles more, and well, they'll increase in magnitude and frequency.

JACK

I don't know about this new age crap and my ancient Mayan history is sketchy as well, so where am I in this?

CARGILL

Jack, no one's asking you to wear crystals and learn to chant.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CARGILL (CONT'D)

We think that some terrorist groups may use the 2012 panic to hide behind or worse, use it for covering an attack. Intel keeps pinging back with odd alliances and stashes of supplies in abnormal places.

CARGILL flips a couple of buttons on the remote and a whole series of 2012 articles, news clips, and MAYAN calendar cosmology dance across the screens.

JACK

So my next mission is to tail some aging hippie?

CARGILL

Listen Jack, don't underestimate the threat here. We have a lot of dissatisfied people out there and a lot of them are sitting on the fence for so long now, if something came along and gave them a little shove, well...

JACK

So what's the mission?

CARGILL

We're not sure. But, we think...

JACK

This could get worse?

CARGILL

Much. We suspect fanatical groups will use this as a window for widespread attacks. 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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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

These are our suspects.

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

CARGILL (CONT'D)

First, the 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 (CONT'D)

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

CARGILL makes a VOICE REQUEST into a workstation, and the Operations Room comes alive. Hot spots are defined in red on huge illuminated maps: various pinpoints on Africa, Colombian drug cartels, North Korea, the Middle East, China vs. Tibet etc. etc.

CARGILL (CONT'D)

Some of the operations we set up in South America went native on us and are likely working with the retro Nazi crowd. They've got a cash cow, and-

JACK

And what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CARGILL

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

JACK

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

CARGILL

Well, it would be if it were a bunch of weekend wannabes playing soldier in the woods - that's one thing. An organized, well-funded militia with an agenda - that's something else...

JACK

What does secession have to do with 2012?

CARGILL

Secession is not the issue. From their perspective, Washington has gone soft on the Constitution. It's not just guns, they feel they have the right, and at some point the duty to declare war on us traitors.

JACK

And 2012 gives them the cover?

CARGILL

Pretty much. In their book, Government has gotten so huge, so rife with regulation and corruption, that it's time to put it out of its misery. And with the possibility of systems crashing, we'll be preoccupied. What's worse, our intel considers portions of government and military are already compromised.

JACK nods, still flipping the coin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CARGILL (CONT'D)

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

JACK

Eric! Soccom has what-a couple billion or so tied up in this? You've got operatives all over the world. You've known about this for how long and now, 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 (CONT'D)

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

(A beat)

And the electronic failures-the "sunspots" if you will-were just hackers proving their manhood.

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

CARGILL (CONT'D)

The resources at your disposal are unprecedented and unlimited. I've cleared all channels from the UN to the PTA. We must find these people and put them down. No questions asked.

JACK

OK, but there's something I don't understand.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

JACK (CONT'D)

We've been on to the warlords in Columbia and Russia's Robber Barons, 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.

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

CARGILL (CONT'D)

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 AL-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 Bear Stearns 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

This is why Achmed 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? And what about these screens?

CARGILL

Be discreet, Jack. Try to look at the big picture.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

I am. What about these big pictures?

CARGILL

Okay, me boy- follow me.

INT. SOCCOM OFFICE - DAY

CARGILL and JACK walk out of a side door in CARGILL'S office into an adjacent operations room. 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 clearances for these kids. Most of them hacked us.

INT. STANFORD UNIVERSITY, RET'S OFFICE - DAY

A young woman enters the office of Dr. RET 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, and masks. RET picks up her phone and presses the intercom.

RET

Kate! Kate! We got it!

INT. KATE'S OFFICE - DAY

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

INT. RET'S OFFICE - DAY

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

KATE

Really? We got it?

RET

Who else?

KATE

When do you think you'll head out?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RET

"We" will probably leave within the week.

KATE

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

RET

Is he in the field?

KATE

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

RET

Really? Well-are you ready to be a ground-breaker?

KATE

Of course! So...do we know anything about these people?

RET

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?

RET

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

KATE

Why now, Ret? Haven't you been trying to get in for years?

RET

Must be the message. It must be awfully important to them to risk-first world exposure.

KATE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

RET

To them, we are. Be mindful of that when we are traipsing through their jungles with our technology and curiosity. They know things about the world that we'll never know.

EXT. NEWARK AIRPORT, - DAY

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

EXT. ESTATE - DAY

They drive to an estate on Staten Island, where ACHMED is ushered into the library of the mansion. An elderly STOUT MAN is sitting behind a desk.

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 (CONT'D)

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. They pass a bedraggled man on the curb, holding a sign that says "REPENT!". 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.

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, we see
that they are adding code to
increase the encryption. Since
they opened their code we just
piggyback onto their programs and
override their circuit breakers.
They will think it's part of their
encryption upgrade.

ACHMED
Okay, let's do it.

INT. CARGILL'S OFFICE - DAY

BRADDOCK and CARGILL are in Cargill's office with a number of other men. An AIDE walks in with an 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"

CARGILL
Everything okay, Jack?

JACK
Uh? Oh yes. Everything's fine.

JACK's phone rings. He picks it up, and looks at the screen before answering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

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!

JACK

What invitation?

KATE

The professor is taking me on assignment to work with the Kogi.

JACK

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

(writes in his planner)

"Check out Kate's professor."

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.

JUNIOR 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 Captain Braddock.

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

(insert screen)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACHMED (VO)
 Captain 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.

A sign at the HERTZ offices humorously prompts folks to rent
 a car and see the sights- before they're gone! JACK rents a
 car and promptly dings the fender getting out of the parking
 lot. His driving is erratic...

EXT. KATE'S HOUSE - DAY

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

KATE
 I'm so glad you made 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.

KATE (CONT'D)
 What happened to your car? Did they
 rent it to you like that?

JACK
 No, I did it. Just a small
 navigational error, apparently they
 happen all the time...

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

JACK
 That's great.
 (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 HOUSE - DAY

KATE and JACK walk arm in arm into KATE's little apartment. 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 Teheran Embassy. KATE notices him looking at the pics.

KATE

Dad I know this is hard so I am going to say it slowly. I am not a little girl anymore. You did your duty, kept me safe and separated from your government world and now, finally, I am creating my own...

Doorbell rings

KATE (CONT'D)

Complete with amazing boyfriend, whom you will be nice to- right?

KATE smiles as she bounces off the couch to answer the door. JACK follows her with his eyes and notices the way she opens the door and grabs CHO's hand.

KATE (CONT'D)

Dad, you remember Cho right?

JACK

Of course, nice to see you again son. Computers- right?

CHO

That's just for Kate, sir. My doctorate is in operations research.

JACK

Computers and I are having a bit of a communication breakdown right now. What are the probabilities of a global fracturing of networks?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHO
Well sir, there are plenty of
theories out there, that

KATE kisses CHO on the cheek and gives her dad a "be good"
look.

KATE
I have to check on dinner.

Both men watch her leave the room.

JACK
Theories, huh? Like sunspots and
disappearing honey bee theories or
satellite interference?

CHO
Yup. It's the age of the internet
and everybody has a theory. I
gravitate towards the scientific,
but the others are fairly
entertaining. I admit I find some
of the conspiracy...

As KATE enters the room, she gives CHO a cautionary glance.

KATE
Dad, you aren't interrogating Cho
are you?

JACK
No, honey, I don't know enough
about this research operations
stuff to interrogate him. So who
is this professor that's so
impressed with you that he is
taking you with him on a once in a
lifetime trip?

KATE
My new boss, the head of the
Anthropology department. Dr.
Margaret Mather, and she prefers
Ret.

JACK gives KATE a confused look.

KATE (PLAYFULLY) (CONT'D)
What is that look for? Don't tell
me a woman in charge of an
Anthropology department is shocking
to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK is still looking at KATE with the same stare. CHO tries to bridge the empty space.

CHO

She's a pretty amazing woman, sir.
Capable, resourceful and smart.
Kate is lucky to have such a great
mentor.

His stare has not changed much.

JACK

Yes... she sounds intriguing.

KATE

And more than qualified Dad, so no
worries, OK?

JACK is lost. KATE and CHO exchange glances. KATE motions toward the kitchen.

CHO

I'll go get the wine. Three
glasses?

CHO looks from KATE to JACK who remains lost and back to Kate.

KATE (SMILING)

Most definitely.

KATE watches CHO leave the room and her smile slightly fades as she turns toward her father.

KATE (CONT'D)

Ok Dad. This trip is an incredible
opportunity for me and you can
barely focus on the conversation. I
just introduced you to a boyfriend
and you barely came out of your
coma long enough to ask him your
standard questions. This is not
like you, something has got you
spun and if something knocked you
off kilter then its got to be big.

JACK

Big or small or nothing at all. Its
hard to tell kiddo.

KATE

Well that's obvious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KATE looks over her father's shoulder at the pictures of their family.

JACK

It is good to see you happy, Kate.
You deserve it.

KATE

Thanks dad, but we both do. I know you can't talk openly about your job but I sure can talk openly about my opinion of it. I don't know what debt you think you need to pay off or to whom you think you owe something, but I am telling you this right here and now that its time for you to find something in this world besides work.

JACK

Kate, it's what I know. It's what got me from point A to point B and what keeps me moving forward. I serve my country. I swore an oath. Your generation...

KATE

Oh no, you are not doing some generational thing with me. We both lost mom, not your generation, not my generation, you and I. And whether that had something to do with your work or not doesn't really matter.

JACK

OK. I get your point, but you're missing mine. This is my life. This is what I do. I protect that which I hold dear to me. There are things happening right now that have global implications, there are threats being made...

KATE

Dad, there are always threats being made. There will always be something to protect and someone to serve. I get that about you and I love that about you, but I want more...that's all. I want more for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHO re-enters the room with three wine glasses. KATE gets up to help him.

JACK

So Cho, what kinds of theories are out in cyberspace these days?

CHO

Well sir, we have the classic end of the world theory. Combine free speech with apocalyptic hysteria and you end up wading through a bunch of nonsense to find any solid information.

JACK

People are really taking this 2012 thing seriously?

KATE tosses her dad a pin with "12.21.2012. The End" printed on it.

KATE

They are giving them out on campus.

She rummages in her bag and hands him some flyers for end of the world parties.

JACK

So, what is really happening?

CHO

There are data out there that support a massive switch in the world patterns. Time Wave Zero, gives us little to hope for, but there are other theories that outline a dramatic shift in our society. I don't subscribe to one theory over the other, but I am pretty confident that something is going to happen on the 21st..

KATE looks to her father to get a read on his response.

JACK

Do you have a card, son? A phone number or anything?

CHO rummages through his pockets, finds a card and hands it to JACK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JACK (CONT'D)

So its more than just the crazies
that are paying attention to this?

CHO

For the most part. Different
cultures have different reads on
the end dates, but there are even
some third world countries without
access to the global chit chat,
that are preparing for the event.

JACK looks at his watch.

KATE

Well, since we are running out of
time. I suggest we eat.

They all get up and walk toward the dining area, sit and
start their meal.

JACK

So Kate, when are you leaving and
when will you be back?

KATE

We leave tomorrow and come back
when we're done, but don't worry,
if the world comes to an end, I
will probably be in the safest spot
on the planet.

CHO leans in to JACK.

CHO

Well, I find that pretty
reassuring, don't you, Captain?

JACK'S eyes narrow, looking first to CHO, then KATE.

JACK

Now Kate, why would your boyfriend
call me Captain? Where would that
come from?

KATE

It would come from me- your
daughter, who's really had enough
of having a father who doesn't
really exist. You are a Captain,
right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JACK

Why are you doing this, Kate? I thought we had an understanding?

KATE

You had an understanding, and I shared it for many years- but I need a father who's real, who lives in the real world, who I can talk about without using some dumb 60s code!

CHO stands and grabs his bag.

CHO

Um, look I'm sorry if I said something that's inappropriate, but I...

KATE

Sit down, CHO!

JACK

Nice meeting you, son.

CHO goes to KATE, kisses her, and heads out.

JACK (CONT'D)

Kate, I'm sorry if I came across all these years as a, ...a

KATE

You've come across as a father who loves me and wants to protect me, and that's the source of all the spy crap for all these years, but I'm grown up now- I'm not a little girl to be shielded from the world. I'm willing to take my chances. Besides, if the world ends in a couple of weeks- it won't matter.

(A BEAT)

Not that you won't save it again. You will, won't you?

JACK goes to his daughter, embraces her.

JACK

I'll give it my all, kiddo. And I'll try and work out this thing of yours with the others in the queue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

KATE

Which are what, Dad? You're mumbling a lot, you're running into things just getting out of parking lots.

JACK

Right now the only thing in my life that isn't up for scrutiny is you. Everything else is on the line. In my 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 it is.

(beat)

It's that woman, isn't it? She really got to you.

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 (CONT'D)

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.

JACK goes over to the sofa and collects his briefcase.

JACK (CONT'D)

Here's a little going away present.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

KATE

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

JACK

Why not? No view of the sky in aboland?

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 one of the first groups of civilized humans to interact with them. How do I explain a telephone that allows me to talk to my father who's 5,000 miles away?

JACK

Speak slowly.

EXT. STANFORD UNIVERSITY - DAY

JACK 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.

INT. STANFORD, ANTHROPOLOGY BUILDING - DAY

JACK is walking down the hallway, peering into empty classrooms. He peers into a classroom through an open door. He freezes. Dr. RET MATHER is standing at the front desk collecting her papers. JACK enters.

JACK

Thanks for the postcards.

RET

Jack? What are you doing here?

JACK

I need to know-

RET

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Is it safe?

RET

Is it safe? Hey- that's my line.

JACK

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

RET

Safe for your daughter?

JACK

Don't you know?

RET

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, Katayoun Hosayn.

RET

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

JACK

She's my daughter.

RET freezes.

RET

How would I know she's your daughter?

JACK

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

RET

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RET

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.

RET

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.

RET

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

JACK pauses to say something, but turns and walks out.

INT KATES APT -DAY

KATE is packing her bags for the upcoming expedition. CHO is pacing before her.

CHO

Well I can't just leave this hanging with you taking off, can I?

KATE pauses- faces him.

KATE

No- you can't- but you're the one making the deal out of this.

CHO

It was your dad who made this an issue.

KATE goes back to packing.

KATE

Maybe he did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHO

Maybe? Hello? He acted as if you turned over the CIA phone book to the New York Times!

KATE

He's been acting a little weirder than usual lately, and I'm not sure what it is.

CHO

Like something more than outing him to me?

KATE

Much more. I mean that pissed him off, but it's not the real reason.

CHO

So what is?

KATE

That's what I'm trying to figure, and I'm running out of time. I'm concerned about leaving right now with him being so whacked out.

CHO

Is it some new assignment that's doing it? Or has he been reassigned to something that sucks?

KATE

I think it might have to do with this creeping 2012 hype- I mean I made that crack about being in the safe place, but what if he believes that crap?

CHO

That's not like him. (a beat) Is it?

KATE

No, but neither is this hyper concern, either.

(a beat)

What do you make of this end of the world stuff?

CHO gathers his thoughts- tries to gauge her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHO

The Mayan calendar seems pretty accurate- and you know, it's pretty much all math and astronomy, and there was this Berkeley brain who got way into it- went down there a bunch of times, took a box load of local drugs, and then came back here to think about it.

KATE

And he thought he got too high?

CHO

No, he thought he didn't get high enough, but he put this all together, and wrote a program to interpret and correlate the Mayan timeline.

KATE

So he wasn't just a drug tourist?

CHO

Not at all- he was a professor and writer- did a lot of lectures too- McKenna..uh.....Terrence McKenna.

KATE

And you've read this stuff?

CHO

More. Got the program- Time Wave Zero, played with it, started tweaking it, and now I'm running it to see if I can run out the correlations closer to now.

KATE

Really!? What do you think?

CHO

It's got my attention so far.

KATE

Ret says that it's so western for everybody here thinking that it means the end of the world.

CHO

Ah....implying ..it doesn't?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KATE

Not at all. The other side of this story that gets lost here is that they felt it was the end of the fifth sun- the closing of a major time block and the beginning of a new one.

CHO

Thought time ended.

KATE

Ret says that we don't really understand time because we're using the wrong clock. The real world runs in 4/4 time and we've been on 6/4 time for a couple thousand years.

CHO

Punk rock- no wonder we're tired.

KATE

Time ends in one period and begins anew in another.

CHO goes to her and holds her.

CHO

So that means I'll see you again even if you're busy making anthro history for 6 weeks?

KATE kisses him- pulls back to look him in the eye-

KATE

Count on it.

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 float planes 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 TRAIL- 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 go handheld.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RET

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

A chastised TONY backs off, but gets a low-key thumbs up from the SOUND MAN. A red light is glowing next to a small lens 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. KOGI VILLAGEE - 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.

The PRIEST walks away.

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. 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 speaking German 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.

YOUNG MAN

(In German)

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

YOUNG MAN 2

Absolutely. I never understood our alliance with the Japanese.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

YOUNG MAN 3

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. 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.

YOUNG MAN 2

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

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.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

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

YOUNG MAN 2

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 opulent top floor office of Chairman DAVID FENNELLI.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 investments will not be disturbed by the events- or lack thereof- on the solstice.

FENNELLI

That's it? No problem. Here, let me call in my geeks. They've been working on this for months.

FENNELLI punches his intercom.

FENNELLI (CONT'D)

Hey Tom, bring your troops up to my conference room. We need an 'end-o-world' 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 KIEV - DAY

Inside the warehouse a group of SEEDY LOOKING MEN with automatic rifles smoke cigarettes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is a pallet of wooden crates with Cyrillic markings.
The MEN with rifles frisk the YOUNG BLONDES.

GERMAN

(In Russian)

So you have all the codes for these
devices?

RUSSIAN

(In Russian)

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

GERMAN

Let me see them.

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

GERMAN (CONT'D)

(In Spanish to the other
Germans)

We have the prints for these. 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.

RUSSIAN 2

(In Russian)

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

The 2nd GERMAN motions to his COMPANIONS...

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...

GERMAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Now. Shall we be reasonable?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RUSSIAN

(In Russian)

That's funny- fucking stupid but funny.

GERMAN

(In Russian)

We will meet you at the ship in one hour.

RUSSIAN 2

(In Russian)

Give us the money first!

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 (CONT'D)

We live in harmony. But your people change the world and that is not for you to do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRIEST (CONT'D)

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. They begin to chant / humm as they do -the same melody that RET hummed in the waterfall. Her eyes open in surprise, before calming and closing again.

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 GO-BETWEEN 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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. A passing car has its window down, and a man rages about the stupidity of this 2012 frenzy. 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.

GERMAN

(In German)

Did they accept our offer?

GERMAN 2

Sort of. They only have five MiG 21s.

GERMAN

Just five?

GERMAN 2

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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 Captain
Braddock, but it really isn't
appropriate for me to talk to you.
It spoils my image.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. TWO YOUNG HIPSTERS walk past wearing T-shirts proclaiming "Why Bother? 2012" "Yes, it IS too late."

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHMED

My people do that, Captain. 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 before millions of innocent people are hurt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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, Captain, 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, with a bumper sticker reading "Do it NOW! 2012 coming soon!" in German.

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

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

(A beat)

Ted.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHMED (CONT'D)

I want you to talk to all the currency desks. Short the Mark, the Pound, and the Dollar against each other.

(a beat)

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

(a beat)

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.

(a beat)

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

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RET
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.

PRIEST 1 (CONT'D)
You are "She who walked with the
White Ghosts."

RET is a little flustered.

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.

INT. FACTORY KIEV- DAY

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

The RUSSIAN nods. Another opens the case revealing four metallic cylinders cradled inside. Another of ACHMED'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 with notebooks open, are munching 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Kate nods.

RET (CONT'D)

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 Teheran. They meet with several khaki clad officials. 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.

INT. RET'S HUT, KOGI VILLAGE, EARLY MORNING - DAY

KATE

Hi Ret. How was your dream walk last night?

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

KATE (CONT'D)

Ret? Ret? Are you okay?

RET

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

KATE

More postcards from the edge huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RET
Pretty much-

KATE
Who's the lucky guy?

RET looks up over her glasses, sizing up the timing of the moment...

RET
Your father.

KATE 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 as 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RET

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

EXT. CHINA / TIBET BORDER, DAWN - DAY

Tanks and half-tracks are thundering past. SOLDIERS in personnel carriers and mobile rocketry stream by.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY

JACK is in a taxi winding its way through the snarled traffic of Manhattan. He bails at 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 end of the world thing? Anybody holding major positions?

MAN

Captain Braddock. We get lots of inquiries regarding the 12/21 deal. We even have a Website devoted to it-folks want to know their money will be safe if we all die.

JACK

I'm not talking about mom and pop investors. I'm talking about big-ticket guys. Who's made a special inquiry about your security?

The THREE MEN look at each other wondering how to answer his question.

MAN

Can we get back to you on this?

MAN 2

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 are driving a flock of long-haired goats across the sand. In the distance we see the Holy City.

INT. SOCCOM HQ - DAY

The Gen-X HACKERS are getting edgy. The room is strewn with empty cans of Red Bull, cigarette butts, sweaters and jackets. Punk MUSIC IS BLARING, and the walls are papered in code with big slashes and high-lighter marks. Posters of big-busted women are taped over the printouts.

GEN-X HACKER

Fuck! I just crashed again.

He starts beating on the side of his computer.

GEN-X HACKER (CONT'D)

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

GEN-X HACKER 2

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

GEN-X HACKER 3

Cobol sucks.

GEN-X HACKER

Just getting into these buildings sucks.

GEN-X HACKER 2

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

GEN-X HACKER

No way!

GEN-X HACKER 3

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 CHO's card 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?

EXT. FACTORY KIEV - DAY

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

INT. FACTORY KIEV- 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 - DAY

RET, KATE and the FILM CREW are amidst a group of KOGI. They are smiling and laughing. The camera is on a tripod some distance in the background.

INT. NYC HOTEL ROOM - 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TALKING HEAD

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

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, RET 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 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 CAPTAIN 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 cards and just one admonishing visit?

JACK

Your esoteric communiques had no return address.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

She grabs him by the collar. She kisses him on the cheek and turns.

RET (CONT'D)

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

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE NYC, - DAY

A drilling rig is boring into the bedrock. The WHISTLE blows. The YOUNG BLONDE OPERATOR keeps drilling. 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. It passes a NYC style array of stickers and posters saying " Git-R-Done- before the END!" on the fence. 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 GUARD comes by.

SECURITY

Hey guys. The jobsite is closed.

YOUNG MAN

Yeah, but the boss told us to fix this rig, it's acting up and they need to finish tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECURITY

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

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 11:18 GMT 12-21-
2012. He presses 'Enter', and another LED screen starts a
countdown. 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.

YOUNG MAN

Wow, that took longer than we
thought.

SECURITY GUARD

Everything okay?

YOUNG MAN

Yep. She's all set. These penalty
clauses are killing us. My boss
should buy a new rig.

SECURITY GUARD

So why doesn't he?

YOUNG MAN

This one is paid for, and the boss
thinks it'll last until the end of
the world.

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, but
RET tugs on his arm and they continue.

INT. RISTORANTE ITALIANO - NIGHT

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 this means we're on a date?

RET touches his hand. 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. 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RET (CONT'D)

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 cabernet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK

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

JACK pauses.

JACK CONT'D

She'd still be alive if she had never met me.. 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 takes his hands in her own.

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RET (CONT'D)

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JACK (CONT'D)

(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

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 works 20 hours a week?

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 that search, I've found you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

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 day job?

JACK

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

RET 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

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...

RET

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

JACK breaks eye contact and looks at his watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

JACK

Ready?

RET sighs and nods - gets up. JACK lays down cash and they exit.

EXT NYC STREET - NIGHT

JACK and RET walk arm in arm.

JACK

You're looking for stuff I haven't seen 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.

RET (CONT'D)

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

I promise.

JACK waves goodbye and walks down the street.

INT. HOTEL ROOM NYC -NIGHT INTERCUT ROOM / DREAM LOCATION

JACK is sleeping , but it is a tormented sleep. We go inside JACK's head and experience his dream.

EXT. KOGI VILLAGE 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RET (CONT'D)

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? Is this a guy thing or what? 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARGILL (CONT'D)

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 to a computer. Screens run an inventory of munitions, spare parts, and aircraft at Base Area Santiago, Cuba

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.

More keys and satellite photos of ships and airstrips in the Caribbean come into view.

CARGILL (CONT'D)

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

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

Captain Braddock. Captain Braddock.

JACK

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 drawings, a letter and pictures of RET and KATE.

The letter reads:

(V.O.)

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

One drawing 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.

(V.O.) (CONT'D)

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

EXT PICNIC ISLAND, LATE - DAY

JACK is running and smiling.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE. - 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.

JACK

Good morning gentlemen. (A beat)
You're certainly looking glum this morning Eric.

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 (CONT'D)

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED

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

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, SF - 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.

CHO

Did I tell you I've been running a match up between the Mayan calendar and the TimeWave Zero program?

JACK

No, and what would it mean if you had?

CHO

It'd mean I'm trying to find a concordance- a link -a something that shows this really means anything.

JACK

And?

CHO

And I'm finding it..sort of.

JACK

'Sort of', doesn't play well with me, son.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHO

I know, I know.... I'm just telling you that there seems to be something there. I'll tell you more when I find it.

JACK fixes him with the 'COMMANDO' look.

JACK

You do that.

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, SOCOOM HQ, - DAY

JACK surveys a world map studded with red pins. His satellite cell phone rings. He 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?

RET

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

In the forest by the green, TWO MEN in camouflage sight in their respective targets. Silenced M-16 rifles fire, and then fire 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 -DAY

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, as the sniper lines up his next target. The remaining two men begin to pound on the doors and control buttons. The elevator stops moving and with two rapid bursts both men slump to the floor.

INT. NORTH SHORE CHICAGO RESTAURANT -DAY

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.

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.

A group of EXECUTIVES comes around the corner with SECURITY. As they wait for the elevator, the SECURITY personnel fall away, the elevator WORKMEN go into the elevator, remove silenced automatics. 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 away.

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 change into waiter attire amidst many dead waiters and cooks.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM -NIGHT

The WIREHEAD party settles down to dinner and the young CHINESE MEN come out with large silver platters with domed covers. The silver domes come off to reveal Uzis with silencers and 40 round clips. The waiters spray their tables. Two waiters clear off the dais. The entire room is slain in 20 seconds.

EXT. SOFTWARE CAMPUS, REDMOND, WASHINGTON - NIGHT

A convoy of maintenance vans drives up to several buildings. Inside the vans, YOUNG WHITE MEN with headsets set buttons and adjust radios. The van is filled 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?

WHITE MAN

Yeah, been having some glitches.
Things have been blowing up on us
all day.

As he speaks, a thin wire with two wooden handles flashes out of his cuff. The PATROLMAN is dead before he hits the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

We're good. We had some company,
but it's taken care of.

The van drives off.

EXT ROAD -NIGHT

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

NAVIGATOR

All clear.

All the vans explode simultaneously.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE, 3 AM -NIGHT

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

JACK

Hell, Hello.

ERIC

Jack. You need to get down here
right away.

JACK

What, what is it? What time is it?

ERIC

Turn on CNN and take a cold shower.

The phone goes dead. JACK hits the remote. 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.

JACK

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

INT. SOCCOM HQ, 4AM -NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

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..

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?

American stocks traded in foreign markets are taking huge
hits. Circuit breakers are tripping and trading is suspended.

A CNN REPORTER is comparing the situation to 1929-experts
fear the collapse of the world economy.

CARGILL

Remember. You've got carte blanche.
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.

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 (CONT'D)

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 be is
civilized.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. ACHMED, exasperated, motions for the bodyguard to come in.

ACHMED reaches over to his speakerphone and calls his aides.

ACHMED (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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?

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

ACHMED (CONT'D)

Get everyone in on a conference call.

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

ACHMED (CONT'D)

Okay. 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. We wanted to make a killing on the market- not kill the market. Be discreet. Don't make any buys bigger than ten million at a time.

ACHMED turns to IZIZ, and pages through a NYSE trading manual.

ACHMED (CONT'D)

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 four- why?

CHO
We need to pull this code and
replace it with something benign.

CHO picks up the phone and calls JACK'S office.

INT. SOCCOM, 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. The
Bulgarians were apparently piggy
backing the code put in to
reinforce their encryption. They
added instructions to override the
circuit breakers.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHO (CONT'D)

Nothing would prevent a complete collapse of the market.

JACK

Can you fix it?

CHO

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

JACK

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

CHO

Jack! Wait. I did.

JACK

Gotta go, Cho- what?

CHO

Remember that computer program Mayan calendar link up I told you about?

JACK is getting very tensed- he's got a world to save, dammit.

JACK

Yeah- you were looking for a proof, right?

CHO

Right. Got it.

JACK

Got it how?

CHO

Got it perfectly lining up with the fall of the Roman empire, the black death, the

JACK

Cho, that's good stuff for a cocktail party- you got anything real?

CHO

JFK's shooting- to the day- the 9/11 attack -to the minute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Long pause for a man on a deadline.

JACK
This thing's for real?

CHO
Just telling you what the program
spit out, Jack.

JACK
Thanks Cho- gotta go.

A shaken JACK puts the phone down as CARGILL walks into his office.

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

JACK is still reeling.

CARGILL (CONT'D)
Jack, are you with me?

JACK snaps out of it.

JACK
What is it, Eric?

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 3 hours.

EXT. MACDILL AIR FORCE BASE,- DAY

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

JACK
Let's load this sucker! Move!

CREW MEMBER
I thought these babies were
retired?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Not mine.

The CREW loads his gear. JACK checks his watch, and climbs on board. Jet engines ROAR as the SR-71 goes through its pre-flight check.

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

EXT. IAF MILITARY AIRPORT, ISRAEL -NIGHT

A group of Israeli SPECIAL FORCES awaits JACK's arrival. The SR-71 stops, doors WHOOSH open.

ISRAELI

Jack. God, I'm so glad Eric 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. They all get in the van which pulls away.

INT. VAN -NIGHT

JACK

Fine. She's communing with nature.

MOSHI

Uh?

JACK

She's fine Moshi. Tell me what we've got.

MOSHI

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

JACK

Three and a half feet long?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOSHI

Well Jack. Yes, if you must use your archaic measuring system, I'd estimate it to be 3 foot 4, 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 model.

MOSHI

So your information is incorrect, but it's not as bad as shooting cows.

JACK

Your timing is impeccable, Moshi. Yeah.

MOSHI

Always glad to help.

INT. HASMODEAN TUNNEL, 6 PM - NIGHT

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

JACK

What's that?

ISRAELI

That's where our crews were making repairs.

JACK

And this over here?

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 a countdown.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Looks like about 4 Kilotons. Soviet late model. OK. Let's have at it.

MOSHI'S CREW sets up a laptop.

JACK (CONT'D)

I need the diagrams of the wiring and numerical sequences for arming these suckers. It looks different than the others. It's longer or something...

MOSHI runs through screens of data on the laptop.

JACK (CONT'D)

Okay good. Got it. I can't figure out its size. It doesn't make sense.

JACK looks at the wiring diagram and looks back at the physical wires. MOSHI mouses around...

JACK (CONT'D)

There! Got it...Where's the snips?

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.

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. The next time you need someone to disarm a nuclear device, call 1-800-EAT SHIT.

MOSHI

Now that's the spirit.

EXT. IAF AIRPORT - 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.

MOSHI

Hey Jack. Don't forget to write.

On board the SR-71, Jack contacts CARGILL.

JACK

Eric. We just dodged a mighty big bullet.

CARGILL

Thank God. The consequences would have been unthinkable.

JACK

I'll see you in 3 hours.

CARGILL

Good- 'cause it's not over yet.

INT. HASMODEAN TUNNEL - NIGHT

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.

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. PEOPLE are vomiting blood.

EXT. MACDILL AIR FORCE BASE, - DAY

The SR-71 touches down and taxis to a stop. A chauffeured black Suburban is waiting. JACK gets into it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Boy I sure could use some sleep...

EXT. SOCCOM HQ, PM - DAY

JACK runs into the building.

INT. SOCCOM HQ - DAY

BUZZERS are sounding. The building has gone to red alert.
JACK is very confused.

INT. CARGILL'S WAR ROOM - DAY

JACK bursts into the room- the screens tell it all. A
Jerusalem City Cam shows the ancient streets littered with
dead bodies.

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. When you
disarmed what we thought was the
nuclear, you set the biological
trigger. It went off an hour
later.

JACK

What's the material?

CARGILL

Aflatoxins.

JACK

Get that son of a bitch on line!

JACK stomps into CARGILL'S conference room,- a screen shows
ACHMED'S office , whose screens show carnage in an ancient
city.

JACK (CONT'D)

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?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHMED (CONT'D)

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. 72 Virgins, Jack-what better death than the death of a martyr?

EXT. JERUSALEM (SATELLITE VIEW) - 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 have you done?

ACHMED

What did I do? What did you do?

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, PM - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG MAN

(In German).)

That's a start. How are we progressing up north?

YOUNG MAN 2

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

YOUNG MAN

Good-who cares if they got our MiGs?

INT. LONDON OFFICE - NIGHT

A large screen shows the cloud over Jerusalem. The room is frantic with people SCREAMING. PROGRAMMERS are punching keys. Others are making phone calls.

ACHMED

(In Arabic) How did this happen?
How did this happen?

ACHMED's Palestinian BODYGUARD 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.

ACHMED

(In Arabic) No. No! It wasn't me.
Our nukes went to LA.

Another BODYGUARD in the hallway ,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) Brothers. Let's calm down. You all saw the streets in Jerusalem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another BODYGUARD enters the room and points his gun at the SECOND BODYGUARD, then at ACHMED.

THIRD BODYGUARD

(In Arabic) You said it was going to be gas!

ACHMED

(In Arabic) Yes, Yes! We only did gas- you saw it!

The BODYGUARDS are screaming. ACHMED slowly moves his hand to the keyboard.

ACHMED (CONT'D)

(In Arabic) Here let me show you.

ACHMED clicks his mouse but bumps it over the edge. He reaches for it.

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 take out the 3RD BODYGUARD.

ACHMED's computer screen shows the Hoover dam and a countdown, 3,2,1 flash bang. Surf's up.

INT. CARGILL'S WAR ROOM -NIGHT

JACK closes the video connection.

JACK

Good Lord. 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. Another screen shows missiles being launched from Israel with coordinates for targets in Iran, Iraq, and Pakistan. Another screen depicts missiles being launched from Pakistan toward Israel and India. He runs out of the office.

INT. SOCCOM HALLWAY -NIGHT

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

EXT. CHINESE / TIBET BORDER - DAY.

The SIXTH CHINESE ARMY on the border of TIBET waits to invade.

INT. HIGH TECH WAREHOUSE SF - DAY

CHO SING and his Chinese FRIENDS are feverishly hacking away at Beijing's computer system. CNN is showing mushroom shot of Jerusalem on one monitor.

CHO
Oh shit. How did this happen.

CHINESE STUDENT
I thought Jack was going to stop them.

CHO
So did I.. We've got to stop this from getting any worse.

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

CHO
I'll get Jack on the line.

INT. SOCCOM, JACK'S OFFICE 5 PM -NIGHT INTERCUT SF WAREHOUSE

JACK is exhausted and is tearing the office apart. His cell 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 SF-NIGHT

The CHINESE STUDENTS are rapidly downloading data onto their computers

CHO
It looks like part of the plan has been implemented. They're out killing geeks and suits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

I'll send security. Looks like you'll need it.

CHO

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

JACK

I got it. 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 fast can you make it to the airport?

CHO

20 minutes.

JACK

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

INT. JACK'S OFFICE -NIGHT

JACK is barely able to stand or sit up. He is tearing his desk and credenza apart. He finds Ret's postcards. As he gazes on the postcards, he sits down and 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 here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATE

Ret was busy, so she asked me to give you a ring. God it's hard to get you to sleep.

COMMANDER

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 with him sleeping at his desk. He puts his hand out to touch it, but-

RET (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey! It's me. Look. It's time for you to make a new life. Pronto. You need us. We need you here.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE 6:15 PM - NIGHT

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 and the dream state collapses.

CARGILL

Jack. Jack. Get over here now.

He wakes up. There are soldiers knocking on his door. He picks up the cell phone.

JACK

Yeah. Yeah. What is it?

CHO

Jack? We're still waiting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
I'm sending the coordinates right
now.

JACK hangs up the phone and calls CARGILL via the intercom.

JACK (CONT'D)
Eric. Send Cho the coordinates for
the Sixth Army.

CARGILL
Got it. Now get over here.

JACK
Check.

INT. HIGH TECH WAREHOUSE SF - DAY

The CHINESE STUDENTS are engaged in a major panic attack. The coordinates are streaming in and are on screen. One of the screens starts flashing, "Press Enter to initiate sequence."

CHO
Shut up. Shut up. How do you think
I feel?

CHINESE STUDENT
My brother is in the 6th Army.
That's my brother!

CHINESE STUDENT 2
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 need
an alternate solution. I'll call
Jack.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 CHINESE ASSAULT SQUAD that wiped out the engineers bursts in. CHO looks up and takes a burst to his chest. His head falls onto his keyboard. The big screen flashes, "SEQUENCE INITIATED."

The CHINESE ASSAULT SQUAD shoots up the computers.

EXT. MILITARY BASE OUTSIDE BEIJING - DAY

A general ALARM SOUNDS. SOLDIERS look surprised, then terrified. 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 that
warehouse?

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

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

Eric. Who initiated that launch sequence? Tie into NORAD and find out what's going on.

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 - NIGHT

A group of AIR FORCE OFFICERS are madly trying to stop a launch sequence. PROGRAMMERS are typing in code but nothing is working.

OFFICER 1

These launch codes are from the 60's. Get the President. We're attacking Russia?

OFFICER 2

Who gave the order, how do you stop this?

COMMANDING OFFICER

Get out of here. I'll fix this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pulls out his .45 and empties the clip into the control panel.

COMMANDING OFFICER (CONT'D)
Let the Rapture begin!

EXT. MONTANA SILO -NIGHT

Two silos open and missiles blast out. A third silo opens. A huge blast engulfs the scene.

INT. CARGILL'S WAR ROOM -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; pandemic flu break outs in Asia, then blow out. His eyes widen as he begins to speak.

CARGILL
Did those birds fly? Did those
birds fly?

The OFFICER puts his hand to his ear. Listens.

OFFICER
- Wait! Satellites are confirming
two launches.

CARGILL'S screens pull up the missiles, then numerous counter missile launches from Russia. JACK goes into the conference room and begins to pace. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the amulet that RET gave him.

CARGILL
Jack, I think it's Mayday. There
must be six or seven operations
running. We only had three. How
could we have known? 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 = Houston, Texas. Target = Chicago, Illinois. Target = New York, New York.

CARGILL (CONT'D)
Jack! Jack!

EXT. MACDILL AFB - NIGHT

JACK is in a helicopter flying over the ocean.

EXT. OCEAN AIRSPACE - NIGHT

The night sky fills with the arcing glow of satellites burning up as they reenter earth's orbit.

Jack's helicopter flies over the ocean. 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.

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. 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 pair 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.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC -NIGHT

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 city light subsides and only a fires blaze. Moments later the sky lights up again but far off in the distance to the North.

EXT. SOUTHERN PACIFIC OCEAN OFF PERU, -DUSK

The sun is setting on the mountains. Water swirls and sprays as a submarine breaks the waves. Hatches CLANK open. JACK clambers on to the deck with a small bag of gear. A SAILOR follows and inflates a raft with a HISS. More MEN come up to the deck, followed by the CAPTAIN.

JACK

So what are you fellas going to do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAILOR

We've been talking it over, and, well, since we're out of Bremerton, we'll likely head up there- see what's left.

SAILOR 2

Thank God we have an astrolabe and a compass to get there.

The MEN laugh.

The CAPTAIN steps up to JACK.

CAPTAIN

Yeah,- I figure we can't miss America.

JACK shakes his hand.

JACK

I hope you're right, Captain.

JACK turns to the SAILORS on deck.

JACK (CONT'D)

Men, it's been an honor to serve with you. Good luck.

SAILORS

Good luck to you, sir!

JACK tosses his bag and paddle into the raft and pushes off.

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 is among them, singing, 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. MOUTH OF RIVER -NIGHT

JACK pulls through the water with the same rhythm, and with each stroke, sings the same song. He smiles.