

DIVIDED WE FALL

by

Donald G. Skipper

Name: Donald G. Skipper

Address: Don@RenaissanceStudio.org

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FADE IN:

SUPER: NORTHERN VIRGINIA - LABOR DAY - 2001

EXT. THE BURNS HOME - BACK YARD - DAY

The weather is clear and warm. The large house rests on a hillside with the view of a lush valley below. It is surrounded by a high stone wall.

DAN BURNS, 48, stands at a large stone barbecue pit with smoke pouring out of it. He wears a baseball cap with a Marine Corps insignia. He takes a drink from a beer bottle.

RENEE BURNS, 48, sets dishes onto the large outdoor table nearby. Renee is a strikingly beautiful woman who appears younger than her age. She speaks with a soft French accent.

MICHELLE BURNS, 18, appears from inside the house in a bikini that accentuates her exceptional body. Michelle is a very beautiful girl with long dark hair. She exudes intelligence. She surveys the steaks on the pit with Dan.

DAN  
Five minutes.

RENEE  
Where's Bobby?

DAN  
Hung up on some new intelligence.

MICHELLE  
Something big?

DAN  
A lot of disturbing chatter.

MICHELLE  
Can you talk about it?

DAN  
Nope.

BOBBY BURNS, 26, suddenly appears from inside the house looking sharp in his Army Captain's uniform. Michelle bolts to hug him. It is clear there is an affectionate bond between them as they embrace for a few long moments.

BOBBY  
Hi, sis. Too long time no see.

MICHELLE  
That's for sure.

BOBBY  
How was your first session at  
Oxford?

Michele wrinkles her eyebrows.

MICHELLE  
Interesting but definitely not  
exciting... The people don't  
understand the concept of a party.

BOBBY  
And you do?

MICHELLE  
I was the party.

BOBBY  
(Smiling)  
That bad?

Michelle smiles and affectionately punches him in the  
shoulder. Renee embraces Bobby.

RENEE  
Where've you been?

Dan notes Bobby's grave expression.

BOBBY  
Can't talk about it.

They all share a brief moment of collective concern.

MICHELLE  
No shop talk. Go change into your  
swim trunks.

BOBBY  
That sounds like a plan.

LATER

Renee clears the dishes as Bobby checks out the pool.

BOBBY  
Great pool, Dad.

DAN

It should be... Your mom insisted  
on a masterpiece.

Renee rolls her eyes.

RENEE

Don't believe it. This was all part  
his master plan for the grandkids.

BOBBY

Grandkids?

Bobby empties his beer bottle, tosses it into the trash and  
walks to the pool.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You may have a long wait on that  
one.

Michelle sneaks up behind Bobby as he faces the pool. She  
gives him a hard push from behind. Lightening fast, he grabs  
her wrist and pulls her into the pool with him. They both  
burst from under the water.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

That's the best you got?

They latch hands and wrestle with each other in the water.  
Michelle is no match for Bobbie's impressive martial arts  
moves.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(Teasing and smiling)  
Not bad for a girl.

Michelle's eyes flare at Bobby and she increases the  
intensity of her resistance. Bobby forcefully spins her and  
gains control of her from behind.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Yield?

MICHELLE

Never!

Michelle explodes out of his arm lock and dunks him under the  
water. Michelle hurries out of the water and Bobby chases her  
across the lush grass lawn. Dan and Renee embrace and shake  
their heads as they watch Michelle eluding Bobby.

DAN

We're truly blessed with these two.

RENEE  
Yes, we are.

LATER

Dan sits on a heavy lawn chair. Michelle is seated on his lap with her arms around his neck. Renee sits nearby holding Bobby's hand in hers as he sits on a chair beside her. They all watch the sensational sunset.

SUPER: SEPTEMBER 11, 2001 - 9:33 AM

EXT. THE PENTAGON - DAY (MOVING)

An airborne panoramic view of the Pentagon.

INT. PENTAGON - HALLWAY - DAY

Bobby and Michelle emerge from the elevator and walk down the hallway. He wears his Captain's uniform. They reach a doorway.

MICHELLE  
Thanks for the grand tour.

BOBBY  
You're welcome. I hope you'll come by more often...

MICHELLE  
I will. I miss you too...

They embrace warmly for several moments. The office door bursts open. CAPTAIN HASKELL appears in uniform.

CAPTAIN HASKELL  
There you are!

BOBBY  
What's up?

CAPTAIN HASKELL  
Haven't you heard? Two airliners have crashed into the World Trade Center in New York.

Bobby registers alarm. He turns toward Michelle and gives her a hug.

BOBBY

Gotta' go. I love you.

Captain Haskell and Bobby disappear into the office and the door closes. Michelle paces back and forth in distress for several moments as her mind races. Eventually, she hurries down the hall away from the office.

Suddenly, a terrifying roar approaches behind her. Michelle stops to determine what it is. She turns back toward the office as it is obliterated in a devastating blast of destruction.

The severe blast knocks Michelle violently backward and to the floor. Michelle is stunned as smoke envelops her. She struggles to her knees as the sprinklers pour down. Her head bleeds profusely.

Michelle looks back toward the office to see part of a jet fuselage. Her eyes flash with terror as she forces herself to her feet.

MICHELLE

BOBBY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Michelle screams in extreme grief as she disappears into the smoke and spraying water.

SUPER: BEIRUT, LEBANON - 2011

EXT. BEIRUT, LEBANON - AIRBORNE - DAY (MOVING)

An airborne panoramic view of Beirut, Lebanon and the Mediterranean Sea nearby. The weather is perfect.

EXT. BEIRUT, LEBANON - BOULEVARD - DAY (MOVING)

Three silver SUVs with blacked out windows drive down the boulevard. They turn left from the boulevard down a narrow street.

EXT. NARROW STREET

Four story tenements rise on both sides of the street as the SUVs roll in sequence down the pavement. A garbage truck suddenly pulls forward from a side street to block the street ahead. The SUVs pull to a stop and honk frantically.

Rocket propelled grenades strike the first and third SUVs and they erupt in explosions. Gunfire rakes the engine compartment of the middle SUV and its engine dies.

HAFAZ, 40, appears with a kaffiyeh covering his head and face. He slings a suicide belt on top of the hood of the middle SUV. He shows the detonator trigger to the driver.

HAFAZ  
(Screaming)  
Release the girl or you all die!

There is a hesitation. Hafaz slams his palm on the hood.

HAFAZ (CONT'D)  
NOW!!

The rear door opens. HOLLY THOMAS, 10, steps out of the SUV. Holly is a very beautiful young girl with long blonde hair. She shakes with terror as tears flow. Hafaz jerks her by the arm and leads her down the street past the garbage truck.

Three AGENTS burst from the middle SUV. They are cut down by a tremendous hail of gunfire from inside the tenements.

INT. U.S. AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE

Ambassador RICHARD THOMAS, 47, sits at his desk across from Michelle Burns, now 28. Michelle projects a very intense and intelligent demeanor. She wears black clothes and boots.

Richard is distraught as he gazes at a framed photograph of his daughter Holly. Holly's expression reflects awareness beyond her years.

RICHARD  
I'll never forgive myself for  
bringing her here...

He hands the photo across the desk to Michelle. Michelle gazes at the photo and reflects empathy. Richard slams his fist on the desk top.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
How the hell does ISIS pull this  
off in broad daylight against our  
top security team?

Michelle remains focused on the photo. Richard rises and paces in distress.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

And the President is refusing to  
release the prisoners they want  
from Guantanamo.

Michelle's mind races. She looks at the photo of Holly for  
several long moments. She stands and walks to the window  
where she gazes out at the city.

MICHELLE

There's only one solution...

Richard flashes a hopeful expression.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

They'll certainly exchange her for  
the daughter of the CIA director.

Richard looks at Michelle in stunned awe. She turns toward  
Richard.

RICHARD

But it should be me.

MICHELLE

No, they'd just kill you both and  
move on to their next targets.

RICHARD

And you could achieve a different  
result?

MICHELLE

Let's just say this scenario shifts  
from a problem into an opportunity.

EXT. A BEIRUT PARK - DAY

Michelle sits next to JAKE TRAHAN, 30, at the fountain in the  
center of the park. She wears jeans and a sweat shirt.

Jake is a tall, handsome guy who exudes a cool but dangerous  
charisma. He speaks with a slight Cajun accent. They both  
scan the surrounding area.

JAKE

Are you sure its a good idea to  
trade your life for a kid you never  
met?

Michelle's eyes flash with a determined intensity.

MICHELLE

It wouldn't be much of a life if I  
just let her die and allow these  
animals to keep on killing  
people...

Jake is taken aback and reflects concern.

JAKE

But they just murdered eight of our  
top guys.

MICHELLE

That's the point... Every one of  
them has a family that's getting  
the worst news imaginable today...

Jake struggles for a response.

JAKE

But these freaks are known for  
raping and torturing their  
captives.

Michelle looks directly into Jake's eyes with a deadly fury.

MICHELLE

And I'm known for killing these  
freaks wherever I can find them.

Jake's eyes flare. Michelle looks away in determination.

JAKE

It sounds personal.

MICHELLE

Very personal.

Jake gazes at Michelle with empathy for several moments.

JAKE

But what about your family?  
Haven't they suffered enough?

Michelle remains stoic and silent.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Does your dad know what you're  
doing here?

MICHELLE

Yes, and he's learned he can't stop  
me.

Michelle returns to surveying the area. Jake joins her.

JAKE  
I count five hostiles.

MICHELLE  
Including three snipers.

JAKE  
We've got ours too and they're  
zeroed on all of them.

MICHELLE  
(Clenched teeth)  
Yes, but Holly is our only mission  
right now. Understood?!!

Jake nods reluctantly.

JAKE  
We'll find you.

MICHELLE  
No, you will not.

Jake reflects astonishment. Michelle removes a small  
electronic bug from her hair and hands it to Jake.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
They'll kill me if you try.

Jake anguishes.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
Relax, I can handle this alone.

JAKE  
(Incredulous)  
How?

Michelle expels a long sigh.

MICHELLE  
They all have one fatal flaw.

JAKE  
What's that?

Michelle looks directly into Jake's eyes.

MICHELLE  
They all underestimate women.

A blue van skids to a stop and the driver AMIR steps out with a Kalashnikov in hand. He scans and focuses on Michelle. He motions for her to come to him. Michelle shakes her head.

Amir opens the side door to the van and pulls a small girl out with a hood on. He removes the hood to reveal Holly in tears. Amir pushes Holly toward Michelle. He raises his weapon and points it at Holly as she walks.

Michelle walks toward Holly. They meet and Michelle hugs her briefly.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Go to the man by the fountain over there. His name is Jake and he'll take you to your dad.

Holly nods and runs toward Jake. Jake rushes Holly into a nearby car and follows her inside. Michelle watches the car drive away and walks toward the blue van.

Amir jerks her arms behind her back and ties them together with plastic cuffs. Amir shoves Michelle inside the van. He slams the door shut and piles into the drivers seat.

INT. VAN - REAR COMPARTMENT (MOVING)

MASSOUD and Michelle engage in a stare down of intense hatred. Massoud viciously slaps her face with the back of his hand. Michelle raises up and glares at him. She bites down with her right jaw. Gradually she passes out.

INT. AL QAEDA WAREHOUSE HIDEOUT - LOBBY

Hafaz sits at the desk as the door opens. Amir and Massoud drag Michelle into the room and drop her onto the floor unconscious.

HAFAZ

(In Arabic with English sub-titles)  
What did you do to her?

MASSOUD

(In Arabic with English sub-titles)  
Nothing. She must have drugged herself.

Hafaz stands and examines Michelle.

HAFAZ

(In Arabic with English sub-titles)  
To avoid torture... Very clever.

Hafaz grabs a military knife from a sheath on his belt. He cuts through the back of Michelle's shirt and violently rips the shirt from her.

INT. AL QAEDA WAREHOUSE HIDEOUT - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

The door opens and Khalid shoves Michelle into the room and harshly onto the floor. Michelle is bloodied, dazed and severely beaten. Her clothes are bloody and shredded. He closes the door. Michelle is in a state of severe trauma.

LATER - NIGHT

Michelle lies lifeless on the floor. The door opens and Massoud appears with a loaf of bread and a Kalashnikov slung across his back. He cuts the plastic cuffs to release Michelle's arms.

Michelle suddenly explodes into a violent display of martial arts moves that stun Massoud and relieve him of his weapon. She blasts Massoud with gunfire and then shoots Amir as he appears at the doorway.

Amir falls forward into the room and Michelle grabs his weapon, removes the clip and stuffs it into her pocket. She searches and finds additional clips on Massoud that she shoves into her waist. She shoots out the light.

HALLWAY

Michelle peers into the hallway and is greeted with a devastating blast of gunfire.

HOLDING CELL

Michelle's mind races and she lies down on the floor near the door wall. She hears Arabic chatter and the sound of footsteps in the hallway.

Suddenly gunfire explodes into the room from the doorway. Eventually it stops and Michelle remains frozen in the darkness. One MAN appears and then a SECOND both firing their weapons wildly.

Michelle winces in pain and grabs her left leg as she unloads her clip on them. They collapse to the floor. She loads a new clip.

MICHELLE

Four down, four to go.

Michelle listens for sounds as she slams another clip into the weapon. She hears none and rises carefully to her feet. She creeps to the doorway.

TAARIQ (O.S.)  
(In Arabic with English subtitles)  
Massoud, Khalid. Is she dead?

HALLWAY

Three FIGURES appear from the stairway in the dim light of the hallway and rush toward the cell.

Michelle unloads her weapon at the three men and they crash to the floor. Michelle rises and steps through the bodies to the staircase.

She jerks a kaffiyeh from the head of one of the dead men and winces as she ties it around her bloodied upper leg.

INT. LOBBY

Michelle inserts a flash drive into one of the laptops on the desk. She surveys the laptop screen through several manipulations and executes a download.

She hears a sound outside and nervously waits for the download to complete. There is a coded knock at the door. She removes the flash drive and inserts it into her pocket.

Michelle waits in darkness as the door opens.

Hafaz enters and surveys the empty lobby with concern. He flips the light switch but the lights do not turn on. He grabs his Glock and readies to fire. Hafaz is suddenly stunned by a devastating blow to his head from behind.

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY COURTYARD - NIGHT

Jake, Richard and DR. WILSON watch as the blue van rolls to a stop next to a parked ambulance. Jake opens the side door to reveal Hafaz bound and gagged. He glances toward Michelle and bolts around the van to the driver's door.

Jake opens the door to reveal Michelle covered in blood with her hands clinched tightly on the steering wheel. She is unconscious.

JAKE  
DOCTOR!!!

EXT. AN AIRBORNE VIEW OF JERUSALEM - NIGHT (MOVING)

We move past the Temple Mount to a view of a military hospital compound.

INT. MICHELLE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Michelle lies on her hospital bed and gazes out the window in a state of trauma. The door opens and Holly walks into the room carrying a small package. Michelle's gaze does not shift. Holly's eyes moisten as she looks at Michelle.

Holly walks to the other side of the bed to stand in the path of Michelle's gaze. Michelle does not react.

HOLLY

I'm so sorry to bother you, Ms.  
Burns but... but... I wanted to  
thank you for saving me from those  
bad men.

Holly reaches out and touches Michelle's hand. Michelle's gaze shifts to Holly's moist eyes. Tears flow.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

(Emotionally)

I'll never forget what you did for  
me.

Holly opens the package and removes the framed photograph of herself from her father's office. She sets it up on the bedside table.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I'm so sad that you were hurt  
helping me...

Holly wipes away tears.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I hope you get well soon and that  
maybe you and I can be friends some  
day.

Tears flow from Michelle's eyes as she takes Holly's hand and holds it in an affectionate way.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Daddy said I shouldn't stay too  
long so I should go now. I love you  
Michelle. Thank you.

Holly leans forward and kisses Michelle on the forehead. Tears fall from Michelle's eyes. Holly quickly leaves the room in tears. Jake appears at the doorway and gazes at Michelle.

Jake walks slowly toward the bed and takes a seat in the chair beside it. Jake extends his hand and Michelle takes it in her shaking hand.

The door opens. Dan Burns leads Renee Burns into the room. They both stop in shock when they see Michelle's battered face. Renee melts into tears.

RENEE

Dear God.

LATER - NIGHT

Dan and Renee sit on each side of the bed in visible distress. They each hold one of Michelle's hands. Jake is not present.

DAN

Baby, you've done extraordinary things for many people but its time to stop doing this.

Michelle glares at Dan in indignation. Michelle picks up Holly's picture and hands it to Renee.

MICHELLE

I should've let her die and let those animals keep killing people?!!

DAN

I understand how you feel but risking your life to kill them like this doesn't solve the bigger problems.

Michelle dubiously considers his words.

DAN (CONT'D)

You have a very brilliant mind that can solve the big issues and save thousands of lives.

Michelle reflects.

RENEE

I admire your compassion and your heroism but surely you must know the toll all of this takes on our hearts.

Michelle looks away to collect her thoughts.

MICHELLE

Mom, I understand but we're no different than the families of the thousands of Americans who've risked their lives to defeat these psychopaths.

Renee's tears flow again. She kisses Michelle's hand. She rises and leaves the room. Michelle anguishes.

DAN

I need you to come work with me to avoid the terrible end game of all this insanity.

Michelle gazes out the window as her mind races.

SUPER: EASTERN SYRIA - YEARS LATER

INT. CIA FORWARD UNIT BASE 4 - NIGHT

Jake sits at a fold up table. He eats a sandwich along with his twin brother DALE. Dale resembles Jake without his commanding presence. They both speak with Cajun accents.

DALE

What I wouldn't give for a plate of Mama's jumbalaya.

JAKE

I hear that. Two more weeks and we'll be knee deep in mud bugs.

DALE

And we're not comin' back, right?

JAKE

Yep, we're done fightin' for people who haven't got a clue and don't give a damn.

Dale nods in agreement. TYRONE and LUCAS enter the building. Tyrone is a muscular black guy with a fearless, but amiable demeanor. Lucas is a muscled up, sandy haired pretty boy with a happy go lucky nature.

The team wears Syrian tribal clothes. They all have three-day beards. Tyrone and Lucas move toward a make shift buffet table that is covered in sandwich makings.

A light flashes on the satellite phone on the table beside Jake. He answers it.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

Michelle sits at a control desk with headphones on as she focuses on her large computer screens.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Station 4.

MICHELLE

Two SUVs are moving on the Beta track and two on Omega. We believe there are Sarin gas canisters aboard.

Jake's eyes flash with concern.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Destroy all vehicles but choose your location to avoid collateral damage to civilians.

JAKE

Okay. On our way.

Jake hangs up.

JAKE (CONT'D)

We've got Sarin gas in transit to ISIS at Beta and Omega.

Jake tosses gas masks to them and the team bolts out of the building.

EXT. BETA HILLTOP - NIGHT

Jake crouches in brush near a grove of date palms on a small hilltop. Dale is nearby with his sniper rifle resting on a fallen palm tree trunk. They wear headsets and night vision goggles with gas masks. They survey the small valley below.

Jake raises an RPG and fires a rocket.

EXT. BETA VALLEY

Two black SUVs appear and move slowly without headlights through the darkness. The first vehicle erupts in an enormous explosion that engulfs the second SUV. The rear SUV backs away from the flames as a second rocket smashes into it.

The force of the impact lifts the SUV off the ground and flips it over.

EXT. BETA HILLTOP - NIGHT

Jake and Dale are illuminated by the flames in the valley below as they watch the SUVs burn.

EXT. A HILLSIDE NEARBY

RASHID SABOURI, 29, surveys the ridge line where Dale is positioned. Rashid's brother KHALID aims a sniper rifle at the valley below. They both wear black covert combat gear and headsets. Rashid spots Dale and lifts his RPG to fire.

EXT. BETA HILLTOP - NIGHT

Jake moves to his left to get a better view as Dale is suddenly struck by a direct hit from an RPG. Dale vanishes completely in the terrific explosion and Jake is knocked backwards violently by the force of the blast.

Jake lies in stunned disbelief. A part of Dale's bullet proof vest is all that remains. The area near Jake is blasted with gunfire.

Jake scrambles to his feet and dives among the rocks. The area around him is raked with a hail of gunfire. Jake desperately crawls on his stomach through the rocks.

The area erupts in a series of RPG explosions just behind Jake. He rises and races desperately through the vegetation.

INT. MICHELLE'S HIGH RISE APARTMENT - DEN - NIGHT

Michelle sits on the floor in the darkness looking out the window at the Capitol building and the Washington monuments. A poignant melody plays.

Her arms are wrapped around her legs in a sad and lonely pose as she focuses on the Pentagon in the distance. She is illuminated by the exterior lights only. Her satellite phone rings. She answers.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

Dan sits in his home office. He is now a handsome older man with salt and pepper hair.

MICHELLE

Hi, Dad.

DAN

Hi, sweet girl. Are you okay?

MICHELLE

I'm really upset about Dale Trahan's death.

DAN

Yeah, he was one of our very best. I'm concerned that we're going to lose Jake too.

Michelle struggles to control her emotions.

MICHELLE

It's a most terrible thing to see a brother die in the worst imaginable way.

Michelle wipes moisture from her eyes. Dan reflects compassion.

DAN

Why don't we get together and talk about it?

Michelle considers the idea.

MICHELLE

Thanks for the offer but I'll work it out. You have more important things to do.

There is a moment of profound silence.

DAN

How're you coming along with your project?

MICHELLE

All the signs point to something big coming down in Iran.

DAN

Anything solid that I can take to the President?

MICHELLE

Not yet but there's been a lot of chatter with Moscow. I'll keep you posted.

DAN

Okay, I'll let you get back to your evening. But your mom and I are both worried about you.

MICHELLE

Yeah, I know. I really need to start dating.

DAN (O.S.)

Yep.

MICHELLE

Please give mom a hug for me.

DAN (O.S.)

Take care sweet heart. We love you.

MICHELLE

Me too.

SUPER: "NORTHERN VIRGINIA"

EXT. JAKE TRAHAN'S CABIN - ONE WEEK LATER - DAY

The cabin is situated in a forest remote from other dwellings. A Ford SUV pulls to a stop. The car door opens and Michelle climbs out. Michelle wears a sweater, jeans and boots.

She gazes at the cabin as she closes the SUV door. Michelle walks toward the cabin and steps onto the front porch. She knocks on the front door. No answer.

Michelle walks to the end of the porch. She spots a filthy black Hummer. She returns to the front door and pounds on it with determination. The door opens slowly. Jake stands buck naked in the doorway in an alcohol daze.

MICHELLE

Good God!

Michelle turns away. Jake has a flash of consciousness and closes the door. He reappears in a ratty plaid robe.

JAKE

Sorry about that.

Michelle struggles to regain her composure from the visuals.

MICHELLE

I've been trying to reach you since you returned.

JAKE

Really? Would you like to come in?

Michelle winces as she surveys the inside of the cabin.

MICHELLE

I'm not sure. This place looks contagious.

JAKE

It's not that bad. Come on in.

INT. JAKE'S CABIN

Michelle enters the shabby cabin. She is visibly stunned by the scene before her. The room is littered with pizza boxes, beer cans, booze bottles, trash, clothes and other debris.

The furniture can only be described as a bad 1960's catastrophe that clashes in every way with the rustic architecture of the cabin. Overall it looks like a run down 1970s porno set left to degrade for a very long time.

MICHELLE

Quite a place you have here.

JAKE

Sorry about the mess.

Jake clears a spot on the couch and motions for Michelle to take a seat. Michelle cringes.

MICHELLE

No offense, Jake, but could you maybe get cleaned up and meet me at the little café in town?

JAKE

I'll be there in thirty minutes.

INT. THE CORNER CAFÉ

Michelle sits in a booth and drinks coffee in the near empty café. She watches through the window as Jake's Hummer skids to a stop outside. Jake hurries toward the café. Jake appears and enters the booth across from Michelle.

MICHELLE

I'm really sorry about Dale...

Jake's gaze shifts to a dazed expression for several long moments. He shakes his head to gather his thoughts.

JAKE

Thanks but was there something else you wanted to talk about?

Michelle's struggles to find the right words.

MICHELLE

I wanted you to know that I was devastated by what happened. I couldn't feel worse.

Jake sits in emotional silence for several moments.

JAKE

Thanks for your sentiments but it's my fault for convincing him to join the agency.

Jake shakes his head in grief. Michelle anguishes. Eventually their eyes meet in an emotional moment of mutual understanding. His blood shot eyes moisten briefly but he quickly regains his composure.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Is there anything else you need?

MICHELLE

What're your plans?

Jake lowers his head as he reflects in sadness.

JAKE

I haven't figured that one out yet. My family is...

Jake's mind races with thoughts and emotions. Michelle reaches across the table and touches his hand in a comforting gesture. They gaze deeply into each other's eyes for several moments. Michelle's expression reflects empathy.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Thanks for making the effort to come here today. Please call me if I can help you or your dad.

MICHELLE

He's as upset as I am about what happened to Dale. He'd like to meet with you.

Jake nods his understanding and stands.

JAKE

I'm sorry but I need to go spend the day with Dale's kids.

Jake extends his hand and Michelle shakes it.

MICHELLE

Let's get together for dinner. I'd like to be your friend.

Jake is taken aback and clearly moved by her gesture.

JAKE

Thanks, let's do that.

They both stand and Michelle gives him a hug. Jake pulls away. Michelle watches him exit the cafe, pile into his Hummer and speed away.

INT. CIA STRATEGIC CENTER - CLASSIFIED PROJECTS AREA - DAY

Michelle sits at a computer terminal in her office. Holly's picture sits on the desk top beside her terminal. Michelle exudes a calm but focused intensity as she surveys her computer screen.

EXT. THE KREMLIN - MOSCOW - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A multitude of PEOPLE move about Red Square.

INT. OFFICE OF THE PRIME MINISTER - MOSCOW

SERGEI TUSOKOV, 52, sits at a small conference table. Sergei is a handsome Russian who wears a business suit. His demeanor is one of clever resolve. He projects the impression of a man with high intelligence and confidence.

KARIM SAFARI, 55, sits across from Sergei. Karim is a small Persian man but he exudes determination and extreme intellect with every breath he takes. He wears the garb of a Grand Ayatollah.

KARIM

The Americans are determined to  
destroy both of our nations with  
sanctions and ruinous oil prices.

Sergei nods in agreement.

KARIM (CONT'D)

We believe it's time to take action  
to resolve this problem to our  
mutual advantage.

Sergei's eyes become very serious.

SERGEI

What do you propose?

Karim slides a dossier across the table to Sergei.

INT. - CIA STRATEGIC CENTER - CLASSIFIED PROJECTS AREA - DAY

Michelle sits at her computer terminal.

ONSCREEN

She watches a highly detailed satellite view of the Kremlin.

KARIM (O.S.)

The economic destruction of the  
United States of America.

Michelle registers extreme concern.

INT. - THE KREMLIN - OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT - LATER

Sergei Tusokov smiles broadly as he watches the Russian  
President, IVAN MADATOV, 61, pour two shot glasses full of  
vodka.

They sit down on opposite ends of an ornate couch that rests  
near a large window that overlooks Red Square. They both  
raise their glasses to toast.

IVAN

To your excellent news, Sergei.

They both smile and toss down their shots.

SERGEI

The value of our oil and natural gas exports will soon rise to levels we never dreamed possible.

IVAN

And they just elected a pathetic President.

SERGEI

Yes, a fool who could not be more ideal for furthering our interests at America's expense.

IVAN

(With joyful sarcasm)

To the great American political system.

They both smile and toss down their shots.

SERGEI

It gets even better.

IVAN

How so?

SERGEI

The economy of China will also collapse under the weight of its isolation and higher oil prices.

Ivan smiles at the prospect but also registers some concern.

IVAN

We'll have to manage that aspect very carefully.

SERGEI

Yes, but we'll finally hold all the trump cards in dealing with them.

Ivan swells with anticipation as he rises and gazes out the window at Red Square.

IVAN (O.S.)

Russia will be the only super power left on earth.

EXT. THE BURNS YACHT - POTOMAC RIVER - DAY (MOVING)

The weather is warm and perfect. Michelle sunbathes on the bow of the big yacht as it motors slowly down the river past the Jefferson Memorial and the Washington Monument.

Michelle wears a bikini that accentuates her rocking hot body. Several well healed scars are visible on her skin.

Dan Burns mans the helm on the upper platform. A group of YOUNG MEN on the river bank are enjoying Michelle's attributes.

One of the young men whistles at Michelle and waves. Michelle stands and sets off a round of applause from her admirers on the bank. She joins Dan at the helm.

MICHELLE

Men are so easily impressed.

DAN

Unfortunately, our new President wasn't impressed by your Safari tapes.

Michelle's eyes flash with indignation.

MICHELLE

You can't be serious.

DAN

Afraid so. He says it's not actionable intelligence.

MICHELLE

And its inconvenient to his false political narrative on Russia and Iran.

Dan nods.

INT. KARIM SAFARI'S OFFICE - TEHRAN IRAN - NIGHT

Karim and RASHID SABOURI, 30, listen over the speaker box on the conference table.

DAN (O.S.)

Political expediency is the order of the day.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

And our enemies are about to take advantage of the situation.

DAN (O.S.)  
Yep, and the President wants to  
hear nothing about a Russian  
Iranian conspiracy.

MICHELLE (O.S.)  
Too busy trying to prove he's the  
great diplomat of the 21st century.

The boat engines roar to high speed. The noise cuts off.

SERGEI (O.S.)  
(On the speakerphone)  
Karim, did you hear all of that?

KARIM  
Yes, Sergei. It appears that they  
are expecting us to act.

SERGEI (O.S.)  
(On the speakerphone)  
Do you want us to arrange a  
termination?

KARIM  
No. No one is listening to them and  
we don't want to set off alarms.  
  
We'll eliminate them at the  
appropriate time.

SERGEI (O.S.)  
(On the speakerphone)  
Are you sure?

KARIM  
I appreciate your concern but we  
must consider the ineptitude of the  
American political system.

SERGEI (O.S.)  
(On the speakerphone)  
Yes, it's not politically expedient  
for them to imagine the worst or  
prepare for it.

KARIM  
And that's the great opportunity of  
this situation.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY - DAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Michelle enters the room in a business suit. Dan rises and greets her with a hug.

DAN  
Hi, sweetheart.

MICHELLE  
We need to talk.

Dan returns to his desk chair as Michelle takes a seat across from him.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
Can you set up a meeting between me  
and the President?

Dan furrows his brow.

DAN  
What's the point? He thinks we're  
politically ignorant.

MICHELLE  
I know, but there's so much at  
stake that I have to try.

Dan's expression is dubious but Michelle's is determined.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
It needs to be a one on one between  
the two of us to avoid his  
political hacks.

Dan wrinkles his brow in amused incredulity.

DAN  
Are we talking a date?

MICHELLE  
He is single.

DAN  
Yes, but you brutally rejected his  
last dinner invitation at the White  
House after your medal ceremony.

MICHELLE  
True, but do we have any other  
choice?

Dan considers the question for several moments.

DAN

I suppose it's worth a try but it's  
a hell of a way to run a national  
security crisis.

INT. ST. REGENT HOTEL - 5 STAR RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Michelle follows an attractive HOSTESS through the ultra modern restaurant. Michelle wears a stunning and tastefully sexy black evening gown. She draws the attention of EVERYONE until she exits into a private dining room.

SMALL PRIVATE DINING ROOM

PRESIDENT BERT LaFORE, 45, stands. He is visibly blown away by Michelle as she enters the small room. The door closes behind her. Michelle enjoys Bert's astonished expression for a few moments and extends her hand.

MICHELLE

Hello, Mr. President.

Bert takes her hand and they gaze intimately into each other's eyes for a moment.

BERT

It's a pleasure to finally see you  
again, Michelle. Please call me  
Bert.

Bert smiles and leads her over to a table with a view of the city lights and Washington monuments. He pulls out her chair and she takes a seat. Bert sits down across from her.

BERT (CONT'D)

Can I interest you in a glass of  
wine?

MICHELLE

Yes, thank you.

Bert pours them both a glass of cabernet and lifts his glass.

BERT

Thank you for joining me.

MICHELLE

Thank you for the invitation.

They both take sips from their glasses as they read each other.

BERT

I never got the chance to thank you personally for your extreme valor in the Damascus situation.

MICHELLE

I was just doing my job.

Bert gazes with profound sincerity into her eyes.

BERT

No, what you did was far beyond the call of duty. Thank you.

Michelle is affected by his sincerity. They both take a drink of wine and savor it.

BERT (CONT'D)

That's an amazing dress. I wasn't expecting such an awe inspiring display.

MICHELLE

(Mock innocence)

Why not?

BERT

Let's just say your reputation precedes you. I'm guessing my political views are your worst nightmare.

Michelle smiles and takes a sip of wine.

MICHELLE

If that's the case, why did I come here this evening?

BERT

I'd like to think you wanted to explore romantic possibilities but I imagine it had more to do with your desire to convert me to your way of thinking on Iran.

MICHELLE

(Mock surprise)

Really?

BERT

Yes. I suspect that you'd try to influence the devil himself if you thought it would help your country.

MICHELLE

That pretty much sums it up.

Bert puts his hand to his heart in mock devastation.  
Michelle smiles and takes another drink of wine as she muses.

BERT

So a man's politics trumps  
everything else about him?

MICHELLE

Yes, if he's willing to place  
political expediency above the best  
course of action for the country.

BERT

But can't reasonable people  
disagree on the best course of  
action?

Michelle stares into Bert's eyes.

MICHELLE

I deal in facts and logic and  
reality and the world I see is very  
black and white and dangerous.

Bert absorbs her comments.

BERT

I envy the simplicity of your  
choices.

A WAITER appears. He places a large lobster appetizer in the  
middle of the table. The waiter serves them each a plate as  
they focus on each other's eyes.

INT. JAKE'S CABIN - NIGHT

The cabin is spotlessly clean. It has new carpet and  
furniture and a big screen TV. Jake sits on the new couch and  
watches the TV.

OLIVIA, 6, SOPHIE, 4, INDIA 3, and NOAH 5 are asleep on each  
side of him. They are all holding on to each other and Jake.  
His gaze shifts to photos of Dale on a table nearby. He is  
overcome with emotion.

INT. ST. REGENT HOTEL - SMALL PRIVATE DINING ROOM

The waiter finishes clearing the dishes off of the table.

MICHELLE

So how does a charming guy like you  
avoid marriage for so long?

Bert reflects for several moments.

BERT

I suppose I never found the right  
woman and I wasn't willing to  
settle for anything less.

Bert gazes into Michelle's eyes. She shifts her gaze away.

BERT (CONT'D)

So what's your story? You have a  
reputation for being very elusive  
on the romantic front.

MICHELLE

Is that so? I guess I never thought  
of myself that way.

BERT

How do you think of yourself?

MICHELLE

I think it's very hard to find a  
man who inspires me with his mind.

Bert smiles.

BERT

That standard must cut the field  
way down.

MICHELLE

Especially here in Washington.

Bert smiles at her not so veiled intent.

BERT

Do you see yourself falling in love  
some day?

MICHELLE

Sure, but right now I don't have a  
lot of time to invest in  
relationships.

BERT

Do you want a family?

Michelle flashes sadness but quickly composes herself.

MICHELLE

I'd love to have a big family with a guy I'm crazy about but the way things are going, I don't see it happening for me.

BERT

Why do you say that?

MICHELLE

Because our country is heading for a train wreck and I may lose my life trying to stop it.

Bert is taken aback.

BERT

You can't be serious.

MICHELLE

I'm deadly serious. Our enemies aren't playing games and I'll do whatever I can to stop them.

BERT

Do you include this evening in that category?

Michelle carefully considers her response.

MICHELLE

That's how I felt on the way over here but we both know things changed the moment we met.

They both reflect on her words for several moments.

BERT

Yes, life seems to be full of surprises these days.

MICHELLE

Well it's nice to have a pleasant surprise now and then.

They both take another drink of wine. Bert is completely captivated by Michelle and he cannot stop gazing into her amazing eyes.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Have you read my strategic review on the Iranian situation?

Bert flashes a knowing smile.

BERT

No, my people said it was counterproductive.

Michelle's eyes flash with anger.

MICHELLE

Counterproductive to what?

BERT

Political reality. The American people care a lot more about their own financial situations than Iranian conspiracy theories.

MICHELLE

That's because no politician has told them that our economy could collapse if we underestimate Iran.

BERT

What're you saying?

MICHELLE

We have intelligence that the Iranians may be plotting to overrun the Middle East oilfields.

BERT

Intelligence? Flawed intelligence got us into the Iraq mess and there's no way the Iranians are ready to take on our military.

Michelle shifts her body language to assertiveness.

MICHELLE

Why not? They have at least a 30 to 1 ground force superiority in the Middle East before you include their huge national guard.

BERT

But the Iranians can't hope to challenge our air force.

MICHELLE

Our air forces are only as good as their ground support facilities in the region that are vulnerable to ground attack by the Iranians.

BERT

That's why we have a navy.

MICHELLE

And that's why they've secured the support of Russia.

BERT

What're you talking about?

MICHELLE

Surely you're aware that our navy has no countermeasure for the Russian "Sizzler" anti-ship missile.

BERT

I heard about the issue but the Navy is working it.

MICHELLE

Until they figure it out, we have no proven countermeasure for it's ability to strike ships below radar level at above Mach 5.

Bert shifts uncomfortably.

BERT

So we've been investing billions in a huge carrier fleet that may be useless in a crisis?

Michelle nods and Bert shakes his head in dismay.

MICHELLE

It gets a lot worse. Have you considered that the major oil terminals of the Persian Gulf are only 300 miles from the Iranian border at Basra?

Bert's mind races.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

How long do you suppose it would take half a million Iranian soldiers to reach those terminals if they concentrated their forces and transited the Persian Gulf as well?

Bert reflects growing concern.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Low oil prices and sanctions over their nuclear programs have triggered a deep recession that has pushed the regime to the verge of collapse.

They know they must do something dramatic or face overthrow.

Bert's concern is visible and growing.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

They understand they can destroy our economy with high oil prices if they seize control of or destroy the Middle East oil infrastructure.

BERT

But we still have strategic bombers and a nuclear deterrent.

MICHELLE

Do you think anyone believes you'd be willing to kill hundreds of thousands of Iranian civilians in a futile attempt to preserve access to Middle East oil?

Bert is disconcerted by Michelle's compelling arguments.

BERT

But they'd also be destroying their own economy which is totally dependent on oil exports.

MICHELLE

True, but they could achieve a checkmate through control of all the oil facilities in the Middle East.

Bert considers her assertions for several moments.

BERT

They'd bet that we would not attack and risk destruction of the Gulf oil facilities and our economy?

MICHELLE

Yes, and the Russians will be jumping for joy if oil prices skyrocket and their oil exports explode in value.

BERT

So the Russians have every reason  
to support them.

Michelle nods.

MICHELLE

And the additional oil revenues  
would allow them to more  
aggressively pursue their other  
ambitions in Ukraine and beyond.

Why do you think they've been  
training Iranian pilots for years  
and just transferred four squadrons  
of SU-57s to Iran?!!!

Bert reflects grave concern for a few moments.

BERT

What do you suggest I do?

MICHELLE

Tell the American people the truth  
and start moving a lot of men and  
resources back into Kuwait.

Bert grimaces with concern.

BERT

But will voters go for it?

MICHELLE

Yes, if you explain the realities.

Bert's mind desperately searches for an effective response.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

These people are messianic  
religious fanatics who hate us and  
they're counting on the weakness of  
your resolve.

Michelle takes a sip of wine to calm her emotions.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

They think you're an idiot that hey  
can easily exploit!

Bert is stunned by her words. His mind races for several  
moments.

BERT

But how could I finesse a major reintroduction of our ground forces into the Middle East right after the election?

MICHELLE

You could use my report as a basis for your change of mind and put your opponents in a very difficult position if they oppose you.

Bert nervously refills their glasses as he searches for a response.

BERT

Michelle, I know that you're probably right but I've made commitments to my supporters to end these senseless wars and I can't betray their trust on this issue at this moment.

Michelle struggles to contain her fury. The full wine glass suddenly snaps in her hand and the wine explodes all over the place. Michelle stands and glares at Bert as she fights to contain her rage.

MICHELLE

So brave men and women must die in the name of political expediency?

Her hand shakes and visibly bleeds without concern on her part. She storms out of the room.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Bert sits alone at his large desk that is stacked high with briefing papers. He appears tired and distressed.

BERT

(To himself)

Michelle is right. I should call her.

Bert reaches for the phone and is about to dial. There is a knock at the door. Bert shakes his head in frustration.

BERT (CONT'D)

Yes.

KIRK (O.S.)

It's Kirk. We need to talk.

BERT  
(Irritated)  
Okay, come on in.

KIRK O'DONNELL 38, enters the room. He is a handsome guy with an Ivy League appearance. He takes a seat across the desk from Bert and takes note of Bert's dark mood.

KIRK  
What's wrong with you?

BERT  
I got my balls busted by an expert last night.

KIRK  
What happened?

BERT  
She thoroughly shredded our whole strategic premise on Russia and Iran.

KIRK  
Well that was to be expected. We knew the little psycho bitch was a Nazi on Iran.

BERT  
Yes but our ground force withdrawal from Iraq and Kuwait has opened the door for the Iranians to take over the Middle East and destroy our economy.

Kirk laughs incredulously.

KIRK  
Hold on a minute! Now is no time to grow a conscience! Our whole political strategy could collapse!

BERT  
Well maybe America's national security is more important!

KIRK  
What? Have you lost your mind?

BERT  
No. Maybe I just found it.

KIRK

You're talking crazy. There's no way you can betray your political base because some great looking babe rocked your hormones!

Bert's eyes flare with indignation.

BERT

That has nothing to do with it!

Bert stands up in anger.

BERT (CONT'D)

Do you understand who this woman is?

KIRK

Yeah, a psychotic hot head who's out to destroy your presidency.

Bert pounds on his desk in anger.

BERT

No, she's the first woman to be awarded the Distinguished Intelligence Cross for extreme valor 3 times!

Kirk is stunned by the revelation.

KIRK

What're you talking about?

BERT

She exchanged herself to save Ambassador Thomas' daughter in Beirut and then took down a major Al Qaeda cell all by herself!!

The intelligence she obtained helped us eradicate ISIS leadership and saved countless lives!

Since then, she has led seven successful terror interdiction missions over the last decade.

Kirk is visibly taken aback. Bert paces back and forth in a fury. Kirk hangs his head.

KIRK

I didn't know.

BERT

Did you know that she speaks eight vital languages fluently and has Phds from MIT, Oxford and Harvard in psychology, computer science, geopolitics and Islamic studies?

Kirk reflects amazement as he shakes his head. Bert paces.

BERT (CONT'D)

She may be the smartest human being on earth and her dad tells me that she possesses a higher awareness that's almost supernatural!

Kirk fidgets in embarrassment. Bert points his finger in rage at Kirk.

BERT (CONT'D)

And you hid the details of her report from me and set me up to be the next Neville Chamberlain!

Kirk lowers his head in embarrassment and fear.

BERT (CONT'D)

Give me one good reason why I shouldn't fire your ass and hire Michelle to replace you!

Kirk agonizes for a few moments as his mind races.

KIRK

I apologize for insulting a national hero.

But there's so much at stake and we can't afford to admit a major mistake on our Iran policy and prepare for a Middle East war at this moment. It would wreck our credibility on our whole agenda.

Bert pauses.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Is it a coincidence that Michelle chose a romantic venue where she could blow your mind?

Bert wrestles with the competing arguments.

KIRK (CONT'D)

She's a dangerous distraction at a critical moment in your new administration.

Everyone else but her dad agrees that Iran is a military mouse that we can crush at any time and we can't let her suspicions destroy your presidency.

Bert collapses back into his chair as his mind races.

KIRK (CONT'D)

She may be the most beautiful and courageous and brilliant woman on the planet but she doesn't have to deal with political reality. We do.

The American people do not give a damn about Iranian conspiracy theories!

They want inflation and interest rates down and a booming economy, not another stupid war in the Middle East.

Bert's mind races.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Remember, you just got elected on peace abroad and prosperity at home.

Bert's expression reflects acquiescence.

BERT

Get the hell out of here!

Kirk hastily exits the room. Bert pounds his fist on the desk in frustration.

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

INT. MILITARY HEADQUARTERS BUNKER - QOM, IRAN - DAY

Karim Safari sits in his office and watches the TV to the right of his desk. Rashid Sabouri sits across the desk from Karim and views the TV monitor as well. Rashid is flanked by his brothers SAAED, SANJAR and KHALID.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

BERT (ON T.V.)

In closing I would like to thank the American people for this huge affirmation of their confidence in my leadership. This election sent a clear signal that the America has chosen the path to peace and prosperity over the endless and futile road of war and economic stagnation.

With the help of new leadership in Congress, we will aggressively reach out to our enemies and seek solutions that solve the root causes of our conflicts rather than stoke the fires of global discontent.

Timely compromises to resolve the issues between us will allow redirection of our resources to solving our economic problems at home to insure economic prosperity for all Americans.

Thunderous applause rings out in the hall where Bert speaks. Karim clicks off the TV with his remote control. Rashid laughs.

RASHID

The man is a complete idiot!

KARIM

Yes, Allah has truly blessed our cause. The time has come to vanquish the great Satan.

They all absorb the information with awe and anticipation for several moments.

RASHID

Your plan is a masterpiece, Great One. Everything has unfolded just as you predicted.

Karim stands and motions for the brothers to rise. The four brothers stand and face Karim.

KARIM

You brothers are the most elite of our Revolutionary Guards.

(MORE)

KARIM (CONT'D)

Your father led the assault on the American Embassy in 1979.

You're the chosen ones to lead Islam to its supreme achievement.

Let us proceed to the destiny that Allah has chosen.

They all five face southwest. They roll forward onto their knees and pray to Allah. Eventually they rise.

KARIM (CONT'D)

Go with Allah at your side.

The brothers depart together.

KARIM (CONT'D)

Rashid, please stay for a moment.

Rashid rejoins Karim as the others leave.

KARIM (CONT'D)

There's only one man of serious concern among the Americans.

RASHID

The CIA Director, Daniel Burns.

KARIM

Yes and you must make certain that he and his daughter are terminated before our operations proceed.

Rashid scoffs.

RASHID

Why should we concern ourselves with a woman?

KARIM

Because the Russians believe she is their most dangerous agent.

She's also the CIA's specialist on our country and the loudest voice trying to expose our plans.

Rashid struggles to control his incredulity.

KARIM (CONT'D)

Do not make the mistake of underestimating this woman!

RASHID  
Yes, Great One.

INT. THE BURNS ESTATE – MEDIA ROOM – NIGHT

Michelle sits on the couch beside Dan. She is in distress.

DAN  
Are you okay?

MICHELLE  
These elections are a disaster.  
The President now has huge  
majorities in both houses of  
Congress and there's no way to stop  
a full retreat into isolationism at  
the worst possible moment.

DAN  
Yes... Now we have to wait for  
them to strike first.

INT. MICHELLE'S HIGH RISE APARTMENT – NIGHT

Michelle sits alone on the floor gazing out the window. She wears a sexy sweater and skinny jeans bare footed. Soft music plays. The small dining table is set with candles burning and a fabulous hors d'oeuvre array.

There is a knock at the door. Michelle rises and walks to the door and opens it to reveal Jake. She smiles and extends her hand. Jake takes it and she leads him into the room. Closes the door. Jake looks at the table.

JAKE  
Wow, you went all out!

MICHELLE  
Well, I've been here since I got  
back from MIT years ago. I figured  
it was finally time to take  
advantage of the venue.

JAKE  
So what's that great smell?

MICHELLE  
Etouffee, of course.

JAKE  
Etouffee?

MICHELLE

Yeah, I called your mom for her recipe.

Jake gazes into Michelle's eyes.

JAKE

And to offer condolences about Dale. She was very moved by your gesture.

MICHELLE

She's a great lady with two extraordinary sons.

Jake saddens for a moment. Michelle fills two wine glasses and hands one to Jake. They gaze into each other's eyes as they sip from their glasses.

LATER

The fireplace burns nearby as Jake sits on the floor behind Michelle with his arms wrapped around her. They both gaze out the window at the amazing view. A soft melody plays.

Michelle turns toward Jake and they focus on each other's eyes. Michelle begins to tremble. Jake registers the source of her distress. He strokes her hair in a comforting gesture.

Michelle's shaking eases as their silhouettes appear with the raging fire as a backdrop.

MICHELLE

I'm terrified that I may never heal.

INT. AYATOLLAH RAMADANI'S HOME - NIGHT

AYATOLLAH RAMADANI, 76, sits before the blazing fireplace and reads an ancient text. He rises as the door opens and Karim appears. The two men engage in a respectful embrace.

Ramadani motions for Karim to take a seat by the fireplace and Karim complies. Ramadani returns to his seat.

AYATOLLAH RAMADANI

You have an issue of profound importance to discuss?

KARIM

Yes. I have just received intelligence that a major coup plot is brewing within the military.

Ramadani reflects dubious concern.

AYATOLLAH RAMADANI

This is why we have our Revolutionary Guard.

KARIM

Yes, but the guard has become sympathetic to the coup.

Ayatollah Ramadani registers greater concern.

AYATOLLAH RAMADANI

How is that possible?

KARIM

The severe effects of the remaining sanctions and low oil prices are creating widespread discontent among them and the people.

Ramadani nods.

KARIM (CONT'D)

Worse yet, they've greatly reduced the commercial incomes of the guard to levels that are feeding discontent.

AYATOLLAH RAMADANI

What is their goal?

KARIM

They prefer to give up our nuclear program and proxies completely to increase their personal incomes.

AYATOLLAH RAMADANI

(Angry)

So they place avarice above their duty to Allah and the revolution?

Karim suppresses his emotions.

KARIM

That's the reality and it's become too widespread to contain any longer.

Ramadani registers grave concern.

KARIM (CONT'D)

There's also a growing belief that the time has come to deal with the Sunni apostates permanently.

The Ayatollah's eyes flash with surprise.

KARIM (CONT'D)

The Americans have retreated and they have no will to resist anything we choose to do.

The Ayatollah rises and paces as he considers the situation.

KARIM (CONT'D)

Control of the Gulf oil reserves will allow us to set global oil prices and enrich our people beyond their imagination.

The Ayatollah stares into the burning fire.

KARIM (CONT'D)

Seizing Mecca and Medina from the apostates will fulfill the prophecy and elevate your stature to the highest level.

The Ayatollah turns toward Karim.

AYATOLLAH RAMADANI

What do you recommend?

KARIM

Operation "Swift Sword".

Ramadani's eyes flare with anger.

AYATOLLAH RAMADANI

It would be national suicide to challenge the American's in that way.

Karim winces in frustration and rises.

KARIM

It's the only alternative to preserve our revolution and realize the prophecy if you'll not give up the nuclear program and seek an accommodation with the Americans.

Ramadani glares at Karim.

AYATOLLAH RAMADANI  
I'll never risk the revolution by  
supporting "Swift Sword" and  
enraging a billion Sunni jihadis  
against us!!!

The Ayatollah paces back and forth in anger.

AYATOLLAH RAMADANI (CONT'D)  
It's unnecessary. The Americans  
will soon self-destruct of their  
own accord.

Karim struggles to contain his anger.

AYATOLLAH RAMADANI (CONT'D)  
I suggest that you resign if you  
cannot support my point of view.

KARIM  
As always, you have my full  
support. I'm just a messenger.

Karim bows respectfully and exits the room. Ramadani picks up  
his phone.

AYATOLLAH RAMADANI  
Get General Abdullah for me.

INT. MILITARY HEADQUARTERS BUNKER - QOM, IRAN - DAY

Karim Safari sits at his desk. Rashid enters the room.

KARIM  
Welcome, my son. Please be seated.

Rashid sits down across the desk from Karim.

KARIM (CONT'D)  
We need to resolve our two domestic  
obstacles.

RASHID  
General Abdullah and Ayatollah  
Ramadani.

KARIM  
Yes, they've both refused to  
support our mission and we cannot  
proceed as long as they continue in  
power.

RASHID

We have those plans prepared.

KARIM

You have my approval to proceed.

INT. GENERAL ABDULLAH'S HOME - TEHRAN, IRAN - NIGHT

MAJOR GENERAL HASSAN ABDULLAH, 63, is a strikingly handsome Persian. He wears a silk robe and smokes a cigar as he sits at a desk near the master bedroom of his estate. His General's uniform hangs on a hook nearby.

The sound of a tub filling can be heard in the background. Hassan rises from the desk. He walks to the window and gazes at the beautiful gardens below.

He is suddenly devastated by two heavy sniper rounds that explode through the glass and knock him violently to the floor.

INT. GENERAL NOZAR'S BMW - NIGHT

GENERAL YAMIN NOZAR, 47, waits anxiously in his seven series BMW. He is parked at an office building where he watches the sun rise.

A Mercedes limo appears through the early morning haze, and pulls to a stop beside the BMW. General Nozar lowers his window as Saaed steps out of the Mercedes. Saaed hands a cigar box to General Nozar through the window.

Saaed steps back into the Mercedes, and it pulls away. General Nozar opens the cigar box, and sees a prescription asthma aerosol box inside. He smiles as he closes the top of the box and drives away.

INT. GENERAL NOZAR'S BMW - DAY

General Nozar stops his car not far from the Ayatollah Ramadani's estate. He reaches inside the cigar box and removes the asthma box. He extracts the sprayer and examines it.

He slides the sprayer into the pocket of his heavy coat. He drives toward the compound.

INT. AYATOLLAH RAMADANI'S HOME

SERIES OF SHOTS:

General Nozar follows the GUARD OFFICER through a series of hallways to a large waiting area. The room is ornately decorated in the ancient Persian style.

GUARD OFFICER

Please wait here for just a moment.

The guard officer disappears into Ayatollah Ramadani's office. General Nozar nervously admires his surroundings.

The guard officer reappears and motions for the General to follow him. General Nozar complies. The officer opens a large door and the Ayatollah Ramadani stands before him with his hand extended in greeting.

General Nozar waits for the door to close behind him. He then sneezes loudly and reaches inside his pocket. He removes the small spray canister.

GENERAL NOZAR

Forgive me sir, allergies, and the stress of the situation makes them worse.

General Nozar suddenly sprays the Ayatollah in the face with the canister. The Ayatollah seizes up immediately in shocked silence.

General Nozar quickly moves behind the Ayatollah and covers the Ayatollah's mouth firmly with his hand from behind. He allows the Ayatollah to slowly collapse to the floor.

The Ayatollah never makes a sound as the General watches him fade away into death. The General carefully moves to an air conditioning floor vent near by. He removes the grate and slides the canister down into the small shaft.

He quietly replaces the grate, and moves back to the Ayatollah's side. The General stares in wonder at the dead Ayatollah for a few seconds.

GENERAL NOZAR (CONT'D)

Officer!

The huge door swings open, and the guard officer rushes into the room followed by a SECOND GUARD.

GENERAL NOZAR (CONT'D)

Get a Doctor!

The second guard bolts away as the guard officer watches the General hold the hand of the Ayatollah.

GENERAL NOZAR (CONT'D)  
Our great leader is gone!

GUARD OFFICER  
What happened?

GENERAL NOZAR  
I don't know, he seemed just fine,  
and then he suddenly grabbed his  
chest and collapsed to the floor.  
It all occurred so fast it was  
unreal.  
(a pause)  
How could this happen? He never  
made a sound!

INT. MILITARY HEADQUARTERS BUNKER - QOM, IRAN

General Nozar sits alone at his desk in a large office. He reviews multiple computer screens that indicate the status of Iranian, Iraqi and American military units.

He turns his attention to several screens behind him that are displaying Russian satellite images of various locations in the Middle East.

He manipulates the controls to focus on a high definition image of the USS Eisenhower as it launches aircraft.

The general smiles deviously. Suddenly, his office door blasts open. A half dozen GUARDS surge inside. The General leaps to his feet.

GENERAL NOZAR  
What're you doing?

Four guards grab the General and rip off his jacket.

GUARD OFFICER #2  
You're under arrest by decree of  
the Supreme Leader Ayatollah  
Safari.

You stand accused of the murders of  
General Abdullah and the Supreme  
Leader Ramadani as part of a plan  
you devised with the Americans to  
destroy our nation.

GENERAL NOZAR  
This is outrageous!

## GUARD OFFICER #2

No, selling your soul to the Great Satan for money and committing treason against your country are outrageous!

The guards quickly tape the General's mouth shut and drag him from the room.

GENERAL SAMAD SAFARI, 55, enters the room. His resemblance to Karim is unmistakable but he is a larger man and he wears a General's uniform. He takes a seat at the computer console and smiles as he watches the progression of the data feeds.

EXT. GHALE MORGHI AIRBASE - TEHRAN, IRAN - NIGHT

Rashid and his brothers carry their parachutes and a large case aboard a large private jet. The door shuts behind them and the plane quickly taxis and takes off.

SUPER: ANDREAPOL MILITARY AIRBASE - RUSSIA

EXT. ANDREAPOL MILITARY AIR BASE - RUSSIA

Two giant Ilyushin IL-76 transport aircraft taxi across the airfield and take off. They are followed by a long line of smaller military transport aircraft.

SUPER "PORT OF HOUSTON, TEXAS"

EXT. PORT OF HOUSTON, TEXAS - NIGHT

The tanker "El Batista" rests at the dock of a refinery terminal that has minimal lighting. It is raining hard as a rope is tossed down from the deck of the ship onto the dock in an area that is almost completely dark.

Four dark figures rappel down the side of the tanker one after the other. The large case is lowered by a rope and detached by Rashid. He picks up the case and they carefully work their way down the dock to the refinery fence.

They search the chain link fence until they find a portion of the fence that has been pre-cut vertically at a pole. They individually slip through the hole and move toward a warehouse nearby.

Rashid knocks on the door, and it opens. They all four disappear inside.

INT. VENEZUCO WAREHOUSE

MIGUEL, 37, greets Rashid, Saaed, Sanjar and Khalid as they enter the room.

MIGUEL  
Buenos dias, compadres. Please  
change into the dry clothes in the  
next room.

They all four move toward the room.

CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The brothers emerge into a conference room a few minutes later in casual shirts, jeans and boots.

RASHID  
Hello, Miguel. Is everything  
prepared?

MIGUEL  
Yes. Our trucks with the explosives  
should reach their destinations in  
New York and DC in plenty of time.

Miguel removes four passports from his vest pockets. He hands them to the brothers.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)  
These are your Venezuelan passports  
and work visas. Jorge and Carlos  
will meet you in Virginia.

They have the weapons and vehicles  
you will need for your mission.

You must drive there to avoid  
detection so I suggest that we get  
you to the vehicle and on your way.

Miguel leads the four of them out through the door.

INT. LANGLEY - CLASSIFIED PROJECTS AREA

Michelle sits at her computer. She attempts to make sense of an avalanche of satellite data. An alert pops up on her screen and she clicks on it.

MICHELLE

(Reading aloud to herself)  
Iranian Supreme Leader Ayatollah  
Ramadani dies of heart failure  
shortly after news that his ally  
General Abdullah had died as well.

Ayatollah Safari assumes supreme  
power after an emergency meeting of  
the Guardian Council.

He declares that the deaths were  
too much of a coincidence and  
promises to conduct a full  
investigation with a vow of death  
to any perpetrators.

Bullshit!

Michelle punches the speed dial on her speakerphone.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

Dan sits at his Langley office desk.

DAN

Hello.

MICHELLE

Are you seeing this?

DAN

Yes and it gets worse. We're  
tracking five huge Russian designed  
transport aircraft from a military  
airbase in Russia and into Iranian  
airspace.

MICHELLE

Nukes?

DAN

Doubtful. The Russians have just  
announced that they'll respond to  
any nuclear attack on Iran.

MICHELLE

So its probably anti-aircraft  
missiles.

DAN

The new S-500s no doubt. They're  
very effective.

MICHELLE

Great. Is the navy on full alert in the Persian Gulf?

DAN

No. The White House doesn't want to up the alert level for fear of giving the Iranians a pretense for attacking us.

MICHELLE

You can't be serious!!!

DAN

I'm afraid so.

MICHELLE

What're you seeing on the anti-ship missile launch sites in Iran?

DAN

All hot and on high readiness. Our only chance to counter the missiles is to hit them before they're launched.

MICHELLE

What's the President's plan?

DAN

Don't attack first. They're negotiating.

MICHELLE

So were the Japanese until they attacked Pearl Harbor.

DAN

Our ships are sitting ducks in the Persian Gulf if those missiles launch.

Michelle's mind races with anxiety.

MICHELLE

Why am I getting this feeling that these deaths are going to be blamed on us as a pretense for Russia to support an Iranian attack?

Dan considers the concept.

DAN

It would also excite the intensity  
they need to get their people  
behind a war.

MICHELLE

And Russia would cover off the  
Israeli nuke angle.

Safari is one scary smart son-of-a-  
bitch!

DAN

Yes and we don't have anyone who  
can match wits with him on our end.

SUPER: "NORTHERN VIRGINIA"

INT. QUANTICO WAREHOUSE

Two UPS vans and three large black SUV's are parked inside  
the bay of the warehouse. CARLOS leads Rashid to the rear of  
one of the SUVs and opens the rear gate to reveal an  
impressive weapons cache.

CARLOS

Please note that we have placed a  
barrier between the seat and the  
rear compartment as well as black  
out material on the inside of the  
glass.

RASHID

To avoid detection.

Carlos nods as he closes the gate.

CARLOS

And control anyone you detain.

INT. MICHELLE'S CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

Michelle drives and dials her phone.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

Dan sits at his desk. The phone rings.

DAN

Burns.

MICHELLE  
What's the status?

DAN  
Peace in our time. The President has assurances directly from Safari that they have no hostile intent against us. That the assassinations were an internal Iranian matter.

MICHELLE  
And he believes that nonsense?

DAN  
Yes, all alerts have been rescinded in a show of good faith.

MICHELLE  
Complete idiocy.

DAN  
Yes, and the President asked for my resignation immediately for objecting too vigorously.

Michelle is stunned.

MICHELLE  
Unbelievable!!!

DAN  
Yes, I'm packing my personal effects. I'll see you at home in a couple of hours. Merry Christmas Eve.

INT. GENERAL MARK WILSON'S HOME - BASEMENT - NIGHT

GENERAL MARK WILSON, 60, sits at a sophisticated computer console. Mark's wife CARRIE appears behind him.

CARRIE  
Okay, honey, it's time to head over to the Murford's.

GENERAL WILSON  
Sorry, Sweetheart, but we've got something very heavy coming down and I need to stay here.

CARRIE  
Okay, come on over if you get a break later.

Carrie kisses General Wilson on top of his head and leaves. Mark remains focused on his monitor.

INT. A BLACK SUV - NIGHT

Rashid and Khalid scan General Wilson's estate with night vision goggles. A Lincoln Navigator appears, and drives up to the gate. The security gate opens, and the Navigator exits onto the country road.

KHALID

Okay, this is it. The wife is driving and at least two of the kids are on board.

Rashid pulls the SUV into gear and speeds away to keep up.

INT. THE NAVIGATOR (MOVING)

Carrie drives down the remote country lane. MIKE, PAUL and ELISA sit quietly in the back seat. Suddenly a black SUV pulls out in front of Carrie's vehicle. She locks up the brakes to avoid hitting it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Navigator screeches to a halt just short of the SUV. A second black SUV pulls up behind Carrie, and stops with its front bumper pressed against her rear bumper.

Sanjar and Saaed pile out of the front SUV in black gear, and with automatic weapons at their sides. Saaed rushes up to the driver's window and points his gun at Carrie.

Carrie screams at the top of her lungs as Saaed smashes the driver's window with the butt of his weapon. The safety glass explodes all over Carrie as she and the kids all shriek in terror. Saaed points his gun at Carrie's face.

SAAED

Shut up or die!

INT. THE NAVIGATOR (MOVING)

Rashid wears a ski mask as he drives the Navigator. Carrie sobs as the rear doors slam shut.

RASHID

(Calmly)

We are going back to your house.

(MORE)

RASHID (CONT'D)  
If your husband gives me everything  
I need, we'll return your kids to  
you unharmed.

Do we understand each other?

Carrie nods and slumps into tears.

INT. GENERAL MARK WILSON'S HOME - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Mark works at his computer. He frowns as he notices the  
Navigator reappear on his security monitor.

GENERAL WILSON  
Carrie, what did you forget?

Mark walks up the basement stairs to greet Carrie.

KITCHEN

General Wilson appears through the basement door. He is  
stunned by the sight of Rashid's masked face.

RASHID  
Don't move a muscle or she and your  
kids are dead!

Mark's mind races as Carrie sobs.

RASHID (CONT'D)  
Lay face down on the floor!

Mark complies and Rashid checks him for weapons.

GENERAL WILSON  
What do you want?

RASHID  
I'll ask the questions. Stand up  
and go back down to your basement.

Mark climbs back to his feet.

RASHID (CONT'D)  
I'm not alone and if you try  
anything at all your family will  
die deaths more horrible than you  
can possibly imagine!

Mark starts down the staircase and Carrie follows close  
behind along with Rashid.

## BASEMENT

They reach the basement and Rashid points for Carrie to take a seat on the small couch.

RASHID  
Insert this into your PC.

Mark takes a seat as Rashid hands him a flash drive. Mark inserts it into his primary computer.

RASHID (CONT'D)  
You have access to the CIA and NSA personnel files. I want you to enter that system.

GENERAL WILSON  
I can't do that!

Lightening quick, Rashid fires a shot into Carrie's right knee. Carrie screams in extreme pain as blood explodes all over the white couch.

RASHID  
Open the damn files or I'll blast her apart one piece at a time!

Mark immediately goes to work on his computer as Carrie continues to shriek in pain. Tired of her screaming, Rashid jerks the scarf from her neck and ties it quickly through her open mouth.

Her screams continue but are muffled as she wraps one end of the long scarf around her leg just above the knee.

RASHID (CONT'D)  
She'll bleed to death if you don't hurry.

MARK  
I'm moving as fast as I can. Okay, I'm in.

RASHID  
Good, download the personal information of all the NSA, DIA and CIA agents onto the drive I gave you.

MARK  
I'm not sure that's possible.

RASHID

Well you better find a way or she's going to die for sure.

Mark frantically works the keyboard. Eventually he activates the download and sadly waits as it executes.

MARK

This could take a few minutes.

RASHID

Okay, I'll be patient for now.

Mark glares at Rashid until the download is complete. He removes the disk and hands it to Rashid.

MARK

Is that it?

RASHID

I need you to access the ISR Global Situation Awareness system.

Mark's expression fills with dread. Rashid points his weapon at Carrie. Mark bangs away on the keyboard. Eventually he stops and turn toward Rashid.

MARK

Okay, what now?

RASHID

Join your wife on the couch.

Mark walks over to the couch and examines Carrie's leg. Rashid sits at the terminal. He removes a flash drive from his pocket and inserts it into the computer. He makes several keystrokes, leans back and enjoys the upload in process.

MARK

What're you doing?

RASHID

Uploading the Basro Scorpion virus into your ISR system. They tell me it has 100% certainty of creating unrecoverable damage and that means you won't be able to use your GPS and satellite surveillance systems against us.

Rashid watches until a red alert signal appears on screen indicating an unrecoverable error. Rashid's eyes smile as he removes the jump drive and places it into his pocket.

MARK

What now?

RASHID

You're going to sit here and monitor the status of the surveillance system. If a backup program reactivates the system, you'll upload this flash drive into that system.

Mark anguishes.

MARK

What about our kids?

RASHID

They'll be returned to you by New Years Day if you fully cooperate and we don't receive any negative reports about your behavior from our other agents in your network.

MARK

What other agents?

RASHID

The one's that we've recruited to our cause with the same tactics we're using on you this evening.

Mark sighs deeply.

RASHID (CONT'D)

You sit in this room and watch this computer and you contact no one or we'll send you a box with the body parts of your kids inside. Do you understand me?

Mark nods in terror. Rashid stands up and drills Carrie with two shots through her heart.

RASHID (CONT'D)

You don't have time to deal with her.

Rashid bounds back up the stairs. Mark rushes in horror to embrace Carrie.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - DAY

Saaed wears a tailored British suit as he walks down Wall Street past the New York Stock Exchange. He discretely observes the manhole covers and the city trash cans as he passes them along his way.

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY (MOVING)

Rashid, Sanjar and Khalid ride in a black SUV around the perimeter of FedEx Field. They particularly focus on the key architectural supports of the stands and the public trash cans.

SUPER: "IRAN - IRAQ BORDER NEAR BASRA"

EXT. A DESERT AREA - NIGHT

Huge metal doors open from the side of numerous mountain caverns. Whistles blow and lengthy columns of tanks, armored vehicles and artillery rumble out of the caverns into the dense fog.

EXT. BANDAR ABBAS AIRBASE - SOUTHERN IRAN - NIGHT

Thousands of Iranian PARATROOPERS board military transport aircraft and commercial jetliners in full combat gear.

EXT. KISH ISLAND - GULF OF OMAN - NIGHT

Thousands of Iranian COMMANDOS load onto ship transports.

INT. THE BURNS HOME - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

Christmas songs play on the sound system. Michelle and Renee place Christmas ornaments onto the large tree in the corner of the great room.

Renee walks across the room and stops to admire the tree. Michelle plugs in the tree lights and joins her mother. Michelle's mood is very detached as she focuses on her laptop.

RENEE

Do you think we need more of the  
glass icicles?

MICHELLE

It looks great, Mom, but I'm concerned that Dad is running so late.

RENEE

Me too. I'll try him on his cell phone again.

Renee dials her cell phone and listens. She snaps the cell phone shut.

RENEE (CONT'D)

No answer.

MICHELLE

There's been no response on my Sat phone either.

RENEE

I understand how you feel, Baby, but I'm sure he'll be here any minute. Right now, why don't we go ahead and eat?

KITCHEN

Renee leads the way into the kitchen. Michelle watches her satellite phone for a reply as she follows her reluctantly to the kitchen table.

LATER

Michelle and Renee eat at the table in the breakfast alcove. The lights go off.

RENEE

Not again.

Suddenly there is rapid burst of ear piercing blasts as machine gun rounds strike the bulletproof glass of the breakfast room windows. Renee and Michelle shriek as they race through the kitchen and down into the basement.

BASEMENT

Michelle quickly dead bolts the heavy metal basement door.

MICHELLE

Turn on the generator and I'll get some gear.

Renee and Michelle rush down the stairs. Renee bolts to the generator closet in one corner as Michelle rushes toward a metal door in the other side of the basement.

Renee pushes the start button on the generator. It kicks on, and lights appear. An explosion can be heard in the house above. Renee screams and runs inside the closet where Michelle disappeared.

#### ARMORY CLOSET

The closet is full of racks of weaponry, explosives and black uniforms. Michelle frantically loads two Mp5 automatic weapons and hands one to Renee. They both pull on bulletproof vests and fanny packs.

Michelle then opens a cabinet and finds plastic explosive charges. She removes one from the box and hands the other three to Renee along with three remote detonators.

MICHELLE

Stuff those into your fanny pack!

Michelle opens a second box of plastique. She stuffs the sticks into her jacket along with detonators.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Thank God Dad planned ahead!

There is a tremendous pounding on the metal basement door as Michelle inserts a trigger switch into the plastique. Michelle hands Renee a remote detonator.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You know what to do?

RENEE

Yes.

#### BASEMENT

The pounding stops as Michelle dashes out of the closet and across the basement. Michelle tosses the explosive charge up the steps toward the basement door where it lodges against the metal door. Michelle hurries back across the basement and into the closet.

#### ARMORY CLOSET

Michelle bolts the metal closet door shut as the basement door explodes.

The force of the explosion damages the closet door and knocks Renee off of her feet. The lights die again, and Renee jerks Michelle down beside her.

Several moments pass until footsteps can be heard moving through the debris of the basement.

MICHELLE

Now!

Renee presses the detonator and a second explosion rocks the house. Shrapnel and debris blast through the basement and the opening in the closet door. Renee and Michelle wait in terror as the dust settles.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

RENEE

I think so. What do we do now?

MICHELLE

Shhh. Listen.

The room is silent other than the sound of crumbling debris. Renee and Michelle quietly wait for several moments as flames from the basement illuminate the closet through the damaged door. Michelle peers into the basement.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

There's blood everywhere. The flames are spreading. We have to get out of here!

They quickly pull on black Kevlar jackets and night vision goggles. They grab several grenades apiece and clip them to their jackets. Together they force open the damaged closet door and grab their Mp5 automatic weapons.

BASEMENT

Michelle leads the way into the flaming basement. They quietly work their way through debris until they spot Carlos' severed head near the staircase.

Renee stops in horror and fights off a scream. Michelle takes Renee's hand and quietly leads her up the side of the heavily damaged staircase. They stop when they reach the top of the stairs.

Renee nods reluctantly as Michelle pulls a pin on a grenade and tosses it into the kitchen. Renee and Michelle both duck and the grenade explodes.

Michelle creeps up to the top of the staircase. She peers into the smoke filled kitchen. Suddenly, a grenade flies through the air and tumbles past Michelle and Renee into the basement below. The grenade explodes!

Shrapnel rakes Renee's back and the explosion collapses the remaining stair supports. They both crash down as the staircase collapses. Michelle lands on top of Renee.

Michelle stares in horror at her mother's lifeless body and bloodied face. She screams from the bottom of her soul until bullets suddenly blast the area just above Michelle.

Michelle rolls under the remains of a computer desk. She strains to keep from screaming at the site of her mother's shredded body nearby.

Michelle's mood shifts to ruthless anger as the flames illuminate the figure of a man at the top of the staircase. He searches the debris with his machine gun ready to fire.

Sanjar rips off another burst into Renee. He then watches in amazement as a grenade sails toward him. The grenade strikes him waist high and explodes on contact.

The explosion cuts Sanjar in half. His torso tumbles forward into the basement. His legs follow close behind.

Michelle anguishes in extreme horror and loss as she retrieves a stepladder and another jacket from the closet. She tearfully covers Renee with the jacket. She embraces her mom as she sobs from the deepest part of her soul.

The sound of rapid footsteps in the house above chokes off her crying. She wipes away tears and takes deep breaths to help her overcome the shock of the situation.

Her mindset visibly shifts to ruthless determination as she slings a Mp5 over her shoulder and rapidly sets up the ladder below a hole in the ceiling.

Michelle scrambles up the ladder and disappears through the opening. A C4 charge tumbles into the basement and detonates with a ferocious explosion.

EXT. THE BURNS ESTATE COMPOUND

The force of the blast through the opening causes Michelle to tumble forward toward the tree line. Michelle quickly scrambles to her feet and backs her way through the heavy snow toward the trees about thirty yards away.

Michelle reaches the woods and takes up a position behind a fallen tree. She surveys the house through her night vision goggles. Her heart races at high speed as she spots movement inside the house.

Michelle hears intense gunfire coming from the area of the front gate that is out of sight to her right. Michelle carefully works her way through the trees toward a point where she can view the front of the house.

She spots her Dad's bullet riddled BMW 650I near the entrance gate. One headlight is still on but the car is slowly burning. The driver's door is open.

MICHELLE

Oh my God, no!

Michelle covers her mouth and bows her head to stifle her grief. Rashid emerges from the front door. He stealthily moves toward the car. He hides behind a large tree. He tosses a grenade into the car and it explodes.

Rashid surveys the area. He spots a multitude of flashing police lights far off in the valley below. Rashid fumes as he watches them approach. Michelle watches the flashing lights and takes aim at the tree where Rashid is hiding.

DAN

Michelle, don't do it.

Startled, Michelle turns to her left.

MICHELLE

Daddy?

DAN

Follow me.

Michelle follows Dan as he struggles to walk through the trees to a large stone outcropping. They each kneel down and crawl through a hole in the face of the rock wall.

INT. THE CAVE - NIGHT

Dan props himself against the back wall of the cave. He is covered in blood. Michelle pulls off her goggles, removes her heavy jacket and covers Dan. She then takes off her scarf and ties it snugly around Dan's bleeding neck.

DAN

Where's your Mom?

MICHELLE

(Tearfully)

She's gone. They killed her in the basement. I had to leave her.

Dan winces as he fights off his grief and the pain that is overwhelming him. They both suffer in their anguish for several long moments.

DAN

I'm so sorry, Baby. It's all my fault.

Dan fades away in his sadness. Michelle takes his hand.

MICHELLE

Dad, you can't leave me like this. What should I do?

Dan gazes at her lost expression and tries to sit up.

DAN

I'm guessing these guys are the group that trashed the ISR satellite surveillance network.

Dan fights hard to continue breathing.

DAN (CONT'D)

You have to capture that guy and find out what else they're planning in the states and get the information to Aaron Palmer or Mark Wilson.

Dan hands his satellite phone to Michelle.

DAN (CONT'D)

Their numbers are in the directory.

MICHELLE

Got it.

DAN

I think I saw a big SUV parked over by the old house. I wish we had a tracking device.

Dan's mind races as he struggles to breathe.

DAN (CONT'D)

You must go now!

Michelle anguishes.

MICHELLE

But I can't just leave you here!

DAN

(Forcefully)

I understand how you feel but if you don't do this, a lot of good people are going to die.

Dan heaves and coughs up blood as he struggles to speak.

DAN (CONT'D)

It's a terrible thing, Baby, but you have to get moving before they leave.

Dan passes out. Michelle caresses him in tears.

MICHELLE

(Sobbing)

Oh, Daddy.

Michelle reluctantly raises herself off of his chest. She pulls on her night vision goggles and crawls out of the cave entrance with her Mp5 in hand.

EXT. THE BURNS ESTATE COMPOUND - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Michelle emerges from the cave to find the house engulfed in flames. Michelle rushes toward the old house. She stops and turns back to look at the flames.

She drops to one knee in anguish until she notices Rashid searching the snow near the driver's door on the 650i.

Rashid follows her Dad's blood trail toward the cave. Tears stream down Michelle's face as she aims her gun at Rashid as he nears the cave. She reminds herself what her dad would want her to do.

Michelle reluctantly turns away and moves quickly in the direction of the old house. A burst of gunfire from behind her can be heard as she nears the old house. Michelle drops to her knees in mortal anguish. She is paralyzed with grief.

The sound of sirens in the distance breaks the spell. She scrambles to her feet and rushes through the trees toward the old house. She spots a black SUV and she creeps up behind it.

Michelle notes the paper car dealer license plate. She opens the rear hatch and climbs inside. The hatch closes.

INT. RASHID'S BLACK SUV

The separate rear compartment of the SUV is loaded with weapons. Michelle lies down and pulls a heavy jacket over herself. Michelle removes the Sat phone from her pocket. She punches in the code and sends a message.

MOMENTS LATER

The driver's door opens. Rashid piles into the driver's seat. He starts the engine and drives away with no headlights. He drives with his night vision goggles.

LATER (MOVING)

Rashid spots I-95 up ahead. He turns on his headlights. Removes his goggles. Drives onto the interstate. Rashid engages the speaker system on the vehicle and dials a number. A ring can be heard on the SUV speakers and then an answer.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

AARON

This is Palmer.

RASHID

Ah yes, Mr. Aaron Palmer, the infamous Director of Homeland Security.

AARON

Who's this?

RASHID

That doesn't matter. What's important is that we have taken possession of your son Brent and your daughter Cecilia.

AARON

That's impossible. They're at a safe house.

RASHID

No, they were at a safe house until your General Wilson decided that his kids were more important than yours and gave us their location.

Aaron groans in distress.

RASHID (CONT'D)

You might also be interested to know that your Mr. Dan Burns is no longer with us because he chose to resist.

You and your children will meet a similar fate very soon if you do not cooperate with everything I ask you to do.

Aaron anguishes.

AARON

What do you want me to do?

RASHID

Make no mention of the information you just received to anyone and make certain that any intelligence you receive does not reach the President.

You must also delay any repairs to your surveillance and counter-intelligence networks.

AARON

And how am I suppose to get away with that?

RASHID

That's your problem if you ever want to see your kids again.

AARON

How do I know they're still alive?

RASHID

You don't but you can be certain that they'll be dead if you don't accomplish the tasks I assigned to you.

I'll call back in two hours, and I better have confirmation from my people in your building that the system is still down.

AARON

What people?

RASHID

The other agents we have turned to our service over the last seven hours. If the system is not still down, one of them will be told to kill you or they'll lose their family.

Rashid hangs up. He laughs and tosses his cell phone out of the SUV.

INT. AARON PALMER'S OFFICE

Aaron paces back and forth in a high state of distress. He sits down at his desk and stares at the phone. He anguishes, and buries his face in his hands for several moments. Finally, he reaches for the phone and dials.

The line rings on the speakerphone until it answers.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

DICK

White House security. This is Senior Agent Dick Thomas.

AARON

Dick, this is Director Palmer. We have a national emergency unfolding. I need you to make absolutely certain that no one reaches the President by phone or in person without my direct approval.

Do I make myself clear?

DICK

Yes, Sir. We'll filter all calls and physical contacts.

AARON

What meetings are on the President's calendar today?

DICK

Just the one at noon.

AARON

Is Michelle Burns on the list?

DICK

Yes, Sir.

AARON

Under no circumstances is Michelle Burns to be allowed access to the President or his senior advisers.

We suspect her of involvement in possible treason against the United States. Take her into custody if she appears.

DICK

Yes, Sir.

AARON

I also want Jake Trahan picked up. He shows up on the system as her most likely support contact.

DICK

Will do.

INT. RASHID'S BLACK SUV - NIGHT

Rashid drives into a remote office park and stops the SUV at a warehouse. Rashid presses a remote control and the large roll up door rises. Rashid drives the SUV into the warehouse and the roll up door closes behind him.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Khalid appears as Rashid climbs from the SUV and examines the two UPS delivery trucks. MOHAMMED and FARID join them in UPS uniforms. The group walks over to a door and they disappear into the office.

INT. RASHID'S BLACK SUV - REAR COMPARTMENT

Michelle lies silent for several moments after their voices fade into the office. She then rises up and peers around the warehouse. She sees two UPS trucks. Michelle pulls out her dad's Sat phone. She searches for a number and dials it.

INT. JAKE TRAHAN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Jake is asleep on the couch. Jake's cell phone rings loudly but he does not stir until it stops. The cell phone starts to ring again. Jake rolls over onto his back in obvious pain.

JAKE  
Leave me the hell alone!

The phone stops ringing but starts ringing again.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Son-of-a-bitch!

Jake struggles to sit up. The cell phone continues to ring but it stops ringing just as he picks it up. Jake rolls onto his back in a state of relief until it starts ringing again. Jake flips open the cell phone. Michelle whispers.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

JAKE (CONT'D)  
This better be good.

MICHELLE  
Jake, it's Michelle.

Jake's eyes brighten and he sits up.

JAKE  
What's going on?

Michelle sobs on the phone.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
What's the matter?

Michelle struggles to control her emotions.

MICHELLE  
Iranian terrorists murdered my  
parents tonight.

Jake is stunned with anguish.

JAKE  
You can't be serious!

MICHELLE  
Yes, I am and I need your help or a  
lot of other people are going to  
die.

Jake searches for the right words.

JAKE  
Michelle, I'm so sorry for your  
loss.

Michelle fights to avoid crying for several moments. She covers her mouth to muffle a scream of anguish.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Michelle, I'm your friend and I want to help you. Where are you now?

MICHELLE

I'm on dad's sat phone inside the freak's SUV in a warehouse. I found the SUV near the house and hid in the back compartment. Then the asshole drove it here.

JAKE

Where's the warehouse?

MICHELLE

I don't know.

JAKE

Are you by yourself?

MICHELLE

Yes, I think so. They all went into the office but they could come back into the main warehouse any moment.

I'm afraid they're about to do something terrible.

JAKE

What makes you think that?

MICHELLE

I overheard him talking to Aaron Palmer on the phone.

JAKE

What did they say?

LATER

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

Jake's mind races at high speed. Michelle whispers.

JAKE

Okay, can you hide somewhere in the warehouse?

MICHELLE

No, it's one big room that's empty except for two UPS delivery trucks. I'm thinking the trucks are loaded with explosives.

JAKE

Can you take the freaks all out at once?

Michelle considers the question.

MICHELLE

Yes, but we don't know everything about their network and the hostages are being held somewhere else.

JAKE

So we need one freak alive.

MICHELLE

Preferably the leader.

JAKE

Do you have weapons?

MICHELLE

Yes, C-4 and an MP5. I can handle the UPS trucks but I'll need help after I take down the leader.

JAKE

Okay, I'm heading your direction.

INT. WAREHOUSE

The men are still talking inside the office. Michelle quietly opens the rear door of the SUV. She climbs out with her weapon at her side. Michelle carefully closes the rear door but does not allow it to latch. Michelle creeps toward the UPS trucks.

INT. RASHID'S BLACK SUV - REAR COMPARTMENT

Michelle dials the sat phone.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

Jake drives his Hummer. Michelle whispers.

MICHELLE  
Are you still there?

JAKE  
Yes, I'm on my way

MICHELLE  
The charges are in place but I need  
for the trucks to reach an  
unpopulated area to blow them.

JAKE  
Gotcha. I just picked up your sat  
phone signal. You're in a warehouse  
district in Quantico. I'll be  
tracking you.

INT. JAKE'S HUMMER - NIGHT (MOVING)

Jake drives at high speed down a winding country road. His  
sat phone rings denoting an text receipt.

Jake checks his text and finds a message from Dan Burns. He  
opens it and sees the words "White House". Jake dials his  
cell phone. The line rings several times and answers.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

VIC HOLTON, 38, sits at his desk at the White House.

VIC  
Agent Vic Holton.

JAKE  
Vic, this is Trahan.

VIC  
Not possible. Trahan would never be  
awake this early in the morning.

JAKE  
Very funny, but there are freaks  
driving two UPS trucks up I-95 from  
the south and they're loaded with  
explosives and we think they're  
heading for the White House.

VIC  
Not funny, asshole. There's a  
warrant out for your arrest.  
Report immediately to your control.

Jake hangs up in disbelief.

JAKE  
Son-of-a-bitch!

Jake removes a flashing police emergency light from his console. He attaches it to the roof of his Hummer. Jake flips the flashing blue light on and accelerates as he enters the I-95 on ramp.

EXT. LARGE POWER TRANSFER STATION - NIGHT

An aerial view of the power transfer station. We focus to a rooftop on a five story building across the street.

EXT. FIVE STORY BUILDING

Saaed stealthily emerges from the roof access doorway in black clothes. He carries the large case and sets it down next to an A/C unit. He opens the case to reveal sophisticated instrumentation.

He flips a switch and a digital timer appears. He sets the timer to one hundred minutes and it begins to count down. Saaed disappears through the roof access door.

INT. JAKE'S HUMMER (MOVING)

Jake drives.

INT. RASHID'S BLACK SUV (MOVING)

Rashid drives and Khalid sits in the passenger seat.

RASHID  
Can you believe that before the sun sets we'll have destroyed the White House and seized the Middle East?

KHALID  
Mecca and Medina will at last be under the control of true Islam.

RASHID  
And America will be on a fast track back to the Stone Age while Islam assumes its rightful position of supreme power in the world!

KHALID  
Merry Christmas America!

Rashid and Khalid give each other a huge high five.

KHALID (CONT'D)

The trucks are almost out of sight.  
You better catch up.

REAR COMPARTMENT (MOVING)

Michelle presses the button on the remote detonator.

EXT. I-95

The UPS trucks explode in an unbelievable fireball.

INT. RASHID'S BLACK SUV (MOVING)

Rashid swerves the SUV to avoid debris.

RASHID

Shit!!!

Rashid slams on the brakes as a large piece of shrapnel bounces off the freeway and smashes through the windshield. It severs Khalid's head and causes Rashid to lose control.

EXT. I-95 - NIGHT

The SUV skids to the right and rolls over and over down an embankment. It crashes sideways into the trees below.

INT. JAKE'S HUMMER (MOVING)

Jake drives and watches the huge explosions in the distance as a fireball rises hundreds of feet into the air about two miles ahead. He looks at his screen and Michelle's sat phone beacon has stopped transmitting.

JAKE

Michelle!!!

Jake slams the accelerator to the floor and weaves frantically through traffic. Eventually he reaches the site of the destroyed UPS trucks.

There are two large craters in the highway, but no other vehicles have been destroyed. Jake pulls to a stop on the right shoulder. He jumps out of his Hummer as other vehicles line up.

EXT. I-95

Jake desperately searches the area for any sign of a black Suburban. Jake spots the suburban on its side at the bottom of the embankment. Jake rushes down the slope.

Jake reaches the SUV. He looks inside the cab where Rashid lies bloody and unconscious behind the wheel. Jake frantically hurries to the rear of the SUV. He tries to open the door but it is stuck.

Flames suddenly ignite under the hood. Jake violently stomps the rear window with his boot heel until it shatters into safety glass particles.

Michelle extends her hand to Jake and he pulls her through the rear window opening. She reaches the ground covered in blood from a wound on her forehead. She collapses into Jake's arms and he picks her up.

Jake carries Michelle a good distance from the SUV. He sets Michelle down on the ground.

MICHELLE

We need him alive. He's the leader.  
Go!

Jake sprints back to the burning SUV. Rashid screams in pain and terror as Jake reaches him. Rashid extends his hand. Jake pulls him forcefully from the SUV as he cuts loose a bloodcurdling and continuous shriek of pain.

Rashid's legs are on fire. Jake removes his jacket and wraps his legs to put out the flames.

RASHID

Thank you!

JAKE

You're not welcome, asshole!

Jake viciously slugs Rashid in the face with several devastating blows that knock him out cold. Jake throws him over his shoulder and races away from the SUV. The SUV explodes and knocks Jake and Rashid to the ground.

Jake struggles to his feet and drags Rashid up to his Hummer. Jake opens the rear hatch and stuffs Rashid inside.

Jake quickly ties his hands and feet with plastic cuffs. He injects him with a heavy sedative. He then shuts the door.

Michelle removes her jacket and wraps it around her bleeding forehead. Jake rushes down to her and picks her up in his arms. He forces himself to run back up the hill.

Jake slides Michelle inside the side door of the rear seat and closes the door. Jake hurries around the Hummer. He quickly climbs into the driver's seat and speeds away.

INT. RURAL VIRGINIA – VERY OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

Saaed opens a trap door on the floor of the warehouse to the sounds of women's and children's screams.

SAAED  
SHUT UP OR DIE!!!!

The screaming recedes to whimpering. Saaed lowers a case of bottled water into the basement. He closes the trap door, locks it and walks to a desk nearby. He dials his cell phone. He listens as it rings to voicemail.

SAAED (CONT'D)  
(To himself)  
Come on, Rashid! Answer the damn  
phone!

Saaed closes the phone in frustration.

SAAED (CONT'D)  
Something's wrong.

He turns on the T.V. and searches for a news channel.

ANNOUNCER (ON T.V.)  
This just in, we have a report that  
there have been several massive  
explosions on I-95 just south of  
Alexandria, Virginia.

Initial reports indicate a tanker  
truck explosion but authorities are  
investigating.

SAAED  
No!!!

Saaed storms out of the warehouse.

INT. JAKE'S HUMMER – DAY (MOVING)

Jake drives. He looks into his rear view mirror at Michelle.

JAKE  
Are you okay?

MICHELLE  
I'm far from okay but I'll probably  
make it. Have you got a first aid  
kit in this thing?

JAKE  
Sure, on the driver's side of the  
rear compartment.

Michelle winces as she rises up onto her knees and peers over the rear seat. Michelle reaches over the seat and removes the first aid kit from the mounting.

She then climbs into the front passenger seat. She flips down the visor to reveal a mirror with a light.

Michelle cleans and dresses her forehead. She grimaces as she applies three steri strips to the gash. She then wraps an ace bandage around her forehead area and clips it into place. She pops four Advil and leans back in the seat.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Nice job.

MICHELLE  
Thanks, but I have a splitting  
headache and my right hip is  
killing me.

We need to hammer this asshole for  
the hostage locations and go  
immediately to the White House.

JAKE  
I've got just the place.

EXT. THE SMITH FARM - DAY

Jake's Hummer speeds out of the huge barn and races down the narrow asphalt road.

INT. THE SMITH FARM BARN - DAY

Rashid is bound and lying in a coffin that is sitting on the floor. Jake tosses a football in the air as he approaches the coffin. He crouches down beside Rashid.

JAKE  
Do you recognize this?

Rashid's eyes burn with hatred but he does not speak.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Some folks call this a football,  
but around here we call'em  
pigskins.

Rashid's eyes briefly flash with fear.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ah, yes, they tell me you people  
can't make it to heaven all wrapped  
up in a pigskin so I figure a  
civilian murdering son-of-a-bitch  
like you should be wrapped up in  
the filthiest pig hide we can find,  
and buried in the pig entrails pit  
out back.

But they tell us that's cruel and  
unusual punishment so we've devised  
another method to achieve the same  
objective.

Jake reaches inside a large cardboard box and begins pulling  
footballs out of the box and packing them into the coffin  
with Rashid.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I know you don't want to confirm  
where the Iranian leadership bunker  
is located but it would be a real  
shame if you can't collect on all  
the virgins you've earned as a holy  
warrior who kills innocent people.

It's real simple. If you don't tell  
us everything we want to know,  
you're going to spend the rest of  
eternity rotting away at the bottom  
of a hole surrounded by rotting pig  
skins.

Jake closes the bottom half of the coffin and stuffs more  
footballs around Rashid. Rashid's eyes burn with terror and  
defiance.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I don't know about you but I can't  
see a single virgin ever showing up  
down there.

Rashid snivels as he tries not to smell the footballs.

RASHID

Allah, how could you forsake me  
this way?!

JAKE

I'm gonna' take that as a no and  
hope the pigs will forgive me for  
have to spend eternity with scum  
like you.

Rashid screams bloody murder as Jake begins to close the second half of the coffin over Rashid. Rashid shrieks in terror.

INT. SMITH FARM - MAIN HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM

Michelle stands in darkness in the large, marble shower under hot water flowing from a rain shower head. She drops to her knees and sobs in grief.

INT. SMITH FARM - DETENTION CENTER

Rashid sits in the corner of his cell and speaks to Jake through the bars. Michelle joins them with her head bandaged.

MICHELLE

How's it going? We need to get to  
the President.

JAKE

We've got everything we need.

MICHELLE

What about the hostage location?

JAKE

Yes, and a rescue team is on the  
way but it is over an hour away.

MICHELLE

Thank God. Is the bunker at Qom?

JAKE

Yes, but the location is offset  
from where we thought.

RASHID

(Boastfully)

The location won't do you any good!  
Your whole army couldn't get close  
to the place. Allah would never  
allow it.

(MORE)

RASHID (CONT'D)  
You're dealing with spiritual power  
beyond your understanding.

Michelle glares with extreme hatred at Rashid.

MICHELLE  
So are they!!!

Michelle bolts away down the hall and Jake follows her.

RASHID  
Go ahead fools! You're the last  
gasp of a dying empire. A violent  
death awaits you all in Qom!

Jake calmly walks over to the cell and looks at Rashid.

JAKE  
You're sure a big talker for a  
child murdering bastard who just  
sold out his country to save his  
own sorry hide.

Jake tosses a length of rope into Rashid's cell.

RASHID  
What's that for?

Jake walks away. Rashid stares at the rope and screams.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAWN

Jake's hummer pulls to a stop near the White House. Michelle steps out of the Hummer. She limps through the snow fall toward the White House east gate.

SAM JOHNSON, 33, steps out to greet Michelle. His expression conveys concern as he surveys her bandaged head.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SECURITY ANTEROOM

Sam leads Michelle into the room. They are greeted by Secret Service Agent FRED SKINNER, 34.

FRED  
I'll take it from here. Let's get  
you to a doctor, Miss.

MICHELLE  
We don't have time for that. I need  
to see the President immediately on  
a national security emergency.

## SECURITY OFFICE

Fred leads Michelle into the security office.

FRED

Please be seated. You need to be debriefed by our senior agent on duty and he'll make a judgment about what to do.

MICHELLE

With all due respect, Agent Skinner, we have a disaster unfolding here in D.C. And in the Middle East and we don't have time for protocol.

FRED

That's very interesting. Agent Thomas will be here shortly.

MICHELLE

I'm the daughter of the CIA Director who's been murdered by terrorists and my condition should set off some pretty big alarms of credibility.

What does it take to get through to you?!!!!

Agent DICK THOMAS, 35, steps into the office.

DICK

What the hell is going on here?

MICHELLE

This officer refuses to take me to see the President on a national security emergency!

DICK

Calm down, Miss or we'll have to lock you up.

Michelle's eyes flash with incredulity.

MICHELLE

Iranian terrorists have murdered my parents and are about to unleash a major attack in the Middle East.

The President needs to take action immediately!

Dick's mind races for several moments.

DICK

Don't worry, Miss. If there's credibility to your story, I'm sure we can handle it through Homeland Security without the President's involvement.

Fred, put her in detention. I'll call Director Palmer.

Dick closes the door behind him.

MICHELLE

IDIOTS!

FRED

Let's go, Miss.

Fred reaches for Michelle's arm. She knees him in the crotch with a devastating blow. Fred collapses forward. His head hits hard on the desk and knocks him out cold.

Michelle removes the bandage from her head and pulls off her bloodied jacket. She puts on the smallest secret service jacket she can find in the closet in the corner.

She takes a look in the mirror and ties her hair in a knot on her head. She then pulls on a secret service cap that is lying on the desk.

Michelle primps her appearance as best she can. She grabs a portfolio type clipboard from the desk.

Michelle reopens the door. She peers out into the hallway. It is empty so she steps into the corridor and closes the door quietly behind her.

INT. WHITE HOUSE

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Michelle listens for voices but she cannot hear any. She works her way through a series of empty corridors. There are people at work in some of the offices but they take no notice of her.

Eventually she reaches a staircase. She hears anxious voices approaching and ducks into an empty office.

Three MEN in suits rumble by the office in a hurry. Silence returns and Michelle steps into the corridor.

She walks quickly up the small staircase. As she nears the top voices can be heard talking in heated tones.

Michelle tiptoes up a second set of stairs to the family quarters. She hears Christmas caroling from a choir down a short hall. She moves that way and opens the door as the song ends.

INT. FAMILY QUARTERS

Bert appears and focuses on Michelle's injured forehead.

BERT  
Michelle, is that you?

MICHELLE  
Yes, Sir. We need to talk alone now.

BERT  
Sure, let's go in here.

Michelle follows the President into the next room and he closes the door behind them.

BEDROOM

Michelle and Bert are standing and facing each other.

MICHELLE  
My parents were both murdered at our home last night by Iranian operatives and they're about to commence a full scale offensive to seize the Middle East oilfields.

Suddenly alarms sound but the President does not flinch from his attention to Michelle.

BERT  
And how do you know all of this?

MICHELLE  
I heard everything I just told you from the terrorists themselves before I blew them up this morning out on I-95.

BERT  
So that was the source of the explosions?

MICHELLE

Yes, Sir. They were on the way to the White House.

Bert absorbs the information.

BERT

Thank you, Michelle.

MICHELLE

There's something else. Homeland Security has been deeply compromised.

Aaron Palmer bursts into the room with two SECRET SERVICE MEN.

BERT

Aaron, I was just about to call you.

AARON

Sorry about the intrusion, Mr. President. We'll deal with this. Get her out of here!

BERT

Hold on a minute, Aaron. Go on, guys. I'll call if I need you.

The two agents exit reluctantly.

BERT (CONT'D)

Now Aaron, you know Michelle's been doing great work for us at CIA.

AARON

Sir, forgive me, but she's involved with Jake Trahan on one of his crazy schemes.

MICHELLE

That's a lie and we don't have time for this. Mr. President, are you aware the Constantine files were penetrated and the ISR surveillance network is down?

BERT

Yes, we're working on it.

MICHELLE

Iranian agents got access to the addresses of our top agents, including Mr. Palmer.

They kidnapped their families so that they could blackmail them into shutting down the ISR network.

Aaron and other agents shut down the system to try and save their kids.

BERT

Is this true, Aaron?

Aaron's eyes glaze up and he slumps into a chair.

BERT (CONT'D)

You're fired!

Bert picks up the phone and dials.

BERT (CONT'D)

Assemble the security council immediately.

Suddenly all the lights go out.

SUPER: PERSIAN GULF - USS LINCOLN

EXT. PERSIAN GULF - DAWN

The USS Lincoln aircraft carrier surges through the water as jets launch. Suddenly, the defense systems of all the escort ships open fire. Countless missiles appear out of the sky at extreme rates of speed.

The hail of defense weapons knocks out many of the missiles but three missiles devastate the Lincoln with enormous explosions. The huge carrier almost immediately lists hard to starboard and begins to sink as fires rage on the deck.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SITUATION ROOM

Michelle stands in the situation room with the President and the two secret service agents. They are all focused on the speakerphone in the middle of the large conference table.

BERT

Have we figured out the power problem?

GERALD

Yes, Sir. We had a major electromagnetic pulse event here in D.C. It has knocked out the power grid in a four state area. The unprotected back up systems are all down too.

Bert shakes his head in dismay.

BERT

Gerald, what's the intelligence situation?

GERALD (O.S.)

ISR surveillance is still down so we're unable to effectively communicate with many of our resources or our satellites.

All we are getting are visuals and local network reports. The full picture is hard to see but we have reports of massive ground and paratroop assaults on our key bases throughout the Middle East.

The President is visibly stunned. PETE TREADWELL rushes into the room.

PETE

Sir, we have word from the networks that Ayatollah Safari is about to make a speech.

They all turn toward the large flat screen T.V. Mounted on the wall. Karim Safari steps to a microphone at a podium on T.V.

KARIM (ON T.V.)

To all Iranian citizens, and the peace loving people of the world. We've completed our investigation into the deaths of our beloved Supreme Leader Ramadani, and the great Major General Abdullah who both served our nation so well for many years.

(MORE)

KARIM (ON T.V.) (CONT'D)

It's with profound disgust and indignation that we've uncovered a conspiracy that was instigated by the United States of America to covertly implement the regime change in our country that they have sought for so long.

With a cash payment of ten million dollars, the Americans enlisted the treasonous support of our Major General Nozar and his accomplice Colonel Khalidi to carry out the assassinations of our entire leadership. General Nozar has confessed to the conspiracy and provided the numbers on the Swiss bank accounts that house the cash he received from the Americans. We have turned all of this evidence over to the United Nations for their review.

However, we have reached a point where the people of Allah can no longer live with the murderous American regime and we have determined that we must pursue all means at our disposal to destroy it. I am pleased to report that our great nation is making military advances into Iraq and elsewhere for that purpose.

Further, it's well known that the Gulf Arab States have long been the strategic partners of the United States, and we can no longer allow that relationship to exist. Accordingly, we're determined to undertake the removal of those regimes to insure that the Americans cannot launch future attacks from their soil.

We also intend to take possession of the oil reserves in those nations as a means to further insure the complete destruction of the American economy.

(MORE)

KARIM (ON T.V.) (CONT'D)

We encourage the Arab regimes to proceed with a stand down of their military forces and negotiations for the orderly exit of those political elites from the region. If they depart quickly and peacefully, much unnecessary bloodshed can be avoided.

I am also pleased to report that we've acquired nuclear ballistic missiles as part of a mutual defense pact with the People's Republic of China. Under terms of this agreement, both parties are committed to the defense of the other in the event of military attacks on either party's homelands. Any attack on our nation will be met with swift retribution by all means available to our people.

Finally, Israel is the biggest ally of the Great Satan in the region, and we must therefore demand the immediate evacuation of Israel by all persons of the Jewish faith.

We're prepared to be merciful if our offer of leniency is accepted immediately but we'll be ruthless in our determination to rid the holy land of their presence if they do not.

To the rest of the world, we wish to confirm that we intend to be peaceful toward them and generous in our management of the oil reserves that will be in our control.

This is the dawning of a new world order that will be beneficial to all, except the people of the United States and Israel.

The signal goes dead. Everyone in the room sits in stunned silence for several moments.

BERT

Pete, get me set up to make an address to rebut Safari's accusations.

Michelle, thank you for your offer on the remarks I'll be making. Got any brilliant ideas on how to resolve this?

Michelle gazes around the room at the concerned faces.

MICHELLE

My father and I anticipated this scenario and have planned for it.

BERT

So what's the plan?

MICHELLE

The government is compromised, Sir, so we shouldn't discuss the details in an open forum.

Everyone around the table reacts with indignation.

BERT

She's right.

MICHELLE

We'll finalize our plan and get back to you, Sir.

EXT. KUWAIT - DAWN

Waves of Iranian tanks surge rapidly across the desert landscape. They suddenly open fire in a terrific barrage of firepower. Their fire is returned by American tanks. The exchange inflicts terrible devastation on both sides.

A thunderous roar of countless jets can be heard. The sky above is suddenly filled with a huge array of air to air missiles as jets from both sides engage in an intense combat.

The missiles find their targets on both sides with terrific aerial explosions.

EXT. NEAR QUANTICO MARINE AIRBASE - NIGHT

Saaed waits anxiously two blocks from the main gate of the airbase. He watches vehicles roll by until he spots a large military truck approaching.

He waves and the truck pulls into a parking lot and stops. Saaed climbs into the truck with a military duffle bag in hand.

INT. MILITARY TRUCK

Saaed closes the door and sets the bag between them.

SAAED

Sergeant Taylor I presume?

SERGEANT TAYLOR

Yeah. Where the hell is my family?

SAAED

In a safe place. They will be fine if you do everything I say.

SERGEANT TAYLOR

They better be. There's a flight suit in the bag.

LATER (MOVING)

Saaed now wears the flight suit. Taylor drives up to the base gate. The guards check the manifest and the vehicle. They wave them through the gate. The truck moves forward.

SERGEANT TAYLOR

Now what?

SAAED

Drive me to that hanger and drop me off. I'll call you with the location of your family and Sergeant Watson as soon as I complete my mission.

Taylor drives the truck through the snow over to a hanger where several Harrier jets are parked.

SERGEANT TAYLOR

Nobody out here on Christmas Day I guess.

SAAED

Yes, I was counting on that.

Taylor stops the truck at the hanger. Saaed drills him with two silenced shots through the heart. Saaed rolls Taylor's body onto the truck floor and he climbs out of the truck.

EXT. QUANTICO HANGER #3

Saaed quietly shuts the truck door and surveys the area before disappearing into the hanger office.

INT. QUANTICO HANGER #3 - OFFICE

Saaed walks down a dark hallway to where he can hear a TV playing. He peeks around the corner and sees LIEUTENANT FOSTER, 28, watching the terror attack reports on the tube. Foster swivels toward him on the chair.

Saaed fires silenced shots into each of Foster's kneecaps. Foster screams in pain and Saaed presses the tip of the barrel against his forehead.

SAAED

Shut up or I'll pull the trigger!

Foster muffles his screams but breathes heavily in pain.

LIEUTENANT FOSTER

What do you want?

SAAED

Is the one in the hanger flight ready?

Foster hesitates and Saaed shoots him through his right elbow. Foster screams again. Saaed pistol-whips his face.

SAAED (CONT'D)

Shut up and answer the question!

LIEUTENANT FOSTER

Yes, it's ready but it needs fuel to go very far.

SAAED

Access code?

Foster resists and Saaed viciously kicks Foster in his wounded knee. Foster shrieks in pain.

SAAED (CONT'D)

Access code if you want to live!

LIEUTENANT FOSTER

Check unit 23 on the duty log.

Saaed pumps two shots into Foster's head. He checks the duty log. He then jogs into the hanger.

INT. QUANTICO HANGER #3

Saaed removes the chocks from the wheels and removes the covers from the engine intakes of the F-35. He shoves the duffle bag up onto the wing of the jet.

Saaed climbs up to the cockpit and pulls back the canopy. He crams the duffle bag into the rear seat of the cockpit. Saaed removes a remote detonator from the bag. He climbs into the forward seat and slides the canopy shut.

INT. F-35 COCKPIT - UNIT #23

Saaed finds and studies the operation manual.

He locates the access code box. He punches in the code. It flashes systems okay and Saaed presses the start button. The engines whirl to life and the jet rolls out of the hanger.

                  SAAED  
                  (To himself)  
                  Hello new friend.

                  Let's go for a last ride together  
                  into history.

EXT. TARMAC

The jet lifts vertically off of the ground. Eventually the jet shifts to horizontal flight mode and screams away from the airbase at very low altitude.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - EAST GATE - DAWN

Bert and Vice President, JAMES WALTERS, 51, step out of the White House door and move toward the waiting limousine.

Bert notices Michelle and Jake as they exit through the pedestrian gate on the other side of the drive. Bert's face registers concern about Michelle. He waves off the secret service as he walks toward Michelle.

                  BERT  
                  Michelle!

Michelle turns around and sees Bert as he approaches her. Jake watches them both with curiosity.

BERT (CONT'D)

Things were so crazy that I never got the chance to say I'm sorry about what happened with your parents.

Your dad was a great American and your mom was one of the sweetest people I ever had the privilege to know.

Bert's expression reflects genuine remorse.

BERT (CONT'D)

I feel terrible about not trusting you and your father's judgment about Iran.

You may not believe this but I have a conscience and I couldn't feel worse about all that has happened.

Michelle struggles with her emotions.

MICHELLE

Thank you, Sir. It's all been very hard to take. I'm sure you were doing what you thought was best for the country

BERT

Is there anything I can do for you?

MICHELLE

It's a little late now but I hope this experience will result in some changes in your political staff.

BERT

It already has. I just fired my top three political advisors.

MICHELLE

I can offer some suggestions for replacements if you're interested.

BERT

I would appreciate your opinion. In fact, I would like you to lead my new team.

MICHELLE

Thank you, Sir, but I have no interest in playing political games.

BERT

Neither do I and that's why I need you to accept my offer.

Michelle is visibly moved by his sincerity. Jake departs.

MICHELLE

Thank you, but it's too late, Sir. This mission is likely a suicide run and we won't be seeing each other again.

Bert anguishes and paces in frustration.

BERT

Okay, let me know if there's anything I can do to help you.

Jake pulls up in the Hummer. Michelle gives Bert a brief but genuine hug and climbs into the Hummer. Bert closes the door. He watches solemnly as they drive away.

INT. JAKE'S HUMMER (MOVING SLOWLY)

Jake drives as Michelle gazes out at the White House. Suddenly, a terrific roar can be heard from the direction of the Washington Monument.

An F-35 jet appears from the low clouds. It races toward the White House just a few feet above the ground.

They both watch in awe as the jet smashes into the south portico of the White House in an enormous explosion. Debris rains down on top of the Hummer. Michelle spins around and sees Bert lying face down in the street.

MICHELLE

Stop!

Jake stops the Hummer and Michelle grabs the first aide kit out of the back seat.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - NEAR THE WHITE HOUSE

Michelle jumps out of the hummer and runs to Bert's side. Everyone near the White House is dead or writhing in pain on the ground.

Bert's right side is covered in blood and she carefully rolls him over onto his back as Jake arrives. Bert's head and right shoulder are severely bleeding.

MICHELLE

Get his coat off!

Michelle locates a morphine syrette in the first aid kit as Jake pulls off Bert's topcoat. Michelle injects the morphine into Bert's leg as Jake puts hand pressure on Bert's wounds.

Michelle carefully removes debris from the gashes and cleans them with antiseptic solution as Jake calls 911. Michelle douses Bert's shoulder and head with wound powder and then covers them with gauze bandages.

Bert opens his eyes and watches Michelle as she tapes the gauze in place. She then firmly wraps Bert's shoulder and head with heavy bandages.

BERT

(Emotionally)

Thank you.

MICHELLE

No problem. We got the bleeding stopped and you're going to be okay.

Michelle holds Bert's hand until an ambulance appears. Jake waves it over to Bert's location. Two PARAMEDICS rush up to Bert and Michelle backs away. One of the medics examines the wounds.

MEDIC #1

We'll take it from here.

Bert watches Michelle as he is loaded into the ambulance. The doors close. Michelle and Jake watch the ambulance scream away.

EXT. THE SMITH FARM - MAIN HOUSE - LATER - DAY

Michelle sits alone on a rocking chair on the front porch of the estate home that rests on a hillside. She wears a heavy coat and scarf to stay warm. She exudes extreme grief.

Michelle hears the distant sound of a truck coming from the direction of the Smith farm. Tears roll down her cheeks as a large SUV appears. The SUV works its way up the hill and pulls to a stop at the guesthouse.

Jake piles out and notices Michelle in tears on the back porch of the main house. He lowers his head in sadness and walks over to join Michelle.

JAKE  
I'm so sorry, Michelle.

MICHELLE  
(Sobbing)  
Thanks for picking them up and bringing them here.

JAKE  
You're welcome.

Michelle nods through her tears.

MICHELLE  
I want to help you unload them, if that's okay.

JAKE  
I'm not sure that's a good idea.

MICHELLE  
Well, I am.

INT. THE SMITH FARM - GUEST HOUSE

A body bag lays on each of the twin beds that are side by side in the guesthouse. Michelle is alone on her knees between the two beds in tears. Michelle closes her eyes and tries her best to pray but she breaks down and cries.

MICHELLE  
(To herself)  
How could this happen?

Michelle sinks into an exhausted depression. She sits on the floor and leans against the wall. She stares at the two body bags in disbelief. She removes a pistol from her jacket and engages the chamber.

She glares at the pistol in a catatonic state. She points the barrel toward her face and stares down the barrel.

EXT. THE SMITH FARM - GUEST HOUSE

Jake walks solemnly away from the guest house. He hears a gunshot from inside the house and races back to the door.

INT. THE SMITH FARM - GUEST HOUSE

Jake bursts through the door. Michelle remains transfixed on the weapon that is slightly smoking. Michelle does not react to Jake's presence. Jake closes the door. He lowers down onto the floor and leans against the closed door.

Jake eases toward her and takes her left hand in a comforting gesture. Her tears flow. She lowers the weapon as she wails in extreme distress. Jake puts his arm around her shoulders. Michelle leans into Jake.

EXT. THE SMITH FARM - GUEST HOUSE

Michelle's soul wrenching screams can be heard from inside the house.

INT. BERT LAFORE'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Bert lies on his back on a hospital bed with his head and shoulder wrapped in bandages. Bert stares at the ceiling with an air of despondency evident in his expression. Paul walks into the room.

PAUL

Sorry to disturb you, Sir, but  
Michelle Burns dropped this off for  
you. She said it is urgent.

Paul hands the envelope to Bert and exits the room. Bert opens the message. At first he appears distressed but his demeanor gradually shifts to profound introspection as he reads the message.

BERT

Great speech, Michelle. Thank you.

He folds the message carefully and places it back into the envelope. He then notices the small handwritten card. He removes it from the envelope and reads it.

After several moments of reflection, he grabs his wallet from the bedside table and puts the note inside it. He rolls onto his back

BERT (CONT'D)

God bless you, Michelle.

## INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM

An aide pushes Bert's wheel chair into the conference room and everyone stands in respect. The President's right arm and leg are heavily bandaged.

Pete Treadwell, and the Secretaries of State, Energy, Treasury and Commerce are all present along with Secretary of Defense McCord and the FBI Director.

BERT

Please be seated.

Everyone takes a seat.

BERT (CONT'D)

Let's start with an economic update.

SEC. OF THE TREASURY

The huge spike in oil prices is triggering a complete collapse of our financial system. The stock market could lose more than 50% of its value when trading is resumed.

Investors worldwide are dumping U.S dollars, stocks and Treasury securities and we're seeing a mass devaluation of our currency.

The market for our new issue Treasury Securities has vanished and I see no way we can fund the deficit without deep expense cuts and tax hikes.

BERT

What're our options?

SEC. OF THE TREASURY

Higher taxes would add an extra burden to the economy that's already plunging toward a severe depression.

Depressed economic activity and profits will reduce tax revenues and make the cash deficit problem even worse.

We estimate that unemployment could easily surge above 40%.

(MORE)

SEC. OF THE TREASURY (CONT'D)  
Moody's and S&P have downgraded  
America to junk status. I can go on  
if you want all the ugly details.

BERT  
Thanks, Walt. It think we get the  
picture. How bad is the energy  
situation, David?

SEC. OF ENERGY  
Oil prices are trading over \$400  
per barrel and the costs of  
everything oil related are up by  
over 200%.

Few can afford to buy gasoline and  
diesel and there are huge gas lines  
as people try to acquire and hoard  
fuel before it goes any higher.

The freeways are largely empty and  
mass transportation costs have  
skyrocketed as well.

The economy is effectively  
paralyzed because most workers  
cannot get to and from work.

BERT  
What's our military situation?

SEC. OF DEFENSE  
The Lincoln and the Eisenhower were  
hit in the Persian Gulf with a  
barrage of what we believe were the  
highly advanced Russian "Sizzler"  
anti-ship missiles.

They appear to have stealth  
characteristics and they approached  
the carriers below radar and at  
above Mach 5 and in great numbers  
simultaneously.

The Lincoln sank and the Eisenhower  
took several hits that severely  
damaged her flight deck.

BERT  
Is she sinking?

## SEC. OF DEFENSE

No, she's underway but cannot launch aircraft or pass through the Straits of Hormuz because the Lincoln has sunk in the approach channel and is being devastated by an ongoing missile barrage.

This leaves us with no operational carrier in the theater.

Everyone sits in stunned silence.

## SEC. OF DEFENSE (CONT'D)

The hard reality, Sir, is that this new missile technology renders our carrier fleet obsolete until we can engineer more effective countermeasures.

We knocked out over 90% of the missiles, but they only needed a few to find their mark.

The President absorbs this news somberly for a few moments.

## BERT

What is the situation on the ground?

## SEC. OF DEFENSE

Not good, Sir. We're holding the line in Kuwait so far but they've used missiles and commando teams to knock out our main airbase at Al Udeid in Qatar.

Kuwait is under heavy siege so our airbase there is unusable. The Saudis have granted landing rights but we don't have the ordinance we need at their bases and they are under assault.

With the carriers out of commission and the airbases inoperable we can't maintain adequate air superiority to defeat their ground forces.

(MORE)

SEC. OF DEFENSE (CONT'D)

We're hitting their armor in southern Iraq with our long range bombers but their bases are too distant to be a consistent deterrent. Kuwait is unsustainable.

BERT

What about the Israeli airbases?

SEC. OF STATE

The Israelis are willing but they are dealing with a full blown assault from Hezbollah that is raining missiles everywhere in Israel and making their airbases unusable to us.

Their ambassador indicates they're going to nuke the hell out of Iran if the Iranian's don't stop their advance and destroy their nukes.

BERT

How much time have we got?

SEC. OF DEFENSE

48 hours at the most because there's more bad news. We estimate that almost a hundred Russian SU-57 29s and SU 27's have moved from southern Russia into Iran.

There is a collective gasp in the room.

BERT

Are the Russians joining the attack against us?

SEC. OF STATE

We don't believe so. The Russian ambassador says that the aircraft have been purchased by the Iranian air force for defensive purposes.

SEC. OF DEFENSE

In either case, the Iranians now have far more land based aircraft in the area than we can hope to match without large bases that are currently unavailable to us. We'll have an insurmountable problem in Kuwait if they become operational.

BERT  
Any casualty reports?

SEC. OF DEFENSE  
Naval casualties are unknown but devastating. Ground force casualties were at 25% in Kuwait at last report.

There is a silence as everyone considers the situation.

BERT  
What's happening with NATO?

SEC. OF DEFENSE  
Not a damn thing sir. They want to let us deal with it.

SEC. OF TREASURY  
Complete insanity on their part. They are even more vulnerable to energy prices than we are. Their economies are certain to collapse.

SEC. OF STATE  
The Russians are threatening to cut off oil and gas shipments to the EU if they intervene and the Iranians have offered them special pricing concessions on crude oil if they stay on the sidelines.

BERT  
So they're our allies until we really need them?

SEC. OF STATE  
Yes, Sir, and they conveniently think we brought this mess all on ourselves by killing the Iranian leader without their consent.

BERT  
What can we do to stop the Iranian advance?

SEC. OF DEFENSE  
Not much for now, Sir. Intelligence indicates that they are arming up to two million of their citizen reserves and moving them by all means available into western Iran.

(MORE)

## SEC. OF DEFENSE (CONT'D)

We can bomb the living hell out of their cities and military targets, but fighter support is an issue because Turkey is denying Incirlik to us and the great distance from Diego Garcia.

We can go nuclear but we have no way of knowing where that might lead us with the Russians involved.

BERT

What're the Saudis and the other Gulf States doing?

SEC. OF STATE

The royal families have huge cash reserves in Europe and they're bailing out of the region, Sir.

There is a brief silence. The President shakes his head in dismay.

BERT

Obviously it's a lot of very grim news to absorb and there don't appear to be any good options remaining at this point.

You should be aware that we're sending a covert force to Iran on a mission to terminate the radical Iranian leadership in the belief that it is our best option to resolve this crisis.

SEC. OF TREASURY

Are you certain it's a good idea?

BERT

We have no other option.

The President struggles to his feet.

BERT (CONT'D)

Fortunately, we have the truth on our side and the world and the Iranian people are about to hear it.

The group stands and applauds.

INT. C-130 AIRCRAFT - AIRBORNE - NIGHT (MOVING)

Jake and Michelle watch a large flat screen T.V. in the rear bay of the plane. Bert appears standing at a podium onscreen.

BERT (ON T.V.)

For the benefit of all freedom loving peoples of the world, I would like to respond to the false charges that were made against the United States by the Iranian Leader today.

The United States of America had absolutely nothing to do with the deaths of the Ayatollah Ramadani and Major General Abdullah. Those two gentlemen were well known opponents of the Ayatollah Safari's imperialist ambitions, and we have good evidence that their deaths were orchestrated by none other than the Ayatollah Safari himself.

We believe he committed these treacherous acts as a means to pave his way to supreme power in Iran, and to remove all remaining opposition to his heinous scheme that we've seen unfold today.

His accusations that the United States was involved in these tragic deaths are designed to create a false pretext for an assault on our country and to unite Iranian public opinion behind his evil plan.

Assertions that he can provide evidence of American involvement in these crimes are complete falsehoods that won't stand up to any objective review.

The Iranian actions today are nothing more than extreme treachery on a scale not seen from any nation since December 7th, 1941.

(MORE)

BERT (ON T.V.) (CONT'D)

Once again, evil men have underestimated the courage and determination of the American people and they will meet the same fate as their infamous predecessors.

We're all deeply shocked and saddened by the many grievous losses we've suffered today at the hands of the rogue Iranian regime but our great nation has faced challenges like this before and we've ultimately prevailed by joining in common cause against our enemies.

Hopefully from this tragedy will grow the collective wisdom to set aside our petty political differences and the resolve to destroy our enemies wherever they may be at whatever cost we must pay.

This is a clash of civilizations and victory over this evil is the only alternative for our country. I encourage all Americans to remain confident in our great nation and its ability to overcome the outlaw Iranian regime.

In time we will once again gain the inevitable triumph, so help us God.

Jake turns off the T.V.

MICHELLE

Jake, we need to talk.

Jake raise an eyebrow in expectation.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I have to be the one to penetrate the bunker.

JAKE

No way! Too dangerous!

MICHELLE

Jake, the shaft will be too small for you and I speak Farsi and you don't. I've been in worse situations and I'm going in alone!

Jake's mind races.

JAKE

At least let me come along to back you up.

MICHELLE

Thanks, but a one person insertion is more likely to succeed.

JAKE

Another Beirut scenario?

MICHELLE

There's no point in you risking your life to make the mission more difficult.

They're less likely to notice just me and I'll perform better if I'm not worrying about you.

Dale's kids need you more than I do.

Jake anguishes but he cannot argue with her logic.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I need you to monitor my movements and lead my extraction.

Jake anguishes.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Trust me on this.

Jake nods reluctantly.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING - THE PRESIDENT'S TEMP. OFFICE

An AIDE pushes the President's wheelchair into his temporary office. He rolls the chair over to the desk and the aide departs.

The President swells with emotion as he looks out the window at the smoldering White House. The President anguishes for a moment.

BERT

Pete!

Pete enters the office

PETE

Yes, Sir.

BERT

If the covert mission doesn't succeed by 4:00 AM Tehran time, I want the Qom site and the known nuke sites attacked with every conventional bomb and cruise missile we've got available.

The President agonizes for several moments.

BERT (CONT'D)

Have the B-1, B-2s, B-52s and the guided missile cruisers in the theater readied for conventional and possible nuclear strikes on Iran.

I want our full nuclear arsenal and the ABM systems on high alert and prepared for all contingencies.

PETE

What's your end game, Sir?

BERT

Have the Russians tell the Ayatollah to retreat or face annihilation. And pray he doesn't call our bluff.

EXT. AIRBORNE OVER NORTH CENTRAL IRAN - NIGHT

Michelle tumbles out of a B-2 bomb bay. The initial jump blast causes her to tumble wildly through the air.

Her black chute opens and drifts toward the ground. Michelle grabs the chute control handles. Light from the full moon illuminate the ground below.

Michelle searches the ground for a safe place to land. She touches down on the run and rolls to a stop.

EXT. IRANIAN MILITARY SUPPLY AND REPAIR DEPOT - NIGHT

Michelle approaches a small military truck depot. She surveys the dimly lit area that appears to be devoid of people.

Michelle approaches a large building office and peers through the window. She spots an IRANIAN SOLDIER asleep in a chair. She drills a silenced round through his head.

INT. DEPOT OFFICE

Michelle opens the door and searches the small building carefully with his weapon at the ready. She walks over to a cabinet on the wall and opens it to reveal numerous truck keys. She searches the keys and takes several of them.

EXT. IRANIAN MILITARY SUPPLY AND REPAIR DEPOT

Michelle emerges from the warehouse and moves stealthily over to one of the large trucks. She unlocks the cab and tosses her heavy back pack inside. She climbs inside and shuts the door.

EXT. JUST SOUTHEAST OF QOM, IRAN - NIGHT

The military truck rumbles down the highway.

INT. LEAD TRUCK (MOVING)

Michelle sits in the cab and views a portable satellite monitor on the seat beside her.

EXT. TREE GROVE - LATER

The truck is parked at a tree grove. Michelle climbs out of the rear compartment of the truck. She wears a black chador.

Michelle mounts a Mp5 with 2 spare magazines and a gas mask on harnesses underneath her chador. He then attaches the two laser cutters, plastique and detonators.

Michelle pulls her veil across the lower half of her face. She slings the back pack over her shoulders and moves away into the darkness.

## HIGHWAY

Michelle systematically plants small shaped charges from the back pack at thirty-yard intervals along the main road from the village toward Qom. She hides the empty back pack in some shrubs and moves toward the village ahead.

## EXT. THE IRANIAN VILLAGE - NIGHT

Michelle walks carefully down a dark street into the village. No one is visible. Michelle searches for security cameras but she finds none.

Eventually she reaches the north end of the village and turns a corner into darkness along side an old building with missing windows.

## INT. OLD WAREHOUSE BUILDING

## VARIOUS SHOTS:

Michelle weaves her way through two rooms and back to the original open window. Michelle removes miniature night vision goggles from her chador and surveys the area in the direction of the nearest grove of trees.

She sees infrared beams about thirty yards from the trees.

MICHELLE  
(Whispers to herself)  
Damn security beams!

Michelle continues to survey the terrain. She eventually spots what appears to be a blockhouse in a position about forty yards inside the tree line.

## EXT. QOM COMPOUND

Michelle surveys the area carefully and spots no human activity. She creeps out into the darkness and works her way over to the dirt road.

Michelle reaches the road and drops to her stomach. She crawls underneath the sequence of beams and steps over the last beam. She focuses on the heavy tire tracks and tight ropes along the tracks until she reaches the blockhouse.

Michelle spots a large grate near the top of the fifteen-foot high structure.

Michelle removes a device from her satchel and adjusts the setting. She fires the device and a thin cable fires up toward the grate. The pronged end of the wire imbeds deep into the concrete façade above the grate.

Michelle pulls on it to insure it can hold her weight. She uses the wire to walk up the side of the building. When she reaches the grate, she ties the wire off with a clamp on her harness.

She then examines the large louvers on the grate. Michelle removes a laser cutter from her satchel. She cuts loose one end of the lower louver while being careful to shield the light from the cutter with her body.

Michelle pulls on the cut louver and bends it back to create an opening into the large air duct. Michelle grabs the next louver above, raises her legs, and squeezes her body into the duct feet first.

INT. THE LARGE AIR DUCT

Michelle turns on the Mag-Lite that is mounted on her goggles and surveys the duct.

The shaft moves forward several feet and drops straight down. She crawls forward in the tight shaft and looks down the duct where she sees a large filter housing several feet below. Michelle eases down on top of the housing and begins cutting a hole in the metal grate.

LATER

She finishes cutting and removes the cut grate section. Below the grate are a series of filters of different types.

LATER

Michelle systematically cuts a hole through the last filter until she breaks through to the main shaft of the duct. Michelle lowers herself through the filter area and into the duct below.

She hangs onto a side support as she searches for foot support below where she cannot see. She uses the filter side supports as a ladder to lower down through the opening. At last she feels support below her feet.

Michelle drops down into a squat position on top of a large fan housing. She snatches the laser cutter and goes to work cutting the blades.

LATER

Eventually, she cuts off the last blade and breathes a deep sigh of relief. She then stacks the blades onto the side of the shaft and climbs down through the fan housing.

Michelle crawls through the duct at as rapid a pace as she can manage through the one meter square opening.

INT. MILITARY HEADQUARTERS BUNKER - STRATEGIC CENTER

Senior MILITARY OFFICERS, CLERICS, GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS and TECHNICIANS are all seated within the large tiered conference area. The mood is one of excitement and anticipation.

Iranian President, HAFEZ FARAZ, enters the room to a lengthy standing ovation from the group. He smiles, and takes a seat in an honored position.

Karim Safari follows Hafez into the room and the ovation resumes with the President vigorously joining the clapping. Karim steps to a podium and waves off the ovation.

KARIM

Thank you for the warm greeting.  
This is a great day for our nation,  
and for the true believers in  
Allah. I am happy to report that  
our key operations in the United  
States have been successfully  
completed and our final assault  
will overwhelm the Americans in  
Kuwait in the next few hours.

We expect these attacks will lead  
to the devastation of the American  
economy and render them incapable  
of mounting serious threats to our  
forces in the future.

Our seizure of the gulf oil  
reserves will permit us to raise  
prices to levels that will support  
a high standard of living for all  
our people. By this time tomorrow,  
the satanic American empire will be  
no more.

A thunderous standing ovation erupts.

## INT. AIR SHAFT

Michelle reaches a light that flows through a grate. She looks down into what appears to be a large electrical control room. Michelle spots an OPERATOR seated at a desk in an office with a glass enclosure.

Michelle eases over the top of the grate and resumes her crawl down the duct past a series of smaller side grates that service living quarters where MEN are sleeping.

In one of the rooms, Michelle finds a WOMAN TECHNICIAN asleep. She notices a lab coat with a security badge and a white veiled head wrap. She stops for a few moments.

Michelle removes the silenced Glock 23 from her leg holster. Michelle points it through the grate and fires two silenced shots. The woman spasms briefly and rolls onto the floor dead.

Michelle quickly cuts through the room grate with a laser cutter and eases herself down into the room.

## WOMAN TECHNICIAN'S CABIN

Michelle pulls on the full-length lab coat over her uniform and buttons it closed. She transfers the plastique and detonators into the woman's large purse.

Michelle places the headscarf onto her head and covers her face with the veil. She then checks her appearance in the mirror. Satisfied, she reloads the Glock, and slides it inside her lab coat at upper stomach level.

Michelle holds the pistol in place by pressing the clipboard against her chest. Michelle slings the long strap purse over her shoulder and quietly opens the door. Michelle steps into the hallway and eases the door shut.

## HALLWAY

Michelle walks to the end of the empty corridor. She spots a wall directory of the layout of the complex. Michelle focuses on the spot denoting her current location and a large room named "Strategic Center" in Farsi.

Michelle moves as quickly as she can in the direction of the Strategic Center.

LATER

Michelle hears voices coming from the corridor to her right up ahead. Michelle's mind and heart race at high speed as the voices approach. Michelle reaches behind the clipboard and firmly grasps the Glock in her hand.

SAMAD SAFARI

Can you believe the great day has finally arrived?

HAFEZ FARAZ

Yes, of course. Everything has unfolded exactly as Karim expected.

The two men turn the corner and Michelle recognizes them. She draws her Glock with lightening speed and drills both men in the face with silenced rounds.

They both collapse. Michelle hurries toward them and checks around the corner. The corridor is empty and Michelle notes a door nearby. She cracks it open to find darkness. Michelle quickly drags the two bodies inside.

Michelle grabs Hafez's jacket and hurriedly wipes up the blood in the corridor. She hears more voices coming toward her from the Strategic Center. Michelle ducks into the dark room and shuts the door.

KARIM'S OFFICE

Michelle listens as the men pass through the doorway from the Strategic Center. Michelle flips on the light to reveal a large office that is clearly Presidential in its appointments.

Michelle notices a large pair of wooden cabinet doors mounted on the opposite wall from the door. She kills the lights and carefully opens one of the doors just a crack.

Through the gap she has a complete view of the tiered Strategic Center that is teeming with senior military OFFICERS and TECHNICIANS at operational consoles.

Michelle notices that the glass is a two-way mirror and she opens the door wide enough to survey the whole room. She searches the room in vain for Karim.

Suddenly, the office door behind her opens without warning. Michelle spins to her knees and readies her weapon to fire as the lights turn on. She recognizes Karim and fires two quick rounds into his chest.

He drops to his knees in shock as Michelle rushes toward him and shuts the door behind him. He turns to look at her plaintively. She points the gun at his forehead.

KARIM

Michelle Burns.

Michelle's eyes burn with hatred for several moments as tears flow down her cheeks. She fires two silenced rounds into his forehead and he tumbles over backward onto Samad's body. Michelle kills the light and exits the room.

HALLWAY

Michelle moves quickly down the corridor toward the dead woman's room. She reaches it and steps inside.

WOMAN TECHNICIAN'S ROOM

Michelle removes the lab coat and veil and climbs up into the air duct.

AIR SHAFT

Michelle pulls on her gas mask. She removes a remote detonator from the satchel and presses the button. A huge explosion can be heard coming from the Strategic Center.

Michelle adjusts her beacon transmitter to blue just before smoke fills the duct. Michelle crawls away through the duct at a frantic pace in total darkness.

INT. STEALTH HELICOPTER (MOVING)

Jake wears stealth gear in the rear compartment. He watches a computer screen as smoke pours out of the vents along the tree line. He checks his beacon receiver that now flashes blue.

A quick look at the monitor shows Michelle's beacon slowly moving back in the direction of the shaft entrance.

JAKE

(Whisper into Sat Phone)

She did it and she's moving back up the shaft.

EXT. QOM COMPOUND

A loud alarm suddenly sounds and armed IRANIAN SOLDIERS pour out of their stations near the tree groves.

INT. AIR SHAFT

Michelle struggles up into the last shaft section where she hears the sound of a huge fire fight going on outside. She creeps forward and peers through the louvers. She watches the Iranian SOLDIERS moving in the distance.

Michelle grabs her sat phone and dials. It rings once, and Jake answers.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

Jake remains in the rear of the chopper.

JAKE  
Mission accomplished?

MICHELLE  
Completely.

JAKE  
Great. We're on our way.

MICHELLE  
I'm waiting inside the blockhouse until you arrive. The area is swarming with guards.

JAKE  
Yes, we'll handle them.

EXT. THE BLOCK HOUSE

Michelle slides backwards out through the louvers and hangs for a moment. Suddenly several tank shells explode close by and Michelle is violently knocked backwards onto the ground.

Michelle notes the source of the tank fire on the road to Qom. She presses a button on a triggering switch and detonates the shaped charges. A series of enormous explosions blast the tanks and armored vehicles on the road.

Secondary explosions from the ordnance on the vehicles create an incredible sequence of violent destruction to the armored units.

She moves toward the old warehouse and collapses to the ground short of the infrared beams. She scrambles under the beams to the other side. A tremendous explosion incinerates the old building. Heavy debris lands all around Michelle.

Michelle spots the source of the shell as a single remaining tank that is moving rapidly down the cleared area along the side of the Qom road. Michelle races fearlessly toward the tank as another round explode from the tank barrel.

Michelle collapses to the ground to avoid the round that explodes behind her. She leaps to her feet and moves left into some trees as the tank approaches.

Michelle looks up at the tank as it fires another shell in her direction. She lies flat on the ground as the shell sails inches over her head. It explodes when it hits a huge tree about twenty yards away.

The force of the blast causes the massive tree to fall toward her. Michelle remain still as the limbs of the tree crash down near her. She winces in pain as a small limb hits her back.

Michelle frantically crawls through the limbs toward the base of the tree as the tank races closer to her and rakes her previous position with machine gun fire. The tank stops about seventy yards away.

The tank hatch pops opens. An IRANIAN OFFICER'S torso emerges from the hatch opening.

The officer scans the fallen tree for several moments through his night vision goggles. Michelle appears far to his right to the rear of the tank. Fires two rounds at the officer with her pistol. He slides down into the tank and closes the hatch.

Michelle rushes to the rear of the tank as its turret spins toward her. She leaps up and tosses a grenade into the barrel of the tank. Michelle races away from the tank as its barrel moves toward her.

The grenade explodes inside the barrel and the tank grinds to a halt as Michelle rushes toward the trees. Suddenly, several secondary explosions blow the turret off of the tank.

The force of the blasts knock Michelle to the ground. Michelle's left side has been hit by shrapnel and she is writhing in pain on the ground.

Two stealth choppers suddenly appear overhead. The lead chopper lands nearby.

Jake bounds out and rushes toward the disabled tank. Jake wraps his arm around Michelle and they move toward the chopper as gunfire erupts all around them.

The other chopper opens fire with its big guns and shreds several Iranian gun positions.

Jake helps Michelle into the helicopter. It takes off amid a hail of other more distant gunfire from the enemy.

INT. THE FIRST CHOPPER (MOVING)

Lucas flies the chopper and takes severe evasive actions that violently throw Jake and Michelle inside about the rear cabin for several moments.

The helicopter levels out and Michelle can see blood all over the cabin. Jake is bleeding from a severe wound to his thigh.

Lucas tosses a medical satchel to Michelle. She opens it, and removes morphine syrettes, wound powder and anti bacterial solution. She injects one syrette into Jake's hip and another into her shoulder as she checks her bloodied side.

Michelle grabs tweezers from the kit. She removes several pieces of shrapnel from Jake's leg.

Michelle cleans the wounds with antibacterial solution, and liberally sprinkles wound powder onto his injury. She then places a large gauze bandage over it, and firmly tapes it into place. Michelle wraps ace bandages around his leg.

MICHELLE

Does it feel okay?

JAKE

As good as it can for now.

Michelle removes her bullet proof vest to reveal a substantial wound to her upper right chest. Jake snatches the tweezers and removes as much shrapnel as he can find.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Thank God its just a bad flesh wound.

Michelle then douses the wound in solution and wound powder. Jake covers each of them with heavy gauze bandages and then tapes them in place by wrapping the tape around her torso lower several times.

Finally he winds two heavy bandages around her lower torso and waist for good measure.

MICHELLE

Thanks.

JAKE

No problem.

Michelle empties her fanny pack and stuffs morphine and medical supplies inside. She zips it closed and forces herself up to her feet. Michelle collects the weapons together just behind the cockpit.

She grabs the ammo satchel and sets it close by. Michelle climbs into the co-pilot seat.

LUCAS

I'm Lucas.

Michelle nods and glances over at the second chopper that is flying to her right. The PILOT waves at Michelle and she waves back.

Michelle and Lucas focus to the radar screen. The screen is clear except for the two choppers. Suddenly other green dots appear from the northwest and southwest. They appear to be converging on their choppers at high rates of speed.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Damn! Fighters closing fast!

Michelle and Lucas watch in horror as the enemy dots close. The other chopper suddenly pulls away and flies directly toward the oncoming jets.

MICHELLE

What's he doing?

LUCAS

Decoying them away from us.

Suddenly the other chopper dot swerves wildly for several moments. The Iranian jets change course to give chase. Suddenly the other chopper disappears from the screen.

MICHELLE

Oh my God!

LUCAS

They're moving our direction!

MICHELLE

We have to land!

Lucas pushes the chopper into a deep descent. Michelle watches the SU-57s on the screen as they close rapidly on their position.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Hurry!

Michelle screams as she climbs into the rear cabin.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Jake, can you walk?

JAKE

I have to!

The chopper lands hard and Lucas kills the power and lights immediately. Michelle helps Jake out one side door while Lucas tosses all the equipment out onto the ground.

EXT. IRANIAN DESERT

Michelle frantically helps Jake up onto his right leg. She pulls his left arm over her shoulder. They move away quickly with Jake hopping on his right leg.

Lucas carries guns and ammo boxes as the roar of Su-57s approaching can be heard overhead. Suddenly an air to ground missile fires from an unseen SU-57 above.

The whole team collapses onto the ground just before the first helicopter erupts in a thunderous explosion. Shrapnel flies in all directions and hits Lucas in the back of his left shoulder. He crumples to the ground.

Michelle scrambles to her feet and drags Jake away from the area that is lighted by the burning chopper.

Michelle rushes back to Lucas. He is lying face down in the area that is lighted by the burning chopper. His left shoulder is severely wounded. The SU-57s roar overhead.

MICHELLE

You have to get up!

Lucas struggles up onto his knees. Michelle pulls him to his feet. She wraps his right arm around her shoulder and they struggle away. They reach the darkness. Michelle forces Lucas to move hard left and onto the ground.

Four rockets fire from the SU-57s and converge behind them. They strike the ground with devastating force. Michelle is stunned but she scrambles to her feet and pulls Lucas up.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
Can you follow Jake?

Lucas nods and moves away toward Jake as Michelle catches her breath. She focuses on the weapons that Lucas was carrying and bolts toward them.

Michelle darts under some scrub brush nearby as she listens to a SU-57 make a low pass overhead. As the sound overhead dissipates, she bolts back into the lighted area and toward the weapons.

She reaches the weapons and scoops up a 50 caliber and the heavy ammo box. Michelle struggles toward a dry creek bed as she hears the shriek of two SU-57s closing on her position.

Michelle drops the weapons and dives behind large boulders nearby. The area around her is devastated by heavy caliber gunfire from the first SU-57 as it makes its pass.

The second SU-57 fires two air to ground missiles. Michelle presses close to the boulder and sticks her fingers in her ears as the missiles explode on each side of the rock formation. Sand and rocks rain down on top of Michelle.

Michelle forces herself to her feet. She rushes back to the 50 caliber and the ammo box. She picks them up and drags them toward the creek bed ahead. Michelle hears the SU-57s as they close on her again from behind.

Lucas runs to meet her and takes the ammo box. They hurry to the creek rim and frantically toss the weapon and the box down into the darkness of the dry creek bed.

They slide into the creek bed just as four air to ground missiles fire and explode in locations nearby. Michelle and Lucas scramble to their feet and help Jake down the creek bed about fifty yards through the darkness.

Michelle bolts back up the creek and retrieves the 50 caliber and the ammo box. Lucas meets her and she collapses in exhaustion onto the ground. Lucas engages the weapon and sets up to fire on the SU-57s if they return.

Lucas is standing watch in the other direction in a very weakened state from loss of blood and the severity of his wound. Jake is on the sat phone trying to report their position. Michelle cleans and bandages Lucas' wound.

LUCAS  
We've got five or six armored  
vehicles approaching from about two  
miles to the west.

Michelle sets the ammo box down beside Lucas.

JAKE

Any tanks?

LUCAS

Just APCs so far.

JAKE

Michelle, we have no chance without more ammo.

Michelle takes a deep breath and dashes away up the east bank of the creek. She jogs toward the burning chopper in the distance as she fights off complete exhaustion.

Michelle forces herself to increase her pace and eventually reaches the burning hulk of the first chopper.

The heat from the flames is intense and it forces her to make several running passes to scoop up a pair of Mp5 automatic weapons. She stacks them all together and focuses on the big ammo satchel that is closer to the flames.

Michelle tears off her right sleeve and wraps it around her right hand. She then takes a deep breath and runs as hard as she can toward the satchel. She scoops it with her right hand and rolls head over heels to avoid the flames.

A burst of flame burns her upper right arm and she shrieks in pain but manages to hold on to the ammo bag. Michelle scrambles away from the fire and quickly locates a morphine syrette in her fanny pack.

She injects the syrette into her upper arm and waits in extreme pain for it to take effect. Eventually the pain eases. Michelle grabs the weapons and trudges back toward the creek as fast as she can.

Suddenly an intense fire fight breaks out as she approaches the creek. Michelle lunges forward and tosses the weapons down into the creek bed as gunfire rakes the area from the west. Lucas grabs an Mp5 and extra clips.

Michelle loads the other Mp5 and tosses it to Jake who has moved to the west bank of the creek in her absence. Jake and Lucas unleash a barrage of gunfire as Michelle crawls between them and gives them extra clips and an ammo belt for the 50 caliber.

Several explosions rock the area. Michelle and she collapses onto her back as Lucas and Jake continue to fire.

Michelle fades into a daze of confusion as tracers fly by in all directions overhead. The sound of jets approaching can be heard above.

Suddenly, air to air missiles fill the sky and Michelle watches in amazement as four SU-57s explode into fireballs in quick succession. Another three SU-57s explode in midair immediately thereafter.

Jake and Lucas scream in jubilation as two squadrons of F-22 stealth fighters ravage the Iranian lines with missiles, bombs and heavy gunfire.

Michelle tries to rise to watch the show but her body does not respond to her commands.

She holds her hand up and it is covered in blood. Michelle loses consciousness. Jake turns and spots Michelle's motionless body on the ground.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Noooo!

LATER

Jake holds Michelle in his arms as two choppers arrive and land nearby. CAPTAIN FRANK TOPPER of Seal Team 4 bounces out of the first chopper to land. JEFF and MATT follow close behind him.

Lucas waves to get their attention and they rush to their position. Frank sees and he is hit with a jolt of anguish that he takes several moments to walk off.

He returns to Jake and Michelle. Jake has passed out. Frank carefully removes Michelle from his arms and carries her over to the chopper. He gently places Michelle inside the helicopter and climbs inside. The chopper takes off.

INT. THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The President stares blankly out the window into the darkness beyond. His face is ashen and drawn. There is a knock at the door that the President ignores. The knock grows louder and the President snaps out of his trance.

BERT

Come in.

The door opens and Pete enters the office.

PETE

The operation succeeded in destroying the radical Iranian leadership and we have confirmed reports of mass uprisings of the Iranian people on the streets of Tehran and other Iranian cities.

The revolutionary guard resisted initially but they were overwhelmed by the mass of people marching to overthrow the government. They're demanding creation of a true democracy and a return of their forces to Iranian soil.

BERT

That's great news, Pete, but what's the status on our team?

PETE

We lost 2.

BERT

What about Michelle?

Pete winces in anguish.

PETE

She was KIA at the extraction point but she flawlessly executed her mission and saved the other team members who were severely wounded.

The President sinks into a glazed depression.

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY – DAY

The sun shines brightly on the bitterly cold winter day. Bert's wheel chair approaches three coffins that lay draped in American flags on a hillside. Captain Frank Topper stands stoically beside the caskets in his dress uniform.

Jake and Lucas sit next to each other on the front row with stoic expressions. They are heavily bandaged, and are sitting in wheelchairs. Jake is in a state of complete devastation.

Tears flow in abundance throughout the HUGE CROWD that stretches in all directions as far as the eye can see. Two Marines help Bert to his feet at the podium. The President struggles to gain full composure.

BERT  
Please forgive me.

Bert grimaces and forces himself to proceed.

BERT (CONT'D)  
Over the last two years I've bourn  
the burden of responsibility for  
the deaths of many innocent  
American citizens and valiant  
American soldiers in our battle  
against the evil forces that want  
to destroy our civilization.

Today, I'm just a man with a  
troubled conscience who tried to do  
the best he could in the cause of  
freedom but who did not adequately  
provide for our national defense.

I offer my sincerest apology to all  
Americans for my mistakes but no  
apology can begin to compensate for  
the losses we have suffered under  
my leadership.

I must live with my failures and  
their terrible consequences for the  
rest of my days.

I pray the Lord will forgive me  
because I never will.

The President stops to fight back tears.

BERT (CONT'D)  
And that brings us to the difficult  
task we face today. Before us lie  
three great Americans. Dan Burns  
served us well as the most  
brilliant and insightful CIA  
Director this nation has ever had.

I must live with the reality that  
had I completely followed his good  
counsel, we wouldn't be standing  
here today and our nation might  
have avoided the catastrophe of  
this last week.

(MORE)

BERT (CONT'D)

Dan's wife Renee was an amazing woman who was admired not only for her remarkable physical and spiritual beauty but for her tenacity in rooting out corporate criminals that threatened the stability of our financial systems.

Her wonderful charm and engaging sense of humor warmed the heart of everyone who met her. She was a shining example of what an American woman and mother can be.

Together they produced an extraordinary daughter that defies all my attempts to define or honor her. Blessed with astonishing natural beauty, she also inherited her mother's ability to warm the heartstrings of everyone she touched with her presence. She possessed the high intellect and wisdom of the ages and her heroic efforts on our nation's behalf will remain an outstanding reflection of all the American spirit can be.

Were it not for her valiant actions on Christmas Day, our nation would be consumed by an enduring economic nightmare and many more American soldiers would have lost their lives.

No words or medals can begin to express the gratitude that our nation feels for her but I am proud to award Michelle Ann Burns the Presidential Medal of Freedom for her actions on our nation's behalf on December 25th.

The crowd stands and applauds intensely.

BERT (CONT'D)

It's also my solemn honor and extreme privilege to present Michelle with the Congressional Medal of Honor that was unanimously voted by the United States Congress in the shortest period of time in our history.

The crowd renews their vigorous applause.

BERT (CONT'D)

All who knew Michelle will always be less for her loss but through her efforts we all have the chance to unite as Americans and help each other to create a better future.

A united and secure America was Michelle's life mission and the best way we can honor her sacrifice is by making every effort to achieve her high aspirations for us all.

The heroic but tragic end of Michelle's life should be a vivid reminder to us all that whatever our differences may be, we are all Americans who must unite to defeat the evil men who wish to destroy our nation. United in spirit America will always stand.

The crowd applauds vigorously as the President struggles from the podium. He makes his way to Michelle's casket. He places the medals across Michelle's coffin to thunderous applause.

He steps back and salutes her. The crowd renews its vigorous applause. As Bert returns to the podium. Moisture fills his eyes.

BERT (CONT'D)

I want to sincerely apologize to Michelle and all Americans for my role in creating the political climate that divided our nation and contributed to this national disaster and for placing political considerations above doing the right thing.

Michelle, I have truly taken your words to heart, and I feel very small in comparison to your wisdom and gallantry. I will keep your message with me and I will endeavor to lead our nation with your words in mind.

You have taught me that the politics of dividing Americans for political advantage must end.

(MORE)

BERT (CONT'D)

It is my job to unite Americans in the common cause of liberty and prosperity for all.

God bless you and your family in the life beyond.

The crowd renews its heartfelt and enthusiastic applause.

LATER

The crowd moves away from the grave site. Jake rolls his wheelchair over to Michelle's casket. He stops and struggles to his feet. Tears flow as he places his hand on the casket. Holly, now 20, and Richard now appear from behind Jake.

Holly has grown into a very beautiful young woman. Tears flow down Holly's cheeks as she places her hand on Jake's shoulder. Jake turns toward her and recognizes her. They engage in a profound embrace of grief over Michelle.

EXT. LEE MANSION - LATER

Bert's limo pulls to a stop in front of Robert E. Lee's Arlington mansion. The area has been cordoned off from the crowd and is deserted as Bert emerges from the limo.

Bert walks alone around the perimeter of the mansion. Eventually he reaches the east portico of the mansion that sits on a hilltop that overlooks the city. Bert removes Michelle's handwritten note from his wallet and reads it.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Dear Bert,

I have always felt that Presidents make a mistake when they refuse to publicly acknowledge their errors for fear of handing an advantage to their political opponents. I believe the reverse is true and that a sincere mea culpa can be the most powerful weapon for demonstrating leadership in a political crisis.

I want you to know that I wish you and I could have met under different personal circumstances. I found much to admire about you in your last words to me.

(MORE)

## MICHELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Michelle

Bert places the note back into his wallet and returns it to his jacket pocket. He walks to the edge of the hilltop and gazes at the nation's capital below. He tries to fight off tears with no success.

A woman appears alone on the hillside well below Bert. She stops and gazes up at Bert. She removes her sunglasses and her head scarf and smiles at Bert. She looks like Michelle.

Bert wipes the moisture from his eyes and tries to focus on her but she has disappeared.

THE END

FADE OUT.