

24 HOURS TO LIVE

by

Ron Mita & Jim McClain

V.1.0
June 7, 2013

FADE IN:

INT. AIRPORT VIP LOUNGE - DAY

CLOSE ON a lit match. The flame is sucked back to the tip of a cigar which begins to glow red.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL a pair of manacled hands shaking out the match and dropping it. Fat and arrogant, BAYKUTAY ZARAKOLU leans back in his chair and inhales deeply on his cigar. Across from him sits FBI Special Agent CRANE.

ZARAKOLU

I'll give you five million American dollars to let me walk out that door.

His pock marked face broadens into a grin anticipating the reply. Crane stares silently at Zarakolu.

ZARAKOLU (CONT'D)

No? It doesn't matter. I have a lot of powerful friends. I think, maybe, I'm not going to be with you too long.

AGENT CRANE

You're wrong about that, Mr. Zarakolu. You're on your way to the United States where we've made it an art form to get information from terrorists.

ZARAKOLU

I'm not a terrorist.

AGENT CRANE

No, of course not, you just sell weapons to terrorists. I'm sure the American people will understand the difference. They're real understanding about little details.

ZARAKOLU

Let me tell you about the little details. I will never set foot on American soil. These people I work with, when they come to save me from your government, they won't care if you live or die...just that I'm safe.

Zarakolu offers an overconfident glare.

The double doors open and two other AGENTS enter. Like Crane, they're all business.

AGENT #1
They're ready for him.

Keeping a hand on Zarakolu's arm, Crane and two other agents escort the man through the double doors into...

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

As they walk across the concourse several PEOPLE gawk.

A glint of sunlight catches Zarakolu's attention as...SMASH!

The huge picture window facing the taxi-way explodes in a million shards. Almost immediately a passing TOURIST is lifted in the air and dropped -- dead.

There is momentary confusion then a distant POP! POP! POP!

More glass explodes as Agent #2 catches a bullet in the head. Zarakolu head butts Agent Crane and takes off running. Knocking people down as he sprints, he uses his shoulder to SLAM open a door and run down a movable boarding ramp, bullet hits following him as he runs.

INT. BOARDING RAMP - CONTINUOUS

Zarakolu comes to the end of the ramp to find himself standing some 40 feet over the tarmac. He contemplates jumping when...BLAM! A quarter size hole explodes next to him.

SLAM! Zarakolu is on his ass as Agent Crane yanks him backward. Immediately three bullets strike where he stood.

ZARAKOLU
(bewildered)
They were shooting at me.

AGENT CRANE
Nice friends you've got.

Crane looks in the direction of the shooter who runs across the roof of a nearby terminal. Two soldiers pursue the man, then we hear the cacophony of machine gun fire as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BARN - DAY

We're looking down on the battle of Gettysburg. Pickett's forces have begun their uphill charge to face the battle hardened Union troops. No one is moving. As the echoes of the Heathrow MACHINE GUN FIRE fade away we realize these aren't men, but an elaborate diorama of painted lead soldiers.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

A Civil War diorama in one corner of the large refurbished barn. Other dioramas depicting other great battles are nearby.

Sitting at a workbench is TRAVIS CONRAD. Focused, Travis stares through a large magnifying glass, meticulously painting the Sergeant's stripes on a one inch tall lead soldier.

His cell phone RINGS but the sudden interruption does not startle him. He checks the number wipes his hands on some rags and heads out of the barn.

EXT. VERMONT FARM - DAY

The barn stands next to a 150 year old farmhouse, precisely restored. Beautiful gardens are in the front of the home with a huge rolling meadow behind.

Travis leaves the barn and walks to the house.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

As Travis enters the home we hear the house phone RINGING. Travis answers the land line phone.

WOMAN'S VOICE

This is Sunny Meadow Dry Cleaner.
Your suits are ready for pick up.

TRAVIS

Travis Conrad, hurricane, keystone,
magnolia, prairie.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Voice recognition complete.
Washington D.C. Kennedy Center
parking structure. Tomorrow, three-
thirty.

Hanging up, Travis's cellphone receives an encrypted text that opens a Google map with the location.

CUT TO:

INT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Travis walks to the baggage claim as luggage drops onto the carousel.

He takes his bags and heads out the doors toward the taxi stand.

EXT. AIRPORT/TAXI STAND - DAY

Travis exits the terminal.

CHRISMAN (O.S.)
Travis? Travis Conrad?

Travis turns to see who is calling his name. From inside the terminal DANNY CHRISMAN, wearing a business suit and holding a carry-on bag, comes running toward him.

CHRISMAN (CONT'D)
Hey, Travis...

Travis turns and keeps walking, but Chrisman catches up.

CHRISMAN (CONT'D)
(winded)
Travis, I thought that was you.

TRAVIS
Danny. Hey, how've you been?

CHRISMAN
Doing great. Yeah. Hey, man what's going on? Jeez, this is incredible, I haven't seen you in what, eight, nine years?

TRAVIS
Has it been that long?

CHRISMAN
Yeah. Fort Bragg. That big party at the officer's club. I think you were heading out to Saudi.

TRAVIS
Saudi then South Korea then the Philippines then El Salvador...

CHRISMAN
It's hard to believe there could be so many armpits on one planet. I got out four years ago last month.

(MORE)

CHRISMAN (CONT'D)

It was a question of do I go for Major or do I go for the big bucks. I took the cash.

(hands him a card)

Labor Relations for Bristol Meyers Squibb. So what're you doing now? Don't tell me you're living in DC?

Travis's cab pulls up. The CABBIE gets out and starts loading Travis's bag in the trunk.

TRAVIS

No, just here on business. A couple of days. In fact, I'm late already. Good to see you though...

CHRISMAN

You know, I ran into Carrie like two years ago over in Georgetown.

TRAVIS

Yeah, She's remarried now. They live over in Virginia.

CHRISMAN

And Amy? She was barely out of diapers last time I saw her.

TRAVIS

A teenager now. Yeah, well...the meter's running so... Hey, great seeing you, Dan.

CHRISMAN

I'm back in town in two days. Call me at the office and we'll get together. Catch up on old times.

TRAVIS

I'll do that.

Chrisman hands Travis a business card.

CHRISMAN

Shit, I'm so late. Give me call Travis, I mean it.

CUT TO:

EXT. KENNEDY CENTER PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

A cab rolls to a stop in an aisle on the top floor of a full parking structure. The back door opens and Travis gets out with his bags. The cab takes off leaving him alone.

At the end of the aisle, a blue Chevy pulls out of a parking spot and heads toward Travis. It slows and a window rolls down. Travis looks in the car to see GARY MORROW who wears a wry smile that's all attitude.

MORROW

Get in.

Travis puts his bags in the back seat and climbs in. The car drives off.

INT. MORROW'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

MORROW

Welcome to the cesspool. How was your flight?

TRAVIS

Good.

MORROW

I don't see how you can live out there. It'd drive me crazy.

TRAVIS

I guess I prefer my own company to yours.

Morrow smirks as he speeds up.

MORROW

Open the glove box.

Travis opens the glove box, pulls out a cell phone and wallet. Opening the wallet, he pulls out a driver's license with his picture and the name Daniel Verrone.

MORROW (CONT'D)

Daniel Verrone. Plastic salesman from Tulsa, Oklahoma.

TRAVIS

He sounds boring.

MORROW

He is boring. Not married, no kids, no mortgage, but he does have two dogs, Maisy and Jack.

Turning on the phone a photo of two golden retrievers comes up on the screen. Travis puts the phone up to his right eye and presses the home button. A red laser does a quick retinal scan of his eye.

Setting the phone on his knee, a quick burst of data and photos zip across the screen. The screen stops on the photo of the two dogs. An automatic scan begins and the photo begins to enlarge on one of the dog's eyes, moving in closer until it fixes on a single pixel.

The single pixel bursts open and more data zips across the phone ending on a photo of Baykutay Zarakolu.

MORROW (CONT'D)

Baykutay Zarakolu. Former Turkish intelligence officer, arms dealer and information peddler. He's now a guest of the United States Attorney General. FBI Protective custody.

TRAVIS

How protective?

MORROW

Full package deal. Someone took a crack at him in London.

TRAVIS

Someone?

MORROW

Beckett.

TRAVIS

Beckett's good.

MORROW

Was good. You can cross him off your Christmas list.

TRAVIS

Where are they keeping him?

MORROW

We don't know, but we know where he's going to be next Tuesday.

TRAVIS

Where's that?

Morrow stops the car at the curb in front of the Four Seasons Hotel and points to the Federal courthouse across the street.

MORROW

Right there. Zarakolu will arrive before nine to testify before some senate sub-committee hearing.

TRAVIS

Not much of an opportunity. What if he gets inside?

MORROW

That can't happen.

TRAVIS

Five days isn't enough time to prepare.

MORROW

Tuesday will be your only chance. You're the only person with the skill set that can do this.

Travis studies the outside of the building for a beat.

MORROW (CONT'D)

They'll either bring Zarakolu in through the side entrance in the alley or up the front steps. Both are clean shots from the Four Seasons. We got you a suite on six, clear sight line of both locations.

TRAVIS

I'll need some things.

MORROW

Check the trunk. You'll find your usual supplies. If you need anything else, make a list.

Travis hesitates for a moment.

TRAVIS

One thing. Nothing important. I ran into an old army buddy at the airport when I arrived.

Morrow looks concerned.

MORROW

Who was it?

TRAVIS

Dan Chrisman. Here's his card. It was nothing. He was leaving town.

MORROW

We'll check it out.

Morrow gets out of the car leaving the keys in the ignition.

MORROW (CONT'D)

This guy, Zarakolu, he deserves
this bullet your going to give him.

TRAVIS

(without looking up)
I don't care.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS/CHECK IN DESK - NIGHT

Travis is in the process of checking in as he scans the lobby. He notices two men in dark suits, each with a tell-tale ear piece in an ear.

CLERK

And here is your key card. Will you
need more than one?

TRAVIS

One is fine.
(off men in suits)
Is that hotel security?

CLERK

(whispering)
Secret Service.

TRAVIS

Oh, is the President here?

CLERK

No, nothing exciting like that.
Probably some Ambassador.

Travis studies the two agents as he walks casually past them to the elevator.

INT. TRAVIS'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Several black cases full of small electronic devices, flashbang grenades, smoke bombs, radio control relays and a Remington sniper rifle sit open on the bed. A green Four Seasons maintenance uniform is draped across a chair and a tripod is set up in front of the window.

Travis comes out of the bathroom and sits on the bed. He begins carefully checking and testing the gear. Picking up the rifle scope he walks to the window and looks out.

SCOPE VIEW

The alley beside the courthouse is awash in a fluorescent green. The scope view moves down the building until the side entrance is sighted up.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/HALLWAY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON

A hotel "do not disturb" hanger. From behind the door a low rhythmic MOANING rises.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Secret Service agent MIRANDA BURROWS, athletic and trim with her thick hair pulled back, standing outside the door. As the MOANING and PANTING becomes louder she rolls her eyes with disgust.

At the far end of the hallway Secret Service agent KEVIN BALDWIN, charismatic and exuding confidence, rounds a corner and walks toward Miranda.

BALDWIN

They still at it?

MIRANDA

Like rabbits. I hate this job.

BALDWIN

Because they remind you of something you're not getting any of?

MIRANDA

No. I just wasn't trained to babysit the President's over-sexed son who's trying to nail every woman inside the beltway.

BALDWIN

You want the Presidential detail, you gotta work the trenches.

MIRANDA

I know, I know, until then keep my mouth shut.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/19TH FLOOR - NIGHT

The elevator doors open and Travis steps out into the hall. He walks down the hallway as the doors close behind him.

He immediately does an about face and heads for a maid's closet next to the elevator. Working quickly he picks the lock and opens the door. He then walks to the end of the corridor and holds a tiny dentist's mirror to see around the corner. In the mirror he sees Baldwin and Miranda talking.

ON MIRANDA AND BALDWIN

BALDWIN

You ready for a dinner break?

Baldwin takes Miranda's place near the door.

BALDWIN (CONT'D)

Maybe they'll be asleep when you get back.

A loud THUMP is heard followed by muffled LAUGHING.

BALDWIN (CONT'D)

Maybe not.

Miranda walks off down the hall.

As she comes around a corner, she sees Travis slip into the maid's closet.

Instinctively, she pulls her gun and begins a slow walk toward the open door.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/MAID'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Travis rifles through a stack of towels.

MIRANDA (O.S.)

Secret Service. Put your hands up and back out of the closet. Slowly.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Miranda is in a three-point stance as Travis backs out of the maid's closet.

MIRANDA

Up against the wall.

Travis complies. Miranda pats him down pulling out his wallet.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
Daniel Verrone, Tulsa, Oklahoma.
That you?

TRAVIS
Yes, ma'am.

MIRANDA
What are you doing in the maid's
closet, Daniel Verrone? You don't
look like a maid.

TRAVIS
It's so stupid really. My boss
stayed at this hotel last year and
kept going on about how great the
bathrobes were and he asked me if I
could get him one when I was here
only my room didn't have one so I
thought if I went to the maid's
closet...

Miranda eases up and puts her gun away.

MIRANDA
Relax, Mr. Verrone. You can turn
around.

Travis turns around and lowers his arms.

TRAVIS
I'm so sorry. Am I in some kind of
trouble?

MIRANDA
Towel theft isn't my department but
let me give you a tip. You
shouldn't be sneaking around on
this floor.

Travis pushes the elevator call button.

TRAVIS
Hey, if you're with the Secret
Service does that mean the
President is staying here?

MIRANDA
I can't comment on that, sir.

TRAVIS
Right, right.

The elevator doors open. Travis steps in and punches his floor. As the doors begin to close, Miranda's hand slips between them opening them again.

MIRANDA

Wait.

Travis tenses. Miranda tosses him a bathrobe.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

You forgot your bathrobe.

TRAVIS

(smiling)

Thanks.

The elevator door closes and Miranda steps to the maid's closet.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/MAID'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Miranda glances around the cramped space. Nothing seems out of place.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASON'S HOTEL/BAR - NIGHT

Miranda eats alone at a table in the half empty bar. She is engrossed in a report.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

I wanted to write you a thank you note for the robe, but then I realized I didn't know your name.

Miranda looks up to see Travis standing next to her table holding a drink.

MIRANDA

Mr. Verrone.

TRAVIS

Right. And...

MIRANDA

Agent Burrows.

TRAVIS

May I?

Travis motions to the empty chair across from Miranda. She nods for him to sit, curious to question him a little more.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I'm afraid I didn't make a very good impression last time we met.

MIRANDA

How so?

TRAVIS

You know, stealing bathrobes from closets and getting caught. That's not something I usually do.

MIRANDA

You don't usually get caught?

TRAVIS

No, no, that's not what I meant. I don't...let me start again. Daniel Verrone, from Tulsa.

MIRANDA

Agent Miranda Burrows, from here. And what do you do Daniel Verrone from Tulsa?

TRAVIS

I'm a sales rep for a company that molds little pieces of plastic into other little pieces of plastic that become medical instruments. It's not very interesting.

MIRANDA

What are you doing in town?

TRAVIS

A conference on increasing your business through government contracts. It's a load of bull, but I got a trip to DC out of it.

Travis regards Miranda noticing for the first time how truly pretty she is.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You don't really look like a Secret Service agent.

MIRANDA

What does a Secret Service agent look like?

TRAVIS

Oh, thick necked guys, dark glasses, that little thing in their ears, guarding the President.

MIRANDA

And you know a lot of Secret Service agents in Tulsa?

TRAVIS

It's just...you're not what I would have expected. How did you end up with this job?

MIRANDA

I used to date a guy who told me I had a suspicious nature. After college I looked around for a job where a suspicious nature would be an asset.

TRAVIS

The Secret Service?

MIRANDA

I applied and they accepted me.

TRAVIS

They made a good choice.

Miranda checks her watch.

MIRANDA

I'd better be getting back upstairs.

Miranda begins collecting her reports.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

It was nice talking with you.

TRAVIS

I know this is a little left field but...would you like to have dinner with me tomorrow?

Miranda hesitates for a beat and Travis senses her reluctance.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I understand if you can't. It's last minute.

(MORE)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I've just been hearing about this Greek place in Georgetown and I don't really know anyone...

MIRANDA

I'm sorry, but I've got to work tomorrow night.

TRAVIS

No problem.

Travis finishes his drink and sets the glass on the table. He takes a pen from his pocket and writes his room number on a cocktail napkin and slides it toward to Miranda.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Look, I'm in room 644. If your plans change, give me a call.

MIRANDA

I really do have a lot of work to do tomorrow.

Travis turns to go.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Hey. If your room is on the six, what were you doing up on nineteen?

Travis hesitates for a half second as his mind scrambles for an answer.

TRAVIS

Only the penthouse suites have bathrobes. All the penthouses are on the nineteenth floor.

Miranda nods and watches as Travis weaves through the crowded bar. When he is out of sight, she gingerly picks up his glass around the base and places it in her purse.

ANGLE ON TRAVIS

At the bar's front door, watching Miranda take his glass. He wryly smiles and walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Travis's car moves down a suburban street lined with perfect houses fronted by perfect lawns. The quintessential American neighborhood. The car stops in front of a large brick home.

EXT. AMY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Travis gets out of the car and walks up to the front door. He seems nervous as he is about to knock. He presses the doorbell instead.

The wait is visibly uncomfortable for Travis as the muffled CHIME of the doorbell fades away from inside the house.

The door finally opens and AMY, girl of about 13 with short hair and a lively grin, appears. The grin quickly fades.

AMY

What are you doing here?

TRAVIS

Hello, Amy...

There is an awkward moment between them.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Can I come in?

AMY

Yeah, sure.

Amy moves back and Travis steps inside.

INT. AMY'S HOUSE/ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Travis stands in the entryway as Amy closes the door.

AMY

Did Mom know you were coming?

TRAVIS

No. I thought I would surprise you both. I thought maybe I could take you shopping today.

AMY

Today's kinda bad. I've got plans and I can't really change them.

TRAVIS

How about lunch then? You still like sushi?

AMY

I've got a lot of things I need to do. Next time call me first.

An awkward silence descends.

TRAVIS
I brought you something.

Travis pulls a small box from his pocket and hands it to his daughter.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
For your birthday.

AMY
My birthday was six weeks ago.

TRAVIS
I know, but I wanted to wait and give you this in person.

A woman's voice calls from another room.

CARRIE (O.S.)
Amy? Who was at the door?

The voice belongs to CARRIE, Travis's ex-wife. Attractive and sweet-tempered -- a life in the suburbs agrees with her.

AMY
It's dad.

CARRIE
So it is.

Travis kisses Carrie's cheek.

TRAVIS
Carrie.

CARRIE
I guess ghosts are real.
(noticing the gift)
And you brought gifts.

TRAVIS
It's for Amy's birthday.

CARRIE
Well, it's good to see you, Travis.
What brings you to town?

TRAVIS
Business. I'm here a few days so I thought I'd come by and see Amy. I should have called first.

CARRIE

If you have time maybe you can come by for dinner tonight.

AMY

I won't be here for dinner. I've got that thing with Melanie.

TRAVIS

That's okay. I don't think I can get away.

Carrie motions toward the living room.

CARRIE

Come in and sit down.

AMY

Mom, I've gotta run. Melanie's expecting me.

CARRIE

Amy, your father is here.

TRAVIS

It's okay. Go with your friends. I need to get back to the hotel and...I'll call tomorrow.

AMY

Yeah. Tomorrow.

Amy slides past her father and starts for the stairs when she catches her mother's disapproving look. Amy steps back and gives Travis an awkward hug.

AMY (CONT'D)

Good to see you, dad.

TRAVIS

You too, sweetie.

Amy heads upstairs as Carrie and Travis head to the living room. Carrie looks at Travis knowingly.

CARRIE

If you're in town on business I can only imagine what that means.

TRAVIS

I'll only be here a few days and I just wanted...

CARRIE

You don't have to explain it to me.
Amy is a different story.

TRAVIS

Last summer couldn't be helped. I
could hardly leave her alone at the
farm for a month.

CARRIE

I'm just saying you should try to
make more time for her. Call her
more often. She's only going to be
this young once and when it's gone
you'll never be able to get it
back. In another year or two it
won't matter. Amy'll have her own
life and you won't be a part of it.

Travis is clearly uncomfortable talking about this. He stands
and heads for the door.

TRAVIS

Look, I should probably get going.

CARRIE

That sounds familiar.

TRAVIS

This isn't easy for me either.
Don't you think I'd spend more time
with her if I could?

CARRIE

Things change, Travis. Little girls
grow up.

TRAVIS

I'll try to come back next month.
Maybe I can take her out to
California for spring break.

Travis turns to go. Carrie places a hand on his arm.

CARRIE

She misses you, Travis. I know
she's pretty bad at telling you
that, but she does miss you.

Travis heads out the door and Carrie watches him go.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET SERVICE OFFICES - DAY

A folder drops onto Miranda's desk.

BALDWIN (O.S.)
Anyone I know?

Miranda looks up to see Baldwin in her cubicle.

MIRANDA
Huh?

Baldwin taps the folder.

BALDWIN
I understand.

Miranda picks up the folder and glances through it smiling to herself.

BALDWIN (CONT'D)
You finally found someone who'll go out with you and you're running his prints to make sure he doesn't have any skeletons or wives or wives' skeletons in the closet. I've done it myself.

MIRANDA
It's nothing like that. I found a guy snooping around in a maid's closet at the hotel last night and I was just following up.

BALDWIN
I didn't see that in your report.

MIRANDA
I didn't mention him.

BALDWIN
You should have put it in your report.

MIRANDA
The guy is harmless. I don't want to make trouble for him.

BALDWIN
It's your call, but...

MIRANDA
He's a sales rep from Tulsa in town for a business conference.

Baldwin looks at Miranda expectantly.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
And he isn't married.

BALDWIN
If that's what he told you.

Miranda holds up the folder.

MIRANDA
That's what his file says.

Baldwin nods with a condescending grin as he walks away.
Miranda closes the file and lays it on her desk.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/ROOF - DAY

Wearing an elevator repairman's coverall, Travis holds a range scope and peers at the steps of the courthouse.

Opening his bag, Travis takes out a small anemometer and clamps it to the ledge. The small cups begin spinning and the wind speed reads out on his Iphone.

Travis then moves to the huge air-conditioning units, selects a cordless drill and pops off several panels. Working with the skill of a man whose done all this before, he leans into the A/C shaft and plants three radio linked devices.

After securing the panels back in place, he moves to a series of spinning exhaust fans and begins altering their controls.

CUT TO:

EXT. EL BASHA GREEK RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Miranda steps out of her car and hands her keys to the VALET. She starts to walk inside when she stops. Travis is sitting on a bench beside the doorway.

TRAVIS
President give you the night off?

MIRANDA
Something like that. I thought you'd have started eating by now. It must be 8:30.

TRAVIS
I was waiting for you.

MIRANDA
Were you so sure I was coming?

TRAVIS
I'm the eternal optimist.

Miranda hesitates a moment.

MIRANDA
(guilty)
I have a confession to make before
we go in. I ran you through our
database.

Travis looks at her with mock surprise.

TRAVIS
Really. Then I guess you know
everything about me and all I know
about you is that you weren't
kidding about that suspicious
nature.

Miranda looks down sheepishly.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
So how did I turn out?

MIRANDA
On paper you looked good, but the
evening is still young.

Miranda follows him into the restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. EL BASHA GREEK RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Soft MUSIC plays as scattered PATRONS eat and WAITERS scurry about. Travis and Miranda talk over empty dinner plates.

MIRANDA
...It just happened pop, pop. The
guy tackled the first lady into an
open sewer which panicked everyone
else. Everyone started ducking for
cover looking for the shooter.
Meanwhile the first lady is
screaming, because she's got a
mouthful of raw sewage and the
agent is holding her down telling
her to shut up because he is trying
to protect her.

Travis breaks into laughter.

TRAVIS

What was it?

MIRANDA

It turned out it to be some kid popping balloons.

TRAVIS

What happened to the agent?

MIRANDA

Well, he was in the ditch thinking he'd been shot so he was lying on the ground moaning like it was the end of the world and it turned out he had just peed his pants. He was relieved of duty before his pants had a chance to dry and, last I heard, decided to go into accounting.

Still laughing, Travis pours Miranda another glass of wine.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Now you know all of my stories. I saved my best for last.

As she reaches for her glass, his hand touches hers. She looks up at him surprised and attracted.

TRAVIS

I'm really glad you came. What made you change your mind?

MIRANDA

Because you asked.

Miranda looks down at her wine.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

And that doesn't happen to me very often. I think men are a little intimidated by the secret service thing.

TRAVIS

It might pose a problem for my counterfeiting operation, but I decided I could risk it.

MIRANDA

How did you know I'd be in that
hotel bar last night?

TRAVIS

I took a chance.

MIRANDA

What if I hadn't been there?

TRAVIS

Then you wouldn't be here.

Miranda smiles. Travis reaches across the table and brushes
hair away from her face. His hand lingers for a moment.

MIRANDA

You know, I keep wondering about
something.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/TRAVIS'S SUITE - NIGHT

Miranda, her blouse gone, steps into a shaft of moonlight
looking sexy, dreamlike at...

TRAVIS (V.O.)

What?

...Travis who moves toward her. Embraces her. Kisses her.

MIRANDA (V.O.)

I keep wondering how this evening
is going to end.

TRAVIS (V.O.)

I was thinking about that myself.

Miranda slides her hands under Travis's shirt and pulls it
off.

TRAVIS (V.O.)

Did you have anything in mind?

MIRANDA (V.O.)

I have some ideas.

Travis's pants drop to the floor. Travis slips Miranda out of
her skirt.

He looks into her eyes. Is he feeling something genuine or is
he playing the part of Daniel Verrone?

Miranda leans into Travis kissing him lightly at first and then harder. His hands move to her back pulling her close.

They both fall to the bed entwined in each others arms.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/TRAVIS'S SUITE - DAY

Miranda is peacefully asleep alone on a bed. RUNNING WATER from the bathroom is barely audible as she slowly opens her eyes and brushes the hair away from her face.

She looks to the other side of the bed and sees it is empty. Suddenly she feels self-conscious. Climbing out of the bed, Miranda gathers up her clothes and dresses quickly.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

Leaving before breakfast?

She looks up to see Travis standing in the robe in the bathroom doorway. Uncomfortable, she avoids his glance as she continues dressing. She nervously reaches for her purse, knocking it to the floor and dumping the contents.

MIRANDA

Yes. I mean, I have to get to work.

She scoops everything in quickly. Reaching under the bed she the grabs the last few items, but misses a small register receipt.

TRAVIS

Is something wrong?

MIRANDA

Nothing...I'm...nothing.

TRAVIS

Are you sure?

Straightening, Miranda looks up at Travis.

MIRANDA

I think you should know something. Last night...Last night was not the kind of thing I usually do.

TRAVIS

Me either.

MIRANDA

I don't want you thinking I do this with every guy I meet.

TRAVIS
Why do you think I would think
that?

MIRANDA
I don't know.

Miranda slumps onto the bed.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
This just doesn't make sense.

TRAVIS
It doesn't have to. It's like
seeing someone for the first time
and for a second there's this
recognition like you both know
something. Then the person is gone
and it's too late to do anything
about it. Later you ask yourself
what if I had said something, done
something.

Travis sits next to Miranda.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I decided to do something.

Miranda stares deeply into Travis eyes trying to read him.
She smiles a little and then kisses him.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I thought maybe we could get
together tonight or maybe tomorrow.

MIRANDA
You sure? Because we could just
blame this on the wine and walk
away.

TRAVIS
The wine wasn't that good. This is
better.

Miranda takes Travis's phone from the table, punches her
number into it and hits send.

MIRANDA
That's my direct line at work. You
can reach me there or it forwards
to my cell. If you can't make it or
change your mind...

Her cell phone RINGS with Daniel's number. She holds it up to show him with a smile.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

See.

He puts a finger to his lips to quiet her then leans in, holding her face with his hands and gently kisses her. She opens the door and leaves. Travis leans against the door his mind in conflict.

Travis picks up his phone and stares at Miranda's number.

CUT TO:

INT. RUN DOWN FACTORY - NIGHT

We're in the loft of an abandoned factory. On a table before him, Travis has laid out a small propane powered burner heating a heavy crucible, several molds, a scale and other precision devices.

Travis carefully drops three lead soldiers into the crucible. He watches as the heat melts the three figures.

Travis then takes tongs and pours the contents of the crucible into a mold for two bullets.

MORROW (O.S.)

You are a true artist.

Travis doesn't take his eyes off the project at hand as Morrow comes up behind him.

TRAVIS

If you call killing a man an art form.

MORROW

Oh, I do. Just like a painting, you can always tell the difference between the work of a master and an amateur.

Travis slowly pulls the mold apart to reveal two rough bullets, still too hot to touch.

TRAVIS

Why did you want to see me?
Everything's on schedule.

MORROW

It's about the girl you've hooked up with, Miranda Burrows.

TRAVIS

She's a Secret Service agent. But then, you probably know that.

MORROW

Of course we do.

TRAVIS

I thought she might be on to me. I've been working to divert her.

MORROW

Oh, is that what you call it? See I thought it was still called fucking.

Travis turns to face Morrow and gives him a disgusted look.

MORROW (CONT'D)

Some people think she should be terminated.

TRAVIS

How smart is that? Kill a Secret Service agent that I've been seen with. There goes your hit on Zarakolu.

Travis, with a gloved hand, picks up the bullet and burnishes it on a small grinder.

MORROW

Relax, I'm on your side. She's not seen as a risk...yet. But what happens when the job is done?

TRAVIS

Then I'm gone and you can do whatever you want.

MORROW

That's no way to treat a lady.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - NIGHT

Miranda enters the hotel wearing a long black evening coat. Her hair and make-up look great.

She heads to the elevator then hesitates. She ducks into a narrow hallway as two secret service AGENTS flank a handsome twenty-year old, the PRESIDENT'S SON, who's hanging all over an attractive BLONDE in a tight sweater and short skirt. The elevator arrives and they enter.

As the elevator door closes, Miranda moves toward the elevators and goes up.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/6TH FLOOR - NIGHT

A young WAITER keys open the door to room 644.

MIRANDA

It's our anniversary and I drove
all the way from New York. I just
want to surprise him.

Miranda enters, handing the young man a fifty.

WAITER

Whatever.

The waiter takes off.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/TRAVIS'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Miranda looks around a little uncertain what to do next. She drops on the bed and bounces. Undoing her coat, she reveals a sexy dress showing off plenty of cleavage.

She looks to the door and practices her greeting.

MIRANDA

(deep and sexy)
Surprise.

She grimaces and tries again.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

(bubbly)
Surprise!

She tries a few more greetings never comfortable with the attempt. Getting up she looks around the room and over at the suite door. She pushes it open to see several of Travis's shirts laying across a chair. She holds one up to her face and inhales.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

(growling)
Surprise.

Looking down she sees three pieces of luggage she hadn't seen before. She opens a long flat case revealing...

...An MA305 laser sighted Winchester Sniper Rifle.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
(deadpan)
Surprise.

She drops to her knees and examines the gun. Opening a second case she finds several other weapons and explosives charges.

Then she hears a CLICK from the door and it begins to swing open.

Frantically trying to close the cases in time, she's not even close as Travis enters the room. He sees the open luggage.

Miranda dives for her coat, grabs up her gun and points it at Travis who has already drawn his automatic and points it back at her.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
Drop it...

TRAVIS
Don't...

MIRANDA
Drop the weapon.

TRAVIS
It's not what you think.

MIRANDA
You can't imagine what I'm
thinking.

Travis fakes forward, Miranda flinches and he ducks back out the door. Miranda takes off after him.

INT. STAIRWELL NIGHT - NIGHT

Travis races down the stairs, gun in hand. From up the stairs he can hear the door close as Miranda heads down after him.

Travis hits the ground floor only seconds ahead of Miranda. He SLAMS into an alarmed fire door and pushes through. A ear piercing WAIL sounds.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Travis stumbles between arriving cars.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Running into the intersection on a red light, Travis is stopped at the traffic island as a bus blocks his way.

MIRANDA (O.S.)
Stop where you are and drop the
weapon. Turn to face me.

Travis freezes, then turns, but he does not drop the weapon. Instead he points it directly at her. Miranda stands in the intersection, illuminated by headlights, weapon held tight.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
I said drop the weapon.

TRAVIS
I can't do that. You have to
understand. I will pull this
trigger.

MIRANDA
So will I.

TRAVIS
You can walk away. This doesn't
concern you.

MIRANDA
Drop the weapon.

TRAVIS
There are people involved here who
are very dangerous.

Impasse.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Miranda, please don't make me do
this...

MIRANDA
No...

Travis's finger moves just a bit. Miranda's reaction time is imperceptible.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

All three shots hit Travis in the chest. He looks down at the crimson stain which grows across his chest. With a dazed look of shock he looks up at Miranda. He stumbles backward and drops. His gun clatters away.

Miranda stands motionless staring at Travis's dead body. Two uniformed COPS come running toward her, guns drawn. Without moving her position she shows them her badge.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The crime scene has been cordoned off with yellow tape. Dozens of POLICE and SECRET SERVICE AGENTS are on scene. An ambulance is parked nearby, but the sheet-covered, blood soaked body of Travis remains in the street.

Miranda is seated on a bus bench watching the scene as DETECTIVE TOUMASIS, a old bloodhound of a cop, comes over.

TOUMASIS

Agent Burrows? Detective Toumasis, DC Metro. I just need to ask you a few questions. You feel up to it?

MIRANDA

Yeah, sure.

TOUMASIS

So, you want to tell me how this happened?

Miranda looks up at the detective knowing how bad the truth is going to sound.

MIRANDA

I... I was heading toward the restaurant and I saw him hanging around the hotel corridor. We have a detail in the building with the President's son and something about the guy didn't seem right.

TOUMASIS

Were you on duty?

MIRANDA

Yes...I mean no. I wasn't tonight.

TOUMASIS

What brought you to the hotel?

MIRANDA

I was meeting a few friends for drinks.

Toumasis notices her hair, make-up and attractive attire.

TOUMASIS

How did this guy happen?

MIRANDA

I approached and identified myself.
I asked for his ID and he drew a
weapon. He took off running and I
pursued.

A car pulls up and Miranda's partner, Baldwin, quickly exits.
He hurries over to her.

BALDWIN

Miranda, I just got a call from
Lerner. Are you okay? Were you
hurt?

MIRANDA

I'm fine. I'm just a little...My
head's pounding.

BALDWIN

(to Toumasis)
Agent Baldwin. Are you done with
her?

TOUMASIS

Yeah. Nothing that can't wait.

The two CORONERS open the rear of their van to reveal a fog
of cold air. They wheel the gurney toward Travis's dead body.

TOUMASIS (CONT'D)

I can give you a call tomorrow just
to follow up. Cross some T's and
dot some I's.

Miranda nods as the detective leaves.

BALDWIN

Was it clean?

MIRANDA

This guy's gonna ring up bad. Real
bad.

BALDWIN

You want to walk me through it all?

Travis's body is placed on the gurney which is then extended
and brought back to the coroner's van.

MIRANDA

Can it wait until tomorrow? I just...I'm really not feeling well.

BALDWIN

Sure. Get some rest. You and I'll meet with Lerner in the morning.

Miranda watches as the coroner's van takes off. She looks back at the blood in the street and the cadre of police and secret service agents.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

A doorbell RINGS. We see a darkened figure, half asleep, shuffle toward the front door.

The man flicks on the front foyer lights. He opens the door to see two men, Morrow and PURCELL, about to ring the doorbell again.

MORROW

Dr. Fiskand? Dr. Cato Fiskand?

In the lights we get a look at DR. FISKAND. Short and balding, the man is irritated.

DR. FISKAND

It's three in the morning.

Purcell pushes a cell phone toward Fiskand.

MORROW

You have a telephone call.

DR. FISKAND

It's the middle of the night...who are you?

PURCELL

Your call, Sir.

Fiskand angrily accepts the cell phone.

DR. FISKAND

Hello.

We don't hear what's being said to Fiskand, but we can see in his eyes the caller is important.

DR. FISKAND (CONT'D)
 Yes, sir. No, I understand. It's
 just that...No, of course not.
 Well, it's possible. We aren't set
 up for it...all right, yes.

Visibly nervous, Fiskand hands the phone back to Purcell.

DR. FISKAND (CONT'D)
 (resigned)
 Let me get my coat.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Miranda approaches a SECRETARY.

MIRANDA
 Miranda Burrows. The Director is
 expecting me.

SECRETARY
 Yes, please go right in.

Miranda looks at the heavy oak door ahead, steels herself for
 what lies beyond and heads forward.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Miranda enters to see DAN LERNER, the Director of the Secret
 Service. Lerner is a short man who uses the privilege of high
 rank to its fullest. He sits with his feet up on his desk
 talking on the phone. Seated across from him is Baldwin.

LERNER
 ...thank you, Sir. It's nice when
 one goes our way. Yes, Sir. Good-
 bye.

Lerner hangs up the phone. Baldwin rises as does Lerner who
 comes around his desk toward Miranda.

LERNER (CONT'D)
 Agent Burrows, let me be the first
 to congratulate you. That was the
 President. He read our preliminary
 report and, well you can understand
 what it means to him.

Miranda is lost as Lerner shakes her hand.

MIRANDA
 Report?

LERNER

On your shooting. You didn't see...

MIRANDA

I came straight here.

LERNER

The man you killed...shot. Looks like you were right to be suspicious. We think he may be the Neverman.

MIRANDA

The Neverman?

BALDWIN

As in, he was never there and there are never any witnesses.

LERNER

He's responsible for nine, maybe up to twelve, high profile assassinations all over the globe. Those are just the ones we know about.

She sinks into a chair.

MIRANDA

If he's that good, how did you make the link?

LERNER

Because we're better. He makes his own bullets. Old lead. Makes them by melting down toy soldiers. No serial numbers, no maker stamps, untraceable.

BALDWIN

That's the link. We found six in his hotel room. Destructive little bastards. Remember the North Korean Ambassador last year? That was a Neverman case. Obviously he was here to take out someone big.

Miranda considers telling the truth, before the situation gets too far out of control.

MIRANDA

Sir, I think I should tell you...

LERNER

The President called because he wants you on his detail.

Things just got out of control.

LERNER (CONT'D)

Effective in 72 hours, your life becomes less important than that of the Commander-In-Chief.

Baldwin stands and shakes her hand. She halfheartedly responds, still in a state of shock.

LERNER (CONT'D)

Homeland Security is taking this very seriously. The President is being moved to Camp David and the VP's laying low. The threat level was just moved to orange. You and Baldwin will spearhead our investigation. Coordinate with Metro. Take as many people as you need, let's find out who hired this gun. Who was his target? Considering the President's in town, we have to assume it was him.

Lerner tosses down a folder and a few grainy photos of Travis.

LERNER (CONT'D)

Here's the Neverman file.

(off the photos)

These are some photos we downloaded off the hotel security camera. I want to know who this guy was working for.

Lerner puts on his coat as Miranda and Baldwin stand.

LERNER (CONT'D)

We've been keeping this from the media, but the Press Secretary wants to run with it.

MIRANDA

That might not be a good idea. I mean if someone's after the President, maybe it's best if they think their guy is still out there.

LERNER

Or maybe, by putting the word out, we let everyone know that the Secret Service is always a step ahead. Look, I'm due on the hill in twenty minutes for a security briefing. So, if you'll excuse me.

As Baldwin and Miranda stand, Lerner shakes her hand yet again.

LERNER (CONT'D)

Good job, Agent Burrows. You should be proud.

Lerner shows Baldwin and Miranda out of his office.

INT. SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR'S OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Miranda and Baldwin walk out of the office.

BALDWIN

I've gotta hand it to you, Miranda, you knocked this one out of the park. You just jumped past at least ten people on the roster to guard the old man. Even I'm a little bit jealous.

As she walks, Miranda takes her cell from her pocket. Glancing at the recent calls list she sees the call she placed to herself from Travis's phone.

Her face goes pale as she quickly puts it back in her pocket, realizing Travis's phone has her number.

MIRANDA

I'm going to start with the body. I'll have it transported to our lab. Maybe there's something there.

BALDWIN

I'll start with that detective, Toumasis.

CUT TO:

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

The Metro DC Coroner's office is cold and exactly what you would expect; three stainless steel examining tables, a wall of body vaults, several glassed-in offices.

Miranda enters. A stout, female CLERK with a typical civil servant's attitude, sits at her desk reading a magazine.

MIRANDA

Excuse me.

CLERK

You need something down here?

Miranda produces her identification.

MIRANDA

Miranda Burrows, United States
Secret Service.

CLERK

(impressed)

No shit. What you want, honey?

MIRANDA

You received a body last night
around 10 PM. Male...

The clerk turns to her computer screen.

CLERK

Hold on, this body have a name?

MIRANDA

Daniel Verrone.

The Clerk types in the name then shakes her head.

CLERK

We ain't got no Daniel Verrone.

MIRANDA

Maybe he came in as a John Doe?

The Clerk types in again. Again she shakes her head.

CLERK

Only John Does we got came in a
week ago. Nothing last night. In
fact, looks like we didn't get
nothing since yesterday morning.

MIRANDA

I saw the coroner's van. I saw two
of your employees take the body
away. It was a van with
refrigeration.

CLERK

See, now I know something ain't right. We don't got no cold storage vans plus we got furlough shortages. There's only one man in the vans these days. One man and the dead guy. You sure you saw two men?

Miranda nods as her mind races.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Probably it was an ambulance. Maybe they took the stiff to the hospital. You sure he was dead? 'Cause I don't see nothing like you're talking about.

MIRANDA

Yeah. I'm sure.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTEC RESEARCH CAMPUS - NIGHT

We're on the site of a privately funded research institute. Several buildings are nestled into an industrial complex in the Maryland suburbs. Outside Fiskand's lab, three intimidating MEN stand guard.

INT. LAB - NIGHT

The facility is a series of laboratories each crammed full of computers and medical equipment.

As we move through the laboratory we come into...

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

The space resembles an ER triage room, with a large central table, monitors, defibrillator, and other equipment.

Morrow and Purcell stand in the background. Dr. Fiskand and an ASSISTANT stand over the table. From the visible breath vapor, we can see the room has been chilled.

On the table, completely nude, lies Travis. His skin color is a pale blue, his lips, purple.

A brain wave monitor attached to his temporal lobes reads a flat red line. A heart monitor attached to his femoral artery reads the same. Travis is, without a doubt, dead.

As we get closer to the body we can see, his chest is cut open and Dr. Fiskand has just removed his heart.

Fiskand holds up the heart and studies it.

DR. FISKAND

What a mess.

Irritated, he drops the heart in the stainless steel tray as the Assistant finishes suturing.

MORROW

But you can do it?

DR. FISKAND

That remains to be seen. How did you even find out about this project? I work for Centec and this isn't the kind of thing that shows up in the annual report. I'm this close to...

MORROW

Centec works for us.

Fiskand glares at Morrow his face red with frustration.

ASSISTANT

Body temperature rising to 42 degrees.

DR. FISKAND

Keep the temperature stabilized, no colder than 5 Celsius, we don't want any tissue to freeze. All right, pressure drain. A number six tap at each of the major arteries.

The Assistant makes an incision in the femoral artery in Travis's left leg. Blood trickles out.

ASSISTANT

Femoral cut. Beginning insertion.

DR. FISKAND

We'll start blood draw pressure at twenty three percent.

(to Morrow and Purcell)

This could take a while. Why don't you have a seat?

MORROW
We'll stand.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Travis remains on the table, his wounds stitched up. Fiskand studies several tubes which run from several points of the dead man's body. Each tube drains blood from Travis into a basin under the table.

ASSISTANT
Six quarts of saline.

Dr. Fiskand studies the blood as it drains from the tubes, slowly the deep red begins to lighten up until it is pink. Soon the pink is gone and water is all that drains.

DR. FISKAND
Nothing but saline now. Switch off
the pump.

The Assistant rolls a huge device, which looks like a portable x-ray machine, near Travis's body.

Fiskand then begins attaching the tubes in Travis's body to the machine. The Assistant brings a tank over to the machine and attaches that as well.

DR. FISKAND (CONT'D)
The saline contains a cleansing
agent. Hunts out any remaining
leukocytes. In a few minutes we'll
begin replacement.

MORROW
And then?

DR. FISKAND
And then I don't know. Each one is
different and most are failures.

ASSISTANT
Dr. Fiskand, we're ready.

Fiskand moves to the machine and programs it. He sits next to Travis and studies his face and eyes.

DR. FISKAND
Start at five percent pressure.
Let's infuse very slowly. Begin
monitoring O-2 levels after we've
infused exactly 3.25 liters.

With a WHIR we can see the fluid being drawn out of the tanks and into the machine. As it leaves the tanks the fluid is bright amber in color. Thick and viscous, the goo moves through the machine and changes color, becoming bright yellow.

DR. FISKAND (CONT'D)
Phosphobetaflourine. My patent.

The thick yellow Phosphobetaflourine makes its way down the five tubes and into Travis's body.

Purcell studies Travis expecting something, seeing nothing.

PURCELL
What about the bullet holes? You didn't sew them up.

DR. FISKAND
Don't have to. The Phosbet will seal any opening. Stab him, shoot him, it doesn't really matter. The Phosbet will seal it and the tissue will reconnect within seconds.
(to the Assistant)
Saline replacement looks consistent. Capillaries are dilating. Add in three ccs per liter of atropine. Monitor vasodilatation.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

The activity has reduced its pace as Travis remains on his back. The monitors all read the same flat line.

ASSISTANT
Body temp passing 67 degrees.

DR. FISKAND
The Phosbet catalyzes at around 69 degrees. If anything is going to happen we'll know any second.

ASSISTANT
Temp 68...69...70.

There is a pause as everyone waits.

DR. FISKAND
Stop the pump. Seal off the tubing...

No one speaks. No one moves. A beat passes then Travis's body begins to convulse violently.

MORROW

Do something.

DR. FISKAND

Wait. Just give it a chance.

As quick as the seizure began, it ends.

Travis's eyes flutter and then open. His eyes say it all. He's disoriented and somewhat scared.

Dr. Fiskand reaches over and uses a penlight to examine Travis's pupils.

DR. FISKAND (CONT'D)

Slightly dilated. Expected.

(to Travis)

Can you hear me?

Travis looks at the man and nods. Morrow comes up and looks at Travis in awe.

MORROW

That's un-fucking-believable.

DR. FISKAND

That's science.

(to Travis)

I need you to speak...

(to Morrow)

What's his name?

MORROW

That's classified.

Dr. Fiskand rolls his eyes, he's not part of Morrow's inner circle.

TRAVIS

(hoarse)

What do you want me to say?

DR. FISKAND

How are you feeling?

TRAVIS

Where am I?

DR. FISKAND

Do you feel any pain?

Travis slowly becomes lucid and shakes his head no. He sits forward and stretches his arms.

DR. FISKAND (CONT'D)
What do you remember?

TRAVIS
I was in the street. I had just...

Realization hits Travis and he looks down at his chest. He sees the three bullet holes filled with yellow Phosbet which has hardened to the consistency of soft rubber.

MORROW
You got shot. Three in the chest.

Travis touches the phosbet and rubs his fingers together.

TRAVIS
What is this stuff?

Fiskand turns to Morrow.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
What happened to me?

DR. FISKAND
There's no simple way to put this.
You suffered an irreversible and
complete cessation of your vital
signs. You died.

Travis reacts to the news. He looks at his chest and attempts to digest the notion, then looks up.

TRAVIS
How long?

DR. FISKAND
How long what?

TRAVIS
How long was I dead? How many
minutes?

Dr. Fiskand considers before speaking.

DR. FISKAND
Actually...you're still dead.

TRAVIS
What do you mean...

MORROW

He's right. Shot three times in the heart. You were gone before you hit the ground.

TRAVIS

Yeah. I was shot. Clinically dead. So how long was I dead?

DR. FISKAND

You were clinically dead. You are clinically dead. You will continue to be clinically dead. I removed your heart.

Panicked he moves his hand to his heart and feels nothing. Travis brings his hand to his mouth to feel the breaths.

TRAVIS

But I'm breathing.

DR. FISKAND

In a perfunctory way. Its an autonomic response. Your brain can't switch it off. You don't need to breath anymore other than to speak.

TRAVIS

(angry)

This has got to be some kind of trick. I'm alive.

DR. FISKAND

You have an oxygenated compound that takes care of all your vital functions circulating inside you. You are animate, but you are not alive, not clinically.

TRAVIS

This isn't possible! I was shot, three times. I don't belong here. I should be...

Morrow pulls out his automatic and fires it into Travis's gut, point blank. The impact of the bullet pushes Travis backward clutching his stomach.

MORROW

Now you've been shot four times.

Travis, clutching his stomach, gets up slowly wincing from the pain of a point blank gunshot. A beat passes and Travis looks down at the gunshot already sealing with phosbet.

MORROW (CONT'D)

Do I need to put one between your eyes to convince you? This isn't a game. This is all business.

Travis stands a dazed look on his face.

DR. FISKAND

What we've done with you is nothing short of a miracle. But it won't last.

TRAVIS

How long?

DR. FISKAND

There's so much to consider. The Phosbet...the chemicals in your body...A man your height and weight...

TRAVIS

(angry)
I asked how long.

DR. FISKAND

Twenty-four hours. You'll be dead by ten tomorrow morning.

Travis slumps back in a chair.

DR. FISKAND (CONT'D)

For the first 12 hours you'll feel like Superman. After that, you'll begin to decay at an accelerating rate until the end. Your muscles will start to atrophy and your motor skills will begin to suffer. Your nervous system will begin to break down and you'll feel pain more intensely. After 18 hours you'll experience severe head pain combined with memory loss and confusion. After 20 hours the chemicals in your body will start to break down. You won't recover from injury as quick. At the end, your nervous system will shut down completely.

(MORE)

DR. FISKAND (CONT'D)

When it goes, you'll feel like maybe you can survive this thing, but you can't. From that point on you have maybe an hour. The final moment will be quick and sudden and then...you'll be gone.

Travis drops back to the table and closes his eyes.

MORROW

Doctor, could you and your associates please leave us alone for a few minutes.

Fiskand is angered at his exclusion, but knowing better than to cross his handlers, he and his assistant leave.

MORROW (CONT'D)

You're a lucky man. You've been given a gift.

TRAVIS

Your people don't give gifts, Morrow. Why did you do this to me?

MORROW

You were hired to kill a man. We expect you to finish that job.

TRAVIS

That makes sense. Bring a man back from the dead to kill another man.

MORROW

The clock is ticking on this, Travis. We don't have time to bring in someone else. The set-up window is gone and an unsuccessful attempt will put him out of our reach forever. At nine tomorrow morning, Zarakolu is going before Senator Alford's subcommittee hearing and that gutless fuck is going to tell them everything he knows which is way too much. My people have worked too long to let it all slip away.

TRAVIS

I won't do it. I'm dead. Why should I do anything for you?

MORROW

The payment terms are still in place. Your family will get the money.

TRAVIS

I've got twenty-four hours to live. I won't spend one minute helping you or your people.

MORROW

This is what you do. You're a hunter. You're a goddamned killing machine.

TRAVIS

That man's dead.

MORROW

And that's what makes you perfect. You just become a stealth weapon. The kind that hides in plain sight. Just walk up to the target and blow him away.

Morrow hands Travis a small automatic. Travis holds it incredulous.

MORROW (CONT'D)

You'll kill Zarakolu and you'll do it with this. You'll find him. You'll walk up to him and you'll put a fucking bullet in his goddamned brain. There's nothing they can do, short of cutting your head off, to stop you.

Travis stands and the sensor leads rip away. His hand shoots out and grabs Morrow by the throat lifting him off the ground effortlessly.

TRAVIS

I'm done.

MORROW

One more and you're done.

The Morrow's face begins to contort and turn red as Travis keeps the pressure on.

TRAVIS

I'll tell you one more time. I'm done. Find someone else.

MORROW

We'll...kill your family...your daughter...Amy.

Travis squeezes harder.

MORROW (CONT'D)

It won't be an easy death. Screaming and pleading don't bother us and when we are done, even her dental records won't help identify her. You'll be dead this time tomorrow and you won't be able to protect her. You won't be able to save her.

Travis considers, then releases Morrow who desperately gasps for breath.

MORROW (CONT'D)

You've got 24 hours to live. Kill Zarakolu and you can spend whatever's left with your daughter. Do anything else and the last thing you'll see in your second lifetime will be her -- dead.

Morrow straightens himself up as he walks away from Travis.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE - DAY

Miranda is in her cubicle working the phone. Her computer displays a list of hospitals.

MIRANDA

...A GSW John Doe, white male, five ten, brown hair. Early this morning, sometime after 4:30. Yes. That could be the guy I'm looking for. Thanks.

Baldwin leans into the cubicle as Miranda hangs up.

BALDWIN

Lerner wants to see us.

CUT TO:

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Lerner's door opens and Baldwin and Miranda enter.

BALDWIN

Sir?

LERNER

Sit. What I'm going to tell you doesn't leave this room. I just learned that DC Metro recovered receipt in Verrone's hotel room last night.

BALDWIN

I spoke to Metro this morning and they didn't mention it.

LERNER

That's because the receipt is from our building cafeteria.

Baldwin looks at Miranda but she continues to focus on Lerner.

BALDWIN

Someone from this office was working with the Neverman?

LERNER

Well, he didn't come here for the chicken pot pie. We have to assume he is working with someone on the inside.

MIRANDA

It's hard to believe anyone from our office...

LERNER

(cutting her off)

...But if it is I want to know about it before Metro figures it out. I want you two to go pull the surveillance footage from our cafeteria for the hours before and after the timestamp on the receipt. ID everyone on the footage, check their story and clear them, but don't let anyone know what you're doing. Anything that strikes you as odd or out of the ordinary, any agent that doesn't seem forthcoming or cooperative in his answers, you report it to me immediately. I want to shut this thing down before it gets out of control. I want to know who was working with Verrone.

INT. SECRET SERVICE BUILDING/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Miranda and Baldwin walk back toward their offices.

MIRANDA

I got a call from that Detective Toumasis earlier. A room service waiter remembered letting a woman into Verrone's room. I want to go over and sit in on the interview.

BALDWIN

You want me to take it?

MIRANDA

I've spent a lot of time on details in that hotel and I know most of the staff pretty well. The interview might go easier if the waiter has a friendly face in the room.

Baldwin considers and nod.

BALDWIN

All right. I'll get started on the surveillance footage, but get back as quickly as you can.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Morrow's car cuts through traffic and pulls to the curb behind a silver Taurus.

INT. MORROW'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Morrow turns to Travis, tosses him a set of keys then gets out of the car.

MORROW

You should have let me put a bullet in her head.

Travis leans over, but Morrow cuts him off.

MORROW (CONT'D)

It's not personal, Travis, it's the way things are. You and me, we go back a long way, put in a lot of years together.

(MORE)

MORROW (CONT'D)

If there was anything I could do for you I would, but you know the people I work for. They don't fuck around.

Travis starts the car.

MORROW (CONT'D)

Finish the job you were hired for.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAVIS'S CAR - DAY

Travis watches two dozen young GIRLS running a soccer scrimmage on a field flanked by a squat bleacher section. Finally a WHISTLE blows ending practice.

Travis checks his watch -- 11:00 AM.

The girls file past the bleachers headed for the locker room. Amy walks over to a BOY about her age on a bicycle at the edge of the field. As they talk, he flirts, she flirts, he tries to look cool and she smiles a lot. Finally he rides away and Amy heads to the locker room.

EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD - DAY

TRAVIS (O.S.)

(calling)

Amy.

Amy looks back and sees her father walking toward her.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You're a pretty good goalie.

AMY

What're you doing here?

TRAVIS

I thought I might give you a ride home.

AMY

I sorta had plans for after practice.

TRAVIS

I need to talk to you. And your mom. I don't really have a lot of time and I thought if I took you home I could do it all at once.

AMY
(annoyed)
Fine. I'll get my stuff.

INT. TRAVIS'S CAR - DAY

Travis and Amy sit in silence as Travis drives through suburban streets.

AMY
What did you want to talk about?

Travis looks at her for a beat.

AMY (CONT'D)
You said you wanted to talk about something.

TRAVIS
Do you remember very much before your mom and I split up?

AMY
I remember mom cried a lot.

TRAVIS
That's not fair.

AMY
If you aren't gonna like the answers don't ask the questions.

TRAVIS
That's not fair because there's more to it than that.

AMY
Let's see, you met in college, got married too soon, you joined the army, mom stayed home. You were gone a lot and grew distant, mom was home all the time and grew needy. You had a baby because you thought it would help, but it didn't. You got divorced. Blah, blah, blah. I know the whole story.

Travis sighs deeply. There is another awkward silence. This isn't going very well.

TRAVIS
Who was that boy you were talking to after practice?

AMY

A friend.

TRAVIS

He looked like more than just a friend.

AMY

What are you doing?

TRAVIS

I'm trying to tell you...I'm trying to talk to you, help you.

AMY

Help me? You think you can just blow in here one day out of the blue and try out some "my father is my best friend" bullshit on me?

Travis eyes suddenly flutter and he flinches almost imperceptibly. He grips the steering wheel trying to regain his focus.

AMY (CONT'D)

Did you hear what I said?

TRAVIS

I did. And it's...it's not like that.

AMY

It's exactly like that.

TRAVIS

Why are you so angry?

Travis's attention falters.

AMY

I'm not angry. It's just I've seen you, what, like four times in the last two years for a total of maybe six days. Then you show up and start asking me a bunch of questions that are none of your business.

Amy looks at her father who stares anxiously out the window.

AMY (CONT'D)

You're not even listening to me.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Pissed, Amy pushes open the door and Travis follows her in holding the wall to steady himself.

AMY
Mom, I'm home.

As Amy heads upstairs, Travis notices the gift he gave Amy earlier, unopened sitting on a small table. He picks it up contemplating the time he has lost with her and how little he has left.

Travis sets the gift down as Carrie walks into the living room.

CARRIE
Travis...

TRAVIS
Carrie...I need to talk to you.

CARRIE
I have a surprise for you first.

Carrie leads Travis into the living room where Chrisman sits on the couch drinking a cup of coffee. Travis is stunned. Chrisman gets up and shakes Travis's hand.

CHRISMAN
Hey, Travis. It's been a long time.
What, six, seven years?

TRAVIS
(weakly)
Fort Bragg.

CHRISMAN
Those were some good times.

CARRIE
Danny is in town on business...

CHRISMAN
...And I had some time so I thought, hey, I wonder how Carrie is. And when she told me you were in town...

CARRIE
Isn't that a weird coincidence?

CHRISMAN
It's really great to see you.

TRAVIS

Carrie, could you get me water and an aspirin? My head's killing me.

CARRIE

Sure.

Carrie heads for the kitchen. Travis grabs Chrisman and presses him against the wall.

TRAVIS

(angry)

What are you doing here?

CHRISMAN

Reminding you that you have a job to finish.

TRAVIS

Amy isn't part of that.

CHRISMAN

You brought her into it, Travis. You left us no choice. Don't warn her, because you can't protect her, you can't help her.

The realization that he can't save his family hits Travis.

CHRISMAN (CONT'D)

Kill Zarakolu. Save Amy.

Travis looks at Chrisman for a spark of their former friendship.

CHRISMAN (CONT'D)

I'm serious, Travis. I'll slit her throat myself and never think twice.

Travis gives Chrisman a cold hard look. Then, as if a thousand voices are speaking to him all at once, Travis winces again and is momentarily disoriented.

CHRISMAN (CONT'D)

Are you listening to me?

TRAVIS

I have to go.

Carrie comes back in the room holding a glass of water. Travis stands and heads to the door without a word.

CARRIE

Travis? Where are you going?

TRAVIS

Business. I have business. I'll come back when I'm done.

CHRISMAN

(smiling)

That's Travis. Business before pleasure.

CUT TO:

INT. FAIRFAX MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Miranda exits a stairwell and heads down the corridor. A elevator door opens behind her as a BURLY MAN in a lab coat enters the hallway pushing a cart.

A young INTERN passes the opposite direction. The clock on the wall behind him reads 12:36 PM.

MIRANDA

Excuse me, where's the morgue?

YOUNG INTERN

Down the hall, a right and a right.

Miranda moves on and the intern disappears into a lab. As she nears a set of exit doors at the end of the hallway, she pulls her cell phone out. She starts to dial when SLAM!

The Burly Man shoves Miranda through the doors and on to a loading dock.

EXT. LOADING DOCK - CONTINUOUS

The momentum of the impact sends Miranda falling to the ground. Her open purse lands several feet away from her with her gun showing.

As she attempts to crawl toward the purse the Burly Man grabs her leg pulling her back. Driving a knee into her back, Burly Man twists Miranda's arm behind her nearly tearing it off.

Purcell gets out of a waiting car as Burly Man roughly jerks Miranda to her feet.

PURCELL

Not here. Put her in the...

WHACK!

A metal pipe connects with Purcell's head and he goes down.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Travis, his teeth clenched in anger, as he holds the pipe over the collapsed operative.

He turns to face Burly Man who shoves Miranda to the ground SLAMMING her head on the curb. Burly man comes up and slashes Travis with a knife. Travis staggers back and falls, phosbet leaking from the deep gash across his stomach.

As Burly Man helps Purcell up he's unaware that Travis is rising to his feet. They turn with surprise.

Burly raises the knife to go at Travis again when...

Travis rushes both men. He drives a crushing elbow into one man's head as he grabs the other. Burly's knife goes flying as Travis delivers a devastating attack.

In a heartbeat both men are down and bleeding. Travis scoops up the semiconscious Miranda and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

Miranda lies motionless in the backseat. Her eyes open and she looks around confused. Rubbing her head she sits up. She can only see the back of the driver's head.

TRAVIS

Try not to move.

MIRANDA

What happened? Where are the two...
Who are you?

TRAVIS

Take it easy.

Travis turns to look back at her. Shock is the only thing that registers on her face.

MIRANDA

(stunned)
Daniel...

TRAVIS

You should lie back down.

MIRANDA

I shot you, you're dead. I saw you
in the street...

TRAVIS

I can't explain it all now.

Miranda goes for the gun in her purse.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

It's gone.

MIRANDA

Let me out.

TRAVIS

I need your help.

MIRANDA

Stop the car and let me out.

Travis pulls over to the curb.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The car's back door swings open and Miranda jumps out. Travis follows grabbing her arm and pulling her to him.

Miranda elbows Travis in the gut. He doubles over and Miranda takes off running.

Travis quickly recovers and takes off after her. He finally grabs her coat collar and jerks her backward. She tumbles to the ground and Travis goes with her. Miranda fights him off and stands again, but Travis is quick to his feet and grabs her from behind. He lifts her off the ground as she struggles to free herself.

TRAVIS

Stop struggling.

MIRANDA

Let me go!

TRAVIS

Stop! I don't want to hurt you.

Miranda pushes Travis into a brick wall.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I'll bring you back a handful of stars.

Miranda immediately stops struggling and Travis slowly releases her. She turns and slaps him hard across the face. Travis doesn't flinch.

MIRANDA

Where did you hear that?

TRAVIS

That's the last thing your brother said to you, isn't it. He was going camping up in the mountains and you wanted to go, but you were too little. You asked him to bring you something back and he said, "I'll bring you back a handful of stars."

Miranda, on the verge of tears, just stares at Travis.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

He went hiking by himself and he lost his footing on a ridge.

MIRANDA

How do you know that? They never found his body.

TRAVIS

I don't know. I just know it.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER-FRONT PARK - DAY

Travis sits on a bench watching Miranda pace.

MIRANDA

I don't understand how any of this is possible. You can't bring people back from the dead.

TRAVIS

I wish I could explain it better. I was dead. You killed me.

Travis opens his shirt exposing the three phosbet filled bullet wounds in his chest.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

The doctor, Fiskand, he said they'd been experimenting on the process for a long time, but I don't think I am the first.

MIRANDA

But why bring you back? Why not just get someone else to kill Zarakolu?

TRAVIS

Zarakolu is too well protected and there wasn't time to bring in someone else.

Miranda silently stares out at the water trying to understand what Travis is telling her.

MIRANDA

How did you know about my brother or that I was at that hospital? How did you know I was in trouble?

TRAVIS

I'm not sure exactly... It's like I hear it in my head. Like voices, but not exactly like that. It's just there, I knew you were going to be in trouble.

A beat passes.

MIRANDA

I never told anyone what my brother said before he left.

TRAVIS

Then you know I'm telling the truth.

Travis faces Miranda.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

If there was any other way or anyone else I could trust, I wouldn't be here, but they're going to kill my daughter. Help me find this man they want, Baykutay Zarakolu.

MIRANDA

I can't get involved with this.

TRAVIS

I just need to talk to Zarakolu.

MIRANDA

And then what?

TRAVIS

Once I find out what Zarakolu knows I can expose these people and send my daughter somewhere they'll never find her.

MIRANDA

Who is "they?"

TRAVIS

The people who hired me to kill
Zarakolu, Unit 11.

MIRANDA

I've never heard of them. Are they
CIA?

TRAVIS

Don't think of them like that.
They're not controlled by any of one
group. They're not CIA or FBI or
NSA, but parts of all of them.
Frankly, I have no idea who is in
control of them. All I know is that
when they have a problem they call
a guy like me to remove it.

MIRANDA

And for a price that's what you do.

TRAVIS

Did.

MIRANDA

I don't know...

TRAVIS

They'll come after you, again.

Miranda looks at Travis stunned.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Who do you think that was back at
the hospital?

MIRANDA

What did you tell them about me?

TRAVIS

I told them you didn't know
anything, but that doesn't matter.
They'll kill you for what they
think you know. There isn't any
other way, Miranda. You have to
help me.

MIRANDA

What do you want me to do?

CUT TO:

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Miranda is on the phone, looking at her phone contacts on her computer.

MIRANDA

If you come across anyone who might know, have them call me. I don't care how late. Try me on my cell if I'm not here.

Hanging up Miranda scrolls to another number and dials.

JOHN (O.S.)

John Kelly...

MIRANDA

John? Hey, it's Miranda Burrows...

JOHN (O.S.)

Miranda! How you're doing?

MIRANDA

Uhh, great. Work's keeping me pretty busy. But...I have a problem. You bureau guys are sitting on a witness that I desperately need to interview. I've got this money laundering case and I think...

JOHN (O.S.)

Say it and he's yours. Give me the name, I'll approve it myself.

MIRANDA

Baykutay Zarakolu. I just need five minutes with...

JOHN (O.S.)

Oh, Zarakolu. Shit, that one's not going to be possible.

MIRANDA

All I need...

JOHN (O.S.)

You picked the one guy we've got with a lot of heat on him. A whole lot. Someone took a shot at him in London. Frankly, I don't even know where the hell he is.

MIRANDA

John, I'm jammed up here.

JOHN (O.S.)

Tell you what, he's scheduled to speak before Senator Alford's weapons trafficking hearings tomorrow morning. I'll call the director, give him the hard sell and I'll bet I can get you in to see the guy after his testimony.

MIRANDA

That won't work. I need to see him tonight.

JOHN (O.S.)

What's the rush?

MIRANDA

We're on the edge of a huge bust here. I get names from Zarakolu and it's go time.

JOHN (O.S.)

I wish I could help you...

MIRANDA

Thanks for the information. Keep me posted.

As Miranda leans back in her chair, her direct line RINGS.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

Anything?

MIRANDA

All dead ends. This guy's Senator Alford's prize so the bureau is sitting on him extra hard. That and people want him dead.

INT. VERIZON STORE - NIGHT

Travis is using a tester cell phone tethered to a display.

TRAVIS

Anyone else you can call?

MIRANDA (O.S.)

I ask any more questions and someone's going to get suspicious. It's late, people are at dinner...

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Miranda's starts typing on her computer. Typing quickly into Google, she pulls up a yelp list of Turkish restaurants in Washington DC.

MIRANDA

You said Zarakolu was Turkish,
right?

TRAVIS (O.S.)

Yeah.

MIRANDA

My dad's uncle from Italy came to
visit my parents last year. They
had every night planned. A
different restaurant each night.
So, what happens? He'll only eat
Italian food and they end up at the
same Italian restaurant every
night.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

I see where you're going...

She sends the yelp list to her cell phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Miranda drives out of the parking lot and sees Travis waiting
across the street. She pulls up and he gets in.

INT. MIRANDA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

TRAVIS

What did you turn up?

MIRANDA

I found five Turkish restaurants.
Three deliver. One, however, Cafe
Pasha, every night a different man
comes and picks up a standing order
for six at 7 PM. They pay cash. FBI
standard ops, five men on a
security detail, no credit cards.
Order's almost ready. Pick up is in
twenty minutes.

TRAVIS

Damn you're good.

MIRANDA

I asked around about Unit 11. No one will say anything one way or another.

TRAVIS

You shouldn't be asking questions.

MIRANDA

How do you know I'm not one of them?

TRAVIS

I don't. But if you are, you'll keep helping me until I've killed Zarakolu.

MIRANDA

But we're not going to kill him. Right? That is the deal?

TRAVIS

That's our deal.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE PASHA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A WAITER brings a large box with to-go containers to the front desk. A Young FBI AGENT, well dressed in a suit and tie, pays in cash, takes the box and leaves.

EXT. CAFE PASHA RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

The FBI agent exits the restaurant and climbs into a waiting black suburban.

MIRANDA

Seven o'clock. Right on time.

The FBI pulls out of the lot, Miranda follows.

INT. MIRANDA'S CAR - NIGHT

The government car moves through traffic ahead.

MIRANDA

You mind me asking who Daniel Verrone was? Did you make him up or is that who you really are?

TRAVIS

The name and the cover story were fake. Something planted by Unit 11.

(MORE)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

My real name is Travis, but Daniel, the Daniel that you met in the restaurant, that's me.

MIRANDA

Did you ever think of trying a normal life?

TRAVIS

I never saw my life as unusual. I woke up, ate breakfast, worked, paid taxes, I came home, ate dinner and went to bed. It was ordinary.

MIRANDA

You murder people for a living.

TRAVIS

I killed bad people.

MIRANDA

How can you so sure they were all bad?

TRAVIS

I read their files.

MIRANDA

Files that Unit 11 gave you.

Travis takes a moment to think.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

How do I know you won't still kill Zarakolu. What's different?

TRAVIS

I'm different.

Ahead the government SUV turns down a tree lined street of small two story homes in a working class neighborhood, then into the driveway of a well kept home. Across the street sits a conspicuously parked van.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Keep driving, take a right at the next corner.

MIRANDA

So, we have a plan?

TRAVIS

I have an idea. I'll meet you at Columbus Circle in an hour.

MIRANDA

That's not what we agreed to.

TRAVIS

I don't want to get you any more involved than you have to be. If I don't show up go to Senator Alford and tell him everything you know.

MIRANDA

But what do I know?

TRAVIS

More than enough to get you killed.

Miranda heads down another tree lined street.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Stop here.

Travis gets out of the car. As he leans back inside she catches a glimpse of his gun.

MIRANDA

Be careful.

TRAVIS

Don't worry about me. Now go.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Travis rummages in a dumpster and picks out a length of rebar. Moving with the stealth of a commando, he slinks through a yard heading toward the backyard of Zarakolu's safe house.

INT. ZARAKOLU'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Zarakolu is here with his five man protection TEAM. Agent Crane sits across from the Turkish arm dealer

AGENT CRANE

I want to go over tomorrow's agenda again. The Senator's hearings are at nine. We're not taking any chances. At zero eight hundred we load you in the armored van and take you to the federal courthouse.

ZARAKOLU

I'm not testifying. Not after London.

Agent Crane can only stare at Zarakolu.

AGENT CRANE

No testimony, no leniency. No
leniency, a free trip to Gitmo.

EXT. TELEPHONE POLE - CONTINUOUS

Travis jumps up and starts to climb the metal rungs of the pole when he suddenly has trouble closing his hand. He seems to weaken briefly and loses his grip. As he starts to slip he catches himself and waits for the episode to quickly pass.

Finally making it to the top of the pole he sees numerous wires run in and out of a double transformer. When he's near the transformer, he pulls the rebar from his belt and jams it between two insulated conductors. The resulting arc of power lights up the pole with a brilliant flash.

Travis holds on tight as his arms shake from the violent electricity shooting through him.

There's a loud SNAP and the lights go dark for three blocks.

INT. ZARAKOLU'S SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's pitch black in the kitchen as the agents pull weapons and push Zarakolu to the floor.

ZARAKOLU

What the hell was that?

AGENT CRANE

Jorry, look outside. Is it just us
or the neighborhood? Brooks, check
the phones.

ZARAKOLU

No testifying, no Senators. They're
here for me!

AGENT CRANE

Shut him up.

Agent JORRY moves cautiously to the window. Peeking out he sees that lights are off in all the neighboring houses.

AGENT JORRY

Looks like a blackout. Lights are
off next door, both sides, behind
us. Looks like the whole block.

Crane pulls Zarakolu up from the floor.

AGENT CRANE

Hart, put him in his room and stay with him. Getz, call the power company and see what's going on.

CUT TO:

EXT. TELEPHONE POLE - NIGHT

Travis climbs down the pole. His clothes and right hand are burned.

Looking at the back of Zarakolu's safehouse he moves quietly through the bushes and into the backyard.

EXT. ZARAKOLU'S SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Moving through the yard, Travis sees a murky swimming pool.

INT. ZARAKOLU'S SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Agent Jorry comes to Crane's side.

AGENT JORRY

Edison's saying it's a local problem. Maybe a transformer. They've got a crew on the way.

AGENT CRANE

Go outside and take a look around.

Agent Jorry takes out his service automatic and heads out the back door.

EXT. ZARAKOLU'S SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Agent Jorry moves cautiously out the door. As he walks around the yard he keeps a sharp eye out for any movement. Standing near the dark swimming pool he takes out his radio.

AGENT JORRY

Nothing in the backyard...

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

The view is POV beneath the water. Agent Jorry is on the deck seen through two feet of water. His words are muffled and indistinguishable.

ON TRAVIS

As he stands on the bottom of the pool. He doesn't hold his breath, no air bubbles come from his mouth and nose. He watches until Agent Jorry moves off.

EXT. ZARAKOLU'S SAFEHOUSE/BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

The darkened waters of the pool ripple as Travis surfaces and slowly emerges like the creature from the black lagoon.

Travis heads to the back of the house and crawls under a window. He peeks inside, sees the bedroom is empty then SMASHES the glass with his fist.

INT. ZARAKOLU'S SAFEHOUSE/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Agents BROOKS and GETZ react simultaneously to the sound of a window shattering. They race out of the kitchen down the hall and into the empty bedroom.

INT. ZARAKOLU'S SAFEHOUSE/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Agents Jorry and Crane move into the room, guns drawn.

AGENT CRANE

What was that?

All four agents hear the sound of the kitchen door CLOSE. Agent Crane puts a finger to his lips to keep the men quiet. Without talking he gestures his men out of the room as he moves down the hall, gun out and back to the wall.

INT. ZARAKOLU'S SAFEHOUSE/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

When Crane enters the kitchen he sees a puddle of water on the floor.

Suddenly a burned hand comes up behind Crane and cups over his mouth. Travis's grip tightens as Agent Crane tries to turn and face his attacker but cannot match his power.

AGENT JORRY

Freeze!

Travis looks up to see Agent Jorry entering the room. Instead he drops Crane on the ground.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Agent Jorry opens fire on Travis who breaks for the next room. Jorry fires again. Travis goes down.

Jorry and Crane slowly converge on Travis.

AGENT JORRY (CONT'D)

He's down.

AGENT CRANE

Check his pulse.

Agent Jorry leans over Travis's still body as Agent Crane keeps his gun aimed tight. Jorry touches Travis's neck feeling for a pulse.

AGENT JORRY

He's dead.

Agent's Getz and Brooks rush into the room. When they see the suspect is dead they holster their weapons.

AGENT JORRY (CONT'D)

Who the hell is this?

Agent Crane finally holsters his gun as well. Crane rolls Travis a little to see if he carries some identification.

Crane turns as Travis leaps up and grabs the surprised Agent. Crane tries to pull away but Travis shoves him into the wall knocking him unconscious.

Jorry goes for his weapon but Travis grabs it from his grip.

As Getz and Brooks reach for their weapons Travis opens fire on both men hitting them both in the legs.

Both agents reel in pain as Travis collects the injured agents weapons while keeping a gun on Jorry.

TRAVIS

Come with me.

AGENT JORRY

Fuck you.

BLAM! Travis shoots the agent in the arm.

TRAVIS

Knees hurt worse. Now come with me.

Travis pushes the wounded agent up the stairs until they come to the master bedroom. The doors are closed and locked.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

What's the agent's name in there?

AGENT JORRY

Hart.

TRAVIS

Agent Hart. Do yourself a favor and open up. I want to speak to Zarakolu.

ZARAKOLU (O.S.)

Kill them and I'll pay you. I can
get you money.

TRAVIS

I'm only here to speak to Zarakolu.
Give me five minutes then I'll
leave peacefully.

AGENT HART (O.S.)

Jorry? You okay?

TRAVIS

He's fine. You have three seconds.
One...two...

BLAM! BLAM! The door shatters from the other side as Agent
Hart blasts several shots through the door.

INT. ZARAKOLU'S SAFEHOUSE/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Travis charges into the room and leaps on Agent Hart. He
grabs the gun from the agent then swings hard and connects
with the man's head. Travis turns to see Jorry running down
the stairs.

ZARAKOLU

Are you here to save me or kill me?
It doesn't matter because I can pay
you more.

TRAVIS

Exactly who do you think is trying
to save you?

ZARAKOLU

You weren't sent by Unit 11?

TRAVIS

I was, but not to rescue you.

Zarakolu's face goes white with fear. He drops to his knees.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I'm not going to kill you.

ZARAKOLU

(amazed)

Really? Then get me out of here.
I'll pay you. Cash, American. I can
do it. If you know who I am, you
know I can pay.

TRAVIS

I need to know why Unit 11 wants
you dead.

ZARAKOLU

I'll tell you but you gotta get me
somewhere safe.

TRAVIS

You were safe with the feds.

ZARAKOLU

Was I? You're one guy and look what
you just did.

Travis looks out the window. Agent Jorry is out in the street
as several government cars pull up.

TRAVIS

I take you out of here and you tell
me everything you know about Unit
11 and why you're so damned
important to them.

ZARAKOLU

Those bastards don't know who they
fucked with when they crossed
Baykutay Zarakolu. I'll give you
everything.

TRAVIS

Is there another way out of here?

ZARAKOLU

They keep a van in the garage.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZARAKOLU'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Agent Jorry and Crane are coordinating the other FBI agents.
There is a distant sound of a car engine revving then...

SMASH!

Out of the attached garage comes a heavy duty armored van
with Travis at the wheel.

The FBI agents open fire as Travis heads right for them.
WHAM!

He plows right through their line, turns onto the road and
takes off.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Travis drives as Zarakolu attempts to belt himself in.
Bullets harmlessly ping off the reinforced steel.

EXT. 7TH STREET - NIGHT

The armored van moves furiously through the light traffic.
The feds follow close behind.

INT. ARMORED VAN - CONTINUOUS

Travis wheels right sending Zarakolu falling out of his seat.

ZARAKOLU

Unit 11 hired you to kill me?

TRAVIS

That was the idea.

ZARAKOLU

But you've got a price. I like
that. You get me out of this
country and I swear you'll live
like a king. I reward anyone who
works for me. Ask around, my
friend.

TRAVIS

I'm not your friend.

The heat is still on as Travis keeps wheeling around.

ZARAKOLU

You're driving in circles. We'll
never get away.

TRAVIS

I know what I'm doing.

He sees the Convention Center parking structure ahead.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

When we get to the second floor,
you do as I say and you'll live.
You do anything else...

ZARAKOLU

Nothing else. I'll do what you say
to the letter.

EXT. ARMORED VAN - CONTINUOUS

The van continues down the boulevard in full high-speed chase mode. Behind them the list of pursuing vehicles has grown. Ahead, the Washington Convention Center approaches.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

The chase comes right at the parking structure which is set against an hillside and has street exits on each level. A reflecting pool in front reflects the flashing red lights.

FBI RADIO (O.S.)

FBI DC command. Suspects are heading into the Convention Center parking structure. Send units to block the exits. We'll box him in.

Travis's bulky van accelerates toward the ticket booth and swipes it with the right side of his vehicle leaving a wake of wreckage.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

Inside the structure, Travis floors the van shooting up the ramp at almost 100 miles per hour. The pursuing vehicles are forced to slow down to maneuver past the wreckage.

INT. ARMORED VAN - CONTINUOUS

The van careens around a turn to the second floor.

TRAVIS

Get ready.

Zarakolu rolls the side door open and gets ready to bail. Slowing, Zarakolu jumps followed by Travis. The van continues speeding up the ramp.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER PARKING STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS

Travis is up and running for a car. The Turk hits the ground and stumbles toward Travis. Travis breaks the window of a car, reaches in and pops the trunk. Zarakolu dives in the trunk and pulls it shut above him.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Travis climbs in, breaks open the steering column, starts the car and pulls out.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER PARKING STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS

The van smashes through a guard rail and plunges into the reflecting pool below. The upside down van sinks up to its wheels.

Three FBI vehicles turn the corner from the first floor and skid to a stop at the gaping hole in the parking structure.

ON TRAVIS'S CAR

As it heads up to the fourth floor. Travis wheels toward the unblocked exit and pulls out of the parking structure.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Travis's car moves into traffic leaving flashing lights and dozens of officers far below him.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE - NIGHT

Miranda stands on a curb anxiously watching the traffic and checking her watch. Travis pulls up and Miranda gets in.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

MIRANDA

What's going on? What happened?

TRAVIS

Were you followed?

As Travis drives he constantly checks his rear-view mirror.

MIRANDA

No, no. I was careful. What happened with Zarakolu?

TRAVIS

He's in the trunk.

MIRANDA

You promised not to kill him...

TRAVIS

He's alive.

MIRANDA

You were just going to talk to him. What happened?

TRAVIS

Things got a little out of control.
I improvised. Do you have someplace
we can go? Someplace nobody knows
about?

MIRANDA

What are you going to do?

TRAVIS

I need someplace to keep him while
I go get my daughter. Do you have a
place or not?

Miranda hesitates.

MIRANDA

Turn right up there.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

Choppers hover as fire and rescue crews cut into the armored
van upside down in the reflecting pool.

Agent Crane steps out of a car and hurries to an FBI AGENT'S
side.

AGENT CRANE

Did you get Zarakolu back?

FBI AGENT

Not exactly. They apparently drove
off the second level of the parking
structure and ended up here.

Agent Crane looks at the crumpled van. He closes his eyes and
lets out a sigh.

AGENT CRANE

Then he's dead?

FBI AGENT

It looks like it.

Crane pulls out his cell and dials.

AGENT CRANE

(into phone)

It's Crane. Zarakolu is dead.

A FIREMAN use pry bars to pull open the back door of the van.
Crane watches with concern.

FIREMAN
The van's empty.

FBI AGENT
There were two men in there.

FIREMAN
They must have escaped into the
parking structure.

AGENT CRANE
(into phone)
There may be a development. Let me
call you back.

Crane pockets the phone as an FBI AGENT walks over to Agent
Crane and hands him an Ipad with a grainy photo.

FBI AGENT
I just downloaded these from the
surveillance cameras. Three cars
left after the van crashed.

Crane swipes through the photos.

AGENT CRANE
(to the agent)
Run each license and find out who
they belong to. Put out a felony
stop to Metro on the vehicles. I'll
get these photos to intelligence
and start working on the drivers.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUSSY PALACE/ALLEY - NIGHT

Travis pulls behind a century old brownstone and into the
garage.

INT. PUSSY PALACE/GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Travis pops the trunk to reveal Zarakolu wedged in tight.

TRAVIS
Come on.

INT. PUSSY PALACE - CONTINUOUS

The building looks to have had its last pass at interior
decoration in the late 1960's. Everything is outdated, dusty,
broken and faded.

ZARAKOLU
What is this place?

MIRANDA
They call it the Pussy Palace.

ZARAKOLU
Sounds like a strip joint.

MIRANDA
Not exactly. It's a special brownstone the taxpayers bought for JFK. It was used for his private affairs. He would go to St. Rose's church and sneak into the building through a basement door. It was pretty much abandoned by Nixon's term.

ZARAKOLU
What about Clinton?

MIRANDA
Clinton didn't like to leave the White House.

Miranda bolts the door as Travis comes back.

TRAVIS
This is good. Give me your handcuffs.

MIRANDA
Why?

TRAVIS
Your handcuffs.

Miranda reaches into her purse and pulls out her handcuffs. Travis walks over to Zarakolu and slaps a cuff on his wrist.

ZARAKOLU
What are you doing?

TRAVIS
Making sure you don't cause any trouble.

Travis secures the other cuff to an iron radiator.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
It's 9:30. I've got a little less than 12 hours. I'll be back as soon as I get Amy.

MIRANDA

Be careful.

Travis looks at her for a beat, touched by her concern.

TRAVIS

Thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI TECH COM CENTER - NIGHT

Tech Com is the heart of the FBI's surveillance program. A huge wall of video screens flicker at almost light speed through hundreds of thousands surveillance camera images each second.

Occasionally one of the images will stop and the system attempts to match the image to a known crime suspect.

Another bank of screens are the visual representation of phone conversations being processed for word recognition. Dozens of headphone clad TECHNICIAN meticulously analyze the data for key word.

Agent Crane stands with one of the TECHNICIANS looking at a slightly blurred image of Travis on a monitor.

TECHNICIAN

That's the image we took off the surveillance camera in the parking structure. It was pretty grainy but we've got it cleaned up enough.

AGENT CRANE

That's him. Son-of-a-bitch took at least five rounds and it didn't slow him a bit.

TECHNICIAN

I've got the audio team on a real-time search for phone conversations with using multiple word combinations.

Crane studies the blurred image of Travis and dozens of other screens start flipping through stills from surveillance camera footage at an indistinguishable blur. Occasionally they stop, a face similar to Travis's appears, then return to the search.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Now we wait for this boy to walk by a camera somewhere or make a phone call.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark save for a few stray shafts of moonlight. The stillness is broken by the front door CREAKING open. A darkened figure creeps into the room and in the moonlight we see it's Travis.

Travis heads upstairs when he suddenly stops. He becomes aware of another figure in the room.

CARRIE

She's gone, Travis.

Travis flips on a light and we see Carrie emotionally and physically exhausted, sitting alone.

TRAVIS

Where is she?

CARRIE

They took her. They said you'd understand.

Travis goes to Carrie and sits beside her.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Understand what, Travis? What are they going to do to her?

TRAVIS

They won't hurt her. They just want something from me.

CARRIE

Then give it to them. Whatever it is give it to them.

TRAVIS

It's not that easy.

CARRIE

I knew in my heart, this day would come. I prayed it wouldn't, but I knew. I tried to tell myself that we'd be safe if we left, nothing would happen to us if we got away from you, but it didn't matter.

TRAVIS

Carrie, It has nothing to do...

Carrie's anger builds as she begins to cry again.

CARRIE

Goddamnit, Travis, you brought this into my house and now Amy is in trouble. My baby is out there and I don't know if I'll ever see her again. You need to do whatever it takes to get her back.

TRAVIS

She wasn't supposed to be part of this.

CARRIE

I don't care. I just want her home.

TRAVIS

I'll find her.

CARRIE

And she'll be alright. You didn't say she'll be alright.

TRAVIS

She'll be alright.

Travis gets up and heads to the door.

CARRIE

Just bring her back and then stay out of our lives.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Agitated, Travis checks his watch. Looking across the Potomac at the Capitol, Travis slows to a stop at a red light.

EXT. INTERSECTION/VIDEO VIEW - CONTINUOUS

We are looking down at Travis's car from an elevated angle. Still at the red light, Travis looks directly into the camera as the light turns green and he moves on.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

As Travis's car moves on we see the location of the surveillance camera, atop the signal light.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI TECH COM CENTER - NIGHT

A video image stops on a matched photo of Travis in his car.

TECHNICIAN

Got him. Silver Ford Taurus heading North on Wisconsin.

AGENT CRANE

Is Zarakolu with him?

TECHNICIAN

Appears to be alone.

AGENT CRANE

Put a Metro chopper on him, follow only. That asshole is mine.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

As he makes his way past the Lincoln Memorial, Travis notices a chopper hovering off in the distance. Turning on another street, the distant chopper banks and seems to follow.

Looking around Travis doesn't see anything out of the ordinary until...two metro squad cars are coming up fast behind him.

The street traffic pulls to the side to allow the police cars passage. Not wanting to stand out Travis does the same. As the cars get closer, Travis suddenly finds his car bathed in the white light of the chopper's floodlight.

Hitting the gas and wheeling around, Travis maneuvers a smuggler's turn from a dead stop and heads right at the approaching squad cars.

The two cars peel off but not before Travis clips one sheering his front bumper half off.

INT. FBI CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

Agent Crane sits in the back, binoculars to his eyes. Below we can see Travis's car shooting through light traffic.

AGENT CRANE

Goddamned Metro.

(to the pilot)

Get units on the bridges. I don't want to give him anywhere to run.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

With at least six metro units in pursuit, Travis leaves the tourist section of the city behind as he looks for a way to elude his pursuers.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

BLAM! The windshield explodes into dust. A second shot slams into Travis's right shoulder and then through the seat. The car swerves wildly as he grabs his shoulder crying out in pain. The phosbet slowly heals the wound.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

As Travis approaches an underpass, the chopper is forced to rise up and over or be smashed. Travis's car shoots out of the underpass and the chopper drops in behind of the Taurus.

With the road ahead blocked by several squad cars, Travis hits the brakes. His car goes into a SKID. The chopper, unable to stop its forward motion slams its skids into the back window of the Taurus and hooks it like a forklift to a pallet.

The car is jolted forward from the impact. With its skids lodged deep in the car, the chopper is unable to rise.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Travis drops the car into reverse pushing it against the forward motion of the chopper.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The squad cars approach from behind and stop a safe distance from the ensnared chopper.

INT. METRO POLICE CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

The pilot fights the controls but cannot free the chopper.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Like a spinning top the chopper wobbles side to side lifting and dropping Travis and his car.

SLAM! The chopper's blades scrape the road and begin to shatter. Razor sharp shards fly like knives.

In the car, Travis is the look of determination as he guns the car forward releasing the chopper which goes over and erupts in a firestorm of heat and shrapnel.

Travis's car finds traction and shoots out of the mess as a chopper blade comes down and nearly severs the trunk of the car from the body.

Travis leans forward and keeps driving.

INT. FBI CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

Crane watches the scene below stunned.

AGENT CRANE

How is he still driving that
goddamn car?

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car turns down another street with the squad cars behind. Moving through the heart of Georgetown, Travis heads for the Francis Scott Key bridge.

EXT. FRANCIS SCOTT KEY BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Pushing the dying car to its limit, Travis crosses the bridge over the Potomac river. Half way across he spins the wheel, breaks through the barriers and the car goes airborne. It hits the cold dark water and disappears.

The choppers swoop and illuminate the spot where the car entered the water below. Water boils as the vehicle sinks to the bottom.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

As the car sinks, freezing water rushes in. Travis sits and watches as light from the choppers fades away. Water quickly envelopes him and soon he is completely submerged.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car settles on the bottom of the river with a light THUD that sends up a cloud of silt.

Out of the silt, Travis crawls free of the car. Instead of heading up, he slowly begins to drift on the bottom of the river letting the current push him downstream.

EXT. FRANCIS SCOTT KEY BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Police cars skid to a stop at the shattered guard rail. Officers sweep the dark, swirling waters for any sign of Travis. Choppers search the riverbank.

EXT. POTOMAC PARK - NIGHT

The darkened park is almost a mile from the bridge. A HOMELESS MAN sleeps on a bench facing the river. He rubs his eyes as he sees Travis slowly crawl out of the river.

Travis collapses on the shore then pulls himself up and starts retching violently, finally throwing up two lungfulls of river water. The homeless man just stares.

Travis looks at the chopper and the police desperately looking for him in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. PUSSY PALACE - NIGHT

It's 1:30 in the morning as Miranda paces nervously across the floor. Zarakolu's face betrays his desperation and fear.

ZARAKOLU
He's not coming back.

Miranda ignores Zarakolu.

ZARAKOLU (CONT'D)
We should both get out of here
while we can.

MIRANDA
Shut up.

ZARAKOLU
If he does come back, he'll
probably kill us both.

The front door is thrown open and Travis, dripping wet, enters. He menacingly moves over to Zarakolu.

TRAVIS
What do you know?

Travis stands over the cowering man.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
What do you know that's so
important it would be worth all of
this?

MIRANDA

What happened? Where's Amy?

Travis roughly grabs Zarakolu around the throat.

TRAVIS

Why do they want you dead? What are you going to testify about?

Travis pulls out his gun, cocks back the hammer and puts it to Zarakolu's head.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

What is it? What? What do you have on them?

ZARAKOLU

I'll tell you just please, please don't kill me.

MIRANDA

Travis!

Travis stops realizing what he is doing.

TRAVIS

They have Amy.

MIRANDA

Oh, Travis, no.

ZARAKOLU

How do I know you won't kill me if I tell you?

TRAVIS

You tell me what you know and I'll let you go.

MIRANDA

I can't let you do that.

TRAVIS

Stay out of it. This is about my daughter.

MIRANDA

I'll help you get your daughter back, but I won't let him go free. He's a government witness.

ZARAKOLU

Don't listen to her. I'll give you the information you show me the door.

MIRANDA

Travis, you can't do this.

Travis unlocks Zarakolu's cuffs.

ZARAKOLU

Six years ago I was approached by an American with a proposition. He says he can give me information that might be valuable to my clients.

TRAVIS

What kind of information?

ZARAKOLU

American military movements, Navy ships, top secret flights, marine detachments, embassy information. Security codes, diplomatic travel schedule, even the names of CIA operatives and informants.

MIRANDA

In Turkey?

ZARAKOLU

No, this was global stuff. Mid-East, Asia. Singapore. Even in the United States.

MIRANDA

Why give this information to you?

TRAVIS

They gave him information because they knew he would give it to terrorists.

ZARAKOLU

(correcting Travis)

Sell it to terrorists. I don't buy into their crazy bullshit, but if they have the money, I'm happy to set a price.

MIRANDA

Who was the man that approached you?

ZARAKOLU

A guy named Reisman. He was the CIA section chief in the Middle East and was an upper level player for Unit 11.

MIRANDA

Why would Unit 11 want you to sell classified information to terrorists?

ZARAKOLU

These guys thrive on chaos. The Nairobi Embassy bombing is chaos, the Bali nightclub explosion is chaos, that Navy ship in Yemen, that's chaos. More chaos, the more money they get to fight their dirty little wars.

MIRANDA

It makes sense why they'd rather kill you than let you testify before the Senate sub-committee.

ZARAKOLU

So you'll let me go now?

TRAVIS

After I get my daughter back.

ZARAKOLU

That wasn't the deal. You said if I told what I know, you'd let me go.

Zarakolu stands, but Travis pushes him back into the chair.

TRAVIS

Be happy I don't blow your head off. It's what I was paid to do.

MIRANDA

How do you plan to get your daughter back?

TRAVIS

I'm gonna deal for her.

CUT TO:

INT. BALDWIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Baldwin sits at his desk looking at dual monitors. On the right screen is security camera footage taken from a security camera overlooking the registers of the Secret Service complex's cafeteria.

COMPUTER MONITOR

The computer is doing all the work as it scans through footage until a person is on screen, then it slows down, draws a box around the face and does a facial recognition probe. The name and official photo of the scanned person comes on the second screen and is added to a growing list.

ON BALDWIN

Several people have been identified, all are employees, and none of them seem interesting to Baldwin.

Tapping a pencil to fight off the boredom, Baldwin stops and sits up as something on the monitor has grabbed his attention. He presses the space bar to freeze the footage.

COMPUTER MONITOR

Miranda is frozen on the screen, having just paid for her food. In her hand she holds a bagel on a plate and a bottle of orange juice.

ON BALDWIN

Baldwin sits up and punches up a scan of the receipt found by Metro PD. It is for the purchase of bagel and orange juice.

Baldwin slumps back in his chair puzzled.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is empty when Baldwin steps in. He takes a quick look around. He picks up Miranda's phone and dials a number.

TOUMASIS (O.S.)
Detective Toumasis.

BALDWIN
This is Agent Baldwin with the Secret Service. I'm calling about the room service waiter's interview at the Four Season's earlier this afternoon. Was he able to I.D. anyone?

TOUMASIS (O.S.)
What're you talking about?

Baldwin notices Miranda's computer screen with the google search results for Turkish restaurants.

BALDWIN
Agent Burrows met you at the hotel
for the interview.

TOUMASIS (O.S.)
We did all the staff interviews
right after the shooting. I don't
recall anybody mentioning a room
service delivery on six.

BALDWIN
I must be confused. Thanks.

Baldwin hangs up then notices the fingerprint file he had given Miranda earlier. He picks up the file and opens it.

CLOSE ON

The name Daniel Verrone at the top of the file.

ON BALDWIN

He drops the file and quickly heads out of Miranda's office.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUSSY PALACE/ROOF - NIGHT

The night sky is filled with a full moon surrounded by a lush field of stars. Travis stares thoughtfully at the sky.

Miranda steps out on the roof.

MIRANDA
We need to think about leaving.

Miranda walks over and sits next to Travis.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
Are you afraid?

TRAVIS
I'm only afraid for...

Travis searches for a name. His face betrays his frustration at not being able to verbalize something he should know.

MIRANDA

Amy?

TRAVIS

Right...Amy. What'll happen to her when I'm gone?

MIRANDA

This Dr. Fiskand, maybe he can make it last longer. Maybe there's something he missed.

TRAVIS

And then what? Another day maybe? Twenty-four hours, twenty-four days...it doesn't really matter. There's no second chance, there's no coming back. We're going for Amy. That can't change. If I can't go on, you finish it.

Miranda nods and Travis gives her a smile. She puts her arm around Travis and they both watch the moon together.

MIRANDA

What was it like?

Travis looks at her confused.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Where you were. The other side.

TRAVIS

Familiar, comfortable. More like a feeling than a place. Like a feeling of belonging.

Miranda relaxes, smiles a little. Travis notices and gently touches her arm.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You miss him don't you?

MIRANDA

More than I realize sometimes. I was only six when my brother died. The night he left to go camping he came into my room and woke me up to say goodbye.

Miranda struggles with the rest.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

He leaned down and said, "I'll bring you back a handful of stars." As I got older it all became a jumble of memories and I began to wonder if it really happened at all. I thought maybe I had dreamed it.

Travis pulls Miranda close and holds her.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Thank you for giving that back to me.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/LOBBY - NIGHT

The brilliant moon is visible from the ornate hotel lobby. It's near 2 in the morning and the place is empty.

Baldwin walks across the lobby and is greeted by HAUSER, the hotel security director.

BALDWIN

Mr. Hauser? Sorry to bother you so late.

HAUSER

Not a problem at all. I pulled the room service logs from Monday as you requested. Chad Menotti made the only delivery to the sixth floor that night but not to room 644. He's waiting in my office now.

BALDWIN

Good. Thanks. I just need to ask him a few questions.

HAUSER

Is he involved?

BALDWIN

Just routine stuff. Eliminating some possibilities.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Travis, Miranda and Zarakolu, walk down the alley behind the hotel and enter via the loading dock.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Travis quietly guides the other two down a basement corridor and into an elevator control room. He locks the door.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/ELEVATOR CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The control room is actually the bottom of the main elevator shaft. Above, the four elevators move up and down and in and out of the darkness of the 20 story shaft.

ZARAKOLU

You got some kind of plan?

TRAVIS

I give you to them and you're both dead. My daughter's a loose end. These guys hate loose ends.

(to Miranda)

No matter what happens here, you get him to Senator Alford.

Travis removes a grating and pulls out a black backpack.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

When I was prepping to kill him...

(Zarakolu crosses himself)

I rigged the building with a couple of exit devices. Diversions. This is exchange is on my terms.

Travis opens the bag revealing a cell phone, two handguns and two dozen incendiary devices that look like hockey pucks.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Morrow will come with Amy. He's not coming alone and he isn't going to put her out in the open. He'll have people everywhere. If I work it right, there will be a small window of opportunity to get away with both you and her. You like roller coasters?

ZARAKOLU

No.

Travis holds up one of the black puck-sized explosives.

TRAVIS

Amatol charges. I can set them off with this cell phone.

(MORE)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I'll place this on the brake assembly of the elevator, hit the button and it's an express ride down. The emergency brakes kick in after three floors.

ZARAKOLU

That's good if you're not on the second floor.

MIRANDA

If it makes you feel any better, I'll be in there with you.

ZARAKOLU

It doesn't.

TRAVIS

When it's time it go, we've gotta go fast. Just remember to hold on.

(to Miranda)

When I call, take elevator 4 to the 20th floor. When the doors open, follow my lead. Do as I say.

Travis looks up the elevator shaft. Elevator #4 is stopped at the lobby level just above them. Climbing a rung ladder, Travis is quickly on the roof of the elevator.

We hear PEOPLE getting in the elevator and the doors closing.

The lift cable spools through an elaborate pulley system then up into the darkness and down along the side of the shaft to the massive counterweights.

Travis carefully attaches the magnetic explosive to the brake housings along the cables. He sees Miranda and Zarakolu fading into the darkness below as he rises.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Baldwin and Hauser sit across from room service waiter CHAD MENOTTI.

MENOTTI

She stops me as I'm heading to the elevator with some story about it's her anniversary and she drove down from New York and it's a surprise and everything. She seems legit, so I'm a nice guy and I let her in.

HAUSER

Why didn't you mention this to the
cops in your first interview?

MENOTTI

I didn't want to lose my job.

Hauser looks annoyed with Menotti's breach of security.

BALDWIN

I want to show you some pictures.

Baldwin pulls six photographs from his pocket and lays them
out on the table.

BALDWIN (CONT'D)

Take your time and tell me if you
recognize anyone.

Menotti scans the pictures and pushes one back toward
Baldwin.

MENOTTI

That's her. The lady in the hall.

Baldwin picks up the photo and stares at it. It's Miranda.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

Travis stands on the edge of the elevator as it climbs. A
descending elevator passes a few feet away and Travis jumps
to it's roof. He hunkers down and pulls another black disk
explosive and attaches it to the brake housing.

Travis turns on the cell phone and dials.

TRAVIS

Four Seasons Hotel. Your package is
on the 20th floor. Come get it.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Baldwin dials his cell phone. Along the wall, security camera
views of the hotel flicker by.

BALDWIN

I think I've found something. It's
about Burrows. She's in on this
with the Neverman...

LERNER (O.S.)
Where are you?

BALDWIN
The Four Seasons.

LERNER (O.S.)
The President's son is there. You
need to alert the detail leader...

Baldwin turns to face the bank of TV monitors. He notices
Miranda and Zarakolu enter an elevator.

BALDWIN
It can't be...

Baldwin leans in close.

BALDWIN (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch...

He takes off running as the elevator doors close.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/ELEVATOR #3 - CONTINUOUS

Zarakolu and Miranda are beginning to feel a little
claustrophobic. The heavy set Turk paces.

ZARAKOLU
You got a real problem, lady.

MIRANDA
Yes, you.

ZARAKOLU
Not me. Your bulletproof boyfriend.
Not the kind of guy you need in
your life.

MIRANDA
He's not in my life. I'm just doing
my job.

The elevator doors open and Miranda and Zarakolu find
themselves looking down the barrel of Baldwin's automatic.

BALDWIN
Hold it, Miranda. What's going on?

Miranda turns to face her partner.

MIRANDA
Kevin...

BALDWIN
Step out of the elevator.

MIRANDA
Kevin, you don't understand.

BALDWIN
Are you out of your mind? What are you involved with?

MIRANDA
Please just walk away. Tomorrow, I'll explain everything.

BALDWIN
What is your connection to Daniel Verrone?

Suddenly a gun smashes into Baldwin's head and he goes down.

MIRANDA
Travis!

TRAVIS
Go up to 20.

Travis pulls Baldwin out of the way.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/LOBBY - NIGHT

Morrow and Chrisman enter the expansive lobby.

MORROW
Make sure all the exits are covered. We'll take them all out.

Travis walks up behind Morrow and Chrisman surprising them.

TRAVIS
Where is she?

MORROW
Where is Zarakolu?

TRAVIS
Where's Amy?

MORROW
Come on Travis, you think this is the first time I've played this game? Zarakolu for your kid. It's that simple.

Travis stares at Morrow blankly not seeming to process all that Morrow is saying.

MORROW (CONT'D)

You got what? Six, seven hours left? Do you even understand what I'm saying? You're already starting to lose it, aren't you?

TRAVIS

(snapping back to reality)
Top floor ballroom. Five minutes. Then you give me five minutes to leave with Amy.

MORROW

Where will you go?

TRAVIS

Someplace you'll never find us.

With that Travis walks to elevator #3 and enters.

MORROW

(to Chrisman)
Yeah, right.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/20TH FLOOR ELEVATOR AREA - CONTINUOUS

The Elevator corridor opens to the large ballroom which affords a spectacular view of the illuminated capitol building.

The floor is empty.

Elevator #1 is situated directly across from elevator #4. Travis waits in the corridor. The doors to elevator #4 open and Morrow exits.

MORROW

All right, we're here. Now what?

TRAVIS

Zarakolu's in elevator #3.

MORROW

(gestures to #2)
And your kid's in there.

TRAVIS

When I see she's safe. He's yours.

MORROW

When he's mine, she's safe. Same
game different words.

Stand off. Travis speed dials his cell phone.

TRAVIS

Open the door.

Elevator #3 opens to reveal Miranda in front of Zarakolu.

MORROW

(to Miranda)

This'll look great on your resume.

She keeps her weapon aimed at Morrow and company. Morrow
speed dials his cell phone.

MORROW (CONT'D)

Open up.

Elevator #2 opens to reveal Amy, held by Chrisman with a
Beretta to her head.

AMY

Dad!

Travis puts a finger to his lips to keep her quiet.

TRAVIS

It's okay, honey. Just hold on.

MORROW

She's fine. Make this quick.

Morrow looks over at Zarakolu who grips the hand rail
tightly. Miranda reaches out and holds the handrail with her
left hand, gun held high in her right.

MORROW (CONT'D)

Hand him over.

The muffled sound of HELICOPTERS begins to rattle the
hallway. Morrow looks back to Chrisman, puzzled.

The doors at each end of the corridor blow open and a dozen
Secret Service AGENTS swarm in led by Baldwin.

AGENT #1

Secret Service! Nobody move.

Travis pulls out a cell phone and presses the speed dial.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/ELEVATOR SHAFTS 1 & 2 - CONTINUOUS

The black disks, attached to the elevator brake housings of both elevators, EXPLODE simultaneously.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/20TH FLOOR ELEVATOR AREA - CONTINUOUS

There's a slight shake and then elevator #3 with Miranda and Zarakolu begins to drop. The elevator doors remain open.

In the same instant elevator #2 with Amy and Chrisman also drops.

Without hesitation, Travis leaps into the void of the elevator shaft and disappears.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/ELEVATOR SHAFT #2 - CONTINUOUS

Free-falling, Travis reaches out and grabs the elevator cable. As the flesh peels away from his hands, he loses his grip and falls.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/20TH FLOOR ELEVATOR AREA - CONTINUOUS

Several Secret Service agents converge on Morrow. Baldwin goes to the elevator shaft and peers into the darkness.

AGENT #1
Up against the wall.

Morrow quickly produces an ID.

MORROW
Son of a bitch! I'm NSA, asshole.
You just let Baykutay Zarakolu
escape.

The agents release Morrow.

BALDWIN
(into radio)
Suspect is running. Close down all
the exits.

The agents break for the stairs.

Morrow pulls out his cell and dials.

MORROW
He's loose in the building. Kill
them all! Cut his fucking head off
if you have to. Just KILL HIM!

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/ELEVATOR #3 - CONTINUOUS

Chrisman and Amy are practically pinned to the ceiling.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/ELEVATOR SHAFT #3 - CONTINUOUS

Below Travis, elevator #3's emergency brakes kick in and illuminate the shaft with a shower of white hot sparks.

Travis impacts the top of the elevator with ferocious slam. He writhes in pain as the elevator comes to stop.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/ELEVATOR #2 - CONTINUOUS

Miranda and Zarakolu are almost weightless as the elevator plunges downward.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/ELEVATOR SHAFT #2 - CONTINUOUS

The sound of metal on metal SCREECHES as the emergency brakes kick in.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/ELEVATOR #3 - CONTINUOUS

The elevator comes to a quick stop as Chrisman looks up to see the caved in ceiling.

The maintenance door drops to the floor followed by a dazed Travis who attempts to lunge at Chrisman. Chrisman opens fire hitting Travis twice blowing him back against the wall and dropping him in a heap. Amy screams in horror.

Chrisman approaches to see if Travis is dead and is surprised to see his eyes open. In a quick movement Travis grabs Chrisman by the throat and SLAMS him against the wall knocking him senseless.

Amy comes to Travis and pulls him tight.

AMY

(screaming)

Oh my, God! You've been shot.
Someone help us! Help.

TRAVIS

Shh, it's alright, honey. It's
alright now.

The elevator doors are pried open to reveal Zarakolu and Miranda.

AMY

My father's been shot.

ZARAKOLU

That seems to happen to him a lot.

Zarakolu pulls Travis and Amy through the opening.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/5TH FLOOR ELEVATOR AREA - CONTINUOUS

Miranda stands guard as Zarakolu, Travis and Amy join her.

TRAVIS

Service elevator. This way.

Travis hurries everyone down the next corridor and then hits redial on his cell phone.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/ROOF - CONTINUOUS

An electrical junction box explodes in a mushroom cloud of smoke, flame and shrapnel.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/5TH FLOOR ELEVATOR AREA - CONTINUOUS

LIGHTS OUT! With no windows to the outside, the hall is completely dark.

A few moments of chaos then the lights return but Travis has gone. The operatives run down the hall in pursuit.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

A hotel van is parked at the dock. Miranda jumps into the driver's seat as the other three climb inside. The van speeds away down the alley.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/LOBBY - NIGHT

Morrow rushes into the lobby and meets Chrisman.

MORROW

Are they contained?

CHRISMAN

They escaped in a hotel van. We couldn't follow.

Morrow pulls out his cell and dials.

MORROW

Suspects have left the hotel and
are heading west on Pennsylvania.
Have the chopper track them.

Morrow goes the hotel's front windows just as a black chopper
moves into view and takes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUSSY PALACE - NIGHT

The hotel van pulls behind the building and into a garage.

INT. PUSSY PALACE/GARAGE - NIGHT

Zarakolu, Amy and Miranda help Travis up the stairs and into
the brownstone.

INT. PUSSY PALACE - CONTINUOUS

Amy and Zarakolu escort Travis to a couch and sit him down.
Every movement exacerbates the pain that shoots through his
body. Miranda bolts the door as Amy goes to her father's
side.

AMY

Daddy...please, can you hear me?
(to Miranda)
You have to help him.

Travis holds his head wincing.

MIRANDA

There's nothing I can do...

AMY

What do you mean, nothing? We can
get him some help instead of just
sitting here.

Travis opens his shirt revealing dozens of phosbet sealed
wounds.

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh, God.. What...what is that?

ZARAKOLU

The man's got some kind of rubber,
bulletproof shit in him.

Miranda takes Zarakolu by the arm and leads him away.

MIRANDA

Why don't you come over here and
keep your mouth shut for a while.

ZARAKOLU

What'd I say?

Travis sits up as he buttons his shirt.

TRAVIS

I'm dying, Amy. Today. In the next
few hours.

Amy looks at her father not fully comprehending.

AMY

Dying?

TRAVIS

I don't expect you to understand it
but you have to believe me. In a
few hours my body will stop
functioning and I'll be gone.

AMY

(off Zarakolu)

Did they do this to you, those men
who want him?

TRAVIS

Yeah, they did.

Amy leans into her father and holds him.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I've done some things in my life,
things I thought I had to do,
things that took me away from you
and your mom. When you were born, I
swore I would be a great father,
but that didn't work out like I'd
planned. I don't expect you to
forgive me or even understand why I
couldn't always be there.

Amy and Travis hold a long embrace.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

What I wanted to tell you... when I
picked you up from soccer
practice... What I wanted to say...

(MORE)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

No matter what happens or what people tell you about me or what you think you know, I want you to remember one thing.

Travis cups Amy's face in his hands and looks lovingly at the daughter he'll never see again.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You made my life extraordinary.

Tears well up in Amy's eyes and she buries her face in her father's shoulder.

As he holds his daughter, Travis winces at the sound of a thousand voices inside his head. Momentarily disoriented, he tries to ignore them but the message is overpowering.

MIRANDA

Are you alright?

Travis suddenly looks up his eyes filled with alarm.

TRAVIS

They're here.

Miranda goes to the window.

MIRANDA

What? How do you know?

TRAVIS

I just know. Take everyone out through the church.

INT. PUSSY PALACE/BASEMENT - NIGHT

Miranda leads the group down the stairs and into a junk filled basement. She begins pulling boxes away revealing a door.

TRAVIS

(to Zarakolu)

It's nearly 4:30, Senator Alford's hearing is at 9:00. Miranda will deliver you and Amy to him. If you have any plans to live beyond today you'll tell them everything about Unit 11.

ZARAKOLU

What If I don't? What if I wait for a deal? You won't be around to protect me or kill me.

TRAVIS

You don't tell the Senator
everything, there's going to be
another guy like me coming for you.

MIRANDA

(to Zarakolu)

The only way we come out of this
alive is to talk.

Zarakolu considers his options.

ZARAKOLU

An eye for an eye. That's how I
live. They try to bury me, now I
bury them.

With that Zarakolu hops down into the narrow crawl space.
Travis pulls Amy into one last embrace.

TRAVIS

Do exactly what Miranda tells you.

Amy embraces her father in a long tight hold that affirms its
finality. He closes his eyes but that can't stop the tears
that form.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You're the best thing I ever did.

She hold the embrace until Travis gently ends it leaving her
with a fatherly kiss on the forehead. Amy ducks into the
darkness.

MIRANDA

What about you?

TRAVIS

I'm not going.

Travis looks at Miranda with a quiet acceptance.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You get Zarakolu to the hearing and
everything will work out.

MIRANDA

How...

Travis takes Miranda's hand to reassure her.

TRAVIS

I just know. I know you and Amy
will be safe as sure as I know this
is my end.

Miranda is jolted at the finality of the statement.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

This isn't how I would have chosen
to spend the last hours of my life.
Then again, no one should know when
their last hours of life will be.

Miranda's got tears in her eyes. She's realized this moment
would come, but not so quickly.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You're going to learn a lot about
me in the next few days, things
I've done. But maybe you can put
that away and remember me now,
here, wishing I had 24 more hours.

All tears, Miranda embraces Travis. They share a passionate
kiss, the kind that says goodbye - for the last time.

Miranda gives Travis one last look.

MIRANDA

I could have loved you.

TRAVIS

I could have loved you, too.

Miranda drops into the crawl space and disappears into the
darkness. Travis watches them go, then pushes an old pool
table to the doorway blocking it from view.

He opens his backpack to reveal about a dozen of the Amatol
charges.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

Miranda takes the rear as the three move through the darkened
church and up the stairs.

INT. PUSSY PALACE/1ST FLOOR - NIGHT

Travis sits on ground, two guns next to him. His clothes are
torn and his body battle scared. He attempts to close his
hands into fists, but is unable to do so. Finally he uses his
left hand to close his right then closes his eyes to rest.

Suddenly the place starts to shake.

BLAM! The huge skylight at the top of the stairs explodes into thousands of tiny shards. Above it, in the night sky we see a sleek black chopper and six black clad OPERATIVES sliding down nylon ropes. We recognize one of the men as Chrisman.

The men begin firing down at Travis as they drop through the open stairwell.

ANGLE ON

Travis rolls from his position. Bullets tear up the floor where he stood.

The rappelling operatives hit the ground floor and untie, breaking off to search for Travis.

Silence. Then...movement from a corner. The six operatives open fire shredding a couch.

TRAVIS (O.S.)
Got to be faster than that.

All heads turn to see Travis on the second floor landing pointing his guns down at them.

BLAM! BLAM! He fires two shots hitting two of the six men. In a flash, he's gone. The remaining four charge up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. ROSE'S CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Amy hears the echo of gunfire. She stops.

AMY
Daddy...

ZARAKOLU
No. He said to keep going.

Amy is hunched up and frozen. More GUNFIRE in the distance

MIRANDA
Amy, your father will handle it.

CUT TO:

INT. PUSSY PALACE/2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The four operatives methodically sweep the hallway.

Operative #1 kicks open a door to reveal a pitch black room. Without hesitation he opens fire into the darkness. They're good at this, but not the best.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

If you want to die, come on.

Travis is the best.

CHRISMAN

Switch to incendiary.

The four operatives eject their bullet clips and slap in longer, meaner looking ones.

Some movement down the dark hall and Operative #2 turns and fires. The incendiary bullet leaves a tracer streak as it shoots down the hall, strikes a wall and detonates into a fireball.

The wall burns as the operatives keep searching.

ANGLE ON

Travis, silently moving through the darkness. He grabs one of the operatives in a bear hug and they both fall through the railing down three stories. Travis lands on top of the operative impacting the ground so hard the wooden floor buckles.

Travis rolls off the dead operative revealing his left shoulder is grotesquely dislocated and dangles uselessly. Hearing the remaining operatives moving toward him, he painfully staggers to his feet and runs toward a door jamb SLAMMING his shoulder back into the socket.

INT. PUSSY PALACE/2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The three remaining operatives are moving down the stairs when they hear a horrific SCREAM of pain.

INT. PUSSY PALACE/1ST FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

A door opens and Travis waits for a beat.

A bullet flies past his head shattering a window. He spins around to see Operative #4 making his way down the narrow hallway lining up a second shot.

Operative #4 cautiously moves toward the open door spraying incendiary ordnance into the darkness. He takes a step into the bedroom.

Travis comes out of the darkness and grabs Operative #4 from behind. Operative #4's hand comes up with a flashing steel blade.

The operative swings the blade at Travis who reflexively puts a hand up. The knife impales his hand. Travis plucks the blade out as he spins and presses it to the operative's jugular.

Looking into the terrified man's eyes, Travis pauses.

Travis hits the man's head hard enough to dent the plaster behind him. The operative crumples to the floor unconscious.

INT. PUSSY PALACE/ROOF - NIGHT

Operative #5 and Chrisman sweep the rooftop. Broken fencing lines edges and the smashed skylight is in the center.

Travis suddenly emerges from the top of the fire escape as Operative #5 walks by. Reaching out from the darkness, Travis grabs the operative and yanks him over the edge.

Travis crawls along the rooftop away from the fire escape ladder when he is lifted to his feet by Chrisman who has looped a wire around his neck.

CHRISMAN

I'm done wasting ammo on you. Let's see how long you can live without your head.

Chrisman pulls the wire loop tight as it slices into his skin releasing some of the phosbet.

Still weakened and disoriented, Travis tries to pull the wire off but it slices deep into his neck.

Travis summons all his energy, drives his body pushing himself and Chrisman backward.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Travis has driven himself and Chrisman through a protruding section of metal railing.

Chrisman's eyes are wide open in shock as he slumps over dead. Travis removes himself from the railing.

He staggers and looks at his shirt which is stained with the phosbet. He lifts up his shirt and sees the strange chemical trickling out of the wound like thick syrupy blood. It attempts to clot, but its effectiveness is at its end.

He staggers to the shattered skylight and looks down into the burning building.

MORROW (O.S.)

Still enough time to finish the job.

Travis turns to see Morrow has somehow reached the roof.

TRAVIS

No gun?

MORROW

I'm only armed with threats. The kind you seem to understand. Give me Zarakolu or not only does your daughter die, but so does everyone you've ever cared about. That pretty Secret Service agent, your ex-wife. And that's just for starters. I'll burn down your entire family tree.

TRAVIS

This time tomorrow you'll be the one on the run, not them.

MORROW

We don't run.

Travis points his weapon at Morrow.

MORROW (CONT'D)

Why do you care so much about a scumbag like Zarakolu? The world will be a better place without him.

TRAVIS

You people don't get to decide who lives and who dies.

MORROW

We want the same things you do -- peace, freedom, the pursuit of happiness, only sometimes we have to use force to get it.

TRAVIS

Is everybody collateral? Where does it stop? What makes it right?

MORROW

People sleep better knowing there are men like me out there to protect their way of life. We're patriots. We're the good guys.

TRAVIS

You really think you're one of the good guys?

Travis hold up a small radio detonator.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You're the most dangerous kind of patriot. The kind with no rules.

Morrow looks at the detonator.

MORROW

You kill me and ten others will step in tomorrow.

TRAVIS

Tomorrow will be too late.

With that Travis pushes the red button. Looking down through the skylight, we can see a dozen tiny red lights, each on a single explosive, start to blink.

Morrow unleashes a barrage of bullets into Travis's chest. Travis staggers back to the skylight, reaches out his hands.

He falls backward through the broken skylight and into the open space of the three story atrium. As he falls through, his body is illuminated by the tiny flashes of red light.

Morrow runs to the edge and looks down then...

MORROW

You son of a...

KABOOM!

The Amatol explosives detonate simultaneously.

The floor below Travis ripples and disintegrates as he falls through the flames and dust.

Travis continues to fall though the explosions but is lost in the white hot fireball.

CLOSE ON

The radio detonator as it hits the floor melted and mangled from the explosion, but that's all. No Travis. Nothing is left.

The explosion from the outside is equally dramatic. Every window on the block shatters as the building crumbles under from the blast.

EXT. ST. ROSE'S CHURCH - NIGHT

Amy, Miranda and Zarakolu standing near the church their faces illuminated by the burning remains of the building.

MIRANDA

This isn't over.

CUT TO:

EXT. POTOMAC PARK - NIGHT

Miranda waits with Zarakolu and Amy in the deserted park

A black Lincoln arrives and SENATOR ALFORD, a dignified Washington insider, steps out wearing a long wool overcoat.

ALFORD

Agent Burrows?

MIRANDA

Thank you for coming so quickly.

ALFORD

Mr. Zarakolu, you're looking none the worse for wear.

ZARAKOLU

You need to get me some protection. There are people trying to kill me.

ALFORD

You must have something interesting to say.

ZARAKOLU

You want these Unit 11 guys. I can give them to you. But you have got to guarantee my safety.

ALFORD

(to Miranda)

Who else knows he's alive?

MIRANDA

Just us.

ALFORD

Agent Burrows, thank you for everything, I'll take it from here.

ZARAKOLU

No, no, no, I'm not going anywhere without the lady. She's the only one I can trust.

MIRANDA

(off Amy)

She needs protection too. Her father, he's the one who got Zarakolu. They're going to come after her.

ALFORD

They won't.

MIRANDA

I think you're wrong. I don't know much about these guys, but I do know they're ruthless.

ALFORD

They won't come after her because with Zarakolu dead, the job is complete.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Senator Alford shoots Zarakolu three times in the chest. The man staggers then drops against the railing, blood escaping with his life.

Miranda draws her weapon and points it at the Senator.

ALFORD (CONT'D)

Unit 11 can't afford to have a loose end like Zarakolu running around shooting his mouth off to anyone who'll listen. Now drop your gun.

Miranda shakes her head.

MIRANDA

I am a federal agent and you better explain what fuck you just did.

ALFORD

You just asked for protection for the girl. I'm the only one who can give you that. Put down the gun.

MIRANDA

You sonofabitch.

Miranda doesn't flinch keeping Alford in her sights.

ALFORD

I'm a U.S. Senator. You're not going to shoot me.

Alford lowers his gun and walks to the car.

MIRANDA

You can't just walk away from this.

ALFORD

I can't? I have to be at a Senate hearing in a few hours. You should spend the time you have left sensibly.

MIRANDA

What do you mean?

The Driver starts the car and Alford pauses at the door.

ALFORD

We're everywhere, Agent Burrows. There's nobody we can't find.

He enters the car and it drives off. Miranda lowers her gun and glances back at Zarakolu and realizes Alford is right.

She kneels beside Zarakolu's lifeless body. Defeated, She blankly stares into space.

Amy walks over and sits beside her.

AMY

What happens now? Can you call someone?

Miranda continues to stare.

MIRANDA

I don't know. Everything is...I don't know who to trust. Your father warned me about this.

AMY
 (off Zarakolu)
 We should call 911. We need to get
 him to a doctor

MIRANDA
 Come on, Amy. We need to get out of
 here. There's no doctor that can
 help. We need to go.

Miranda guides Amy away from the body then stops, turns and looks at Zarakolu's body. She looks at her watch and makes a calculation in her head.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a heavy wooden door as a fist pounds on it.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Miranda and Amy standing outside the door as it opens. We recognize this door. We've been here before. The door opens to reveal Dr. Fiskand pulls his robe tight annoyed at the intrusion.

DR. FISKAND
 It is six in the morning. What is
 it with you people?

MIRANDA
 I'm not those people and I need
 your help.

Miranda steps aside and DR. Fiskand looks past her to the lifeless body of Zarakolu in the car.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Travis sits on a park bench, his eyes closed, his body still. Travis's eyes slowly open and adjust to the daylight. His movements are slow and deliberate as he looks down the bench to see, MARIAN LEE, an elderly woman, well dressed, trim and athletic sitting near him.

MARIAN
 Good morning. How are you feeling,
 Travis?

TRAVIS
 (confused)
 I'm tired...Who are you?

MARIAN
My name is Marian Lee.

Travis rubs his head trying to process what is happening.

MARIAN (CONT'D)
I brought you here. You're in Rock
Creek Park.

TRAVIS
Where's Amy? What happened? I
remember an explosion.

MARIAN
Relax, Travis.
(pointing)
Amy is fine. In fact, she's down
there playing soccer.

Travis looks down toward the field searching for Amy, smiling
when he sees her but still very confused.

TRAVIS
What about Zarakolu?

MARIAN
He testified. Brought down the
entire operation. Senators,
operatives, a dozen government
bureaucrats, the whole thing. Unit
11 is gone. Of course, that was six
months ago and a lot has changed.

TRAVIS
Six months? How am I here? How is
this possible?

MARIAN
We found you in the basement after
the explosion. Put you on ice and
waited. After Unit 11 was taken
apart, we acquired all their secret
little projects.

TRAVIS
What makes you think I wanted to
come back? I don't want this.
Nobody would want this.

MARIAN
Think of this as a second chance to
do some good.

TRAVIS
Killing people for you instead of
Unit 11?

Marian smiles.

MARIAN
We're the good guys, Travis, but we
could use a man with your
particular skill set.

TRAVIS
I've heard that before. I won't do
it.

Travis stands and takes a few steps toward the soccer field.

MARIAN
If that's your choice. Then we're
done here. The next 24 hours are
yours.
(gestures down the hill)
Go down there and say goodbye to
her. Say all the things you didn't
have time say last time. Or...

Travis thinks long and hard on Marian's statement.

TRAVIS
Or?

MARIAN
Or come to work for us. We bring
you back 24 hours a time. You help
us and we'll help you. We'll
perfect the process. In time you
could return to your natural life.

Travis hesitates.

MARIAN (CONT'D)
Don't you want to see her grow up.
See her graduation, wedding day,
have children? It's your choice,
stay here and live or go to her.

Travis runs Marian's offer over in his head. Finally a broad
grin comes over his face.

FADE OUT