

WHITEOUT

an original motion picture script  
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OPEN INT. ROADSIDE BAR, MAINE COASTLINE - NIGHT

The BAR MANAGER approaches the last customers of the night, a group of MEN and WOMEN seated at two adjacent tables.

BAR MANAGER

Okay, people, come on. I lose my license I don't close in 3 minutes.

At 38, Professor PAULO RAMIREZ is the oldest of the group, casually but well dressed, handsome, self-assured. Three of the others (ELI HANSON, male, age 28; DREW DANIELSON, male, age 24; and CYDNEY LENNOX, female, age 25) are all candidates for masters or doctoral degrees at the same school at which Ramirez is fully tenured. BENJAMIN LAMB (male, age 19) is an undergraduate wannabe from the same school. The last of the crew is an UNNAMED GIRL (age 25, 5'7", 115 lbs, brown, shoulder-length hair, brown eyes, medium bust).

UNNAMED GIRL

Can't you just turn the lights off? We won't make any noise.

BAR MANAGER

This is my last warning.

RAMIREZ

Come on, he's right. We've had enough.

UNNAMED GIRL

Enough?

LENNOX

You're already toasted.

UNNAMED GIRL

Am not.

RAMIREZ

Are too, and you're not driving home by yourself.

UNNAMED GIRL

(coy)

And who am I going home with?

RAMIREZ

Ben'll give you a ride. We can get your car in the morning.

UNNAMED GIRL

Ben..? What about you?

LAMB

(seated beside her)

What's wrong with me?

RAMIREZ

Ben. Gentle Ben.

LAMB

Oh great, from you too.

RAMIREZ

(bending low to whisper  
in Ben's ear)

You're new to the team, Ben. This  
isn't asking too much, is it?

UNNAMED GIRL

What did you say to him?

LAMB

I'm sorry.

Ramirez turns to the Manager, pays the tab and a generous  
tip with several twenties as the crew packs up to go.

RAMIREZ

Thank you for bearing with us.

BAR MANAGER

You're welcome, sir. Thank you.

DANIELSON

(tottering)

Celebrating. Big breakthrough at  
the lab.

UNNAMED GIRL

(to Ben)

What did he say to you?

BAR MANAGER

You are from University?

DANIELSON

What, you never heard of Dr. Paulo  
Ramirez? Exiled son of Cuba and  
Nobel Prize winner, physics, no more  
than three years from today. Mark  
my words. You should have been taking  
pictures and asking for autographs.

RAMIREZ

Come on, Drew. You're coming with  
me.

BAR MANAGER

Congratulations.

RAMIREZ

Thank you.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

UNNAMED GIRL  
Why do I have to go with Ben?

RAMIREZ  
I'll be right behind you.

UNNAMED GIRL  
Oh really? How close..?

They get into their vehicles, Ramirez and the others in a panel van, Ben and the Unnamed Girl in Ben's pickup truck. Mounted in the bed, behind the cabin, is a 100-gallon heating oil tank. Ben pulls out of the lot first.

INT. BEN'S PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

The Unnamed Girl turns to make sure the van is following. It is.

LAMB  
You better put on your seatbelt.

As the Unnamed Girl turns, her head goes woozy and she lets out a small groan.

LAMB (CONT'D)  
You going to be okay?

UNNAMED GIRL  
Can I roll down the window? I need some air.

LAMB  
Of course.

She rolls down the window and breathes in deeply as they wind along a road on the cliffs above the shore.

UNNAMED GIRL  
I think she was right.

LAMB  
About what?

UNNAMED GIRL  
About being drunk.

LAMB  
You want me to pull over?

UNNAMED GIRL  
(looking for the van's  
headlights in her  
side view mirror)  
Hey, where are they?

Ben glances over to her mirror, then up to the rearview. A oddly slanting light silhouettes the gauges and hoses from the heating oil tank. He turns quickly to his left, blinded momentarily by the van's headlights as Ramirez accelerates past them on the twisting road.

LAMB

Whoa..!

The Unnamed Girl bolts upright as they both watch the van careen directly in front of them.

LAMB (CONT'D)

What the hell is he...

The van's break lights go on as the vehicle begins skidding to a halt.

LAMB (CONT'D)

...Oh, God!

Slamming on his own breaks, Ben swerves to the left. But so does the van. Fishtailing, Ben veers back to right.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE ROAD, MAINE - NIGHT

As Ben's truck rams through the roadside guardrail and plunges about 100 feet to the rocks below, about 10 meters in from the shoreline itself. On impact, the truck explodes into a ball of fire.

Above, Ramirez and the others get out of the van and race to the broken section of guardrail.

LENNOX

Holy shit..!

Hanson and Danielson exchange adrenaline-pumped glances.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

(ref to heat)

You can feel it from here.

RAMIREZ

(cool)

This is it, my friends. There is no going back.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, TARZHENKO RESIDENCE - NIGHT

As the nightstand alarm goes off beside HENRY TARZHENKO (age 58). Sleeping beside him is Lena (age 49), his wife. The alarm reads 2:45 a.m. With a groan, Henry hoists himself to a sitting position at the edge of the bed. Only half comprehending, Lena rolls over to watch as he pulls himself upright and groans a second time.

LENA  
 (in Ukrainian)  
 What are you doing?

HENRY  
 (in English)  
 What does it look like I'm doing?

LENA  
 (in English, pulling  
 herself up)  
 Henry, no...

But he doesn't answer. With a limp, stiffness in his left thigh, he crosses to the bathroom and closes the door behind him. Lena collapses back to her pillow, staring at the ceiling.

LENA (CONT'D)  
 (to herself, in  
 Ukrainian)  
 God...

INT. KITCHEN, TARZHENKO RESIDENCE - NIGHT

As Lena stands over the range, frying two eggs and several links of sausage. In a faded sort of way, wearing a faded robe over a faded housedress, she is still attractive. Blonde, blue eyed, medium build.

Beside an old thermos, the coffeepot is almost finished percolating. Two half-completed ham and cheese sandwiches sit beside a couple of apples and an empty paper lunch bag on the kitchen table. It is a modest but orderly and well-tended home in a modest but orderly and well-tended upper Midwestern town. The light from the lamp above the kitchen table is warm against the wintry darkness outside.

The clock above the mustard-colored frig reads 3:12 when Henry enters the room. He is showered and shaved and neatly attired in dress trousers, a tie and long-sleeved shirt. If anything, his limp seems more apparent in this attire. Even so, at 5'10", he has the build and steadfast mannerisms of a lightweight boxer who has always managed to get up before the count goes to 10.

HENRY  
 (in Ukrainian)  
 Lena, what are you doing?

LENA  
 (in English)  
 What does it look like I'm doing?

HENRY

(in English, moving  
to his boots at the  
front door)

I can't eat. I'm going to be late.

LENA

For what?

She removes the pan from the range, shutting off the burner, and deftly transfers its contents to a plate. Sitting at the bench beside the front door, he glances at her as he puts on a pair of winter boots. She puts the plate on the kitchen table and turns to finish up with his sandwiches. [in subtitled Ukrainian from here out, both characters].

LENA (CONT'D)

She has been gone four days, Henry. Four days. We just got back. Three hours. Three hours of sleep you got. And you know there will be people today. Our friends. What are they going to think if you're not here? Already back at work like nothing has happened.

HENRY

They are not my friends. They are your friends.

LENA

There is nothing in the house. I need yeast. And butter and eggs. I used the last of the eggs just now.

HENRY

You're going to bake for them? Our daughter is dead and you are going to bake for these so-called friends?

LENA

I'm asking you, please, Henry, don't do this.

HENRY

(standing to take his  
coat from a hook)

There are not going to be any friends today. Only snow. Another hour and a half and no one will be going anywhere. It's going to be a total whiteout.

LENA

So you will leave me here?

HENRY

(turning to open the  
door)

We have to get on with our lives.

A gust of wind enters the home as he closes the door behind him. Tugging at the neck of her robe, Lena turns to survey her tiny kitchen with the sausage and the last of the eggs growing cold on the table, and with his lunch still half assembled.

INT. HENRY'S MINT CONDITION 1966 IMPALA - NIGHT

As Henry maneuvers his car along a deserted street in town. Already the snow is beginning to accumulate despite the gusting winds. Up ahead on the right is an IGA grocery store. Henry passes it by but then, vexed with himself and then vexed at being vexed with himself, he does a U-turn.

EXT. UPPER MIDWESTERN TOWN - NIGHT

As Henry returns to the pull-off for the grocery store and pulls into a parking spot. There are three other cars in the lot. Tugging tight at the scarf around his neck, Henry leaves the warmth of his car and goes into the store.

INT. IGA GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

As Henry heads for the dairy isle. A lone STOCK BOY pays him no attention as he passes by. After a short search, Henry finds a three-pack of Fleishman's yeast. As he reaches for it...

EXT. MAINE COASTLINE - DAY

A bleak, windy funeral scene at the pinnacle of a cliff as a Greek Orthodox PRIEST releases the ashes of ANYA TARZHENKO into the void above the ocean. To one side stand her mother and father, Henry and Lena Tarzhenko. Professor Paulo Ramirez and his band of graduate students stand across from them.

FADE to end of ceremony as Ramirez approaches Henry, who is holding open the back door of an older limousine for Lena.

RAMIREZ

Mr. Tarzhenko...

(as Henry turns)

...I'm Paulo Ramirez. Your daughter worked....

HENRY

I know who you are.

RAMIREZ

She was a wonderful person, sir.  
I'm sorry. I'm terribly sorry.



Henry closes Lena's door, then turns back to Ramirez.

HENRY

To hell with you. To hell with you  
all.

INT. TARZHENKO RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The LIVING ROOM as Lena removes the rubber bands from four day's worth of mail. Amongst the junk and a handful of bills is a medium-sized padded envelope. She is about to put on her reading glasses when she hears the front door open, then close. Standing, she moves to the kitchen as Henry sets a bag of groceries on the bench beside the door.

LENA

(in Ukrainian)  
What are you doing?

Henry pulls himself upright, takes a breath.

HENRY

I'm sorry, Lena. I don't know what  
else to do.  
(ref to work)  
This is all I know. Like for you.  
To make makyivnichuk.

LENA

(beat)  
I know.

After another long pause, unspoken understanding, she turns back toward the kitchen.

LENA (CONT'D)

Let me get your meals together.  
It's going to be a long time before  
they clear the roads.

EXT. RURAL UPPER MIDWESTERN ROAD - NIGHT

As Henry turns off the main road out of town and begins winding his way along a narrow forested drive.

INT. HENRY'S IMPALA - NIGHT

Henry's lights reflect off the snow, now falling heavily. Then the scene opens up and brightens as he arrives at the first of 2 chain link gates, each flanked by chain link fence lines to the right and left. Separated by 20 feet, the gates and fences stand 8' tall with concertina crowns.

Henry stops outside the 1st gate and rolls down his window, passing an ID card in front of a post-mounted radio scanner. The gate opens and he enters the no-man's land between the two fences. The 1st gate closes behind him.

At the 2nd gate he enters a 6-digit pass code on a post-mounted key pad. This gate opens as well and he continues down the road with the lights and the 2nd gate closing behind him.

Then another burst of light, now from the walls of a two story concrete rectangle building with no windows and only the shadow of a recessed entryway. Surveillance cameras are positioned at each corner. Beside the building is an extended carport, its back and sides protected from the elements.

EXT. HOMELAND SECURITY REGIONAL CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

As Henry pulls backwards into an empty space in the carport. Forgetting his packaged breakfast and lunch on the seat beside him, he gets out of the car. Pulling back from the wind, he lights a cigarette, then steps forward and turns to look up at the building with the snow surreal in the floodlights. He takes a couple of puffs, glances at the other cars in the carport, then returns to the building, its 2nd story.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE, CONTROL CENTER - DAY

Five days before, as Henry turns from another hectic shift to answer his ringing desk phone.

HENRY

Tarzhenko. Lena, listen, I'm...  
What..? Lena, I can't, I don't  
understand what you're...

(growing concerned,  
softening)

Whe... Okay, listen, I... Alright,  
I'm leaving now. Lena, did you hear  
me..? Yes, I'll be right there.

He hangs up and begins to stand just as ALBERT CUNNINGHAM enters the office. At 62, Cunningham is of medium height, slightly overweight, slightly disheveled. He is competent, hardworking and loyal, tending more to the meek end of the spectrum. He is Henry's second in command.

CUNNINGHAM

Henry, come on, she's been waiting  
20 minutes.

HENRY

Who?

CUNNINGHAM

The new hire. If you sign off on  
her.

HENRY

(beat)  
Anya's dead.

CUNNINGHAM

What?

RETURN TO EXT. REGIONAL FIRST RESPONDERS CENTER - NIGHT

As Henry finishes his cigarette, a pair of headlights come around the corner through the trees. Fishtailing slightly, the car maneuvers across the parking lot and into a spot down further in the carport. Out steps CARYN ERICSON (27, auburn hair, medium height and bust, attractive in a competent, unadorned way - as his own daughter had been). Locking her door, she approaches with a bag over her shoulder.

HENRY

Can I help you?

ERICSON

(extending a hand)

Caryn Ericson. You must be Henry.

HENRY

(w/o extending his)

How did you get in here? This is a government facility.

ERICSON

I began work here a couple of days ago.

INT. SECURITY CHAMBER, CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

As Henry and Caryn enter a second no-man's land, this one between two sets of steel doors with an anteroom to the side. Seated in the anteroom, behind a concrete wall and bulletproof glass is a Guard, BETTY CAMBERS (age 32).

Without a word, Henry moves to the second set of steel doors to submit his card and passcode at yet another reader and keypad. He then submits his right eye to an iris scanner mounted to the wall. Above the doors is a light, which now goes from yellow to red.

HENRY

(turning to Betty)

What is going on here? This worked 10 minutes ago.

CAMBERS

(through speaker)

It says access denied, sir. It's not the right iris.

ERICSON

Maybe I should try.

HENRY  
 (ignoring her, still  
 to Betty)  
 Would you please get Albert Cunningham  
 out here.

CAMBERS  
 Yes, sir.

As Betty makes the call, Henry goes back through the  
 authentication process. Same result.

HENRY  
 Jesus Christ.

An uncomfortable pause follows until the door locks finally  
 buzz and Albert appears, clearly surprised to see Henry.

CUNNINGHAM  
 Henry..?

HENRY  
 Four days I'm gone and this is what  
 I come back to?

CUNNINGHAM  
 It's got to be something with the  
 power. We've been having surges all  
 all night.

HENRY  
 (turning to enter the  
 Center)  
 Power's got nothing to do with it,  
 Al. It's a totally different system.

CAMBERS  
 Excuse me, sir..?!

CUNNINGHAM  
 (as Henry turns back)  
 We're shifting to generators in about  
 five minutes.

HENRY  
 (to Cunningham)  
 What did I just say?

CAMBERS  
 I'm sorry, sir, but the scan...

CUNNINGHAM  
 The scan what?

CAMBERS  
 (beat)  
 I should probably issue you a pass.

CUNNINGHAM

A visitor pass?

HENRY

What do we need to do?

She gestures to an electronic tablet outside the glass.

CAMBERS

Just sign the tablet, sir. I'll  
code in the numbers.

Unbelieving, Henry crosses to take the stylus and positions  
it over the screen, about to scribble his signature.

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE, MAINE - DAY

Henry and Lena are seated across from an ESTATE ATTORNEY,  
who has just informed them that Anya left a Will, and that  
the Will...

ATTORNEY

...stipulates that she be cremated,  
and that said ashes be disbursed  
from the cliffs above Point Mercy,  
State of Maine.

LENA

Cremated?

HENRY

She's already been cremated.

ATTORNEY

I'm simply telling you what's in the  
Will.

HENRY

We are taking her back with us.  
NOW.

ATTORNEY

If you wish to contest it, sir, you  
can sign here...

(ref to form on desk)

...and take it up with the magistrate.  
But it's not going to happen. I'm  
truly sorry but I witnessed the  
signing myself.

HENRY

When?

ATTORNEY

(glancing at the papers)  
27 October.

HENRY  
 (doing the math)  
 Three and a half weeks ago. Does  
 that not sound suspicious to you?

ATTORNEY  
 Sir, I know you're with law  
 enforcement, Homeland Security, but  
 I assure you that there was nothing  
 out of the ordinary. Not with the  
 Will or the accident report. The  
 driver was drunk, as was...

He cuts himself short but Henry continues in his stead.

HENRY  
 ...as was she?

ATTORNEY  
 I'm sorry.

INT. SECURITY CHAMBER, CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

As Henry signs his name and a plastic visitor's badge emerges  
 like a toll road ticket from a small machine adjacent to the  
 tablet. Henry takes the badge.

CAMBERS  
 There's badge clips in the bin by  
 the door, sir.

Henry turns to Albert at the door, still open, but with the  
 green light now blinking.

HENRY  
 So now I am a visitor in my own  
 Control Center.

INT. CENTER'S CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

As Henry, Albert and Caryn enter through the security lock.  
 The tone is mild confusion as the Room's three staff operators  
 (JAY BENSON, male, mid-40s, Operations Chief; ALEX LLOYD,  
 female, mid-30s, Senior Controller; and JUAN SANCHEZ, male,  
 late-20s, Controller) attend to some unexpected signals coming  
 from the Philadelphia Center.

BENSON  
 (standing behind  
 Sanchez, calling  
 over to Lloyd)  
 What are we getting from DC?

LLOYD  
 (checks, confused)  
 Nothing.

BENSON  
What do you mean, nothing?

LLOYD  
All channels down.

BENSON  
Then call 'em.

SANCHEZ  
Looks like they're trying to re-route  
through New York.

Benson grabs the phone on Sanchez's desk as Henry approaches  
with Albert and Caryn behind.

HENRY  
What's going on?

BENSON  
(turning, surprised)  
Henry...  
(then noticing Caryn)  
...Hey, I need you on line. Where  
the heck you been?

Henry steps back to observe as Caryn double-times to her  
workstation.

LLOYD  
Comm's nothing but static.

BENSON  
Then try New York. And pull up media.

LLOYD  
(over-tasked)  
Jesus, Jay.

BENSON  
(to Caryn)  
Ericson, pull up media.

ERICSON  
New York?

BENSON  
National.

Benson puts the phone to his ear, realizes he's lost tone,  
hits the hang-up switch and dials again, 3-digits.

SANCHEZ  
This can't be true.

INT. CENTER'S DATA CENTER - NIGHT

A subterranean server farm as LIAM ELLIOTT (male, 26, Senior IT Analyst and de facto computer guru) turns from racing through diagnostics at his workstation to answer the phone.

ELLIOTT

I know, I know...

INT. CENTER'S CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

As Benson responds.

BENSON

Could you get up here now?

INT. CENTER'S DATA CENTER - NIGHT

As Liam keys in a command to switch his work upstairs.

ELLIOTT

I'm on my way.

INT. CENTER'S CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

As a bank of LCD screens lights up with feeds from each of the national network and major cable news channels. On all but two of the monitors, the feed is nothing but snow. On the other two, the feeds are grainy and atypically dark, as though coming from studios operating on minimal power. Neither of the anchors seems the prime-time type. Benson hangs up the phone and turns to Caryn.

BENSON

Bring up volume on CNN.

Caryn compiles and the room is filled with the static-riddled voice of the CNN ANCHOR from Atlanta.

CNN ANCHOR

...asked that we all refrain from using mobile phones, this apparently because the networks are already overloaded. And, again, please stay in place. If possible, get your families to an interior room of the house, a bathroom or laundry room, and close all windows and doors. For people with radios, you'll want to tune to your local emergency broadcast station. Again, we are at Emergency Readiness Level Red with reports that nuclear dirty bombs have been detonated near Washington, DC and Philadelphia...



From the downstairs Data Center, a bit out of breath, Liam Elliott joins the group.

CNN ANCHOR (CONT'D)

...We are also getting reports of an incident in New York. Those reports are unconfirmed. If you are in one of these areas, please do not leave your homes. Remain inside, close all windows and doors, shut off all air conditioning and heating systems, all vents and fans, and retreat to an interior room of your home or office...

ELLIOTT

Oh my God.

CNN ANCHOR

(continuing)

...Unfortunately, this is all we know at the moment. We have no live feeds to any of the effected locations and we're on backup power at this location. Authorities assure us that the power outage here in Atlanta is not related to the events in DC or...

At this point, the CNN feed goes to full static.

BENSON

Pull up...

But the last feed goes to snow before he can finish.

BENSON (CONT'D)

Shit.

SANCHEZ

New York's down as well.

LLOYD

They're all down. There's not a single comm channel open.

Suddenly, the lights begin to flicker.

BENSON

What the hell is going on with the power? Where the hell is Dankowski?

Sanchez grabs the phone and dials the extension for Engineering.

## INT. CENTER'S ENGINEERING ROOM - NIGHT

As DILBERT (DIL) DANKOWSKI (male, 32, the Center's bespectacled, lanky and a bit unkempt but hard-working Engineer) turns from a bank of power gauges and crosses to pick up the phone on his desk.

DANKOWSKI

Yes..?

(beat)

There's no problem with the power.

It's something in-house.

(beat)

I don't know.

(beat)

I would say it isn't electrical.

(beat)

No, something with the controls.

Your computers. I...

Cut off by a dial tone, Dil hangs up the phone. Coming from the bottom of the food chain, his opinion doesn't carry much weight. It's frustrating but he's used to it.

## INT. CENTER'S CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

As Benson, by the book, commences full alert procedures, with each of the other operators following his commands.

BENSON

Liam, full system lockdown. Red  
Line up in five. Alex, metro police,  
now. Caryn...

ERICSON

I'm on it. Local channels.

HENRY

Try Toronto as well.

BENSON

(turning to Henry)

Chief, I'm sorry. I should have  
handed this to you.

HENRY

You're doing fine.

BENSON

Any recommendations?

CUNNINGHAM

The perimeter.

BENSON

(turning)

Sanchez...

SANCHEZ

Got it.

LLOYD

Jay, this isn't working. We have no comm at all. It's like the lines have been cut.

BENSON

Then grab your coat and go call from your cell.

(to Sanchez)

Let Betty know what's going on.

SANCHEZ

I already called her.

BENSON

(to Lloyd, already  
half way to the  
security doors, ref  
to Security Guard)

Wait a second. Alex, see if Betty can talk to anyone.

(to Henry)

Does she have a separate line?

HENRY

She does.

BENSON

Liam..?

ELLIOTT

Up in one.

ERICSON

I'm not getting anything. There's not a single channel up.

HENRY

We don't know that.

CUNNINGHAM

(to Caryn)

It just means we're not getting it.

Alex returns to the Room, her coat on.

LLOYD

Guard shack lines are dead.

BENSON

(raised voice)

Then get outside and try the cell.

CUNNINGHAM

Let's calm it down.

HENRY

Which one of you has the cameras?

ERICSON

I do.

HENRY

Give me the parking lot.

With a couple of key strokes, Caryn replaces the white out static on the large screens with surveillance feeds from the exterior of the building.

ERICSON

(ref to monitor #3)

Parking lot's on three.

HENRY

She isn't there.

Benson looks confused but Liam chimes in before he can speak.

ELLIOTT

Red Line's up.

BENSON

(to Henry)

You're good to go.

Albert turns, heading for a large, glass-enclosed booth in the shadows at the front of the Control Room, forward of the consoles from which everyone has been working.

CUNNINGHAM

I'll have to do the log-in.

HENRY

No.

Albert turns back.

CUNNINGHAM

Your credentials, Henry.

HENRY

That's not what I'm talking about.

(to Liam)

Shut down the Red Line.

BENSON

What?

Brushing the snow from her coat, Alex enters through the security entrance.

LLOYD  
Cell's not working.

CUNNINGHAM  
What's going on?

HENRY  
I said shut down the Red Line, NOW!

Liam turns to do so as fast as his fingers can type.

BENSON  
Sir, that's a violation of...

HENRY  
(interrupting)  
I know what it is. I want all non-essential systems shut down. Keep the perimeter wired. Every camera in this room, I want them physically disconnected. Cut the wiring if you have to. Or tape 'em over. Every camera in the building. Dankowski, have him ready to shut down HVAC.

(to Liam)  
Liam, be prepared to pull all power from essential systems, nothing but battery backup.

(to Lloyd)  
Alex, back to your station. I need to know immediately if any of the comm lines come up. Any change at all.

LLOYD  
(removing her coat)  
Yes, sir.

Henry turns to Caryn, pauses for a moment, his eyes hard on her.

HENRY  
What did you say your name is?

ERICSON  
Ericson. Caryn Ericson.

CUNNINGHAM  
She's the new hire.

HENRY  
You seem to know your way around.

ERICSON  
Transferred in from Hawaii.

HENRY

Hawaii?

ERICSON

Big Island Center.

HENRY

(incredulous)

For this..?

ERICSON

My mother's up-state. She has cancer.

HENRY

(turning)

Liam..?

ELLIOTT

It's down, sir. Everything's down.

HENRY

(moving away)

Power flickers one more time, we  
send everything to batteries.

CUNNINGHAM

What about the generators?

HENRY

Batteries.

(turning back, to all)

Are we all clear on what we're doing  
here?

BENSON

Yes, sir.

HENRY

Mr. Cunningham, I need to see you in  
my office.

The whole team watches as he turns and heads for an open stairwell at the near end of the room. The stairs lead up to a catwalk with a row of second-story offices overlooking the Control Room below. Albert turns to follow him up the stairs.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(to Albert)

Give me five minutes.

CUNNINGHAM

What the hell is going on?

HENRY

I said give me five minutes.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE, CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

As Henry enters the room, closes the steel door behind him. On the wall facing the catwalk outside is a bank of floor-to-ceiling triple-pane windows. Drawn across the windows is a sheet of vertical blinds, turned to shut out the view. Only now does Henry remove his coat, tossing it toward a chair across from his desk and...

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE, CONTROL CENTER - DAY

The summer before as Henry's summer-weight suit jacket lands on the chair opposite his desk. Anya Tarzhenko, his 26-year old daughter, follows him into his new digs at the Center, her visitor's badge prominently displaying on the lapel of her jacket. Like Caryn Ericson, she is about 5'9", athletic build, shoulder-length auburn hair.

ANYA

So this is it...

HENRY

(moving to the chair  
behind his desk)

Makes you wonder what the place is  
coming to.

ANYA

(turning to him)

What place is that?

HENRY

(taking his seat)

All of it.

Still standing, still perusing her father's office, Anya now takes notice of a sheet of paper pinned to the wall beside his desk, near the phone. Printed to the paper is a 5x7 photograph.

ANYA

Is that what I think it is?

Ignoring her, Henry boots up his computer as Anya steps forward to inspect the photo, which turns out to be a shot of herself, standing near the summit of a mountain back in Maine. Behind the page are several others, all of Anya, in reverse chronological order over the last several years, including a recent one of her in her lab at the university.

ANYA (CONT'D)

...I thought you'd knocked this off  
when I left kindergarten.

HENRY

What's the problem with that? You're  
the one who emailed 'em.

ANYA

It's no problem...  
 (beat, returning to  
 topic)  
 ...Anyway, I thought you'd be proud.

HENRY

About what?

ANYA

(ref the Center)  
 This...and you in charge of it all.

HENRY

It's a boondoggle. What do they  
 think, Canada? Is that where it's  
 going to come from?

ANYA

The airbase'd make a nice target.

HENRY

That's DoD. They got their own  
 systems.

ANYA

Still your region. That's a pretty  
 big deal.

HENRY

We're in the middle of nowhere, Anya.  
 Always have been, always will be.

ANYA

So you're not in the least bit proud  
 of the promotion?

HENRY

Okay, I'm proud.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE, CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

As Henry's computer cues him for his user name and password. He pauses for a moment, then glances at a yellow Post-It stuck to the side of his monitor. He types the information in as written. And bingo, it works.

HENRY

Son of a gun.

He clicks the Outlook icon at the bottom of the screen and a torrent of new email begins flooding the screen. One of the messages then opens of its own accord. Before the anomaly fully registers with him, Henry's desk phone begins to ring. Henry turns, recognizing the incoming number. Standing, he moves to and opens his office door. Standing there, about to knock, is Al Cunningham.



HENRY (CONT'D)

Stand aside.

Pushing past, Henry crosses the catwalk and calls over the railing.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Lloyd..!

Startled, the whole team looks up.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Changes?

Alex swivels in her seat, checks her monitors, then swivels back.

LLOYD

No, sir.

Turning to his side, Henry extends an arm to the ringing phone on the desk behind him.

HENRY

Then how is it possible that my wife is on the phone?

(to Albert, as he returns to his desk)

Find out what the hell is going on with these circuits.

He crosses to his desk and grabs the phone.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Lena, just a second...

(to a stunned Albert, cupping the phone)

DO IT! And close the door.

As Albert turns, closing the door behind him, Henry returns to his wife.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Lena, this is important. I need you to...

(beat)

Lena, listen to me...

INT. TARZHENKO RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The living room as Lena, seated on the couch, clutches the phone in one hand and a 5x7" picture frame in the other. She has just opened the padded envelop from the stack of mail on the coffee table. In the frame is a photograph of their daughter outside a rural farmhouse.

LENA

No, Henry, you listen to me. This is Anya. Our Anya. In a wooden frame, Henry, a picture of her...

(beat)

The television? Are you listening to me? Our daughter, Henry, on the day she died. That's when she mailed it. Do you hear me? Now you are going to come home now, Henry. To hold this frame and see how beauti...

(beat)

Henry..? Henry?!

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE, CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

As Henry punches at the dial tone lever on his phone, knowing it's in vain.

HENRY

Damn it all.

He pauses for a moment, trying to think, then notices the monitor on his desk. The open message. Subj: Contact. From: System Administrator. Pulling up his chair, he takes a seat to read what it says:

"Good thinking on the cameras, old man. Only you'd catch something like that. Didn't expect you back tonight. Should make it more interesting. 0450. We'll be in touch." Henry turns to his watch: it's 4:36 a.m.

INT. BUNGALOW KITCHEN, TROPICAL LOCATION - EARLY MORNING

As DEB BLAYZER (age 34, all angles and muscle) turns from rinsing a dinner plate to answer the phone in her pocket. Her attire may be way more casual but the face is familiar: she was the alleged Anchor on the CNN feed.

BLAYZER

Blayzer.

(beat)

No, she's still asleep.

(beat)

A photograph of what?

(beat, smirks)

Tactfully? Yeah, I might have to look that one up.

(beat)

Okay.

She hangs up the phone and...

INT. LIVING ROOM, TARZHENKO RESIDENCE - NIGHT

As Lena, now slumped against the back cushions of the couch, stares into blank space.

Fallen to her lap, her hands still hold the phone and the framed photograph of Anya. Then the faint clicking of nails on linoleum and she turns as a small dog appears at the entranceway to the kitchen. They watch each other for a moment. Then Lena takes a deep breath and, in subtitled Ukrainian...

LENA

You want to be let out also?

(beat, to herself)

To get on with your life.

(ref photograph)

He has all the other ones at his office. Not in frames, though. Do you think he ever looks at them?

(back to the dog)

Maybe we should make him a copy of this one.

(slowly getting up)

Come on, let's take care of your business.

The dog follows her as she moves to the front door.

LENA (CONT'D)

You will come back, won't you? Too cold to stay outside.

She opens to door and watches as the dog hurries out to relieve himself beneath the shrubs just off the porch.

LENA (CONT'D)

Too cold for all of us.

INT. SECOND STORY CATWALK, CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

As Henry barges from his office door and calls out to the team below.

HENRY

Alright, listen up.

(catching Liam and  
Alex at the tail end  
of a conversation)

NOW!

(glancing back at his  
watch)

We have 14 minutes, people. Upside, the world has not gone to hell in a hand basket. Downside, we have. This Center, this node. Maybe others. But it's not DC or Philly. Liam...

ELLIOTT

Yes, sir.

HENRY

You are really beginning to piss me off, young man. Not one word? You have no idea what's going on?

(beat, no response)

They're inside the system, Liam. Land lines, cell signals, security, the servers, the power. We are totally infected. Do you comprehend?

ELLIOTT

There's no sign of it, sir.

HENRY

Then I suppose you're not as smart as you think you are.

CUNNINGHAM

What about the news channels?

HENRY

What about 'em?

CUNNINGHAM

You're saying that was all a hoax?

HENRY

Let me make this very clear, people. Through someone here or by some other means, I do not know, but someone has gotten in. I will tell you what they want. They want out. They want UP. There is only one way up. We all know what that one way is. They are going to push every button we have. But we are not, I repeat, we are not opening the Red Line. Do we all understand that?

(beat to let it sink in)

Very good then.

(looks at his watch)

We now have 13 minutes. If there is any way humanly possible to find out where these bastards are hiding before then, Mr. Elliott, I would love to hear about it.

BENSON

Why the 13 minutes?

HENRY

Zero-four-fifty, Jay. I don't know how but that's when they're going to make contact.

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)  
 (turning to note that  
 Liam is staring at  
 him)  
 WELL..?

INT. CENTER CONTROL ROOM FLOOR - NIGHT

As Liam, in way over his head, swivels back to search for some secret revelation in the bank of all but mute screens in front of him.

ELLIOTT  
 Jesus Christ...

LLOYD  
 (still standing next  
 to him)  
 Let's just work it through  
 methodically.

ELLIOTT  
 Okay.

LLOYD  
 You alright?

ELLIOTT  
 My parents...they live in DC.  
 Northern Virginia.

LLOYD  
 Then they're fine.

ELLIOTT  
 Do you believe him?

LLOYD  
 Henry..? He's an asshole, Liam, but  
 he's probably the best boss you'll  
 ever have. Don't sweat it.

ELLIOTT  
 How'd he know to shut down the Red  
 Line?

Caryn, eavesdropping, interjects.

ERICSON  
 The cameras...  
 (to Alex, as they  
 turn to her)  
 ...when you went outside to make  
 that call to the cops in town. We  
 couldn't see you in the cameras.

LLOYD

You saying I didn't make the call?

ERICSON

I'm saying you didn't show up on the monitors. It's a false feed. They can probably see it. We can't. They're also messing with his biometrics. That's how he knew. They're in the system.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE, CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

As Albert closes the door to the room and turns to Henry at his desk chair.

CUNNINGHAM

How'd you get into your computer?

HENRY

It's a game, Albert. We gotta find out what they want.

CUNNINGHAM

I thought you already made that clear.

HENRY

I mean WHY. What are they after.

CUNNINGHAM

It's...

(as Henry turns to him)

Well, what do you think? It's an attack. A network attack. It's terrorism.

HENRY

I've been gone for 96 hours, Albert. Besides Ms. Ericson, who is my prime suspect at the moment, what the hell has changed around here?

CUNNINGHAM

Ericson?

HENRY

WHAT HAS CHANGED?

CUNNINGHAM

Nothing.

HENRY

Nothing at all?

CUNNINGHAM

(searching his memory)

We got a new MRAP...

(Henry confused)

It's a truck.

HENRY

It's a friggin' mine protection vehicle. They're screaming for those things in Iraq. What the hell are they sending us one?

CUNNINGHAM

I don't know.

HENRY

Yeah, well there's a lot we don't know, isn't there?

Albert slumps into one of the chairs across from Henry's desk.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Tell me about this Ericson girl.

CUNNINGHAM

Henry, she's got a top-secret clearance. She was doing the same job in Hawaii. And she's good. First shift on, she was totally on top of it. Qualified on every one of the stations.

(beat)

You can't think she's in on this.

HENRY

Albert, there's only two or three ways into this place. Security 101: something you have, something you know, something you are.

(beat)

I got two eyes. The scanner outside says the right one isn't mine. That means they're in the data. How did they get there?

(beat)

Seventy percent it's Ericson. I want her pulled off the system, sequestered. Put her out with Betty in the Guard Shack. And make sure she follows protocol. She should be locked and loaded.

CUNNINGHAM

You really think that's necessary?

HENRY

Seventy percent its her. Twenty percent they rolled someone else.

(beat)

That wouldn't be you, would it, Albert?

No response but the flushing of some of the meekness from Albert's complexion.

HENRY (CONT'D)

What about the moron in Engineering?

CUNNINGHAM

He doesn't have that level of access.

HENRY

Any level can be enough.

(beat)

What about McMillan?

CUNNINGHAM

Motor pool? He doesn't have access to anything.

HENRY

'Cept a brand new truck.

CUNNINGHAM

So what's the last ten percent?

HENRY

Sloppiness. Knowledge. They can steal the rest. Hack the rest. But they can't get what you know. Unless you give it to 'em. Or you're sloppy.

Henry's eyes drift to his monitor, the Urgent message still displayed, the clock in the bottom right corner reading 4:42, the Post-It note with his ID and password still affixed to the frame.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Shit.

Reaching out, he rips the note away, stands and grabs his jacket.

CUNNINGHAM

Where you going?

HENRY

To burn this note. And have a cigarette.

CUNNINGHAM

Now?



EXT. CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

As Henry stands in a relatively protected corner of the carport, smoking a cigarette, thinking, glancing once and then again at his watch. The snow is so deep now that the exposed ends of each car are barely recognizable. Then he hears the muffled sound of the building's entrance doors open and close. Albert Cunningham appears a moment later.

CUNNINGHAM

You coming? We got two minutes.

HENRY

Ericson taken care of?

CUNNINGHAM

Against my own objections, I want it noted.

Henry finishes his cigarette, flicks the butt into the still heavily falling snow.

HENRY

Noted.

INT. TARZHENKO RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The KITCHEN as Lena fills a dog bowl with water, then moves to set the bowl down for her patient, ever watchful mutt. She strokes his head a couple of times before backing off to let him drink. Then, in subtitled Ukrainian...

LENA

I think if he would only come to see the picture. It would all melt away.

INT. SECURITY CHAMBER, CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

As Henry and Albert enter. Henry moves straight ahead but Albert glances to the left, at Betty Cambers, the Guard, and at Caryn Ericson, her prisoner. Caryn looks away, embarrassed. Betty looks confused.

HENRY

Would you get this door open, please?

Albert presents his credentials and...

INT. CONTROL CENTER CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

As Henry and Albert enter. Almost instantaneously, the phone at Sanchez's desk begins to ring. Henry walks up, glances at Alex, who turns from her monitors, shaking her head, the system still insisting that all comm channels are down. Henry then glances at Liam, whose obvious anguish is answer enough. He picks up the phone.

CALLER'S VOICE

Let me put it on speaker for you...

On cue, the phone goes to speaker so everyone can hear. The Caller's voice appears to be computer generated.

CALLER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

...Can you hear me better now?  
Everyone there?

HENRY

This is Henry Tarzhenko. Please identify yourself.

CALLER'S VOICE

Please..? Oh that is polite. I appreciate that. Only wish you'd extended the same courtesy to your wife just now.

HENRY

I repeat...

CALLER'S VOICE

No, no, no, Mr. Tarzhenko. You do not repeat. My deepest regrets but that is something we need to get clear right from the gate. You do not repeat. Do I make myself clear?

HENRY

(beat)  
Yes.

CALLER'S VOICE

Do you want to know what is going on?

HENRY

Yes.

CALLER'S VOICE

This little storm you have is going to last another four or five hours. They will get the trucks out after that but it will be one or two days before they dig everyone out. That is a long time. And terribly cold, so there is a certain level of risk should anything go wrong. There are three people in that room with the pass code to connect directly with your friends in Washington. Mr. Benson, Mr. Cunningham and you, Mr. Tarzhenko. No one knows that you are in trouble.

(MORE)

CALLER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

But this is nothing compared to what will happen if in exactly one hour's time you fail to make that simple connection to Washington. If you do fail or try to play games, Henry, we will shut down everything to which you are connected. Every hospital bed, every transformer. Every telephone line and cell tower. Every law enforcement cruiser. Firehouse. Every home. All of them to hell. Do you hear me?

At the utterance of this term, "to hell," Henry pauses, faint recollection.

HENRY

Yes.

CALLER'S VOICE

One hour, then, Henry. Let's make it to zero-six-hundred. And no games. Every game you play, we up the ante. Are we clear?

HENRY

Crystal.

With that, the phone line goes dead. Henry glances over at Alex, who remains as flummoxed as ever.

BENSON

Is there anything this guy doesn't know?

HENRY

He doesn't know the Red Line pass code, Jay. That's all that's important.

(turning to the rest  
of the team)

Listen to me, people. What this guy chooses to do is his responsibility. Guarding that line is ours. If he gets through, and I don't need to tell you this, but if he gets through, then everything is under his control. Everything Homeland Security touches. You think shutting down this region is going to be bad? Think about the whole friggin' country. And Iraq. And Afghanistan. Everywhere we are.

CUNNINGHAM

So what do we do?

HENRY

We do exactly what the book says,  
Albert. We do not let him through.

CUNNINGHAM

A lot of people could die, Henry.

HENRY

I just made it very clear that that  
is his responsibility. I have mine.  
I am the one in charge here. This  
debate is over.

With this, Henry turns and heads for the stairwell leading  
to his office on the second floor.

CUNNINGHAM

I am not saying we give him anything.  
I'm saying we need some kind of a...

HENRY

(turning at the bottom  
of the stairwell)

A what..?

CUNNINGHAM

A strategy.

HENRY

We have a strategy, Al. We wait him  
out. He said it himself. Sooner or  
later, the snow's got to stop. Sooner  
or later, the big boys are going to  
figure out what's going on up here  
and when they do, they're going to  
shut us down. Top down. Then he'll  
be the one who's trapped. Not us.

CUNNINGHAM

That's your plan?

HENRY

You got a better one?  
(to Benson, then Albert)  
Mr. Benson, you are relieved of your  
position. Albert, that station is  
now officially yours. Jay, if you  
don't mind, I'd like you and Mr.  
McMillan in my office in ten minutes.  
No more, no less.

INT. MOTOR POOL GARAGE, CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

As Jay Benson enters. The first thing he sees, unavoidably,  
is the hulking new MRAP to the left, bigger even than the  
two deuce-and-half plow trucks parked beside it. Also in  
the garage are a couple of unmarked Crown Victorias.

ART MCMILLAN emerges from the shadows behind the new vehicle.

BENSON  
Good Lord, it's huge.

MCMILLAN  
Yes, sir, it is.

BENSON  
You know how to drive it?

MCMILLAN  
I do.

BENSON  
Tarzhenko wants to see the two of us  
in about five minutes. You okay  
with that?

MCMILLAN  
It's not like there's anything else  
going on. We're at full alert. You  
have any idea what's happening?

BENSON  
(beat)  
Basically, we're under attack.

MCMILLAN  
Say again.

BENSON  
The computers. Somebody's taken  
over the computers.

MCMILLAN  
Good God, I thought you meant like  
airplanes and buildings. You scared  
the hell out of me. I thought this  
was some kind of drill.

BENSON  
It's not a drill.

But then he stops himself as the remote possibility that it  
could be a drill begins seeping into his head.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE, CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

As Henry sits in his chair, staring blankly at the items on  
his desk and on the wall above his desk. Pencils, paper  
clips, plaques. The ink-jet prints of the jpeg photos from  
his now deceased daughter. He pauses on these, pondering.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE, CONTROL CENTER - DAY

HENRY'S OFFICE the summer before as Henry, after an uncomfortable pause, takes another stab at conversation with his visiting daughter, who is now seated in one of the chairs opposite his desk, the one not occupied by his suit jacket.

HENRY

So what are they going to have you doing now at that school of yours?

ANYA

Of mine?

Henry doesn't respond but it's clear he doesn't like what she's inferring.

ANYA (CONT'D)

For starters, they don't have *me* doing anything. I just argued my thesis, Dad. It's my work, my grant money, my results.

HENRY

So what are you going to do with it?

ANYA

Maybe come back here. Get a job in your IT department.

HENRY

Very funny.

ANYA

Or at the airbase.

Again, Henry doesn't respond. Again, his irritated is ill concealed.

ANYA (CONT'D)

You don't think that'd be a good idea?

HENRY

You're going to be a Ph.D., for Christ's sake. It's nothing but bums here.

ANYA

Like Dil Dankowski.

HENRY

Don't do that, Anya.

ANYA

What are you afraid of?

HENRY

Me? I'd be asking that question in the mirror, if I were you...

(beat)

...What the hell was the point of all this? Eight years we've been paying for that school.

ANYA

I could have gone a hundred miles away for the same thing.

HENRY

Wrong. Absolutely wrong. The guys who built these friggin' programs, the rest of this stuff...

(beat, calming himself down)

...Where do you think these guys come from, huh? And where do you think they work? You think we went down to Radio Shack for this stuff? Or some no-name school down the road? You could be building this stuff with what you know. You could be running the damn thing. From the top. And top dollar. We paid through the nose for this place. And they'll pay through the nose for you, let me tell you. This paper you wrote, I don't even understand the title. Why the hell would you want to come back here?

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE, CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

As Henry's thoughts are interrupted by a knock at the door.

HENRY

(snapping to)

Come in.

The door opens and Jay Benson enters with Art McMillan.

INT. CONTROL CENTER CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

As Al Cunningham watches from downstairs.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE, CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

As Art closes the door, then follows Jay's lead in taking one of the chairs opposite Henry's desk.

HENRY

Jay, I'm sorry for switching things around a bit. Al's a good man.

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

At this particular moment, though, I need someone a little bit tougher in the gut. Do you understand?

BENSON

Yes, sir.

HENRY

Art, I need to ask you a couple of questions about that new truck of ours. I need to know what you've done so far with its radios.

MCMILLAN

Just checked 'em out. Brought the power up. I don't know if they work but they do power up.

HENRY

What kind are we talking about?

MCMILLAN

Standard military kit. They got their own frequencies. I think we're supposed to add some kind of law enforcement kit but right now it's just the military gear.

BENSON

Why not use one of the radios in the cruisers?

HENRY

They're already tied into the system.  
(to McMillan)  
You know how to operate the military stuff?

MCMILLAN

I don't think it's too much different than what we had in Desert Storm.

HENRY

I guarantee it's different from what we had in Vietnam. What's the range?

MCMILLAN

Depends on the antenna. Truck comes with a pop-up. I think you might even be able to pole mount it separate.

HENRY

And then?



MCMILLAN

Twenty miles, maybe. But not in this snow. Ten max.

BENSON

The airbase is about nine.

HENRY

That's what I'm thinking.

BENSON

You do know we're already tied in with them, right?

HENRY

They own the lines, Jay, and even if they didn't, they'd know in a second if we tried to call. We can't use the cruisers or anything we already have. It's all wired in.

BENSON

I understand that. I'm talking about the line itself. Access. If they're inside this system, what about their's? They could have sneakered over. The base could be in the same boat we are.

HENRY

The base has nuclear missiles, Jay. Enough to wipe out the entire country. Do you really think they'd be messing around with us if they had access to that? Behind their firewall? That is a hell of a lot more leverage than cutting the heat to a couple of farm houses.

BENSON

Okay, then what about this: Art mentioned it back in the garage. What if it's a drill?

HENRY

Our own guys?

BENSON

It's a bit farfetched but I know they do that shit. See where the system's vulnerable.

Henry pauses for a moment to think it over, then shakes his head.

HENRY

No... This guy's not a hacker. I mean, yeah, he's a hacker. Jesus...  
(beat)  
But not for hire. Look at what he's doing. How he's talking. We don't hire people like that. Least not for a drill.

MCMILLAN

Why can't we just drive out? The plows probably won't work, too slow, but the MRAP sits up real nice and high. Might be able to make it. Go get the cops.

BENSON

There's blow-out teeth between the gates. Both directions, as long as the security system's up.

MCMILLAN

It's got run-flat tires.

BENSON

Which would make it about impossible to get through the snow.

HENRY

There's also a drop out. That metal slab. You ever wonder what that's for? It covers a trench. It drops out, you drop down. Stop you as fast going out as going in. Driving's not an option.

BENSON

So you think we can reach the base on the truck's radio?

HENRY

It'd be totally outside the network. It's not connected to anything.

MCMILLAN

Just line of sight. Lucky we're up at bit high. If the snow doesn't stop it.

HENRY

And whoever gets it at that end, they just write it down and walk it up the chain. Nothing electronic. No way to intercept.

BENSON

Until *they* start transmitting. If these guys are behind their firewall, Henry, they'll know in a nanosecond.

HENRY

(glancing at his watch)  
Jay, this guy starts pulling plugs in 45 minutes. There's nothing we can do to stop that. All we can do is make it so they have nothing to gain from it. The hammer will come down and they will have nothing to gain. The door will be locked from the top end. This guy'll know that. He will know he's through. Flip side, we wait. And he will mess with us and everything we touch for at least the next six hours. It's an acceptable risk. Command decision.

INT. ENGINEERING ROOM, CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

As Benson enters, calls over to Dil, who is checking one of the lines from the the generators outside.

BENSON

Dankowski, we need your help in the garage. Bring your coat and gloves.

INT. MOTOR POOL GARAGE, CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

As Henry and McMillan work feverishly at setting up the antenna for the MRAP. Benson and Dankowski approach.

BENSON

We're going to have to move it outside.

HENRY

You think..?

(beat)

Just get the tethers and stakes ready. We're not going to have much time with this weather. Art, you got a sledge? We're going to have to stake it through the asphalt.

DANKOWSKI

(working with Jay on the tethers)  
How much cable we got?

MCMILLAN

Thirty feet.

DANKOWSKI

(ref traversing crane  
above them)

What if we run it up to the crane?  
We could push the pole through one  
of the ceiling vents.

HENRY

Time, Dankowski, time!

DANKOWSKI

It wouldn't...

HENRY

Jay, would you please get this man  
to shut up.

(still to Jay, ref  
tethers and stakes)

Are you ready with the tethers?

BENSON

They're all connected.

MCMILLAN

(giving Jay a  
sledgehammer)

Here's the hammer.

HENRY

(ref garage door and  
assembled antenna  
pole)

As soon as that door opens up, we  
take this thing out 15 feet. Art,  
that's you and me. We jamb it as  
far as it'll go into the snow. We'll  
hold it steady. Jay, you and Mr.  
Rocket Science have got to move as  
fast as you can to find asphalt and  
get those stakes in.

Art grabs a couple of shovels and hands them to Dankowski.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Are we ready?

EXT. MOTOR POOL YARD, CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

As the garage door in front of the MRAP begins to open. Now  
at full gale, the blizzard is whipping snow in tornado-like  
spirals within the confines of the motor pool vehicle yard,  
which is located behind the Center. At its lowest point in  
the bowl, the snow is about 2' deep. At the garage door,  
it's over 4', so as the door opens, the snow spills in with  
a howl.

MCMILLAN

We ain't never going to get this door closed again.

HENRY

(shouting over the gusting wind)

Just move. Come on.

The team moves into the snow, stumbling, clawing its way forward. McMillan and Tarzhenko make it about 15' out, to the bottom of the bowl, where they lodge the base of the antenna pole and begin hoisting it upward. Closer in, shoveling like mad, Dankowski glances over at one of the concrete pillars between the open garage door and the closed door beside it. Embedded in the concrete are several iron tie-downs. He turns to Jay, who is stringing a tether toward him.

DANKOWSKI

Jay, what about the tie-downs? We could anchor it there.

Glancing from Henry and McMillan to the concrete pillar, Benson catches on. Together, he and Dankowski plow their way to the pillar and attach the first of the tethers to one of the tie-downs.

DANKOWSKI (CONT'D)

We can do the same with the rest of 'em. There's got to be something on the wall across.

Benson nods, motions to the pillar on the other side of the open door.

BENSON

You get that one. I'll find something across the yard.

Henry, struggling with Art against the wind and the biting snow to keep the antenna pole upright, turns to notice what Benson and Dankowski are doing. Two things are clear in his face: he's pissed that they're not following his directions and he realizes their own idea makes better sense. Turning back to the pole, from the corner of his eye, he catches sight of the security camera mounted at the far end of the yard.

HENRY

Shit.

INT. CONTROL CENTER CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

As the phone on Sanchez's desk begins to ring. Everyone turns to look. After a moment's hesitation, Al Cunningham crosses to take the receiver in his hand.

CUNNINGHAM

Hello..?

The phone immediately goes to speaker, the voice still computer generated.

CALLER'S VOICE

Is this Mr. Tarzhenko?

CUNNINGHAM

No, it is not.

CALLER'S VOICE

Mr. Cunningham, perhaps?

CUNNINGHAM

Yes.

CALLER'S VOICE

It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance, sir. You seem to be one of the saner persons on duty this evening. Have you any idea what is going on in the yard of your motor pool?

CUNNINGHAM

(glancing at the others)

I do not.

CALLER'S VOICE

It looks from here like four men are trying to reenact the raising of your glorious flag on Iwo Jima. You wouldn't happen to know who those four men are?

CUNNINGHAM

No.

CALLER'S VOICE

So they have cut you out of the loop. Allow me to bring you back in. It is not a flag they are raising. It is an antenna. Something related to your new MRAP perhaps. Would you happen to know what kind of radio equipment that vehicle has on board?

CUNNINGHAM

I'm not a military person.

CALLER'S VOICE

No, you are not. But Mr. Tarzhenko is.

(MORE)

CALLER'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Staff Sergeant, Vietnam, bullet in  
the hip while pulling a Lieutenant  
back from the line of fire. Purple  
Heart and Bronze Star. Quite a man.

CUNNINGHAM  
Yes, he is.

CALLER'S VOICE  
My guess is that he is trying to  
communicate with your friends at the  
airbase. What do you think?

CUNNINGHAM  
I haven't a clue.

CALLER'S VOICE  
Here is what I recommend. Tell them  
that if they do not cease and desist  
immediately, I will overload the  
transformer at the hospital in town.  
There is a Mr. Walton in room 5, who  
had a heart attack last night. If  
the power goes down, so does Mr.  
Walton.

CUNNINGHAM  
They have back-up generators.

CALLER'S VOICE  
Which I will overload as well, sir.  
Massively. Do you know what will  
happen then?

CUNNINGHAM  
I do.

CALLER'S VOICE  
Then why are you still on the line?

The line goes dead.

LLOYD  
I'll go.

CUNNINGHAM  
No.  
(turning to leave)  
You people stay where you are.  
Sanchez, contact Betty. Get Ericson  
back out here. We need to find this  
guy NOW. Do you all understand? IN  
the system. Someone here needs to  
find out where he is. And how to  
shut him down.

INT. MOTOR POOL GARAGE, CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

As Albert arrives. Henry, Benson, McMillan and Dankowski are all back inside the relative shelter of the garage now. McMillan has lowered the garage door in front of the MRAP as far as it will go, to the top of a 2'-tall snowdrift. Henry and McMillan are working at the rear of the vehicle, attaching the antenna's cable to the vehicle's comm gear.

MCMILLAN

We'll have to start the truck to get power. The APU's a bit fickle.

HENRY

Dankowski, hook up the exhaust tube. Jay...

BENSON

(already moving to  
the cab)  
I'm on it.

MCMILLAN

The keys are on the dash.

CUNNINGHAM

(rounding to the rear  
of the MRAP)  
Stop..!

They all turn to look at Al. Not exactly military in bearing and coatless in the freezing air, he does look a bit out of place.

HENRY

What are you doing here?

CUNNINGHAM

They called again, Henry. They know what you're doing.

HENRY

No shit, Al. I know they know what we're doing. Jay, get the damn thing started.

CUNNINGHAM

Henry, he's going to blow the clinic. Overload the transformer, then their generator. It'll start a fire, Henry. He knows the names of every patient they have. This is not a joke.

Slamming his tools down, Henry steps from the back of the vehicle, straight up in front of Albert.



HENRY

For the last damn time, Al, I have no control over what this nut case chooses to do. What I can control, just maybe, is what they do in DC. The sooner they know what's going on here, the sooner they re-scramble every passcode in the book. From that point on, this guy is dead, Albert. Dead in the water.

CUNNINGHAM

He can still cause a lot of damage, Henry.

HENRY

For what reason? Kicks? The door will be closed. The longer he stays connected to us, the easier it's going to be for the big guys to track him down. He will have nothing to gain and everything to lose. What part of this don't you get?

MCMILLAN

The lines are all connected.

CUNNINGHAM

(to Art)

To reach the base?

(to Henry)

He knows what you're trying to do.

HENRY

And what did he say?

(turning to Benson)

Did he threaten to take out the northern hemisphere? No. He threatens a 36-bed hospital in the middle of nowhere. Nothing about the base.

(back to Albert)

Am I right? Nothing about nukes. That confirms it.

CUNNINGHAM

Confirms what?

HENRY

That he doesn't have access to the base.

(to Benson)

Now get this thing started.

CUNNINGHAM

Henry, please...

HENRY

Mr. Cunningham, you have abandoned your assigned duty station in direct violation of security policy. If you do not return to your station within the next 60 seconds, I will relieve you of your duties and place you under guard arrest. Do you wish to join Ms. Ericson?

CUNNINGHAM

I've already released her.

HENRY

(beside himself now,  
turning to Benson)  
Start it NOW.

Benson starts the engine as Henry turns back to Albert. In the back of the truck, McMillan waits for the electrical system to come fully on line, then powers up the radio.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(over the din of the  
MRAP's engine)  
You are relieved, Albert. Completely  
and fully relieved.

Turning, Henry returns and climbs back into the rear of the MRAP. Taking the seat opposite McMillan, he turns to call out to Benson in the cab.

HANSON

Jay..!

BENSON

(turning back)  
Yes, sir..?

HENRY

You got the Control Room. I don't  
want Albert anywhere near it.

Benson pauses for a moment, doesn't respond.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Do you hear me?

BENSON

Yes, sir.

Jay exits the cab, glances at Albert. Stunned, Albert is just standing there, not knowing what to do. After a beat, Benson proceeds to the garage exit door, back to the Control Room.

In the rear of the MRAP, Henry and McMillan are already testing frequencies on the military radio unit, zeroing in on the one that will connect them to the base.

Finally turning to go, Al traces Benson's footsteps to the exit door. Dankowski watches as Al disappears, takes one last glance at the MRAP, then he too turns to leave.

Back in the MRAP, Henry and Art McMillan finally locate a relatively clean frequency, open, with voice traffic back and forth between what seems to be the Base Command and Control Center and a Squadron maintenance unit in one of the hangars at the airbase. Grabbing the headphones, Henry pulls the mike to his mouth.

HENRY

Air Force Niner-Lima, Niner-Lima,  
this is Foxtrot-Romeo-Zero-Three, do  
you read me?

There's a brief pause, all traffic halted, and then the voice of LTC DON SESSIONS comes across the line.

SESSIONS' VOICE

Sir, this is a Department of Defense communications channel. You are in violation of U.S. federal law. Remove yourself from this channel immediately and contact your nearest law enforcement...

HENRY

Listen. No, listen to me. Sir, this is a Level 5 Emergency. Our network has been completely compromised. This channel is our only way out. Repeat, we are under network attack. We need you to inform HSHQ using Secure Line Red. Do you copy?

SESSIONS' VOICE

State again your location.

HENRY

We are Homeland Security First Responders Center Zero-Three.

SESSIONS' VOICE

Wait one.

EXT. FARMHOUSE, RURAL MAINE - DAYBREAK

All is last-of-autumn bleak and bare and inky blue over this remote corner of the state. Under a light drizzle, the farmhouse itself has clearly seen better days.

INT. FARMHOUSE FRONT ROOM, RURAL MAINE - DAYBREAK

Where the gang from the University is set up with every techno gadget imaginable. In a rougher, more rustic way, the place looks much like the Central Control Room at Henry's First Responders Center. Eli Hanson, Drew Danielson and Cydney Lennox are each positioned at separate control consoles, each in charge of one piece of the puzzle. Presiding as puzzle master is Professor Paulo Ramirez.

DANIELSON

Okay, boss, that's it. They're connected.

RAMIREZ

Good God if she wasn't right, huh? Anya? This guy just doesn't know the meaning of the word "quit."

HANSON

You want us to terminate it?

RAMIREZ

No, no. We have time. Plenty of time. They'll need to authenticate. That should be fun. Then they'll get some Colonel, then Base Command. They all have to have their little part in the drama.

HANSON

Then what?

RAMIREZ

Well, it certainly wouldn't hurt if we could get access to *their* passcodes. It's ironic, isn't it? We could probably launch one of their missiles right now.

LENNOX

They'd probably override the sequence.

RAMIREZ

I know, I know. But it is strange that we can get this far into a network that is by orders of magnitude more critical, and yet...and yet we cannot crack a simple communications line.

HANSON

Maybe getting this far is far enough.

RAMIREZ

No, it is not.

(MORE)

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

And this man will be broken.

(beat)

We have to look at this like terrorists, Eli. Are we thinking like terrorists? Anyone here a religious fanatic..?

LENNOX

I still go to confession from time to time.

RAMIREZ

What do you confess?

LENNOX

That I still want to fuck my Professor.

All around laughter at this one.

RAMIREZ

You humble me, Cydney, you really do.

DANIELSON

Who says she's talking about you?

RAMIREZ

Touché.

(beat)

But, no, a terrorist would not stop here. He'd be after the data itself, of course, which is not what we want, but we do need to show what these tyrants - our so-called government of the people, by the people - just what they've been up to. How far they've insinuated themselves into our lives. And then, number two, just how profoundly weak these systems are.

HANSON

So what do we do?

RAMIREZ

Revolution, Eli. Haven't you been listening these last two months? That line is the Holy Grail. We compromise that network and the box is open forever. And they shall know the truth, and the truth shall set them free. The people. There will be no stopping the outrage.

HANSON  
 (more deliberate this  
 time)  
 I mean *now*.

RAMIREZ  
 Ah, yes...too much on my soapbox.  
 (beat, to Drew)  
 Where are they now in the chain,  
 Drew?

DANIELSON  
 They're still talking with Ops.

HANSON  
 We could be screwed if they try to  
 take this off base.

RAMIREZ  
 That is true.  
 (beat)  
 Cydney, what's up with the radars  
 out by the runway? Are they still  
 up and running?

Lennox turns to check and...

EXT. AIRBASE FLIGHT LINE - DAYBREAK

The vehicles, the hangars and runway, the silos, the housing  
 and command buildings - all of it is swirling white and mostly  
 covered over or drifted beyond recognition. The radars -  
 two of them - at far end and to the side of the runway are a  
 minor exception. This is because they are moving and even  
 more because snow, no matter how wet or rapidly blowing,  
 cannot cling for long to their radiating matrices.

LENNOX (V.O.)  
 They are.

INT. FARMHOUSE, RURAL MAINE - DAYBREAK

As Ramirez responds...

RAMIREZ  
 Even in a blizzard. What do you  
 suppose they're looking at?

LENNOX  
 I could bring it up..?

RAMIREZ  
 No, not up. Down. We're going to  
 need to do this very quickly, okay,  
 so they don't know what's happening  
 until it's too late. But we need to  
 bring them down.

HANSON

Shut them down?

RAMIREZ

No, Eli, *bring* them down. Full vertical, but very gently, yes? While they're still radiating.

This elicits a few glances between the members of the team.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

Well..?

HANSON

That's going to fry a lot of people.

RAMIREZ

Yes. But it will also fry every radio on base. Every aircraft, every antenna, every generator...everything electric.

(beat)

Eli, we can't be responsible for what this one man chooses to do. Though I must admit, it plays very nicely into our hands. Every security person in government is going to be jumping through hoops to find out what's going on at that base, what with its precious nuclear warheads and all.

LENNOX

So you want me to execute?

RAMIREZ

Do we not all agree? Or do we step back now? All for naught? What would poor old gentle Ben say?

By their silence, the team signals consent.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

Okay, then, gently. Very gently.

Lennox turns to her console and commences the counter-attack.

LENNOX

All they're looking at is snow. They won't have a clue.

INT. AIRBASE AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL TOWER - DAYBREAK

CPT JOHN SNYDER (age 28), MSGT ALAN HARMON (age 32) and SRA STACEY MCKENZIE (age 21) comprise the tower's skeleton crew, all faced with exactly what Cydney Lennox had predicted: snow outside, snow on their radar screens.

The tower is warm as well, almost surreal in its whiteout world a good 50' above the ground. The effect is trance-inducing.

EXT. AIRBASE FLIGHT LINE - DAYBREAK

As the radar masts at the end of the runway begin, with each rotation, to draw closer and closer to perpendicular with the horizon.

INT. MOTOR POOL GARAGE, CONTROL CENTER - DAYBREAK

As Henry, still waiting with Art McMillan in the back of the MRAP, begins to notice a faint bit of interference on the headset, coming across at regular intervals.

HENRY  
Something's wrong.

MCMILLAN  
You want me to check the antenna?

HENRY  
I don't think that's it.

McMillan pauses, waiting for him to elaborate.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
Go, go...it's worth a shot.

Art turns to leave and...

INT. UNIVERSITY RESEARCH LAB, MAINE - NIGHT

As Anya enters her laboratory a couple of months before, so focused on the task at hand that she does not notice Professor Ramirez standing behind her desk chair at the far corner of the room, staring at her computer screen.

RAMIREZ  
What is this?

Anya is startled at first by his voice, and then by what he's referring to as she turns. Still, she recovers pretty quickly.

ANYA  
What are you doing here?

RAMIREZ  
It's my department, is it not?

ANYA  
Department, yes. Personal email, no.



RAMIREZ  
(returning to the  
screen on her desk)  
Is that what this is..?

ANYA  
You know what it is.

RAMIREZ  
Yes, I do. And very clever it is.  
I wonder whose machine we're looking  
at.

ANYA  
My own. At home.

RAMIREZ  
Anya...  
(beat)  
...Why do you have to be this way?  
You've won. You've made it very  
clear that I am not your sort of  
person, though God only knows who  
that sort of person might be, but in  
any event, I don't see why we can't  
at least be civil. Have I been  
vengeful? Have I done anything to  
handicap your work, your thesis,  
your degree?

ANYA  
No.

RAMIREZ  
In fact, I've bent over backwards to  
continue supporting you, is that not  
correct?

ANYA  
It is correct.

RAMIREZ  
So why the subterfuge? I asked a  
simple question. Whose machine are  
we looking at?

ANYA  
Look, I'll remove the program, okay?

RAMIREZ  
No need. I had the whole thing  
mirrored a couple of weeks ago.

ANYA  
What?

EXT. AIRBASE FLIGHT LINE - DAYBREAK

As sirens begin to sound...

INT. ALBERT CUNNINGHAM'S OFFICE, CONTROL CENTER - DAYBREAK

As Albert enters the room, which is smaller than Henry's but with a similar layout. Here, though, the blinds across the windows are pulled completely open, offering an adequate if somewhat tangential view of the Central Control Room below. Albert pauses for a moment to take that view in: Jay Benson pacing the floor behind the Room's work stations; Alex Lloyd now back behind Liam Elliott's chair, the two of them searching three screens of data for any clue at all, any hint of the intruder's identity and whereabouts.

INT. AIRBASE AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL TOWER - DAYBREAK

As Snyder, Harmon and McKenzie are the first to feel the radiating effects of the down-turned radars: the electrical circuits, the consoles, the monitors all starting to pop and burst into flames, and then their own bodies taking the radiation in pulses...

INT. ALBERT CUNNINGHAM'S OFFICE, CONTROL CENTER - DAYBREAK

As Albert switches the room lights off and moves to one of the chairs opposite the chaos of his desktop. He slumps into the chair, his face eerily reflecting the reds and greens and blues of the Control Room below.

EXT. AIRBASE FLIGHT LINE - DAYBREAK

As the cockpits of the aircraft tethered tautly to the tarmac explode with electric flames.

INT. ALBERT CUNNINGHAM'S OFFICE, CONTROL CENTER - DAYBREAK

As Albert's wandering thoughts are interrupted by a knock at the still open door. He turns, startled. It's Dil Dankowski.

CUNNINGHAM

Jesus, Dil.

DANKOWSKI

Sorry.

CUNNINGHAM

What do you need?

DANKOWSKI

I was thinking maybe I can help you out.

CUNNINGHAM

Uh-huh...and how would you do that?

INT. AIRBASE OPERATIONS - DAYBREAK

As the OPERATIONS CREW and its equipment succumb to the dizzy vibrations that pulse invisibly through the building.

INT. MOTOR POOL GARAGE, CONTROL CENTER - DAYBREAK

As McMillan reemerges from the blinding snow, stumbles back into the garage and hits the switch to close the Garage door. This time it barely makes it to half-way shut before butting up against the invading drift of snow. With that much of the door open, the Garage itself becomes a kind of cyclonic chamber, like the yard outside, with the wind and wind-driven needles of ice whirling about.

MCMILLAN  
 (rounding the back of  
 the MRAP)  
 Sir, the cable's fine at that...

He cuts himself short, realizing that Henry is no longer in the truck.

MCMILLAN (CONT'D)  
 (turning, searching)  
 Sir..?

EXT. AIRBASE FLIGHT LINE - DAYBREAK

As the radars at the end of the flight line finally grind to a stop, victims of their own excess. Electronically speaking, the base - or at least the above-ground portion of it - has basically melted.

INT. MOTOR POOL GARAGE, CONTROL CENTER - DAYBREAK

As McMillan goes over the radio headset and brings it to his ear. Nothing but static.

RAMIREZ (V.O.)  
 Has anyone ever told you that you're  
 a bit naïve?

INT. UNIVERSITY RESEARCH LAB, MAINE - NIGHT

As Anya and Ramirez continue their earlier conversation.

ANYA  
 Has anyone ever reminded you that  
 university policy allows personal  
 files as long as they do not  
 compromise campus security systems?  
 I've done nothing wrong and I'm  
 entitled to my privacy. You're the  
 one who's naïve if you think you can  
 get away with this.

RAMIREZ

That's not what I meant.

ANYA

Oh, really? Then what did you mean?

RAMIREZ

I meant in matters of the heart. As you've been tracking the owner of this one little box into which you've so cleverly hacked, I have been tracking you. So, yes, of course I know who the machine belongs to. What I do not know, or cannot comprehend, from a woman as brilliant as yourself, at least, is why you have limited yourself to analyzing the file structures of his C-drive. Attaching a tracking cookie to a jpeg photo of yourself to do what? To see what he does with it, where he stores it, how soon he prints it out upon receipt?

ANYA

What the hell business is that of yours?

RAMIREZ

What business..? We have a government with the ability to read every email, listen to every phone call, track every purchase and every payment we make. They watch us as we drive to work, Anya. They watch us at the airport, at the train station. They can search our medical records, psychiatric records, legal records. They can find out what we've been reading, the movies we've watched. Even when and where we've gone to church. Don't you think that makes it my business? Your business?

ANYA

Are you finished?

RAMIREZ

Anya, you just wrote your thesis on the application of chaos theory to data security models.

ANYA

Yes. So all of your "could" do this, "could" do that, will never be taken advantage of.

RAMIREZ

Which is why you must excuse me for calling you naïve.

(beat)

First of all, what can happen, will happen. Sixty years ago, it was the atomic bomb. Now it's data. It will always happen. Secondly, you just did it yourself. You hacked into a Department of Homeland Security computer system.

ANYA

That is not what I did.

RAMIREZ

That is precisely what you did.

INT. ALBERT CUNNINGHAM'S OFFICE, CONTROL CENTER - DAYBREAK

As Albert and Dil Dankowski sit across from each other in the shadows.

DANKOWSKI

So it could be anybody? I mean, all we need to do is get outside. Connect with anybody. Anybody with a phone.

CUNNINGHAM

Phone won't work. They own the land lines, the cell towers. Everything we monitor, 24/7, everything we can take over in case of an emergency. Central command and control. That's the whole reason we're here.

DANKOWSKI

But just our region?

CUNNINGHAM

It's a lot of territory, Dil.

DANKOWSKI

(ref to hackers)

And these guys own it all?

CUNNINGHAM

Except for the Red Line.

DANKOWSKI

Which he'll never open.

CUNNINGHAM

Henry..?

(MORE)

CUNNINGHAM (CONT'D)

(beat, smiling)

Yes, I believe you have personal  
experience with that, don't you?  
How willful he can be?

Dil mulls this for a moment - it's obviously true - but he  
doesn't answer directly.

DANKOWSKI

I think I might have a way around  
it.

INT. CONTROL CENTER CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

As Henry enters, pulling his coat off and dropping it on a  
chair.

HENRY

(to Jay)  
Anything?

BENSON

It's quiet.

HENRY

I think they've got the lines at  
that end.

BENSON

The base?

HENRY

(ref their antagonist)  
Him...  
(beat)  
Yes, at the base.

BENSON

Jesus.

Suddenly, the phone on Sanchez's desk begins to ring.  
Everyone turns. Benson checks his watch: 5:52.

BENSON (CONT'D)

He's eight minutes early.

Henry hesitates for a moment, staring at the phone, it just  
now beginning to register that he may have done something  
very foolish.

Albert appears from his office above, moves to the catwalk  
railing to watch. Dankowski follows.

HENRY

(to Benson)  
Take it.

BENSON

Sir..?

HENRY

Answer the phone.

Above and behind them, Albert turns to Dankowski.

CUNNINGHAM

You better get back to Engineering.

Benson picks up the phone as Dankowski moves to the stairwell at the far end of the catwalk.

BENSON

Hello..?

The line goes to speaker, the voice still computer generated.

CALLER'S VOICE

Is this Mr. Cunningham?

BENSON

This is Mr. Benson.

CALLER'S VOICE

Mr. Benson, I trust you were one of those stalwart souls out there in the snow a bit ago?

(beat)

Do you happen to know what is happening at the airbase?

BENSON

No, I do not.

CALLER'S VOICE

What about Mr. Tarzhenko?

Jay turns to Henry, arms crossed, who signals "no" with a shake of the head.

CALLER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Then I will tell you. A malfunction has occurred in the air control radar units at the end of runway 2. Primary concern is for the nuclear silos, one of which appears to be damaged. All personnel within 500 yards were vulnerable. Eight confirmed fatalities. All flight line electronics destroyed. Several aircraft on fire. Base Command in contact with Pentagon via underground fiber. Red Line. Are you now prepared to make that same connection?

Benson glances over at Henry and is surprised to see a look of shock on his face.

BENSON

We're going to need more time.

INT. FARMHOUSE, RURAL MAINE - DAYBREAK

As Ramirez, wearing a Bluetooth headset connected wirelessly to his own laptop computer, glances at his watch. When he responds, the computer's voice recognition software types his words on the screen. Almost simultaneously then, as each word appears, a computer voice reads the words out over the phone line. The effect is eerie, awkward, but effective.

RAMIREZ

We had an agreement, Mr. Benson.  
You have four more minutes.

BENSON'S VOICE

I can't do that.

RAMIREZ

I told you that I was serious, Mr. Benson, did I not?

BENSON'S VOICE

Yes.

RAMIREZ

And I have proven that?

BENSON'S VOICE

Yes.

INT. CONTROL CENTER CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - DAYBREAK

As Ramirez, the mystery Caller, responds.

CALLER'S VOICE

Here is what we will do. You will have Mr. Tarzhenko check his email. In exactly 15 minutes, he will be at the phone in his office. This is his last chance. Are we clear?

BENSON

We are.

The line goes dead.

INT. FARMHOUSE, RURAL MAINE - DAYBREAK

As Cydney Lennox pivots in her chair, turning to Ramirez.



LENNOX

That's twice Tarzhenko's out of the picture.

RAMIREZ

Which is good. He's using his people as cover. Fodder. The longer he tries to solve this by himself, the easier it'll be to break him.

Ramirez pauses, now, intuitively realizing that Eli Hanson is watching him.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

(without turning)

Is anything wrong, Eli?

HANSON

You still think he'll break?

RAMIREZ

I don't know.

(beat)

But let's be sure we don't let that happen at this end...

(turning to him now)

...Okay?

(back to Drew)

Meanwhile, Mr. Danielson, could we please do something about the heat in here? It's positively frigid.

With a few mouse clicks and a tap at the keyboard, Drew pulls up a program that monitors the room's thermostat. Another few keystrokes and he elevates the thermostat to 77 degrees.

INT. FARMHOUSE BASEMENT - DAYBREAK

As an ancient oil-burning boiler kicks into gear and begins pumping warm air through the vents upstairs.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE, CONTROL CENTER - DAYBREAK

HENRY TARZHENKO'S OFFICE as Henry enters, his face a mixture of shock and rage. Hitting the light switch, he throws the office into shadows and crosses to his desk chair. Al Cunningham appears at the still open door to silently watch as Henry scans through his email, at first uncomprehending, then fully comprehending.

HENRY

My God...

INT. UNIVERSITY RESEARCH LAB, MAINE - NIGHT

As Ramirez and Anya continue with their earlier conversation.

RAMIREZ

...And here you are inside a machine with hundreds of unlocked doors to thousands of other machines. All of them tracking our every movement. Controlling our every movement, if you think about it. Do you ever think about it?

ANYA

You know what I think about? I think this all sounds pretty odd coming from a guy with an asylum visa. You weren't invited here. You fled here. If there's a problem with that, then there's nothing keeping you from heading back.

RAMIREZ

Funny you should mention that. That is our plan exactly. Only not me. You. With a friend of ours. For a short vacation.

ANYA

What the hell are you talking about?

RAMIREZ

You open this incredible treasure, Anya, and what do you do?  
(ref to her computer)  
What is this? Some need to get inside his head? Determine his priorities, catch a glimpse of how he thinks, or what he thinks about? To see where you fit within the hierarchy of the folders and files of his soul? Is that what this is?

ANYA

You know, Paulo, if I didn't know better, I'd swear you were jealous.

RAMIREZ

(beat)  
You are an extraordinarily talented and beautiful woman, Anya. Of course I'm jealous.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE, CONTROL CENTER - DAYBREAK

As Al Cunningham calls from the open door.

CUNNINGHAM

Henry..?

Startled, Henry turns in his chair. At first he doesn't even recognize the silhouette and the voice at the door.

CUNNINGHAM (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

HENRY

What are you doing here, Albert?

Entering the room, Albert closes the door and takes a seat in one of the chairs opposite the desk. With the blinds pulled shut, the room is almost completely dark.

INT. CONTROL CENTER CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

As Alex Lloyd turns to Benson.

LLOYD

You have any idea what's going on?

BENSON

I think he just made it pretty clear.

LLOYD

I mean with us.

BENSON

I have no idea.

(beat, then to Liam)

What would happen if we shut everything down? Everything comes through those pipes in Engineering. We take an ax, or hell, just unlock the arms locker and blast the whole thing with M-16s. Shut down the generators, pull the battery backups. Everything.

ERICSON

There's two problems with that. Sorry if I'm talking out of turn, but the Safe Room has its own power supplies, its own data and comm. The cables go down like 20' in the ground. The system's designed to stand no matter what. Nuclear war won't shut it down.

BENSON

Okay, so we just yank the consoles and the phones.

ERICSON

It'll still be up. As long as he's got this over our heads, he'll just tell us to put the stuff back.

ELLIOTT

And number two? The second problem?

ERICSON

We're not seeing him in our system because he's completely duplicated it somewhere else. It's like everything we have here, only now we're just a huge development server. He can reach back to us, mess around, but the production server, the facade the rest of the world is seeing, he owns it.

BENSON

Why didn't you mention this before?

ERICSON

Because it just now occurred to me. From what he was saying. And how he did it. We'd have picked something up if he was working through this system. But he's not.

LLOYD

How do you know all this stuff?

ERICSON

The Safe Room because that's the way it was in Hawaii. I can't imagine it's different here. The rest is just an opinion.

BENSON

So how would you suggest we defeat it?

ERICSON

He's reaching back. Just by dialing in, he's reaching back. He has to open a door to do that.

SANCHEZ

Can we sneaker through?

ERICSON

There ought to be some ping when he queries the system. We haven't been paying attention because we've been listening to him talk. But we could reverse the query. While he's up.

SANCHEZ

That still wouldn't get us in. We'd need an ID, password.

ERICSON

At the least. Maybe a biometric as well. That's the way I'd do it.

BENSON

Really, then? Well, hey, this has been a great conversation. If any of you happen to stumble across an ID, an extra fingerprint and a password on the floor anywhere, you just let me know, okay..?

(beat, turning away)

Okay.

INT. UNIVERSITY RESEARCH LAB, MAINE - NIGHT

As Anya pauses for several moments now, staring at the screen on her desk, across the room, before turning back to Ramirez.

ANYA

Truth of it is, Paulo, there's no comparison. You're two different animals. Same traits, maybe. Methodical...wary...cold...

(beat)

...With him, though, it's just survival. A way to survive. Keep doing his job. Keep focused. Don't think about it.

RAMIREZ

About what?

ANYA

(beat)

Matters of the heart.

RAMIREZ

And me..?

ANYA

You..?

(beat)

You're a wolf, Paulo. Same skill set, different application.

RAMIREZ

I rather like that. I'm the predator and he's...the prey.

ANYA

Only if you catch him.

RAMIREZ

Which is exactly what we're going to do.

ANYA  
 What "we?" Who are you talking about?

RAMIREZ  
 All of us. Our own little family.

Only beginning to catch on, she doesn't respond.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)  
 We've talked it through, Anya. The time to act is now. We'll never have another opportunity like this.

ANYA  
 What are you talking about?

RAMIREZ  
 I think you know. It may be of no interest to you but this treasure trove, this Pandora's box of opportunity that you've opened up for us, is just too much to let pass.

ANYA  
 This is going too far, Paulo.

RAMIREZ  
 How does 10 to 20 in a federal penitentiary sound? *That* is going too far. Even so, it is about the going penalty for hacking into a Homeland Security computer system.

ANYA  
 It's not the system. It's a box. A single box.

RAMIREZ  
 Actually, we've pushed it a bit further than that.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE, CONTROL CENTER - DAYBREAK

As Henry reluctantly confides in Albert.

HENRY  
 I suppose you're just itching to say "I told you so."

CUNNINGHAM  
 It was a calculated risk.

HENRY  
 People are dead, Albert, just like you said.

CUNNINGHAM

They'll get to 'em as soon as this storm is over. Then they'll get to us.

Henry just sits there for a moment, thinking. Then...

HENRY

Wait a second.

He glances at his watch: they have about 7 minutes until Ramirez's next call.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Why wouldn't they try to get to us first? HQ, through the Red Line? The Safe Room?

CUNNINGHAM

Why would they do that?

HENRY

We're only nine miles away. We're the closest Control Center.

CUNNINGHAM

They're DoD.

HENRY

We're a Control Center, Al. First Responders. I'd be on the phone already, if I were them.

CUNNINGHAM

We're in the middle of a blizzard, Henry. I suspect they know that.

HENRY

I could authenticate with the alarm code, Al. That's it. That's the solution.

CUNNINGHAM

*If* they call.

Standing, Henry crosses to the door.

HENRY

Oh, they're going to call, all right. I just have to hold this guy off long enough.

He switches the lights on, blinding Al, then leaves the room.

CUNNINGHAM

(calling after him)

Henry...

Getting out of his chair, Al moves to the door and...

INT. CATWALK, CENTER CONTROL ROOM - DAYBREAK

As Al leans out onto the catwalk, catching Henry just as he's about to the descend the stairwell.

CUNNINGHAM

Henry..!

(as Henry turns back)

He knows you, Henry. He knows you'll never authenticate with the real McCoy. Not unless he has your hands to the fire.

HENRY

Calculated risk.

Henry turns, begins to descend the stairwell. Albert rushes after him.

CUNNINGHAM

Not this time..!

HENRY

(turning back half way)

You're doing it again, Al. How many times does that make it tonight? Three, four times? This is insubordination.

CUNNINGHAM

Just ten seconds ago, you said I was right.

HENRY

And you said it was an acceptable risk.

CUNNINGHAM

No I did not. I said it was a calculated risk. Miscalculated. And another thing: that badge you're wearing says "Visitor," so even if this was the Marines, you'd be the one out of line. Not me.

HENRY

What the hell has happened to you, Al?

CUNNINGHAM

No...oh, no...

(MORE)



CUNNINGHAM (CONT'D)  
(coming to the top of  
the stairs)  
That is not the question, Henry.  
The question is what has happened to  
you..?

INT. CENTER CONTROL ROOM FLOOR - DAYBREAK

As Benson, realizing what's going on, turns to order his crew to turn back around and do what they should be doing.

CUNNINGHAM (CONT'D)  
You shouldn't even be here, Henry.  
You're asking me, Liam, this girl  
out there...you're looking at all of  
us like we're the suspects. The  
only suspect here is you, Henry.  
You're the only thing that's different  
about this shift. Because no one,  
not anyone I know, would be back at  
work in the middle of the goddamn  
night, in the middle of a goddamn  
whiteout blizzard with his daughter  
not two days put to rest.

Just then a light panel near the Safe Room jumps to life,  
accompanied by an intermittent, escalating tone.

CUNNINGHAM (CONT'D)  
Oh my God.

Whatever leverage Al may have gained is now completely lost.  
Dodging to the bottom of the stairwell, Henry pivots and  
heads straight for the Safe Room. Previously in shadows,  
the room is now aglow with the lights of its own highly secure  
data and communications equipment.

CUNNINGHAM (CONT'D)  
(to Jay)  
Benson, stop him..!

But Benson doesn't move. Stumbling down the stairwell  
himself, Al races across the room. Henry has already scanned  
his card and entered the passcode to get into the Safe Room,  
and has firmly placed his right hand inside the hand geometry  
reader beside the door. The light beside the door goes green  
and a buzzing sound confirms that he's been granted access.

Cunningham gets to him just as Henry opens the door. Grabbing  
him by the shirt, Al tries to pull Henry aside. Though many  
pounds heavier, he is no match for Henry's strength and rapid  
moves. In a heartbeat, Henry is inside the booth and the  
door is shut. The lights and the alarm go silent. Al turns  
to the stunned team, not one of them knowing what to do.

CUNNINGHAM (CONT'D)

He's going to enter the alarm code.  
To authenticate, he's going to enter  
the wrong code.

BENSON

(ref to HQ)  
So they'll know.

CUNNINGHAM

(roaring back, ref.  
Ramirez and company)  
SO WILL THEY..!

INT. UNIVERSITY RESEARCH LAB, MAINE - NIGHT

As Ramirez and Anya conclude their tête-à-tête.

RAMIREZ

You wouldn't believe the control  
that Center has. The number of nodes  
it touches. Not quite all the way  
to the top but we have a plan to  
open that door as well. It's taken  
a lot of thought, and it's going to  
take a lot of work.

ANYA

(moving to exit the  
room)  
I've had enough of this. I'm calling  
the cops.

RAMIREZ

So far, love, all of this work,  
*everything*, with the click of a mouse,  
is back to your machine. And to the  
backup servers. Backdated. Proof  
positive that you, and only you, are  
the culprit.

(beat, as Anya turns)

I hate to do this to you, Anya, I  
really do, but it's either cooperate  
or take the fall. Or should I say,  
your father takes the fall? You got  
the password through him, no?

ANYA

Why would you do this?

RAMIREZ

Why? Why would I not? Our  
intentions, I assure you, are entirely  
benign. And will remain so as long  
as everything goes to plan.

ANYA

Said the wolf.

RAMIREZ

It's a very good plan, Anya. You should be grateful to me for that. You're right about the wolf thing, though. There will be sacrifices. But none that you will have to make. If you cooperate.

ANYA

What are you going to do, Paulo?

RAMIREZ

It was a revolution that stranded me here, Anya. It will be a revolution that takes me back. Only this time, the right way. No more trading one tyranny for another.

ANYA

That's barroom trash, Paulo. This is for real here.

RAMIREZ

It is indeed.

ANYA

You got to be kidding me.

RAMIREZ

You are going to be staying in a very nice place. You leave tomorrow. First New York, then Madrid. Then home. In the mountains. You can get your things from the farmhouse but a woman named Deborah Blayzer will be with you the whole time. One slip up and your father is history. I'm deadly serious. You can all go free when this is over but for now, no, I am not kidding. Not at all.

ANYA

Paulo, come on. There are other ways to stick it to the man. This is insane.

RAMIREZ

Alas, you are the only one with that opinion.

ANYA

Eli..? Cydney? Drew?

RAMIREZ  
Even young Benjamin Lamb.

ANYA  
What's he got to do with anything?

RAMIREZ  
We will all be heroes.

ANYA  
To whom?

INT. CENTER CONTROL ROOM FLOOR - DAYBREAK

As, on cue, the phone begins to ring on Sanchez's desk.

CUNNINGHAM  
Oh, God.

He crosses to the desk. For a instant, Benson considers interceding but then thinks better of it.

CUNNINGHAM (CONT'D)  
(picking up the phone)  
This is Albert Cunningham.

The phone goes straight to speaker, the voice still computer generated.

CALLER'S VOICE  
Can Mr. Tarzhenko hear me in the  
Safe Room?

Al glances over at the Room, with Henry bringing up the systems inside.

CUNNINGHAM  
I'm not sure.

CALLER'S VOICE  
Can he see the large screen monitors  
on the wall?

The LCDs all flicker to life now, with feeds from surveillance cameras at dozens of local locations. Flickering across the screens are images of full-out chaos. The video camera from an upside down squad car shows a transformer station that has exploded and is burning in the blinding snow. The generator outside the hospital is also ablaze. Firefighters are using battering rams and axes on the doors of their own Engine Station, trying to break through and get out.

CALLER'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Note the hospital feed on screen 3.  
That is what happens when you make a  
generator think it is overloading.  
(MORE)

CALLER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Completely fools the machine. Shall we cut the primary power as well? That would shut down the cameras but also the sprinkler system. Is that what you want?

No one, though, is paying much attention to the feeds from town. The most jarring image is coming from a camera mounted in the corner of a room similar to the one they are standing in. Except the PEOPLE there are wearing Air Force uniforms.

SANCHEZ

(ref to this image)

What the hell is that?

BENSON

It's one of the silos at the airbase.

They all turn to the Safe Room but there's no need to get Henry's attention. He has stopped dead in his tracks and is watching the monitors.

CALLER'S VOICE

I am waiting for an answer.

CUNNINGHAM

What is it you want?

CALLER'S VOICE

Number one, we need to make absolutely certain that Mr. Tarzhenko refrains from authenticating with an alarm code. If he does so, Silo Number Six at the airbase will implode.

Now all the screens shift to the interior shot of the Silo Control Center. Only Caryn Ericson is not paying attention. Now seated at Liam's workstation, she is searching frantically for the patch point through which the Caller has connected to their system.

CALLER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

That is the silo closest to the runways. Its communications and data channels are already highly compromised. One more malfunction and I guarantee that most of what you call the upper Midwest will be uninhabitable for at least several decades. I need an answer on that one now. You have 15 seconds.

Crossing to the outside wall of the Safe Room, Albert puts a hand to the glass, his face begging for Henry to desist. Henry turns to him with a look that is half dread, half disgust. Disgust with himself.

This time he is truly trapped. Turning back to the Safe Room console, he pauses for a moment, then steps back from the brink.

Suddenly the Caller's Voice shifts to the room's full sound system, every speaker, even those inside the Safe Room.

CALLER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Wise decision, Mr. Tarzhenko. Can you see me now? Finally now I can see you.

Searching, Henry takes note of a domed protection hood in an upper corner of the Safe Room.

CALLER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

But now that you have entered the room, Henry, they will be curious about why you are not logging in. Had you not entered the room, they would not know. But you did, and so the only course of action now is to enter the proper code. You must do this quickly, Henry.

Excepting Ms. Ericson, the rest of the team can do nothing but watch as Henry's body, without a single twitch, a single move, becomes utterly transformed by his own defeat.

CALLER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

They are waiting, Henry.

Still, he doesn't move. Still they watch him. No one notices as the LCDs shift to a photograph of Anya Tarzhenko.

CALLER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Look at the screens, Henry.

Henry turns and goes completely white with shock.

CALLER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

For her, Henry. Enter the proper code.

(beat)

Now, please.

Albert turns to his friend. Henry glances back at him, like a man trapped in a snow globe about to be shaken until it breaks. Then he turns, positions his fingers over the Safe Room keyboard, and begins to type.

At the same moment, working from Liam's desk, Caryn Ericson finds what she has been searching for. In a low voice...

ERICSON

Oh, there you are...

(MORE)

ERICSON (CONT'D)  
 (as Liam turns to her)  
 He's coming through the number three  
 server, patch 42.

With amazing speed, she types two lines of code and presses Enter. A red circle appears around the patch schematic on the screen.

ELLIOTT  
 What was that?

ERICSON  
 A door stop.

From the other side of the room, Albert Cunningham lets out a low groan, turns and slumps to the floor, his back against the glass of the Safe Room. The phone line, the speakers and the LCD panels all go dead.

Inside the booth, turning, Henry keys in an exit code at the door and the Safe Room opens with the sound of air rushing back into a vacuum. A torrent of data is spilling across the monitors behind him. All eyes, though, are on Henry himself as he methodically crosses the room and exits into the white outside.

Turning back, Liam and Alex cross to where Albert is slumped against the wall.

LLOYD  
 Are you okay?

Albert doesn't respond. Benson calls over to him.

BENSON  
 What code did he enter?

CUNNINGHAM  
 (climbing back to his  
 feet with some help  
 from Alex)  
 Does it really matter?

BENSON  
 I asked you a question!

CUNNINGHAM  
 And you, sir, are not my superior.

Straightening himself, Albert turns to follow Henry's footsteps out into the cold.

BENSON  
 Albert, please...

CUNNINGHAM  
 (passing him by)  
 His own. What do you think?

BENSON  
 So they're through? They're in the  
 central system?

CUNNINGHAM  
 They are indeed.

BENSON  
 What was that about his daughter?

Without an answer, without a coat, Albert exits the building.

INT. TARZHENKO RESIDENCE - DAYBREAK

As Lena slides the photograph of her daughter from its frame and awkwardly works through how to make a copy from the all-in-one printer on the desk in Henry's office. She becomes perplexed, though, when the print emerges blemished.

LENA  
 (in subtitled Ukrainian)  
 What is this?

Taking the finished print from the tray, she holds it to the light, squinting at what appears to be a watermark across the face of the print. The mark consists of 10 numbers, one after the other, no dashes.

LENA (CONT'D)  
 What is this?

EXT. REGIONAL FIRST RESPONDERS CENTER - DAYBREAK

As Al Cunningham rounds the corner of the carport. There in the corner, apparently oblivious to the cold and the still heavily falling snow, is Henry. Smoking a cigarette.

CUNNINGHAM  
 Mind if I have one of those?

Without a word, Henry takes the pack of Marlboros from his shirt pocket and opens the box for Albert to take one. Which he does. Henry then cups his hand to deflect the wind as he lights the cigarette for Albert. Albert takes a long puff, exhales.

HENRY  
 I thought you quit?

CUNNINGHAM  
 I did.



Together they stand there for several moments, two old men smoking in their small protected pocket of the carport.

HENRY

I've blown it, Al. Utterly and totally failed.

CUNNINGHAM

It doesn't surprise me that you would say that.

HENRY

So you agree?

CUNNINGHAM

I do not agree. What doesn't surprise me is that even now, after all of this, you're still using the first person. *I* have failed.

Henry does not respond. He simply watches, expressionless, as Albert flicks his half-smoked cigarette into a bank of drifted snow, the light of it disappearing in an instant.

CUNNINGHAM (CONT'D)

You better get inside. You're going to freeze to death.

Turning, Albert heads back around the corner of the carport and disappears.

INT. FARMHOUSE, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As Drew Danielson takes note of some interesting phone traffic. Next to him, Cydney Lennox is - or appears to be - completely absorbed with setting up house in DC.

DANIELSON

Hey, Prof, we got something coming through here. It's the wife. She tried his office line. Now she's calling his cell phone.

RAMIREZ

Block it.

HANSON

Why not see what she wants to say?

RAMIREZ

I don't care what she has to say, Eli. She is out of the picture now. There is only one thing we need to do.

(to Cydney)

Cydney, we don't have all day. How is it coming?

LENNOX

How do you want me to do this? I mean, it's huge.

RAMIREZ

(playing with his own laptop)

All of it, Cydney. I want the whole thing mirrored.

(ref to Henry's Control Center)

Just like we did with these guys.

HANSON

(suspicious, watching him carefully)

I thought it was enough that we got in. Isn't that the point?

RAMIREZ

The point is to bring them to their knees.

HANSON

The point is to *prove* that we can bring them to their knees.

RAMIREZ

(turning to him)

And when did you start making the decisions here? You are complicit in the murders of Benjamin Lamb, our little street walker from Boston and nearly a dozen U.S. Air Force personnel. Did you think we would get this far, do all of that, to simply plant a flag?

Cydney turns, the color gone from her face, to glance at Eli.

HANSON

We made an agreement. We're not taking this thing over.

RAMIREZ

(back to his laptop)

We're doing what I say we're doing.

HANSON

We take this over, Paulo, and we become the tyrants.

RAMIREZ

(smiling to himself)

You just leave that to me, okay?

(MORE)

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

(to Cydney)

Ms. Lennox, I do not see you working.

Unsure of herself, Cydney turns back to what she knows, her work, the work of mirroring one of the world's largest data and communications networks.

INT. CENTER CONTROL ROOM FLOOR - DAYBREAK

As Jay Benson, having entered the Safe Room for himself, now scans the consoles for anything that might require a response. But there is nothing there, besides a flood of information about the airbase and ongoing efforts to reach that location.

Albert appears at the door behind him, scans his own card, enters his own pass code, and submits his own hand for scanning. The door opens but he doesn't go in.

CUNNINGHAM

Anything?

BENSON

(turning back)

Nothing. Two lines to us specifically. Stay Put. Await word.

CUNNINGHAM

They haven't a clue, do they?

BENSON

They will, eventually.

CUNNINGHAM

How long will it take these guys to infiltrate the full system?

BENSON

It won't happen fast. If Ericson's right, they'll try to mirror the whole damn network. Then they'll need to find another access point so they can get back in and out later on. This terminal won't be open forever.

CUNNINGHAM

We don't by any chance have comm now, do we?

BENSON

No, sir. I suspect they'll keep us tethered until they've set up house.  
(ref to screen)  
And it's a big house.

With an exhausted sigh, Albert turns, letting the door close behind him. As he crosses to the catwalk stairwell, he is intercepted by Caryn Ericson.

ERICSON

Mr. Cunningham, may I have a word with you?

CUNNINGHAM

I'm sorry. I just can't.

She watches as he trudges up the steps, turns to traverse the catwalk, then disappears into his office. She turns instead, then, to the exit doors, to find Henry.

EXT. REGIONAL FIRST RESPONDERS CENTER - DAYBREAK

As Henry skirts the back of the carport until he arrives behind his Impala. About 6" of snow has drifted back to the rear bumper. It's no real threat to the exhaust but still he kicks the snow aside. Then, bracing himself against the wind and the still falling snow, he moves to the driver's door and pulls it open far enough to slip inside. Not that he cares but in that brief instant, he is visible to one of the cameras mounted to the corner of the building.

INT. HENRY'S IMPALA - DAYBREAK

As Henry pulls the door shut and takes the keys from his pocket. Starting the car, he turns the heater to full blast. Holding himself against the cold, he waits for the heater to take effect. Turning, he notices the two brown bags that Lena had given him. He pauses, staring at the bags for several moments. Just then, as the heat finally begins to take hold, he is startled back to the moment when his cell phone begins to ring. Reaching into his pocket, he takes the phone, checks the screen. Not surprisingly, the default "Incoming Call" is displayed. The number's been blocked.

HENRY

(answering)  
Tarzhenko.

RAMIREZ'S VOICE

(in his true voice  
now)  
How we doing, Henry?

HENRY

You already have what you need. Why are you calling me?

RAMIREZ'S VOICE

I want to help you, Henry.

HENRY

I think I already told you and your friends to go to hell.

RAMIREZ'S VOICE

Don't hang up, Henry. She dies if you do.

INT. CENTER CONTROL ROOM FLOOR - DAYBREAK

As Caryn grabs the coat from her own chair and starts toward the exit doors. Watching sheepishly from his workstation, Liam follows her toward the exit until she suddenly stops, turns, looks back at him. Then she turns again, searching the Control Room with her eyes. Finding what she's looking for, she grabs Henry's coat, turns back to the exit doors and disappears.

INT. HENRY'S IMPALA - DAYBREAK

As Ramirez continues...

RAMIREZ'S VOICE

You know this isn't terrorism, right? We'd have blown the Silos if it was.

HENRY

Then what? Money?

RAMIREZ'S VOICE

She's alive, Henry. I can give you proof of that.

HENRY

For what? You're already inside the goddamn system. What more do you want?

RAMIREZ'S VOICE

Inside the system is not quite the same as safe, yes..? I'll be honest with you, Henry, I didn't expect you at work this evening. We'd already be through with this by now. But you're a hard man. Harder than I imagined...and that's pretty hard.

(beat, with a sigh)

But it's done, huh, no going back. You're the card we've been dealt, which is why it's always good to have an insurance policy.

HENRY

My daughter.

RAMIREZ'S VOICE

Exactly.

HENRY

So who'd the ashes belong to? At the funeral?

RAMIREZ'S VOICE

A sad story, I'm afraid. A girl we picked up in Boston. I suspect there's a Missing Person's Report out there somewhere. Another case that will never be solved because she is gone now, completely. It was no great feat to match her dental records with those of your daughter's.

HENRY

All in the data.

RAMIREZ'S VOICE

There you go.

HENRY

Answer me one thing, okay? Did she do this on her own?

INT. FARMHOUSE, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As Ramirez, alone in the kitchen now, pouring himself a cup of coffee, responds.

RAMIREZ

That's a good question, Henry. I wish I could say "yes." In truth, she was guilty of only one small mistake. Copied the ID and passcode to your computer. Why? To track what you do with those ridiculous photographs. Isn't that a hoot? A little girl still looking for her father's approval. But of course there was so much more that could be done with that little connection. Just had to be done. The bait was just too much to resist.

HENRY'S VOICE

Bait usually gets you dead.

RAMIREZ

Not this time. This time, it sets us free. All of us. Do you want to be free, Henry? Do you want Anya to be free?

HENRY'S VOICE

What have you done with her?

RAMIREZ

She's in a safe place. A quiet place. Not that that's where she wants to be but someone had to take a bullet for the team. It was either her or you. I suppose you could say it was her turn this time.

INT. HENRY'S IMPALA - DAYBREAK

As Henry pauses for a moment before responding.

HENRY

I don't know what the hell you're talking about.

RAMIREZ'S VOICE

I think you do. You're a smart man and you know who we are. Which is fine. As long as you keep it to yourself. Just for a couple of days. Then you can do whatever you want. I'll be gone and your daughter will be free. Is that not reasonable?

HENRY

I don't believe you.

RAMIREZ'S VOICE

That she's still alive?

HENRY

No. That you'll be gone.

INT. FARMHOUSE, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As footsteps preface Eli's arrival in the kitchen.

RAMIREZ

Oh, I'll still be there in spirit.  
(winking at Eli)  
As the data spills out across the Web for everyone to see. As the people realize just how profoundly they've been deceived by their own government. You get the picture?

HENRY'S VOICE

Destabilization.

RAMIREZ

Precisely.

HENRY'S VOICE

And then?

Eli leans forward to whisper as Ramirez cups the phone.

HANSON

The girl's just left the building.  
She's heading for his car.

RAMIREZ

(nodding)

I'll be there in a second.

Hanson pauses for a second, then realizes that he's not really welcome to stay. He turns to leave the room as Ramirez waits. Halfway down in the hallway, though, Eli pauses once again to eavesdrop.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

Where were we..?

HENRY'S VOICE

And then?

RAMIREZ'S VOICE

Ah, yes. Well then we leave it to you, my friend. The People. Why should we go through all the trouble of taking your government down when your own People can do it for us. The word, if I'm not mistaken, is democratization. Isn't that what your president calls it?

Hanson cannot hear Henry's response but the "we" and "taking your government down" comments are enough to bleed the color from his face. He turns, hurries back to his station in the front room.

INT. HENRY'S IMPALA - DAYBREAK

As Henry responds.

HENRY

A noble cause.

RAMIREZ'S VOICE

Quite.

HENRY

You've got to be joking.

RAMIREZ'S VOICE

And why is that?

HENRY

Because for one thing, anyone with access to this stuff, the network itself, is going to use it. If it can be done, it will be done. Basic Human Nature.

(MORE)



HENRY (CONT'D)

And number two, you've already done it. You're in the network. You'll never leave.

INT. FARMHOUSE, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As Ramirez moves down the hallway, toward the front room of the house.

RAMIREZ

Well then we're at a stalemate. Though either way, your daughter is dead if you say a word.

HENRY'S VOICE

(deliberately)  
Don't threaten me.

The "daughter is dead" line has a similar impact on those in the front room, Eli and Cydney in particular as they exchange a quick glance. The threat is intended for them all.

RAMIREZ

For just a couple of days, Henry. Come on, you have my word.  
(beat, glancing at the feed from the Control Center's external camera)  
It looks like you also have a visitor, there, from the building. You will keep this quiet, won't you?

INT. HENRY'S IMPALA - DAYBREAK

As Henry pauses for a moment, trying to make sense of the dark form approaching his car.

HENRY

I think you already answered that. I don't have a choice.

RAMIREZ'S VOICE

Let's make it one hour, then, okay? Your office line, just the two of us. Clear? To wrap it up.

HENRY

Clear.

The line goes dead as Caryn Ericson arrives to brush away the snow from his passenger door window.

EXT. REGIONAL FIRST RESPONDERS CENTER - DAYBREAK

As Caryn taps the window. Henry, only vaguely visible inside, reaches across to unlock the door.

INT. HENRY'S IMPALA - DAYBREAK

As Caryn unlatches and pulls the passenger door open a bit.

ERICSON

Doesn't look like you need a coat  
after all.

HENRY

I'm fine.

He looks at her, her features so like Anya's.

ERICSON

Do you mind if I join you?

He doesn't answer at first, then looks down at the passenger seat, his attention drawn back to the brown bags of food, meals he was supposed to eat. He reaches out, pulls the bags closer to himself so there's room for her to sit.

Taking this for a "yes," Caryn pulls the door open a bit more and slips inside. Closing the door, she pauses for a moment, holding his jacket in her lap.

ERICSON (CONT'D)

It's nice in here.

HENRY

What do you want?

ANYA (V.O.)

I want to come home...

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE, CONTROL CENTER - DAY

The summer before as Henry and Anya continue their broken conversation.

HENRY

Anya...

ANYA

I could teach at the university.

HENRY

Eight years. In eight years, Anya,  
what have you learned? What have  
you learned?

ANYA  
 (long beat)  
 Not nearly enough.

INT. HENRY'S IMPALA - DAYBREAK

As Henry and Caryn Ericson begin a conversation of their own.

ERICSON  
 I knew a man once. My father,  
 actually. He got cancer too, just  
 like my Mom. Died a couple years  
 ago. I guess it's in our genes.  
 I'll probably get it too.

He doesn't respond.

ERICSON (CONT'D)  
 He was the hard type too. Stubborn.  
 I used to think about running away.  
 Teach him lesson. Except it wouldn't  
 have, so what was the point? Then I  
 thought maybe if I could hurt him  
 somehow. Just break him open. Like  
 a coconut, you know? On Hawaii,  
 like the coconuts.

He turns to her, so much like Anya in how she looks. Even in how she sounds.

ERICSON (CONT'D)  
 But, no, he never did. Not even  
 when he was dead. Never broke. I'd  
 have taken the cancer on myself, be  
 honest with you. Now I'll probably  
 get it anyway. And for what? What  
 did I get out of it, being born to  
 him? Cancer. Just cancer.

Taking one of the bags, Henry opens it up and looks inside. It's the one with the sandwiches.

HENRY  
 You want a sandwich? Probably frozen  
 cold.

ERICSON  
 How many you got?

HENRY  
 Two.

ERICSON  
 You going to have one?

Henry pauses to stare at the two sandwiches in the bag.

HENRY

Yes.

ERICSON

Okay, I'll join you.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE, CONTROL CENTER - DAY

The summer before as Henry and Anya are interrupted by a knock at the open door. It's Albert Cunningham.

CUNNINGHAM

Henry...

(to Anya)

...Sorry, Anya. It's good to see you.

ANYA

It's good to see you, Albert.

HENRY

Well..?

CUNNINGHAM

Oh...uh...we just went off line.

Trying to staunch what will surly be a deluge, Albert rushes on...

CUNNINGHAM (CONT'D)

Liam...he's, um, he's patching something through the backup servers.

HENRY

What were you doing?

CUNNINGHAM

What you told us to do. Test scripts...

(more to Anya)

...Probably a glitch in the software.

HENRY

(to Anya)

There. There's your job opening.

Frustrated with all concerned, he gets up from his desk to push / follow Albert out the door.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(to Anya)

You're not supposed to be here without an escort. I'll be back in a minute.

ANYA

I'm not going anywhere.

HENRY

Yeah, that's what I'm worried about.

As he leaves, she turns to run her eyes over his desktop. It's then that she notices the Post-It note stuck to his monitor. The one with his ID and passcode.

INT. HENRY'S IMPALA - DAYBREAK

As Henry and Caryn just sit there, staring at the snow pack on the windshield, eating Lena's sandwiches.

ERICSON

What I suppose we need to know here, sir, is whether you're that kind of person. Like my Dad.

HENRY

Cancer?

ERICSON

This thing has something to do with you, sir. Something personal. This guy knows you too well.

He turns to look at her.

ERICSON (CONT'D)

Albert was right. He got in through you.

Then it hits him.

HENRY

The photograph.

ERICSON

Come again?

HENRY

In the mail. No. In a frame..? She never did that. Why would she do it this time?

ERICSON

Who are you talking about?

This brings him back a bit, but he doesn't respond. Just sits there, staring at the windshield.

ERICSON (CONT'D)

Look, sir, do you want to shut this guy down or not? We have his touch point. What we need to know is how he got through. The clock's ticking.

Still he doesn't respond.

ERICSON (CONT'D)  
 (deliberate)  
 I can't be sitting here with another  
 goddamn coconut, sir.

Now, as he finally turns to her, she realizes just how stupid  
 she must have sounded just now.

ERICSON (CONT'D)  
 If you get my meaning.

HENRY  
 I think I do.

ERICSON  
 Then how did he got through? In the  
 first place.

HENRY  
 Me. ID, passcode... I had 'em taped  
 to my monitor. They blackmailed  
 her.

ERICSON  
 Any idea how we can turn this around?

HENRY  
 Yeah...

Just then his cell phone begins to ring again.

ERICSON  
 Who is that?

HENRY  
 It's in the photograph.

Henry flips the phone open, brings it to his ear.

RAMIREZ'S VOICE  
 This is taking a long time, Henry.  
 What the hell is going on out there?

HENRY  
 (turning to Caryn)  
 Sandwiches.

RAMIREZ'S VOICE  
 What is that supposed to mean?

HENRY  
 We're eating sandwiches. It's one  
 of the people who works here. We're  
 leaving now.

RAMIREZ'S VOICE  
 What have you told her, Henry?

HENRY

Nothing. We're leaving now.  
 (glancing at his watch)  
 Fifty minutes. I'll be in my office.

RAMIREZ'S VOICE

Alone, Henry. Don't fuck with me.

INT. FARMHOUSE, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As Ramirez kills the line and turns to the exterior camera feed from the leading corner of the Control Center. The tension subsides a bit as two forms emerge from one of the vehicles in the carport and head for the building's entrance. They pick them up with a second exterior camera as they enter the alcove in front of the first set of doors.

RAMIREZ

Open the damn doors.

Danielson complies and on the monitors they watch as the doors open automatically, without prompting.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

Now open the second set. And bring up the feed from the Safe Room.

DANIELSON

We won't have sound.

RAMIREZ

I just want to see what I can see.

And what he sees from the Safe Room camera is Henry and Caryn enter at the far end of the room. Benson, Elliott and Lloyd, all at their workstations, turn as Henry leaves Caryn behind and ascends the stairwell to the catwalk, then crosses to and enters one of the offices upstairs.

From the screens, Eli turns to Ramirez.

HANSON

Why'd you give him so much time?

RAMIREZ

Because WE need the time, Eli.  
 (to Cydney)  
 Is that not right, Ms. Lennox.

LENNOX

(with a quick glance  
 at Eli)  
 Yes, sir.

RAMIREZ

Eli, I want you to keep an eye on what he does with his machine. And with everything else.

HANSON

He's in the room. Why not call him now?

RAMIREZ

Well while we're at it, Eli, why don't we just blow the place up now? How does that sound? 'Course that would cut off our connection with DC, wouldn't it?

Cydney turns to watch, realizing what that would mean.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

(without turning to her)

Back to your station, Ms. Lennox. As I think we've just made it abundantly clear, our hands are completely tied until you finish with what you're doing.

LENNOX

(swiveling back)

Yes, sir.

RAMIREZ

(turning to her)

How much time are we talking about?

LENNOX

Thirty minutes. 45 max.

RAMIREZ

Is there anything we can do to help?

LENNOX

I'm on it, I'm on it.

INT. ALBERT CUNNINGHAM'S OFFICE, CONTROL CENTER - MORNING

Unbeknownst to Ramirez, the office into which Henry has disappeared is Albert's, not his own, and now he is seated with Albert in one of the two chairs across from his desk. The lights are out in Albert's room, and now his window blinds are pulled shut as well. The only light is from the monitor on Albert's desk and from the Control Room below, a faint glow coming through the open door.

HENRY

I thought you were going soft, Albert.

(MORE)



HENRY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for that. It wasn't soft.  
Just plain decency.

CUNNINGHAM

It's okay.

HENRY

No, it's not okay. It's not okay at  
all.

CUNNINGHAM

I understand you spent some time  
outside with Ms. Ericson.

HENRY

We got to stop this guy, Albert.

CUNNINGHAM

I thought he was already in.

HENRY

(almost to himself)

A man who takes that much time to  
explain himself is a man who is not  
telling the truth. He's playing all  
sides against the middle. Stalling.  
For time. He still needs time to  
get what he wants. After that we're  
dead. All of us. Every one of us.

CUNNINGHAM

What are you talking about?

HENRY

(snapping to)

I need your help, Albert. Lena...  
She got a picture in the mail. From  
Anya. It has a watermark.

CUNNINGHAM

How do you know?

HENRY

I'd bet my life on it.

CUNNINGHAM

Why would Anya do that?

HENRY

(beat)

Because she was the one who gave  
them my ID and passcode. It's that  
friggin' professor back in Maine.  
He's the ones behind this.

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)  
 (ref cell phone still  
 in his hand)  
 He's calling back in about 45 minutes.  
 To my office line. If he suspects  
 I'm telling you this, he'll kill  
 her.

CUNNINGHAM  
 She's alive?

HENRY  
 She is.

CUNNINGHAM  
 My God.

HENRY  
 How the hell are we going to pull  
 this off?

CUNNINGHAM  
 (beat)  
 I think maybe you need to talk with  
 Dil Dankowski.

HENRY  
 Why?

CUNNINGHAM  
 I think you should hear it from him.

No response, though it's clear Henry doesn't like the idea.

CUNNINGHAM (CONT'D)  
 He was her boyfriend, Henry, not the  
 devil.

HENRY  
 He's a bum.

CUNNINGHAM  
 Yeah, and where would we be today if  
 she was still with that bum? If  
 someone hadn't sent her off to some  
 fancy school a thousand...

HENRY  
 Alright, enough.  
 (glancing at his watch,  
 ref to Ramirez)  
 Probably watching from the Safe Room.  
 It's a low angle. Tops of the doors,  
 that's probably all they can see up  
 here. You think we can low crawl  
 out?

INT. ENGINEERING ROOM, CONTROL CENTER - MORNING

As Albert enters the room and steps to the side. Dil looks up from this workbench as Henry appears at the doorway.

CUNNINGHAM

Tell him your idea.

Dil glances from Albert to Henry, then back to Albert.

HENRY

Well?!

DANKOWSKI

It's the CB in my truck. We use it sometimes, off-roadin'.

HENRY

So?

DANKOWSKI

It's pretty low tech. I don't see how this guy'd be monitoring that kind of broadcast. All his stuff is network.

HENRY

And you know someone at this time of the morning who might be listening? In the middle of a blizzard?

DANKOWSKI

Yes, sir, friend of mine. You wouldn't know it now with the beard and all but he did 20 in the Marines. Vietnam. Same as you.

Henry doesn't respond, though the news does seem to have an impact.

CUNNINGHAM

Not to mention that he lives about five blocks from your house.

DANKOWSKI

Out on Baker Street. Name's Mackie O'Donnell.

CUNNINGHAM

And he owns a snowmobile.

HENRY

Who doesn't?

DANKOWSKI

He's also got a whole HAM radio rig.  
(MORE)

DANKOWSKI (CONT'D)

Got friends all over the world. You think these guys'd be in on that?

CUNNINGHAM

It gets us outside the fence, Henry. Outside the region. Not to mention that picture frame of yours. And Lena.

EXT. MOTOR POOL GARAGE, CONTROL CENTER - MORNING

As Dil, Albert and Henry skirt along the back wall to a door at the back of the carport. Avoiding the cameras mounted above, they slip into the shadows of the carport and, crouching down, slide along the back wall until they come to Dil's '76 Ford 150. The truck is pulled in head-first so the snow will fill the bed for better traction later on. Dil skirts to the truck's passenger door, invisible to the cameras on the building, and unlocks it. Al and Henry follow him forward, keeping low, as Dil opens the door and points to where the CB radio is mounted under the dash.

DANKOWSKI

Snow shouldn't affect it. Frequency's too low. It should work just fine.

CUNNINGHAM

Do we have to start the truck?

DANKOWSKI

No, it'll run off the battery. It's a new battery. Should be good for a while.

INT. MACKIE O'DONNELL'S HOME - MORNING

As the CB radio on top of the filing cabinet in his den starts squawking.

DANKOWSKI'S VOICE

Mackie-oh, Mackie-oh, this is Dilbert two-five.

EXT. CARPORT, CONTROL CENTER - MORNING

As Henry turns to Dankowski.

HENRY

Two-five? How many Dilberts are there?

DANKOWSKI

I think it's just me. I just like the number.

INT. MACKIE O'DONNELL'S HOME - MORNING

As MACKIE O'DONNELL (58, bearded, backwoods through-and-through) approaches his old CB radio from the kitchen. The home is cluttered but comfortable, the outpost of a man who has come to accept and even prefer his privacy and small comforts.

DANKOWSKI'S VOICE

Mackie-oh, Mackie-oh, this is Dilbert two-five.

Mackie takes the radio's transponder in his hand to answer.

O'DONNELL

Dilbert two-five, this is Mackie-oh.

EXT. CARPORT, CONTROL CENTER - MORNING

As Dilbert responds...

DANKOWSKI

Mackie, this is Dilbert. This is going to sound real strange but you got to believe me, okay? We have an emergency. Major emergency. I'm handing you over to the head of this here First Responders unit we got up here. Do you copy?

INT. MACKIE O'DONNELL'S HOME - MORNING

As Mackie pauses for a moment, then keys the mike.

O'DONNELL

Dil, you sure you're okay?

DANKOWSKI'S VOICE

Mack, I'm serious as a heart-attack. This is important.

O'DONNELL

Okay, then, put him on. I'll do what I can do.

INT. TARZHENKO RESIDENCE - MORNING

As Lena, at the kitchen table, kneading a mound of dough for poppy seed rolls, takes note of the sound of an approaching snowmobile. She moves to the kitchen window as the machine pulls to a stop outside.

EXT. TARZHENKO RESIDENCE - MORNING

As Mackie O'Donnell climbs from his snowmobile and begins trudging through the snow to the front door.

INT. TARZHENKO RESIDENCE - MORNING

As Lena moves to and opens the front door. The winds have abated now but it's still snowing. Protected by the shrubs, though, the covered porch is fairly clear. O'Donnell takes a breath on reaching the porch, then removes his helmet.

O'DONNELL  
Mrs. Tarzhenko?

LENA  
Yes..?

O'DONNELL  
I have a message from your husband, ma'am. We have to be real careful. Something not so good is going on up there at the Center. You mind if I come in.

LENA  
No, please...  
(stepping aside)  
Is he alright?

O'DONNELL  
Thank you, ma'am. No, I think he's okay. It's something to do with hackers got into the system. They got everything covered, phones, everything. All over town.

LENA  
How'd they get to you?

O'DONNELL  
CB radio, ma'am.

INT. ENGINEERING ROOM, CONTROL CENTER - MORNING

As Henry and Albert return from the carport to the relative warmth of the Engineering room.

CUNNINGHAM  
How long you think this is going to take?

HENRY  
I don't know. But I'm getting worried about Ramirez. He doesn't see some sign of me soon, he might get antsy.

CUNNINGHAM  
And what if he calls your office?

HENRY  
Then we're dead.

CUNNINGHAM

You gotta get back up there.

This clearly doesn't sit well with Henry, who keeps glancing back at the door from which they've just come.

HENRY

Caryn's writing some kind of program.  
Don't ask me what. Some kind of  
virus. For their end. If we're  
right about this watermark thing,  
then don't waste your time getting  
it up to me. Get it to her.

CUNNINGHAM

To shut down their systems?

HENRY

I said don't ask me. No idea.  
(beat)  
But you were probably right. She's  
sharp.

CUNNINGHAM

Bit like Anya.

HENRY

Let's just hope it works.

CUNNINGHAM

You going to be alright?

HENRY

Yeah, just sitting up there like a  
loaf of bread.  
(glancing at his watch)  
Going to be the longest half hour of  
my life.

Al reaches out, puts a hand on Henry's shoulder. Henry nods to him, acknowledging the gesture, then slips away.

INT. TARZHENKO RESIDENCE - MORNING

As Lena turns to Mr. O'Donnell after closing the front door.

LENA

Is this to do with the picture?

O'DONNELL

(turning, beat)  
Yes, ma'am. How'd you know?

LENA

It's a telephone number, isn't it?  
I was going to call it but...

She trails off, shakes her head.

O'DONNELL

I suspect that was a real smart move, ma'am. They got to call that thing from outside this region. Sooner the better.

LENA

How?

O'DONNELL

They're waiting on the CB. Mine's back at the house. We'll go with the HAM radio after that.

LENA

How far do you live?

O'DONNELL

Couple blocks, but it's pretty rou-

LENA

(interrupting, firm)

I want to come with you.

O'DONNELL

You got a suit?

INT. CENTER CONTROL ROOM FLOOR - DAYBREAK

As Henry makes his way through the shadows from the Engineering spaces to the catwalk stairwell at the far end of the Control Room floor. Sensing movement, Caryn Ericson glances over, making eye contact for just a moment. He attempts an assuring nod, though the pace of events and his lack of sleep are beginning to show. Crouching low, he turns to climb the catwalk stairs. About halfway up, he pauses to catch his breath, then soldiers on to the door to his office.

INT. FARMHOUSE, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As Ramirez returns to the front room with a fresh cup of coffee from the kitchen. He turns to Cydney Lennox.

RAMIREZ

It's going on 25 minutes, Cydney.

LENNOX

It's getting done.

She glances at Eli then, as Ramirez turns to Drew Danielson.

RAMIREZ

Drew?



DANIELSON

Still no sign of Tarzhenko. The guys on the floor are pinging the comm channels every two minutes or so, looking for an open line.

RAMIREZ

Anything from his machine?  
Tarzhenko's?

DANIELSON

Nothing. Probably just sitting there.

RAMIREZ

I find that somehow difficult to believe.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE, CONTROL CENTER - MORNING

As Henry ducks into his office and moves to one of the chairs opposite his desk. Seating himself, he tries to catch his breath.

HENRY

Jesus.

But there's no time to lose. Standing, he forces himself to straighten up, like the Marine he once was. Always will be. Then he turns back toward the door and...

INT. FARMHOUSE, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As Ramirez turns then to Eli, who is monitoring the Center's external camera feeds.

RAMIREZ

Eli, do you think this might be a good time to touch base with Deb? Just make sure she's ready?

HANSON

For what?

RAMIREZ

For what do you think, Eli?  
(back to his laptop)  
Call from the kitchen, please. We do need Cydney focused.

DANIELSON

(calling out)  
Okay, hold the phone. Tarzhenko just left his office. He's watching from the catwalk.

Ramirez goes over to check.

RAMIREZ

Is that the same office he was in  
before..?

DANIELSON

I don't know. I suppose.

RAMIREZ

Oh, I do wish we had sound.

DANIELSON

We would if they were rigged for it.  
Cut-rate system.

Even without it, though, it's clear that Henry is just  
standing there, rigid, waiting.

RAMIREZ

Let me know if he starts talking  
with any of the others.

DANIELSON

Will do.

Turning back to his own computer, Ramirez senses that Eli is  
still there, still watching him. Without turning...

RAMIREZ

Is there anything you want to say,  
Mr. Hanson?

Without a word, Eli turns, heads for the hallway to the  
kitchen.

EXT. MACKIE O'DONNELL'S HOME - MORNING

As Mackie powers back through the snow to his garage door  
and cuts the engine. Hanging on behind him, apparently no  
stranger to snowmobiles, Lena gets off the machine first as  
Mackie opens the garage door with his remote. Together,  
then, they enter the garage. The door begins to close as  
they move toward the back of the garage and...

EXT. CARPORT, CONTROL CENTER - MORNING

As Al Cunningham makes his way back through the shadows behind  
the cars toward Dil Dankowski's pickup. Seated low on the  
passenger side, Dil seems startled when Albert slips around  
the right bumper and taps at the passenger door window.  
Turning, he signals for Albert to hold. Al quickly sees  
why: with the CB transponder in one hand and a pen in the  
other, Dil is writing something down on a piece of paper. A  
moment later, Dil turns and cracks the passenger door open.

DANKOWSKI

Tarzhenko was right, sir. Looks  
like a phone number.

Albert pauses for a moment, glancing back to the building but realizing that time is critical.

CUNNINGHAM  
(ref to Mackie)  
Is he still on the line?

DANKOWSKI  
Yeah, oh yeah. Mrs. Tarzhenko too.

CUNNINGHAM  
Lena..?

DANKOWSKI  
(nodding)  
Rode over with him.

CUNNINGHAM  
I think I should probably talk with  
'em.

Dil cracks the door open and hands the transponder to Al, then slides over and against the steering column so Al has some room. Al keys the mike and...

CUNNINGHAM (CONT'D)  
This is Albert Cunningham. Do you  
read me?

O'DONNELL'S VOICE  
Mackie-oh. Yes sir, we do.

CUNNINGHAM  
Is Lena there?

INT. MACKIE O'DONNELL'S HOME - MORNING

As Mackie turns the transponder over to Lena. Standing in the den, both are still clad in their snowmobile gear.

LENA  
(keying the mike)  
I'm here, Al. Where's Henry?

CUNNINGHAM'S VOICE  
He's fine, Lena. We're all fine,  
okay? You just stick with us now.

LENA  
I will.

INT. DANKOWSKI'S PICKUP - MORNING

CUNNINGHAM  
Lena, listen to me...  
(MORE)

CUNNINGHAM (CONT'D)

(beat)

I don't know how to say this but it  
might be that Anya's still alive.

INT. MACKIE O'DONNELL'S HOME - MORNING

As Lena steps back, the transponder still in her hand but  
too overwhelmed to comprehend.

CUNNINGHAM'S VOICE

Lena, did you hear me?

LENA

(beat)

Yes.

CUNNINGHAM'S VOICE

We need to do this together, okay?  
There's a very narrow window here.

LENA

What can I do?

CUNNINGHAM'S VOICE

Just work with Mackie, all right?  
We're going to try to get her back.

INT. DANKOWSKI'S PICKUP - MORNING

As Al turns to Dil, not noticing the shock on his own face.

CUNNINGHAM

You're sure we can do this?

(beat)

Dil..?

DANKOWSKI

Anya's alive..?

CUNNINGHAM

Dil, listen to me. HAM to CB at  
Mackie's place so we can hear, HAM  
to phone at the other end. Out of  
state. You sure we can do this?

DANKOWSKI

Yes.

CUNNINGHAM

(handing him the  
transponder)

Then let's make it happen.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As Eli Hanson dials the last few digits of a number, then brings the phone to his ear, waiting for an answer.

INT. BUNGALOW KITCHEN, TROPICAL LOCATION - MORNING

As Deb Blayzer, reading a magazine at the kitchen table, pulls the cell phone from her pocket and flips it open.

BLAYZER

Blayzer.

HANSON'S VOICE

Deb, how's it going?

BLAYZER

Eli...what a pleasant surprise.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As Eli continues...

HANSON

I'm serious, Deb.

BLAYZER'S VOICE

Everything's fine, Eli. Nothing to worry about.

HANSON

Where is she now?

INT. BUNGALOW KITCHEN, TROPICAL LOCATION - MORNING

As Blayzer stands to glance through the kitchen window at the terrace outside. On a bench on the terrace, her back to us, is a young woman with mid-length brunette hair. It's Anya Tarzhenko.

BLAYZER

Reading a book on the terrace.

HANSON'S VOICE

It's down to the wire, Deb.

BLAYZER

How's Paulo?

INT. FARMHOUSE (THROUGHOUT), RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As Eli pauses in the kitchen, glancing back to be sure no one is listening. Slowly now, as their conversation continues in background, we drift away from the kitchen, further down the hall and up a flight of stairs to one of several sparsely furnished bedrooms. In the room is an old iron bed with a quilted comforter, heavy and all a mess on the mattress.

Carefully set between the mattress and the wall, however, plugged into a hidden outlet, is a phone charger. Dangling from the tied up cord of the charger is a cell phone. Only a mouse looking up from the floorboards would know it's there.

HANSON

Can I be honest with you?

BLAYZER'S VOICE (V.O.)

I don't see why not.

HANSON (V.O.)

Something's going on here. Something he's not letting on.

BLAYZER'S VOICE (V.O.)

Like what?

HANSON (V.O.)

I don't know. But it's not the way we were thinking.

BLAYZER'S VOICE (V.O.)

Are they on to us?

HANSON (V.O.)

Tarzhenko? I don't know. He is more than we bargained for.

BLAYZER'S VOICE (V.O.)

That's why we have his daughter, Eli. Insurance.

HANSON (V.O.)

Yeah, well I think he's up to something else.

BLAYZER'S VOICE (V.O.)

The old man?

HANSON (V.O.)

Paulo. I'm telling you, Deb, I'm getting a bad feeling about this. Lennox too...

Back to the farmhouse KITCHEN now as they continue...

HANSON (CONT'D)

...Like maybe we're not going to make it out of this thing.

BLAYZER'S VOICE

What are you talking about?

HANSON

He's using us, Deb. He's got something else planned.

BLAYZER'S VOICE

Eli, that is a...

Suddenly, now, Eli hears footsteps in the hallway.

HANSON

Shit, he's coming.

(changing his tone)

Look, just be ready, okay?

BLAYZER'S VOICE

What..? For what?

Hanson nods to him as though everything is under control as Ramirez enters the kitchen.

HANSON

For whatever needs to happen, Deb.

Just keep the phone with you, all

right? We'll be in touch.

INT. BUNGALOW KITCHEN, TROPICAL LOCATION - MORNING

As Blayzer responds...

BLAYZER

Jesus, Eli, what the...

Cut off, she pauses for a long moment, then...

INT. MACKIE O'DONNELL'S HOME - MORNING

As Mackie, still with Lena in the den, keys the CB transponder.

O'DONNELL

Mr. Cunningham..?

CUNNINGHAM'S VOICE

I'm here.

O'DONNELL

This fella's from Cincinnati, Ohio,  
sir. I think we're ready to go.

CUNNINGHAM'S VOICE

Let's do it fast.

O'DONNELL

10-4.

With the CB transponder still in his hand, Mackie speaks into the microphone attached to his HAM radio set.

O'DONNELL (CONT'D)

Johnny, you there?

From the radio's speakers comes the voice of JOHN BANNER, Mackie's friend in Ohio.

BANNER'S VOICE

Good to go.

O'DONNELL

Okay, then, dial it now.

INT. FARMHOUSE BEDROOM, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As the hidden phone behind the bed vibrates twice, then stops.

INT. MACKIE O'DONNELL'S HOME - MORNING

As the voice of Anya Tarzhenko, via the outgoing message on the cell phone in Maine, comes over the HAM radio's speakers. Lena watches, listens, as Mackie holds the transponder from his CB to the speaker box.

ANYA'S MESSAGE

This is Anya Tarzhenko. If you are getting this message, then something not so good has probably happened. I'm sorry.

(beat)

Anyway, listen carefully, there are three sequences you need to know. Please be prepared to copy...

Lena, ashen faced, grabs a pen from Mackie's desk and positions it above a scrap of paper.

ANYA

The first sequence is an ID, which is M-A-N-E-four-two, then the pound sign, then two-four.

INT. DANKOWSKI'S PICKUP - MORNING

As Al writes as well, Anya's voice degraded through the HAM-to-CB connection but still clear enough.

ANYA (CONT'D)

That is "mane," as in a lion's mane, then 42#24, all a single sequence. The second is a pass code: eight-two-six-six, the "at" sign, then w-i-l-l-o-w. That is 8266@willow, again a single sequence. That is the ID and passcode that you will need to give to Liam or...I don't know, whoever knows what's going on with your system. You'll have to figure out the in-point yourself.

(MORE)



ANYA (CONT'D)

(beat)

The last sequence is another phone number. This is an international call. Worry about the ID and pass code first. Call this number only after you get through. Let it ring twice. Just twice, then hang up. The number is as follows. One-...

INT. CENTER CONTROL ROOM FLOOR - MORNING

As Al Cunningham appears from the shadows at the far end of the room, just as Henry had done earlier on. Only this time it's Henry himself, still standing at the catwalk railing, who takes notice. They make eye contact, enough to get the message across.

HENRY

Mr. Benson.

They all look up.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Are we all called Mr. Benson..?

All but Benson go back to their consoles.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Jay, I think Ms. Ericson is going to need to visit the restroom here in about 30 seconds. Let's please all make this as casual as possible. Do we understand?

INT. FARMHOUSE FRONT ROOM, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As Danielson draws attention to the change in scenery.

DANIELSON

He's saying something, sir.

Turning, Ramirez moves closer to watch. Over his shoulder, so does Eli. Lennox dares not glance over.

INT. CENTER CONTROL ROOM FLOOR - MORNING

As Henry continues.

HENRY

In the meantime, perhaps we could ping the comm lines one more time for good measure.

BENSON  
 (turning to Liam)  
 Mr. Elliott, would you do as the man  
 says, please.

ELLIOTT  
 Yes, sir.

INT. FARMHOUSE FRONT ROOM, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As those who can, watch.

RAMIREZ  
 Any ideas?

Just then a light goes on at the bottom of Drew's monitor.

DANIELSON  
 No, wait. It's just another comm  
 ping. Must be getting nervous.

HANSON  
 When are we going to call him?

RAMIREZ  
 (without looking over)  
 Looks like we're getting a bit nervous  
 at this end too...  
 (checking his watch)  
 You have 10 more minutes, Cydney.

LENNOX  
 Almost done.

RAMIREZ  
 (now turning to Eli)  
 Does that answer your question?

INT. CENTER CONTROL ROOM FLOOR - MORNING

As Liam Elliott reports back up to Henry.

ELLIOTT  
 I'm afraid it's still nothing, sir.

HENRY  
 Thank you, Mr. Elliott. I am going  
 back into my cave now, Mr. Benson.  
 Please let me know if anything  
 changes.

ELLIOTT  
 Yes, sir.

Henry turns to disappear into his office. Caryn, 10 seconds  
 later, stands and turns to Benson.

ERICSON

I need to visit the restroom.

Benson steps forward to watch her console as Caryn moves toward the hallway leading back to the Engineering spaces, and to the lady's room. Clearing the hallway wall, she turns to Albert, who hands her the piece of paper with the ID and passcode.

CUNNINGHAM

You think this'll do it?

She glances at the paper, then back to Albert. Her only answer is a vaguely sinister smile.

INT. MACKIE O'DONNELL'S HOME - MORNING

As Mackie signs off with his friend in Ohio.

O'DONNELL

Alright, Johnny, thanks again.

BANNER'S VOICE

Everything okay?

O'DONNELL

Heck, we're just along for the ride.  
I'll let you know ASAP.

BANNER'S VOICE

Alright then, Banner out.

O'DONNELL

Mack out.

Turning away from his equipment, Mackie glances at Lena. The woman looks close to shock.

O'DONNELL (CONT'D)

You okay, ma'am?  
(beat)  
Ma'am..?

LENA

(turning to him)  
Do they really think she's still  
alive?

INT. FARMHOUSE FRONT ROOM, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As Ramirez steps to behind Cydney's workstation and places his hands on her shoulders, sliding them down along her upper arms as he brings his mouth to her ear. Under other circumstances, it might be a provocative move, almost sensual. But these are not other circumstances. His voice is quiet but firm, almost menacing.

RAMIREZ

You've been saying this for almost an hour, Cydney. "Almost done." I need it done NOW.

LENNOX

Yes, sir.

Ramirez pulls away, turns to Eli.

RAMIREZ

Mr. Hanson, please be ready for full lockdown. Moment's notice. The generators too, I want them up immediately.

HANSON

For conversion?

RAMIREZ

For everything but the security systems, yes. Keep prime to maintain lockdown.

HANSON

(doing as he's told,  
at least for now)

What load you want the generators?

RAMIREZ

Whatever it draws for now. How long will it take to bump that to 300?

HANSON

Percent?

RAMIREZ

How long, Eli? Until they blow?

HANSON

I don't know. Twenty, maybe 30 seconds from keystroke.

RAMIREZ

Cydney time or real time?

HANSON

Real time.

RAMIREZ

(to Lennox)

You hear that, Cydney, real time. For you, that means five minutes. *Will you be ready?*

LENNOX  
(herself overloading)  
Yes.

RAMIREZ  
Mr. Danielson...

DANIELSON  
Yes, sir.

RAMIREZ  
It is time, I think, to muster the  
troops. Engineering and motor pool,  
please, sound the alarms. I want to  
see those people *in* the Control Room.  
All accounted for.

DANIELSON  
Yes, sir.

RAMIREZ  
(to Eli)  
Generator's up?

HANSON  
Not for another couple minutes.

RAMIREZ  
Please let me know when they're ready.  
(turning)  
Drew...

DANIELSON  
They're going now. What about the  
Guard? She probably won't move.

RAMIREZ  
Her only way out is back through the  
Control Room.

HANSON  
Damn it...

RAMIREZ  
What is it now?

HANSON  
We're going to have a problem with  
lockdown. One of the garage doors  
in motor pool. It won't completely  
close.

RAMIREZ  
Ah, yes, their little exercise in  
flag raising.

DANIELSON

We can lock the internal doors as soon as the motor pool guy shows up.

RAMIREZ

Has he?

Drew scans the feed from the Safe Room camera, finds Art McMillan in the commotion.

DANIELSON

Yeah, there he is there.

RAMIREZ

(to Eli)

Lock the door to the garage.

(back to Drew)

What about the Electrician?

DANIELSON

I don't see him yet.

RAMIREZ

Then forget about him. He's ignorant.

(to Eli)

Eli, full lockdown.

(to Lennox)

Cydney..!

INT. CENTER CONTROL ROOM FLOOR - MORNING

As Henry descends from the catwalk and crosses to where Caryn is seated, her eyes bolted to the monitors in front of her, seemingly oblivious to the lockdown alarms that are sounding from every corner of the room.

HENRY

How we doing..?

ERICSON

We're in. It's going after their connections to the network first. Then it should get back to us.

Liam Elliott has also been hard at work.

ELLIOTT

The security system's the only thing not on generators, sir.

HENRY

Watch the load on the generators, Liam.

BENSON

What are they up to?

HENRY

They're going to blow 'em.

Turing, he locates Al across the room, standing beside Art McMillan. The two make eye contact and Al turns, grabs a stapler from one of the desks, moves to a series of vertical pipes along the wall and strikes at the pipes several times with the stapler.

INT. FARMHOUSE FRONT ROOM, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As Drew takes note of Cunningham's actions.

DANIELSON

What the hell is that Cunningham guy doing? And where did he come from?

RAMIREZ

(glancing at Drew's screen)

Eli, now..!

Lennox turns, her eyes connecting with Eli's. Ramirez turns.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

I said NOW!

As Lennox turns back to her console.

HANSON

Not until Cydney's done.

RAMIREZ

We're already done, now do it!

Instead, Eli turns, begins moving toward the kitchen down the hall.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

What Eli is doing is speed dialing Deb Blayzer's number. Ramirez steps over to Eli's workstation and brings up the generator controls. He types in 300 percent for load, hits the Enter key and turns to go find Eli.

EXT. MOTOR POOL YARD, CONTROL CENTER - MORNING

As Dil Dankowski, tucked into a corner of the yard, behind a line of vertical pipes and out of sight of the cameras above, snaps to as he hears the pinging of metal against metal through the pipes. Grabbing the cell phone from his pocket, he speed dials the last number that Anya had given them.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As Eli connects with Blayzer.

HANSON

Deb, get the hell out of there now.

(beat)

Just do it. Now!

He slams the phone shut just as Ramirez enters the room.

RAMIREZ

What the fuck are you doing?

HANSON

It's over, Paulo.

EXT. BUNGALOW, TROPICAL LOCATION - MORNING

The TERRACE as Anya Tarzhenko, still reading her book, pauses abruptly in mid-sentence, her right hand descending to the cell phone hidden in the pocket of her skirt.

EXT. MOTOR POOL YARD, CONTROL CENTER - MORNING

As Dankowski waits for the second ring, then slams his own phone shut, hoping like hell the connection went through.

INT. BUNGALOW, TROPICAL LOCATION - MORNING

As Deb Blayzer, stunned for a moment, glances from the living room to the window in the kitchen. There's nothing she can see from here anyway. Then she turns to a tall piece of furniture in the room and slides her hand along the top of it, feeling for, then finding a small pistol. Bringing the weapon down, she turns again toward the kitchen, then back across the room to the Bungalow's front door.

INT. FARMHOUSE FRONT ROOM, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As Drew Danielson's computer suddenly starts going south.

DANIELSON

What the hell..? The feeds...

(confused, turning to  
Cydney)

You getting any of this?

She turns to him calmly, her eyes almost dead.

LENNOX

They're shutting us down, Drew.

Before he can answer, though, a gunshot rings out from down the hall.

DANIELSON

Holy shit...!



EXT. BUNGALOW, TROPICAL LOCATION - MORNING

The TERRACE as Anya, standing now, drops her book on the bench and turns to glance at the bungalow. No sign of Deb Blayzer. Stepping off the terrace, she begins down the hill toward the forest below. Behind her, she hears the closing of a door. Her steps quicken as she dodges into the shadows of the forest. Then she begins to run for her life.

INT. CENTER CONTROL ROOM FLOOR - MORNING

As the transformers blow, sending shock waves through the Control Room and throwing all but the security lights into darkness.

HENRY

Liam..! The security...

But Henry has his answer as soon as sees that the monitors are dead.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Damn it all.

BENSON

Jesus, Henry, we're in lockdown.  
We're trapped.

EXT. MOTOR POOL YARD, CONTROL CENTER - MORNING

As Dankowski, thrown to the ground and momentarily dazed from the explosion, gets back to his feet. Across the yard, the backup generators are massively ablaze. Closer to his end, though, the prime power transformer is still functioning. With an arm over his face, he races toward the burning generators, cutting to his left at the last second to roll under the half-open garage door in front of the MRAP.

EXT. BUNGALOW, TROPICAL LOCATION - MORNING

As Deb Blayzer, having left the pistol behind, opens the door to an older Toyota sedan outside the Bungalow. As she's about to get in, however, her cell phone begins to ring. She pauses, then pulls the phone from her pocket and answers.

BLAYZER

Blayzer...

RAMIREZ'S VOICE

How's it going, Deb?

BLAYZER

Paulo...hey. It's going fine.

RAMIREZ'S VOICE

Are you in the house?

She glances back at the bungalow, its front door now securely closed.

BLAYZER

Yes.

RAMIREZ'S VOICE

Anya?

BLAYZER

She's here with me.

RAMIREZ'S VOICE

Very good.

A moment later, the Bungalow explodes.

EXT. FOREST, TROPICAL LOCATION - MORNING

As Anya Tarzhenko, hearing the explosion, spins toward the sound, but then loses her footing and plunges down an embankment onto the narrow shoulder of a mountain road.

EXT. BUNGALOW, TROPICAL LOCATION - MORNING

As Deb Blayzer, bleeding from debris injuries, pulls herself up from the ground. Choking, she manages to climb into the Toyota and put the key into the ignition. As she turns the key, however, the car, too, explodes.

INT. FARMHOUSE, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As Ramirez returns from the kitchen to the front room of the house. Cydney doesn't seem surprised to see the gun in his hand. Drew is a different story.

DANKOWSKI

What the hell is going on?

Ramirez raises the pistol and shoots him dead.

EXT. FOREST ROAD, TROPICAL LOCATION - MORNING

As Anya climbs to her feet and turns as a old truck, laden with sugar cane, appears around a bend in the distance. She runs toward it, waving for the DRIVER, a work worn old man, to stop. He obliges as she arrives at the passenger door to the vehicle.

ANYA

(through the open  
window)

Can you help me? Please, I need a  
ride into the city.

DRIVER

Get in, get in.

Anya opens the door and climbs into the cab.

ANYA

Thank you so much.

DRIVER

(as she closes the  
door)

Are you okay?

ANYA

Someone's after me. I need to get  
to the Mission, the U.S. Mission.

The Driver revs the engine, puts the truck back into gear and accelerates, shifting as fast as he can.

INT. FARMHOUSE FRONT ROOM, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As Ramirez turns to Cydney now, who just sits there, all the pieces falling together for her.

RAMIREZ

What was it you said, Cyd? You wanted  
to fuck me?

LENNOX

Paulo, please...

RAMIREZ

Looks like that's exactly what you've  
done.

LENNOX

Why are you doing this?

RAMIREZ

Me? Let me ask you something, Cyd.  
How long did you think I was going  
to stand here watching you pretend  
to do your work?

LENNOX

We never said we were going after  
the data, Paulo. We were just  
supposed to scare 'em.

RAMIREZ

And that we have. Fortunately, you're  
not the only one with the smarts to  
follow it all the way through.

(ref to his own laptop)

I had that system mirrored 10 minutes  
ago. Complete with a nice little  
back door. In so deep they'll never  
know it's there.

(MORE)

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

All that they will know is that we got as far as *you* got. They will sigh their sighs of huge relief, fire a scapegoat or two and go on with their business.

(beat)

Until someone finds enough money to pay for what I can provide.

LENNOX

That's what this is about?

RAMIREZ

What else..? A revolution?

LENNOX

Jesus Christ, Paulo, you're sick.

RAMIREZ

Maybe so but better sick than dead.

Now he points the gun at her as well and...

INT. CENTER CONTROL ROOM FLOOR - MORNING

As smoke begins to fill the room. Turning to Sanchez, Henry signals for him to get Betty from the Guard Shack.

CUNNINGHAM

Sanchez, Betty, now.

SANCHEZ

(leaving)

Yes, sir.

HENRY

And have her bring the hand ax. And the pistol. Bring all the extra ammo she's got.

SANCHEZ

Right.

CUNNINGHAM

What is that going to do?

HENRY

The garage door in Motor Pool, Al, it's ajar. We just got to get past the door to the garage.

BENSON

What about the arms locker?

HENRY  
 (catching on)  
 Caryn..?

ERICSON  
 The alarms are still sounding. That means they still own the security systems. The program won't get to us until it's done with their connection to HQ.

BENSON  
 Oh, that's just great.

CUNNINGHAM  
 Put a cork in it, Jay.

ERICSON  
 It's actually a bit worse than that. I wrote it to go after their own systems next. Whatever they have for programs. Trash it all.

INT. FARMHOUSE FRONT ROOM, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As Ramirez disconnects his laptop and takes one last look around, checking to see if he's missed anything. From the hallway then, from the partially ajar door to the basement, he hears an escalating hissing sound.

RAMIREZ  
 What the hell..?

INT. FARMHOUSE BASEMENT - MORNING

As Drew's own clever little system - now under attack by Caryn's virus - tricks the farmhouse boiler into massive overload.

INT. FARMHOUSE FRONT ROOM, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As Ramirez, realizing what's about to happen, turns to rush from the room. He gets as far as the windows that look out over the front porch when...

EXT. FARMHOUSE, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

...the boiler explodes, sending Ramirez through the window and about 20' beyond.

INT. CENTER CONTROL ROOM FLOOR - MORNING

As Sanchez, ax in the hand, returns with Betty from the Guard Shack. The alarms are still at full throttle.

HENRY  
 (to Betty)  
 You alright..?

CAMBERS  
 Yes, sir.

MCMILLAN  
 I'll take you back.

HENRY  
 Elliott, Sanchez, go help 'em out.

Grabbing their jackets, the two comply, following McMillan and Betty to the back of the building, through the hallways leading to the Motor Pool Garage door.

INT. OLD TRUCK, TROPICAL LOCATION - MORNING

As the Driver, going very fast now, as fast as possible on the winding, muddy road, turns to Anya.

DRIVER  
 Who are these people?

ANYA  
 Bad guys. Very bad.

DRIVER  
 I heard explosions. They have guns?

ANYA  
 I suspect so.

Smiling, the Driver seeks to calm her nerves with a wink and a there-there motion of his hand.

DRIVER  
 I have gun also.

INT. HALLWAY TO GARAGE, CONTROL CENTER - MORNING

The HALLWAY outside the Motor Pool Garage as McMillan, Cambers, Elliott and Sanchez arrive. Here, the smoke is especially heavy. Keeping low, McMillan goes to check the door for heat, and to confirm that it's locked. As he does so, however, he hears the gunning of a car engine on the other side.

MCMILLAN  
 Jesus...  
 (turning to the others)  
 Get back, get back..!

Then, just as they clear away from the door, the back end of an unmarked Crown Victoria - one of the Center's cruisers - comes smashing through the door.

At the wheel, through the billowing smoke, is Dil Dankowski.

EXT. FARMHOUSE, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As Ramirez, oblivious to his injuries, pulls himself up and realizes that he is without his laptop. Frantic, he looks around, then turns back to the burning farmhouse.

RAMIREZ

Oh my God...

Turning back, he notices the panel van parked about 20 yards away. It's the same van he'd used to drive Ben Lamb off the road. Racing to it, he hurls open the driver's door and climbs inside. The keys are already in the steering column. Starting the van, he swerves around and guns the engine, heading straight for the front door of the house.

INT. CENTER CONTROL ROOM FLOOR - MORNING

As Liam returns from the garage, the alarms still sounding.

ELLIOTT

We're through. Dankowski backed a cruiser through the door.

HENRY

That's it, folks. Everybody out.

Grabbing their coats, everyone heads for the back of the building.

ELLIOTT

McMillan's got the new truck. Says it ought be able to slam through the garage door.

EXT. FARMHOUSE, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As Ramirez slams the panel van into the front room of the house.

INT. PANEL VAN - MORNING

The front room of the farmhouse is ablaze but through the smoke, Ramirez can still make out the desk at which he had been working. It's been thrown to the side and there on the floor is his laptop.

INT. FARMHOUSE FRONT ROOM, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As Ramirez jams the driver's door open. Obsessed, he ignores the smoke and heat to reach the laptop, then rushes back to the van, slamming the door closed behind him. The van's engine is still running. What he doesn't know is that the porch floorboards beneath the van's gas line are on fire.

INT. MOTOR POOL GARAGE, CONTROL CENTER - MORNING

As Henry, the last of his team to get into the back of the MRAP, slams the door shut and signals to Art McMillan up front.

INT. PANEL VAN - MORNING

As Ramirez shifts the van into reverse and...

INT. MRAP - MORNING

As Art, facing the half-open garage door in front of the truck, shifts the truck into gear, places his foot over the accelerator and...

INT. PANEL VAN - MORNING

As Ramirez hits the accelerator in the van.

INT. FARMHOUSE FRONT ROOM, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

The surge in pressure on the gas line is all it takes to rupture the line.

EXT. FARMHOUSE, RURAL MAINE - MORNING

As the van's gas tank explodes and...

EXT. MOTOR POOL YARD, CONTROL CENTER - MORNING

As Art smashes the MRAP through the garage door and spins the wheel to the right, pivoting the massive truck away from the burning generators and through the snow toward the chain link gate at the end of the yard. Afraid to lose momentum with the snow so deep, he doesn't let up on the accelerator.

INT. MRAP - MORNING

As Henry and the other struggle to hold on as they smash through the chain-link gate to the yard.

BENSON

(to Henry)

What about the front gates? The drop down trench?

Henry turns to Caryn.

ERICSON

The alarms were still sounding when we left.

Henry turns to glance out the window at the receding Control Center building, now throwing up clouds of black smoke. The snow is spraying past as Art plows as fast as he can through the drifts.



HENRY

We got about 15 seconds before he hits the gates.

BENSON

We're out of the building, Henry. We should have him stop.

EXT. FRONT GATES TO CONTROL CENTER - MORNING

The snow has stopped but it's very deep, obliterating everything in the no-man's-land between the two sets of gates. Preceded by the roar of its engine, the MRAP itself now comes into view in the distance.

INT. MRAP - MORNING

As Henry turns back from the window, to Caryn.

HENRY

You've got us this far.  
(then to AL)  
What do you say?

EXT. FRONT GATES TO CONTROL CENTER - MORNING

As the MRAP rapidly approaches the first of the gates.

INT. MRAP - MORNING

As Albert responds.

CUNNINGHAM

I say let's get the hell home.

Henry smiles, glances at a very nervous Benson.

HENRY

Better hold on tight.

EXT. FRONT GATES TO CONTROL CENTER - MORNING

As the MRAP smashes through the first gate as fast as it'll go in low gear.

INT. MRAP - MORNING

As Henry lets out a war cry.

EXT. FRONT GATES TO CONTROL CENTER - MORNING

As nothing whatsoever happens. At full throttle, the massive truck goes straight through the middle to blast through the second set of gates.

INT. MRAP - MORNING

As Benson, hugely relieved, joins the others in cheering their escape from the Control Center, the billowing black smoke still visible above the treeline through the rear windows. Exhausted, Henry slumps back in his seat.

CUNNINGHAM

You all right?

Caryn looks over, equally concerned.

HENRY

I just want Anya to be okay.

Dankowski turns. Fishing the cell phone from his jacket pocket, he hands it over to Henry.

DANKOWSKI

Her number's the first one on the list.

Henry pauses for a moment, eye-to-eye, man-to-man, with Dankowski.

HENRY

Thank you.

He takes the phone and...

EXT. FOREST ROAD, UPPER MIDWEST - MORNING

As we pull up and away as the MRAP, plowing through the snow like a kid's toy at the beach, appears from the forest that surrounds the Center Compound and pulls onto the road back into town. We hear the rapid-fire tone of Dil's speed dial, two or three call signals, and then...

ANYA'S VOICE (V.O.)

Tarzhenko.

HENRY (V.O.)

Tarzhenko, huh?

ANYA'S VOICE (V.O.)

Dada..?