

INAUGURATION

by

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FADE IN:

BLACK:

FEMALE NEW ANCHOR (V.O.)  
We've just gotten word that President  
Elect Douglass has arrived at the  
White House.

VIDEO FOOTAGE...

Of a FLEET of BLACK SUVs as they pull up at the WHITE HOUSE.  
A flock of SECRET SERVICE MEN and WOMEN fly out of their SUVs  
and surround the CENTER BLACK CADILLAC.

The door opens and out steps ELIZABETH DOUGLASS, a striking  
African-American woman in her early 60s, expertly tailored,  
hair perfectly done.

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)  
It's interesting to note, that  
President Elect Douglass has raised  
\$40 million from the private sector  
to pay for her inauguration.

MALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)  
And none of it from her former  
employer, Morgan Carnegie, MC  
Digital's owner and mastermind.

Surrounded by the Secret Service, Elizabeth strides toward the  
White House.

FEMALE NEW ANCHOR (V.O.)  
I think "mastermind" sounds a little  
sinister.

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. MORGAN'S MERCEDES - DAY**

The same VIDEO FOOTAGE streams on a tablet.

Glued to the video is MORGAN CARNEGIE, an elegant, well-  
appointed man in his late 60s. Next to him sits RENFIELD, a  
slick "suit."

RENFIELD  
Mr. Carnegie...

MORGAN  
Quiet.

Renfield sits back, frustrated as hell, and shoots a look to  
SHERILYN, a suited African-American woman of 30. She sort of  
looks like a young version of President-elect Douglass.

Morgan turns up the volume on his tablet.

MALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Well, what would you call the second richest person in the world embroiled in an antitrust lawsuit with the United States Government?

FEMALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Smart. I would call him smart.

Morgan smiles. The Announcer's continue to chatter under:

RENFIELD

Mr. Carnegie, we argue in front of the Supreme Court a week from Tuesday and you are likely to lose. You must be aware of the situation.

MORGAN

I'm fully aware of the situation, Mr. Renfield. Geez, I can't believe your name is "Renfield"...

**EXT. MORGAN'S MERCEDES - DAY**

The BLACK MERCEDES pulls up to the curb of a 19th century building. Mammoth banners drape the building announcing IAEA NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE.

A BEEFY SECURITY GUARD opens the car door. Morgan exits. The PAPARAZZI swarm as cameras FLASH and REPORTERS shout questions.

MORGAN

Don't you think a "mastermind" is well aware of his situation?

Morgan strides up the stairs, followed by Sherilyn, and surrounded by his Security Guards. He ignores the barrage of questions fired at him.

RENFIELD

The firm wants you to—

Morgan turns to Renfield, his eyes deadly serious.

MORGAN

The "firm" does not give me orders. I want you to dismantle this lawsuit and destroy Douglass's credibility. Is that clear?

Renfield stands motionless, the fear of God in him.

RENFIELD

Yes, sir.

He stays rooted as the entourage moves up the stairs. Sherilyn smiles as she passes him.

SHERILYN  
Good luck with that.

MORGAN  
Sherilyn, call Peter.

SHERILYN  
Yes, sir.

Behind him Sherilyn dials the phone as Morgan checks the MC Digital watch on his wrist.

INSERT: SMART WATCH

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

INSERT: SMART WATCH

Black face of watch. It comes to life and RINGS: The face reads: Morgan Carnegie...Incoming Call...

STEAM FLOATS across the face of the watch as in the background the sounds of a SHOWER.

PETER (O.S.)  
Honey, can you get that?

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Still in her pajamas, SARAH GODDARD, a lovely woman in her early late 30s, SIX MONTHS PREGNANT, sits on the edge of the bed.

On the bed table the CELL PHONE RINGS. She YELLS:

SARAH  
Your phone's ringing!

From the bathroom, MUFFLED WORDS.

Sarah slowly starts to stand. Halfway up, she winces and grabs her lower back. She sits back on the bed.

The bathroom door opens, PETER GODDARD, a tall, handsome, very fit man in his 40-ish, enters, a towel wrapped round his waist, strapping the watch on his wrist.

PETER  
What did Morgan want?

SARAH  
I don't know, was that him?

PETER  
I asked you to answer it.

SARAH  
Didn't hear you.

She rises and limps to the bathroom.

PETER  
Your back hurting?

SARAH  
This baby is killin' me. I swear  
she's got her heel jammed right at  
the bottom of my spine.

From the closet.

PETER (O.S.)  
Do you mind if we stop by the office  
on the way to your doctor's  
appointment? I have some papers to  
pick up.

She eyes him, skeptically as she disappears in the bathroom.

SARAH (O.S.)  
Why don't you just say you want to  
go to the inauguration?

PETER (O.S.)  
I want to go to the inauguration.

A CHUCKLE from the bathroom as the SHOWER STARTS.

SARAH (O.S.)  
Morgan won't like it.

PETER (O.S.)  
Morgan won't know.

He enters doing up his shirt. She peeks around the door.

SARAH  
I'll make you a deal. You can go to  
the inauguration if you feed me along  
the way.

PETER  
Deal.

He kisses her...lingering just a bit. He smiles, good lord  
he's a good kisser.

She shuts the door as he moves off.

**INT. BRUSSELS AUDITORIUM - NIGHT**

Morgan stands at a lectern, a handful of SCHOLARLY looking PROFESSOR-TYPES at a table behind him. The SPOT-LIGHT shines on Morgan.

MORGAN

When will we blow ourselves up? That is the question we should be discussing, because, ladies and gentlemen, if we refuse to step off the path we are currently on, "when" we blow ourselves up, is the inevitable question.

Sherilyn watches from the wings.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

The lid of a HARD SIDED EQUIPMENT CASE opens.

Inside are two STAINLESS STEEL CYLINDERS.

From the cylinders, wires lead into a metal HALF-DOMED CHAMBER in the middle of the case, next to which is a 6-volt battery.

MORGAN (V.O.)

The 20th century has brought us technology for both good and ill. As a leader in the tech industry, I have been a part of, and witness to, the rise of the good.

A SURGICALLY GLOVED HAND enters and pushes buttons on the clock and SETS the TIME to 8:52 a.m.

**INT. D.C. METRO - DAY**

Peter and Sarah sit on the metro as it speeds through the tunnel. Sarah's head's on his shoulder...she's sound asleep.

MORGAN (V.O.)

My company's operating system runs 90% of all devices used in the world today, from the smallest handheld smart phone to the most sophisticated aerospace system.

Peter catches the eye of an OLDER WOMAN who smiles at the sight of them...she's been there before. Peter nods at the women.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

INSERT: DIGITAL CLOCK

Next to the CLOCK is a GREEN BUTTON. The surgically gloved finger presses it...The button LIGHTS.

MORGAN (V.O.)

But there is the dark side of technology. That which is designed to maim, kill, and destroy.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE BALLROOM - DAY**

Pre-inauguration brunch. The place is lavishly, yet tastefully decorated in red, white, blue and gold.

MORGAN (V.O.)

It is the arrogance of politicians to believe they have the right to control individuals, to subjugate human will, legislate personal choice, determine personal agency.

Elizabeth sits at the head table, the sitting president GEORGE MARSHALL a distinguished-looking man in his early 70s, sits next to her.

She is surrounded by perfectly dressed, perfectly mannered, perfectly rich people.

MORGAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, as you know, over in America a new president will be inaugurated today...

Elizabeth laughs as she sips her coffee.

**INT. BRUSSELS AUDITORIUM - NIGHT**

Morgan leans into the mic.

MORGAN

...And though, the President-elect and I disagree on many things, the one thing we agree on is total nuclear disarmament of all nations on the face of this earth.

In the wings, Sherilyn texts on her cell.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE BALLROOM - DAY**

Elizabeth talks with Marshall as the phone next to her VIBRATES. She looks at it.

SHERILYN'S TEXT BUBBLE - "Morgan is saying nice things about you.

Elizabeth raises an eyebrows and texts.

ELIZABETH'S TEXT BUBBLE - "Is he ill?!"

SHERILYN'S TEXT BUBBLE - "More than likely."

Elizabeth smiles. Then she stands, taps her knife on her water glass and picks it up.

ELIZABETH

Ladies and gentlemen, a toast. To  
this remarkable country and its even  
more remarkable people.

HERE-HERE'S and AMEN'S and all sorts of AGREEMENTS fill the room as GLASSES CLINK.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Against the wall the MUTED television plays. JOHN, a burly bearded man stands and reviews a slip of paper. He stuffs it in his pocket.

It's done. The digital clock READS 9:34.

MORGAN (V.O.)

...War has always been the laboratory,  
the research park, if you will, of  
weapons technology. But with the dawn  
of the 20th century, war began to grow  
up and weapons became impersonal,  
indiscriminate. It's been barely 100  
years since the first gas attacks of  
World War I, the inauguration of weapons  
of mass destruction.

Behind John, BOB, a wiry sort, yanks off his workman's overalls. Underneath he wears a suit and tie...he wears it poorly.

John rises and pulls his overalls off. He wears a suit and tie as well.

He FLIPS a TOGGLE switch on the device. A RED BUTTON LIGHTS. Next to it, a display lights: SYSTEM ARMED.

On the television against the wall, Elizabeth and President Marshall exit the White House.

**EXT. D.C. METRO EXIT - DAY**

It's a picture perfect day. Peter and Sarah exit the metro station. Sarah noshes on a bagel and gazes at the sky.



SARAH

What a day...

The sidewalk's MOBBED with PEOPLE bundled against the cold, all wearing red, white, blue and gold. Some wear "Douglass" hats, buttons, and scarves.

MORGAN (V.O.)

From December 17th, 1903 and the first powered flight at Kitty Hawk, it took only 66 years to put a man on the moon.

Peter and Sarah slowly plow "upstream" through the throng.

**EXT. MC DIGITAL BUILDING - DAY**

Peter leads Sarah toward an OFFICE BUILDING. MC DIGITAL in BLACK LETTERS hangs seemingly free-falling in the air.

A sign mounted to the wall next to the revolving doors says CENTER FOR NUCLEAR ARMS CONTROL.

MORGAN (V.O.)

From the first use of a poison gas in April of 1915, it took only 30 years to drop the first atomic bomb on Hiroshima in August of 1945.

Peter unlocks one of the GLASS DOORS and pushes through, Sarah follows. Then he locks it behind him.

**INT. CNAC OFFICE/RECEPTION - DAY**

A big beautiful reception area, all glass and chrome. Behind the desk the name and logo of CENTER FOR NUCLEAR ARMS CONTROL is backlit. It's deserted.

The elevator DINGS as the doors open and Peter and Sarah enter the area. Sarah limps...that baby's giving her fits.

SARAH

I think I'll lie down in your office.

PETER

Can I get you anything?

SARAH

A Morphine drip.

PETER

I've got one in my drawer.

She chuckles... They turn a corner and nearly run into JILL, a young woman of about 25.

PETER AND JILL

You're not supposed to be here.

JILL

I won't tell if you won't.

PETER

Works for me.

They move down the hallway.

JILL

It's just that the conference room has the best view of the capitol steps, and I know Mr. Morgan told us to stay out of the building today but it's historic!

She is a chatterer.

PETER

It's fine, it's fine. Could you bring us a couple of Cokes?

SARAH

And anything you have to eat.

JILL

Right.

(to Sarah)

You okay, Dr. Goddard?

Sarah smiles.

SARAH

No.

JILL

(her eyes widen)

Okay, be right back.

Jill trots off down the hall. Peter opens the door that says:  
PETER GODDARD - CNAC: Director.

MORGAN (V.O.)

But that was then...this is now.  
Now we have India and Pakistan...  
Israel and and how can we forget...  
North Korea.

The DOOR CLOSES behind them.

MATCH CUT TO:

HOTEL ROOM DOOR:

A WOMAN'S HAND KNOCKS.

HOUSEKEEPER (O.S.)  
Housekeeping.

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY**

A MAID stands at the door with her cart. She fingers the "DO NOT DISTURB" sign.

HOUSEKEEPER  
You sure you don't want your beds  
changed?

She shakes her head and moves her cart down the hall to the next door. The WHEELS SQUEAK.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

The sound of the SQUEAKY WHEELS as in the center of the room the "device" sits...primed...ready to go...it's clock reads 11:27...

**EXT. D.C. TRAFFIC - DAY**

A BLUE SEDAN inches along in traffic. Then, ahead of them, the FLASHING LIGHTS of a MOTORCADE.

MORGAN (V.O.)  
North Korea lead by a lunatic who has  
no regard for human life. A man who  
has no loyalty to his people. A man  
who grows obese while his people starve.  
It becomes more and more apparent that  
there is no place that is safe from  
his nuclear mental illness.

An ASIAN WOMAN bolts to her feet and shouts from the audience, and speaks with an educated Korean Accent.

ASIAN WOMAN  
Who are you, an imperialist, to speak  
of North Korea with such disrespect?!

A SPOTLIGHT searches the audience and finds her.

MORGAN (V.O.)  
Madam, I do not disrespect North  
Korea I disrespect your "dear leader"  
and say to the nations of the world  
to use any and all means necessary  
to take him out!

There's a GASP from the audience.

In the wings, Sherilyn hangs her head. Did he actually say that?!

The Asian Woman pushes past the people in her row and strides out of the auditorium.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I think I've made my position clear.

Uncomfortable CHUCKLES and MURMURS from the audience.

**INT. BLUE SEDAN - DAY**

John and Bob watch as a string of D.C. POLICE CARS, SECRET SERVICE SUVs, a WHITE PANEL VAN with a huge VIDEO CAMERA on the top, and then a BLACK CADILLAC LIMO with the AMERICAN FLAG on one fender and the PRESIDENTIAL FLAG on the other zoom past.

John and Bob exchange looks. Bob smiles.

The last of the SUPPORT VEHICLES disappear and the POLICE move the barricades. The traffic starts inching forward.

MORGAN (V.O.)

But even North Korea doesn't scare me as much as one rogue faction, one terrorist with a warped ideology...

**INT. BRUSSELS AUDITORIUM - NIGHT**

Morgan stands in the spotlight.

MORGAN (V.O.)

One disgruntled employee of the right company.

As he speaks...

SERIES OF SHOTS:

...Elizabeth and President Marshall converse in the limo.

...Jill and her friends talking and eating as behind them.

MORGAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Because today, ladies and gentlemen, today's technology is so advanced...

...Jill points out the window. The MALL's bursting with PEOPLE.

MORGAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So precise...

...Sarah sound asleep on a leather couch. Peter puts his coat over her, then slips out.

MORGAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
That with the right nuclear device  
the size of a large thermos ...

...John and Bob BARREL down the beltway, away from the city.

BACK TO SCENE:

Morgan's face brightly lit, his handsome face showing his age.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
...could be made to detonate and  
surgically remove an area the size  
of an aircraft carrier.

At the very back of the auditorium stands a man, ALEXE BOOTHE, in his late 50s, dividing his attention between Morgan and a TABLET he holds.

INSERT: ALEXE'S TABLET

Live streaming video of the Presidential motorcade pulling up to the capitol.

CUT TO:

BIG SCREEN TV - NEWS ANCHORS

The FEMALE and MALE NEWS ANCHORS sit in front of a background of the Capitol steps.

FEMALE NEW ANCHOR  
President Elect Douglass has just entered the capitol with President Marshall. We're about 10 minutes away from the inauguration of, not only the first woman president, but the first African-American woman president of the Untied States.

MALE NEWS ANCHOR  
I have never seen this many people in Washington D.C. in my life.

FEMALE NEW ANCHOR  
It's like the Million Man March, the Women's March, and the inauguration of Barak Obama all in one.

MALE NEWS ANCHOR  
And as we wait for President Elect Douglass to appear at the top of the  
(more)

MALE NEWS ANCHOR (cont'd)  
 capitol steps, let's look at how she  
 got here...

SERIES OF SHOTS:

...Elizabeth next to a younger President Marshall.

FEMALE NEW ANCHOR (V.O.)  
 In 2012, then President Elect George  
 Marshall plucked the almost unknown  
 Elizabeth Douglass from the MC Digital  
 Corporation where she was its General  
 Counsel, to be his Attorney General.

...Elizabeth standing at a podium talking.

MALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)  
 Ironically, her first act when she  
 took office was to initiate an anti-  
 trust investigation into MC Digital.

...QUICK CUTS of HEADLINES from different news organizations  
 announcing the anti-trust suit.

FEMALE NEW ANCHOR  
 She recused herself and a year later,  
 her justice department filed an anti-  
 trust suit, and that's when the you-  
 know-what hit the fan.

...Tabloids showing Elizabeth and Morgan on the cover  
 confronting each other with headlines like: NO TRUST IN ANTI-  
 TRUST; CARNEGIE IMPECCABLY DRESSED IN HIS ANTI-TRUST SUIT;  
 BEST FRIENDS, WORST NIGHTMARES!

FEMALE NEW ANCHOR (CONT'D)  
 The anti-trust suit escalated at  
 their meeting on the Sunday news  
 show, "Face to Face."

...CLIP. Middle of debate. Morgan is FURIOUS. Elizabeth is  
 poised and contained.

MORGAN  
 You signed a "Non-Disclosure  
 Agreement!"

ELIZABETH  
 None of your company's secrets were  
 disclosed, Mr. Carnegie, only its  
 practices, which, as your General  
 Council I informed you, were suspect.

MORGAN

Where were you, where was the United States Government when I was sitting in a garage INVENTING computer code, Miss Douglass! Inventing, creating, making with nothing but a keyboard I made with a typewriter and a soldering iron!

ELIZABETH

The United States government is well-aware of your brilliance and your achievements, but that has nothing to do with this anti-trust suit.

The camera cuts to MORGAN who is red-faced with fury.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

It has NEVER had anything to do with the content of your company only its practices.

Suddenly, Morgan throws a glass of water in Elizabeth's face.

MORGAN

You're a—

BLEEP.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

—ing TRAITOR!

Morgan storms O.S. as Elizabeth sits stunned.

**INT. CNAC CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Peter watches the big screen TV, frowning.

MALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

And that became know as "The Drenching."

INSERT: BIG SCREEN TV - NEWS ANCHORS

FEMALE NEW ANCHOR

It looks Like President Elect Douglass is just about ready.

The picture CUTS TO:

A parade of men coming down the stairs: SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE, SENATE MAJORITY LEADER...

Then over the LOUD SPEAKER:

## ANNOUNCER

Ladies and Gentlemen, the President  
Elect Elizabeth Douglass.

Elizabeth appears at the top of the stairs.

The CROWD goes WILD!

SCREAMING, CHEERING, FLAG WAVING.

BACK TO SCENE:

Jill and her friends SCREAM and YELL.

Peter turns to the wall of windows and peers through binoculars.

INSERT: BINOCULARS

Elizabeth looks stunning in her red suit and navy coat.

Peter smiles.

**EXT. CAPITOL STEPS - DAY**

The CROWD is DEAFENING as Elizabeth waves. In front of her:  
millions of adoring people.

BELLS RING from every CHURCH STEPLE.

Elizabeth slowly makes her way down the carpeted steps. She  
greet and shakes hands with people on her way.

MATCH CUT TO:

INSERT: ALEXE'S TABLET

Alexe watches Elizabeth on the tablet then looks up. Fifty  
yards away, Morgan speaks.

## MORGAN

God knows I'm an atheist...I think  
I just contradicted myself...

The AUDIENCE CHUCKLES.

## MORGAN (CONT'D)

But I just pray that level heads  
will prevail and that we can all  
work for a nuclear-free world. Thank  
you, very much.

The AUDIENCE APPLAUDS! They're on their feet. He  
smiles...drinking it in. The adulation...the respect...the  
glory. He thrives on this. He nods a most appreciative and  
civilized nod.



In the back, Alexe Boothe...slips out.

**EXT. CNAC CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Peter watches the TV as Elizabeth approaches the podium, a gray-haired African-American MAN, holds the bible.

SARAH (O.S.)  
You know, that should be Morgan  
holding that bible.

Peter turns. Sarah stands next to him and slips her arm through his. They both turn to the TV.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
You should be there.

Peter sighs. He'd like to be.

**EXT. CAPITOL BALCONY - DAY**

Elizabeth is at the podium, the CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT, stands opposite her.

CHIEF JUSTICE  
Please raise your right hand, and  
repeat after me.

Elizabeth takes a deep breath...did she ever in her wildest dreams think she would be standing here?

She puts her left hand on the Bible and raises her right hand.

CHIEF JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
I Elizabeth Anne Douglass do solemnly  
swear.

ELIZABETH  
I Elizabeth Anne Douglass do solemnly  
swear.

**INT. CNAC CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Peter and Sarah watch the screen, rapt.

CHIEF JUSTICE (V.O.)  
That I will faithfully execute...

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
That I will faithfully execute...

CHIEF JUSTICE (V.O.)  
The Office of President of the United  
States...

**INT. BRUSSELS AUDITORIUM - NIGHT**

Another SPEAKER is at the podium...her WORDS UNINTELLIGIBLE...as Morgan sits at his place his eyes glued to his tablet, his face stone cold hard.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
The Office of President of the United States...

CHIEF JUSTICE (V.O.)  
And will, to the best of my ability...

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
And will, to the best of my ability...

**EXT. STREET IN BRUSSELS - NIGHT**

Booth walks along the street, briskly, wearing earbuds.

CHIEF JUSTICE (V.O.)  
Preserve, protect and defend...

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
Preserve, protect and defend...

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

The blue sedan BARRELS down the highway.

**INT. BLUE SEDAN - DAY**

Both John and Bob have lost their ties and jackets. Bob balances the tablet on the dash. John's eyes go back and forth to the road.

JOHN  
Turn it up.

~~BOB~~ CHIEF JUSTICE (V.O.)  
~~The~~ Constitution of the United States.

~~BOB~~ ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
~~The~~ Constitution of the United States.

A HORN BLARES as a SEMI charges past them. John yanks the wheel.

**EXT. CAPITOL BALCONY - DAY**

All eyes are on Elizabeth. The Chief Justice smiles.

CHIEF JUSTICE  
So help me God.

Elizabeth smiles back.

ELIZABETH  
So help me God.

The Chief Justice reaches out his hand to her.

CHIEF JUSTICE  
Congratulations, Madam President.

Elizabeth beams and grasps the Chief Justice's hand.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Inside the CYLINDER a LOUD CLICK...!

And...

Nothing...

Nothing happens! The digital clock just blinks.

**EXT. CAPITOL BALCONY - DAY**

Elizabeth finishes embracing her FATHER then TURNS to the CROWD.

The CROWD ROARS!

The MILITARY BAND begins the opening measures of HAIL TO THE CHIEF as...

A MILLION PEOPLE SHOUT and YELL and HOLLER!

Elizabeth SHINES!

**INT. BLUE SEDAN - DAY**

Bob looks at John.

BOB  
What the hell!? What did you do?!

JOHN  
Nothing! I just pressed the button  
like it said!

**INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT**

Morgan watches a triumphant Elizabeth on his tablet. He takes a deep breath, then turns it off.

**INT. CNAC CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Peter smiles, proudly, as he watches 75 inches of Elizabeth on the TV screen. Sarah takes his arm.

Suddenly...

The building SHUDDERS...

And a second later a THUNDEROUS BOOM!

The WINDOWS SHAKE from the SOUND.

Peter GRABS Sarah! The kids in the room SCREAM and grab whatever is close for support.

Peter looks out the window...

SOUTH of the MALL an EXPLOSIVE CLOUD rises over the buildings.

PETER

Get away from the window!

Peter pulls Sarah toward the door. Everyone scrambles as the windows shudder, nearly shattering.

**EXT. CAPITOL BALCONY - DAY**

Three SECRET SERVICE AGENTS shield Elizabeth as a MUSHROOM CLOUD billows above a building south of the mall.

AGENT

Get her inside! Now!

Two BURLEY AGENTS each grab an arm and PULL her up the stairs.

ELIZABETH

My parents! Get my parents!

It's CHAOS on the balcony as AGENTS grab V.I.P.s and officials and RUSH them to safety.

An AGENT literally picks up Elizabeth's 80-year-old mother and CARRIES her up the stairs.

It's chaos on the balcony, but that's NOTHING to what's happening on the MALL.

**EXT. NATIONAL MALL - DAY**

FLAT-OUT-PANIC!

A MILLION PEOPLE trying to find shelter where there is none!

A MUSHROOM CLOUD slowly RISES into the blue sky.

PEOPLE PUSH! PARENTS grab CHILDREN! STRANGERS help STRANGERS as everyone rushes away from the CLOUD.

**INT. CNAC OFFICES/HALL - DAY**

Peter, Sarah, Jill and her FRIENDS move quickly down an inside corridor.

PETER  
Go into Morgan's Office. It's the  
safest. Jill—

Jill turns to him.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Help Sarah.

Jill nods and takes Sarah's arm, but Sarah stops.

SARAH  
Peter...!

PETER  
I'll be right back. Go with Jill.

Peter runs back to the conference room. Sarah watches him a moment, then moves off with Jill.

**INT. CNAC CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Peter hurries in and grabs a pair of binoculars. He moves to a window and looks out.

INSERT: BINOCULARS

The BINOCULARS find the explosive cloud above a SIX STORY HOTEL, it's upper corner engulfed in FLAMES.

Peter stares at the sight. From the TV:

MALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)  
This was the scene just moments ago.

Peter looks to the TV...a REPLAY of the inauguration. Everything is perfect and sunny...

Then...the TOP of a nearby HOTEL EXPLODES blowing out the windows!

Peter steps closer to the TV and studies it.

**INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT**

Morgan stares, blankly, as the ASIAN LECTURER drones on. Then, his phone BUZZES. He picks it up.

PETER'S TEXT BUBBLE - "Have you heard?!"

Morgan types.

MORGAN'S TEXT BUBBLE - "Heard what?"

Morgan waits as in the auditorium DINGS and PINGS of CELL PHONES.

Morgan's cell rings. He answers.

MORGAN  
(whispering)  
What?

PETER (V.O.)  
There was an explosion at the  
inauguration.

Morgan's face pales as CELL PHONE LIGHTS dot the dark auditorium and a low MURMUR begins.

Sherilyn hurries out and hands Morgan her cell phone.

INSERT: CELL PHONE

The replay of the explosion, FLAMES blowing out the Hotel windows.

BACK TO SCENE:

Morgan stares at the screen in disbelief. He straightens in his chair.

MORGAN  
Is she hurt!?

The mic in front of him PICKS UP his VOICE as it REVERBERATES throughout the hall.

All eyes turn to Morgan.

PETER (V.O.)  
I don't know.

MORGAN  
Well, find out!

He stands and bends into the mic.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Ladies and gentlemen...

The SPOTLIGHT shifts to Morgan.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
I'm afraid I have to leave.

A GASP from the audience. Morgan strides off the stage as Sherilyn follows.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
(to Sherilyn)  
Get my plane ready.

**INT. ELEVATOR/CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY**

Elizabeth stands in a cluster of black suits.

ELIZABETH

Where are we going?

RICHARD, the closest black suit to her, answers.

RICHARD

To a secure location until we receive word it's safe for you to go up.

She closes her eyes and steels herself.

ELIZABETH

Where are my parents?

He brings his hand to his mouth.

RICHARD

I'm with POTUS. Status of her parents?

(to Elizabeth)

They're safe ma'am.

She almost collapses with relief.

ELIZABETH

I need to use your phone, Richard.

RICHARD

I'm sorry, ma'am, there's no service down here.

Silence...then the shock starts to wear off.

ELIZABETH

What the hell just happened out there, gentlemen, and how?!

The suits are silent.

**INT. DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE BUILDING/ROTUNDA - DAY**

Morgan, flanked by Sherilyn, Renfield and surrounded by his Guards, hurries through the rotunda of the building.

SHERILYN

(her phone at her ear)

They're fueling up now. They'll be ready when we arrive.

MORGAN

Good.

RENFIELD

This actually could be used in our favor.

Morgan stops and stares at the man. Renfield backs off.

SHERILYN

Mister Carnegie... Why are we going back? There's nothing you can do.

MORGAN

I can be there...in case she needs me.

Sherilyn frowns as Morgan continues. She shakes her head...

**EXT. DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE BUILDING - DAY**

Morgan exits the building encased in his wall of guards. Sherilyn follows.

The Guards swiftly break formation as the LEAD GUARD opens the door...for a heartbeat, Morgan is in the open...

CRACK! A SHOT RINGS OUT!

Morgan GOES DOWN as bystanders hit the ground! The Guards surround him as two Guards lift him up.

ANOTHER SHOT rings out!

A Guard slams into the open door, HIT! Renfield runs into the building.

Morgan is PUSHED into the SUV as another Guard grabs Sherilyn and pulls her into the front seat.

ANOTHER SHOT hits the back window and RICOCHETS OFF.

The SUV PEELS OUT and away.

**INT. CNAC CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Peter's on his cell as the TV shows instant replays of the bombing.

PETER

No, we're at Morgan's...I know, we came here anyway to watch...

(he looks out the window)

It's a mess. What's the reading?

(he listens, his heart sinks)

What?!

Jill appears at the door.



JILL  
 Dr. Goddard!  
 (Peter looks up)  
 It's the President!

His eyes widen.

PETER  
 I'll call you back.

He dashes out. Behind him on the TV:

FEMALE NEWS ANNOUNCER  
 To recap, there has been an explosion  
 just south of the capital steps.  
 There is no official word on the  
 president's—

**INT. MORGAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Jill's friends sit around the room in varying degrees of shock.  
 Sarah is on the land line phone.

SARAH  
 No, we're fine. It looks like it  
 was at the Biltmore Hotel.

Peter swings around the corner.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
 Here's Peter.

She holds out the phone as Peter swipes it from her.

PETER  
 Elizabeth?!

He collapses into a chair and rubs his eyes, composing himself.  
 Sarah puts an arm around his shoulder.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 Where are you?

**INT. SAFE ROOM - DAY**

Elizabeth stands at a conference table in a cement room.

ELIZABETH  
 In some gawd-awful bunker in the  
 basement. Can you believe the only  
 number I could remember was Morgan's?

Richard enters.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
 Hold on.  
 (more)

ELIZABETH (cont'd)  
 (she covers the phone)  
 Get my staff, the director of the  
 FBI, CIA and Homeland Security down  
 here, please.

RICHARD  
 Yes, ma'am.

Just as quickly, he exits.

ELIZABETH  
 I'm back. What does it look like  
 out there?

PETER (V.O.)  
 Messy.

ELIZABETH  
 Casualties...?

PETER (V.O.)  
 Don't know...

She rubs her forehead.

ELIZABETH  
 Have you talked with David Stern?

**INT. MORGAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Peter watches Sarah as she moves to a YOUNG WOMAN crying in a  
 chair. Sarah puts her arm around the girl.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 Just now. He said the force of the  
 blast blew glass and chunks of the  
 building at least four blocks.

In the distance a FLEET of SIRENS.

PETER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
 Support teams are on their way.

He pauses.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
 What...?

PETER  
 ...Radiation detectors near the hotel  
 have detected a signature...and the  
 radiation is spreading.

**INT. SAFE ROOM - DAY**

Elizabeth sits stunned.

ELIZABETH  
A dirty bomb?!

PETER (V.O.)  
Possibly. If it's a dirty bomb it's more a nuisance than a threat, unlikely to be lethal, but difficult to clean up...a few people may get sick...

**INT. MORGAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

He moves as far away from earshot as possible. Sirens continue to fill the air.

PETER  
But...if it was intended to go critical...an actual nuclear explosion that malfunctioned...

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
Peter...

**INT. SAFE ROOM - DAY**

Elizabeth can't seem to move. Then:

ELIZABETH  
Did someone just try to kill me?

**INT. MORGAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Peter holds the phone...

PETER  
I don't know, Madam President.

More SIRENS...then the PING of a text.

SARAH(O.S.)  
Peter!

Peter looks up.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Morgan's been shot!

Peter is stunned.

**INT. SAFE ROOM - DAY**

Elizabeth stands.

ELIZABETH

What?!

**INT. BRUSSELS HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Morgan's on a gurney, his shoulder bleeding badly. Sherilyn hurries with him, holding his bloody hand.

SHERILYN

Morgan!

Morgan's eyes are glazed. Shocked. The gurney turns into an operating room. Sherilyn stops, covered in blood.

Her PHONE RINGS.

SHERILYN (CONT'D)

Peter...! I don't know, it came out of nowhere...They just took him in. His shoulder, but they don't know the angle. There's just so much blood.

She leans against the wall. A couple guards stand close to her. She calms herself...

**INT. MORGAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Peter talks on his cell...worried.

PETER

Where the hell were his bodyguards?!

A call BEEPS through. He looks at his cell.

INSERT: CELL PHONE

David Stern Calling...

PETER (CONT'D)

Look, I gotta go. It's a mess here. Call Sarah...If you need anything, call Sarah...

He touches his screen.

PETER (CONT'D)

Yeah...

DAVID (V.O.)

We found it.

PETER

I'm on my way.

He hangs up...he doesn't know what to feel. Sarah is at his side.

SARAH  
What?

PETER  
I have to go.

He starts out, she follows.

SARAH  
I'm going with you.

He spins.

PETER  
The hell you are! You're staying  
here.

They face off...she "blinks" and nods. She takes his face and  
kisses him, hard.

SARAH  
Be careful.

His eyes are weary...and it's only just begun. He's out.

**EXT. D.C. STREET - NIGHT**

The place is deserted. Not a soul...not a sound...except for  
the WHINING-GRIND of an electric motor as a LONG-ARMED ROBOT  
moves through the rubble.

DAVID (V.O.)  
This is where the sensors have lead  
us. We're close. We've evacuated a  
5 block radius.

**INT. N.E.S.T. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT**

Peter gazes at a monitor...on the screen is the ROBOT moving  
down the street.

PETER  
Wait! There...move to the left.

The ROV OPERATOR moves a joy-stick. Peter points to the screen.

PETER (CONT'D)  
There! Right there.

The camera adjusts and then heads for a dull, silvery grey,  
somewhat dented and misshapen, metal sphere surrounded by  
debris.

**EXT. D.C. STREET - NIGHT**

The Robot jostles toward the sphere...slows...then stops.  
Another WHIR and its arm slowly reaches toward the sphere.

**INT. N.E.S.T. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT**

The Radiation Meter in the command center FLIES off the charts.  
DAVID STERN, a graying man in his 60s, leans into the monitor.

DAVID

Well, hell...What do you think it  
weighs?

Peter's cell phone lies on the console next to him.

**EXT. WEST VIRGINIA WOODS - NIGHT**

A PICK UP TRUCK waits in a clearing. Inside sits a man, his  
face lit by the laptop he holds.

PETER (V.O.)

Eight or nine pounds...

**INT. PICK UP TRUCK - NIGHT**

RANDALL CARTER, a boyish-looking man in his 30s, sits in the  
car listening to his laptop.

On the screen, he's got audio software pulled up. The software  
MONITORS several audio bands. Right now he listens to the one  
labeled "Peter Goddard cell."

PETER (V.O.)

...Eight or nine pounds of plutonium.

Silence.

DAVID (V.O.)

Let's get it secure.

**EXT. N.E.S.T. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT**

David and Peter exit the command center. He grabs a BULL HORN.

DAVID

Okay, listen up.

Everyone quiets and turns.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen...We have found  
the bomb's fuel sphere. This was,  
indeed, an implosion device.

Turns to Peter and hands him the bull horn.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 You're the nuclear expert. This is  
 now your investigation.

Peter's eyes widen. He didn't expect that. He turns to the  
 WORKERS and speaks through the bull horn.

PETER (V.O.)  
 This was an assassination attempt on  
 the President of the United States.  
 We will proceed with our investigation  
 as such.

He hands the bull horn back to David. Okay...time to work.

**INT. PICK UP TRUCK - NIGHT**

Through the back window of his truck...CAR LIGHTS turn into  
 the clearing pull up behind him. Randall looks in his rear-  
 view mirror, closes the laptop and pulls a 9mm from under his  
 seat.

**INT. MORGAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

The lights are off. The big screen TV is on the floor leaning  
 against the wall. Jill and most of her friends sit glued to  
 the set.

Sarah lies on the couch, dozing, her cell in her hand.

Her cell phone RINGS. Her eyes pop open as she answers.

SARAH  
 Peter?!...No, everybody's here...

All heads turn. She slowly sits up.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
 Peter says you can go home.

A collective SIGH of relief as Jill and her friends gather  
 their things and leave.

SARAH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
 Tell me...Okay...What's next?

**EXT. N.E.S.T. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT**

Peter stands outside the command center, COPS, FBI, N.E.S.T.  
 work around him, lights flashing from nearly every vehicle.

PETER  
 We brief the president. Bring your  
 stuff and meet me there. I'll set  
 up a pass for you.

**EXT. PICK UP TRUCK - NIGHT**

Carter gets out of the truck and walks toward the bed. John and Bob rummage through the back of the truck, pulling out survival gear and ripping off their suits.

CARTER

What happened?

They barely glance at him.

JOHN

Hell if I know. We followed our instructions. It's not our fault.

BOB

We're just the delivery boys.

A HAMMER COCKS...

The men looks up. Carter smiles.

JOHN

Wait...!

Two SHOTS. Simple as that.

**INT. SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Elizabeth sits at the head of a rectangular table. Surrounding her are MEN and WOMEN, some in suits, some in uniform. Sarah sits on one side of the table as David and Peter, mid-thought, addresses the group.

PETER

This was an implosion device.  
Probably between 1 and 2 kilotons.

ELIZABETH

Why didn't it go off as intended?

PETER

Dumb luck.

David steps in.

DAVID

It's unclear at the moment, Madam President. We'll know more when we do an analysis of the bomb from any fragments we find.

ELIZABETH

And how long will that take?



DAVID  
Hard to say. Couple of weeks?

ELIZABETH  
Weeks?!

Silence...

Beside Sarah on the table is her cell phone...there's NO SERVICE.

**INT. BLUE SEDAN - NIGHT**

Carter drives along the interstate, his laptop open next to him. He glances at it...the audio software is silent. He slams his hands against the wheel.

CARTER  
Turn on your damn phones!

**EXT. BLUE SEDAN - NIGHT**

The blue sedan speeds down the highway and exits toward DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.

**INT. SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Elizabeth looks directly at a SUITED MAN, the Director of Homeland Security. He squirms a little under her eye.

DIRECTOR OF HS  
N.E.S.T. is securing all radioactive materials, as we speak, and we should gain access to the bomb site tomorrow...

Elizabeth look's around the room.

ELIZBETH  
Do you all realize that if it hadn't been for some screw up...we would all be dead? On the first day of my presidency!

She's furious.

ELIZABETH  
I want to know who, I want to know why, and I want to know how!

She bolts to her feet. The entire room rises with her. She strides out. Her CHIEF OF STAFF and a couple aides follow.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
Peter! Walk with me.

Peter exchanges glances with Sarah, what the...? Then hurries after her.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Peter catches up with her.

PETER  
Madam President.

ELIZABETH  
Please don't call me that.

PETER  
I'm sorry, Madam President, but no.  
You worked hard for it.

She stops. The men stop with her. Her faces softens.

ELIZABETH  
Fair enough. How's Morgan?

PETER  
I haven't heard. Sherilyn will call  
when he's out of surgery.

She nods.

ELIZABETH  
I'll arrange for a room in the White  
House for you. Sarah looks exhausted.

PETER  
Please, you don't have--

Elizabeth takes his arms.

ELIZABETH  
Peter...It's been a hellava day.  
Just accept it graciously.

He smiles and nods.

PETER  
Thank you, Ma'am.

She turns and walks away, her entourage with her. Peter watches her go.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT**

It's the wee hours. A few stray SIRENS still shriek through the city.

Sarah, wearing a pair of oversized pajamas, turns down the covers on the bed. The woman is exhausted.

SARAH

Of course she wanted you here. She needs you.

From the bathroom:

PETER

She doesn't need anybody.

Sarah straightens and winces. Her damn back again.

SARAH

You know for a brilliant man you're kinda stupid.

Peter exits the bathroom in pajama bottoms.

PETER

Thank you.

SARAH

She used to have Morgan, but that went to the devil. You're all she's got.

She turns off the light and eases onto the bed, wincing with every move.

SARAH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I can't tell you how happy I am you don't want a big family.

He climbs in beside her, wraps his arms around her and nuzzles her neck.

PETER

But I do want a big family.

She groans.

PETER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Of dogs. I want a big family of dogs.

She laughs...as much as an exhausted pregnant women in pain can laugh at 3:00 in the morning.

He kisses her, lovingly. They part and gaze at one another.

PETER (CONT'D)

Thank you for marrying me.

SARAH

I did that, didn't I? Go to sleep.

He reaches back to turn off his light when: Sarah's cell phone RINGS. Sarah grabs it from the bedside table and answers it on speaker.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
 Sherilyn! I'm on with Peter.

SHERILYN (V.O.)  
 He's okay!

Peter and Sarah nearly collapse with relief.

SHERILYN (CONT'D)  
 He was shot by a bullet designed to  
 shatter so...they repaired the damage  
 and left the fragments.

**INT. BRUSSELS HOSPITAL - DAY**

Sherilyn, still in her bloody clothes, sits in a waiting room,  
 three half-filled cups of coffee next to her. She takes a  
 moment.

SHERILYN  
 ...They said if it had been three  
 inches lower...  
 (a deep breath)  
 He's stable so I'm going to the hotel.

Behind her are two SECURITY GUARDS dressed in black...they  
 look more exhausted than she.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Sarah leans on Peter as he holds the phone.

PETER  
 Bring him home.

SHERILYN (V.O.)  
 I will.

They disconnect. A moment.

SARAH  
 Call Elizabeth.

PETER  
 Let her sleep.

She eyes him...he's being stupid again.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 I'll text first.

He types on his phone.

PETER'S TEXT BUBBLE - "Madam President. Are you up?"

In half a second the phone RINGS.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

What?

**INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESIDENT'S SUITE - NIGHT**

Only a bedside table lamp shines. Elizabeth, in her nightclothes, sits on a sofa, her iPad on the coffee table in front of her, the cell phone at her ear.

As she listens, emotion floods her face.

ELIZABETH

...Thank you...We'll talk in the morning...I will...

She hangs up the phone and sets it down...then leans back and sighs.

**INT. EXECUTIVE DINING ROOM - DAY**

Elizabeth sits at the dining table, a light breakfast and a cup of coffee in front of her.

She's working on her iPad as Peter and Sarah enter, in their clothes from the day before.

PETER

We got your breakfast invitation.

Elizabeth looks up and smiles.

ELIZABETH

Good. Sit down.

She motions to the two other places set at the table. Peter holds the chair out for Sarah, then sits.

PETER

I've spoken with David. I'm meeting him at the site in half an hour.

A WAITRESS enters and sets a fruit plate in front each of them. A COFFEE WAITRESS starts to pour some coffee in Peter's cup. He shakes his head.

PETER (CONT'D)

None for me thanks.

The Coffee Waitress looks at Sarah who shakes her head. The coffee Waitress takes their cups.

ELIZABETH

Status?

PETER

David says it's going well.

Elizabeth types as she talks. Peter scarfs down the food.

SARAH  
What are you working on?

ELIZABETH  
Press briefing.

PETER  
Shouldn't you let your Press Secretary  
do that?

ELIZABETH  
I need to talk to the country, and  
more importantly to whoever did this.  
They have to know where I stand.  
They have to know that I stand.

Sarah looks to the Waiter.

SARAH  
Do you have anything bland...like  
oatmeal?

The Waitress nods and takes away her fruit. Peter stops her.

PETER  
Wait, I'll take that, and if you  
could also bring some bacon and pork  
rinds and tempura.

Sarah goes green.

SARAH  
I hate you.

Peter chuckles as Elizabeth smiles and watches the two.

PETER  
I'm kidding. This is fine for me,  
thanks.

The Waitress nods and leaves. Peter shoves down his food.

PETER (CONT'D)  
I gotta go.

Takes the last bite, rises and moves to Elizabeth.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Madam President.

He kisses her cheek, then moves to Sarah and kisses her.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Text me and let me know what happens  
with the doctor.

And he's out.

ELIZABETH  
Doctor?

SARAH  
Yeah, I had an appointment yesterday.  
Just for some test results. It'll  
be a bear to reschedule.

Elizabeth grins.

ELIZABETH  
Not if I call.

Sarah looks up.

SARAH  
You'd do that?

ELIZABETH  
You know it! Time to abuse my power!

Sarah laughs. Elizabeth looks to her.

SARAH  
What...?

ELIZABETH  
Thank you for marrying Peter.

SARAH  
Peter said that very thing last night.

Elizabeth returns to her typing.

ELIZABETH  
Peter was a good man before, but  
he's a better man now.

SARAH  
Well, I doubt that was me. I think  
God had something to do with it, too.

ELIZABETH  
Okay...You and God. You make a good  
team. Now dial your doctor.

Sarah grabs her phone...the "Face Time" light glows.

**INT. PRESS BRIEFING ROOM - DAY**

Elizabeth stands in front of the White House plaque mid-sentence:

ELIZABETH

...The device failed...and its mission was to completely obliterate the government of the United States, as well as a million of its people.

**INT. BOOTHE'S HOUSE/SUBURB OF BRUSSELS - DAY**

A quaint and homey place...a picture postcard of European days gone by. The place is furnished with expensive antiques...antiques only a weapons dealer could afford.

Alexe Boothe sits at his desk on his computer. On the wall a flat screen TV is tuned to the BBC: Elizabeth at her press briefing:

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

I am standing here to tell the individual, the faction, or the state who perpetrated this despicable and cowardly crime on America that we are "at war" with you.

Boothe looks up. That got his attention. Boothe presses enter on his computer. The printer fires up.

ELIZABETH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

America and her people will not rest until you are found and brought to justice. God Bless America.

INSERT: PRINTER

A TRAIN TICKET prints: Brussels to Cologne...Then on top of that another: Cologne to Istanbul.

On the TV the SOUND and FLASHES of cameras go CRAZY as Elizabeth exits the briefing room.

**INT. SARAH'S DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY**

SARAH sits alone in an impressive office...medical books, diplomas, citations...this doctor is like Madame Curie.

The door opens and DR. KATHERINE BERNSTEIN, a handsome middle-aged woman, walks in perusing a chart.

DR. BERNSTEIN

Hi, Sarah.



SARAH  
Hi, Doctor. Sorry about the  
presidential strong arm.

Bernstein beams.

DR. BERNSTEIN  
Are you kidding? I got to talk with  
the president.

Bernstein sits...her demeanor turns serious. She looks up.

SARAH  
What is it?

DR. BERNSTEIN  
Your lower back pain...it's not the  
baby...

**INT. MEDICAL BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY**

A stunned Sarah moves through the medical office door and down  
the hall....

**INT. D.C. METRO - DAY**

Sarah sits in a stupor as the metro zooms through the tunnel...

**EXT. HOTEL - DAY**

The place is a mess. Rubble everywhere. FBI, N.E.S.T. and  
POLICE comb the area surrounding the hotel.

Above, the entire corner of the hotel has been BLOWN AWAY.  
Faint wafts of smoke rise into the brilliant blue sky.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

If it looked bad from the street, it's even worse in fact.  
The entire corner of the building and the roof are gone...  
The place is singed, bits of furniture litter the room.

A dozen AGENTS photograph, catalog, analyze and sift through  
the rubble.

Peter sifts with them. Then he spots a BUTTERFLY LATCH covered  
by rubble. He pulls an EVIDENCE BAG from his coat pocket, and  
carefully picks up the latch and drops it in.

PETER  
Found something.

A FIELD OFFICER moves to him, takes the bag and logs it in.

Peter stands a moment and surveys the room, slowly...

Then he sees something against the wall... No IMBEDDED in the wall...like a small metal door...or plate...black with soot.

He walks toward it, opening the knife on his LEATHERMAN.

He slips the knife blade under the jagged corner of the metal plate...it's roughly eighteen inches square. He works to wrench it out, but it's really in there.

Finally, he pries it away from the wall, grabs it with his gloved hands and pulls it all the way out.

It's the side of the bomb's case! Aluminum and blue.

PETER (CONT'D)

David!

David crosses to him.

PETER (CONT'D)

Pull up the footage from the lobby.

David pulls his phone out of his pocket.

PETER (CONT'D)

There were two men who checked in as a camera crew. Find them.

David SCRUBS through the video footage on his phone. Peter looks over his shoulder.

PETER (CONT'D)

There! Right there. Those two!  
Zoom in.

INSERT: CELL PHONE

David's fingers zoom in on two men entering with cases.

PETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

That one there. Blue aluminum.

David looks up from his cell. Peter smiles and flips the metal plate to the side that was imbedded in the wall.

Blue aluminum. David smiles.

DAVID

Bingo.

Peter smiles even bigger.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ashton.

A small WOMAN deftly trots to David. David nods to the plate.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Dust it. And rush it.

ASHTON  
My pleasure.

She pulls a brush from her fingerprint kit and goes at it.

**EXT. N.E.S.T. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT**

An army of AGENTS and POLICE work around the command center.

PETER (O.S.)  
Yes, Madam President, it was covered  
with prints...

**INT. N.E.S.T. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT**

Peter speaks on his cell, behind him on a monitor are images of fingerprints and BOB'S mugshot.

PETER  
We got one hit. A Robert Mullens.  
Petty theft from 1997...it's him.

**INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT**

Elizabeth sits behind her desk, the desk phone at her ear.

ELIZABETH  
Thank goodness. Do you know where  
he is?

PETER (V.O.)  
We have agents on the way to his  
last known address...

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. ELECTRONICS NEST - NIGHT**

A web of cable and cords weave neatly up and through grids to a bank of monitors and computers. On most of the monitors are the various cable news channels replaying footage of the INAUGURATION and the BOMBING.

Strangely...Peter's voice echoes through a speaker.

PETER (V.O.)  
...in...Baileyville, Pennsylvania.

At a workbench sits Randall Carter, a large "tool box" in front of him.

CARTER  
Good luck with that.

He opens the tool box. Inside is a metal cylinder surrounded by a thick foam cushion, wires going in and out.

Attached to the top is some kind of electronic tablet. He flips a switch and the screen boots up. It says, "Arm System"?

He touches the red "no" radio button and switches the tablet off.

He puts more foam on top, closes and locks the box, and carefully eases it into a well-padded rolling container and locks it.

On the top of the container is a shipping label: "J Galt; 1500 SW 1st Ave; Portland, OREGON.

**EXT. ORANGE LINE METRO STOP/VIRGINIA - NIGHT**

Peter drags himself out of the metro station and toward the parking lot.

**INT. GODDARD HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The house is quiet, just a couple of lights on. The sound of KEYS in the door and the door opens. Peter enters, throws down his briefcase, exhausted, and moves into the house.

PETER

Sarah...

Just the TICKING of a GRANDFATHER CLOCK in the corner. After a moment.

SARAH (O.S.)

In here...

Peter moves to the fridge and opens it.

PETER

Geez, what a day! I searched through that mess for six and a half hours...

He pulls out a leftover restaurant box, shuts the fridge and gets a fork from a drawer.

PETER (CONT'D)

...Without finding a dang thing...

He takes a bite, then moves down the hall.

**INT. GODDARD HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Sarah lies on the bed...still in her street clothes, a blanket over her, an arm over her forehead.

PETER (O.S.)

Then, just about when I was ready to shoot myself, there was this thing imbedded in the wall...

Peter enters and goes right into the closet...

PETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And that was it. Part of the case. That was all we needed...I tell you these idiots always leave something...

...Sarah is quiet.

PETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Of course he'd moved from his last address, so there's like this massive man-hunt...

He enters in pajama pants and a T-shirt, shoving the leftovers in his mouth.

He stops FINALLY seeing her.

PETER (CONT'D)

You okay? How was the doctor? You didn't text.

She's silent. Her face stained with tears. He puts the container on the table and sits on the bed.

PETER (CONT'D)

Is the baby all right?

SARAH

The baby's fine. The baby's perfect.

PETER

Then what is it?

She wipes her tears away.

SARAH

I have cancer.

Peter is stunned.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Cervical cancer.

A tear slips down her cheek. She wipes it away.

Peter sits in shock...

SARAH (CONT'D)  
 Stage 1B...90% survival rate if  
 treated quickly and aggressively...  
 aggressive treatment is a hysterectomy  
 followed by radiation...

Her voice falters...His mind races.

PETER  
 Wait...wait! You're pregnant.

SARAH  
 ...The one complicating factor.

She looks at him...her eyes well with tears. He scoops her up into his arms. She holds on to him tightly and cries.

**INT. GODDARD HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The moon shines through the sheers at the window. The bedside clock reads 2:44. Everything's quiet. Peter and Sarah lie in bed, she is enfolded in his arms.

PETER  
 I can't lose you.

She pulls his arms more tightly around her.

SARAH  
 This would be our only chance.

Downstairs the GRANDFATHER CLOCK CHIMES the quarter hour.

PETER  
 We can adopt.

Emotion wells up in her. She breathes through it.

SARAH  
 I want to give you this. Please let  
 me give you this.

PETER  
 But if you're not here...

His voice catches.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 I can't...

She turns to him and takes him in her arms. He buries his head in her.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 Don't ask me to.

She holds him, tightly.

**INT. GODDARD HOME/BEDROOM - DAY**

It's early...the sun's just thinking of peeking through the window.

Sarah sleeps soundly...peacefully. Then Peter's CELL PHONE RINGS quietly on his bed table. Sarah stirs...her eyes struggle open...she groans...

**INT. GODDARD HOME/KITCHEN - DAY**

Peter, dressed for the day, butters a bagel and takes a bite. In wanders Sarah, disheveled and weary, his phone in her hand.

SARAH

David called.

PETER

Oh, crap, I'm sorry. I forgot to take my phone. I'm sorry.

She shrugs and pulls herself onto a stool at the counter. He touches his phone and navigates to voice mail.

PETER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

How do you feel?

SARAH

Like I'd been crying all night...Oh, wait, I have.

He moves to her and kisses her forehead.

PETER

I made you some oatmeal and there're bagels.

DAVID'S VOICE comes over the speaker.

DAVID (V.O.)

Hey, I'm out in the woods in West Virginia. Our two perps were found dead.

Peter sighs...crap!

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I need you out here ASAP. I'll text the coordinates. Confirm you got this.

They're both silent. Then Sarah picks up his phone and hands it to him.

SARAH  
Text him back.

He hesitates.

SARAH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Peter, text him back and go.

He pauses then takes the phone.

PETER  
Come with me. We could use your  
input. We could stop on the way  
back at that place we like.

She shakes her head.

SARAH  
There's nothing for me to analyze  
yet. I'm going to take a shower and  
go to work.

PETER  
Stay home.

She shakes her head and ambles to the door.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I have cases I need to get back to.

She stops at the portal turns back.

SARAH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
I think I'll stop off and talk to  
the Bishop after work.

He looks up.

PETER  
What for?

She just shrugs...

PETER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Want me to come...?

She shakes her head...then starts out.

SARAH  
Oh, and you should reboot your phone.  
The Face Time light's on.

Peter looks at his phone. Yep...the light's glowing.



**INT. BLUE SEDAN - DAY**

Carter's laptop is open and running the audio software. Through the front window, Carter rolls the SHIPPING CASE toward a FED EX/KINKOS store.

On the laptop the BAND recording "Peter" goes dead.

**EXT. WEST VIRGINIA WOODS - DAY**

Dozens of AGENTS scour the forest, John and Bob's bodies lie crumpled by the truck's tail gate.

**INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY**

Peter's car rolls up to the POLICE CORDED-OFF scene and stops. Through the front window, we see DAVID walking toward him.

**EXT. WEST VIRGINIA WOODS - DAY**

Peter exits the car, shows his ID to a COUNTY SHERIFF and slips under the yellow police tape. He meets up with David.

DAVID

It's him. Robert Mullens and his older brother John.

They walk toward the bodies.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Turns out they are a couple of anti-government drifters who've floated from hate-militia to hate-militia through the last couple of years. The the older one, John, was on the Southern Poverty Law Center's top ten.

PETER

That makes no sense. How did they get their hands on a nuclear bomb?

DAVID

That is the question. Found this in the big one's pocket.

He hands Peter a baggie with the BOMB INSTRUCTIONS inside. Peter examines it.

PETER

So they just delivered the package.

DAVID

That'd be my guess. Been dead since the day of the bombing.

PETER  
Poor suckers. Prints?

DAVID  
At the lab.

Peter looks around.

PETER  
Pretty sloppy work, leaving the bodies  
and this.

He holds up the instructions.

DAVID  
I don't think the shooter expected  
them to be found way out here in the  
boondocks. A couple hunters came  
across them.

David nods toward three hunters dressed in winter cammo talking  
with a County Sheriff.

PETER  
Find anything in the truck?

DAVID  
Not much. It was reported stolen  
outside of Morgantown.

Peter pulls his coat against the winter cold and moves to the  
crates in the back, and rifles through them.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
We did find something interesting in  
that big crate.

Peter pulls out a well worn copy of, "The Turner Diaries" in  
an evidence bag.

PETER  
Ah, one of the hate classics. Sits  
on the same shelf as "Mein Kampf".

DAVID  
It's been 25 years since the Oklahoma  
bombing and this damn book never  
goes away.

A flatbed CAR HAULER pulls into the clearing.

PETER  
I'll follow the truck to the lab and  
let you know if we find anything  
else.

DAVID

Right. I'll let you finish up here.  
I need some sleep.

Peter nods. Just as David is about to leave.

DAVID (CONT'D)

How's Sarah?

PETER

...Okay. She's okay. She went in  
to work.

David walks toward his car.

DAVID

Good. We've got work for her now.

Peter watches him for a moment, then returns to the truck.

**EXT. BOOTHE'S HOUSE/SUBURB OF BRUSSELS - DAY**

It's a gray day...snowing lightly.

**INT. BOOTHE'S HOUSE/SUBURB OF BRUSSELS - DAY**

Two suitcases wait by the front door. Boothe sits at his  
computer typing rapidly. Then he hits "return."

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN

A message pops up: "WARNING, THIS WILL ERASE ALL DATA ON  
COMPUTER HARD DRIVES"

The cursor hovers above the "Okay" button...then clicks. The  
computer hard drive WHIRS, then SHUTS DOWN.

**EXT. BOOTHE'S HOUSE/SUBURB OF BRUSSELS - DAY**

Boothe lifts his bags in the trunk of his car and climbs in.

Down the street, wedged between two vans, a sedan is parked.  
Inside sits a GRAY-HAIRED WOMAN about 60.

She watches Boothe...a cell phone at her ear.

Boothe drives away. The Woman starts her car...carefully pulls  
out...and follows.

**INT. BOOTHE'S HOUSE/SUBURB OF BRUSSELS - DAY**

From inside the house, through the front window, the Woman's  
car follows Boothe down the road.

On the desk...Boothe's computer screen SPRINGS BACK TO LIFE.

A message on the computer reads: "RESTORING DATA".

**INT. BRUSSELS HOSPITAL - DAY**

Morgan sits propped up in his hospital bed, his left shoulder bandaged and his left arm supported by pillows. He types with one hand. Sherilyn enters.

MORGAN

Where the hell have you been?!

She barks back at him.

SHERILYN

Badgering the doctors to release you, like you ordered.

MORGAN

And...?

SHERILYN

I convinced them you wouldn't sue and that if you died as a result of releasing you early, good riddance.

He laughs which makes him cough. She eyes him.

SHERILYN (CONT'D)

You should stay another day.

He pecks on the computer.

MORGAN

No. And I assume that I'm relegated to coding with one hand for the foreseeable future.

A couple more whacks on the keyboard and he closes it.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Take this infernal thing and get me out of here.

He tosses the laptop to her and swings his legs off the bed.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

The day is nearly gone and a light snow falls as the flatbed truck hauls the pickup down the highway, Peter's car behind.

**INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY**

Peter drives and speaks on his BLUETOOTH.

PETER

Yes, ma'am, all the bomb fragments are at Lawrence Livermore Labs and the reconstruction has begun. They'll get back to me as soon as they have anything to report.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

Good, good.

Another CALL BEEPS through.

PETER

I'm sorry, ma'am, I've got another call coming in. May I call you back?

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

Sure.

PETER

Thank you, ma'am.

He presses a button on the steering wheel.

PETER (CONT'D)

Peter Goddard.

MORGAN (V.O.)

Peter!

Peter's face brightens.

PETER

Morgan! Thank goodness. How are you?

**EXT. MORGAN'S MERCEDES - NIGHT**

Morgan's Mercedes glides through the snow in downtown Brussels.

MORGAN (V.O.)

Shoulder hurts like hell, but I'm on my way to the airport. Finally got parole. I'll tell you all about it when I get home.

**INT. MORGAN'S MERCEDES - NIGHT**

Morgan sits in the back, Sherilyn next to him, his left arm in a sling secured to his torso.

MORGAN

Tell me what's happening. How is Elizabeth?

PETER (V.O.)  
 She's fine. Presidential in every  
 way.

MORGAN  
 Good, good. She wasn't hurt?

PETER (V.O.)  
 Not a scratch.

Morgan sighs, relieved.

MORGAN  
 And Sarah?

There's a pause on the other end. Morgan looks at the phone.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
 Are you there? Did I lose you?

PETER (V.O.)  
 I'm here. She's fine. When do you  
 get in?

MORGAN  
 Some ungodly hour. It's snowing  
 here, so who knows.

PETER (V.O.)  
 It's snowing here too.

MORGAN  
 Great. Have a dog sled waiting.

**INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY**

It's snowing hard now. Peter laughs.

PETER  
 I'll arrange it.

MORGAN (V.O.)  
 I miss you, my boy.

PETER  
 I miss you, too, sir.

The wipers swing back and forth methodically.

MORGAN (V.O.)  
 I'll keep in touch. Over and out.

The phone clicks off. Peter drives for a moment deep in  
 thought. Then he presses a button on the steering wheel.

PETER

Call Sarah.

CAR VOICE

Calling Sarah.

The sounds of a PHONE CONNECTING and RINGING.

**INT. BISHOP LOWE'S STUDY - DAY**

ANGLE ON - SARAH'S BAG

Inside her phone LIGHTS UP and VIBRATES.

Sarah sits in a comfortable chair in the wood paneled study of BISHOP LOWE, a kind, balding man in his 50s.

BISHOP LOWE

I'm so sorry...What can I do to help?

She thinks a long moment. A tear slips down her cheek. She wipes it away.

SARAH

Am I supposed to sacrifice myself  
for this baby?

He didn't expect that.

BISHOP LOWE

I'm sorry?

SARAH

I'm new at this religion thing. I  
know how good it makes me feel, I  
believe it with all my heart...I  
just don't know how...God works, or  
what He thinks, or what He expects.

The Bishop just listens.

SARAH (CONT'D)

This baby is a gift...I know that...I  
feel that. But if she lives I may  
die. If I live she may die.

Another tear slips down her cheek. She pushes it aside.

SARAH (CONT'D)

So my question is: Does God expect me  
to sacrifice my life for this baby?

She gazes at him, her eyes strong and questioning. The Bishop thinks for a moment.

BISHOP

No, he doesn't.

She sits with the answer.

ANGLE ON - SARAH'S BAG

Inside, the Face Time light barely glows.

Sarah thinks...then nods.

**INT. ELECTRONICS NEST - DAY**

Randall Carter sits in front of his computer, mesmerized.

SARAH (V.O.)

Thank you, Bishop.

Carter places a finger on his TRACKPAD.

On the MONITOR, the cursor hovers over the "QUIT" radio button. Then on the trackpad...a tap. The software closes.

**INT. GODDARD HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Sarah sits at the dining room table, mulling over the folders and papers in front of her. The GRANDFATHER CLOCK CHIMES. Sarah looks up: 10:30.

Through the front window shutters, CAR LIGHTS SHINE as a car pulls into the driveway.

A moment later Peter enters from the door in the kitchen. Sarah looks up as the door SHUTS...a little too hard.

**INT. GODDARD HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Peter tosses his stuff on the kitchen table. Behind him:

SARAH (V.O.)

Hard day?

He turns. She stands in the doorway...Geez, she is beautiful.

PETER

Remember when Georgetown asked me to teach? Next time remind me to take it. How are you?

He goes to the fridge. She nods.

SARAH

Fine. I saved you some stir fry.

He pulls out a take out box and shoves it in the microwave.



SARAH (CONT'D)  
May I have a kiss?

PETER  
Oh...yes...please.

He strides to her and takes her in his arms. They kiss deeply.

PETER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
I miss you. Whenever I'm not with  
you, I miss you.

They hold on to each other tightly, savoring the closeness.  
Then, mid-embrace:

SARAH  
I want to have the baby.

Peter freezes.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I know...

He starts to pull away, but she holds onto him.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Wait a minute...

He pulls from her, she tries to hold him.

SARAH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Peter...

PETER  
I...

He's trying to wrap his brain around it.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Don't you think this is something we  
need to discuss.

SARAH  
That's what I'm doing!

PETER  
No. You just TOLD me what you're  
GOING to do!

The microwave DINGS.

PETER (CONT'D)  
You will not risk your life for this  
baby!

All the frustration, anger and fear he's been holding in explodes.

PETER (CONT'D)  
You will not do this!

SARAH  
Peter...I'm at 27 weeks now, if I  
can get to 29 even 30—

PETER  
If! If you get to 29!

SARAH  
It's only two weeks! I have to try!

PETER  
No! No, you don't!

SARAH  
Peter...!

PETER  
You don't!

He stands panting in the middle of the kitchen.

PETER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
You've made your decision.

She looks to the floor. He grabs his stuff on the table and moves through the door.

SARAH  
Peter, don't! Please!

The door slams behind him. She hurries to the door and throws it open.

SARAH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Peter!

The car FIRES UP, grinds into gear and FLOORS out of the garage.

**INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT**

Through the front window, the car lights shine on Sarah as she moves into the garage. Peter stops and looks to her...her eyes implore him.

He just sits there dying inside....

Then...he BACKS into the road...

And BARRELS off.

Sarah stands in the cold.

**INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT**

Midnight-ish. Elizabeth sits at her desk, in the middle of reading a stack of papers.

Her desk phone RINGS.

ELIZABETH

Yes...Who is? Yes, yes, send him up.

She thinks a moment...then rises from her desk.

**INT. WEST WING CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Elizabeth stands in the corridor, Richard and another SECRET SERVICE AGENT next to her.

From down the hall Peter strides toward her, TWO AGENTS escorting him.

ELIZABETH

What the hell are you doing here?

PETER

I'm sorry Madam President.

He stops in front of her, his eyes red and weary.

ELIZABETH

What is it?

Peter hesitates...can he even say the word.

PETER

She has cancer.

Elizabeth's face drops.

ELIZABETH

Oh, dear god...

She takes him into her arms.

**INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT**

Elizabeth sits on a sofa. Peter perched next to her.

ELIZABETH

I don't think I've seen you cry since you were twelve.

She places an understanding hand on his arm.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

What are you going to do?

He leans back on the sofa and shakes his head.

PETER

The doctor wants her to have treatment. She want the baby. I want them both, but if I can't have both, I want her not the baby. Is that horrible not to want the baby?

ELIZABETH

It's not that you don't want the baby...That's not what you're saying...

PETER

I don't know what to do.

She slips her hand in his.

ELIZABETH

...Go home. Go home and talk with your wife. That's something Morgan and I could never do. That's what finally finished us, I think. He thinks it was the investigation but it wasn't. We were over when we lost each other's trust. Go home.

She pats his hand.

**INT. GODDARD HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

That Grandfather clock TICKS, soothingly. It's close to 1:00. Sarah lies on the sofa, a throw blanket over her.

Then a CAR'S HEADLIGHTS in the window as it pulls into the driveway. Sarah doesn't move.

In the kitchen, the DOOR OPENS and SHUTS. Sarah sits up. The SOUND of KEYS tossed on a table. Peter appears at the portal.

PETER

I was with Elizabeth.

He moves to the sofa and sits next to her. He offers his hand. She takes it.

PETER (CONT'D)

The second you hit 29 weeks you deliver that baby.

She shuts her eyes...tears squeeze out.

She lays her head on his shoulder.

**INT. SARAH'S OFFICE/FBI - DAY**

Sarah's fingers race across the keyboard as she's glued to her computer screen. Then from down the hall:

PETER (O.S.)

YES!

She looks up as the SOUND OF RUNNING. Peter flies into her office. He holds up his cell phone.

PETER (CONT'D)

We got him!

**INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY**

Elizabeth, David, Sarah and the "usual suspects" sit around the table. Peter walks around and hands out folders to everyone.

PETER

His name is Alexe Boothe.

He refers to the TV screen at the opposite end of the room. An "on the street" surveillance photo of a younger Alexe Boothe appears on the screen.

BILL SHEPARD, a thin man in a gray suit, Director of the CIA, looks up.

SHEPARD

The weapons designer?

PETER

The "disaffected" weapons designer.

ELIZABETH

I've not heard his name before.

PETER

Not surprising.

SHEPARD

Several former administrations had dealings with him.

ELIZABETH

What kind of dealings?

SHEPARD

The deniable kind.

Elizabeth shifts in her chair. She doesn't like the sound of that.

ELIZABETH

Meaning...?

Peter and Shepard exchange glances.

PETER

He started legit with the U.S. going all the way back to the Reagan era's strategic defense initiative.

Another photo of Boothe appears on the screen.

ELIZABETH

"Star Wars?" He was involved with "Star Wars?"

SHEPARD

He was Star Wars.

PETER

He was a genius really that we hung out to dry.

Elizabeth shoots a glance as Shepard.

ELIZABETH

We have a way of doing that.

Shepard is unfazed.

PETER

President Clinton ended the Star Wars program in '93 after the collapse of the Soviet Union. So Boothe started his own company selling militarily sensitive electronics to certain...regimes that were in favor with the U.S. at the time.

ELIZABETH

Ah...Namely Iraq?

PETER

Namely Iraq.

ELIZABETH

This is not going to turn out well.

Sarah smiles. She likes Elizabeth.

More images on the TV screen: Saddam Hussein and Boothe shaking hands; Boothe in front of a massive, long-range cannon; Boothe in a "keffiyeh."

PETER

He ran afoul of U.S. Customs and spent sixteen months in a federal prison in '99.

ELIZABETH

Hence the disaffected?

PETER

Precisely.

ELIZABETH

And pissed off?

PETER

Extremely.

Peter glances at Sarah...she drinks him in...surreptitiously. Peter picks up another handful of folders.

PETER (CONT'D)

Once he got out, he moved to Brussels and went rogue, selling not only his services, but his ideas and designs to the highest bidder. And now...

He holds up the copies.

PETER (CONT'D)

For the bad news.

Elizabeth looks to him.

ELIZABETH

Boothe wasn't the bad news?

PETER

No, Madam President. Boothe was the lead-up to the bad news.

She braces herself.

PETER (CONT'D)

As I was on my way over, I received a fax from the Lawrence Livermore Labs. Sorry, I didn't have time to get this up on the monitor.

He hands out the folders.

PETER (CONT'D)

It seems our speculations about the bomb were correct. However, not only was the bomb a failed nuclear device...it was an "enhanced radiation weapon."

The room reacts with disbelief.

DIRECTOR OF HS

Holy ...!

SHEPARD

A neutron bomb...?

Sarah watches Peter and Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

I'm afraid I don't know my  
thermonuclear distinctions.

David pipes up.

DAVID

Your average run-of-the-mill nuclear  
device is designed to destroy...to  
flatten everything.

He looks to Peter.

PETER

A neutron bomb is designed to maximize  
lethal neutron radiation in the  
immediate vicinity of the blast while  
minimizing the physical power of the  
blast itself.

Elizabeth frowns and looks to Sarah.

SARAH

In other words, a neutron bomb is  
designed to kill people, period.  
Kill them in the most instantaneous,  
horrific and despicable way, without  
destroying too many buildings.

Elizabeth rises and moves around the room.

ELIZABETH

Lord in heaven...

Sarah sits up.

SARAH

Madam President. If you're going to  
plant a nuclear device in Washington  
D.C. to create terror and panic, why  
use one of the most sophisticated,  
complicated, and expensive designs  
possible? I don't think this was  
about terror. I think this was about  
a regime change.



Elizabeth looks around the room.

ELIZABETH  
A coup? In the United States?

DAVID  
Remove the politicians without  
destroying the institutions.

ELIZABETH  
Who would have the...audacity to do  
that?

PETER  
There aren't many states that possess  
the technology...The U.S., Russia,  
China...Maybe France, India...Israel.

ELIZABETH  
North Korea?

PETER  
(shakes his head)  
Unlikely.

SARAH  
Or...the right person with enough  
money, motivation and a disaffected  
weapons designer...

She looks to Elizabeth. Elizabeth thinks a moment, then looks  
to Peter.

PETER  
And it's small enough to come in a  
handy "single-serving size."

The room is stunned.

**INT. FEDEX TERMINAL - DAY**

A CRATE is lifted onto the back of a FEDEX truck addressed to  
"J. GALT."

Inside the terminal, boxes upon boxes move down a conveyer  
belt, being sorted by hand and machine, smoothly and  
efficiently.

Then on a wall, a BLACK GLOVED HAND slams the EMERGENCY STOP  
BUTTON!

BELLS and BUZZERS SCREAM!

LIGHTS FLASH!

The conveyer belt STOPS. Packages scatter to the floor.

The WORKERS yell and shout!

Then a GUNSHOT!

A MASKED MAN dressed head to toe in black body armor, holds up a mean-looking pistol.

MASKED MAN 1  
Down on the floor!

Two other MEN dressed exactly like him and carrying machine guns, move through the terminal, forcing the WORKERS, to the floor.

MASKED MAN 1 (CONT'D)  
Stay down and no one gets hurt.

He pulls a SMART PHONE from his thigh pocket. He taps the phone a couple times, then looks around.

Several trucks are at loading docks, their back roll-doors up.

His PHONE BEEPS.

He zeroes in on one truck and rifles through the boxes, throwing them out.

Then...from inside one CRATE, loud BEEPS. His phone returns the BEEPS.

He turns back to his comrades and WHISTLES!

The other two look to the truck.

MASKED MAN 1 (CONT'D)  
Got it!

He jumps out of the truck and MASKED MAN 2 gently lifts the crate out of the truck and out the door.

MASKED MAN 3 backs out of the terminal...

MASKED MAN 3  
Stay on the floor!

As he backs out...he sees a new laptop box from MC Digital. He takes it and leaves.

**INT. GODDARD HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Peter shoves a couple of shirts into a travel bag. Sarah pulls them out.

SARAH  
Peter!

She folds them neatly and packs them in the bag.

PETER

You will stay with Elizabeth!

Peter grabs his SERVICE REVOLVER and tosses it into the bag, then strides to the bathroom and loads his toiletry kit.

SARAH

I don't need a baby sitter.

PETER

You're not staying here alone.

SARAH

Yes, I am!  
(to herself)  
I need the quiet.

He enters and yanks his clothes out of the bag.

PETER

Then I'm staying. I'll call David and tell him to take Ashton.

She grabs a shirt from him.

SARAH

Now you're being stupid.

PETER

Me?!

He glowers at her. She glowers back. He grabs his phone from the bureau and dials. He puts it on speaker.

DAVID (V.O.)

Yeah?

PETER

I'm not going. I need to stay with Sarah. Call Ashton, she can—

SARAH

Stop! Come on, wait, wait, wait—

She grabs the phone.

SARAH (CONT'D)

David. Peter will be there.

She hangs up the phone and glares at Peter.

PETER

Your "withering glance" has no effect on me. Neither does your stubbornness.

He moves back into the bathroom.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Now pack a bag. Elizabeth is  
expecting you.

She picks up one of his shirts...then crumples it in a ball  
and shoves it in the bag!

**EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Peter's car pulls up to the White House entrance.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE/ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

The BUTLER opens the door. Peter, carrying Sarah's suitcase,  
and Sarah enter. Elizabeth strides to them.

SARAH  
Madam President, you don't have to  
do this.

The Butler takes the suitcase.

PETER  
Yes, she does.

He catches himself.

PETER (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Madam President, no you  
don't, but I would—

ELIZABETH  
Stop it, both of you. Sarah stay.  
Peter go.

She kisses Peter's cheek and they embrace.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
Find that son-a-va-bitch.

PETER  
Yes, ma'am.

He moves to the door.

SARAH  
I'll walk you to the car.

Elizabeth turns to the Butler.

ELIZABETH  
Put Doctor Goddard in the Queen's  
bedroom.

Sarah and Peter walk out.

**EXT. WHITE HOUSE/ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

Peter and Sarah walk to the car, hand in hand.

SARAH  
If I can't do anything stupid, neither  
can you.

He chuckles. They are at the car.

PETER  
Understood. Text me...all the time,  
just text me all the time.

She smiles and nods. He leans down and kisses her. She wraps her arms around his neck and kisses him back.

SARAH  
Okay, go.

He kisses her again.

PETER  
Text me.

SARAH  
I'll text you.

He climbs in the car, starts it, and rolls down the window.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
And I'm sorry about your shirts.

PETER  
What?

She kisses him one last time and moves to the White House out of the cold. The car moves off into the dark wet streets.

**EXT. FBI JET - NIGHT**

The sleek jet slips through clouds in the night sky.

The SOUND OF A TEXT PING.

SARAH'S TEXT BUBBLE - "I am now brushing my teeth."

**INT. FBI JET - NIGHT**

Peter sits in an aisle seat, his legs stretched the walkway. He smiles at his phone as David snores in the seat beside him.

Another PING.

SARAH'S TEXT BUBBLE - "I am now rinsing."

He texts...

PETER'S TEXT BUBBLE - I get it. Brat!

SARAH'S TEXT BUBBLE - "I am now taking off all my clothes..."

He smiles and texts...

PETER'S TEXT BUBBLE - "I am now interested."

David snores, loudly.

SARAH'S TEXT BUBBLE - "I am now naked..."

Peter laughs out loud. David stirs.

PETER'S TEXT BUBBLE - "Send pix."

The PING of a text.

SARAH'S TEXT BUBBLE with photo attached.

She's sitting in the pink bed, wearing pajamas, a "White house" robe, and eating a pint of Hagen Daas.

Peter laughs.

PETER'S TEXT BUBBLE - "Sexy..."

His cell phone RINGS. He answers:

PETER  
Morgan! Where are you?

**INT. MORGAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

He sits behind his desk on his land line.

MORGAN  
In my office. What the hell is this  
I hear about you being at the center  
for the inauguration?

PETER (V.O.)  
Yeah. We watched it from the  
conference room.

MORGAN  
I told you, in no uncertain terms,  
no one was to be in the office on  
inauguration day.

INTERCUT BETWEEN FBI JET AND MORGAN'S OFFICE

PETER

Which was absurd. It was history in the making.

MORGAN

And if the bomb had gone critical?

PETER

Well, had we known a bomb was going to go off, we would have stayed home.

Morgan rubs his forehead. Peter frustrates the hell out of him sometimes.

MORGAN

Anything can happen at an inauguration, that's why I wanted the place empty.

PETER

I'm sorry—

MORGAN

You have to listen to me— If anything would have happened to you or Sarah...

Morgan's voice cracks. Peter listens....

PETER

I know...I'm sorry.

Morgan pushes through his emotion.

MORGAN

...Forgiven. Why don't you and Sarah come over for dinner tomorrow?

PETER

Can't. I'm on my way to Brussels.

MORGAN

Why? It's a gawd-awful town.

PETER

Can't say. Call Sarah. She's staying with Elizabeth.

**INT. FBI JET - NIGHT**

A BEEP on his phone. Peter looks at his phone.

MORGAN (V.O.)

Why is she—

PETER

Sorry, Morgan, I have a call coming in. I have to take it. Call Sarah.

He switches calls and puts it on speaker.

PETER (CONT'D)

Goddard.

AGENT NASH (V.O.)

Pete!

Peter elbows David who wakes.

DAVID

What?

**INT. BOOTHE'S HOUSE/SUBURB OF BRUSSELS - MORNING**

AGENT NASH, a brusque man in his 40s, stands in front of Boothe's computer.

AGENT NASH

Boothe is gone.

DAVID (V.O.)

Crap! Where to?

Nash's gloved hand scrolls through documents on the computer.

AGENT NASH

Well, that's the thing. Boothe is gone, but he left his computer behind...intact! Looks like everything's there, invoices, designs, Swiss Bank Account...where over the past 11 months a total of \$57 million dollars has been deposited...

DAVID (V.O.)

What!...

AGENT NASH

And, boss, I got his cell phone number.

DAVID (V.O.)

Nash! Where's he going?!

AGENT NASH

Wait for it...

Nash navigates to the RAIL.CC website.

AGENT NASH (CONT'D)

Wait for it...Istanbul. By train.



**INT. CIA JET - NIGHT**

Peter flies out of his seat, heading for the open cockpit.

PETER

Lou!

The PILOT turns.

PETER (CONT'D)

Change of plans. Istanbul.

The Pilot nods and turns the yoke. The jet banks.

On the table in front of David, Peter's cell slides to the wall...the FaceTime light glowing.

**INT. CARTER'S UPSCALE APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The Manhattan skyline lights up the horizon through floor to ceiling windows.

Randal Carter sits at a desk, the best and most expensive array of computer equipment and monitors before him...and probably only a month old.

He bursts from his chair!

CARTER

Damn it! Boothe you idiot!

He grabs a chair and hurls it against the wall.

**EXT. AUSTRIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

A breathtaking winter day. Pristine...newly fallen snow. This could be a thousand years ago, until a train WHOOSHES by.

**INT. TRAIN/FIRST CLASS CAR - DAY**

Alexe Boothe reclines in his ample First-Class seat, wearing a pair of AUDEZE headphones, his smart phone in his hand. He dozes...

A few rows away...facing Boothe...sits the GRAY-HAIRED WOMAN from BRUSSELS...mindlessly knitting.

Then Boothe's eyes POP OPEN...he looks at his phone.

INSERT: CELL PHONE

Incoming call...blocked...His thumb slides the "answer" button.

Boothe waits...

PETER (V.O.)  
 Alexe Boothe...?

Boothe freezes.

PETER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Mister Boothe?

Boothe blinks.

PETER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Mister Boothe, this is Peter Goddard  
 of the FBI.

Booth swallows hard.

PETER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 We know you're connected to the  
 inauguration bomb. Your print was  
 found on a latch. Sloppy, Mister  
 Boothe...

Is that a bead of sweat on his upper lip?

PETER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 We also know you weren't behind  
 it...but we think you can help us  
 find who is...

BOOTHE  
 And why would I do that?

PETER  
 Survival?

Boothe chuckles.

The Gray-Haired woman looks up, then back at her knitting.

BOOTHE  
 You mean, execution. I'm touched by  
 the FBI's concern. You never were  
 before, especially when you threw me  
 in prison for doing your dirty work.

He dabs his upper lip with a hanky.

BOOTHE (CONT'D)  
 Since you know so much about me, I  
 assume you know the whereabouts of  
 the second device?

Silence.

BOOTHE (CONT'D)  
 I thought not. Good luck, Mister  
 Goddard.

He hangs up.

**INT. FBI JET - NIGHT**

Peter stands, his phone at his ear, stunned.

                                  PETER  
 Mister Boothe!? Mister Boothe!?

He redials.

**INT. TRAIN/FIRST CLASS CAR - DAY**

Boothe pulls the SIM card from his phone and breaks it in half.

**INT. FBI JET - NIGHT**

Peter's ready to scream.

                                  DAVID  
 What?

                                  PETER  
 There's another bomb!

**INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY**

Sarah sits at her usual place at the table. Elizabeth is at the head, flanked by her department heads: CIA Director Shepard is there, Homeland Security Director, acting Secretary of Defense, HAROLD NOLAN, Director of the FBI...the lot of them.

                                  SARAH  
 Given the specific limitations of the bomb, i.e. the money and expertise needed to build a neutron device—my conclusion is that there are two, possibly three, regimes that could be responsible. The first two are obvious: North Korea and Iran, and the third...more of a diplomatic stretch: Israel.

Elizabeth sits back and sighs. The PEOPLE around the table are either in agreement or incensed. The CIA is incensed.

                                  SHEPARD  
 We have no intel or evidence to support Doctor Goddard's suspicions of Israel!

SARAH

We have no intel or evidence that supports suspicions of anyone!

She turns to Elizabeth.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Madam President I am making no accusations. I am merely—  
(to Shepard)  
—stating the fact that these governments are capable and motivated.

SHEPARD

Israel is NOT motivated. Madam President...!?

ELIZABETH

Let's just stop for a moment.

The room quiets. Shepard glares at Sarah.

SARAH

May I continue?

Elizabeth nods.

SARAH (CONT'D)

However, a more compelling argument is that of a single actor, working independently of any state, with his own agenda.

She presses the "forward arrow" on her iPad. On the screen is the picture of a 40-ISH MIDDLE-EASTERN MAN.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Sheikh Ibrahim Al Abboud. Distant cousin to the Saudi royal family—

SHEPARD

By all means, let's accuse the Saudi royal family!

Sarah looks to him...it's her withering glance. It works. Shepard shuts up.

SARAH

Sheikh Al Abboud is on the outs with the royal family because of his ultra conservative leanings and with his sympathy to Isis and Al Queida . He has particular animosity for the U.S. since we froze \$50 billion of his assets.

ELIZABETH

Where is he now?

Sarah looks to Shepard.

SHEPARD

We think Yemen.

SARAH

However...my money is on this man.

She presses the forward arrow. A distinguished looking MIDDLE-AGED, expertly suited man appears on the screen.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Yakov Ivanov Kuznetsov.

SHEPARD

Ah...Putin's pal from State University of Saint Petersburg.

SARAH

And the man who launders most of Vladimir Putin's money through Kuznetsov's various banks, real estate and oil companies.

ELIZABETH

And besides the feud we've always had with the Russian's why now?

The DESK PHONE in front of Elizabeth RINGS. The Chief-of-Staff answers it.

SARAH

Kuznetsov blames the United States for the alleged murder-suicide of his wife and daughter—

The Chief-of-Staff whispers in Elizabeth's ear.

ELIZABETH

Hold for a moment. Peter Goddard is on the phone. Put it on the screen.

The Chief-of-Staff pushes a couple buttons and Peter appears on the screen. All eyes focus front. Peter sits as behind him David stands talking furiously on his cell.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Peter.

PETER

Madam President.

Peter looks...worried...really worried.

PETER (CONT'D)  
There's another bomb.

ELIZABETH  
What?!

The room erupts.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
Continue.

The room quiets.

PETER  
Alexe Boothe fled his home in  
Brussels. He is on route to Istanbul  
and then, we suspect, to Iran.

Elizabeth shakes her head...holy Christmas!

PETER (CONT'D)  
We retrieved his cell number and I  
spoke with him. He told me about  
the other bomb.

SHEPARD  
Where is it?

Peter shakes his head.

PETER  
He refused to say, hung up and  
probably destroyed his phone.

Elizabeth rubs her forehead...could it get any worse?

ELIZABETH  
Do you believe him?

PETER  
I do, Madam President. It makes  
perfect sense to create a fail-safe  
device. We're about 90 minutes from  
Istanbul now.

Behind him, David turns and leans over Peter's shoulder.

DAVID  
Madam President. I've just gotten  
off the line with General Ismail  
Tabak at the Samandira Air Base.  
We'll land there and then a helicopter  
will take us to Hydarapasa station.

PETER

We have agents in country en route,  
but David and I should be able to  
intercept him as well.

Elizabeth thinks a moment. Sarah and Peter exchange worried glances.

ELIZABETH

And what if you don't?

Peter thinks a moment...that would be his worst nightmare.

PETER

If we miss Boothe, Madam President...I  
don't even begin to know where look.

The room is stunned...

**INT. SUV - NIGHT**

The FEDEX CONTAINER sits strapped down in the back of an SUV.

**EXT. STORAGE UNITS/FRONT GATE - NIGHT**

A sign touts "COEUR D'ALENE SELF STORAGE" above row, after row, after row of storage units.

A BLACK SUV pulls up to the gate. The DRIVER, a big man in nondescript clothes, punches in a security code. The gate opens.

**EXT. STORAGE UNITS/ROW - NIGHT**

The SUV slowly creeps past each row until it comes to the middle row. It turns into the row of units.

The SUV pulls up to the middle unit of the middle row. #111

The Diver steps out of the SUV, a flashlight in his hand. He shines it around...all clear. He KNOCKS on the window.

The back two doors open and too other BURLY MEN climb out.

**INT. STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT**

The storage unit door slides up. The men stand, SILHOUETTED by A PAIR OF FLOOD LIGHTS, at the door of an completely EMPTY UNIT.

Two Burly Men lift the FEDEX CONTAINER from the back of the SUV...walk it into the unit and place it carefully in the middle of the space.

In the flood light, we see the addressee: J. GALT.

The sound of the SLIDING DOOR slamming shut!

**EXT. SAMANDIRA ARMY AIR BASE/FBI JET - DAY**

The door opens on the FBI jet and the stairs unfold. Peter and David appear, along with two agents, KIRBY and BENNET. They all carry their weapons. They fly down the stairs.

A camouflaged M151 JEEP waits a few yards off. GENERAL ISMAIL TABAK, a sinewy man in his late 50s, walks to David and extends his hand.

GENERAL TABAK

Mr. Stern?

David grasps his hand.

DAVID

General.

GENERAL TABAK

The chopper is waiting.

DAVID

Thank you. We've got seventeen minutes before the train arrives.

They pile in the Jeep and speed off.

**EXT. TRAIN - DAY**

The train enters the outskirts of Istanbul and slows...

**INT. TRAIN/FIRST CLASS CAR - DAY**

Alex Boothe looks out the window and takes off his head phones. He rises, picks up his \$7,000 Mark Cross briefcase and heads for the rest room. As he passes the Gray Haired Lady, she fumbles and one of her needles falls to the floor.

Boothe, gallantly, picks it up. She speaks with a Middle Eastern accent.

GRAY HAired LADY

Careful, it is sharp.

He smiles and hands it to her.

GRAY HAired LADY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Boothe continues down the aisle and into the W.C. The Gray Haired Lady changes seats and watches the W.C.

**EXT. HYDARAPASA TRAIN STATION/PARKING LOT - DAY**

POLICE CARS and POLICE cordon off an area of the parking lot. Overhead the THRUMMING of a helicopter.



**INT. HELICOPTER - DAY**

Peter and David look out the side windows as the helicopter descends.

**EXT. HYDARAPASA TRAIN STATION/TERMINAL - DAY**

The train pulls slowly into the station.

**INT. TRAIN/FIRST CLASS CAR - DAY**

The Gray Haired Lady looks out of the window and spots the landed helicopter and the MEN and SOLDIERS exiting it.

She looks back to the W.C. The door is still closed. Around her, PASSENGERS rise and grab their bags.

The Gray Haired Lady rises, takes her knitting bag and pushes her way toward the W.C.

**EXT. HYDARAPASA TRAIN STATION/TERMINAL - DAY**

The place SWARMS with Turkish SOLDIERS, POLICE and a HANDFUL of U.S. AGENTS. They fan out across the station and down the platform as the train pulls up slowly...then stops.

GENERAL TABAK

We've distributed photos. If he is here, we will find him.

The doors of the train open, and PASSENGERS FLOOD out. Not only do they FLOOD OUT, PASSENGERS start FLOODING IN. Judas Priest!

PETER

I'm going to first class.  
(to General Tabak)  
Please, don't let any passengers get on board.

Tabak nods and yells to his MEN in Turkish.

Peter makes his way through the throng as David searches each passing man's face.

**INT. TRAIN/FIRST CLASS CAR - DAY**

The car is almost empty...the Gray Haired Lady waits in front of the W.C. door, her knitting in her hand.

Just as the last PASSENGER gets to the door, the W.C. door opens.

There stands Boothe, wearing an Arab Robe, Keffiyeh and Igal head covering, and the most perfect-looking beard. He has a pair of dark glasses in his hand that carries his brief case.

He starts at seeing the woman.

~~GRAY~~HEAIRE~~D~~ LADY  
 Pardon~~me~~. Madam.

He starts to step around her.

GRAY HAIRE~~D~~ LADY  
 Yes, pardon...

Instantly, her KNITTING NEEDLE is at his sternum.

She pushes the end of the needle...

The casing RETRACTS...a LONG SLENDER NEEDLE pierces his chest...

Right to his HEART!

His eyes widen...

He GASPS as PAIN RIPS through him.

She smiles.

GRAY HAIRE~~D~~ LADY (CONT'D)  
 Let me help you.

She PUSHES him back into the W.C.

**EXT. HYDARAPASA TRAIN STATION/TERMINAL - DAY**

Peter searches every man that passes.

Nothing! Dammit!

He looks to David who shakes his head.

Peter heads for the First-Class car, just as the Gray Haired Lady comes down...one...step...at...a...time.

Peter steps aside, then as soon as she's clear, he zooms up the step, running into Boothe's briefcase.

GRAY HAIRE~~D~~ LADY  
 I am so sorry. That is mine.

Peter hands it to her. She nods and melts into the crowd.

**INT. TRAIN/FIRST CLASS CAR - DAY**

Peter enters and frantically looks around. Empty.

He makes his way through the car...but...nothing.

He looks up and see the door of the W.C. open ever so slightly.

He draws his gun and slowly moves toward the door.

PETER  
Mister Boothe?

Then he sees it...the sole of a shoe wedged in the door.

No...it can't be.

He pulls the knob on the door...

Boothe lies, contorted on the floor...dead.

**EXT. TRAIN/FIRST CLASS CAR/PLATFORM - NIGHT**

Police lights FLOOD the platform. The train car is cordoned off with POLICE TAPE in ARABIC. The place is buzzing with SOLDIERS, POLICE and their support vehicles.

Peter and David are on their cell phones.

PETER  
Could have been anything...Phenol,  
Sodium thiopental, Conotoxins...  
Doesn't mater what it was because  
he's still dead.

SARAH (V.O.)  
Yes, it does matter...

**INT. QUEEN'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Sarah sits up in bed, papers and folders surround her.

SARAH  
How he was killed tells us who did  
it. A poison needle to the heart?  
That's not your run of the mill  
assassin and it's in close.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
Why are we always one step behind?

DAVID (V.O.)  
I wish I knew ma'am. The one bright  
spot is Boothe's computer. We've  
cloned the contents of the hard drive  
and sent it to Quantico, Shepard at  
the CIA, and our computers on the  
plane. If there's anything to find,  
we'll find it.

**EXT. TRAIN/FIRST CLASS CAR/PLATFORM - NIGHT**

David flags down Kirby. Peter stands close by.

DAVID

I'm leaving Bennet and Kirby here.  
Peter and I will leave for D.C. within  
the hour. From what I've seen...  
whoever killed Boothe has vanished.  
Boothe never had a chance.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

All right, gentlemen. Thank you.  
God speed.

DAVID

Yes, ma'am.

David hangs up and walks away with Kirby.

PETER

Sarah, stay on.

SARAH (V.O.)

I'm here.

Peter moves away from the noise and the craziness.

PETER

How are you feeling?

**INT. QUEEN'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Sarah flops back onto the pillow.

SARAH

Exhausted, sore, crabby...

PETER (V.O.)

I'm glad I'm here.

SARAH

Shut up...I hate it when you're gone.  
Come home...Come home now.

**EXT. TRAIN/FIRST CLASS CAR/PLATFORM - NIGHT**

Peter stands, exhausted.

PETER

I will.

He watches as Boothe's sheet-covered body is carried out of  
the train car and down the platform. David and Kirby walk  
with the body toward an ambulance.

PETER (CONT'D)

I will.

He hangs up...then walks toward the ambulance.

**INT. CARTER'S UPSCALE APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Randall Carter sits in front of his bank of computers, fidgeting. Over the speaker, the sound of SARAH COUGHING.

Carter closes the Audio App. He thinks for a moment...his leg bouncing.

Then he leaps from the chair, grabs his coat, and strides out the door.

**EXT. JERSEY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Outside the razor-wire chain-link fence, Randall Carter pulls the last screw from the rear license plate of his car, slips it off, and tosses it in the trunk on top of the front plate.

He pulls a dark hoodie over his ball-capped head, and gets back in the car.

The car starts and moves slowly toward the gate of the warehouse with a sign "JERSEY WAREHOUSE PARK."

**EXT. JERSEY WAREHOUSE/GATE - NIGHT**

The car approaches. Carter holds a copy of WIRED magazine in front of his face as he approaches the security KEYPUNCH.

INSERT: WHAT THE SECURITY CAMERA SEES - NIGHT VISION GREEN

The car drives up and stops. Carter's hand reaches out and punches six numbers. The WIRED magazine is perfectly clear, but that's all.

The GATE opens. The car moves out of view.

**EXT. JERSEY WAREHOUSE/GARAGE UNIT - NIGHT**

Randall Carter, carrying a satchel, keeps his head down as he raises the door on the warehouse and steps in.

**INT. JERSEY WAREHOUSE/GARAGE UNIT - NIGHT**

It's a big place. An auto shop could be comfortable here.

The place, however, is full of computer and technical equipment and every piece of equipment that can turn on is on as Carter types furiously on the master keyboard.

On the monitor above him, line upon line of CODE. On his last stroke, he looks to the monitor:

The lines of code process, then a DIALOGUE BOX asks:

"DO YOU WISH TO DESTROY ALL DATA ON THIS COMPUTER? Y N"

Carter clicks the "Y".

Behind the DIALOGUE BOX the code goes CRAZY. Another DIALOGUE BOX: Process will be complete in 6 minutes.

Carter kicks the chair away and reaches into the satchel and pulls out a can of gasoline.

He douses everything in the room...except for the computer.

He then takes out a short, TAPERED CANDLE. Around the candle, STICK MATCHES are strapped to it held in place by ELASTICS.

He LIGHTS THE CANDLE and drips some wax on the floor and then places the end of the candle in the puddle of wax.

It stands on its own. He then pours gas around the candle...

It's a crude trigger, but effective.

He looks at the monitor: 2 minutes to go.

He empties the gas can, looks around, then turns off the lights...opens the garage door...slips out, and closes it.

There's an EERY GLOW from the candle. We hear a LOCK click into place and the CAR ROLLS away.

On the MONITOR...a DIALOGUE BOX REPORTS: Task Complete...the MONITOR goes BLACK...the computer powers down...

The candle burns...

Then...the computer SPRINGS back back to life. A DIALOGUE box reads: "RESTORING DATA."

Behind the computer...a FLASH! Then FLAMES...FLAMES EVERYWHERE.

**EXT. FBI JET - NIGHT**

The plane skims the top of the clouds heading toward the dawn.

**INT. FBI JET - NIGHT**

Peter, wearing a terribly wrinkled shirt, looking like he hasn't slept in 36 hours, and David, looking like he hasn't slept in 48, study the monitor hanging on the side of the plane. They both hold lap tops.

On the top right and left of the screen are the FRAMES of PETER'S COMPUTER and DAVID'S COMPUTER. Agent Nash leans into the SKYPE screen.

AGENT NASH  
You seein' this?

As he talks, hundreds of emails and responses open on the screen.

AGENT NASH (CONT'D)

J. Galt, J. Galt, J. Galt. Everything was back and forth with this "J. Galt." This has gotta be our guy.

PETER

He's not. Just keep looking.

AGENT NASH

What the hell is a "beryllium neutron reflector" anyway?

PETER

Not something you can buy at Walmart.

DAVID

They're from everywhere. Receipts for nuts and bolts and wires...But not one face to face transaction.

AGENT NASH

And not one of 'em is traceable.

Then something FLASHES in the body of an email.

PETER

Wait a minute! Wait, what's that?

The emails stop opening.

PETER (CONT'D)

Go back five or ten.

The cursor clicks the CLOSE BUTTON on the emails until an email appears with a MAP in the body of the email.

DAVID

What the hell?

PETER

Enlarge.

Peter stares at it. It's a GOOGLE MAP of the PORT OF NEW JERSEY. A RED PIN is dropped on a section of the WATERFRONT.

PETER (CONT'D)

Now what does renown nuclear physicist, Alexe Boothe, need with a map of the Port of New Jersey?

David looks at him.

DAVID  
I say we find out.

He picks up his cell phone and walks away.

AGENT NASH  
But, Pete, who is this guy J. Galt?

**INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY**

Just Elizabeth, Sarah, Shepard and the Director of the NSA sit at the table. They all face the screen on the opposite wall.

ELIZABETH  
J. Galt? From "Atlas Shrugged?"

On the screen, Peter shrugs.

PETER  
That's the only name we can find and it's everywhere.

Sarah starts to chuckle.

SARAH  
Oh, my gosh...

ELIZABETH  
What?

SARAH  
It is him.

ELIZABETH  
I beg your pardon?

SARAH  
Well, it's not him, but Agent Nash is right, it is our guy.

She sits up and pounds on her iPad.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Look, this is not an arbitrary choice of characters or pseudonyms. He has chosen this alias carefully and for good reason.

She looks at Elizabeth.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
You've read the book.

She looks around the room.



SARAH (CONT'D)  
We've all read the book. What is  
the opening line?

SHEPARD  
"Who is John Galt?"

SARAH  
Yes! And what are we asking here?

She nods.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
...Who is John Galt?

To Elizabeth...

SARAH (CONT'D)  
John Galt a philosopher and inventor;

To Shepard...

SARAH (CONT'D)  
He believes in the power and the  
glory of the human mind; and the  
right of the individual to use their  
mind solely for themselves.

Elizabeth listens...her thoughts spinning.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
In the book, he serves as an  
individualistic counterpoint to the  
collectivist social and economic  
governmental structure depicted in  
the novel.

To the Director of the NSA.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
In the book, society is based on an  
oppressive bureaucratic government  
full of sycophants and corruption  
and parasites fueling a culture that  
embraces mediocrity in the name of  
egalitarianism.

Finally to Peter.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
John Galt is the perfect forensic  
profile of our man.

Silence...

SARAH (CONT'D)  
 Who is John Galt? Madam President,  
 John Galt is our would-be assassin.

The room sits in stunned silence.

**EXT. JERSEY WAREHOUSE/GARAGE UNIT - DAY**

The place SMOLDERS as FIREMEN DOUSE the unit and the connecting ones around it.

It's pretty much gone...burned to the ground. There are remnants of MONITOR GLASS and COPPER WIRE strewn about, but that's about it.

Back at the gate, a handful of BLACK SEDANS pull through and roll up to the POLICE TAPE. SIX AGENTS hurry out of the cars and up to a POLICEMAN. AGENT HADDAD, a Middle-eastern American, pulls out his FBI creds and shows the Policeman.

AGENT HADDAD  
 What the hell happened?

JERSEY POLICEMAN  
 Ain't it obvious?

Agent Haddad goes under the tape and strides to the Firemen.

AGENT HADDAD  
 Stop! Stop with the water!

The Policeman trots after him.

JERSEY POLICEMAN  
 Whadayathink you're doing?!

AGENT HADDAD  
 Turn off the water!

Agent Haddad hurries to a FIREMAN and grabs the hose.

**EXT. FBI JET - DAY**

The jet approaches the landing strip.

**INT. FBI JET - DAY**

David massages his throbbing head as he holds his cell.  
 It's on speaker.

AGENT HADDAD (V.O.)  
 Down to the ground!

Peter's jaw is clenched. Can't they get a break!

The jet touches down with a lurch.

AGENT HADDAD (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Not only is everything burned to the  
 ground, it's soakin'-freakin'-wet!

Now Peter rubs his head.

PETER  
 Crap!

DAVID  
 Bring it in.

AGENT HADDAD (V.O.)  
 Bring what in? There isn't anything.

DAVID  
 Look...This is the only lead we got.  
 If there's a freaking cockroach in  
 there, you bring it in.

AGENT HADDAD (V.O.)  
 Will do. Okay, listen up—

He hangs up. David looks at Peter who is sick of this.

PETER  
 Who-is-John-Galt!

With another lurch, the plane stops.

**INT. CNAC OFFICE/RECEPTION - DAY**

The place is a WHIR of activity. Jill sits at her desk  
 answering a barrage of PHONE CALLS.

**INT. MORGAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Behind his closed door, Morgan sits at his desk and pecks away  
 at his laptop with his good hand. He stops and leans back,  
 wearily. He rises and tries to stretch his left shoulder. He  
 WINCES...it hurts like hell.

He moves to a side table, pours himself a whiskey and takes a  
 long drink.

His PRIVATE PHONE rings...he'd rather not answer it...but...  
 does.

MORGAN  
 Carnegie.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
 ...I hear you had some trouble in  
 Brussels.

He smiles.

MORGAN

Got in the way of a bullet, they tell me.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

Did you?

He sits behind his desk.

MORGAN

Yes, and I'm not altogether convinced it wasn't you who shot me.

**INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY**

Elizabeth smiles and leans back in her chair.

ELIZABETH

If it was me you'd be dead.

INTERCUT MORGAN'S OFFICE/OVAL OFFICE

Morgan laughs out loud.

MORGAN

So true, so true. No one has an aim quite like you, Elizabeth.

All joking aside.

ELIZABETH

Are you all right?

MORGAN

I am...thank you.

ELIZABETH

Does Interpol have any suspects?

MORGAN

It was the North Koreans. I'm sure of it.

She takes a sip of a soft drink.

ELIZABETH

Would they be that blatant? What do you have to go on?

MORGAN

Well, I all but requested the assassination of their "dear leader," and I hacked into their central bank and stole three billion dollars.

Elizabeth busts up laughing.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

So yeah, I'm pretty sure it was them.

ELIZABETH

I love you...

His eyes mist.

MORGAN

And I, you.

She sighs...

ELIZABETH

...You know, it's been a while since we've had something in common.

MORGAN

Yes? What's that?

ELIZABETH

Attempted assassination.

MORGAN

Ah... I'll remember to send you a card next year.

They are silent. Morgan leans back in his chair.

ELIZABETH

Well...I have a press conference in fifteen minutes to announce my Secretary of State and my Secretary of the Treasury.

MORGAN

Sounds like fun.

ELIZABETH

It has its moments. It has all kinds of moments. Morgan...I'm very glad you're not dead. The world would be a dimmer place without you.

He is genuinely touched.

MORGAN

Likewise, Elizabeth.

A moment...there is so much more that could be said, but...

She hangs up.

**INT. MORGAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

He sits there a moment, the handset at his ear. The call disconnects and the DIAL TONE SOUNDS.

He replaces the handset...then...

Returns to pecking at his laptop.

**INT. SARAH'S OFFICE/FBI - DAY**

Sarah is lost in a thick file. Beside her "Atlas Shrugged" open to the middle.

Her cell rings. She picks it up.

SARAH

Goddard.

PETER (V.O.)

Hey...

SARAH

Hey...

PETER

Where are you?

SARAH

In my office. Where are you?

PETER

On the way to my office.

SARAH

Good. I'll wait for you in there.

She puts her phone down...the FaceTime like glows...she grabs the book and starts out, then returns and grabs her phone.

**INT. PETER'S OFFICE/FBI - DAY**

Sarah lies on Peter's perfunctory couch, Atlas Shrugged propped up against her pregnant belly.

Peter drags himself in, his travel bag in his hand. He drops it when he sees her. She looks up, puts the book aside and struggles to rise.

SARAH

Help me.

He smiles and pulls her to her feet. She falls into his arms. They just hold on.

**INT. FBI LAB - DAY**

The lights are dimmed and the blinds drawn. David and Sarah sit at a table and Peter leans against the wall. AGENT SUE BAKER sits at a computer, manipulating the image.

On a MONITOR bracketed to the wall, the three of them watch the end of the Security Tape from the Jersey warehouse. The car disappears.

PETER  
That's it? That's all we got?

AGENT BAKER  
Well, we've got this...

The image changes to a BIRD'S EYE VIEW of a MAN at the door of the unit.

PETER  
That's even worse. Geez... Play the first one again and zoom in on the magazine.

AGENT BAKER  
Okay, but you can't see anything.

The first image comes up and ZOOMS in on the magazine. There's nothing. Peter switches on the lights.

PETER  
So...the storage unit was the place they built the bomb or assembled the bomb or did something with the bomb.

SARAH  
We suspect.

PETER  
We suspect.

He sits on the desk, exhausted....

PETER (CONT'D)  
So...If they ordered all these parts from hell to breakfast they had to be delivered somewhere...somewhere close.

David sits up and punches numbers on the Conference Phone landline in the middle of the table.

AGENT HADDAD (V.O.)  
Haddad.

DAVID

Nick...I want you and your men to talk with every possible place a person could rent a post office box within a 25 mile radius. We are looking for J. Galt.

PETER

And if you don't find it in 25 miles, increase it to 50 miles.

AGENT HADDAD (V.O.)

Copy that.

PETER

Now the fun starts.

They all look at the image of the man in the car on the screen.

**INT. NEW JERSEY STREET - DAY**

Agent Haddad looks at a "print out" of mail box stores. Nearly all of them have been crossed off. He takes a breath, then walks into a "mom and pop" storefront.

**INT. MAILBOX STORE - DAY**

A LITTLE LADY in the 70s stands behind the counter.

LITTLE LADY

Why, yes, we do. There is a J. Galt here. Nice young man. Little guy. He rented our biggest box. Pre-paid for two years. Was getting a lot of deliveries for a while, then...nothing for about a month.

AGENT HADDAD

Do you have a security camera?

LITTLE LADY

Oh, heaven's no. Why would we need that?

Damn!

AGENT HADDAD

Which box was his?

She points to the bottom row.

LITTLE LADY

That big one there.

Agent Haddad smiles.



AGENT HADDAD  
Thank you, ma'am.

...CUT TO:

**INT. RANDALL CARTER'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Every piece of equipment is on. Carter watches the TV eating Chinese take-out.

Behind him on his computer: a DING.

Carter walks to his desk and looks at the monitor. There's a WARNING MESSAGE.

INSERT - MONITOR - A WARNING DIALOGUE BOX READS:

FBI FILE RETRIEVED BY AGENT PETER GODDARD. 14:08 EDT.

CARTER

Shit!

He puts his food down, closes his laptop and shoves it in a back pack stuffed with cords, a sat phone, and all the equipment you'd need to start a small Radio Shack.

He throws on his coat, scarf and hat, puts on his back pack and picks up a fully packed duffel already sitting at the front door.

Then he's out the door.

PETER (V.O.)

We got him!

**INT. DAVID'S OFFICE/FBI - DAY**

David looks up from his computer as Peter zooms in and holds up a file.

PETER

Randall Carter!

DAVID

Who the hell is Randall Carter?

PETER

J. Galt! His prints were all over the Post Office Box. I'm sure he never suspected that the bomb would fail so he took NO precautions getting packages.

Sarah appears at the door, holding her belly and limping. She's in pain, but she'll be damned if she'll admit it.

Peter opens the file.

PETER (CONT'D)  
He's a genius...a computer prodigy.

**EXT. MOTORHOME DEALERSHIP - DAY**

A parking lot full of all shapes and sizes of motor homes.

PETER (V.O.)  
Thirty-two years old. At sixteen he  
was arrested for hacking Citibank  
and stealing five million dollars.

A SALESMAN exits the building followed by Carter. They walk to a medium-sized, very posh motor home.

**INT. DAVID'S OFFICE/FBI - DAY**

Sarah eases onto the couch as Peter looks at the file.

SARAH  
I remember hearing about him.

PETER  
He was charged as an adult and spent  
five years in prison and prison was  
not kind to him.

DAVID  
Yeah, how?

PETER  
He's a little guy...and nerdy.

**INT. MOTORHOME - DAY**

Carter tosses his duffel on a chair as the Salesman opens and closes doors and point to this and that. It's got every bell and whistle you can think of.

PETER (V.O.)  
For some reason he was sent to a  
maximum security prison.

SARAH (V.O.)  
At sixteen?

PETER (V.O.)  
The inmates were brutal...

**INT. DAVID'S OFFICE/FBI - DAY**

Sarah sighs.

PETER

...Brutal...

SARAH

They should have given back the money  
and put him to work for the NSA. We  
might not be in this situation.

David nods.

PETER

We sent agents to his last known  
location in Brooklyn, but he hasn't  
lived there for exactly 11 months.

DAVID

You mean about the time it would  
take to build a bomb?

Peter smiles.

**INT. MOTORHOME - DAY**

The Salesman shakes Carter's hand, then hands him a set of  
keys.

PETER (V.O.)

We're trying to find his whereabouts  
but he has several known aliases.  
He's got the talent and the motivation  
to disappear and go deep.

**EXT. MOTORHOME DEALERSHIP - DAY**

The motorhome drives off the lot.

**INT. GODDARD HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Peter and Sarah eat at the counter...well, Peter eats.

PETER

Not hungry?

She shakes her head.

SARAH

I think I'll go to bed.

She pushes away from the counter and takes a step.

Pain THUNDERS through her as her legs give way. She goes down,  
but Peter catches her. She grabs onto him.

PETER

I'm calling the doctor!

SARAH  
 No, don't. She'll just give me  
 something for the pain and I won't  
 take it. It comes and goes.

He holds her, helplessly.

PETER  
 What can I do?

SARAH  
 Help me to the bed.

He helps her toward the door.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
 Just a week. I tell ya, this kid  
 better be worth it. If she turns  
 out to be a little brat...

Peter smiles. They disappear out of the kitchen.

PETER (O.S.)  
 If she does, she'll be just like her  
 mother...Ow...

**INT. GODDARD HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The light is on on the nightstand and the digital clock reads 11:37. Next to it, Peter's phone comes to life and vibrates. Peter's hand scoops it up.

Peter sits up in bed, folders surrounding him.

PETER  
 (whispering)  
 Yeah? No, I'm up.

Next to him Sarah sleeps soundly.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 I'm on my way.

He looks to his wife...kisses her cheek and slips out of bed.

**EXT. MOTORHOME - NIGHT**

Carter's motorhome is parked at the very back of a nondescript camp ground surrounded by woods.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)  
 ...The FBI, and local law enforcement  
 have evacuated an apartment building  
 on Central Park West.

**INT. MOTORHOME - NIGHT**

Carter lies on the bed eating cold cereal, glued to the television in front of him.

On the television, an arial view of an apartment building. The place is surrounded by POLICE, FIREMEN, FBI, NEST, NSA and all their SUPPORT VEHICLES flashing a myriad of lights.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

The department of energy's Nuclear Emergency Support Team, or N.E.S.T., is on scene and according to a source close to the FBI, it is in connection to the Inauguration Day Bombing.

On the dinette table, Carter's laptop is open to the audio program. Both the "Peter" band and the "Sarah" band are silent.

The "Peter" band's wave length comes to life...but the sound of the TV drowns it out.

Glued to the TV, Carter just chews.

**INT. DAVID'S OFFICE/FBI - NIGHT**

David is at his desk, Agent Baker sits on the couch, a folder in front of her, and Peter leans against the wall.

AGENT BAKER

There was some sort of...digital anomaly, for want of a better term, with Randal Carter's record. It seems that when our fingerprint database activated his record, an encrypted program embedded in his file sent him a message.

PETER

So he's on the run?

David nods. Peter groans, frustrated again.

PETER (CONT'D)

Thanks, Sue.

She nods, hands him the file and leaves.

PETER (CONT'D)

Okay...Okay...

A plans formulates. He turns to David.

PETER (CONT'D)

Let's release him to the public.

David leans back, uneasy.

DAVID

That makes me nervous.

PETER

Look, during the Boston Marathon bombing it was the public that found that guy. Carter's got a two day head start, we've got no idea where he's heading. We've been playing "catch up" since inauguration day. Release him to the public.

**INT. PRESS BRIEFING ROOM - DAY**

FBI director Nolan stands at the podium.

NOLAN

Randall Carter has been placed at the top of the FBI's most wanted list in connection with the Inauguration Day bombing and with the murders of John and Robert Mullins.

**INT. MOTORHOME - DAY**

Carter drives the motorhome down a two-lane country highway. The news plays on his radio.

NOLAN (V.O.)

We have distributed photos along with Randall Carter's physical information.

CARTER

Damn it!

He turns the wheel and slams on the brakes and grabs his tablet. He pulls up a visual.

NOLAN (V.O.)

He is considered armed and dangerous. If spotted, do not approach. Call the 800 number provided and report his whereabouts.

**INSERT - TABLET**

CNN streaming. Randall Carter's mug shot is front and center.

NOLAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Morgan Carnegie, chairman of MC Digital has offered a one million (more)

NOLAN (V.O.) (cont'd)  
dollar reward for information leading  
to his whereabouts—

Carter pounds his fist on the steering wheel.

**INT. PETER'S OFFICE/FBI - DAY**

Peter leans back in his chair at his desk reading from his computer.

PETER  
There are 11,849 people in the United  
States named J Galt.

Sarah lies on his couch, reading papers. Peter sits up.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Wait a minute. Here's something  
interesting. A police report out of  
Portland, Oregon. On January 22nd,  
three well armed men in full body  
armor and face masks stormed a FedEx  
terminal in Portland, Oregon.

SARAH  
And...?

PETER  
Out of thousands of boxes, only one  
thing was taken. A package about  
the size of a large tool box addressed  
to a "J Galt."

He leans back.

PETER (CONT'D)  
If you wanted to move a dangerous  
package from one coast to the other  
without the risk of getting caught,  
how would you do it?

SARAH  
FedEx it. Track it. Then steel it  
from the terminal when it arrived.

PETER  
Yep!

Peter stands up as David appears at the door his laptop in his hand.

PETER (CONT'D)  
I was just coming to see you.

DAVID  
I'm glad you're both here.

PETER  
We got—

David places his laptop on the desk.

DAVID  
You need to hear something.

He presses a key. Through the laptop speaker we hear:

*SARAH (V.O.)  
The baby's fine. The baby's perfect.*

*PETER (V.O.)  
Then what is it?*

Peter looks at Sarah, astonished. Sarah pulls herself up.

*SARAH (V.O.)  
I have cancer... Cervical cancer...  
Stage 1B... 90% survival rate if  
treated quickly and aggressively...  
aggressive treatment is a hysterectomy  
followed by radiation...*

David presses a key, then looks at Peter, sadly.

DAVID  
I'm sorry, I didn't know.

Peter shakes his head...that's the last thing he wanted to  
relieve. David looks at Sarah.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Do you need anything? Do you need  
time off?

She shakes her head. Peter looks to David.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
We found it on Randall Carter's  
computer in his office. This guy  
was listening to the three of us,  
Nolan, Shepard and a half dozen  
others. Even from the Oval Office.

PETER  
How is that possible?

DAVID  
Dammed if I know.

Then, from Peter's computer speaker:



CARTER (V.O.)  
I got it from Galt...

Peter looks to the door. No one.

CARTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I got everything from Galt.

Peter looks to David, then slowly circles around to the front of his computer. Randall Carter is in a video chat window on the computer.

PETER  
Mister Carter?

CARTER  
Sit down so I can see your face.

Peter looks at David who eyes the door. David nods, understanding, and moves out. Peter eases into his chair.

PETER  
I believe you know more about me  
than I about you.

CARTER  
You know enough. What you don't  
know is, I'm not the one you want.

PETER  
That's just what Alexe Boothe said.

Sarah writes on a yellow pad.

CARTER  
He was right. J. Galt is pulling  
the strings. He's the one with the  
money, he's the one with the bomb.

PETER  
Why did you send it to Portland?

CARTER  
Because I was ordered to.

PETER  
Were you in on the theft?

CARTER  
From Portland? No. Look, I sent  
the package, after that...He cut me  
lose. I haven't heard from him.

Sarah holds up the yellow pad. It says: "ASK HIM WHAT HE  
WANTS."

PETER  
What do you want?

CARTER  
To disappear.

Sarah writes on her pad again.

PETER  
Seems you've already done that. We  
can't find you anywhere.

CARTER  
With my face all over the TV, I'm  
afraid to get gas.

PETER  
So you are on the run.

CARTER  
As fast as I can.

She holds up her pad: "PROMISE HIM ANYTHING FOR GALT."

PETER  
Look, Mister Carter. You give me  
Galt, I'll let you disappear.

CARTER  
I don't know who he is! None of us  
did. He's left no trace. All I  
know is that he's a tech genius.

PETER  
That sounds like you.

Carter laughs.

CARTER  
Naw, I might be Einstein...but he's  
god. This app? This surveillance  
app? Leaves no trace of entry or  
origin on any device using MC Digital  
software. It's beyond elegant.

Carter looks away and chuckles, then back to the camera.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
I see here that Mister Stein is trying  
to find me. When he returns, tell  
him it's a waste of his time. I'm  
untraceable.

PETER  
I want to help you, I do. If you  
come in—

CARTER  
You're not listening. I'm not going  
back to prison.

Carter thinks a moment.

PETER  
Then send me the software. Let our  
people look at it.

CARTER  
I can't send it to you, it's not  
freaking "shareware!" I tried to  
reverse engineer it and it nearly  
fried my computer!

PETER  
Then I can't help you.

CARTER  
Look there's a back door in the MC  
Digital software...built in...I'm  
sure of it.

David appears at Peter's door. Peter looks up. David shakes  
his head.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
That's the only way something like  
this could work!

PETER  
I'm sorry Mister Carter. I don't  
believe you. We will find you, Mister  
Carter, and if you don't cooperate,  
you will be sent back to prison.

He shuts down his computer.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Turn off your phones.

They all get their phones and power them down.

DAVID  
You think he's telling the truth?

PETER  
One way to find out.

He grabs his coat and strides out.

**EXT. MC DIGITAL BUILDING - DAY**

It's a cold blowy D.C. day as Peter, bundled against the cold,  
yanks open the massive glass door.

**INT. CNAC OFFICE/RECEPTION - DAY**

The elevator doors open. Peter exits and walks up to Jill, who sits behind the reception desk.

JILL  
Hey, Doctor Goddard.

PETER  
Is Morgan in?

JILL  
Sure is. Go on in. Sherilyn's on guard.

He pushes through a pair of mahogany doors.

**INT. MORGAN'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

It's an old-school yet stylish waiting room. At an elegant desk sits Sherilyn. Peter pushes through the doors. Sherilyn looks up. She smiles brightly and rises.

SHERILYN  
Peter!

They embrace, warmly.

SHERILYN (CONT'D)  
How nice to see you!

PETER  
You, too. Is he in?

SHERILYN  
Yep. He's on a call, but he won't mind.

She opens the door and ushers him in.

**INT. MORGAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Man this place is something. The artwork alone is probably worth 30 million.

Morgan sits behind his desk, his arm still in a sling, talking on his land line. He looks up and his face brightens at the sight of Peter.

MORGAN  
Listen, I have to go. I'll transfer you to Sherilyn.

He presses a couple buttons and hangs up.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Peter!

Peter beams as Morgan comes around the desk.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

It's about time.

They embrace like father and son.

PETER

I am so sorry. This is literally  
the first chance—

They part. Morgan keeps hold of Peter's shoulder and looks at him.

MORGAN

No need, my boy, I understand. You  
are a sight for sore eyes. Sit down,  
sit down. It is so good to see you.

Peter drops into a chair. Morgan goes to the sideboard.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Something to drink?

PETER

I can't stay long, but I could use a  
Coke.

MORGAN

Done.

He pours a Coke over a glass of ice.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

So this isn't a "I missed you Morgan  
and wanted to make sure you weren't  
dead" visit?

PETER

(chuckles)  
'Fraid not. I need your help.

Morgan hands him the Coke. Peter takes a long drink.

MORGAN

What's up?

PETER

It's about your operating system.

Morgan frowns...that came out of left field.

MORGAN  
What about it?

PETER  
Is it hackable?

MORGAN  
Anything's hackable.

PETER  
No, I mean, did you build in a back door that, if exploited, could run untraceable surveillance software?

MORGAN  
Hell, no. Why would I do that? It would make the entire system vulnerable.

Peter thinks a moment...then crosses and puts his glass on the sideboard.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
What do you mean, surveillance software?

PETER  
Could someone else do it?

MORGAN  
If there's no back door, nothing can get in.

PETER  
So here's my dilemma...

Peter walks around Morgan's desk and looks at his laptop... there's just rows and rows of code on the screen.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Someone hacked into the cell phone systems of the FBI, the CIA and pretty much every other cell phone in the government and has been surveilling us. It's untraceable. And the guy said it could only work if there was a back door in your operating system.

MORGAN  
I don't know what to tell you. I wrote it. There is no back door.

Peter nods...then Peter catches a FLASHING MESSAGE on Morgan's laptop. Peter points to it.

PETER

I think there's something wrong.

Morgan walks to the computer and looks.

CLOSE ON: COMPUTER MESSAGE READS "CRITICAL ACCESS ERROR"

MORGAN

Hell.

He punches in a combination of keys.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Beta version of the next release.  
Still has a few bugs.

The flashing message DISAPPEARS.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

What guy?

Peter frowns?

MORGAN (CONT'D)

You said a "guy" said it could only  
work if there was a back door.

PETER

This guy we're looking for, Randall  
Carter.

Morgan closes his computer.

MORGAN

The "million dollar man."

PETER

(grinning)  
Yeah, thanks for that.

Morgan nods.

MORGAN

He contacted you?

PETER

Yeah, video chatted.

They sit a moment in silence...a little strained.

PETER (CONT'D)

Well, I better go...

MORGAN

I'll walk you out.

He walks him toward the door.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I want you and Sarah to come to dinner soon.

Peter turns and looks at Morgan.

PETER

We'd like that. We have things to tell you.

MORGAN

Then this weekend...

They move out of the office.

**EXT. BUSY DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT**

It's "quitting time" and the streets bustle with people. This could be Cleveland or Buffalo or any big city close to the Canadian border.

Blending in the sea of people is Randall Carter, wearing dark glasses and a ball cap, a backpack slung over his shoulder.

He disappears into a UPS store.

**INT. PETER'S OFFICE/FBI - DAY**

Talks on his land line.

PETER

Did they have any idea where he was heading?

**EXT. MOTORHOME DEALERSHIP - DAY**

Agent Haddad stands with the Salesman that sold Carter the Motorhome.

AGENT HADDAD

Naw. Said he turned out of the dealership and went north but...you can only go north.

**INT. PETER'S OFFICE/FBI - DAY**

Peter smacks a few keys on his computer as a MAILROOM CLERK enters and puts a slightly mangled box on his desk.

PETER

Well, get the specs out and we'll find him. I say he's headed for Canada.



Peter nods at the Mailroom Clerk as he leaves.

AGENT HADDAD (V.O.)

Will do.

Peter hangs up. He stands and looks at the box. It's been rudely taped, but has word "CLEARED" in thick red letters stamped on it.

Peter opens the box...inside is a LAPTOP. What the...?

He takes the laptop from the box and give it the once over...nothing special, just a laptop.

He opens the laptop...there's a note taped to the screen.

CLOSE ON - LAPTOP SCREEN

THE NOTE READS: "I send this at great personal risk. Turn on Computer. Then dial 473-543-5582."

Peter looks at the laptop...does he dare? His finger hovers over the "on" button...then presses it.

The laptop fires up.

Then he dials on his landline...

CARTER (V.O.)

You got my package.

PETER

I did.

CARTER (V.O.)

When you get the prompt, type in R2D2notBB8...

PETER

R2D2 not BB8? You are joking.

Carter chuckles.

CARTER (V.O.)

I'm a purest, Mister Goddard.

Peter types.

CARTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

On the desktop is one file. That's the software. Open it. Give it to your people. Sniff the code.

And CLICK. He hangs up. Peter thinks a moment...then dials.

PETER

Sue...could you come to my office?

He puts down the phone and traces on the laptop's trackpad.

CLOSE ON - LAPTOP SCREEN

The file opens.

**INT. MC DIGITAL/RECEPTION - EVENING**

Jill sits at the desk as the DING of the elevator sounds. She looks up and, her eyes WIDEN.

Elizabeth strides down the hall, flanked by Richard and two other SECRET SERVICE WOMEN. Elizabeth pauses at the desk.

ELIZABETH

Is he in?

Jill swallows hard.

JILL

Ah...yes...Ma'am.

She grabs the phone.

JILL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I'll let him know you're here.

Elizabeth stops her.

ELIZABETH

Please don't. You'll spoil the surprise.

Jill nods. Elizabeth starts down the hall, Richard and her Secret Service detail follow.

**INT. MORGAN'S OFFICE - EVENING**

Morgan types with his good hand, a tall whiskey next to him. There's a SOFT KNOCK at the door. Without looking up.

MORGAN

Come!

Sherilyn opens the door.

SHERILYN

Sir?

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Yes, what is it?

He looks up. There stands Elizabeth. He's stunned...

Richard starts to enter, but Elizabeth gives him a nod that he isn't needed. Richard and Sherilyn back out of the office and close the door.

MORGAN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Elizabeth...

ELIZABETH  
Morgan...

He slowly rises. They stand for a moment sizing each other up. The chemistry between them is palpable. He smiles.

MORGAN  
I like your dress.

ELIZABETH  
Thank you.

She looks around.

MORGAN  
Drink?

ELIZABETH  
Please. A Man—

MORGAN  
—hattan, yes, I know.

ELIZABETH  
The place hasn't changed.

She spots a small MARC CHAGALL on the wall. She walks to it.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
Except for this. Chagall?

He pours mixes her drink.

MORGAN  
Yes. It's "Over the Town." Chagall liked to go flying around in the air with his wife.

ELIZABETH  
Who doesn't?

Morgan chuckles. She ambles around the room eyeing everything... He hands her the drink. She gazes at him a moment.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
I hear your antitrust suit goes before the Supreme Court next Wednesday.

MORGAN  
Yes. I'm told I'll lose.

ELIZABETH  
I tried to warn you.

MORGAN  
You tried to manipulate me.

Her eyes blaze.

ELIZABETH  
I never manipulated you.

MORGAN  
No, you just left.

ELIZABETH  
Was there a reason to stay?

They are riveted on one another...worthy adversaries.

MORGAN  
Loyalty? Affection?

ELIZABETH  
You had both.

MORGAN  
I did...once.

He turns from her...she is like a knife in his heart.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Why are you here, Elizabeth.

She looks toward a bookcase and sees it...a bookend holding back a line of gold-embossed books...

It's ATLAS...shouldering the world.

She pulls it from the shelf and looks at him.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
I feel like that at times...  
shouldering the world.

ELIZABETH  
Perhaps you should shrug.

MORGAN  
And destabilize the world?

ELIZABETH  
Are you that essential to the world?

MORGAN

I am.

She raises an eyebrow, then turns Atlas over in her hands. On the base is an inscription. She reads:

ELIZABETH

"The first man of ability who refused to regard it as guilt." Is that from the book?

MORGAN

I haven't the foggiest.

The two regard each other...like big cats.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

It seems to be consuming Peter's every waking moment.

She continues around the room looking at the pictures on the wall of a younger her and Morgan...Morgan and Peter...and the three of them standing next to Peter in graduation robes...wedding photos of Peter and Sarah.

ELIZABETH

We seem to be playing catch up. I haven't told Peter this, but my question is: who wants me dead?

She looks directly at him. His eyes soften just a little.

MORGAN

I'm no expert, but I don't think the bomb was directed specifically or exclusively at you. Had it succeeded and gone critical, it would have taken out the entire government...not just you.

ELIZABETH

That's cold comfort.

She puts Atlas back, then moves to him and hand him her glass.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

You know, I could forgive someone for trying to kill me. But I could never forgive them for trying to kill a million innocent Americans.

MORGAN

I understand your sentiment. I hope you catch him, for everyone's sake. It seems to be consuming Peter's every waking moment.

ELIZABETH

It is. That and Sarah. She's got grit, I'll give her that.

MORGAN

Grit? She's not the first woman to have a baby.

She looks to Morgan, incredulously.

ELIZABETH

You don't know?

Morgan waits.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

She has cancer. Cervical cancer.

This hits Morgan hard.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...I assumed he'd told you.

MORGAN

No...

ELIZABETH

I'm sorry to be the one...

She places her glass on the sideboard.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Good night, Morgan.

She kisses his cheek...lingering a moment longer than she should. He smiles, sadly.

MORGAN

Good night, Elizabeth.

She hesitates, then walks to the door and pushes through it.

**INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMO - NIGHT**

Elizabeth climbs into the back of the limousine. It pulls away from the curb. She closes her eyes and weeps.

**INT. PETER'S OFFICE/FBI - NIGHT**

A Coke can hits the desk. Peter, stands and shakes his head, trying to wake up. The clock on the wall says 3:23.

PETER

Anything...?

Agent Baker sits next to a YOUNG ISRAELI WOMAN, with a VISITOR PASS who stares at the laptop. She speaks with an Israeli accent.

YOUNG ISRAELI WOMAN  
It's surveying your phone. I've turned the NIC of the system into the promiscuous mode...there's just a lot of traffic and it's pinging all over the world..."Balagan!"

The woman types furiously and then traces on the trackpad.

YOUNG ISRAELI WOMAN (CONT'D)  
I have to follow it back but everything looks just like normal HTTP traffic.

Peter stretches and looks to Sarah who sleeps on the couch, his coat over her. Then:

DAVID (O.S.)  
Peter!

Peter looks up. David appears at the door.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
The Saint Clair County Sheriff is in pursuit of Randall Carter.

Suddenly:

YOUNG ISRAELI WOMAN  
Wait a minute! Wait, wait, wait!

Peter hurries and looks over her shoulder. On the screen are lines and lines of code.

YOUNG ISRAELI WOMAN (CONT'D)  
There it is! I found it!

She points to the screen.

YOUNG ISRAELI WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Traffic is going to there! There's your back door.

PETER  
You're sure?

YOUNG ISRAELI WOMAN  
Yes, I'm sure.

PETER  
Could it have been...what, added later or restructured.

YOUNG ISRAELI WOMAN  
No. It was created this way.

Peter steps back...this can't be!

DAVID  
Peter! I need you with me.

Peter nods. He starts out with David, then remembers Sarah.  
He goes to her.

PETER  
Sarah... Sweetheart, wake up.

He shakes her, gently.

DAVID  
Just let her sleep. Come on!

PETER  
Sarah...Wake up...Sarah!

Sarah's out...her arm slips down...limp.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Something's wrong.

David goes to Sarah.

DAVID  
Sarah!

PETER  
Call an ambulance!

Agent Baker picks up the phone.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - FLASHING POLICE LIGHTS AND A WAILING SIREN

**EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

But it's not the AMBULANCE, it's a SHERIFF'S car SPEEDING after Carter's MOTORHOME. Behind the head car are THREE MORE cars in pursuit.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
Suspect is armed, but refrain from  
deadly force. Repeat refrain from  
deadly force. Suspect must be taken  
alive.

**INT. MOTORHOME - NIGHT**

Carter, panicked, drives. His face pale, wet with sweat.



**EXT. MOTORHOME - NIGHT**

From behind, the lumbering motorhome sways...then fishtails.

**INT. MOTORHOME - NIGHT**

Carter grips the wheel. The motorhome LURCHES. Carter turns the wheel, sharply, over correcting.

**EXT. MOTORHOME - NIGHT**

The motorhome SKIDS, VEERS and VAULTS off the road and through a fence.

MATCH CUT TO:

A GURNEY PLOWING THROUGH HOSPITAL DOORS.

**INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Sarah lies unconscious on the gurney as EMT'S and a NURSE push her down the hall. Peter hurries alongside, a NURSE with him.

PETER

She's almost 29 weeks pregnant. She has cervical cancer. Doctor Katherine Bernstein is her doctor.

The gurney disappears through some doors.

NURSE

We'll take care of her. Wait here.

She follows the gurney through the doors. Peter stands alone...frantic.

He pulls out his cell and punches some numbers.

The SOUND of a PHONE RINGING ONCE.

MORGAN (V.O.)

You've reached Morgan Carnegie.  
Leave a message.

BEEP!

PETER

Morgan, it's Peter. Sarah's...

He tries to calm himself.

PETER (CONT'D)

Sarah's in the hospital. I don't know what's wrong. Call me.

He hangs up. Then dials again. The PHONE RINGS.

SHERILYN (V.O.)  
Peter! How—

PETER  
Where's Morgan?

SHERILYN (V.O.)  
He...left.

PETER  
What? Where?

SHERILYN (V.O.)  
Don't know. Said he was leaving  
town and gave me two weeks off. He  
didn't tell you?

He hangs up. He stands, his mind racing. Then, his cell phone  
RINGS.

PETER  
Elizabeth...

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
David called me. Is she all right?

He nearly breaks...

PETER  
I don't know...

He leans against the wall. Anything to hold him up.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
I'm en route to the hospital...I'll  
be there in ten!

Peter hangs up. This can't be happening.

**INT. MOTORHOME - NIGHT**

Randall Carter sits stunned in the cab of the motorhome.  
Everything thrown from hell to breakfast. From the hood, steam  
billows.

Everywhere, FLASHING blue and red lights. A BOOMING voice  
through a BULLHORN.

OFFICER (O.S.)  
Randall Carter! Exit the vehicle  
slowly, your hands up!

Carter holds his head in his shaking hands... WHAT THE HELL  
SHOULD HE DO?!

OFFICER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Randall Carter! Exit your vehicle!

Carter opens up the glove compartment and grabs his 9MM.

He shoves open the door...

Then eases out...

**EXT. MOTORHOME - NIGHT**

LIGHTS FLOOD and FLASH the motorhome as Carter slips from the darkness into the LIGHT, his hands above his head.

He takes a step...then another...

Then he POINTS his gun at the OFFICERS.

OFFICER

Gun!

A BARRAGE of gunfire! Carter goes down...

Then...the guns STOP...SMOKE fills the air...

Carter's dead.

**INT. HOSPITAL/WAITING ROOM - NIGHT**

Peter sits in a chair, dazed. There is an older couple sitting against a far wall.

Then the doors fly open. Two Secret Service people sweep in. All heads turn as...Elizabeth enters.

ELIZABETH

Is she all right?

PETER

They're not sure...Strain of the pregnancy...dehydration...the cancer. They're delivering the baby now.

Elizabeth takes him in her arms.

**INT. HOSPITAL/PRIVATE WAITING ROOM - NIGHT**

Richard's brawny shoulders can be seen through the glass door. Elizabeth sits in a comfortable private waiting room as Peter paces.

PETER

He looked me right in the face and lied. He said there was no back door. He gave that surveillance  
(more)

PETER (cont'd)  
software to Randall Carter, that's  
the only way it could have worked.

He's trying to wrap his head around it.

PETER (CONT'D)  
You know what this means?

She looks to him, sadly.

ELIZABETH  
I do...

He looks to her...it dawns on him.

PETER  
You knew?

ELIZABETH  
Suspected. Can you prove Morgan  
gave him the software? Can you prove  
that Morgan is J. Galt?

PETER  
I will.

ELIZABETH  
It's Morgan. You won't.

Peter's cell PINGS. He pulls it from his pocket, reads it and  
deflates.

PETER  
Randall Carter is dead. There was  
an "anonymous" tip.

Richard opens the door. Doctor Bernstein enters. Peter looks  
up, hopefully. She smiles.

DR. BERNSTEIN  
Congratulations. It's a girl.

Peter leans against the wall.

DR. BERNSTEIN (CONT'D)  
She's small but strong.

PETER  
And Sarah?

DR. BERNSTEIN  
She fine. She'll be just fine.

Peter nearly collapses in the chair next to Elizabeth.

DR. BERNSTEIN (CONT'D)  
You can see both of them in a few  
minutes.

ELIZABETH  
Thank you, Doctor.

She puts an arm around Peter as the Doctor leaves. Richard closes the door. Peter nearly weeps with relief.

PETER  
This life stuff is stressful.

Elizabeth laughs and holds him close.

**INT. HOSPITAL/NEONATAL ICU - NIGHT**

Peter and Elizabeth gaze at the tiny BABY before them, hooked up to wires and a ventilator.

PETER  
She's so small...

ELIZABETH  
Have you thought of a name?

PETER  
...Elizabeth.

Elizabeth looks up, taken aback. She never expected... Tears well in her eyes...she smiles. She links arms with him.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

Sarah is awake Peter sits next to the bed holding her hand.

SARAH  
Who does she look like?

PETER  
Winston Churchill.

SARAH  
Well, that's discouraging.

He kisses her.

PETER  
She's beautiful...and Churchill did  
save England.

Her tone changes.

SARAH  
Peter...You have to find Morgan.

PETER  
Someone else can go.

SARAH  
No one else can bring him in.

PETER  
I won't leave you.

She sighs.

SARAH  
Would you get Elizabeth for me?

PETER  
...Sure.

He opens the door. Elizabeth's standing in the hall.

PETER (CONT'D)  
She wants to see you.

Elizabeth smiles and goes to Sarah.

ELIZABETH  
Hi. How are you feeling?

SARAH  
Like someone just ripped something  
out of my uterus.

Elizabeth smiles and takes her hand.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I need you to give Peter a direct  
order to bring Morgan in.

The two gaze at each other a moment, then Elizabeth looks at Peter.

ELIZABETH  
Go to Coeur d'Alene. Bring in Morgan  
Carnegie. That is an order.

Peter looks at Sarah...then at Elizabeth.

PETER  
Yes, ma'ams.

He kisses Sarah, then Elizabeth's cheek, and hurries out.

**INT. HOSPITAL/HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Peter dashes down the hallway, his cell phone at his ear.

PETER  
David...I need the jet!

He races out the doors.

**EXT. CARNEGIE RANCH/DRIVEWAY/HOUSE - DAY**

A RENTAL SEDAN speeds up a snowy driveway in the middle of a dense forest.

The car rounds a turn and into a clearing. It's Morgan's estate. The "cabin" looks more like a National Park Lodge, surrounded by a barn and out buildings. The place is huge and grand with the Rocky Mountains as a back drop.

**EXT. CARNEGIE CABIN - DAY**

The car speeds up the driveway and slides to a stop. Peter BOLTS out of the car and flies up the steps.

**INT. MORGAN'S CABIN - DAY**

Morgan sits by a huge fire, pecking at his laptop. A door SLAMS. Morgan looks up.

Footsteps down the hall. Peter appears, furious. Morgan stands.

MORGAN  
Peter, what are you—

PETER  
You son-of-a-bitch—

He swings...with all his fury...and catches Morgan on the jaw.

Morgan reels and goes to the floor, hard. Peter kneels and grabs Morgan's lapels.

PETER (CONT'D)  
How could you do it!

MORGAN  
Get off me!

Peter gives him a shake. Morgan winces with pain.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Get off!

He pushes Peter away with his good arm. The two men glare at one another, breathing heavily.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Give me your phone.

Peter frowns...what the? Morgan pulls himself to his feet.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
I said, give me your phone!

Peter rises and hands Morgan his phone. Morgan SMASHES it against the corner of his desk, shattering it all to hell.

PETER  
What are you—

MORGAN  
Anything else?  
(pointedly)  
Any other F-B-I recording devices?

Peter shakes his head. Morgan rubs his jaw and limps to a sideboard and pours himself a drink.

PETER  
You would have killed Sarah!

Morgan spins, enraged.

MORGAN  
You weren't supposed to be there!

PETER  
And what about the million other people!

MORGAN  
There are seven and a half BILLION people in the world! They wouldn't have been missed!

Peter can't believe what he's hearing.

PETER  
Who the hell do you think you are!?

MORGAN  
Who am I? Who am I!? I'll tell you who I am. I am your phone...I am your internet...I am your TV, I am your car, I am your frost-free refrigerator!

He takes deliberate steps toward Peter.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
I'm everything you work for your whole miserable life! I am the pacemaker that keeps you alive. I am the jet engine that takes you  
(more)



MORGAN (cont'd)  
 home for Thanksgiving. I am every  
 circuit, every chip, every code that  
 makes up this world! I am FaceBook!  
 I am Google! I am Amazon! I am  
 Disneyland! I made this world!

PETER  
 You are not God!

MORGAN  
 Are you sure of that?

PETER  
 Yes... Yes, I'm sure.

Morgan chuckles, and waves his hands to heaven.

MORGAN  
 He has found religion! I liked you  
 better before you became sanctimonious.

PETER  
 I liked you better before you lost  
 your heart.

MORGAN  
 I never had a heart.

He throws back his drink.

PETER  
 That's not true. I saw how you sat  
 with my mother when she was sick. I  
 saw what my father's death did to  
 you. You took me to my first day of  
 school and held me when I cried...

Morgan eyes soften.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 And I know how you feel about Elizabeth.

Morgan closes his eyes...even saying her name stings.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 Everything you've built came from  
 your heart.

Morgan turns to him.

MORGAN  
 She threatened my company!

PETER  
 It's a company!

Morgan's venom hisses.

MORGAN

It's my life! My company IS me!  
It's who I am! It's my legacy! All  
of you, every last one of you has  
left me, betrayed me...and it has  
cost me...everything!

The two men stand panting...spent.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

My life...my work outshines Edison,  
the Wright Brothers, Ford...Galileo.  
I've brought more inventions and  
innovations into this world than all  
of them combined. I will not be  
remembered beside Lee Harvey Oswald.

PETER

You won't have a choice.

MORGAN

I always have a choice.

Morgan goes to his desk.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Now get out. I have things to do.

PETER

I can't leave without the second  
bomb.

MORGAN

What second bomb?

PETER

The second bomb, Boothe said—

MORGAN

Boothe was a traitor.

PETER

Says the assassin.

Morgan smiles...he does like a good debate.

MORGAN

Now you're just being snippy.

PETER

Morgan...

Morgan gazes at Peter a moment. Peter stands there, his eyes imploring...sad...disappointed. It's Peter's disappointment

that hurts the most. Then...Morgan seems to relax...like Atlas just shrugged.

MORGAN

I got your messages about Sarah.  
I'm sorry I couldn't be there for  
you. Send me a picture of the baby.  
What are you calling her?

PETER

Elizabeth...

Morgan stops and smiles.

MORGAN

I suppose "Morgana" was too much to  
hope for. Perhaps as a middle name?

He walks to Peter.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Now, I need you to leave.

Morgan takes Peter's arm. Peter is rooted.

PETER

I have to take you back.

MORGAN

I shan't go and you know it. They  
would tear me apart. No, I'll take  
care of everything, you have my word.

Morgan is at the door.

PETER

Come back with me. I'll stand by  
you.

MORGAN

You're the only one that would, and  
I thank you for that.

Morgan opens the door.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I'll walk you to your car.

Peter thinks a moment, then walks through the door resigned.

**EXT. CARNEGIE CABIN - DAY**

A light snow is falling as Peter and Morgan exit the cabin and walk to the car. As they get to the car:

MORGAN

There is one thing you can do for me.  
Blame the North Koreans.

Peter looks at him, not understanding.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I do love you, my boy.

He wraps his arm around Peter and holds him tight.

Peter softens and embraces Morgan.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Now go take care of those girls.

The two men pause, sadly. Then, Peter climbs into his car...he hesitates...then he starts the car and drives off.

Morgan stands alone as the snow falls.

**EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT**

Peter's rental car speeds down the road.

**EXT. ROADSIDE GAS STATION - NIGHT**

Peter's rental car zooms in and slides to a stop. He bolts from his car and into the station.

**INT. ROADSIDE GAS STATION - NIGHT**

This is one of those places where everything's broken or and overpriced. There's a couple NATIVE AMERICAN'S scanning the shelves and a another OUTDOORSY COUPLE waiting by the restrooms.

Peter strides in. The TEENAGED NATIVE AMERICAN BOY behind the counter looks up. Peter holds up his FBI creds.

PETER

I need to use your phone.

The Teenaged Boy, gapes.

TEENAGED BOY

Sure...

He places the landline phone on the counter. Peter punches the numbers.

PETER

This is an FBI emergency. I.D. number  
4230—

Suddenly, a BLINDING FLASH of WHITE LIGHT!

The lights FLICKER and go out...

Then the TV dies...everything dies...

PETER (CONT'D)  
 (into the phone)  
 Hello...!

What the...? He BOLTS to the door.

**EXT. ROADSIDE GAS STATION - NIGHT**

Peter FLIES out the door and stares at the horizon.

Over the tops of the silhouetted trees, a glowing red MUSHROOM CLOUD rises in the night sky.

The other people from the gas station emerge and stare at the horizon as well.

Then...the ground SHUTTERS...

Then SHAKES...HARD...

PETER  
 Get inside! Now!

Everyone races inside.

**INT. ROADSIDE GAS STATION - NIGHT**

The place GLOWS with an eerie RED...Everyone RUNS for cover.

PETER  
 Away from the windows!

They PRESS against the WALL...

Just as the SHOCK WAVE HITS!

The WINDOWS SHATTER! Glass BLOWS everywhere!

Cans and boxes VAULT off the shelves! Everyone SCREAMS and HOLDS ON.

Peter shields the Outdoorsy Woman as around him, the walls CRACK! CEILING TILES fall! The place BARELY holds together!

Then...things...calm...

Dust filters down from the ceiling...

PETER (CONT'D)  
 Is everyone okay?

Everyone nods...everyone's fine.

## TEENAGED BOY

What happened?

Peter rises, covered with dust. He moves to the door.

**EXT. ROADSIDE GAS STATION - NIGHT**

The place is dark...except for a RED-ORANGE GLOW. Peter exits and looks to the horizon. The SMOKEY RED mushroom cloud RISES high into the night sky.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

## NEWS ANCHOR

We have now received the first video shots of the explosion at the Carnegie ranch.

## BIG SCREEN TV - BLAST CRATER

An aerial view of a HUGE CRATER in the middle of a pine covered forest.

## NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Speculation is swirling as to who exactly might have killed the 72 year old billionaire, but...

**INT. GODDARD HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Sarah sits on the sofa, her baby in her arms, glued to the television.

## NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Federal authorities have confirmed that the explosion was a nuclear device with the same signature as the failed inauguration bomb.

Behind Sarah, Peter cooks and putters in the kitchen, then enters with a gorgeous salad and puts it on the dining table.

## NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Homeland Security also confirms that evidence found on MS Digital servers point to the North Koreans as possible perpetrators of the attack, an accusation Pyongyang vehemently denies...

## PETER

And for the first time Pyongyang is telling the truth.

NEWS ANCHOR

An accusation that, if proven to be true, could constitute an act of war.

Sarah mutes the TV.

SARAH

I still can't wrap my head around it.

Peter comes behind the sofa and leans down to her.

PETER

He had no idea what was important in life. No idea what life is about.

He kisses her neck.

SARAH

Do you think he's still alive?

PETER

I don't know...

He starts back in the kitchen. The DOORBELL RINGS.

SARAH

Can you get it, I can't do everything.

He laughs and strides to the door.

**INT. GODDARD HOME/FRONT HALL - NIGHT**

Peter opens the door. There stands Elizabeth, flanked by Richard and her Secret Service crew. Elizabeth is all smiles with a huge gift bag and a six-pack of designer Root Beer.

ELIZABETH

Where's that baby!

SARAH (O.S.)

In here!

She hands the Root Beer and bag to Peter and moves into the house. Peter nods to Richard and then closes the door.

**INT. GODDARD HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Sarah struggles to get up as Elizabeth sweeps into the room.

ELIZABETH

Don't get up, don't get up.

SARAH

Good, because I don't think I can.

Elizabeth takes a moment to drink in Sarah and the baby. It brings a tear.

ELIZABETH  
Oh, Sarah...well done. Well done,  
indeed.

PETER  
I had something to do with it.

SARAH AND ELIZABETH  
No you didn't.

Peter laughs and goes into the kitchen.

SARAH  
Elizabeth...meet your goddaughter.

Elizabeth carefully takes the baby from Sarah and coos at her.

ELIZABETH  
Hello...hello, little Lizzie...I am  
your fairy god presidential mother.

Peter brings in a perfect prime rib and sets it on the table.

PETER  
I hope you're hungry.

ELIZABETH  
Starved.

Then the TV catches her eye. There's a video of Morgan walking into the conference in Brussels. They all focus on the TV.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
My gosh, the North Koreans are going  
nuts.

PETER  
Everyone to the table.

Peter comes in and helps Sarah to her feet.

SARAH  
But you know they didn't do it.

Elizabeth ambles to the table, while Sarah steps slowly and carefully to a chair.

ELIZABETH  
I'm not going to tell them that.  
Maybe we can now have some meaningful  
talks.



Peter pulls out a chair with a fluffy pillow on it and eases Sarah down.

SARAH

Do you want me to take her?

ELIZABETH

You do and I'll break your arm.

Sarah laughs, then winces and grabs her stomach.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Peter sits at the head.

PETER

Thank you, Elizabeth, for coming to celebrate Little Elizabeth's homecoming.

Elizabeth smiles. There's no place she'd rather be.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'll say the blessing.

They bow their heads.

PETER (CONT'D)

Dearest Father in Heaven...we are gathered here this night to give thanks for the miracles that you have given us...

As he prays...we pull back...

PETER (CONT'D)

For Sarah's health and this new baby you have entrusted to us. And at this time we ask a special blessing on Morgan...wherever he is.

Close on: Peter's phone on the counter...

FADE OUT: