

Crossbow

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. ATLANTA, GA - DUSK

AERIAL SHOT

of Atlanta, Ga. Shot starts outside the ring of high rises and slowly circles the downtown skyline. As the shot moves, a title appears at the bottom of the screen which reads: Atlanta, GA.

INT. BOARDROOM, FULTON COUNTY JUDICIAL CENTER

Three men are sitting at a large table in the middle of the empty room. They are all dressed in nice suits, but "Men's Warehouse" nice, certainly not tailored. The table in front of two of them are scattered with papers, both in and out of their briefcases. The man at the end of the table is ADAM DIETZ, district attorney for Fulton County. The other two are his Assistants, ASSISTANT 1 and ASSISTANT 2.

The Assistants are looking nervous as they rummage through their papers in front of them. Dietz stares off, his body calm, but his face boiling in tension as he makes a glance at his wristwatch.

ASSISTANT 1

I've got a bad feeling about this, Adam.

ASSISTANT 2

If the judge said not to leave, then why are we waiting so long?

DIETZ

I don't know. But I still feel confident.

His look says otherwise.

ASSISTANT 1

I hope so, because we are running out of felonies to charge him with. This may be our last chance.

ASSISTANT 2

Well, when your star witness dies "mysteriously", you know your chances aren't good.

Dietz LOOKS at his watch again.

ASSISTANT 2 (cont'd)  
God, I hope they don't deliberate  
another day.

Suddenly there is a knock at the door.

DIETZ  
Yes?

The door opens, revealing the court's BAILIFF.

BAILIFF  
Gentlemen, we're ready.

The assistants quickly begin gathering their papers up. They  
look at Dietz.

DIETZ  
Here we go guys.

EXT. FULTON COUNTY JUDICIAL CENTER

Standing in front of the Judicial Center is SAMANTHA  
TIMMONS, a reporter from CCN. She is readying herself for  
her live feed. Just a few feet in front of her is her  
CAMERAMAN, with his camera aimed at her.

CAMERAMAN  
Ok, we are ready in 5...4...

Samantha readies herself.

CAMERAMAN  
3...2...

He points to her on 1.

SAMANTHA TIMMONS  
This is Samantha Timmons reporting  
live for CCN in front of the Fulton  
County Judicial Center, where we  
have just found out that the jury  
has finally reached a verdict in  
the Anthony Corrone trial. Corrone  
is the alleged mafia boss who's  
been accused of heading the murder  
ring that has killed four of  
Atlanta's top officials, including  
police chief Byron Walters. Right  
now, we are ready to take you live  
into the courtroom for the verdict.

CUT TO:

## INT. COURTROOM

The courtroom is full of people. Every seat is occupied, and even standing room is hard to find. Most of the people are reporters, with either notepads or voice recorders in hand. Along the back is a wall of cameramen from various networks. In front of the crowd, we see both the Prosecution and Defense tables clearly marked.

## THE PROSECUTION'S TABLE

Dietz and his two Assistants wait patiently, though even more visibly nervous than before.

## THE DEFENDANT'S TABLE

Four men are sitting at the table. Three of the men are Attorneys. They are easy to pick out, sitting on the edge of their seat, somewhat anxious. One of the men is ANTHONY CORRONE. He is the only one of the four who seems completely relaxed, almost as if he knows the verdict already. Corrone is a large man in his mid-50's with common Italian features. The look is reminiscent of Marlon Brando in The Godfather.

We see the JUDGE turn to the BAILIFF.

JUDGE

Bailiff, would you bring them in?

The BAILIFF nods and walks to a door behind him. He opens it and in WALK twelve people; some black, some white, some women, some men. The group files into the jury box and sits down.

JUDGE (cont'd)

Has the jury reached a verdict?

The JURY FOREMAN stands.

JURY FOREMAN

We have, your honor.

The Judge NODS to the Defense Team and they stand, Corrone moving a little slower than the others, as if bothered to have to stand. The JURY FOREMAN pulls a piece of paper from his pocket and unfolds it. He begins reading from it.

JURY FOREMAN (cont'd)

On each count of Murder in the First Degree, we find the defendant, NOT GUILTY.

The crowd of people GASP in disbelief. The Judge BANGS his gavel, quieting the crowd. Once they are quiet, the Judge looks at the Foreman.

JUDGE

Continue.

JURY FOREMAN

On each count of Conspiracy to commit Murder, we the jury find the defendant, NOT GUILTY.

DIETZ'S TWO ASSISTANTS rest their heads into their hands. DIETZ simply shakes his head. CORRONE sits back down at the table, a sadistic smirk on his face as his attorneys shake his hand and pat him on the back.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. 4X4 - DAWN

Inside a brand new Cadillac Escalade, we see a CLOSE UP of Corrone sitting in the passenger seat, staring out the window. The reflection in the window shows a thick blanket of fog.

The shot OPENS to reveal the DRIVER, and two other passengers in the backseat. The two men in the back are Corrone's BODYGUARDS. They resemble linemen from the Atlanta Falcons, the type of guys with no necks. The DRIVER is much smaller, toothpick skinny.

BODYGUARD 1 leans forward.

BODYGUARD 1

Are we there yet?

And now he sounds like a lineman from the Atlanta Falcons, though not one who might be smart enough to start. Corrone turns and looks at him like he's an idiot, and SMACKS him on the forehead.

CORRONE

(in a strong New York-Italian accent)

What da fuck you ask that foh? Sit yo ass back and enjoy da fuckin' ride.

Corrone turns forward.

CORRONE (cont'd)  
Sound like a fuckin' kid.

BODYGUARD 2 snickers at his colleague.

EXT. ROCK LAKE, GA - JUST AFTER DAWN

The sun has just come up and begun to burn off the thick fog around the lake. Through the mist, we see four men walking through an open, grassy plain. They are all dressed in camouflage and carrying shotguns.

Through the weeds, we continue to watch them walk. It seems as if it's ANOTHER PERSON'S VANTAGE POINT looking at them from roughly 50 yards away.

The four men walk up close to the lake, the two beastly Bodyguards about 20 feet behind Corrone and the Driver. As the lead group creeps into the tall grass and cattails, they crouch down. This prompts the two Bodyguards to do the same and they begin to load their guns.

As they load up, the Driver takes a small instrument from a shirt pocket and brings it to his lips. He then makes a QUACK sound. The four men all stare at the glass surface of the lake, waiting for any movement. ANOTHER QUACK.

Suddenly, we hear a quiet WHIPPING sound come through the air, like that of a baseball passing by your ear at 100 mph. The sound stops with a hushed THUD.

Bodyguard 1 falls to the ground from his crouched position. The kill was silent, and only Bodyguard 2 notices his comrades lifeless movement to the ground. As soon as he turns to face Bodyguard 1, a second WHIPPING sounds. It is the sound of a bolt (small arrow) slicing through the air. Bodyguard 2 SCREAMS as the bolt plunges into his chest.

Corrone and the Driver immediately turn to see the two bodies of the Bodyguards, blood fountaining from one of them.

They panic, FIRING their shotguns in the direction they think the bolts came from.

ARROW'S POV

A third bolt races through the air. It's target, the Driver draws near.

The Driver topples instantly as the bolt pierces his chest. The camouflage-colored bolt turns a deep red as blood pours from the Driver's chest.

Corrone drops his gun in panic, turns, and runs. He lumbers through the grassy plain like an old bear and disappears into a line of pine trees. He constantly looks behind him as he blunders through the short wooded area.

Corrone exits the wooded area and onto a dirt road. He stops long enough to locate the Escalade about 75 yards up the dirt road. He shuffles towards it, breathing hard, gasping for air.

Suddenly he falls to the ground, tripping over...whatever.

He looks back as he struggles to his feet, waiting for the ASSASSIN to appear from the treeline at any second. He turns back towards the Escalade and stops instantly, staring directly at the Assassin.

JAKE CARVER, the ASSASSIN, stands about 20 feet in front of Corrone barely breathing heavy. He is wearing a different kind of camouflage suit, one that actually changes from the colors of the woods to the colors of the dirt road. His face is painted to match the trees perfectly, and he is holding a very large, very powerful crossbow, aimed directly at Corrone.

Corrone puts up his hands and pathetically begins begging for his life.

CORRONE

Wait wait. I don't know who hired you, but I can pay double what dey paid you.

CARVER

You couldn't afford me.

CORRONE

Do you know who da fuck I am?

Carver's expression changes and he looks at Corrone like he is an idiot.

CORRONE (cont'd)

I can pay you triple. Who's your boss?

CARVER

I have the best boss in the whole world.

CORRONE

WHO??

CARVER  
(smirking slightly)  
The United States Government.

Corrone's face twists from confusion to surprise.

CUT TO BLACK as the familiar WHIPPING sounds one more time.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCK LAKE, GA - MORNING

The view is vast showing us the entire murder scene, Corrone's body lying under a sheet on the dirt road, and three bodies near the lakefront. The fog has now burned away, yielding to a beautiful sunny day. Above the three bodies is a CSI photographer snapping pictures and marking the scene.

More local police officers come into view, all busy collecting evidence or marking the scene. In the background, we HEAR the SQUEAL of a siren.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

Two unmarked Chevy Tahoes pull up behind Corrone's Escalade. a total of six agents, dressed in suits, hop out of the two vehicles. All are wearing their "government issue" sunglasses. One of the agents, AGENT GREG WILLIS, steps ahead of the others. He walks towards the officers at the Escalade.

WILLIS is a career looking, serious FBI agent in his mid to late 40's. He walks with the arrogant swagger that many veteran agents have.

WILLIS  
(showing his badge to a  
deputy)  
Who's in charge here?

The deputy turns and points to an older officer about 30 yards away, standing over Corrone's body.

Willis leads the team of six, who are BOBBY, MIKE, JAY, DREW, and DEBBIE. Mike is on the phone, but ends his call.

MIKE  
They are 20 minutes out on standby.

WILLIS  
Good. Bobby, Debbie, head down to the lake and start pulling those officers out.



Bobby and Debbie separate from the group and disappear to the right...towards the lake.

OVER CORRONE'S BODY

WILLIS (cont'd)  
Are you in charge?

An older officer, SHERIFF, turns around.

SHERIFF  
(in a deep southern twang)  
Yeah, I am.

Willis pulls out his ID, showing his federal agent status.

WILLIS  
Not anymore. Special Agent Willis,  
DHS. What's your name?

SHERIFF  
Sheriff Raymond Barker. DHS? How  
the hell's this your jurisdiction?

WILLIS  
Sheriff Barker, you are no longer  
needed in this investigation.

SHERIFF  
Look, y'all just can't come in here  
and take over like this. I got  
'bout twenty guys scattered out,  
searching for evidence.

WILLIS  
So all of these deputies have the  
proper forensic training?

Sheriff Barker looks around at some of his deputies.

SHERIFF  
Well, not...

WILLIS  
No. Look at them. They aren't even  
walking a proper grid. All I see is  
a contaminated cluster-fuck. It's  
going to take my team hours to sift  
through your mess.

SHERIFF  
Well, I...

WILLIS

So, Raymond. Here's what you're going to do. You're going to get your guys to turn over all the evidence you've collected so far. That includes any pictures, notes, charts, graphs, and doodles you've gathered so far. Then you're going to get your backwoods asses in your cars and drive the fuck out of here. Do you have a problem with that?

Sheriff barker is completely demoralized. He turns to one of the deputies in the distance and walks towards him.

SHERIFF

(under his breath)  
Fuckin' feds.

Willis turns to the rest of his team.

WILLIS

Drew, continuity control. Make sure Sheriff Ho-dunk turns over everything. Then tape off the area. Mike, let the clean-up team know we'll be ready within the hour. Jay, make sure the coroner leaves his notes with us before he leaves. I think that's him walking towards his car.

CUT TO:

EXT. SARASOTA, FL - DUSK

The shot is looking east on the beautiful Sarasota skyline. The windows reflect the vibrant orange of the setting sun. A title appears at the bottom of the screen: SARASOTA, FL

PAN TO:

A cream Yukon Denali turns from a busy 6 laned road into a subdivision of four-story condos. At the entrance, the Yukon passes the sign: PELICAN LAKE.

As the Yukon slowly weaves along the twisting road through the condo buildings, the CAMERA focuses closer on the driver of the Yukon.

JAKE CARVER. Now, without camo paint on his face, we see his strong facial features, weathered, yet still a handsome youth in his early to mid thirties. The hair length definitely reflects a military background.

JAKE'S POV

Two guys wearing the same colored shirt and shorts wave to his car. The two men are lawn maintenance, trimming hedges around one of the condos.

Jake waves back as he pulls into a space in front of his building. He grabs his phone, a thicker-than-usual smartphone and exits the SUV.

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S CONDO

Jake walks into the rather large entry, tossing his keys into a bowl on a table by the door. His condo is spacious, with an open kitchen, dining room, and living area with a large glass wall that fully opens onto the back deck. It's the kind of place any bachelor would want.

Jake takes his bag and walks down the hall, disappearing from the room. There is a KNOCK at the door as he walks back into the room. He CHUCKLES, indicating that he knows who it is.

JAKE

It's open.

MARIA walks in. She is amazingly beautiful in her mid-twenties and very exotic looking. She is short and petite, but is perfectly fit, wearing a sports bra and yoga pants that show every perfect curve.

MARIA

Hey. I saw you drive in as I was jogging. You wanna come up? I'm cooking a margarita chicken dish I know you'd love.

Jake continues doing his thing, grabbing a small briefcase off a shelf in the dining room. He opens it to reveal a laptop, standard size as Maria moves into the kitchen.

JAKE

Sorry. I'm gonna have to take...

Maria helps herself to a bottle of water from the fridge door, twisting the cap off.

Jake opens the laptop.

MARIA

A rain check, yeah, I know. I'll add it to my list. So how did your conference go?

Jake takes his cell phone and ejects the micro SD card from the side. He then slides it into the side of the laptop as it finishes booting.

JAKE

It went pretty well. Networked with several people. Business should pick up because of it.

MARIA

(looking back into the fridge)  
That's good. You know, If you're not going to let me make you dinner, you at least need to get to the grocery store. Are you aware this fridge is completely empty?

Jake begins typing in a code on the laptop.

JAKE

Why don't you go to the store for me? You eat out of there just as much as I do.

MARIA

Ouch...low blow.

Maria playfully throws her water bottle cap at Jake. Without even looking, he catches the cap. Maria has already turned and is walking towards the exit.

JAKE

Hey, if I have time later, maybe we can hit the gym.

MARIA

Can't. I have a date...with a professor...from USF...head of the Computer Department.

She looks at Jake, hoping for a sign of jealousy. He doesn't even look up to her.

JAKE

Ok, cool. Thanks.

She ROLLS HER EYES. Why does she even bother? Maria exits without even looking back.

Jake continues focusing on the laptop.

THE SCREEN is a typical start screen on Windows. There are several ICONS on the screen. We see the cursor move to an icon that look like a ghost. The screen BLINKS for a second, then goes blank. A message appears on the screen: ACCESSING MICRO SD CARD

Jake gets up from his chair, walks into the kitchen, opens the refrigerator, and takes out a bottle of water. As he takes a few gulps from it, the laptop CHIMES.

THE SCREEN is now divided into multiple windows. One window is a map, showing a link between his location in Florida and somewhere around the Washington DC area. Another window is a link showing the secure line. The last window is a basic chat window. A message appears.

CHAT WINDOW

A very clean job in Georgia. Did you have a nice trip home?

Jake sits down at the computer again and begins to type.

JAKE - TYPING

It was relaxing.

As he types, the letters appear for a second, then change into some other unique symbol, almost transcribing the message into another language.

CHAT WINDOW

We are receiving your data now. We have an urgent point, top priority.

JAKE - TYPING

So soon?

CHAT WINDOW

An important subject. Needs to be taken care of immediately.

Jake pauses, deciding whether he should take another one so quickly.

CHAT WINDOW (cont'd)

We can have another Phantom do this, but we need the best.

JAKE

Alright.

CHAT WINDOW

Good. We are sending the  
information right now.

In the MAP WINDOW, the map recalibrates showing a map of  
Minnesota.

CHAT WINDOW (cont'd)

Transmission complete. Good luck.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN, the chat window closes. The MAP  
WINDOW focuses on a location in the central part of  
Minnesota. ANOTHER WINDOW opens, showing a face of a man in  
his late 30s or early 40s, black hair, GQ type.

THE CHAT WINDOW has been replaced by a larger window showing  
another picture and a document giving information on the  
man. As the page loads, a FEMALE NARRATOR begins speaking.

FEMALE NARRATOR

This man is David Wesley, five-ten,  
185 pounds. Age 38. A Canadian  
national who has recently relocated  
to this location...

A RED DOT appears in the middle of Minnesota.

FEMALE NARRATOR (cont'd)

Four point seven miles north of  
Chisholm, Minnesota. Wesley has  
been dealing arms to several  
anti-government militia in North  
Dakota since 2008. However, he  
recently has helped smuggle an  
entire red cell of ten men into  
Canada, then across the border. The  
current red cell has been  
identified and will be eliminated,  
but Wesley must be eliminated  
first. He is acting as the direct  
liason between the red cell and the  
Taliban. He is now in the process  
of supplying arms for that red  
cell, so this point must be  
completed within the next 24 hours.  
As always, this point is a threat  
to the United States and the  
President himself.

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S GMC YUKON DENALI - DAY

Jake drives his Yukon on a lonely highway, listening to the newest teen-heartthrob song on the radio, and unfortunately singing along. He suddenly stops mid-verse remembering something he has yet to do.

JAKE  
(suddenly smiling)  
Andre.

He touches a button on his steering wheel, stopping the music and a voice comes over his speakers.

SPEAKER VOICE  
Say a command.

JAKE  
Call Andre.

SPEAKER VOICE  
Calling Andre.

After a short pause, the phone begins to ring. After two rings, there is a raspy voice who answers on the other end, ANDRE.

ANDRE  
(over speakers)  
Hello.

JAKE  
Hey, calling to say happy birthday.

ANDRE  
It's my birthday?

Andre sounds a little out of breath. And in his voice, we can tell he isn't quite with it. Dementia maybe?

JAKE  
Uh...yeah. What are you doing?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. ANDRE'S HOUSE - DAY

A log cabin/house sits in the background. Andre is standing in the middle of a chicken pen, dressed in overalls, no shirt under them, and holding a meat cleaver. He is looking rather DELIVERANCE.

He stands there, phone to his ear, looking unsure of Jake's question.

ANDRE  
Not sure really.

He holds up the cleaver in his hand and looks at it, discerning what he was just doing.

ANDRE (cont'd)  
Killing chickens?

JAKE  
Killing chickens?

ANDRE  
I guess.

JAKE  
Check your chest freezer. I think you have a few already in there.

ANDRE  
I do...oh. Okay.

A chicken races past Andre about 10 feet from him.

ANDRE (cont'd)  
(to the chicken)  
You're lucky this time. (back to Jake) You sound like you're on the road.

JAKE  
Yeah. I've got another job.

ANDRE  
So quick?

JAKE  
Emergency point. They have a lot of us going at the same time on this one.

ANDRE  
Oh...I remember times like that. When we started, we probably had 3-4 points a month. Some back to back just like that. Of course there were only four of us then.

Andre walks out of the chicken pen, and since he's been talking business, seems much more with it. He walks towards the front steps of the house-long porch along the front of his place.



ANDRE (cont'd)  
Where they got you going this time?

JAKE  
Minnesota.

ANDRE  
Ugh. Hope you packed your thermal underwear.

JAKE  
Yeah, two pair. I'll call you when I get back. Maybe we can do a little hunting then.

EXT. ANDRE'S HOUSE

Andre is now sitting on a rocking chair on his porch, phone to his ear.

ANDRE  
Sounds good. Talk to you then.

He hangs up the phone and slides it into a front pocket of his overalls. Andre pauses for a second, a slight grin on his face. Then he throws the cleaver, sinking it into a support post on the other side of the porch, a good 30 feet away.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST OF NORTHERN MINNESOTA - DUSK

The scene is of a beautiful wooded area. Dark green pines stretch high into the air. The ground is overloaded with snow underneath them. The entire setting looks like a Christmas postcard.

As the SHOT WIDENS, we see a brown log cabin nestled up against a tree line and a clearing in the foreground. A thin line of smoke traces from the chimney. A half-plowed driveway lies to the right of the cabin, weaving slowly back up through the pines. On the opposite side of the driveway is a stacked pile of chopped wood.

INT. CABIN

DAVID WESLEY (TRENT AMBROSE) sits at a desk in the corner of the bedroom of the cabin, in only his boxers. He is in his early forties and in shape. He is reviewing some papers in front of him, when female hands come up from behind and slide down his bare chest.

We see a gorgeous YOUNG FEMALE naked behind him, easily 10 years younger than him. She bends down to whisper in his ear.

YOUNG FEMALE  
Are you coming back to bed?

Wesley/Ambrose smiles.

TRENT  
Yeah, but I have to get SOME work done.

She slides her tongue around the lobe of his ear.

YOUNG FEMALE  
Don't keep me waiting too long.

He gets up and turns to her. She immediately presses her body against him, tonguing his lips. He smacks her ass playfully, then pulls away.

TRENT  
Gimme five minutes. I have to get this thought recorded before you make me forget about it.

She smiles and creeps past the fireplace and back into bed.

YOUNG FEMALE  
Might want to bring more firewood in too.

He nods as he walks out into the living room area holding a paper from the desk.

Wesley/Ambrose sits at the couch next to another fireplace. On the coffee table in front of him is his cell phone. He touches the RECORDER app on the screen and a microphone appears on screen. Wesley/Ambrose begins.

TRENT  
Not sure the NSS division of DHS is who they say. They're allocated the fourth largest cut of the DHS budget. Something isn't right. Schedule a meeting with Secretary Grant and (looking at paper in hand) Sam Mitchell to find out more.

YOUNG FEMALE  
(o.s.)  
The fire just went out.

TRENT  
Okay, okay.

EXT. CABIN

Trent walks down the few steps into the driveway, making his way across towards the wood pile. He is wearing a down coat, some type of snow boots, and boxers.

As he walks across the driveway, a small red dot appears on his ear. He takes a few more steps before stumbling into a hole. The snow covers his boot. As he bends over to quickly pull snow from his boot, the red dot disappears.

TRENT  
Aww, damn that's cold.

Trent hears something WHIP by followed by a low tap. He raises up, looking around. Sees nothing, then continues towards the wood pile.

HOLD SHOT

As Trent walks off screen, the camera focuses on a tree about 20 yards away. Stuck into the tree trunk is a small white bolt, about shoulder level.

SHOT SPINS

180 degrees and focuses through the clearing to the tree line about 200 yards away. All we see is trees and snow, and the darkening sky above.

CLOSER ANGLE

We still see trees and snow, but it seems as if there is some snow built up in one particular area, as if it's a small drift or mound.

JAKE  
(whispering)  
Fuck.

The voice comes from the mound, and as the camera ZOOMS in a little closer, we can just barely see him. He is completely camouflaged in white to match the snow drift, like an eerie chameleon. He sits with his back against a tree, and a stealth looking, white/gray camo crossbow is propped up on a mound of snow in front of him. Jake slides his feet up to

anchor the bow as he stretches back the draw with freakish strength. After drawing it to the CLICK, Jake repositions his feet and feeds another white bolt into the firing shaft, readying his next shot. He depresses the trigger half way, lighting his target.

LASER'S POV

The shot zips across the clearing as if it was the laser.

To the driveway, Trent nears the wood pile, the tiny red dot illuminating his earlobe. The laser sight moves down to his upper neck. Without warning, Trent's throat RUPTURES in an EXPLOSION of blood and flesh. Tarantino would be proud! His lifeless body crumbles onto the wood pile, his head barely attached to his shoulders. Death is instantaneous.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILLIS'S HOME - EVENING

Agent Greg Willis sits in a lounge chair in his family room. He is reclined back, watching a March Madness college basketball game on his big screen TV. Over the voices of the commentators, we HEAR the water running and the CLANGING of dishes off screen. Suddenly his cell phone RINGS.

WILLIS  
(muting the TV)  
This is Willis.

INT. SAM MITCHELL'S OFFICE

SAM MITCHELL is sitting at his large oak desk in his office. Mitchell, Willis's boss, sits in his not-so-typical courtyard view office. His age shows not only in his face, but also his body, probably approaching retirement, but still a strong presence for the Director of the National Security Service, a division of the Department of Homeland Security.

MITCHELL  
Greg, it's Sam. I need you to come  
in NOW.

WILLIS  
(over the phone)  
Now? Wha...

MITCHELL  
You need to get your team together.  
You're going to Minnesota.

INT. WILLIS'S HOME

WILLIS  
(confused)  
Minnesota? What the hell is going  
on?

INT. SAM MITCHELL'S OFFICE

MITCHELL  
Senator Trent Ambrose has been  
assassinated.

INT. WILLIS'S HOME

WILLIS  
Then just have the St. Paul  
field...

MITCHELL  
(over the phone)  
It's your boy.

Willis sits up in his chair, in disbelief and shock.

Mitchell pauses a moment for Willis to register it all.

MITCHELL (cont'd)  
I'll brief you when you get here.

Willis hangs up his phone, still in disbelief.

WILLIS  
Shit!

CUT TO:

INT. FBI CORONER'S OFFICE, ST. PAUL, MN - EARLY MORNING

Agent Willis and two other members of his team, Bobby and Mike are in the Coroner's exam room. THE FBI CORONER also stands in the room, on the other side of the table, where the body of TRENT AMBROSE is covered with a sheet.

The Coroner pulls the sheet back to reveal the wound, the cause of death.

Willis FLASHES a subtle look of disgust.

WILLIS  
And this is from a crossbow bolt?

The Coroner turns around to a table behind him, grabs something, and spins back around. He holds up a clear evidence bag to the light.

THE BAG contains a solid white bolt. It is roughly 12 inches in length. On one end, there is a set of razor sharp blades about an inch long that form the tip.

CORONER  
Quite interesting really.

WILLIS  
Why's that?

CORONER  
You can't fire a bolt that small out of a crossbow with a tip like that. Too long a firing shaft. These, actually are spring-loaded.

He pushes on the side of the blades and they push into the bolt's shaft flush.

CORONER (cont'd)  
They somehow pop out in flight. That, and the range, is what caused the damage. I'd say the range was a hundred fifty, maybe two hundred yards.

Willis turns to Mike. Mike looks at him and NODS.

The Coroner takes a pencil from his shirt pocket and points to a spot on his own neck.

CORONER (cont'd)  
Your assassin's target was right here.

We see what's left of Senator Ambrose from the chest up. It is a grotesque scene. It literally looks as if everything in front of his vertebrae has been removed.

The Coroner turns to a wall at the head of the table. On the wall, there is a large picture of the human body, from the chest up. The picture shows the vast body parts within the chest and neck. He uses his pencil to mock the bolt's actions.

CORONER (cont'd)  
The arrow entered here, slicing the cervical lymph node and external carotid artery. It then pierced the  
(MORE)

CORONER (cont'd)  
epiglottis here and cut the  
sternocleido mastoid muscle...

WILLIS  
Whoa, Whoa. Wait. That's already a  
whole lot of words I don't know how  
to spell. Give me layman's terms.

CORONER  
Your killer wanted the death to be  
quick and silent. He sliced the  
carotid on the way in and severed  
the vocal cords before a sound  
could be made.

MIKE  
Damn.

CORONER  
Have to admire the work though.  
Probably only three or four guys in  
the world that can make that shot  
from almost 200 yards...with a  
crossbow.

WILLIS  
You have a time of death?

CORONER  
According to the lady friend he was  
with, somewhere between 5 and 5:30  
PM yesterday.

BOBBY  
3:52 right now.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY LEADING FROM CORONER'S EXAM ROOM

Willis walks ahead of Bobby and Mike down the pale white  
brick hallway.

WILLIS  
Bobby, how many miles is it to  
Sarasota, FL?

BOBBY  
From here? I don't know. Fifteen,  
sixteen hundred. Maybe more.

WILLIS  
That's about twenty-five hours?

MIKE  
Gives us about twelve plus hours.

WILLIS  
(pausing to think)  
Get the plane ready. Make sure  
Debbie, Drew, and Jay are in the  
air within the hour also.

CUT TO:

EXT. SARASOTA, FL - EARLY MORNING

MOVING

We see two sets of legs running on the road. One set is a female's and the other is a male's.

As the SHOT EXPANDS, we see the two people completely, then the road completely. They're running within Jake's condominium complex. As the angle widens further, we see other things; parked cars, landscapers working on the grounds, and finally the layout of the complex.

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S CONDO

Jake's condo is bustling with people, but none are him. The place is filled with Willis's team, plus Sam Mitchell himself. Mitchell is on the phone talking to someone. Willis and two others are huddled around the dining room table as they look over Debbie's shoulder at a computer screen. A radio in Willis's hand sounds.

VOICE  
Cream Yukon pulled into the  
entrance. Standby.

WILLIS  
(into the radio)  
Teams 2 and 3. Standby.

ANOTHER VOICE  
Negative. Stand down. Paul, that's  
not even a Yukon.

There is a big let down from everyone in Jake's condo. Mitchell hangs up his phone and looks at Willis.



MITCHELL

Are we even sure he is coming home?

WILLIS

You think he would use that credit card on a hotel room if he was hiding?

MITCHELL

Maybe he is too arrogant. It's not like that's not a problem with some others. And, for some reason his tracking beacon isn't working.

WILLIS

He's coming home.

MITCHELL

Well he better be. Our problem just got bigger.

WILLIS

Sir?

MITCHELL

This little cluster-fuck somehow got leaked to the Secretary. He keeps hearing these rumors, and I'm not sure we can keep it from him much longer. Let's just hope your boy gets here fast.

CUT TO:

EXT. JAKE'S CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX

We see the joggers again, passing by the front entrance of the Condominium Complex. As they pass the front entrance, we see Jake's Yukon appear behind them.

FOCUS CHANGES from the joggers to the Jake's Yukon, as he passes the front entrance and slowly makes his way towards his condo.

INT. JAKE'S CONDO

The radio in Willis's hand comes alive.

VOICE

(over radio)

Subject has entered the complex.

WILLIS

Can we get confirmation on that?

ANOTHER VOICE

Confirmed.

WILLIS

All units be ready. Remember, no one moves until he is out of his vehicle. Do NOT draw attention to yourself.

INT. JAKE'S GMC YUKON DENALI

JAKE'S POV

Jake looks to the landscapers that are there again, at the same place they were. We see they have hedge trimmers in their hands, and though they are going through the motions, it's very obvious that they AREN'T TRIMMING anything.

As he creeps a little further, he sees a man and woman walking on his left, both have that typical Secret Service earpiece in their left ears.

Back to his right, a man in a landscaper uniform, but stiff and out of place, rakes leaves, though there are no leaves being raked.

Jake pulls into a parking spot in front of his building. Before getting out of his truck, Jake slides his cell phone out of his pocket, and places it in his center console. He then hops out of the truck with two grocery bags he had in the passenger seat. As he closes his door, he notices a "LANDSCAPER" walking towards him, earpiece in his left ear. Obviously he is a federal agent. AGENT 1 is only 30 feet away, but is walking towards Jake very quickly.

AGENT 1

Jake Carver?

JAKE

Yeah?

From the backside of the Yukon, AGENTS 2 & 3 appear, guns drawn. Their government issue pistols have silencers on them.

AGENT 1

(drawing his gun)

FBI. Turn around and put your hands on the car, where I can see them.

Jake turns and places the grocery bags on the hood of his truck.

JAKE  
Your not FBI. NSS maybe?

No answer. He places his hands now on the hood. He remains unusually calm.

Agents 2 and 3 tuck their guns into their jeans, under the landscaping polo.

JAKE (cont'd)  
This isn't going to take too long,  
is it? I have steaks in one of  
those bags. Don't want it to spoil.

Agent 2 begins patting him down. As Jake turns his head slightly, he sees Agent 1, a few feet behind Agent 2, also belt his gun as the joggers approach.

Agent 1 raises his sleeve to his mouth.

AGENT 1  
Subject is in custody. Should be up  
in a minute.

As Agent 2 continues to pat him down, Jake LOOKS at Agent 3, and it is quite obvious he is wearing a bulletproof vest.

JAKE  
What are you wearing a vest for?

AGENT 3  
We all are. Standard procedure.

JAKE  
(to Agent 1)  
So we ARE going up to my place?  
This is a little formal for a  
conference, don't you think?

AGENT 1  
Carver, what do you think this is?  
You're under arrest.

Jake seems shocked now. He turns to try to face Agent 1, but Agent 2 slams him back against the car. A million thoughts run through his mind in a few seconds.

AGENT 2  
It's not on him.

AGENT 1  
Where's your cell phone?

JAKE  
Left it in the truck. I can grab  
it, if you want.

Agent 3 turns towards the truck, and once he is in the truck, that is Jake's opportunity. Jake spins to his right, SENDING A LEFT ELBOW to the head of Agent 2, at the same time, GRABBING his gun from the agent's belt. Agent 2 immediately CRUMBLES to the ground from the hard blow.

Jake continues to SPIN, pivoting on his other foot. He rotates around, bringing his right foot up and SLAMMING it into Agent 1's face as he starts reaching for his weapon. The movements are so fast, the Agents don't even know what hit them. It's almost a shame.

Agent 3 has already pulled himself out of the truck, but isn't fast enough drawing his weapon. Jake is already aiming the gun at Agent 3. He FIRES A SHOT, dead center on his chest. Agent 3's body recoils from the shot and falls to the ground, the wind knocked out of him.

Jake moves quickly now. He grabs Agent 3, and throws him into the empty parking spot next to the Yukon. Then he slides the gun into his belt and HOPS back into his truck.

As he pulls out of his parking spot, the grocery bags EXPLODE when they hit the ground. ANOTHER AGENT runs across the parking lot, pistol drawn. He FIRES two shots at the windshield. The bullets hit and ricochet off, showing the bulletproof glass.

INT. JAKE'S CONDO

Mitchell, Willis, and the rest of the team sit impatiently, waiting for the agents to walk in with Carver. Suddenly the radio erupts.

ANOTHER VOICE  
(over the radio)  
Agents down, repeat, agents down.  
Three agents.

Willis reacts the quickest, hopping off the couch and running towards the door. Bobby grabs his cell phone and begins dialing 911.

EXT. JAKE'S CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX

Jake's truck speeds down the curvy road towards the exit. A few other AGENTS run towards the road ahead of him, wielding their pistols, all with silencers. They FIRE at the truck, but nothing happens.

Jake's SUV bursts through the condo's exit, and into the traffic of the busy street. Several cars swerve and dodge the Yukon as it turns and disappears into traffic.

INT. JAKE'S CONDO

ANOTHER VOICE  
(over the radio)  
Subject has fled.

MITCHELL  
God Dammit!!

EXT. JAKE'S CONDO

In the parking spot where Jake's Yukon was just sitting, Willis stands over Agent 3. His shirt has already been cut off revealing the slug embedded into the vest. He is alert, but still in shock.

Agent 2 is sitting on the curb, his hand over his left ear.

Agent 1 is still out cold, but Debbie and Drew are tending to him.

In the background to all of this is Jay, a laptop propped open on a hood of a pickup truck, a neighbor's.

WILLIS  
(to Bobby)  
Get that mobile unit ready.

Bobby nods as Willis hands him the radio. As Bobby turns away, Mitchell walks up to Willis.

MITCHELL  
Greg, I have to leave for DC to somehow explain this shit-storm. You better have him in custody by the time I return. For your sake.

WILLIS  
(with a fake smile)  
Don't worry sir. We'll have him in no time.

Mitchell disappears into the parking lot somewhere as Willis takes a few steps towards Jay, NOW COMING INTO FOCUS more. JAY is the computer expert of the team. He is almost embarrassingly tall at 6'8", in his early thirties.

WILLIS (cont'd)  
Jay, is it ready yet?

JAY  
Just about. But once I get this up, we won't be able to do anything until he accesses that SD card.

WILLIS  
He will. (to Bobby) He was heading west. That's towards town. You and Mike puts your brains together and figure out where he's going.

BOBBY  
Will do. The mobile unit is ready. Want me to send them into town?

WILLIS  
Yeah. Have them find something central to the city and sit tight. I'm hoping we don't have to wait long.

Willis turns back to Jay.

WILLIS (cont'd)  
Now once he does access it...

JAY  
The hack I have will put you in direct contact with him. It'll be like you are Skyping with him.

Willis nods his satisfaction.

CUT TO:

EXT. RITZ CARLTON NEAR DOWNTOWN SARASOTA - DAY

Jake drives his Yukon into the parking garage of the Ritz Carlton hotel. The beautiful hotel sits right on the Intercoastal Waterway.

Jake pulls into a parking space, making sure it is right next to a SECURITY CAMERA. He gets out, sliding his phone into his pocket, then moves back to the open tailgate.

He touches a button on the inside of the truckspace, and slowly a panel lifts up. It reveals two items; a medium sized duffle bag and a hard case big enough for a crossbow.

Jake grabs the two, pauses for a moment, as if to say goodbye to his truck, then disappears towards the hotel entrance.

INT. RITZ CARLTON LOBBY

Jake walks up to the CONCIERGE at his desk in the immaculate lobby of the Ritz Carlton, it's marble reflecting light in every direction.

CONCIERGE  
How may I help you sir?

JAKE  
Yes, I seem to have lost my key.  
Can I get a spare?

The Concierge turns to his computer.

CONCIERGE  
Certainly. Could I just get your name a room number?

JAKE  
Johnson, 326.

CONCIERGE  
Oh, yes. here you are. It'll just take a moment, Mr. Johnson.

JAKE  
Thank you. Could you also inform management that I'll be checking out today.

The Concierge looks at his computer again. He looks puzzled.

CONCIERGE  
You've had this room for the last nine months, is that correct?

JAKE  
Yes.

CONCIERGE  
Is there a problem with the room, sir?

JAKE

No, not at all. My company is relocating me, that's all.

CONCIERGE

Well, here is your key. Do you need help with your bags or anything?

JAKE

No, thank you.

CONCIERGE

Well, then good luck sir. We hope you enjoyed your stay here.

JAKE

Thank you.

Jake takes the keys, and walks towards the elevators.

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S CONDO

Jay sits in front of his laptop at the dining room table. Across from him is another laptop, set up for Willis. Jay waits patiently, however Willis, and most of the others, pace around the room IMPATIENTLY. A chime on both computers suddenly RINGS.

JAY

He's on.

Willis says nothing and sits down at the laptop across from Jay.

WILLIS

Before you connect me, will we be able to see what he is trying to access?

JAY

Yes. That big window on the left side of the screen will show you everything he is looking at.

WILLIS

Okay. Let's just hold off a minute and see what he is doing. I'll let you know when to connect me.

Jay nods his head.



INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Jake is accessing a small laptop at a desk in the room. The curtains are open, showing a view of the canal behind the hotel, and another tall hotel or condo on the other side of the canal, maybe 100 yards away.

JAKE'S POV

The computer screen in front of him shows several windows, similar to the last time we saw the screen, only this time, all the screens are blank. Jake is working quickly, typing on the keyboard, trying to hack into the files.

INT. JAKE'S CONDO

JAY

He's still trying to access the SD card. Not able to though.

WILLIS

Okay. Connect me.

We see a similar screen on Willis's laptop that we saw on Jake's. Suddenly, a large window appears over top of the others. The words, DIALING, appear in the window.

INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM

JAKE'S POV

A window appears over top the others, just as with Willis's laptop. Only, on Jake's screen it reads, INCOMING. Below are two tabs, one says, ACCEPT, the other, DECLINE.

Jake pauses. He then looks to the side of the desk that was off-screen. We see a tablet, the screen split into four boxes, with each box showing an angle from a security camera of the Ritz. One of the angles shows his car in the parking garage. The others are various shots of the front lobby.

Jake clicks on ACCEPT. Willis's face appears in the large window on the screen, with Jake's face in a corner, just like a Skype call.

JAKE

What the hell is going on?

WILLIS

Jake, you need to turn yourself in.

JAKE  
For what?

WILLIS  
Why did you do it?

JAKE  
Do what?

WILLIS  
Jake, you killed a Senator.

INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM

Jake looks at the computer screen, PUZZLED.

JAKE  
What? No. No I didn't.

WILLIS  
(on screen)  
Yes. The man you killed in  
Minnesota was Senator Trent  
Ambrose.

JAKE  
No, it was David Wesley. An arms  
dealer and smuggler -

WILLIS  
David Wesley was your point. But  
that's not who you took out. Wesley  
is in North Dakota.

JAKE  
No. The file specifically said  
Wesley was in Minnesota. It gave me  
the GPS coordinates. Said he was  
hosting a meeting at his cabin.

INT. JAKE'S CONDO

WILLIS  
The file said he was in North  
Dakota.

Jay gets Willis's attention from the other side of the  
table.

JAY  
(whispering)  
West side of town. Need 20 more  
seconds.

WILLIS  
(to Jake)  
That's not the information we gave  
you.

JAKE  
The file showed the complete  
profile, background, and location.  
Same as any other point.

WILLIS  
Do you still have the SD card?

INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM

JAKE  
(nodding his head)  
You know I do. I've been trying to  
access it for the past few minutes.

WILLIS  
Jay will try to access the card  
from here. If what you're saying is  
true, we'll be able to extract the  
info.

JAKE  
Then do that already. It's  
encrypted and I can't gain access.

INT. JAKE'S CONDO

Jay looks at Willis.

JAY  
(whispering)  
Ritz Carlton. 3rd floor, room 326.

Willis points to Bobby, who immediately gets on the radio.

WILLIS  
Jay says to just give it a minute.  
It takes some time doing the  
encryption here. But you say the  
file sent you to Minnesota?

JAKE  
Yes, the picture, profile,  
everything was Wesley.

INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM

JAKE'S POV

Again we see the screen, with Willis on it.

WILLIS

Jake, minimize this window and look  
at the file information.

Jake minimizes the Skype window. There in front of him is  
the file on David Wesley, only it isn't the file. The  
picture is not the same. The map is not the same.

JAKE

(to himself)  
No, no. This isn't right.

WILLIS

What's that Jake?

JAKE

This isn't the same information.

WILLIS

This is what's on your SD card.

JAKE

No, this isn't right.

Sudden movement on the other screen draws Jake's attention.  
He looks closely to that screen.

THE TABLET SCREEN

In the security cameras, Jake sees four men, two of them  
dressed in the "landscaper" uniforms at the front desk.

JAKE (cont'd)

Willis, listen carefully. I was set  
up.

Jake gets up and moves to the bags on the bed, continuing to  
talk.

JAKE (cont'd)

If I did kill a senator, then it  
was someone in your office that  
wanted me to kill him.

Jake takes a crossbow from one of the bags. He then moves to  
the sliding glass door, that leads out to the balcony.

JAKE (cont'd)

I received information on my point,  
I followed protocol.

WILLIS

Jake, where did you go? What are  
you doing?

Jake OPENS the sliding glass door and steps out. He then steps back in and retrieves the micro SD card from the computer.

JAKE

I was set up.

He places the card into a specialized, waterproof case, then disappears back out to the balcony.

EXT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM

Out on the balcony, Jake takes a line from the handle of the crossbow and loops it around the railing of the balcony, attaching it securely. After that, Jake positions himself to shoot the crossbow.

THROUGH THE SCOPE

The target is a section of wall of the highrise across the canal. He fires the crossbow.

The bolt sinks into a section of concrete in the wall of the building. A red LED light is on the shaft of the bolt. Suddenly, a claw that was part of the bolt's shaft pops out and sinks into the wall. The LED changes to green.

BACK TO THE BALCONY

Jake, pops part of the crossbow off, leaving a portion connected to the line - a zipline.

Just as Jake drops down on the zipline, the agents BURST through the door behind him in the room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

The agents race to the balcony, only to see Jake ZIPPING across the line. Two stay to watch, as the other two DASH back out of the room through the door.

EXT. BALCONY

Half way across the zipine, Jake lets go of the line's handle, and he falls into the middle of the canal, just as a grand, immaculate yacht approaches.

The yacht drifts by where he landed in the water. As it cruises by, we see the water where Jake landed, but there is no sign of Jake.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMUNITY ARTS CENTER

A taxi cab is sitting in front of the Arts Center. As the cab sits, an older woman slowly gets out of the back. Before she closes the door, Jake quickly walks up to the cab and grabs the door as the older woman closes it.

INT. TAXI CAB

THE CAB DRIVER is facing forward, waiting for the lady to shut the door. He is a black man in his mid-thirties.

JAKE

(o.s.)

Do you have a call, or can you take me?

Jake is already sitting down into the backseat.

The CAB DRIVER turns around to him as he replies.

CAB DRIVER

Yeah, I can...What the hell?

CAB DRIVER'S POV

We see a completely soaked Jake as he CLOSES the door and SLIDES to the far side of the seat, leaving a WATER STREAK across the entire backseat.

The Cab Driver shows ANGER.

CAB DRIVER (cont'd)

What, you go swimming and forget to dry off?

JAKE

Something like that.

The Cab Driver to swear to himself as he pulls out of the Arts Center's entrance way and onto the street.

CAB DRIVER  
 Man, fuckin' water all over my  
 seat. I ain't gonna be able to pick  
 up no one else today.

JAKE  
 (sarcastically)  
 I'll spot you some extra for a  
 towel.

CAB DRIVER  
 TOWEL?! Ya better dish out for a  
 dive mask and snorkel. Have a  
 goddamn swimming pool in my back  
 seat!

Jake shakes his head as the Cab Driver continues to bitch.

CAB DRIVER (cont'd)  
 Where you goin' anyway...Sea World?

JAKE  
 Pelican Lake.

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S CONDO

WILLIS  
 (into the radio)  
 How the hell did you lose him?

AGENT 4  
 Looks as if he tapped in to the  
 security cameras. He saw us coming.

WILLIS  
 Dammit!!

AGENT 4  
 Son of a bitch ziplined right off  
 the balcony. But we think he  
 hitched a ride on a yacht. We need  
 eyes in the air.

WILLIS  
 (to Bobby)  
 Do we have any helicopters?

Bobby simply shakes his head.

BOBBY

We couldn't requisition one in the short timeframe.

WILLIS

And yet we sat here for 12 hours waiting on him. Christ, Bobby!

Willis thinks.

WILLIS (cont'd)

Get with Sarasota Sheriff's Office and see if we can get one up in the next five minutes. And call the Coast Guard. I want that boat boarded.

CUT TO:

EXT. JAKE'S CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX - DAY

A yellow cab pulls in from the busy road and moves to the front office. The back passenger door opens.

INT. TAXI CAB

Jake pulls his wallet from his back pocket and opens it. The wallet is literally dripping as he takes a few soaked bills from it, handing them to the DRIVER.

JAKE

Here you go. Sorry about this.

CAB DRIVER

(grabbing the money)

Oh, come on. Damn! Damn! Damn!

JAKE

Set it on the dash. It'll dry.

The Driver just SHAKES HIS HEAD as Jake hops out the back seat and dashes the few feet towards the office door.

EXT. BACK OF OFFICE / POOL AREA

There are quite a few people sunning themselves, or in the pool. A friendly game of volleyball is being played in the pool, attracting most people's attention.

Jake exits the office quickly, walking by a row of lounge chairs, grabbing the first unoccupied towel and throwing it over his head. As he continues behind the row of lounge chairs, he slips a t-shirt and flip flops left vacated under his arm, concealed by the giant beach towel.



Just at the end of the row of lounge chairs is a smaller building, the restrooms. Jake slides into the men's.

CUT TO:

EXT. JAKE'S CONDOMINIUM BUILDING

Now dressed in a different t-shirt and flip flops, and the towel still over his head like a Jedi knight, Jake crosses the parking area towards his building. He knows there could be an agent or two on the terrace outside his door, but we see there are none.

He proceeds to the elevator. As soon as he touches the UP button, the doors open. No one inside. He steps in, and TOUCHES 3.

The elevator doors open again. No one there. He walks down the exterior terrace to the fourth door, TURNS and TAKES A DEEP BREATH. He KNOCKS TWO TIMES.

The door opens, showing us MARIA'S face.

MARIA

Ja -

Before Maria can even finish his name, He moves with lightning speed and covers her mouth. Pushing her back into her own apartment, he foots the door closed.

INT. MARIA'S CONDO

Set in up a very similar floor plan, Maria's condo is much messier than Jake's. Even with his hand over her mouth, she is a little embarrassed at her lack of straightening; dirty dishes in the sink and counter, clothes in various color piles around the living room, and a pile of towels on her dining room table.

JAKE

Don't scream.

He removes his hand from her mouth, looking around at the pigsty. Through her embarrassment, she is still mad, shocked, but happy he is in her place.

MARIA

Jake, what the hell? What's wrong with you?

Jake fails to answer as he walks towards the back balcony. He opens the door and turns to her, putting a finger to his lips, shhh.

She is quiet, yet quickly moves to gather a couple piles of clothes and quickly disappears down a hallway.

EXT. MARIA'S BALCONY

Jake is at the railing and leans out as far as he can, looking immediately below, to his balcony. A door was left open, and we can HEAR faint voices of Willis and Bobby's conversation.

BOBBY

(o.s.)

Coast Guard is pulling up the the yacht now.

WILLIS

And they know the fugitive could be armed.

BOBBY

Yes, they have a tactical team on board.

INT. MARIA'S CONDO

Jake moves back into Maria's condo. The first thing he sees is a much neater living room floor.

Maria is now in the kitchen, cleaning some dishes.

MARIA

Are your shorts soaking wet?

JAKE

Maria, I don't have time to explain right now. I need to get into my place.

MARIA

Oh. Did you lose your key?

She turns and pulls out a drawer, quickly retrieving a spare key for him.

JAKE

Not exactly. I need you to go down to my front door and knock. There are a few men there. Just tell them you needed to borrow a couple batteries. They will dismiss you rather quickly. When they do, come back up here and stay inside. I'll be back in a few minutes. Can you do that?

MARIA  
(confused)  
Um, yeah, but what's this...

JAKE  
Can you do that?

MARIA  
Yeah. But you owe me an  
explanation.

JAKE  
And I'll give you one. I promise.  
Then once you are done, you are  
going to come back up here, get  
your keys and meet me at your car.  
Now go.

He watches as she hesitates only for a second, then walks out the front door.

EXT. MARIA'S BALCONY

Jake walks back to the railing, but this time STEPS over the railing, hanging from it. He begins turning himself sideways, then upside down. He's Spider-man. He crawls down.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Shows us the view of the balcony from just inside Jake's condo. Jay remains at the dining room table, back to the balcony. Most of the others are spread out on his living room furniture, some more patient than others. Willis is pacing now.

At the roof of the balcony, we see the top of Jake's head peering down. He waits patiently for his window of opportunity.

Suddenly there is a KNOCK at the door. The team looks at each other as if not knowing what to do. Willis sticks a finger up and walks to the door. He opens it.

EXT. JAKE'S FRONT DOOR

We see Agent Willis appear as he open the door.

MARIA  
(sounding confused)  
Um, is Jake here?

WILLIS

Sorry he stepped out for a moment.

From behind all of them, we see a shadow through the curtains on the balcony. JAKE.

EXT. JAKE'S BALCONY

The balcony has a main sliding glass door to the living area, and to the left, a smaller door to his bedroom. Jake quietly walks through the small door.

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM

First, Jake notices the bedroom door is slightly open. He quietly closes it.

In a series of quick scenes, Jake prepares to leave for what could be forever.

He takes a box from under his bed. A coded lock box. He punches in the code. It OPENS to reveal several PASSPORTS and IDs.

INT. JAKE'S CONDO, LIVING AREA

Jay, who has been sitting at his computer, eyeing Maria and checking the laptop screen an equal amount of time.

WILLIS

(o.s.)

Well, I'm sure he'll be back shortly. He was just running out to get us some snacks.

MARIA

(o.s.)

Oh, ok.

Jay looks away from his screen quickly and notices the bedroom door closed. He's PUZZLED, and starts to get up from his chair. He thought it was open a little.

WILLIS

Jay, I need a tap on her cell. She obviously has some sort of relationship with Carver.

Jay's attention gets diverted back to the laptop and he sits back down.

JAY  
Right away.

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM

Jake now has on a change of clothes. He is wearing a Rays baseball hat, a Hurley t-shirt and khaki cargo pants.

He opens his closet and taps a panel on one wall. It OPENS to reveal a large duffle bag. He sets the bag on the bed, and quietly zips it open, REVEALING two crossbows (in different sizes) and a roll of \$100s. He shoves some clothes in it, and the passports, IDs, etc. and quietly zips it back up. He takes the laptop from his case and slides it into his bag.

He moves towards the balcony door, opens it, and disappears. The bedroom is the only obvious sign that he was there. Wet clothes on the floor, open closet, empty briefcase, and a few other empty bags around the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE OF PELICAN BAY

Maria sits in her car in a visitor's parking spot next to the front office. Jake walks out the office's front door at a brisk pace and gets into Maria's Audi.

INT. MARIA'S CAR

JAKE  
Drive towards the interstate.

She begins to drive, pulling out of the parking spot and making his way towards the front entrance.

Jake looks towards his building, leaving it behind for good.

MARIA  
So are you going to tell me what this is all about? Who were those guys at your place? What's going on?

Jake pauses, figuring out what to tell, and what to keep.

JAKE  
Maria, those people back there are agents.

MARIA  
Like FBI?

JAKE  
Something like that. They think I  
did something wrong.

MARIA  
Did you?

JAKE  
Yes...No...I don't know. I'm still  
trying to find out. I just need you  
to drive me to my uncle's place.

Maria SIGHS in not getting any information.

MARIA  
Okay, fine. Where's he live?

JAKE  
The Everglades.

MARIA  
The Everglades? What? Jake, I've  
got to meet a potential client  
later. I can't...

JAKE  
(looking right at Maria)  
Maria, please. It's all I'm asking.

Maria can't turn him down, no matter how hard she tries.

MARIA  
Fine. Once we get on the highway,  
I'll call and cancel.

JAKE  
Thank you.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY - DUSK

From an AERIAL SHOT, we see a set of buildings set in Washington, DC. In the backdrop, are the more familiar landmarks of the city, Washington Monument, Capitol Building, etc. A title appears at the bottom of the screen which reads: DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY HEADQUARTERS.

DISSOLVE TO:

## INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

Inside the office of the Director of Homeland Security, we see four men. Three are sitting in high-backed, beautiful leather arm chairs. The fourth man, roughly in his mid-fifties sits behind a large oak desk in another chair similar to the others.

THE DESK has an assortment of family pictures, papers, and elegant pens. On the middle front edge of the desk is a name plate: SECRETARY OF HOMELAND SECURITY, ROBERT GRANT.

On the wall behind Grant, there are several plaques and some pictures with influential people. Even a Congressional Medal of Honor in a small glass case.

The four men are laughing and making small talk when a device on Grant's desk BUZZES.

SECRETARY

(over the device)

Sir, Mr. Mitchell is here for his appointment.

GRANT

Send him in Bonnie.

A large door to the left of the room OPENS and Mitchell walks through. He looks flustered at first, but quickly changes his demeanor when he sees others in the office.

Grant gets up and greets him first.

MITCHELL

(shaking hands)

Bob.

GRANT

Sam, I'd like you to meet a few people. This is Phillip Coleman, Director of the FBI. Sam is in charge of the NSS division here.

Mitchell greets COLEMAN, but they know each other.

MITCHELL

Yeah, we've met before. How are you Phil?

COLEMAN

Good Sam, how are you?

Mitchell chooses not to answer, as Grant routes him to another man.

GRANT

This is Deputy Director, Greg  
Dicolo.

Mitchell nods to DICOLO as he shakes his hand.

GRANT (cont'd)

And of course you know Mark.

Mitchell smiles as he shakes MARK's hand.

MARK

We missed you at the 'Skins game.

MITCHELL

Yeah, I know.

Grant pulls over another of the high-backed leather chairs from the wall. Mitchell sits as Grant makes it back around his desk.

GRANT

Listen, Sam. There are a few things we need to discuss, but the main reason I called you in is, well...those rumors are floating around again about those assassins. Now, I've never asked, just because the whole thing seems ridiculous, but does any of that have any validity?

MITCHELL

Are you asking me if the rumor is true sir?

GRANT

Well, yes. I suppose I am.

Mitchell pauses and looks down. Then looks back up.

MITCHELL

I really just thought this meeting was going to be you and me.

Grant looks closer at him. Why would he say that instead of just denying the rumors.

GRANT

Mark, would you and Mr. DiColo excuse yourselves.



The two men get up, unprotesting, and walk out the door. Once they are out, Mitchell turns to Grant to give his answer.

MITCHELL

Yes.

GRANT

(shocked)

What?

MITCHELL

The rumors are true.

Grant sets his forehead in his hand. Mitchell pulls a brief from his bag.

COLEMAN

You want to explain?

MITCHELL

Maybe I should start from the beginning.

Mitchell hands the brief to Grant.

GRANT

Please do.

Grant opens the brief revealing a few papers.

MITCHELL

The NSS is strictly a front for what is called the Phantom Group.

Grant flips a few papers to a 8x10 glossy picture of a black man with a bald head and black goatee.

MITCHELL (cont'd)

It was set up late in 2002 as another response to 9/11.

Grant flips past the first picture, to another one, a picture of Jake Carver.

MITCHELL (cont'd)

The motto - detect, prepare for, prevent, protect against, respond to, and recover from terrorist attacks within the United States. We are the detect and prevent part.

COLEMAN

Just terrorists?

MITCHELL

It started that way. I was assigned to head up the NSS by the then Secretary. It was restricted to just terrorist cells within the U.S. However, in time, the threats to the government changed. Militia leaders, nationalists, smugglers, anyone who posed a threat were... treated the same. Recently, we had to take it one step further.

GRANT

What do you mean?

MITCHELL

Anthony Corrone was our latest kill, or what we call a "point".

COLEMAN

Corrone? The mafia boss?

Mitchell nods to Coleman.

GRANT

So, what you're telling me is the NSS is a pack of dogs, doing some hunting?

MITCHELL

It's not like that. We hand picked everyone and established three basic divisions. The Detection branch, the Prevention branch, and the Recovery branch. It's not a pack of dogs, as you say. It's a true department and an important entity. The Secretary and I worked carefully to ensure the NSS continue long into the future.

GRANT

Well, you need to give me more details on this. I have to sit with the President on this in about two hours. I need to know the ins and outs.

MITCHELL

Most of it is in that brief, but the President doesn't need to know about this. It wouldn't be in the best interest of national security to inform him.

GRANT

We'll decide what's best for national security.

Mitchell nods. He knows his limits.

MITCHELL

The detection branch is pretty self-explanatory. We utilize the same satellite tracking the CIA uses. And Bob, you already know that with the Exodus program, we're able to track like never before.

Grant nods, displaying some sort of acknowledgement.

MITCHELL (cont'd)

The Prevention division is really the group of Phantoms...

COLEMAN

Assassins.

MITCHELL

...that carry out the points. Eight of them in total, the best of the best. Navy Seals, Delta Force, Black Ops. The Recovery division is basically a cover team, cleaning up the points. They are also the team leaders, overseeing the entire operation.

GRANT

How were these "phantoms" picked?

MITCHELL

The original four were picked by a man named Andre Killington. One of the CIA's best. He trained all of Red One, including Hannibal Shepherd.

COLEMAN

Oh Jesus. I hope he didn't have anything to do with that mess. He still with the NSS?

MITCHELL

No. In 2005 he suffered an injury, then what was diagnosed as PTSD, though many believe it was a nervous breakdown.

GRANT

What happened? He die?

MITCHELL

Might as well have. He just up and disappeared right off the grid.

GRANT

(looking at the brief)

So how come I didn't know about this?

MITCHELL

I don't think you and the former Secretary saw eye to eye on things. I don't know, but the Phantom Group isn't really something most people can accept.

Grant closes the brief and hands it to Coleman. Coleman opens it and begins scanning through.

GRANT

So, why did you continue the program?

MITCHELL

Excuse me?

GRANT

If you thought I wouldn't approve, why did you continue it behind my back?

MITCHELL

Because the program works.

GRANT

It works?

MITCHELL

Do you know how many more 9/11's we have prevented? EIGHT. We have stopped eight terrorist attacks within our own soil. The Texas City refinery in 2005, remember that? If it weren't for us, a third of Texas

(MORE)

MITCHELL (cont'd)  
would still be burning. I can tell you right now that Atlanta is not a dystopian wasteland because of one of those guys in that brief. These guys are heroes, and if you only knew half of what they've done you would probably treat them as gods.

COLEMAN  
So was it one of your "gods" that assassinated Senator Ambrose?

GRANT  
What?

Mitchell wasn't sure if this would come up. He walked right into it though.

MITCHELL  
We aren't sure yet?

Grant didn't know.

GRANT  
Wait...you mean to tell me that one of your guys killed Ambrose?

MITCHELL  
We don't know for sure. But it is his MO.

COLEMAN  
What do you mean, MO?

MITCHELL  
Each Phantom has their own particular...style. For some, it's hand-to-hand combat or martial arts. For others, it's more long ranged weapons like sniper rifles -

COLEMAN  
Or crossbows?

Mitchell nods his head.

GRANT  
Oh Jesus, Sam.

MITCHELL  
Bob, we are currently using the same technology we use to track the  
(MORE)

MITCHELL (cont'd)  
terrorist threats, using Exodus. We  
will find him. And we are the best  
at recovery. We will keep this  
quiet. I assure you.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVERGLADES - DUSK

We see a large portion of the Everglades National Park -  
expansive, desolate. Maria's car moves down the  
pencil-straight road with no lines.

INT. MARIA'S CAR

MARIA  
Why does your uncle live all the  
way out here?

JAKE  
He's not much of a people person.  
He prefers to be by himself.

MARIA  
You two have a close relationship?

JAKE  
Pretty much. He is actually my  
godfather, and when my parents  
died, he was the only family I had  
left.

MARIA  
When did your parents pass away?

JAKE  
I was 18. I had just joined the  
military when it happened.

MARIA  
I'm kind of glad I brought you down  
here, Jake. I've learned more about  
you than ever.

Jake lets out a low HUMPH of a laugh as he looks at the  
roadway ahead.

JAKE  
(pointing)  
You're gonna want to make a right  
up here.

MARIA

Where?

JAKE

Just after that tree there.

MARIA

How can you even tell where you are? Everything looks the same out here.

EXT. MARIA'S CAR

Maria's car turns from the paved road to a dirt road. The dirt road is even more narrow than the previous one. On each side of the road there are tall mangroves hiding the miles of marsh behind them.

INT. MARIA'S CAR

Maria looks at the clock on her dash.

MARIA

How much farther is it?

JAKE

It's just up here.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

Maria's car creeps down the dirt road, the cloud of dust and dirt trails for about half a mile. As the SHOT MOVES AHEAD of Maria's car, there is a good sized clearing, about the size of two football fields. At the far end of the clearing is Andre's cabin, with it's full length porch in the front. To one side is a small, shabby barn, a chicken coop, and a hog pen.

INT. MARIA'S CAR

The car stops a few feet from the front of the cabin.

Stepping out the front door is ANDRE, in the typical suspenders and t-shirt, a different color than what we previously saw him in.

ANDRE KILLINGTON, though in his mid-60's, still has a sense of vigor. He is easily 6'5", and though his frame is a little saggier than it probably used to be, he still has the muscular build of a pro wrestler.

Jake and Maria step out of the car. Jake walks to the bottom of the porch steps as Maria comes around the front of the car.

ANDRE  
(shaking Jake's hand)  
Jake, this is an unexpected  
surprise.

JAKE  
Yeah, well...I had a sudden urge to  
get out of town for a bit. Where's  
Captain?

ANDRE  
(checking out Maria)  
Gone. And who is this lovely lady?

Andre STEPS TOWARD Maria.

JAKE  
Andre, this is Maria.

Maria extends her hand to shake Andre's. Instead, he takes her hand as if she is royalty and kisses the top of it. Jake rolls his eyes and turns to retrieve his bag in Maria's back seat.

MARIA  
Nice to meet you Andre.

ANDRE  
The pleasure is all mine.

Jake SHAKES HIS HEAD.

MARIA  
How long have you known Jake?

ANDRE  
Well, I've actually changed his  
diapers, if that tells you much. Of  
course he was wearing diapers for  
quite a long time.

JAKE  
Easy.

Maria LAUGHS.

ANDRE  
How about we sit down with a beer?  
I'll share a whole lot of Jake  
stories.



MARIA

No, I can't. I need to get back.  
But I would love to hear those  
stories another time.

Andre NODS to her.

MARIA (cont'd)

Jake, if you need anything, call  
me, okay?

JAKE

Thanks for bringing me out here.  
And remember, if anyone asks...

MARIA

I haven't seen you or your truck in  
like 4 or 5 days. Got it. It was  
nice meeting you Andre.

ANDRE

You too, Maria.

Maria makes her way back to the driver's side.

MARIA

(before getting in)

Oh, and Jake...You owe me a car  
wash.

She smiles and gets in her car. Jake smiles back as she  
pulls off.

ANDRE

I think you're violating rule  
number one, aren't you?

JAKE

Andre, I needed a way out of town.  
She was the only way I could get  
here.

ANDRE

No drop car?

JAKE

Stolen or towed. It wasn't where I  
left it.

ANDRE

You probably need a beer.

The two start up the porch steps.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Agent Willis and his team are all tucked into the conference room of some sort of office building. Every one of them is slouched in their chairs, looking extremely exhausted; suit coats off, ties loosened, and even a few with their shoes off. Several coffee cups are strewn about.

MIKE

What about family? Siblings?

WILLIS

Nothing. Only child and his parents died when he first enlisted.

DREW

What about distant relatives?  
Cousins, uncles?

WILLIS

There's nothing in any of the files we have. I have Mitchell trying to get his old CIA files, but we all know how that'll look.

BOBBY

Well he can't just vanish into thin air.

DEBBIE

The guy was a ghost. He knows exactly how to vanish.

JAY

Well if he tries to flee the country, Exodus will alert us within seconds.

WILLIS

He knows about Exodus. Until we can get the facial recognition program online in traffic cameras, he's free to roam anywhere within the U.S.

DEBBIE

What about the guy that picked the Phantoms? He had backgrounds on all of them. Maybe he could shed some insight.

WILLIS

Who, Killington? I doubt it. The guy is a few sandwiches short of a picnic basket. And it isn't like he left on the best of terms. Probably wouldn't want to help, even IF we found him.

They are all stumped.

DREW

I wonder if he knows where he is going.

DEBBIE

Oh, he knows exactly where he is going.

Everyone looks at her DUMBFOUNDED, waiting for an explanation.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

(looking at everyone)

Think about it. At his apartment. In his closet. The secret compartment.

MIKE

Oh, don't get me started on that again. I'm still pissed he was right under our noses like that.

BOBBY

Money?

DREW

Weapon?

JAY

We know he took clothes.

WILLIS

Probably all of that.

DEBBIE

Laptop. All the other stuff I get. But did he really need the laptop?

JAY

He should know once he links to a network we will be able to track him.

DEBBIE

And yet he still took it anyway.

BOBBY

He's trying to figure out what the hell is going on.

DEBBIE

Exactly.

DREW

So he didn't do it? You believe his story?

WILLIS

It makes sense, but let's not all jump to any conclusions yet. The computer gives him the ability to look for clues. Point him in the right direction.

MIKE

At least he thinks so.

JAY

He was awfully sure about what he thought was on that SD card. He may want to try it again. If so, we will find his location in 2 minutes.

MIKE

Wait, those things are waterproof?

JAY

(nodding)

There's a homing device right on his card. He doesn't even need to use his computer. So that's two ways we can track him.

WILLIS

So, Deb, where would you go if you were him?

DREW

He can't get too far without a vehicle.

DEBBIE

He's got a vehicle by now?

MIKE

How?

DEBBIE

Please. He tapped into security cameras at a place he would only go in an emergency. He had a zipline ready. You think he planned that, and didn't plan a drop car?

BOBBY

So he could be anywhere?

DREW

Where would he go?

DEBBIE

Where is he gonna get answers?

JAY

Ambrose's wife?

WILLIS

It's possible. (pausing to think). A stretch to go back. Doesn't she already have two from Secret Service on detail?

Bobby flips through a couple papers on the table in front of him.

BOBBY

(reading)

Yeah.

WILLIS

Jay, run a tap on her lines. Once he sees two Service agents, he'll try to call.

JAY

Then I can trace it and hopefully track his signature.

WILLIS

Exactly. He's got a second phone by now.

JAY

And GO phones are easily traceable.

MIKE

So we just sit and wait?

WILLIS

About all we can do.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEHIND ANDRE'S CABIN - MORNING

Jake and Andre are in the yard next to Andre's cabin. They are both holding a compound bow, shooting at targets about 100 yards away.

JAKE

I just don't know who could have set me up. You think it could have been another Phantom?

Jake draws another arrow back, and RELEASES. BULL'S EYE.

ANDRE

No way. When they had me hand pick the Phantoms, I was very thorough. None of them could be bought. None.

JAKE

There's a new one. You didn't pick him.

Andre draws back and pauses. His eyes SHIFT to Jake.

ANDRE

Yeah?

He releases his shot.

THE TARGET

His arrow slides right up against the other arrow.

ANDRE (cont'd)

So would a Phantom set you up?  
Maybe this isn't about you at all.  
Maybe it's about the senator?

Jake takes another shot at the target.

ANDRE (cont'd)

Senators have lots of enemies.

JAKE

It would have to be someone with knowledge of the Phantom Group.

ANDRE

Your best bet is to start with your leads. Sounds to me that Ambrose's wife is the only lead right now.

Andre takes a shot. Another Bulls-eye.

JAKE

They'll have agents posted on her. It'll be risky.

ANDRE

Hmm...shouldn't be a problem for you. You can take the truck.

Jake glances towards the barn.

THE BARN

With the door open, we see just the front end of an old '68 Ford pickup. Even though the view is limited, the word SHABBY is a compliment.

JAKE

You still have that piece of shit?

ANDRE

Easy. I cherish that piece of shit. It just needs some paint.

JAKE

Yeah...paint.

Jake laughs as he take another shot at the target.

THE TARGET

All the arrows are in a tight bunch, clustered as close as possible around the bulls-eye.

ANDRE

I might still have a couple connections up in Washington. I'll poke around and see what I can dig up on Ambrose.

JAKE

So what happened to Captain?

ANDRE

Old age I guess. Poor dog was showing all the signs. I took him out and buried him in the old Miccosukee Burial Grounds.

Jake puts down his bow and begins walking towards the barn.

JAKE

You always did like it up there, didn't you. I'm going to check out the piece of shit.

ANDRE

(nodding and serious)

It's so peaceful. When I die, I want you to bury me out there.

JAKE

When the time comes.

ANDRE

(under his breath)

It'll be soon.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AMBROSE HOME, SOMEWHERE NEAR MINNEAPOLIS - DAY

From a WIDE VIEW, we see a house on a large wooded property, set way back from the road. Behind the house, there are many scattered trees for several hundred yards. We see a figure moving through those trees at a swift pace, running past a few trees then stopping. The cover is good, but not great.

Jake approaches the back of the house, only 50 yards away from a back door. He stops to scan the grounds. No sign of any agents or secret service.

Through a powerful scope, we see Jake approach the back door. The crosshairs are directly on Jake's head, but because of the terrain, Jake jostles about quite a bit. The sight follows him right up to the back door, where we see him open a screen door, which blocks most of him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Jake KNOCKS on the door, once he starts, it OPENS SLIGHTLY. He pushes it open further to reveal the sound of a LOUD TV.

SCOPE'S POV

Through the scope, Jake disappears into the house, never having a clear shot.



PHANTOM 1

(o.s.)

Dammit! Need a better angle.

INT. AMBROSE HOUSE

Jake walks into the kitchen, modern, upscale, but also empty. He continues through the kitchen. TV GETS LOUDER as he moves.

JAKE

Mrs. Ambrose?

The other side of the kitchen leads into the family room, where the TV is. From the angle, the only thing we can really see is the TV, but with each step, more and more of the room is revealed.

JAKE (cont'd)

Hello?

Finally standing at the doorway to the family room, we see MRS. AMBROSE sitting at the far corner of the room. Jake walks towards her with a curious look on his face.

JAKE (cont'd)

Mrs. Ambrose?

She would be a gorgeous 40-something, if she didn't have her throat cut. A long gash stretches from one side of her neck to the other. Blood is still oozing from the wound, indicating that it hasn't been that long ago.

Jake moves in to inspect the wound. Behind him, a figure appears OUT OF FOCUS.

PHANTOM 2

I don't think she's in a talkative mood.

Jake turns to confront the man. PHANTOM 2 is a few inches taller and about 50 pounds of more muscle than Jake. He looks very intimidating with his jet black skin, bald head, and goatee, the picture from the brief Mitchell gave Grant.

JAKE

You're the new one, aren't ya?

PHANTOM 2

They say you're the best. Look a little small to be the best though.

As he says this, Phantom 2 pulls a long knife from his belt.

PHANTOM 2 (cont'd)  
Willis thought you might show up  
here.

JAKE  
(with an angry sneer)  
Willis.

PHANTOM 2  
Time to go to school.

A SERIES OF ANGLES

Phantom 2, holding the knife in his right hand, moves to stick Jake in the ribs. Jake counters by grabbing the Phantom's hand with his left and punching him with his right. Jake then, pivoting on his left foot, twists around and hits Phantom 2 in the back of the neck with an elbow.

Phantom 2 drops the knife and falls to the ground. Jake quickly kicks the knife away as Phantom 2 pops up.

Jake steps towards him and throws a right at his head, but it is blocked and countered by a series of quick punches to the gut and ribs. The Phantom follows it with an elbow to Jake's jaw, sending him to the ground.

PHANTOM 2 (cont'd)  
That's one thing I never got about  
you shooters. You call yourselves  
killers, but you are just cowards.  
A real killer doesn't kill from a  
hundred yards.

Phantom 2 grabs the back of Jake's collar, pulling him to his feet. Jake throws a punch to the Phantom's ribs, but it is again countered by several shots. Phantom 2 then grabs the back of Jake's head, pulling it down towards his knee as he brings his knee up. A CRUNCH, sending Jake to the ground again.

PHANTOM 2 (cont'd)  
A real killer uses his bare hands.  
How's the lesson going so far?

Jake turns his head to see Phantom 2 standing to one side of him. He notices that all of his weight is on one leg. Jake kicks him in the leg, just above the kneecap. Phantom 2's leg buckles in a strange direction. PHANTOM 2 SCREAMS.

Jake quickly turn onto his back and kips up onto his feet. He hits the Phantom with a right, then spins, hitting him again with a left and another right. Phantom 2 falls hard to the floor.

JAKE

Think I'm getting the hang of it.

The Phantom gets up awkwardly and into a fighting stance, or as best he can with one good leg. He sends a right to Jake's face, but Jake quickly ducks it, and sends a right to the gut and a left to the ribs. Jake then takes a step back and crescent kicks Phantom 2 in the head. He falls into a glass curio cabinet, SHATTERING it.

Phantom 2 gets up slowly, favoring his leg. He shuts out the pain and charges at Jake. Jake cannot counter in time and gets caught in a bear hug, his arms pinned down in the hug.

As the Phantom follows through on his charge, he slams the back of Jake's head into the wall above the fireplace. Phantom 2 tightens his squeeze. Jake headbutts Phantom 2, but it just hurts himself more.

Phantom 2 laughs at Jake. He squeezes harder. Jake begins gasping for air as his circulation decreases. He looks for anything to help, and sees Phantom 2's bum leg.

Jake kicks at the bad knee and the grip loosens. Jake is able to get an arm loose and thrusts an elbow into Phantom 2's face. Jake falls to his feet and the Phantom recoils, blood flooding from his nose.

Jake moves to a side and goes in for a choke hold, but Phantom 2 is quick to counter. They both fall to the floor; Jake back to the fireplace, and Phantom 2 back by the broken glass shelves.

Phantom 2 slowly gets up, grabbing a shard of broken glass. He looks over to Jake who is also getting up. He lunges at Jake again, like he did with the knife. Again, Jake counters by blocking it and pivoting around to elbow Phantom 2, as he did last time. Only this time, Phantom 2 knows it's coming and ducks the elbow. Jake then, bringing his left foot around, see Phantom 2 ducking. He reacts even quicker, reaching down and grabbing Phantom 2's head. With a instant twist, SNAPS HIS NECK.

Phantom 2's body falls limp to the floor. DEAD.

JAKE (cont'd)

Lesson's over.

EXT. AMBROSE HOUSE

SCOPE'S POV

Through the same scope, we see Jake come out the back door of the house. The view is at a different angle than before.

Jake suddenly stops as if he forgot something and turns around.

Just at the time Jake turns around, a shot is FIRED. It hits the side of the house next to Jake, missing his head by inches. Jake immediately dives back into the house. TWO MORE SHOTS are fired into the door, missing Jake as he kicks it closed with his feet.

INT. AMBROSE HOUSE

Jake quickly moves up against a wall, taking cover.

PHANTOM 1  
 (o.s. outside)  
 Come on Carver. You got no where to go.

Jake looks around the kitchen. To his left is the dining room, it's table and chairs. He moves into the dining room, grabbing a chair and slamming it through the picture window on the side of the house.

EXT. AMBROSE HOUSE

On the side of the house, the picture window ERUPTS with glass and curtains as the chair flies through it. Jake immediately follows, sliding down a small embankment and disappearing into the trees.

PHANTOM 1 looks up from the scope to see Jake disappear into the trees.

PHANTOM 1  
 Shit.

He pops up and begins to give chase. Phantom 1 gets to the tree line and crouches, LISTENING for the CRUNCH of footsteps in the snow as Jake flees. He locates the sound and tracks him, dashing through the trees.

## EXT. FOREST BEHIND AMBROSE HOUSE

Jake runs through the forest, dodging branch after branch of thick pine. He stops and crouches down to listen for the Phantom 1. He HEARS the snow CRUNCHING under the Phantom's feet and turns to look in the direction. Jake then turns to get a bearing on his truck.

JAKE  
(whispering)  
Truck...truck.

He picks a direction and starts off again through the trees.

Phantom 1 moves through the trees. He is running much slower than Jake, lugging his high-powered sniper rifle with him. He also stops more often to listen for Jake.

Jake continues dashing through the trees until he finally reaches the road. The old beat-up truck is about 50 yards away. After a quick scan in either direction, he sprints for the truck.

He gets to it and opens the passenger side door. He unzips the duffle bag and pulls out a crossbow, the one from the Corrone kill. He then reaches back into the bag and grabs a few bolts.

Suddenly the window on the open door EXPLODES GLASS. The shot just missed his head.

Jake turns to see Phantom 1 up the road in a crouched position. Jake dives up over the hood of the truck, and using it as a shield, runs back into the woods.

Phantom 1 runs up to the truck, sees the open duffle bag, and figures Jake is now armed.

PHANTOM 1  
Dammit!

He moves to where Jake disappeared into the woods, taking just a second to pick up Jake's tracks.

## EXT. FOREST OF MINNESOTA

Jake sprints towards a small hill. He gets to the top and runs to the right along the ridge for about thirty feet, coming back down on the same side. Doubling back around until he finds the perfect cover.

Jake sits down in the snow. From his left, he HEARS the CRUNCHING of snow for about five or six steps, then it stops. All is quiet. Just the whispering of the trees. When Phantom 1 starts running again, Jake easily locates him, moving left to right about 25 yards away.

Phantom 1 looks ahead to see a slight clearing in front of a small hill. He begins moving to the right along the treeline, eyeing the hill, but staying out of the clearing for now. He is actually coming closer to Jake.

Suddenly a bolt rips into his thigh as he SCREAMS out in pain. The shot actually twists him as he falls to the ground.

In pain and struggling, Phantom 1 is able to get his rifle on his shoulder and get prone. He looks into the scope.

SCOPE'S POV

Through the scope, the Phantom searches for Jake. The crosshairs reveal nothing as he slowly pans across the landscape.

PHANTOM 1  
(whispering)  
Come on...I know you're there.

He slowly pans back again. Finally he sees Jake in his crosshairs, looking right back at him through the sights on his crossbow. The Phantom tries to pull the trigger, but it is too late. The bolt is heading right for him.

The bolt enters through the scope and into the Phantom's head. Right through the eye. Instant kill.

Jake gets up and trots over to the dead Phantom. He kicks him over onto his back, crouches over him, and begins searching his pockets. He finds the Phantom's cell phone and yanks it out. Within seconds, he pops out the micro SD card, and turns towards his truck, walking at a brisk pace.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Jake sits at a small desk in a typical looking hotel room. In front of him on a table is a laptop. Jake slides the micro SD card he took from Phantom 1 into an adapter and then slides it into a slot on the side of the laptop.

THE COMPUTER SCREEN

On the top right corner there is a tag that reads: PROPERTY OF CHOICE HOTELS

From the START screen, Jake makes a couple clicks of the mouse. an icon for the SD card appears on the screen. Jake clicks on it. Suddenly the screen fills with nothing but symbols. All kinds of symbols. The card is encrypted.

JAKE

Ahh, shit!

Jake gets up from his chair and begins pacing around the room.

JAKE (cont'd)

Think, goddammit...think.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIS'S OFFICE, DHS HEADQUARTERS

Willis is sitting at his desk. It isn't the grand office that Mitchell has, but it isn't bad. He is flipping through papers over and over, looking for any type of lead.

Suddenly the door bursts open. It's Bobby.

BOBBY

We found him.

Willis pops up from his desk. Walking towards the doorway.

INT. HALLWAY FROM WILLIS'S OFFICE

BOBBY

Jay found him about five minutes ago.

WILLIS

Where is he?

INT. COMPUTER LAB

Willis and Bobby walk into the computer lab. The highest of high tech. To one side, Jay sits at a desk with six computer screens in front of him, each one something different; maps, coding, pictures, everything you could think of. The rest of the team hovers around him.

BOBBY

Somewhere in Wisconsin.

WILLIS  
(to Jay)  
I want to talk to him.

JAY  
He's not on his computer. He's  
trying to access another Phantom's  
SD card through a different laptop.

WILLIS  
He's what?

Jay is talking and typing at the same time. Staring at one  
of the screens filled with code.

JAY  
He's trying to access Snipe's card.  
But he isn't having much luck.  
Problem is, neither am I.

WILLIS  
How do you know?

JAY  
All their cards are encrypted only  
to their laptops or to the master,  
which is right here.

WILLIS  
So, let's see what's on the card.

JAY  
I can't. I've never even seen this  
kind of coding before.

WILLIS  
(to Mike)  
How does he have another Phantom's  
card?

MIKE  
We don't know.

WILLIS  
Do we have his exact location?

JAY  
No. Once he inserted the card and  
tried to sign in, I got a brief  
signal. But once the card started  
doing this (pointing to the code on  
the screen), I lost everything.

ANOTHER AGENT walks into the computer lab.



ANOTHER AGENT

Greg? Your father-in-law is on the phone. Says it's an emergency.

WILLIS

Ok. Transfer it to my office.

Willis walks towards the door.

WILLIS (cont'd)

Jay, keep on it. I'll be right back.

He disappears out the door.

INT. WILLIS'S OFFICE, DHS HEADQUARTERS

Willis quickly gets to the desk phone and picks it up.

WILLIS

Pete? What's the matter?

JAKE

(over the phone)

I told you I was set up.

WILLIS

Who is this?

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Jake sits on the bed, the hotel room's phone in his hand.

JAKE

I'm getting closer to the truth. Are you worried yet?

WILLIS

(over the phone)

Jake?

JAKE

Someone set me up to kill Senator Ambrose. They also killed his wife a few hours ago.

WILLIS

(over the phone)

What?

JAKE

Oh don't tell me the one who orders points has no idea he sent two Phantoms to kill me.

INT. WILLIS'S OFFICE, DHS HEADQUARTERS

WILLIS

Jake, I don't know what you're talking about. I didn't order...

INT. HOTEL ROOM

JAKE

Bullshit! You have two dead Phantoms at the Ambrose house. One of them said it was you who sent them.

INT. WILLIS'S OFFICE, DHS HEADQUARTERS

WILLIS

Jake, there were two Secret Service agents up there on detail with Mrs. Ambrose.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

JAKE

These were no Secret Service agents. That big ogre mother fucker killed Mrs. Ambrose himself before I even got there. Then he turned on me.

WILLIS

(over the phone)

I never sent...

JAKE

I have another one's SD card. But you already know that, don't you? I will get my proof. And when it brings me to you, you'll be my next point.

Jake hangs up the phone. He sits on the bed thinking, and calming himself.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER LAB

The team is still hovering around Jay as Willis walks into the room.

WILLIS

You can stop tracing him.

JAY

He pulled the card anyway. I wasn't able to get anywhere.

WILLIS

Mike, how fast can we get a clean up team to the Ambrose house?

MIKE

It might take a few hours. Why?

WILLIS

(ignoring Mike)

Bobby, didn't you say there were two Secret Service agents on detail at the Ambrose house?

MIKE

Yes, two from the St. Paul branch.

WILLIS

Then what the hell were two Phantoms doing up there?

SEVERAL

What?

WILLIS

That was Carver that called me. He said he went to the Ambrose house and two Phantoms were waiting for him. He also said Mrs. Ambrose was dead when he got there.

DREW

Are you sure he didn't kill Mrs. Ambrose himself? Maybe his contract was for both of them.

WILLIS

Drew, don't be an idiot. Carver isn't a merc. He's too honorable to take outside jobs. Besides he called to threaten me.

BOBBY

What? Why?

WILLIS

He said a Phantom dropped my name.  
Saying I sent him.

MIKE

It could be a story to throw us off  
track.

JAY

He definitely had another Phantom's  
card.

WILLIS

Well, we know this. He is pretty  
certain he is correct. And he is  
not going to stop until he proves  
it. Jay, I want you to start  
looking at all point orders that  
have gone out from the Ambrose  
murder on. If it's coming from this  
office, heads will roll. Until  
then, it's back to waiting.

DREW

At least we know he isn't fleeing  
the country.

WILLIS

Mike, let's get that clean up crew  
there ASAP. I'll be in my office.

Willis leaves the team in disbelief.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARIA'S CONDO - NIGHT

Maria is sitting on the couch, wrapped in a large, thick  
blanket. On the table next to her is a half glass of wine  
and her cell phone. The cell phone RINGS.

MARIA

Hello?

JAKE

Maria, it's Jake.

MARIA

Hey, where have you been?

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Jake still sits on the bed.

JAKE

In Minnesota. Listen, you still dating that computer professor at USF?

MARIA

(over the phone)

I didn't even thinking you were paying attention when I said that.

JAKE

Well I try not to pay attention, but you're pretty intrusive. So, are you?

INT. MARIA'S CONDO

MARIA

Thanks. Um, I guess. I haven't really talked to him in a few days. Kind of a dud.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

JAKE

Know if he'll be on campus Saturday morning?

MARIA

What, are you going to go hang out with him? Not sure he's your type.

Jake looks at a stopwatch app on his phone. 32 seconds.

JAKE

Do me a favor, find out if he'll be at the school. Then text me yes or no.

MARIA

Fine. I'll let you know.

Jake hangs up the hotel phone. 44 seconds on the timer. Jake smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIS'S OFFICE, DHS HEADQUARTERS

Willis is sitting at his desk again. We can tell he has been there all night. He is still dressed in the same clothes, except the coat and tie are displayed on the sofa along one wall of the office. His white dress shirt unbuttoned three down, and looking a few days old. His facial hair matches the "days-old" roughness. His face also shows all the signs of stress.

It is the beginning of a brand new day for everyone else in the offices around his. They are buzzing all around outside his office windows. Willis's office door suddenly opens.

NANCY, Willis's secretary, walks in.

NANCY

Mr. Willis, you're in early.

She takes a closer look at him.

NANCY (cont'd)

Oh. Never mind. I'll get you some fresh coffee.

As she starts walking towards the door, her desk phone RINGS.

NANCY (cont'd)

Oooh.

WILLIS

That's ok Nancy. I'll get it.

NANCY

Are you sure?

WILLIS

I'm pretty sure it's for me anyway.

Willis answers as Nancy closes the door behind her.

WILLIS (cont'd)

Agent Willis.

INT. SAM MITCHELL'S OFFICE

Sam Mitchell sits at his desk on the phone. He too looks rattled and anxious.

MITCHELL

Morning Greg. Any news yet?

WILLIS  
 (over the phone)  
 I'm afraid not sir. Just bad news  
 actually.

MITCHELL  
 Which is?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WILLIS'S OFFICE

WILLIS  
 Well, we have no idea where he is  
 right now. Last night, we traced  
 him to somewhere in Wisconsin, but  
 lost him before getting an exact  
 location. And it gets worse.

MITCHELL  
 How much worse?

WILLIS  
 Mrs. Ambrose was murdered and two  
 Phantoms are dead.

MITCHELL  
 Jesus Christ! How the fuck...

WILLIS  
 We're still not exactly sure.  
 Ambrose's wife's throat was slit  
 and our clean up crew found her  
 blood traced on one of the dead  
 Phantom's knife.

MITCHELL  
 What did you send another Phantom  
 there for?

WILLIS  
 I didn't. I sent the rest of the  
 team home and have Jay trying to  
 figure that out right now.

MITCHELL  
 Jesus Greg, are we talking about a  
 fucking mole here?

WILLIS  
 I don't believe so. I just have him  
 verifying any possibilities. The  
 Phantom that may have killed Mrs.

(MORE)

WILLIS (cont'd)

Ambrose was the new one. He may have been bought. Carver put him down.

MITCHELL

Carver did this? Shit, Greg. How do you know he didn't kill Mrs. Ambrose? Maybe he was the one bought?

WILLIS

You can't buy Carver. He's too loyal and stubborn. He called me. Told me what happened. And so far, everything about his story checks out.

MITCHELL

And you believe him?

WILLIS

Starting to.

MITCHELL

I thought you said you saw what was on his SD card, and his story didn't check out.

WILLIS

Jay seems to think there is a way that can be altered. Some kind of virus that can overlap the information, then delete the alteration. I don't know, I can't understand him sometimes.

MITCHELL

And you think that's what happened?

WILLIS

I don't know without the card.

MITCHELL

Well at least I have good news. I received Carver's CIA file.

WILLIS

Watered down?

MITCHELL

Of course. But still some interesting stuff in there. Did you

(MORE)



MITCHELL (cont'd)  
 know he was scrubbed from a hit on  
 Bin Laden just prior to 9/11?

WILLIS  
 Really?

MITCHELL  
 The CIA thinks of him as one of  
 their best. Be on your toes, Greg.  
 And as soon as you get something,  
 let me know. I'm coming along with  
 you on this. Grant wants me to  
 personally see it through.

Willis doesn't look too thrilled at that news.

WILLIS  
 Yes sir, we look forward to your  
 help.

Willis hangs up the phone and grabs the picture of Jake on  
 his desk. He holds it up, staring at it, staring at him.

WILLIS (cont'd)  
 Where are you going Jake?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH FLORIDA - MORNING

AERIAL SHOT

We see the campus of the University of South Florida. As the  
 SHOT CIRCLES, we see the typical campus life; students about  
 walking and biking.

Jake's beat up truck pulls into the campus entrance. He  
 passes by many students, who all seem to take notice to the  
 "piece of shit" pick-up that is now missing a passenger side  
 window. But Jake pays them no mind, diverting his attention  
 instead to the signs on the campus.

He turns when he sees the correct sign: ELIZABETH BENTLEY  
 COMPUTER CENTER.

Jake pulls the truck into a parking spot. He hops out of the  
 truck as one student walks by, a look of disgust on his  
 face.

JAKE  
 Keys are in it, if you want it.

STUDENT

No way dude.

Jake SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS as he walks towards the front doors of the Computer Center, we HEAR music and people SCREAMING and HAVING FUN.

At the other end of the campus, we see a row of bushes about six or seven feet high. It is well off in the distance. Beyond the hedge, we see the top half of a Ferris wheel and a few other rides from a local carnival.

Jake disappears into the Computer Center.

INT. COMPUTER CENTER

Jake stands in the entry, looking at the directory. He takes his index finger and runs down the list of "L"'s until he finds LIPOSKI, ROOM 115.

INT. LIPOSKI'S COMPUTER LAB

The lab is in typical computer room fashion; no windows, bare white walls, ugly gray matte carpet, and filled with students.

LIPOSKI

(to class)

Make sure you email me your findings by 7 PM on Monday.

Students are already packing up and signing off their computers.

LIPOSKI (cont'd)

Oh, and if you were interested in that rebuild assignment, be sure to stop by during my office hours.

Students are exiting the lab as Jake walks in. Lipiski is signing off his laptop and gathering up some papers.

JAKE

Martin Liposki?

LIPOSKI

It's Lipiski. They have yet to fix that directory.

JAKE

Maria said you may be able to help me?

LIPISKI  
Oh, yes, yes. Jake right?

JAKE  
(shaking his hand)  
Yes.

LIPISKI  
What can I do you for? Ha

JAKE  
Well, I have this SD card that  
seems to be riddled with code.

LIPISKI  
(with a geeky laugh)  
Ooh, is it like top secret  
government stuff.

JAKE  
(straight-faced)  
Yes.

Lipiski pauses for a moment, looking at Jake. Then he lets  
out a TREMENDOUS GEEKY LAUGH, SNORTING and all.

LIPISKI  
Oh, you almost had me there. Maria  
said you were a funny guy.

Lipiski makes his way over to a large desktop computer on  
one side of the lab. He gets a few steps away from Jake.

JAKE  
(under his breath)  
Oh dear God.

He walks over to Lipiski who is now sitting at the computer.

LIPISKI  
You have the SD card with you?

Jake hands him Phantom 1's micro SD card. Lipiski slips it  
into an adapter, then into a slot on the computer tower.

LIPISKI (cont'd)  
Well, don't worry. (playing along)  
I won't tell a soul what I see.

JAKE  
I'd appreciate that. I wouldn't  
want to kill you.

More ANNOYING LAUGHTER.

THE COMPUTER SCREEN lights up with the same kind of coding as before. Symbols and Characters everywhere.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIS'S OFFICE, DHS HEADQUARTERS

Willis sits at his desk. His looks have greatly improved since the last time we saw him.

His cell phone on his desk starts RINGING. The screen reads: JAY. He touches it to speakerphone.

JAY

He's on.

WILLIS

Where?

Willis is already out of his chair.

JAY

Not sure yet. We just got activity.

WILLIS

I'll be down in a second.

He hurries out the door.

INT. LIPISKI'S COMPUTER LAB

Jake sits next to Lipiski and watches as he types at a superhero speed on the keyboard.

LIPISKI

Huh. That's odd.

JAKE

What is?

LIPISKI

I can't find a back door.

JAKE

Well, it's a government card.

Lipiski stops and just looks at Jake. Really looks at Jake.

LIPISKI

You weren't kidding?

Jake simply shakes his head.

LIPISKI (cont'd)  
 (thinking for a moment)  
 Actually, that makes it a little  
 easier.

JAKE  
 Really?

LIPISKI  
 Oh, yeah.

INT. JAY'S COMPUTER ROOM

Similar to before, the team is hovered around Jay and his 6  
 different computer screens.

JAY  
 He's somewhere in the southeast.

WILLIS  
 (impatient)  
 Oh, come on Jay. For Christ's sake!

Jay stops typing and turns to Willis, showing his  
 frustration and lack of sleep.

JAY  
 Look, I'm going as fast as I can.  
 This isn't like tracing him through  
 cell lines, okay? I have to  
 redirect satellites. It takes time.

Jay turns back to the computer and picks up where he left  
 off. Willis and the rest of the team is silent for several  
 seconds, until Mike breaks the silence.

MIKE  
 (fighting cat sound)  
 Reer!

INT. LIPISKI'S COMPUTER LAB

LIPISKI  
 Oh, Hoover Dam!

JAKE  
 Huh?

LIPISKI  
 Not only is this encrypted, but  
 it's internet coded as well. This  
 will take some time.

JAKE

I don't have time. What do you mean internet coded?

LIPISKI

It's like an encryption on top of an encryption. I can break it, but it's going to take a while.

Jake is thinking. He turns his head to a side, deepening his thought as Lipiski continues his blazing work on the keyboard.

JAKE

Is there any way you can trace the origin of the file?

LIPISKI

(thinking)

I suppose I could. Will it give you the information you need?

JAKE

Yes. I'm more interested in who sent the file than what's on it. Will that take longer?

LIPISKI

No. I could have that in 10 minutes. When was the file sent?

JAKE

It would have been on the 4th. About 4:30 PM.

INT. JAY'S COMPUTER ROOM

JAY

He's in the Tampa area. The north part of town.

MIKE

What's in north Tampa?

DREW

Busch Gardens?

WILLIS

USF.

Bobby is already thinking what Willis is going to say next. He walks towards the door, cell phone already at his ear.

DREW

What?

WILLIS

University of South Florida.

Bobby, get...

BOBBY

Already on it.

ONE OF THE COMPUTER SCREENS shows a map layout of the Tampa Bay area. The map zooms narrower and narrower every two seconds, finally showing the USF campus.

Willis looks back to Bobby out in the hallway.

Bobby sticks his index finger up to Willis, asking Willis for a couple more seconds. He turns back to Jay.

WILLIS

Library?

JAY

No, looks like this building here.

DEBBIE

What made you think USF?

WILLIS

Lots of computers and lots of people who know how to use them. Bobby, see if they can patch us in to their radios.

BOBBY

That shouldn't be a problem. They're about 10 minutes out.

WILLIS

Good. We'll set up in my office. (to Jay) There's no way to keep tracking him, right?

JAY

No. Once that disk is removed, that's it.

INT. LIPISKI'S COMPUTER LAB

LIPISKI

Okay, I'm in to the card's signal record. Just a few more minutes.

JAKE

How did you find it so fast?

LIPISKI

Basically, you can encrypt a message or file, but you can't encrypt when the message or file was sent. It's like looking at a receipt. It's got a date and time stamp all over it.

Lipiski continues typing.

LIPISKI (cont'd)

(hesitating)

So...how do you...know Maria?

JAKE

She's my neighbor.

LIPISKI

Oh good. I thought you were going to say you're her boyfriend.

JAKE

(chuckling a little)

No.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE 275, JUST NORTH OF TAMPA

Three jet black unmarked Ford Explorers speed down I-275, one behind another. They weave between traffic at a high speed, like a bullet train, moving in unison.

Looking into the SUV through the windshield, we see two men inhabit the it. Two flashing blue LEDs alternate on the middle dash. It slides off screen, showing the second Explorer with three people in it. As it slides the same direction as the first, we see the third SUV, with two more men inside.

CUT TO:



INT. WILLIS'S OFFICE, DHS HEADQUARTERS

Willis and his team, except for Jay, are in his office. Some are standing, some are sitting, but all of them are listening attentively to the speakerphone. Over the speaker, we HEAR THE CONVERSATION between US Marshall agents in pursuit.

FOX 1  
ETA, seven minutes.

Willis looks at his watch.

MIKE  
Do we have a satellite feed?

WILLIS  
Jay's working on it.

BASE  
Roger that Fox 1. Base to Eagle.

EAGLE  
This is Eagle, go ahead.

As Eagle speaks, we HEAR A CHOPPING SOUND in the background, obviously from a helicopter.

BASE  
What's your twenty?

EAGLE  
Approaching Fowler Ave. from the East. Just past Interstate 75. ETA 3 minutes.

BASE  
Roger that.

INT. LIPISKI'S COMPUTER LAB

LIPISKI  
You said around 4:30?

JAKE  
Yes.

Lipiski stops typing. A map of the D.C area is up on the screen, with a blue flag over a point on the map.

LIPISKI  
It looks like it originated in Washington, DC. You want an address?

JAKE

Please.

LIPISKI

Okay, hold on a sec.

Lipiski again begins typing at lightning speed again.

LIPISKI (cont'd)

245 Murray Lane, Southwest?

JAKE

Willis.

The computer makes a beep sound, and draws Lipiski's attention.

LIPISKI

Hold on a second.

Jake is already by the door. Anger all over his face.

JAKE

What?

LIPISKI

This isn't a direct pathway. It looks like there was a relay in the line. And there was a time difference from when the relay received the file and then sent to you.

Jake walks back towards Lipiski.

JAKE

How much time?

LIPISKI

About 7 or 8 minutes.

JAKE

Is that common? What does that mean?

LIPISKI

Relays happen. They're rare. But to have that long a delay? That doesn't happen unless it hits a lagged network. But we're talking the government here. No such things as a lag in their network.

JAKE

Unless someone wants to alter the file?

LIPISKI

Well, sure. I suppose they could.

JAKE

Is there any way to find out where the relay was?

LIPISKI

Shouldn't be too hard.

INT. WILLIS'S OFFICE, DHS HEADQUARTERS

All are sitting impatiently by the speakerphone, listening to every word spoken on the radio.

On a TV screen, a satellite SHOWS A BIRDS-EYE VIEW of the campus. The helicopter is now buzzing over a building on campus. The parking lot holds a few cars, including Jake's truck. All eyes are on the screen.

EAGLE

Eagle to Base.

BASE

Go ahead.

EAGLE

Possible suspect moving, wearing...

EXT HELICOPTER

PILOT'S POV

We see the "possible suspect". He is wearing a red cardigan, with a white shirt and multi-colored tie. The man has just walked out of the Computer Center. Another man walks up to him, and the two shake hands.

EAGLE

...cancel that Base. Repeat, cancel that.

BASE

(through pilot's headset)  
Roger that Eagle.

INT. WILLIS'S OFFICE, DHS HEADQUARTERS

MIKE  
Christ. He's probably gone.

DEBBIE  
Jay would have told us if the card  
had been pulled.

The speakerphone begins again. ON THE TV, we see the three Ford Explorers pulling onto the campus.

BASE  
Base to Fox 1.

FOX 1  
Go ahead Base.

BASE  
What's your twenty?

FOX 1  
Rolling through the main entrance  
right now.

BASE  
Roger that Fox 1.

INT. LIPISKI'S COMPUTER LAB

Lipiski stops typing and sits back for a second, waiting.

LIPISKI  
There's no address here, but it's  
pulling a location for you.

Lipiski sees the SD card still in the slot on the computer. He reaches forward, touches it, and it pops out of the slot.

LIPISKI (cont'd)  
(handing it to Jake)  
Guess we don't need that anymore.

Jake tucks it into his pocket. The computer lets out another BEEP.

LIPISKI (cont'd)  
There's the location.

THE COMPUTER SCREEN shows a map of all of south Florida. Right in the middle of the Everglades is a blue flag.

Jake looks at the screen. His facial expressions changes rapidly. CURIOSITY, SHOCK, DISBELIEF, ANGER.

LIPISKI (cont'd)  
 Not sure why I can't get an  
 address. Of course, it looks like  
 the middle of the Everglades.  
 Probably no address there.

Jake has already started for the door.

JAKE  
 Thanks.

LIPISKI  
 I can try to get a road for you at  
 least.

Jake continues to walk. He doesn't even turn his head back  
 to reply.

JAKE  
 I don't need one.

Jake disappears out the door into the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER OF THE COMPUTER CENTER

Jake walks into the large, open entry way of the computer  
 center. We can HEAR the FAINT CHOPPING of the helicopter  
 outside the building as it circles overhead. Jake notices  
 the helicopter when he gets to the door. He looks up.

JAKE  
 Shit.

EXT. COMPUTER CENTER

Jake walks out the door. He continues walking to the truck,  
 tempted to run, but WALKS WITH PURPOSE.

SIRENS in the distance as Jake gets to his truck.

Jake looks up at the helicopter. He is about 50 yards from  
 his truck.

EAGLE  
 Identification confirmed. Repeat,  
 we have a positive ID. Subject is  
 wearing blue jeans, red shirt, tan  
 baseball cap. Running through the  
 parking lot on the east side of the  
 computer center.

BASE  
(over headset)  
Roger that. Fox 1, you copy?

FOX 1  
Copy that. Moving into position.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Jake sprints the final 20 feet to his truck. He is in it instantly.

INT. TRUCK

Jake starts the truck and turns to look before backing out.

The three Ford Explorers are pulling into the parking lot. The last one stops at the only entrance/exit. The helicopter CHOPS overhead of his truck now, SOUNDING like it is right on top of him.

Jake slightly panics, looking all around him. He looks straight ahead through the field. On the other side of the field, there are a few buildings. Students are scattered about on the network of sidewalks and pathways that slice through the grounds.

Jake cocks his head quizically, like a curious dog. He quickly decides it's his escape plan.

JAKE  
Okay.

Jake slams the truck into drive and floors the gas. The truck bounds over the concrete curb and onto the grass.

INT. WILLIS'S OFFICE, DHS HEADQUARTERS

The group is watching on the TV the live satellite feed that Jay has pumped into the office. We still HEAR the radio conversation OVER THE SPEAKERPHONE.

EAGLE  
He's off-road. White truck Fox 1.  
White truck.

Willis sets his head into his hands.

DREW  
Crazy bastard.

FOX 1  
Fox 3, double back around. Head  
towards the main entrance.

FOX 3  
Roger that.

Suddenly Jay bursts through the door.

JAY  
Someone has tampered with my files.

WILLIS  
What?

JAY  
(looking at the others)  
You know how I was doing that thing  
you asked? Well I was checking all  
the files. The order on the  
neighbor's phone was discontinued.

WILLIS  
Which neighbor was that?

MIKE  
The hot one?

Jay nods, slightly embarrassed.

WILLIS  
I never ordered that. When?

JAY  
Two days ago.

WILLIS  
Can you find out where it came  
from?

JAY  
I can try.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH FLORIDA

Jake is all over the place, DODGING STUDENTS, LIGHT POSTS,  
all the random things you find when driving on walkways.

Two Explorers still follow as Jake cuts across a road,  
continuing on a wide sidewalk.

The 3rd US Marshall SUV drives down the road that Jake just cut across, in sync between the other two SUVs. The other two continue following Jake off-road and the 3rd continues down the road.

INT. WILLIS'S OFFICE, DHS HEADQUARTERS

FOX 1

(over the speakerphone)

Fox 3, he isn't going for the exit.  
Get back on Fowler and head east.

FOX 3

Roger that.

FOX 2

Is there another exit up here?

EAGLE

Negative. Just that heavy row of bushes ahead.

INT. JAKE'S TRUCK

Jake is looking straight forward at a row of bushes about 7 feet high. Above the bushes, we can see some of the carnival rides that we saw when Jake entered the computer center.

Jake keeps his foot on the gas.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARNIVAL

A little boy stands with his mother. He is probably 5 or 6 years old. The CHILD is crying and creating a difficult time for for his MOTHER. The Mother is getting aggravated with him as the Child complains.

CHILD

(pouting; upset)

I don't wanna go on this ride.

MOTHER

We have been waiting in this line for 20 minutes because you wanted to go on this ride.

CHILD

No!



MOTHER

Daniel, I'm getting tired of this.

Suddenly, about fifty yards from them, Jake's truck BURSTS THROUGH THE BUSHES. Pieces of hedge CRACK and FLY through the air. A second later, the first Ford Explorer rushes through the hole, followed by the second one.

CHILD

(pointing)

I wanna go on that ride!

INT. WILLIS'S OFFICE, DHS HEADQUARTERS

FOX 1

Pursuit now going through the fireman's carnival.

The team watches on the TV screen as Jake's truck dodges through a few rides.

EXT. CARNIVAL

Jake cuts hard right to avoid an ice cream vendor. The first SUV does the same. However, the second one isn't on time and slams into the cart, throwing ice cream in every direction. People on the Merry-Go-Round get showered with ice cream.

Up ahead of the chase, there is a small embankment as the vehicles clear the carnival area. Just beyond the bank is a small wooden fence, a green field just past that.

The truck hits the embankment at a high speed. It lifts high into the air as if it hits a ramp. The truck catapults over the fence and lands safely on more grass.

Jake jerks the truck to the right to avoid a small pond.

INT. JAKE'S TRUCK

A CRASH - something hits the back window of the truck. Like a shot, it flies through the window, and THUDS against the dashboard, falling to the floor board. A GOLF BALL.

EXT. GOLF COURSE

Jake's truck is in the middle of a fairway. The black Explorer still trails, though a bit further away than before. Jake follows the fairway as it makes a dogleg to the left. He speeds past golfers in their golf carts on the way to the green, which is just ahead.

Jake tears through the green, knocking the flag out of the hole. As he passes the green, he looks to turn onto a road. FOX 3 is coming down the road straight towards him.

Jake veers back onto the golf course, heading past the tee boxes and down the next fairway. Fox 3 moves in quickly behind.

INT. WILLIS'S OFFICE, DHS HEADQUARTERS

FOX 3  
I'm going to try to pit him.

FOX 1  
Roger that.

EXT. GOLF COURSE

Fox 3 moves to Jake's left and starts to approach. The SUV picks up speed.

JAKE'S POV

Through the driver's side mirror, we see the SUV approaching. Jake looks up to see a deep sand trap ahead, then back to the SUV in the mirror.

Jake times it perfectly. He brakes and swerves left, hitting the SUV. Fox 3 loses control, flying directly into the sand trap. It lands front first, spraying sand all over the SUV.

Jake's truck continues down the fairway and across the green. He knocks out that flag. He sees the cart path and rights the truck down it. The last SUV follows as the disappear around the corner and off screen.

INT. WILLIS'S OFFICE, DHS HEADQUARTERS

BOBBY  
Where the hell is their backup?

No one answers.

FOX 1  
Eagle can you assist?

EAGLE  
Negative. Not until you get out on that next fairway.

FOX 1  
Houses on one side and a hazard on the other. Looks like he has to go down it.

## EAGLE

Once he's in the clearing, I'll  
close on him and slow him down.

## EXT. GOLF COURSE

Jake moves into the fairway from the tee boxes of the next hole. The helicopter speeds ahead of the truck at a distance of about 100 yards. It lands, turning so that the side of it is facing Jake's truck. The helicopter is stretched long-ways, blocking the entire fairway.

## INT. JAKE'S TRUCK

Jake speeds towards the helicopter. Seeing his path blocked, he looks left; rows of trees and a canal, impassible. He looks to the right. The houses end and there is a tall wooden privacy fence. Beyond that? Unknown.

Jake cuts the truck to the right, aiming for the patch of fence. The truck hops a couple times over a few small hills that line the fairway, then BURSTS through the fence.

We see a busy street and Jake rushing right into it. The trailing SUV slides through the fence hole.

## EXT. BUSY ROAD

It's six lanes of traffic, yet somehow Jake's truck slices through.

The last Ford Explorer is NOT SO LUCKY. It doesn't even make it across one lane before getting t-boned by a large white van. The van forces the SUV into the back of a UHaul.

Like a perfect game of Frogger, Jake's truck amazingly makes it all the way through without even being hit. It bulls through another fence and into a small wooded area. The truck suddenly plunges down a hill as it slices between trees.

## INT. WILLIS'S OFFICE, DHS HEADQUARTERS

On the TV screen, the truck disappears into the wooded area. The trees are too thick to see the path of the truck. Just ahead of the wooded area is a short clearing, followed by a large lake.

Within seconds, the truck reappears in that short clearing, then leaps into the lake. It hits the water with an incredible splash and begins its descent.

The agents watch with disbelief as SAM MITCHELL walks into the room unannounced. Willis is the only one who notices him.

MIKE

Is there any movement in the water?

On the screen, the helicopter appears from off screen and starts to circle the sinking truck.

A few of Willis's team move closer to the TV, staring harder.

DREW

I can't see anything.

EAGLE

(over the speakerphone)

We need divers ASAP. Suspect's truck lost control and went into Booker Lake. North end.

BASE

Copy that. Two back up units are closing on your position. ETA is 8 minutes.

EAGLE

Roger that. We have movement in Fox 1's vehicle. Driver appears to be giving thumbs up.

MIKE

Can he hold his breath this long?

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODED AREA

Jake lays against a tree as he watches the truck disappear into the water. He gets up, brushes himself off, and begins to move through the trees. Overhead, the CHOPPING is loud.

As Jake moves between the trees, it becomes harder and harder to see him, until he disappears behind one tree and never reappears. Gone.

INT. WILLIS'S OFFICE, DHS HEADQUARTERS

WILLIS  
He's gone again.

BOBBY  
You think he swam out of there?

Willis gets up from his desk and moves towards the TV.

WILLIS  
He wasn't even in the truck.

He points to the wooded area. Mitchell makes his appearance known.

MITCHELL  
He bailed in the woods.

WILLIS  
I'm sure of it.

Mitchell moves further into the room.

MITCHELL  
Well, we're going down there. We'll be setting up at McDill Air Force Base in Tampa. The NSS used to be headquartered there full time before moving up here.

WILLIS  
I think we need to go see this Killington guy. Time for a hail mary.

MITCHELL  
(nodding)  
Then you and I will go there. Have the rest of your team report to McDill. Jay might actually enjoy the set up there a little more.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RENTAL CAR COMPANY - DAY

Jake walks up to a RENTAL AGENT, a young guy behind the counter. The young man puts a smile on his face and greets Jake.

RENTAL AGENT  
How can I help you today, sir?

JAKE  
I need the fastest car you have?

RENTAL AGENT  
The fastest car?

JAKE  
The fastest car.

The Rental Agent starts typing on his computer.

RENTAL AGENT  
We have a Corvette on the lot.

JAKE  
(handing over a credit card)  
I'll take it.

RENTAL AGENT  
(looking at the name on the  
card)  
Sure... Mr. Johnson. Would you like  
the insurance with that? It will  
be...

Jake doesn't even let him finish.

JAKE  
Yes. Put on everything.

The Rental Agent gets a huge grin, obviously paid by  
commission.

RENTAL AGENT  
Great. Give me just a few minutes.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 75 - DAY

We see a brand new red Chevy Corvette racing down the  
highway. There are very few cars on the road, better for  
Jake. The Corvette flies past several cars.

INT. CORVETTE

Jake's look of concentration is almost scary.

The speedometer reads 125.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANDRE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Jake's rented Corvette pulls up to the cabin. He cautiously steps out of the car and walks up the steps towards the front door.

INT. CABIN

We see the inside of the front door. Next to the door is a large picture window. The room is Andre's living room. We HEAR FOOTSTEPS as Jake walks across the porch to the front door.

A CLOSER ANGLE

We see the bottom of the front door. A thin red laser beam stretches from one side of the door to the other. On each end of the laser is a small black relay box, barely big enough to be noticeable.

As the door slowly opens, it cuts the laser beam, and a little light flashes on each relay box.

Jake steps into the cabin. He quickly scans the interior. Nothing is alarming. In the one corner is a small computer desk with a laptop open but not on. Jake moves to the desk. He touches the laptop on, and as it boots up, his cell phone rings.

Jake looks at the screen. MARIA. He silences the phone, sitting down at the desk. His phone RINGS again. MARIA again. Again he silences it.

The laptop boots and Jake moves the cursor to an email file.

The phone DINGS, a text. He looks at the phone.

THE PHONE has a text which reads: ANSWER THE FUCKING PHONE  
Jake is stumped, confused. It RINGS again. He taps receive, but doesn't say anything.

ANDRE

(after a pause)

Why you gotta be so fuckin rude?

JAKE  
Where are you?

INT. SHACK

Andre stands in the cramped interior of a shack. The only visible thing in the room besides Andre is a slat wooden wall. Truly a shack.

ANDRE  
You're right on time. That's what I  
admire about you Jake, being  
punctual. And predictable.

JAKE  
(over the phone)  
Why'd you set me up?

Andre looks to his watch.

ANDRE  
Well I have a few minutes. I guess  
I could explain. I set you up  
because you fucked me over. I spent  
five years out of work, Jake. You  
know the government didn't even  
give me social security?

Andre is bouncing back and forth between sanity and  
insanity.

ANDRE (cont'd)  
After everything I did for them,  
and I don't even get that! Not even  
unemployment.

JAKE  
Bullshit. You could have gotten a  
job anywhere.

ANDRE  
Doing what, bagging groceries? The  
only job I'm good at is killing,  
Jake. And they wouldn't even let me  
do that after my incident.



INT. ANDRE'S HOUSE

JAKE

Incident? You broke a sixteen year old's neck because he spilled coffee on you. That's more than an incident.

ANDRE

(over the phone)  
Shut the fuck up!

INT. SHACK

ANDRE

(laughing)  
I'm not done telling my story. So, after years of being out of work, I finally land a job doing what I do best. I'm doing hits here and there, some even making the news. But then you come along and fuck it up!

JAKE

I fucked it up?

ANDRE

Anthony Corrone... ring a bell?

JAKE

You worked for Corrone?

ANDRE

I was finally getting my life back in order. But you fucked me. So... in turn, I fucked you. An eye for an eye, a fuck for a fuck.

INT. ANDRE'S HOUSE

JAKE

So the senator was just a random target?

Jake is now going through Andre's computer. He has a picture of the Phantom he fought in Mrs. Ambrose's house on the computer in front of him.

ANDRE

(over the phone)  
NO.

INT. SHACK

ANDRE

Jake, I'm not going to just pull a name out of a hat. He needed to be silenced. Guess he found out things about the NSS he wasn't supposed to. That wasn't really my part of it.

JAKE

No, that'd be the other one helping you, huh?

ANDRE

You found out about him too? You're too smart Jake.

INT. ANDRE'S HOUSE

JAKE

Do you have any compassion whatsoever? Are you that emotionally disconnected? I thought of you as a second father and...

INT. SHACK

ANDRE

(with sarcasm)

Oh, you're right. I'm such a horrible person. I...I don't know what I was thinking. (back to serious) Give me a fuckin break.

INT. ANDRE'S HOUSE

JAKE

So, is Maria dead too?

INT. SHACK

ANDRE

Does it matter?

He takes the phone from his ear and moves it down. We HEAR Jake yelling over the phone.

JAKE

Andre, you son of a bitch!

Andre lowers the phone to Maria's ear. With his other hand, he pulls the gag from her mouth.

ANDRE  
 (o.s.)  
 Say hi.

Maria looks as if she has been stuck in a box for days. She is filthy, pale. Sweat and dirt cover her.

She looks at Andre but says nothing. He SLAPS her. Maria WHIMPERS. Andre nods to her and moves the cell phone closer.

MARIA  
 Jake? Jake, I'm sorry.

Jake begins talking, but Andre brings the phone back to his ear.

JAKE  
 (over the phone)  
 Maria, he's not going to hurt you.  
 You'll be ok.

ANDRE  
 Oh, boo hoo.

INT. ANDRE'S HOUSE

Jake still sits at the computer. There is subtle movement behind him, but he doesn't pick up on it.

JAKE  
 Where the hell are you?

INT. SHACK

Andre looks around. Being a smart-ass.

ANDRE  
 Well, I'm in a shack right now.

The angle widens enough to see an old man laying motionless on the floor on the other side of the shack. DEAD. The sign on the window says: AIRBOAT RIDES \$15

MARIA  
 (yelling)  
 Airboats!

Andre kicks her hard. She falls over on the floor and begins crying.

INT. ANDRE'S HOUSE

JAKE

I'm going to find you and I'm going  
to kill you.

The figure behind him moves a shotgun to his back and  
presses it into him.

PUNY MAN

On your feet asshole.

Jake begins to stand, his back still to the figure.

INT. SHACK

ANDRE

They're there, aren't they? I  
really wish it didn't have to end  
this way Jake. You gave me no  
choice. Goodbye.

CUT TO:

INT. MITCHELL'S SUV

Mitchell drives an Chevy Tahoe as Willis rides in the  
passenger seat. They are pulling up to Andre's cabin.

WILLIS

How did you even know where to go?

MITCHELL

We had to take him down a few years  
back for something. (changing the  
subject) It's right up here.

The SUV pulls into the clearing right before Andre's house.  
In front of the cabin, we see Jake's rented Corvette, and a  
white Cadillac Escalade, similar to the one Corrone had.

MITCHELL (cont'd)

Looks like a party.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDRE'S HOUSE

Jake puts the phone down and looks over his shoulder. There  
are three men in the room. THUG 1 holds the double barrel  
sawed off shotgun to his back. THUG 2 stands in front of the  
picture window, a 9mm pistol held in his hand, but down  
along his side instead of aiming at him. Behind Thug 1, is a

puny man, maybe only 5'6". He has the build of an 8th grader, though he is probably in his 30's.

PUNY MAN

(in a strong New York-Italian  
accent)

You killed my uncle, you fuckin  
bastard.

JAKE

And your uncle would be Corrone,  
right?

PUNY MAN

Right!

Jake moves fast. He spins 270 degrees to his right, grabbing the shotgun with his right hand and sending a left elbow into the side of Thug 1's face. The hit doesn't knock him down, but it does allow for Jake to rip the shotgun from Thug 1's grip. LIGHTNING FAST

Jake aims at Thug 2 before he can even bring his gun up to aim. Jake pulls the trigger. The shot launches Thug 2 off his feet.

EXT. ANDRE'S HOUSE

Mitchell and Willis react to the gunshot by taking cover behind the Escalade. Thug 2 EXPLODES out the picture window, landing on the porch, DEAD.

Mitchell and Willis exchange glances as their guns are drawn.

INT. ANDRE'S HOUSE

Jake moves even faster. As Thug 1 recovers and straightens, Jake takes the gun and jams it into his mouth. PUNY MAN stands behind Thug 1 a good 12 to 15 feet, his gun drawn. However, he is unable to shoot Jake with Thug 1 in the way.

PUNY MAN

(laughing)

What are ya gonna do? You only have  
one shot left.

Jake adjusts the aim of the gun. Thug 1's eyes light up in terror.

Jake pulls the trigger, DECAPITATING Thug 1. The shot hits PUNY MAN, catapulting him into a wall. The gun he has falls to the floor.

Puny Man isn't quite dead yet. He GURGLES and struggles for the gun. Just as he gets it to his hand, Jake's foot steps down onto it. He reaches down and pries it from Puny Man's grasp. Without hesitation, he puts the gun to Puny Man's head and pulls the trigger.

Puny Man's body goes limp.

EXT. ANDRE'S HOUSE

Jake walks out the front door. Blood spray still on him. Puny Man's gun in hand, he sees Willis and Mitchell and raises his gun, aimed at Willis.

WILLIS

Jake, put the gun down!

Both Willis and Mitchell have moved out from behind the Escalade. They stand several feet apart only a few steps from Jake, guns aimed at him.

JAKE

The proof is in there. On Andre's computer.

MITCHELL

Drop the gun. Hand on your head.

JAKE

Sir, it's not me you want. It's Willis. If I just had a little more time, I could show you.

WILLIS

Jake, I told you, I didn't set you up.

JAKE

Andre couldn't do it all alone. Access codes to the files. Knowledge of when the files would be sent. Someone in YOUR office sent it.

WILLIS

Jake, I've checked on everyone on my team...there's no one.

Willis glances at Mitchell. He is thinking things through.

JAKE

Well you have about five seconds to prove it before I put a bullet in your head.

MITCHELL

Carver drop the gun. There is no positive outcome here.

WILLIS

(thinking out loud)

There is no one...on my...team...

MITCHELL

Oh, Jesus Christ!

Mitchell turns the gun towards Willis. He pulls the trigger, sending a bullet into Willis's mid-section. Immediately, Mitchell's aim is back on Jake. Jake, in shock, AIMS AT MITCHELL now.

Willis crumbles to the ground. He is coughing, slowly dying.

JAKE

You?

MITCHELL

Well he was already starting to put it together. Just a matter of time before you did too. Did you already kill Killington?

JAKE

(lying)

Yeah. He's inside.

MITCHELL

Good. That's one less loose end. Now drop the gun. Maybe we can work something out here.

Jake holds his aim on Mitchell.

JAKE

Why the senator?

As Jake and Mitchell talk, Willis is slowly moving his hand towards his back-up gun on his ankle. Jake notices, but Mitchell is oblivious.

MITCHELL

Ambrose was going to shut us down. That fucking worm was all in our business investigating our budget. He found out what the NSS really was. Problem was, he wasn't going to keep it to himself. Was going to tell the world. Do you know the panic he would have caused?

JAKE

So you ordered the point.

MITCHELL

Think about what we've done over the last 12 years. How many more 9/11's we've stopped? I had to order it. It was a matter of National Security.

JAKE

So why me?

MITCHELL

You wouldn't question the quick turn around? I don't know really. Guess you should have asked Killington that question before you killed him. He was the one insisting to use you.

Jake glances at Willis again to see that he has his back-up and is now moving it up to AIM AT MITCHELL.

JAKE

So what happens now?

MITCHELL

Drop the gun on me. Then we go back to work. We'll have to replace Willis.

Jake drops his gun. It lands on the porch floor with a THUD. Mitchell relaxes.

JAKE

Just cover it all up?

MITCHELL

(smiling)

I invented the cover up.

Willis's aim is on Mitchell. He FIRES a shot, but it grazes Mitchell's ear.

Mitchell is quick to react, but Jake is quicker. Just as Mitchell brings the gun up to fire at Willis, Jake tackles him to the ground.

In a blazing fast move, he is able to bend Mitchell's arm so that his gun is pointing at himself. Mitchell struggles, but can't seem to move. The gun is on his own temple and Jake's finger is on the trigger.



Jake ends it quickly, pulling the trigger. Half of Mitchell's head EXPLODES and disappears.

Jake gets up, tucking the pistol into the back of his belt, and moves to Willis.

JAKE  
How bad is it?

WILLIS  
He hit me low. I'll be good if you  
can just help me to the truck.

Jake helps Willis up slowly. They move towards the truck.

JAKE  
I need to go.

WILLIS  
Jake, you're clear. I'll vouch for  
you.

JAKE  
I have to get Andre.

WILLIS  
He's not dead?

Jake opens the door to the SUV and slides Willis into the passenger seat.

JAKE  
Not yet.

Jake moves towards the Corvette.

WILLIS  
(tossing his gun to Jake)  
Here. Put one in him for me.

Jake catches the gun. He tucks it into his front belt as he nods to Willis.

Jake hops into the Corvette, and in a flash is peeling out.

Willis sits back into the seat, SIGHS, and wakes up his phone. He dials 911.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRBOAT TOUR SHACK - LATE AFTERNOON

Jake's Corvette pulls off the road and into a small parking area. To the left of the parking area is a small shack. The sign AIRBOAT TOURS looms large over it.

In the parking area are two cars. One is Maria's car. Jake looks at it quickly as he dashes for the shack.

INT. SHACK

As soon as Jake opens the door, he smells the DEATH. An old Indian man lies dead on the floor just on the other side of the counter.

JAKE  
Dammit Andre!

He looks carefully around, spying the sets of keys to the airboats hanging on the wall. He grabs a set and looks at them quickly.

THE KEYS have a tag on them. #4.

EXT. AIRBOAT TOUR SHACK; DOCKS

Jake sprints down the dock. He locates AIRBOAT #4 quickly, pulling the tie from the dock. He hops onto the captain's chair and starts the big fan on the back.

Within seconds, he is away from the dock.

CUT TO:

EXT. MICCOSUKEE INDIAN BURIAL GROUNDS

Jake is driving the airboat. He cuts the engine off and slowly drifts to a bank. The airboat stops once it hits the dry land. From behind, we HEAR A SPLASH. Jake turns.

Several feet away, two alligators slide into the water with a SPLASH from a nearby patch of dry land. This part of the Everglades is riddled with these dry patches. And many have alligators spread about on them.

Jake carefully creeps on a path through some thick mangroves. Once through, he sees Andre at the other end.

Andre is tying Maria to some large stone monument on the other side of the Burial Grounds, maybe 30 yards long and 20 yards wide. The grounds itself is amassed with basketball-sized stones.

MARIA  
Please just let me go.

ANDRE  
Sorry hun. You're the only loose  
end left.

He continues tying Maria.

ANDRE (cont'd)  
Did you know that when the Spanish  
invaded Florida, the Indians used  
to capture conquistadors and tie  
them here to this very rock? A few  
hours after they'd leave, the  
gators would come up and... well...  
you know.

MARIA  
Please. I won't tell anyone.  
Please.

ANDRE  
You're not on your period, are ya?  
The smell of blood tends to attract  
the gators faster.

He finishes tying her feet. Andre stands up and looks into  
her eyes.

In the reflection of her eyes, we can see the silhouette of  
Jake in the distance, abouthalf way across the Burial  
Grounds, gun drawn on Andre.

Andre pulls his gun and places it on Maria's forehead. He  
turns to face Jake.

ANDRE (cont'd)  
(laughing)  
Well, well. And here's the hero. I  
should have known those idiots  
couldn't do their job.

JAKE  
Let her go Andre. She has nothing  
to do with this.

They stand about 20 feet apart. Jake's gun on Andre. Andre's  
gun on Maria. Maria scared out of her mind and sobbing.

It's around 5 PM. The sun is in it's last hour. It set's a  
golden-glow over the Burial Grounds, making this look like a  
showdown in the wild west.

JAKE (cont'd)  
This needs to end now, Andre.

ANDRE  
Sure. You put your gun down. I'll leave. You can save the princess here, and we all live happily ever after.

JAKE  
(shaking his head)  
Can't do that.

ANDRE  
Well, shit Jake. Let's just do this the old fashion way and get it over with.

Andre tosses the gun away and turns to Jake with his arms spread wide.

From behind Jake, we watch as he tosses his gun away. The other gun is tucked into the back of his belt. He pulls his shirt over it as Andre sprints towards him.

A SERIES OF ANGLES

Andre stops running in front of Jake. He faints like he is going in for a right hook, but stops short. Jake moves to counter and spins away, Andre knows the counter. Andre sweeps Jake's feet and Jake falls to the ground.

Andre then sends a foot into Jake's face. Andre then drops down, slamming a knee into Jake's throat. Andre continues to press his knee into Jake's throat, sufficating him. Jake struggles, but manages to get a foot up onto Andre's chest.

With one big push, Jake kicks Andre off.

Andre falls backwards. Jake struggles, sucking in air. They both get to their feet at the same time. Andre leads with a left, but Jake counters with a block, and three counters of his own.

Andre's age has caught up to him already. He is slow to get up, managing to get to one knee as Jake stands over him.

Andre grabs for Jake's belt, but there isn't much energy there.

As Jake pulls his right hand back, to send a hard blow to the back of Andre's neck, Andre delivers a forearm to Jake's balls. The hit makes Jake double over. Andre moves quickly to put Jake into a reverse headlock. Then he falls backwards, slamming Jake's head into the ground in a textbook DDT.

They both lay on the ground, Jake on his stomach, Andre on his back. Andre sends an elbow into the back of Jake's head, but it doesn't have much umph to it. However, Andre does notice the gun tucked into the back of Jake's belt.

As Andre pulls the gun from Jake's belt, Jake's hand has found a good sized rock. He moves quickly, crushing the rock into the side of Andre's head, just as Andre points the gun to Jake's head.

ANDRE'S POV

We see the gun in Andre's hand, but quickly everything GET BLURRY. There is a RINGING SOUND. The CAMERA FOCUS continues to get BLURRIER and DARKER.

SLOW FADE TO

BLACK:

A few seconds go by.

SLOW FADE TO

LIGHT:

STILL ANDRE'S POV

As the SHOT LIGHTENS, our vision is VERY BLURRY, but slowly starts coming back. We can see two figures walking away.

Andre struggles to move. He LOOKS AT HIS HAND and sees that it is bound. HE YELLS.

ANDRE (cont'd)

JAKE!!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Andre has replaced Maria on the monument, bound tight, unable to move. Blood is still running down his head. He struggles more.

Jake and Maria are walking away from him, maybe 20 feet right now.

ANDRE (cont'd)  
You son of a bitch!

Jake stops. He turns around and walks right up to Andre. He gets within a couple feet from Andre.

JAKE  
I don't think I'll ever understand why you did what you did. But you did it. Now you to live with the consequences.

ANDRE  
You said you'd bury me here.

JAKE  
Well, things change, don't they.

ANDRE  
Fuck you!

Jake turns and begins to walk back to Maria.

JAKE  
(over his shoulder)  
That's a nice gash on your head. You know, the smell of blood tends to attract the gators faster.

There is already movement in the mangroves near the monument.

ANDRE  
(struggling against the bindings)  
AAARRRHHHH!! I'm going to haunt you Jake. Haunt you for the rest of your life.

Jake and Maria disappear down the path towards the airboat.

We see Andre bound to the rock. In the water behind the monument, we see several alligators slowly move out of the water onto the dry patch of the Burial Grounds.

Camera MOVES UP TO THE SKY

FADE OUT.

OPTIONAL SCENE AFTER CREDITS

INT. SMALL CABIN IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - NIGHT

A man of Middle Eastern decent sits at a dining room table, three laptop computers arranged in front of him. The man is speaking and looking into the computer screens, shifting from one to the other as if he was talking to an audience. He speaks in Dari, a form of Arabic, and as he speaks, the English translation appears as subtitles on the bottom of the screen.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

And once you are here, my brothers,  
we shall prove to America that  
their security is weak.

MIDDLE COMPUTER'S POV

The Middle Eastern Man is now talking directly to us as if we are now his audience. Behind him, there is a small window, the only feature in the pale wood wall.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN (cont'd)

The arrogant Americans will yield  
to our power. We shall let them  
know they cannot stop us. They  
cannot -

There is a quick CRASH, followed immediately by the Middle Eastern Man stopping cold in the middle of his statement.

VOICE ON COMPUTER

Salah?

The Middle Eastern Man's eyes are dead, and a second later, his head falls forward onto the table. A BOLT protruding from the back of his head.

A half-dollar sized hole in one of the window panes.

Panic and concern erupt on the computer screens, all in Dari. It isn't translated into English for us, but it doesn't need to be.

FOOTSTEPS as someone walks along the cabin's floor.

VOICE ON COMPUTER (cont'd)

(in broken English)

Who is there?

JAKE CARVER appears on the screen, wearing an all-black type of suit. His hair is black and his face is in black camouflage.

As he stands there, his black suit begins changing color to match the plain wood background of the wall he stands in front of. A chameleon.

JAKE

Please, come to America. Test our security. I dare you.

Jake grabs the top of the laptop and folds it down, closing it. And we FADE TO BLACK once more.

FADE OUT.

THE END