

FADE IN:

EXT. UNITED STATES - VIRGINIA - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Scenic country roads, patriotic symbols, horses running, the steel blue skyline, and a nondescript building inside a razor wire fence surrounding a bygone cold war relic of importance.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - FOYER - DAY

Moving through a stylized series of art works, displays, and promotional video that says military prowess and the latest online gaming experience.

Prominent on the building walls and promotional material is the game's name: THE BRINK. It's a festive day with balloons and some important people coming and going.

BRAD FORBES, 24-year-old son of current U.S. Vice-President, SHERRY FORBES, is doing a slow walk and talk with REPORTERS and his routine SECRET SERVICE detail.

BRAD

Welcome to The Brink everyone. I'm glad you could all make it. I'm Brad Forbes. The Brink was something real that kept my Mom's generation up at night.

REPORTER

How does being the son of the current sitting U.S. Vice President influence your world view in creating an online video game..?

BRAD

Thankfully, for my generation, it doesn't. I've been told that our generation is lost in simulated life and death conflicts, whereas the older generations did it for real, as if we don't matter.

A long pause ensues, the weight of the comment digested.

REPORTER

Some think it's genius, others say it's a waste of resources, that you're utilizing an old cold war emergency bunker where a select few politicians and their families could survive a nuclear war.

BRAD

It's a ludicrous to think there would be any benefit to survive a nuclear conflict, let alone have the ability to communicate with other Russian bunkers.

REPORTER

They had like old phone lines that went to Russian bunkers..?

BRAD

None of us have any idea how or why this stuff is here. What would they talk about..?

(changes voice)

Hey, we just destroyed the world. Let's talk about peace now.

REPORTER

So you don't think this could be a teaching tool to remind us not to go *the brink* again.

BRAD

(smirks)

That's exactly and all this is.

(sees his mother)

It's better than a real job. And I had some help.

MARIA BLOOM, 25-year-old co-developer and companion, joins Brad's side. SECRET SERVICE AGENTS surround U.S. Vice President, Sherry Forbes, who sends Brad a chilly look.

REPORTER

(lightly quips)

Friends in high places..?

BRAD

Maria is my partner in this project and the game's co-developer.

The press becomes fixated on Sherry's celebrity.

REPORTER

What influence did your mother have..? She is the Vice-President.

Brad makes uncertain eye contact with his Mom.

BRAD

What can you say..? Look at what she's accomplished.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)
 (hesitates)
 I wouldn't be here in every way
 without her.

The media surrounds the hesitant looking Vice-President,
 soliciting her opinions.

REPORTER
 Vice-President..?

SHERRY
 (hesitant)
 My son works hard at what he does.
 I don't completely understand it.
 But that's why I'm here.

BRAD
 There'll be more question and
 answer time later.
 (moves forward)
 If you'll follow me into The Brink,
 we're about to launch the game in a
 few minutes.

They follow Brad out of the foyer area.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - DAY - MOVING

Brad leads the reporters, cameras, and his Mom into a highly
 complicated two level, small warehouse, showing dim red and
 blue lighting, steel girding, and stairs.

Split levels reveal at least two to three dozen computer work
 stations, scads of monitors of different sizes, to a very
 large screen monitor over the center bay.

As Sherry and the entourage enter the development area, their
 gazes say it all: *this is pretty cool*. TECHNICIANS work to
 get everything ready.

Several people are already gathered and waiting. Brad
 motions to the large interior.

BRAD
 This is The Brink. This is where we
 made all the game elements and do
 the live updating.
 (smiles)
 We've had some good battles in here
 during the testing phases.

Reporters and Sherry don't know what he's talking about.

REPORTER

Excuse me..?

BRAD

It's so immersive, it's easy to forget about the real world.

SHERRY

(smirks)

That sounds about right.

Brad motions to the stairs going down.

BRAD

Downstairs is the data center and game intelligence. Follow Maria down the stairs.

He lets everyone follow Maria downstairs. After they pass, Brad meets his mother's eyes, together alone.

SHERRY

This place is kind of like one giant computer game, isn't it..?

BRAD

It isn't Harvard, if that's what you mean.

SHERRY

Boston College would do in a pinch.

BRAD

If I'm going to make a video game.
(hushed)
Shouldn't it be the best.

Sherry smiles skeptically.

SHERRY

If your little game makes you some money, will you think about law school..?

Brad smirks, used to it by now.

BRAD

You know I'm not wired that way. Will your administration endorse the game..? Please.

SHERRY

(hushed)

You know damn well the help you had
in securing this location.

BRAD

Thank you. I'll think about it. I
know you mean well.

He exits down the stairs, followed by her watching eyes.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - DATA CENTER - DAY

Brad meets Maria at the bottom of the stairs, each exchanging
a knowing glance. Brad moves ahead, spins, calls out.

BRAD

This is the dungeon of data..!

To his side are rows and rows of data storage vaults.

BRAD (CONT'D)

The game's intuitive capabilities
are based on the thousands of
terabytes of civilian, military,
and intelligence data contained in
the vaults here.

A GEEKY REPORTER is floored.

GEEKY REPORTER

You can't buy this stuff in any
store that I know.

Brad wonders if he should say anything more. Maria comes to
his side, tapping her watch.

BRAD

This whole facility was modified
from its original purpose.

GEEKY REPORTER

Which was what..? Save the free
world..?

It gets a chuckle. Brad hears the music and moves toward the
stairs, calls out.

BRAD

Exactly. It's time to launch..!

INT. THE BRINK INC. - DAY

Everyone is gathered in the middle of the open floor, watching the big screen. Balloons part, revealing Brad in a spotlight. Sherry smiles as Brad's voice echoes.

BRAD

Ladies and gentleman, welcome to the first online multi-player experience with unlimited player interactions in one large open game world, much like our own.

Applause erupts through the moving theme music and lights. Geeky Reporter nods instant approval while Sherry scrunches her eyebrows curiously.

EXT. RUSSIA - MOSCOW - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A Mosque with its distinctive roofs.

EXT. MOSCOW STREET - DAY

FOUR MEN in a van monitor a building. A state vehicle with a small flag waits for the NEW MARSHAL OF THE RUSSIAN FEDERATION to exit the building.

The man exits, carrying a small case handcuffed to his wrist. He gets in the vehicle and it drives away. The van with four men pursues it.

The state vehicle is quickly cornered in an intersection. The important man inside panics and shouts Russian, but the driver is in collusion with the plot.

With nowhere to go, his car door is quickly opened. The man is escorted to the van where the cuffs to the small case is quickly cut.

The man's hands are quickly strapped before he's put in the van. The case is quickly opened and checked, showing a military panel inside, before it is closed again.

The man who has the case, later identified as EDGAR ROMANOV, quickly gets into one of the cars blocking the intersection and flees.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - DAY

The gathering at the launch has their attention focused on the largest screen. The game launch opens with a mock CNN report, highlighting a world backstory.

On the screen are images of GLOBAL WARMING and a VIRTUAL ANCHOR WOMAN.

VIRTUAL ANCHOR

Scientists agree: the polar ice cap is receding. Politicians agree: with that comes new exploration of the north with arctic sovereignty tests part of our new reality.

Sherry, standing with her son, is mildly intrigued.

BRAD

The game will estimate real options.

SHERRY

Real options are needed.

Brad rolls his eyes, continues to watch the screen, now showing images of the stock market under stress.

VIRTUAL ANCHOR

In the wake of mass job losses and a weakened economy, there is a new horizon.

A graphic showing the whole northern region above Canada begins to glow like northern lights, then moves into a cutaway view of a new mineral deposits.

Sherry glances at her son for a second.

VIRTUAL ANCHOR (CONT'D)

With world wide energy demand exceeding supply, competition to secure deposits of new energy minerals has begun.

Brad smirks, loving the brilliance of it, while catching another glance from his Mom.

BRAD

I know, it's really there.

The music grows more ominous while world navies and planes artistically battle for control. The lights in the building flash as dry ice drops its smoke.

VIRTUAL ANCHOR
Taking us to: The Brink.

There's a fast moving and action filled montage showing the incredible action and outcomes over heart pounding music, until there is a big EXPLOSION.

Sherry takes another good look around, wondering if these people have too much time on their hands, or if this is something she should take seriously.

The opening demo ends and the lights come back up, amid a stream of applause and cheering. Sherry looks surprised.

SHERRY
I didn't know games were supposed to be this real.

BRAD
They aren't. That's what makes The Brink special.

She lends an unconvincing smile.

SHERRY
What would your game suggest we do about the northern deposits on our diplomatic tour..?

Brad hides his discomfort.

BRAD
Mommm.

SHERRY
You made a great game, son. It's time for us to go.

BRAD
(hesitant)
The U.S. will benefit from a North American partnership, led by Canada, for the recovery process. The game suggests it would help ensure economic and political stability.

Maria joins Brad again.

SHERRY
(skeptical)
Your mother suggests you should eat more veggies and get outside once in a while.

MARIA

Thanks for coming.

Brad raises his eyebrows as they watch Sherry exit, Secret Service in tow, studying the intricate interior.

EXT. MOSCOW - MORSHANSK AIR BASE / MILITARY JAIL - DAY

The van with Russia's Military Marshall is briskly escorted out of the van by all four men. He's speaking in Russian, clearly upset by what is happening.

No responses from the men, they hand a paper document to guards at the compound door. TWO GUARDS salute and open the door. Russia's Marshall is escorted inside.

INT. MOSCOW - MORSHANSK AIR BASE / MILITARY JAIL - DAY

Taken down a drab corridor, a GUARD opens the cell door and puts the man inside before locking the cell again.

In cells next to him are other UNIFORMED OFFICERS.

EXT. MOSCOW - RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A building of history and authority.

INT. MOSCOW - RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT / HALLWAY - DAY

NEWLY ELECTED RUSSIAN PRESIDENT, YOSLAV, strides with DIMITRY SILVA, chair of the SCRF (Security Council of the Russian Federation) in a long hallway, shows him his ID.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

(warm)

Security people never come when there is good news.

DIMITRY

President Yoslav.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

The western educated chair, are you not..?

DIMITRY

Dimitry Silva. It's a pleasure to meet you.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
What is the good news..?

DIMITRY
Despite the unrelenting evidence on
the streets and results at voting
stations that the people of Russia
have demanded a change in
government, the old guard resists.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
Of course they do, as they have
always. I may not survive this.

DIMITRY
I am relieved that I don't have to
tell you.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
How bad is it..?

DIMITRY
One of your officers has gone
astray.

They continue walking, turning into an office.

INT. MOSCOW - RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT / PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

In the large ornate office, Dimitry pulls a photo out of his
briefcase, handing it to the President.

INSERT - PHOTO

Of Edgar Romanov

BACK TO SCENE

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
Where from..?

DIMITRY
Strategic Rocket Forces.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
I don't recognize him.

DIMITRY
Edgar Romanov, East coast division.

The President lets a concerned glance.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
Security clearance..?

DIMITRY
Highest.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
Has the Supreme Commander and the
General Staff been informed..?

DIMITRY
(concerned)
We haven't been able to reach them.
We assume the worst. I just
received word that your Marshall
was taken at gunpoint.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
Where is my family..?

DIMITRY
We moved them to a safe location.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
(concerned)
Do you have intelligence..?

Dimitry removes aerial photos, pins them on a large map near
Petropavlovsk, Russia.

INSERT - AERIAL PHOTOS AND MAP

Showing ships and trucks unloading supplies at a small
coastal port near Petropavlovsk, pointing as he talks.

DIMITRY (O.S.)
These were taken yesterday. This
base hasn't been in operation for
years.
(points to the map)
Outside the city, the roads and
train station are full of supplies
and military hardware. We don't
have confirmation of any scheduled
exercises. The buildup is a
troubling sign.

BACK TO SCENE

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
What do you think it is..?

DIMITRY

He may be planning to overthrow
your government.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

Who can I trust..?

DIMITRY

No one. Until or if we can find and
isolate him.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

Can you put down the uprising if it
happens..?

DIMITRY

Not if his leadership is accepted
by the military, mister President.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

(concerned)

Under what posture can I lead..?

DIMITRY

Strong, silent, and in control. You
are the democratic leader of
Russia.

(pause)

It will take some time for him to
convince the rest of the country.
You are this country's only hope.

(pause)

If we run, there is no hope. The
country will erupt into chaos over
night. Everything will be lost.

The men ponder their lives and their country's future.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

I want a military parade outside
these walls.

DIMITRY

(smirks)

Yes, mister President.

EXT. MARYLAND - COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Maria and Brad are having coffee together outside on a patio
table, satisfied and relaxed at the end of a long day. A
SECRET SERVICE AGENT stays in his sedan nearby.

MARIA
Congratulations.

She raises her mug to his, clinking it. Brad sighs.

BRAD
Thanks.

She sees the resigned look on his face.

MARIA
Hey.

BRAD
Yeah.

MARIA
Don't look so happy.

BRAD
Okay.

MARIA
You just launched the biggest
online game ever.

BRAD
I don't need to be the best or the
greatest at anything.

MARIA
Well, I think you are the best and
great, just the way you are.

BRAD
Even if it's just for one day, I
want to be the light, not her
shadow.

MARIA
To gamers in this country and
around the world, you are the
light.

BRAD
I mean in real terms somehow, not
the trinkets of prestige.

MARIA
But you got it anyway.

BRAD

It's a game.

(pause)

It'll never be good enough for her.

She takes his hands on the table and looks into his eyes.

MARIA

Brad, it's what I love about you most. You're fun and you laugh.

BRAD

I just wanna fall in love and live a normal life like everyone else.

MARIA

You're the best video game maker, ever, and that's good enough for me.

BRAD

Everyone wants to be a hero and save the world. I don't.

INT. RUSSIA - MIG-31 JET - DAY - TRAVELING

Edgar sits behind the pilot with purpose on his face.

EXT. RUSSIA - PETROPAVLOVSK AIR BASE - DAY

Planes lined on the tarmac, Edgar strides, carrying TWO LAUNCH BOXES and a shoulder bag, met by a UNIFORMED OFFICER and DRIVER at a black state vehicle.

Edgar shakes hands with the GENERAL-PORUCHIK.

GENERAL-PORUCHIK

Supreme Commander, Romanov.

EDGAR

General, it's a new day.

GENERAL-PORUCHIK

The camp is waiting.

EDGAR

Good.

INT. RUSSIA - STATE VEHICLE - DAY - TRAVELING

Edgar moves forward to the window, smirking delight.

EXT. RUSSIA - BASE CAMP - DAY - AERIAL TRAVELING

A very large area of military might, from GUN STATIONS, TANKS, and INFANTRY DIVISIONS, plus numerous supply stations under large amounts of camouflage netting.

EXT. RUSSIA - BASE CAMP WAREHOUSE - DAY

The state vehicle with Edgar approaches the warehouse in the middle of it all. They stop and exit the vehicle while a mobile command center is being setup.

INT. RUSSIA - BASE CAMP WAREHOUSE - DAY

Edgar enters the dimly lit warehouse, taking a moment to size it up. TECHNICIANS are setting up satellite links to a large number of computer work stations.

A stage setup with camera and lights sits ready. The Technicians slowly recognize Edgar's arrival, stop working, and stand to salute.

The warehouse is run by, LEONARD, mid-twenties, shaved head, and small frame. He delicately approaches.

LEONARD

Commander.

(corrects himself)

Supreme Commander. We've been working non-stop.

Edgar lets a smile, and looks around in appreciation.

EDGAR

Show me what you've been doing.

Leonard gestures to the stage like area.

LEONARD

This is for your live transmission.

Leonard moves to a computer station, Edgar follows. Russian military graphics are displayed.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

This is your team.

EDGAR

Well done, Leonard.

Edgar is intrigued and moves to a large setup, where TECHNICIANS are watching the opening of The Brink online game introduction.

LEONARD

And this is the other team.

Edgar's eyes get a little bigger when he sees the part about the giant oil deposit and the competition for the deposit, which starts a global war. He just stares.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

CNN's there.

EDGAR

Show me.

INSERT - TELEVISION

Showing the CNN story with Brad's picture behind an ANCHOR, running a ticker tape that says: BRAD FORBES, SON OF U.S. VICE PRESIDENT, SHERRY FORBES.

CNN ANCHOR

And today marked the opening of what gamblers all over America are calling the best online video game ever created. The Brink is the brainchild of Brad Forbes, son of Vice-President, Sherry Forbes.

Image switches to a clip of Brad talking.

BRAD

What makes The Brink unique is that it uses real military, intelligence, and civilian data that simulates real world outcomes to complex scenarios.

BACK TO SCENE

Edgar turns away from the television, lost in thought.

EDGAR

I want to see what it does.

They stop to watch the coverage on CNN.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - NIGHT - INTERCUTS

Brad's working at one of the large work stations with other TECHNICIANS, CO-WORKERS, and Maria next to him. He's typing in data, while viewing a web site. CNN is on a television next to him.

INSERT - TELEVISION SCREEN

Showing an ANCHOR WOMAN reading a story about the seabed rights.

ANCHOR WOMAN

The Economic Summit of the G7 began the day with talks about the northern seabed rights, with the U.S. and Canada at the forefront of those talks.

BACK TO SCENE

Brad types quickly, inputting data, then stops. He looks over at Maria.

BRAD

I wasn't a lot of fun yesterday.

She finishes her update, stops, looks, and smiles.

MARIA

But you will be today.

They both get an impish grin.

BRAD

Mom lives in that other world.

MARIA

As long as you stay in mine.

Brad stands and looks over at his co-workers, turns and looks out at the empty stations.

BRAD

One day, this place will be full.

MARIA

We should run another test.

BRAD

Okay. Let's open the server and see who joins.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE BRINK TEST

- A) Screens switch from code work on the game to the graphical player's view.
- B) Lights in room dim, music comes up.
- C) MISC. PLAYERS select ARMIES, and NAVIES, AIR FORCES, MARINES, plus selected tools and options.
- D) Players put their headsets on.
- E) Close looks into serious eyes, reflecting screens.
- F) Fingers tap keys, hands wait by joysticks and mouses.
- G) On Brad's screen he logs in as: THE BRINK INC. With his mouse, he selects and clicks, LAUNCH GAME.

BACK TO SCENE

Brad and his team of co-workers are now all simultaneously launched into a graphically rich environment of a virtual north country.

INT. RUSSIA - BASE CAMP WAREHOUSE - DAY - INTERCUTS

Edgar watches Leonard and his whole crew get themselves ready, then launch into the game. Leonard looks over at Edgar before speaking into his headset.

LEONARD

Let's test their response time for fun.

EDGAR

Good idea.

LEONARD

Let's go old school with jets over on Alaska.

Several of Leonard's team, accelerate their jets across the ocean. Their battle scene reactions with The Brink team INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

AT BRAD'S COMPUTER STATION

He's looking at his radar with Maria and the others, seeing the onslaught of hardware moving in from Russia. Brad adopts a posture of mock fear.

BRAD
Stay calm everyone. Intel, anyone
got intel..!

Maria checks her screen, tries looking up the team name.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

Word in the graphic reads: ANONYMOUS.

BACK TO SCENE

MARIA
Anonymous. Checking the I.P.

Maria frantically types.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

Word in the graphic reads: RESTRICTED.

BACK TO SCENE

MARIA
Restricted. Okay, these players
are serious.

Brad pauses, looks at his team, then smirks.

BRAD
Not as serious as us. How many..?
Anyone count..?

VOICE (O.S.)
Eight.

BRAD
Well then, it's a fair fight.

MARIA
You know the rules everyone, we
made this. Wait for their jets to
penetrate North American airspace.
We're just defending our country.

BRAD
(murmurs)
This is a test, this is only a
test. Okay, let's see how this
works.

Maria slips her headset down, smirks.

MARIA
It's just a game.

BRAD
Did my mother just log in..?

MARIA
The first Russian jets are now
inside U.S. air space.

BRAD
Okay, up we go. I'm with the group
of four jets out of Anchorage.

MARIA
And I'm with a group of four
Canadian jets on a training
exercise.

BRAD
Ships and airports are on stand-
by.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREENS

Show graphically rich flying images from Brad's jet view,
spotting several jets in the distance.

MARIA (O.S.)
There they are.

BRAD (O.S.)
We don't fire, unless fired upon.
It's just a test so far.

The opposing jets create two formations and come head-on,
both teams turning in a fast side swipe formation, just
missing each other.

BACK TO SCENE

Everyone's into it, in awe of the close encounter, seen on
the big screen monitor.

AT LEONARD'S COMPUTER STATION

Leonard exchanges glances with Edgar, both nodding with
excitement.

EDGAR
Turn back and give them some love
will you.

LEONARD
Supreme love, sir.

Leonard instructs through his headset, nods.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
Time for some heat everyone.

AT BRAD'S COMPUTER STATION

He sees the jets making a fast turn back.

BRAD
They're turning back. Okay, stand
by and watch formations.

In the middle of their turn back, Edgar's team starts
shooting, erupting the room.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREENS

Showing the air battles and planes flying for position.

MARIA (O.S.)
Heavy fire..!

VOICE (O.S.)
I'm hit and going down..!

BACK TO SCREEN - AFTER THE BATTLE

BRAD
Disengage everyone.
(pause, concern)
We've lost three jets.

MARIA
We have a special report.

The game generates a CNN news story with the virtual anchor
after major events, seeing her under a banner that reads:
BREAKING NEWS.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

Showing the CNN logo and anchor in a familiar setting.

VIRTUAL ANCHOR (O.S.)

There was an international incident over Alaska today when eight Russian jets entered American airspace and opened fire, downing one American jet and three Canadian jets, in the area on a training exercise.

(beat)

Two Russian jets were also shot down in the incident.

BACK TO SCENE

AT LEONARD'S COMPUTER STATION

Leonard watches the applauding around him with speculation while fixated on the big screen showing of the after news.

IN THE BASE CAMP WAREHOUSE

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

Virtual Anchor continues reading her statement.

VIRTUAL ANCHOR (O.S.)

The markets responded with a sharp decline in North American energy stocks.

BACK TO SCENE

Edgar trades looks with Leonard.

LEONARD

We bought a large volume of energy stocks before we left.

EDGAR

See what happened.

AT BRAD'S COMPUTER STATION

Maria, Brad, and his team are watching the result of the large stock purchase with resignation.

MARIA

They beat us bad.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

Displays a graphic of the world and different currency types, on top of which is a bar graph. It shows U.S. currency falling and European currency rising.

BRAD (O.S.)

The U.S. economy is being decimated. Investor confidence is down. The European currencies are rising steadily.

BACK TO SCENE

Brad trades looks with Maria and his team, talking into his headset.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Don't these people have better things to do..?

Brad removes his headset and logs off, miffed at the loss.

MARIA

I've heard that before.

IN THE BASE CAMP WAREHOUSE

Edgar's pacing in thought, watched by Leonard.

EDGAR

If this game is real, like it claims, then we have nothing to lose and everything to gain.

He stops, lost in a moment of diabolical reasoning.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

With money made through rising energy stocks, we will rise again.

LEONARD

You just won the game.

EDGAR

I'm not talking about the game.

There are looks passed around, obviously unfamiliar with this idea.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

Prepare a message on official
stationary, declaring our right to
the Arctic mineral reserves.

(beat)

Our plans have changed. I am going
to the base.

Leonard's look grows to concern as Edgar exits.

EXT. OPEN SKY - DAY - TRAVELING - THE NEXT DAY

FOUR RUSSIAN MIG-31 FIREFOX jets move into view, screaming
across the cold sky, showing malice in their sharp move down,
disappearing.

After a pregnant pause, FOUR MORE RUSSIAN MIGS move in and
fill the screen.

EXT. UNITED STATES - ALASKA - ELMENDORF AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

FOUR PILOTS hurry to a set of FOUR F-15 EAGLES outside the
main hanger.

JETS RACE DOWN THE RUNWAY

Lifting off to pursue the invaders.

EXT. OPEN SKY - DAY - TRAVELING

FOUR AMERICAN F-15 EAGLES move into view, safe distance from
the Russian MiGs.

PILOT'S VOICE (O.S.)

We have two sets of four Russian
MiGs in U.S. air space. That's
eight in total. Please advise,
over.

BASE RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

It's been a while. All right,
then, chase'em out. Over.

PILOT'S VOICE (O.S.)

Copy.

U.S. jets move into an aggressive posture, nearest jet wags
its wing. PILOT issues the exit symbol with his thumb.

Four MiGs drop back, move into shooting position behind the U.S. jets.

PILOT'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We're locked..!

MiGs begin firing.

PILOT'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We're out numbered and under fire.
Repeat, we are under fire, over..!

BASE RADIO VOICE (O.S.)
Return fire when ready, over.

Two F-15s EXPLODE.

PILOT'S VOICE (O.S.)
MAYDAY, MAYDAY..! JETS DOWN,
OVER..!

Russian MiGs, turn, aggressively pursue and fire weapons again to critically injure the two remaining F-15s, and destroying three of the Canadian jets.

F-15s sink out of frame. All MiGs turn and exit.

BASE RADIO VOICE (O.S.)
We got you on radar..! What's
your status, over..?!

PILOT'S VOICE (O.S.)
MAYDAY, MAYDAY..! WE'RE HIT..!
PILOTS EJECTING..!

INT. THE BRINK INC. - DAY

Brad puts the phone down with a deathly scared look, finding Maria.

BRAD
Put CNN on.

She sees his worry and does it right away. Suddenly her look changes to horror too.

BRAD'S POV - BIG SCREEN TELEVISION

Showing a CNN story with the headline: RUSSIA DECLARES ARCTIC SOVEREIGNTY: TWO DEAD, U.S. JETS SHOT DOWN.

The ticker tape below the Anchor reads: BREAKING NEWS: RUSSIA SHOTS DOWN AMERICAN JETS.

The ANCHOR WOMAN is reading live updates, pages handed to her, somewhat distracted.

ANCHOR WOMAN (O.S.)
 We're still getting live updates.
 If you're just joining us, we're
 getting reports that U.S. fighter
 jets were shot down just moments
 ago. We're still getting details.
 This is breaking news, reports are
 still coming in. There's been a
 major international incident in the
 skies over Alaska.

BACK TO SCENE

Maria paces.

MARIA
 (hushed to Brad)
 What is this..?

The Co-workers involved in the game yesterday slowly gather to watch the news with them.

BRAD
 Don't jump to conclusions.

BRAD'S POV - BIG SCREEN TELEVISION

Shows the same headlines and the same anchor, obviously flustered herself.

ANCHOR WOMAN
 If you've just joined us, details
 are still sketchy, but reports from
 Alaska say that eight Russian MiGs
 penetrated U.S. air space in
 Northern Alaska this morning.
 (pause)
 We're hearing now that a rogue
 commander within in the Russian
 government sent a communique
 declaring Arctic sovereignty just
 moments before the attack.

BACK TO SCENE

Phones are starting to ring, but nobody's paying attention to them. Brad is deathly afraid.

BRAD

Don't answer the phones. Nobody leaves.

Brad paces, then strides out. We follow him.

OUT THE DOORS INTO THE FOYER

Past reception, then out the doors, exiting.

EXT. THE BRINK INC. - PARKING LOT - DAY

Brad exits the building, strides past the SECRET SERVICE sedan, slides the chain link fence shut, locks it. He paces, turns, moves to get in the black sedan.

INSIDE THE SECRET SERVICE SEDAN

The agent's listening intently to the news.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

She's okay. She's on her way back to Washington.

BRAD

When can I call her.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

She's boarding her flight now.

BRAD

Okay.
(searches)
For how long..?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Four hours.
(reads his concern)
Is everything okay..?

Brad stares into space, thinking.

BRAD

It's too similar.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

What's too similar..?

BRAD

I don't know yet.

He exhales, exits the car.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - DAY

Brad enters, seeing THE PRESIDENT OF UNITED STATES on CNN on the big screen. Everyone's watching.

BRAD'S POV - BIG SCREEN TELEVISION

Headlines continue to outline the tragedy as PRESIDENT WALTER speaks with resolve.

THE PRESIDENT (O.S.)

The hasty claims made by Russia, regarding the Arctic reserves is unfounded. We view the hostile actions of Russia as an act of war and will respond accordingly. Our prayers go out to the families of the pilots.

BACK TO SCENE

Brad moves toward the people standing, followed by Maria.

BRAD

We should order some food, groceries, coffee, water. And I need a network specialist.
(searching)
There's a shelter in the basement. I think there's some cots down there. Can someone check it out..?

MARIA

Hey. I'll check it out.

She turns her head to him, like, *take a breath*.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - BASEMENT SHELTER - DAY

They turn on a light in the hallway of an unused portion of the facility. At the end is a vaulted door. It reads: SHELTER.

Brad pushes the big door open, making it groan as they enter.

INSIDE THE SHELTER

Brad flicks a light switch, causing the lights to flicker, revealing antiquated fixtures, panels, an old phone, and beds. They look around, find pillows.

MARIA

I didn't know this place was that old.

BRAD

The cold war was a game, not any different than ours. But nothing was supposed to happen.

MARIA

So this is where we come if they send the missiles, huh..?

BRAD

Their old guard knew that and we knew that, it was a show about fear and intimidation. Everyone knew the ground rules.

MARIA

So why did it end..?

BRAD

They ran out of money. The world's most expensive game broke the world's largest Superpower.

Brad wanders over to a panel and a red phone. It's a time of deep thought and reflection.

MARIA

Hasn't this always been the biggest fear..? That there could be this unknown rogue that takes command.

BRAD

Yeah.

BRAD'S POV - FAX COMMUNICATIONS PANEL AND RED PHONE

That have countries labeled and preset into the base.

BACK TO SCENE

Brad turns away, sits, then lays on one of the beds. She joins him.

BRAD

We need to find out who used the server and where they are.

MARIA

Maybe we should report it.

BRAD

I need something to report.

Brad gets up, then she follows.

MARIA

Are you going to contact Yoda, or
am I..? We need him on our team.

BRAD

(hushed)

His resume isn't exactly ivy
league. Mom would never forgive me
if she found out I hired a hacker
capable of infiltrating government
servers.

MARIA

(quietly)

Remember all those late night talks
when we started this..? About how
future wars aren't going to be
fought by people in the
battlefield, that they'll be fought
with servers, AI, and robotics.

BRAD

(hushed)

I know, but this is real now. If
we engage and it goes wrong, the
whole administration will pay.

MARIA

(hushed)

It was an act of foreign
aggression. They should be seen to
be doing something.

Brad nods hesitant agreement. They exit together.

EXT. MOSCOW - RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT - DAY

With the RUSSIAN MILITARY BAND playing the Russian National
Anthem, PRESIDENT YOSLAV, stands in salute of his country and
flag on the decorated parliament.

The stepped red carpet to the street below is full of waving
flags and cheering people, captured by PHOTOGRAPHERS and NEWS
REPORTERS.

In the street is the awesome display of "old guard" politics,
as truck after truck of ICBM missile is slowly paraded by.

President Yoslav lowers his hand, turns with an ashen expression, met by Dimitry, who whispers into his ear.

They walk into the shadow of the Parliament, then pause and survey the scene again.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

(quietly)

They think we are a great nation,
heroes even. But I am sick of the
old ways.

DIMITRY

(quietly)

We found his camp.

President Yoslav stoically turns and walks toward the building. Dimitry surveys the crowd, looking for dissenters, before following the President.

INT. RUSSIA - BASE CAMP - DAY

Edgar trades looks with Leonard while they're watching a live CNN report on the military parade on the big screen. The sound's off. The graphic reads: LIVE FROM RUSSIA.

A ticker tape graphic on the bottom of the television reads:
U.S. ENERGY SECTOR TUMBLES IN CRISIS.

Edgar paces, growing agitated, showing signs of an inner madness. He grabs the cases with the launch codes, opens them both, turns them on.

EDGAR

Now everyone thinks you are the
hero. I am the hero..! I am the
one who will win the prize..!
And nobody can stop me..!

The boys inside the warehouse applaud, thinking he is mad. Edgar picks up the phone, dials. His conversation with President Yoslav INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

INT. MOSCOW - RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT / PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Dimitry follows in behind President Yoslav, closes his office door, quickly locks it. He throws a large envelope onto his desk, moves to draw the curtains.

DIMITRY

Things are changing. We need to
move you.

(MORE)

DIMITRY (CONT'D)
It's time to contact the American
President and advise him of
Russia's status.

President Yoslav quickly ignites his desk lamp, pulls out the
pictures and report showing where Edgar's camp is.

INSERT - EDGAR'S CAMP RECONNAISSANCE PHOTOS

Showing the warehouse and surrounding forces.

BACK TO SCENE

Dimitry writes down the coordinates.

The President's look is one of resignation.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
The camp is large and I have no
allies.

Dimitry knows it isn't good, forcing a smile

DIMITRY
You're still the hope of the free
world.

The desk phone rings. Dimitry answers it. President Yoslav's
conversation with Edgar INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

DIMITRY (CONT'D)
President Yoslav's office, who is
calling.

EDGAR
Put the President on the phone.

DIMITRY
The President is busy. Who is
calling..?

EDGAR
You must know who I am by now.

Dimitry hands the phone to President Yoslav.

DIMITRY
See what he wants.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
This is President Yoslav.

EDGAR

Mister President, this is Edgar Romonov. I am now the Supreme Commanding Officer in the country.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

Not by democracy. I will not yield to force.

EDGAR

I am in possession of the nation's launch codes. The Baltic Fleet is now under my command.

President Yoslav exchanges a troubled look with Dimitry.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

What is it that you want..?

EDGAR

You will surrender your Presidency to me within twenty-four hours, or I will launch a first strike offensive against the free world.

There is knocking at the door.

Quickly, Dimitry stuffs the envelope with the photos in the back of his pants.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

You are a mad man.

EDGAR

Twenty-four hours, mister President.

Edgar hangs up the phone.

DIMITRY

(hushed)

If you hide a gun, this would be a good time to find it.

More knocking on the door, then a hand tries to open it.

The President pulls a hand gun from his filing cabinet, quickly attaching a silencer.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

Remember training..?

DIMITRY
(cautious)
Yes.

The door is forced open. TWO UNIFORMED GUARDS enter. Stopped at the door with their guns drawn.

GUARDS POV - DIMITRY GUARDING THE PRESIDENT

Standing directly in front of him.

BACK TO SCENE

Dimitry is waved forward. When he moves, it reveals The President's drawn gun, who silently shoots the men down.

Their bodies are neatly pulled in the door as they make their escape into the hallway.

INT. MOSCOW - RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT / HALLWAY - DAY

Dimitry carefully leads President Yoslav toward a door to escape, but is seen by TWO MORE GUARDS, who take chase and force them in the opposite direction again.

DIMITRY
This way..!

Passing President Yoslav's office, to a stairwell, they exit into the basement, pursued by the guards.

INT. MOSCOW - RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT / BOILER ROOM - DAY

Dimitry leads them into a safe hiding spot, quickly references a map. But the Guards are close.

DIMITRY
(quietly)
There's a tunnel.

When they sneak out and run, the Guards don't hear at first, but eventually do and pursue them again. Silenced shots are fired and returned, glinting off metal.

INT. MOSCOW - RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT / LABYRINTH - DAY

Dimitry leads President Yoslav to the place where the tunnel is supposed to be, causing them to pause.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
It's not here.

INSERT - TUNNEL WALL

Is sealed closed with brick.

BACK TO SCENE

Bullets fly, causing them to sprint down another long hall that twists out of harms way. Two Guards continue to chase and pursue.

DIMITRY
We have to find another way.

Dimitry puts the President in front of him, takes the gun, both running down a long series of halls, occasionally looking back to return fire.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
Thank you, Dimitry, for everything
you do, no matter what happens.

More halls, tunnels, and gunfire, until they turn a corner into a dead end. Dimitry is terrified, but President Yoslav's eyes brighten.

DIMITRY
Our luck has run out.

Two more shots, one grazes Dimitry in his left shoulder, but returns fire with his right hand. President Yoslav takes the gun from Dimitry and puts him in front.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
I know where we are. Hang on.

He pivots and returns fire, killing one of the guards, pulls Dimitry around the corner into a large open door.

INT. MOSCOW - RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT / BUNKER - DAY

President Yoslav and Dimitry heave the big heavy door shut just in time.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV'S POV - HEAVY METAL LATCHES

Are heaved down into position, twisted shut, then locked.

BACK TO SCENE

They've locked themselves in a large fallout shelter with no way of escaping.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
It can't be opened from outside.

INT. MOSCOW - RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT / LABYRINTH - DAY

The remaining Guard finds the fallout shelter, knowing there is no way it can be opened from the outside.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - NIGHT

Brad wanders out to the open floor, looking up at the big screen television.

INSERT - BIG SCREEN TELEVISION

Shows a US DOLLAR SYMBOL with a ticker tape headline, reading: U.S. ECONOMIC CRISIS DEVASTATING.

Dissolves to stock footage of subs and aircraft carriers with the ticker tape headline, reading: RUSSIAN COUP THREATENS WEST: NATION ON ALERT.

BACK TO SCENE

Brad continues to a vacant work station where YODA, twenties, in a military issue shirt with a necklace of zip-drives, is doing a user search and system scan.

AT YODA'S WORK STATION

Brad leans in.

YODA
Hey, Brad.

BRAD
Yoda.

YODA
There's always one, isn't there.

BRAD
There's more than one and they're serious players.

YODA
Looks like it. We knew this possible and utilized the built in safeguards.

BRAD
(sighs)
Yeah. Do you have anything..?

Yoda smirks, brings up a graphic of the world.

INSERT - COMPUTER GRAPHIC

Showing lines going to different points all over the world.

BACK TO SCENE

YODA
It's pinging off multiple sources.

BRAD
Is our network secure..?

YODA
We build it on top of the most secure platform in its day and made improvements.

BRAD
We could shut the whole thing down and we could all go home.

YODA
Yah can't run now, friend. This is your world, our world.

BRAD
Well, now it's the real world and I didn't sign up for that.

Yoda stops and turns to look Brad in the eyes.

YODA
I know you're this opposite to your Mom's personality guy and everything that goes with it, but.

BRAD
What if this doesn't work out..?

YODA

This is your house now. You might be the only one in the world who can stop the unthinkable from happening.

BRAD

(hushed)

She hates this. She hates everything about what I'm doing here. If I were to meddle in her world without her knowing.

YODA

The world goes through its stuff. Even the online world.

BRAD

Then can you test the world for me, I'm concerned.

YODA

Test the whole online world..?

(sighs)

As long as you don't run.

BRAD

I need to talk to Maria.

Yoda watches Brad exit into the basement.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - BASEMENT SHELTER - NIGHT

Brad enters the shelter, joined my Maria. She tries adjusting the overhead lights, but can't. Brad flips a switch on the console.

BRAD

This place gives me the creeps.

BRAD'S POV - FAX COMMUNICATIONS CONSOLE

Lights up, turning a small panel light on. Some other small lights blink, including the country lights.

BACK TO SCENE

He turns off the overhead lights, leaving the panel lights on.

MARIA

Lay down for a minute.

He does, in the bed next to her.

INT. MOSCOW - RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT / BUNKER - DAY

President Yoslav is fixing the shoulder of Dimitry, with his shirt down, using some bunker medical supplies. He dabs the excess blood.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
Just a nick.

He opens an anti-septic compress, cleans it. Dimitry reacts.

DIMITRY
Thank you, mister President.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
I was a medic.

A bandage is applied to the wound. Dimitry stands, pulls his shirt back up, buttons it.

DIMITRY
What did Edgar want..?

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
My job.

Dimitry wanders over to a similar fax communications console, plays with it.

DIMITRY
Anything else..?

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
He has the launch codes. The Baltic Fleet is under his command. If I don't surrender my Presidency within twenty-four hours, he will launch a missile attack against the West. Other than that, not much.

The men share a moment of resignation.

DIMITRY
It's what we used to do. Drills, believing we could all survive, living underground is this dark, secret unknown utopia with no daylight. How fun.

DIMITRY'S POV - FAX COMMUNICATIONS CONSOLE

Lights up as it does, turning on the small panel light. Similar blinking lights and country lights flicker.

There is a red phone on the panel.

BACK TO SCENE

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

I never thought we'd need such foolish inventions.

DIMITRY

May I ask what it is..?

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

It was a long time ago. It's how leaders are supposed to talk if we are all in our bunkers.

DIMITRY

What are all these buttons..?

INSERT - MANY BUTTONS ON THE PANEL

Have heavily soiled and faded buttons labeled with different cities in Russia, countries around the world, and places in the United States. None of them are lit, except one lonely non-labeled button.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV (O.S.)

When leaders go into the bunker, the panel is supposed to be turned on. If they do that, their button lights up like that one.

DIMITRY

That's it.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

There is this stupid idea that you can talk to your adversary on the phone after the world gets destroyed.

BACK TO SCENE

The men look at each other for a moment.

DIMITRY

That's a very stupid idea indeed.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
We have three days of rations.

DIMITRY
Shall we order some take out before
the end of the world..?

Dimitry pushes the button down. It flickers for a second, but nothing, then goes solid again. The red panel phone begins to ring.

DIMITRY (CONT'D)
Now what..?

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
It's ringing on the other end, pick
it up.

Dimitry picks up the phone.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - BASEMENT SHELTER - NIGHT

Brad and Maria are sitting on the edge of their beds, staring at the panel's red phone that's now ringing. They look at each other, then the phone again. It seems to ring forever.

MARIA
Maybe you should answer it.

Brad sighs and reluctantly gets up, goes to the phone, places his hand over the handset, looks at her.

BRAD
It's gotta be a wrong number.

MARIA
There's only one way to find out.

Brad picks up the phone, places it to his ear. His conversation with Dimitry and President Yoslav INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

BRAD
Hello.

Dimitry's eyes dart to President Yoslav's.

DIMITRY
Hello. There's somebody there.

Brad's eyes connect with Maria's, nods.

BRAD

Yes, there's somebody here.

DIMITRY

Where are you..?

BRAD

I'm in a bunker at the place where I work. Where are you..?

DIMITRY

Same. You don't sound Russian.

BRAD

Russian..? No. Are you..?

DIMITRY

Yes. We need your help.

BRAD

What kind of help..?

DIMITRY

Important help. Where are you..?

BRAD

Like, what street..?

DIMITRY

No. Country and city.

Brad's a little spooked, holds the phone so he can't hear him talk to Maria. But President Yoslav can be heard through a panel speaker.

BRAD

(hushed)

He's Russian and he wants to know what country and city we're in.

MARIA

(hushed)

Give me the phone.

She takes it, sensing the urgency.

MARIA (CONT'D)

We're in the United States, in Virginia. Who is this..?

DIMITRY

My name is Dimitry Silva, I'm the chair of the Security Council for the Russian Federation.

They both understand this is something really important.

MARIA
(whispers)
He's with security. S.C.R.F.

Brad anxiously paces.

BRAD
Who does he work for..?

DIMITRY
Hello, are you there..?

MARIA
Can I ask who you work for..?

DIMITRY
(very hesitant)
If I tell you, will you try and
help me..?

MARIA
Yes, deal.

BRAD
(whispers)
What deal..? You don't even know
what it is yet.

MARIA
(hushed)
Shhh, I'm listening.

DIMITRY
Can I ask your names, and what you
do in Virginia..?

MARIA
I'm Maria, and he's Brad. We work
for an online video game company
called, The Brink.

DIMITRY
Maria, I'm with the President of
Russia. Our country is in grave
danger. We need your help.

Maria is stunned.

MARIA
Ohhh.. Shit.. Just a sec.
(to Brad)
(MORE)

MARIA (CONT'D)
He works for the President of
Russia. Talk to him.

Brad takes the phone.

BRAD
This is Brad Forbes. What is this
about exactly..?

DIMITRY
There's no light way of putting
this.

BRAD
Try me.

Dimitry hands his phone to President Yoslav.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
This is President Yoslav, the new
democratically elected leader of
Russia.

Brad listens with a serious look.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV (CONT'D)
Less than a week ago, the country's
military leaders were detained and
sent to unknown locations by those
under the direction of a former
officer from our Strategic Rocket
Forces.

BRAD
Mister President, why are you
telling me this..? Isn't this
sensitive government information?

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
Yes it is. The old guard is very
entrenched and they refuse to go
after the election.

BRAD
I'm still trying to figure out why
I'm having this conversation with
the new President of Russia inside
an old cold war shelter..?

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
You will understand in a moment. I
need you to listen. His name is
Edgar Romanov.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT YOSLAV (CONT'D)
He now has control of The Baltic
Fleet and the rest of the country's
military command, including the
launch codes.

Dimitry is sending information through the fax panel, getting
it to work.

Maria watches it come out on their end.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV (CONT'D)
He has given me twenty-four hours
to relinquish my Presidency, or he
threatens to launch our country's
nuclear missiles into the free
world.

BRAD
Look, I don't know what you're
trying to pull here. Did somebody
put you up to this..? Are you that
guy who ran us over in the game,
and then went and shot our planes
down for real..?

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
No, it was he. We have sent you his
whereabouts on a map, his
background, and satellite images of
his camp.

Maria's showing him the camp photos and information about
Edgar.

BRAD
Why aren't you talking to
Washington right now..?

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
He sent his men to find us and we
had to leave in a hurry.

BRAD
Where are you..?

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
We've locked ourselves inside a
fallout shelter under the Russian
Parliament. There are men outside
who want to harm us.
(pause)
Brad.

BRAD

Yeah.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

There's a warehouse with weaponized drones within strike distance. It was shut down. The country's military is not to be trusted. I need your help.

President Yoslav holds up a map and documents.

BRAD

Do they still work..?

He hands them to Dimitry, feeding them into the fax machine.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

Despite our old and archaic ways, they still fly. I'm sending you the network access so they can be operated from your servers.

BRAD

You mean fly them..?

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

Yes.

There is a long gap of silence. Brad and Maria look at each other. Dimitry nods to President Yoslav.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV (CONT'D)

And Brad.

BRAD

President Yoslav..?

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

You need to go and tell somebody in Washington.

BRAD

(hesitant)

Sherry Forbes, the U.S. Vice-President. She's my mother.

President Yoslav looks at Dimitry and nods.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

You need to call her right away.

BRAD

Right now..?

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

Yes.

The red phone is slowly lowered, contemplating the gravity of the situation.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - DATA CENTER - NIGHT

Brad and Maria exit the shelter, up the hall toward us, into the data center, pausing. Maria's checking the faxed documents. He paces wildly.

MARIA

You have to call her now, okay.

BRAD

Noooo, no, no, noooo..! This isn't supposed to happen..!

She stops him.

MARIA

But it is.

BRAD

It's three a.m.

MARIA

(frustrated)

Brad Forbes..! If you want more early mornings together, get your head out of the cloud of self-pity its been in, and figure this thing out..!

(beat, emotional)

I'm scared too..! So is your mother, but she'd never admit it. Be the man I know you are and take care of this. You're smart and talented beyond belief.

(crying)

We can fly these drones with this platform, and some unlikely crew of gamers and a few real pilots, can't we..? It can't end like this.

Brad winds up, his wheels spinning.

BRAD

Where's Yoda.

They briskly exit.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT

AT YODA'S WORK STATION

He's cringing at the test results of the world.

INSERT - YODA'S COMPUTER SCREENS

Showing graphic atomic blasts and then a world map that slowly turns into radiating and glowing red circles.

The screen fades to black. Text appears, reading:
THERMONUCLEAR WAR: NO SURVIVORS.

BACK TO SCREEN

Yoda turns at the sound of Brad bounding toward him from behind, quickly extinguishes the test on the screen.

BRAD

How did the test go..?

YODA

I thought you were sleeping.

Brad hands Yoda pages of President Yoslav's faxed server codes for the Russian drones.

BRAD

Start figuring out a way to get these older real Russian drone codes to work with The Brink.

The people around them stop and take notice.

YODA

Hey, whoa. Slow down.

BRAD

(flustered)

The President of Russia. I just talked to him. His government is under siege.

Quickly shows him an aerial picture of the warehouse with its coordinates listed below.

BRAD (CONT'D)

This where the drones are stored. President Yoslav sent us these operation codes from a bunker in the Russian Parliament. He needs our help. Go in and have a look.

YODA
(confused)
What, where, how, why..?

BRAD
(quickly)
A rogue Commander has control of the Russian military. The democratic leader of Russia is in a fallout shelter under the Russian Parliament. They've locked themselves inside and hostile forces are trying to break in. We just spoke to him from our bunker.

YODA
You want me to program Russian drones into The Brink, a game that's based on old military infrastructure.

BRAD
I did what you said and you were right about the whole thing.

YODA
Yeah, but.

BRAD
Yeah, but nothing. Codes are your house and I need you now more than ever. We have twenty-four hours.

YODA
Dude, I was just sayin' this is important, so do something.

Brad's steely eyes lock with Yoda's.

BRAD
We are the only ones in the West who have direct access to the Russian president in the midst of a crisis.

Yoda nods, scans the code.

YODA
Okay. I'll see what I can do.

BRAD
Good.

YODA
Have you talked to her..?

BRAD
(sighs)
I'm going to try and reach her now.

Brad hastily exits.

EXT. THE BRINK INC. - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Brad approaches his Secret Service agent's sedan, taps on the glass, gets in the back seat with purpose.

INSIDE THE SECRET SERVICE SEDAN

The tired agent sees his troubled look.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
You're back.

BRAD
The Russian government is under siege. It's connected to the Alaska incident and the game. I just spoke to the Russian President and I need to talk to her. Right now.

Secret Service Agent nods, activates his phone, hearing it ring in the sedan. A man answers.

VOICE
Go ahead.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
I'm with Brad Forbes, connect us to Vice-President Forbes.

INT. SHERRY FORBES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

In bed, sleeping nearest to us, her HUSBAND on the other side, the phone rings next to her on the night table.

She wakes, picks up her phone.

SHERRY
Hello.

Listening, she swings the covers off, sits up with a concerned look.

SHERRY (CONT'D)
How long ago..?

She turns the light on, shakes her husband awake.

SHERRY (CONT'D)
Brad..? It's after three.
(pause)
Okay, slow down. The President of
Russia..? Where is he..?
(she digests the gravity)
Barricaded in an emergency bunker
in the Russian Parliament. When
did you find this out..?

Sherry turns to her husband.

SHERRY'S HUSBAND
You better wake the President.

BRAD
We've been butting heads lately and
I realize I'm not perfect..

SHERRY
(cuts him off)
We can do this later, I have to go.

Sherry swiftly terminates the call and initiates her next,
speaking into her phone.

SHERRY (CONT'D)
The Russian President's in a bunker
with hostiles outside the door.
Get the chopper fueled, we're going
back to The Brink.

She ends the call, looking at her husband.

SHERRY'S HUSBAND
Isn't it just a game..?

SHERRY
(worried)
Brad just spoke to the President of
Russia. He needs our help.

SHERRY'S HUSBAND
Brad spoke to the President of
Russia..?
(thinks)
He needs our help..?

Sherry sits in a moment of recognition, regretting how hard she's been on him.

SHERRY

President Yoslav is locked in a fallout shelter under the Russian Parliament. Forces loyal to a rogue commander are trying to open the shelter.

(thinks)

We're a heavy metal door away from returning to a hardline regime change.

Sherry briskly gets up and begins dressing.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - NIGHT

AT YODA'S WORK STATION

He's furiously working through reams of code on his screen.

YODA

Web cams, here we go.

Yoda starts placing their images across monitors.

Brad joins him, seeing inside Edgar's warehouse with glorious detail, everyone mystically entranced.

BRAD

We should be arrested for this.
It's stunning.

YODA

Everything's a go inside the drone facility. But we need feet on the ground to go in and do some basic things like turn them on and open the doors

The phone rings, tied to Brad's belt. He answers.

BRAD

Yeah.

(pause)

I'll be right out.

He ends the call and puts the phone back on his belt.

YODA

Company..?

BRAD
You could say that.

EXT. THE BRINK INC. - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Brad confidently enters the empty parking lot and pauses to take several deep breaths.

BRAD'S POV - THE NIGHT SKY

Is full of stars and beautifully silent.

BRAD'S POV - THE QUIET STREET

Catching the artistic glints of street lights.

EXT. VIRGINIA SKYLINE - NIGHT - TRAVELING

A VH-71 PRESIDENTIAL HELICOPTER thunders across the night sky, flanked by a MILITARY ESCORT.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL HELICOPTER - NIGHT - TRAVELING

PRESIDENT WALTER, fifties, sits stern faced in his seat.

EXT. VIRGINIA STREETS - NIGHT

Two police cruisers, with their lights flashing, escort Vice-President Forbes' sedan, trailed by two more sedans, at a high rate of speed.

EXT. THE BRINK INC. - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Two police cruisers block off streets around The Brink, letting Sherry's entourage enter the parking lot. INTERCUT AS NECESSARY the reactions from inside.

The Presidential Chopper appears, its lights on, carefully landing on the roof helipad.

The military escort chopper beams its light on the ground and circles The Brink.

Vice-President Forbes and the President get out of their cars and purposely march toward the entrance, flanked by their AIDS and several Secret Service.

President Walter's Aid carries his mobile nuclear missile launch case.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS - REACTIONS

To what is happening outside, hearing the choppers.

A) Several staff wander down to the middle of the floor, looking up.

B) Maria stands, goes to the railing, looking up.

C) Co-workers exchange looks, standing, one after the other.

D) Yoda feels the thundering vibration of the choppers, stands, murmuring.

YODA

We're not in Kansas anymore.

BACK TO SCENE

Sherry enters, flanked by Secret Service, meeting Brad's eyes across the large room. There's a pause, a moment of recognition. Maria comes to Brad's side, softly says.

MARIA

I'll go open the roof door.

BRAD

Good idea.

Maria exchanges glances with Sherry, then exits. Sherry moves heavily forward.

SHERRY

Brad.

BRAD

This way.

All eyes on their interactions.

SHERRY

The President's been briefed.

President Walter, descends the metal stairs to meet them.

BRAD

Mister President.

PRESIDENT WALTER
 Brad, Vice-President, Forbes.
 (they shake hands)
 We need confirmation of President
 Yoslav's situation before we make
 any decisions.

BRAD
 This way.

Brad turns and exits toward the stairs down, The President,
 Sherry, and Secret Service follow.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - BASEMENT SHELTER - NIGHT

Looking out the open door, the lights and communications
 panel are all on. Brad, Sherry, and the President enter.
 The rest stay outside.

PRESIDENT WALTER
 How'd he make contact..?

Brad gestures to the panel.

BRAD
 He called here.

INSERT - FAX COMMUNICATIONS PANEL

Seeing Brad's fingers scanning the buttons, arriving at one
 single lit button that reads: PARLIAMENT.

BACK TO SCENE

Brad, in a moment of insecurity, looks at Maria.

MARIA
 Press it.

He does. After a pause, the red phone starts to ring.
 Maria's eyes dart.

MARIA (CONT'D)
 Pick up the phone.

Brad picks up the phone. They can hear him through a small
 speaker. The conversation with President Yoslav INTERCUTS AS
 NECESSARY.

INT. MOSCOW - RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT / BUNKER - DAY

President Yoslav sits on a chair, Dimitry on the edge of a bed. With the RED PHONE RINGING, the men share a glance of hope. Dimitry moves, picks the phone up. Their conversation with Brad and the President INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

DIMITRY

This is Dimitry.

BRAD

Dimitry, it's Brad. I have President Walter and Vice-President Forbes here.

There are looks exchanged by President Walter and others.

DIMITRY

Thank you.

BRAD

Are you both safe..?

DIMITRY

So far.

BRAD

This is President Walter.

President Walter takes the phone.

DIMITRY

President Walter is on the phone.

President Yoslav receives the phone.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

President Walter, it's good to hear your voice.

PRESIDENT WALTER

President Yoslav, I hear that you have a very serious situation on your hands.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

Yes we do. As the democratically elected leader of Russia, I have not authorized any actions against the United States.

PRESIDENT WALTER

What happened..?

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

A mad man has obtained the launch codes and obtained command of our fleets. He threatens to strike the United States with nuclear missiles in less than twenty-four hours. We have given Brad information on his whereabouts, and you have my full permission and support to use as much force as necessary to stop him. Brad has also received the operational codes to a drone base nearby.

President Walter takes a good look at his colleagues and staff, taking a long pause.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV (CONT'D)

I could be more eloquent, Mister President, but we are running out of time. Good luck.

PRESIDENT WALTER

We'll do everything we can to deal with the situation. Sit tight, we'll get to you.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

Keep me updated.

PRESIDENT WALTER

Good day, mister President.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

And good night.

Both Presidents hang up their phones. President Walter looks to his staff, reading his grave look.

PRESIDENT WALTER

We're staying here, we don't have a lot of time. Setup a work area.

President Walter starts a walk and talk out into the complex, trailed by Secret Service and his Aides.

PRESIDENT WALTER (CONT'D)

Assemble all the maps and information President Yoslav sent.

MARIA

They're with me.

BRAD

There's a secure phone line.

PRESIDENT WALTER

Good. Connect it to the Situation Room, please. What are your people doing upstairs right now..?

BRAD

We've opened all the web cams to Edgar's warehouse. Yoda's monitoring their movements and running test scenarios.

President Walter pauses with his staff.

PRESIDENT WALTER

Anything else..?

BRAD

Yeah.

After a stuck pause, Maria nods to prompt him.

BRAD (CONT'D)

The drones President Yoslav mentioned all have fuel and appear to work.

SHERRY

Anything else..?

BRAD

President Yoslav gave us the server codes to their drones, within strike distance, so we can run the operation here, through The Brink's platform.

Sherry's look says, *please, don't embarrass me.*

BRAD (CONT'D)

Yoda's upstairs. I'll show you.

He starts to move, Sherry stops him.

SHERRY

(quietly)

Brad, we don't have a lot of time, just tell us.

BRAD
 We think we can fly Russian
 military drones remotely using The
 Brink's platform.
 (pause)
 Here.

Sherry's embarrassed, not seeing the President's engaged
 expression.

SHERRY
 (quietly)
 Brad, we can't risk..

PRESIDENT WALTER
 (cuts in)
 Show us how it works.

BRAD
 This way.

Brad leads The President toward Yoda, with his surprised
 Mother following.

AT YODA'S WORK STATION

He's populating several different workstations, each with
 large screens, dual displays, plus a couple overhead monitors
 in a techno village.

Edgar's warehouse web cam images are on monitors behind him.
 His *world tests* are still igniting bombs, but he's enthralled
 with a drone image.

Hearing them arrive, he quickly extinguishes the atomic blast
 images, replaces them with *happy world* pictures, just as
 Brad, President Walter, and Sherry arrive.

YODA
 I think we're up.
 (nods)
 President Walter. Vice-President,
 Forbes.

BRAD
 This is Yoda.

President Walter glances at Sherry.

YODA
 My Mom was a Star Wars fan.

PRESIDENT WALTER
How does this work..?

Yoda motions to a live video camera feed at the Russian drone facility. A young person is seen alone in the facility uncovering the drones and turning them on.

YODA
We're about to find out. He looks twelve, this guy, I've never met him. He's smart, this kid. Got me out of a jam once, so I sent him by train.

SHERRY
What's he doing..?

YODA
He's turning the drones on.

Sherry moves her eyes around, like, *what the hell is this..?*

YODA (CONT'D)
The good news is that the code base of their flight panels are pretty similar to what we use here.

Sherry looks at Brad, astounded.

SHERRY
You think you can actually do this.

BRAD
The drones are within striking distance. Their military is on high alert. This base isn't active, it's off their grid. We can surprise them.

Yoda switches a drone camera on, puts it on his screen with the game controls.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Okay, looks like we've got control of a drone. Lets slow roll around the hanger first.

The drone starts to move, garnering excited looks from everybody. Yoda turns, nods to The President and Sherry.

YODA
Okay, that's enough. We'll be able to do this. Now, we need players and pilots.

The drone stops moving. Yoda sends a text to his friend.

BRAD

Do we have any actual drone pilots
the Washington area..? We need all
of them.

Yoda nods, hands him the list.

YODA

Get these players.

Brad hands the list to Maria.

BRAD

They have addresses.

AT BRAD'S WORK STATION

He addresses his Co-workers, listening attentively.

BRAD

We need every single work station
he have up and running.

Co-workers disperse, acting immediately.

EXT. VIRGINIA NEIGHBOURHOOD - PEDRO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An unmarked bus, with mostly YOUNG PEOPLE inside, is escorted
by police cruisers. A POLICE OFFICER knocks at the door.

A BLEARY EYED FATHER opens the door, squints at the light,
obviously concerned.

FATHER

Officer. What's going on..?

OFFICER

We're looking for Pedro Martinez,
sixteen-years-old.

Father looks around for television cameras.

FATHER

(hushed)

Did he do something..? I don't
know how, he's always on that game
thing of his.

OFFICER
No, sir, it's a national emergency.
The United States government is
asking for his help.

Father shakes his head, recognizing the seriousness, turns
and calls.

FATHER
Pedro..! Pedro, come here..!

A blurry eyed, PEDRO, arrives at the door, confused by the
scene.

OFFICER
Pedro Martinez.

PEDRO
Yeah.

OFFICER
Do you play video games..?

PEDRO
Yeah, what's this about..?

OFFICER
Is your profile name, Ace in the
hole..?

PEDRO
Yeah, it's a gamer tag.

OFFICER
I see.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Get dressed and come with me.

PEDRO
What did I do..?

OFFICER
It's a Presidential Order. You'll
be briefed when you get there.

PEDRO
Am I in trouble..?

OFFICER
No, but someone is an they need
your help at The Brink.

Pedro's wheels turn, runs to get dressed, finds his coat and pack.

FATHER

I have no idea what he does at that computer of his.

OFFICER

He might be saving the world.

Father's perplexed look is met by Pedro's speedy arrival.

FATHER

As long as he's not in trouble.

PEDRO

There's been a rumor going around since this whole thing started.

FATHER

What rumor..? He speaks a different language.

PEDRO

That The Brink's involved in this world thing. We better go.

Father watches his son leave with a confused expression.

FATHER

Good luck, son.

INT. RUSSIA - BASE CAMP WAREHOUSE - DAY

Edgar's hold on the boys appears to be weakening, as he madly strolls up and down the main floor, reciting Hitler's, Mein Kamph.

EDGAR

That is why Clausewitz, in his Drei Bekenntnisse, incomparably singles out this idea and nails it fast for all time, when he says: "That the stain of a cowardly submission can never be effaced; that this drop of poison in the blood of a people is passed on to posterity and will paralyze and undermine the strength of later generations".

INT. THE BRINK INC. - NIGHT

AT YODA'S WORK STATION

He's working feverishly on inputting the drone codes into the server. Maria's behind him, looking at the web cam pictures. She's watching Leonard.

MARIA
Is he on board..?

INSERT - COMPUTER MONITOR

Shows Leonard through the web cam slightly wagging his head.

BACK TO SCENE

Yoda slides over, looks, sees Edgar pacing. Brings Edgar up on the big screen, opens their computer microphone.

YODA
I've been watching him too. I don't know yet. But the crazy dude, he's totally gone.

AT SEVERAL TABLES NEAR THE SCREENS

Brad joins The President, Sherry, and staff, looking up at the big screen to see and hear Edgar.

BRAD'S POV - BIG SCREEN TELEVISION

Edgar paces back and forth, reading from a book, in a clear web cam picture, hearing him speak through the television.

EDGAR (O.S.)
Therefore, we must not expect those who embody a spineless submission suddenly to look into their hearts and, on the basis of reason and all human experience, begin to act differently than before.

PRESIDENT WALTER
Is that Mein Kamph..?

BRAD
Yeah.

Some worried looks are exchanged, Edgar's voice more determined and erratic.

EDGAR (O.S.)

On the contrary, it is these men in particular who will dismiss all such teachings until either the nation is definitely accustomed to its yoke of slavery or until better forces push to the surface, to wrest the power from the hands of the infamous spoilers.

SHERRY

Do we know where the remote launch boxes are in the room..?

Brad leaves the area, moves toward Yoda's work station, meeting Maria there, noticing Leonard's look of stress.

BRAD

What can we do to contact him..?

YODA

Nothing. It's dangerous. We could tip him off.

MARIA

He's their communications guy, system administrator, whatever you want to call him. He might be our only chance.

EXT. THE BRINK INC. - PARKING LOT - DAWN

The bus of the area's best video game players arrive. They slowly file off the bus.

Pedro takes everything in with mixed emotion, looks around.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - FOYER - DAWN

A DIVERSE GROUP OF BOYS GIRLS are in a lineup being checked by a security team and processed before they enter The Brink. It's Pedro's turn, stepping forward.

SECURITY

Name.

PEDRO

Pedro Martinez.

SECURITY

Date of birth

PEDRO
September sixteen, two thousand and
three.

SECURITY
Pedro, have you ever been in
trouble with the law..?

PEDRO
No, sir.

He hands him a document and moves along in a line. He hands
the document to SECURITY 2, who does a background check.

SECURITY 2
Okay, his way.

SECURITY 3 opens his pack. The guard removes his phone, puts
it in a marked envelope.

SECURITY 3
No cell phones, or communication
devices. You're entering a
classified zone.

PEDRO
Like, secret classified.

He produces a document to sign.

SECURITY 3
Like, secret classified. By
signing this document, you agree
not to speak publicly about the
mission. Any questions..?

PEDRO
So the rumor's true. The Brink's
involved in this whole world thing.
Cool.

SECURITY 3
Cool isn't the first word that
comes to mind. Sign here, please.

Pedro signs the waiver, then has a metal detector wand waved
over him.

SECURITY 3 (CONT'D)
Okay, move along.

SECURITY 4 finds his name on the list. He gives Pedro an
envelope and a USB key.

SECURITY 4

Mister Martinez, you're one of a few players who have special assignments. Look over your documents. You'll be briefed shortly.

SECURITY 5 is there to meet him.

SECURITY 5

This way, I'll show you in.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - DAWN

Pedro enters the large warehouse setup, taking the whole thing in with awe and wonder. He sees the President and the teams working diligently under lights.

It sinks in. Something big is happening.

PEDRO

What's the President doing here..?

SECURITY 5

We're all working together on this.

PEDRO

Working together on what..?

SECURITY 5

You'll be briefed shortly. Follow me.

Pedro is led up to a work station close to where Brad and his team work.

SECURITY 5 (CONT'D)

Get acquainted with your mission statement and open the graphics field, but don't log in yet.

NEAR YODA'S WORK STATION

Brad greets DRONE PILOTS from the base, handing them each a set of documents as they file in. Yoda, for the first time, appears nervous.

BRAD

I think you know what we're up against. These are assignments and the drone commands. They're fueled and on stand by.

YODA

Launch time is 0-nineteen hundred hours, Tokyo time. That's one hour from now.

There are nervous looks passed around. It's a lot to do. They each take a seat at their work stations. Brad exits, we follow him.

IN THE BASEMENT SHELTER

Brad enters, meeting Maria. Sherry and President Walter finish a phone call, setting the phone down.

MARIA

We have permission to try contacting the administrator just prior to launch.

They watch what he's doing through his web cam on a screen.

BRAD

(concerned)
What's he doing..?

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN

Edgar is seen opening the launch control boxes, punching in codes, causing a solid red light to appear in each box.

BACK TO SCENE

President Walter watches closely, exchanges grave looks with Sherry and Brad, standing close to Sherry.

SHERRY

Should we notify the allies..?

President Walter slowly nods, *no*.

PRESIDENT WALTER

We might tip him off.

After a long gap and stares around the room, Sherry picks up the red phone, hits a button, hearing the confirmation.

SHERRY

Sherry Forbes here with President Walter. Put our stations and resources on red alert without alerting the public or our allies.

VOICE (O.S.)
Copy. Red alert. Stand by for the
code confirmation.

Yoda enters the scene as President Walter opens his mobile launch case and turns it on with a look of doom. Yoda stares at the scenes in Russia on the screens.

YODA
Not only do we need to contact this
guy, we have to convince him to
escape with the launch cases before
we strike, or it's over.

Another long bout of silence so thick you could cut it with a knife. He's slowly sided by Sherry and President Walter. They're watching Leonard, who appears nervous and unhappy.

SHERRY
What are the chances..?

MARIA
One. He's it.

Deathly long stares circulate through the room, ending with nervous nods from Sherry and President Walter.

PRESIDENT WALTER
Okay. Do it.

MARIA
Does he have an E-mail account..?

YODA
I made him one. Instant messenger.
Alerts and sounds are disabled,
just like the cameras.

VOICE (O.S.)
(from speaker)
Mister President, I have the launch
codes. Enter the figures now.

President Walter hosts a stained expression before staring down at his blinking launch controls.

PRESIDENT WALTER
Go ahead.

VOICE (O.S.)
(from speaker)
Tango, foxtrot, alpha, zero, six,
seven, lima, charlie.

Digits were entered as read, causing the case's red light to stop blinking at the end. President Walter is nervous.

PRESIDENT WALTER
It stopped blinking.

VOICE (O.S.)
Confirmed. You have control mister
President. Godspeed, sir.

In a moment of paralysis in the room, Brad looks confidently at his mother.

BRAD
Is there anything else stopping us
from doing this..?

SHERRY
(hesitant)
No.

Yoda exits, followed by the rest of them.

THE BRINK INC. - FROM A WIDE ANGLE

The room is full, every workstation occupied, diplomats seated in the middle of it all. Brad slowly gazes with a microphone, hesitant in his thoughts.

BRAD
(through speakers)
You've read your mission
instructions by now. The world's a
dangerous place. It was before
this game was invented, and it will
continue to be after we're gone.
What got us through to where we are
now were ordinary men and women
like us, who thought that justice
and laws over tyranny was a better
path. Today, we stand on the
shoulders of those same people.
May God's hand guide you. Stand by
everyone.

INSERT - COMPUTER MONITORS

Reactions INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

AT LEONARD'S WORK STATION

Yoda's messenger message pops up on his screen, reading:
FRIEND: DON'T REACT, I'M HERE TO HELP YOU.

AT YODA'S WORK STATION

Leonard's web cam picture shows his startled at first reaction. He looks casually around.

Leonard's message: WHO IS THIS..?

Yoda's message: A FRIEND FROM FAR AWAY. YOU NEED A FRIEND LIKE US TO HELP YOU RIGHT NOW.

Leonard's message: HOW..? WHAT DO YOU WANT..?

Yoda's message: SECURE THE LAUNCH BOXES ON OUR CUE. WHEN YOU HAVE THEM, EXIT AND RUN WEST TO THE ROAD. YOU WILL BE MET AND TAKEN TO SAFETY.

Leonard's message: BEFORE WHO ARRIVES..?

Yoda's message: DRONES. MOVE QUICKLY WHEN WE SAY GO.

Leonard's message: REWARD..?

Yoda turns to Brad, who turns to Sherry, who turns to President Walter.

PRESIDENT WALTER
Five million U.S. dollars.

Yoda's message: 5 MILLION USD INTO OFFSHORE ACCOUNT BEING SETUP FOR YOU.

Leonard's web cam picture shows him slowly lean into the web cam before he nods.

Leonard's message: OKAY.

Yoda is furiously typing on another terminal, scratches numbers onto a paper, hands it to Brad before comes back to type a message. Brad hands it to Sherry.

BRAD
We need to send it.

Sherry takes the account number and exits with her phone.

Yoda's message: ON ITS WAY.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Ask if we can get this started.

Yoda's message: PREPARING MISSION TAKE OFF.

Leonard has a concerned look, nods, then types: HE'S IRRATIONAL AND CRAZY. HURRY.

BACK TO SCENE

Looks of concern by everyone. The President nods.

PRESIDENT WALTER

Launch the drones.

INT. RUSSIA - BASE CAMP WAREHOUSE - DAY

Edgar drops down an old hammer and sickle flag down for the background to his television address. The TV camera is being prepared before he yells.

EDGAR

THE NEWS IS BAD..!

INT. THE BRINK INC. - DAWN

The President's team is seated around the big table. On the big screen television is a graphic animated fly through of the massive buildup they will face.

AT PEDRO'S WORK STATION

He's looking at his graphic field, seeing the real topography he has to fly through. Pedro's expression describes the challenge.

INSERT - PEDRO'S DOCUMENTS

Taped around his monitor, one showing his tactical weapons drone and large text in red, reading: MISSION: PROTECT PRIMARY PACKAGE DELIVERY.

BACK TO SCENE

Pedro looks over, sees Brad's screen, surprised.

PEDRO'S POV - BRAD'S COMPUTER SCREEN

Shows his same tactical weapons drone and text in red that reads: PRIMARY PACKAGE DELIVERY.

BACK TO SCENE

Pedro exchanges unsettled looks with Brad.

PEDRO
Looks like I'm your escort.

BRAD
If I don't deliver the payload,
it's over. Be my angel.

PEDRO
Copy.

BRAD
Just play like you do every other
night and we'll be okay.

Pedro freezes, nods, staring at nothing. Looks at Brad.

PEDRO
I will do my best.

Their looks and reactions INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

AT BRAD'S WORK STATION

Brad just stares down at nothing, frozen, closes his eyes for a moment, gripped with fear. Then he looks up, finding Maria. She sends a strong look in return.

MARIA
Let's do this.

Brad adjusts his headset. He views the hanger monitor, seeing the drones.

BRAD
Turn all the drones on and open the
bay doors.

The lone helper quickly opens the large bay doors and turns on the drones in order, watching them exit.

THE PRESIDENTIAL STAFF

Views a live picture of the drones flying together, Sherry's eyes watching with steely resolve.

AT BRAD'S WORK STATION

He refers to his notes and a map.

BRAD

Pilots, create formations behind
the first strike team.

AT PEDRO'S WORK STATION

He's watching his screen, seeing his drone being turned on. It comes on, seeing from its camera on his screen now.

MARIA

It's your turn, Pedro.

PEDRO

Special One, taking off.

Maria looks over from her work station.

MARIA

Good luck.

PEDRO

Thanks.

Pedro throttles full ahead, watching his drone slowly lift. He breathes a sigh of relief as his rises and levels.

AT BRAD'S WORK STATION

He looks at Maria, next to him.

BRAD

I'm not sure what's ahead. Thanks
for sticking with me.

MARIA

Thanks for the adventure so far.
Never thought we'd be defending the
real free world.

Brad watches his drone take off on his monitor, sees his escorts on each side, informs through his headset.

BRAD
Package is up.

DOWN ON THE FLOOR

Everyone stands as Brad's larger drone, fitted with small bombs under its wings, is in a group of escorts.

Suddenly, the whole place becomes very quiet when they see the big screen image of the formations of drones in the open sky, flying in unison.

INT. MOSCOW - RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT / LABYRINTH - DAY

SEVERAL ARMED SOLDIERS move down the hallway system, turning to find the bunker door. They see the thick sturdiness of the door. One of the soldiers produces explosive charges.

INT. RUSSIA - BASE CAMP WAREHOUSE - DAY

Edgar receives a paper communique and completely flips out, ripping it to shreds while making violent hand gestures.

EDGAR
THERE ARE DRONES IN THE AIR..!

He rushes up to Leonard.

EDGAR (CONT'D)
TURN THE LIGHTS ON AND GIVE ME THE
AIRWAVES..!

Leonard tries to concentrate, quickly runs to turn the camera on, giving another guy a signal. Then he makes a hand gesture to Edgar, letting him know he's live.

In front of the lights and camera, Edgar turns somber in a psychotic sense. He has the launch boxes close by, picks one up and starts to pet it like a cat.

EDGAR (CONT'D)
All he had to do was surrender by coming out of his shelter. President Yoslav's failure is the world's failure, now. So there is only one thing left to do. But, first, I want to be on CNN, to tell America how much I miss the old days.

AT LEONARD'S WORK STATION

He nervously opens his instant messenger to Yoda, types.

INSERT - MESSENGER SCREEN

Leonard's message: HE'S ON TV WITH THE LAUNCH BOX.. HURRY.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - DAWN AT YODA'S WORK STATION

He gets the instant message from Leonard, causing him to scramble for a feed, finds it, puts it up on the big screen. Yoda quickly types.

INSERT - YODA'S MESSENGER SCREEN

Yoda's message: HELP IS COMING. ETA: MINUTES. RISE AGAINST HIM.

Leonard's message: HE'S SUICIDAL.

Yoda furiously types while he speaks into his headset, trying to manage sheer chaos.

YODA

He's on television being suicidal.
Someone get a feed.

SHERRY

Send a press release, see if we can
slow him down.

AT BRAD'S WORK STATION

He sees Edgar's base in the distance.

DOWN ON THE FLOOR

Sherry and President Walter watch multiple monitors showing drones nearing the base and Edgar's ranting in front of the old flag.

EDGAR (O.S.)

They are sending the drones for me,
but I have the greatest weapon
known to man. Embrace the chaos
and fire about to be unleashed.

On the television, Leonard timidly hands him the press release Yoda sent. Edgar reads it.

EDGAR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Russia, once a great and proud
 country of iron men will now be led
 by another, as in my hand is the
 resignation of President Yoslav.

EXT. RUSSIA - BASE CAMP WAREHOUSE - DUSK - AERIAL TRAVELING

A vista of the first wave of drones sweeping down in dynamic motion, firing guns, targeting the front guns with small missiles, igniting huge explosions, receiving return fire.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - DAWN

AT BRAD'S WORK STATION

He's nervously navigating his plane through heavy gunfire, moving his body and joystick, searching his camera views.

INSERT - BRAD'S COMPUTER MONITOR

Seeing his drone's camera view of the messy ordeal of combat and explosions. He's racing through fire and bullets with Pedro protecting him.

Several other planes are in front, getting blown apart in rapid fire succession.

BACK TO SCENE

Brad glances over to Pedro, equally involved.

BRAD
 We have to push ahead of the cover
 to the warehouse..!

PEDRO
 We're getting slaughtered and we
 haven't reached the base camp.

BRAD
 The second wave's following behind
 us, but we can't wait..!

PEDRO
 I've done this before.

Brad sends Pedro a surprised look.

BRAD
 Try me.

PEDRO
Stay low along the ground and
follow me all the way in. The guns
won't see us right away.

Brad sends his look of surprise, then nods agreement.

BRAD
I'm behind you..!

PEDRO'S POV - WATCHING HIS MONITOR

Pedro drops his drone down to the water, races by a pair of ships low in the water, through guns and fire. Firing his way through, giving protection.

They come through the other side and find land, moving toward the base camp.

BACK TO SCENE

Brad sends Pedro a nod of approval.

PEDRO
What if we slide around the outside
and avoid the mess..?

Brad glances at the big screen.

BRAD'S POV - BIG SCREEN TELEVISION

Edgar has the boxes, waving them around.

BACK TO SCENE

BRAD
We've got a mad man who wants to
launch the missiles and a one way
fuel capacity. Not too far.

PEDRO
Copy. Where's our cover..?

PEDRO'S POV - WATCHING HIS MONITOR

Approaching the base, he sees a swath of drones fall in from both sides, offering front cover.

BACK TO SCENE

Brad nods relief, advising through his headset.

BRAD

We're approaching the base. Expect heavy ground fire.

INT. MOSCOW - RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT / LABYRINTH - DUSK - INTERCUTS

Outside the bunker where President, Yoslav, is hiding, the soldiers ignite plastic explosives inserted into the door. Their actions INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

INT. MOSCOW - RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT / BUNKER - DUSK - INTERCUTS

President, Yoslav, huddles in a corner with Dimity, covering their ears after the deafening blast. The door remains solid. Their reactions INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

Soldiers quickly move into the adjacent bunker next to where they are hiding, inspecting the adjacent wall. They find a mechanically assembled section that is bolted on.

Tools are brought in. FOUR SOLDIERS start the painstaking task of removing the bolts.

President, Yoslav, and Dimity, share concerned looks.

INSERT - BOLTS ON WALL PANEL

Slowly moving.

INT. RUSSIA - BASE CAMP WAREHOUSE - DUSK

Edgar now has the launch boxes displayed in front of him passing his hands over them like they are products on a game show. He has the phone, dialing his number.

EDGAR

If the press release is true, and President Yoslav has resigned, then you have just over ten minutes to answer my call. If you don't answer my call, it will be lovely box "A" and then lovely box "B".

(manically laughs)

And what a sunrise the world will witness.

EXT. RUSSIA - BASE CAMP WAREHOUSE - DUSK

The drones approach, receiving heavy fire, losing a lot of drones in fiery crashes.

IN THE AIR

Numerous air battles and strikes take out numerous drones protecting the package Brad is flying.

PEDRO'S DRONE

Escort Brad's drone through a heavily armed stronghold, but they are immediately seen, causing their guns to swing and open fire.

Pedro pulls his drone back side-to-side with Brad's, quickly inverts it sideways and takes bullets to protect Brad's package.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - DAWN

AT BRAD'S WORK STATION

He sees what Pedro is doing on his screen with disbelief.

BRAD

How's your drone..?

PEDRO

Multiple hits on the plated bottom,
still flying.

Brad looks over to Yoda, checking news feeds and watching Leonard through his monitor.

BRAD

They have to evacuate, we're
getting close..!

YODA

Ground troops loyal to this nut are
trying to break into President
Yoslav's shelter..! He hasn't let
the launch boxes out of his sight.

Grave looks are exchanged, finding Pedro.

BRAD

Circle back, we have to secure the
boxes before we strike..! Damn.

PEDRO
I'll lead you out, follow me.

Pedro's drone swings out of the fray, followed by the package drone. The other drones proceed, picked off in a slaughter.

BRAD
This doesn't look good.

EXT. OPEN SKY - DUSK

Pedro leads Brad's drone in a slow turn together.

EXT. MOSCOW - RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT - DUSK

Two dark vans with a multi-national STRIKE FORCE UNIT pull to a stop outside. TWENTY ARMED MEN rush toward the entrance.

INT. MOSCOW - RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT / HALLWAY - DUSK

They aggressively enter the parliament hallway with their guns up in a way that says, *don't even think about it.*

INT. MOSCOW - RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT / BOILER ROOM - DUSK

The team silently sneaks through the boiler room. One of the Strike Force refers to a map, points ahead. They encounter TWO RUSSIAN SOLDIERS, who surrender.

They're quickly disarmed, bound, and gaged, before the team continues.

INT. MOSCOW - RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT / BUNKER - DUSK

President, Yoslav, is terrified seeing the last bolts coming out of the panel. Dimitry tries to contact Washington, but is getting no response.

Their reactions to the gunfire outside and voices, INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

INT. MOSCOW - RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT / LABYRINTH - DUSK

The Strike Team presses on, looks around the last corner, pulls back. Various hand signals and eye contact is established before the team moves around the corner.

With silenced weapons, the Strike Team surgically takes out four of the Russian soldiers, before the remaining surrender. Their conversation INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

One of the Strike Force leaders takes his helmet off and calls through the holes in the metal panel.

STRIKE FORCE LEADER
Mr. President, the building is
secure. You're needed urgently.

Dimitry's head drops back in relief. The President is hesitant, but moves toward the door lock, grinds open its massive metal bars until it makes a swooshing sound.

Together, Dimitry and President Yoslav, push the door open to slowly reveal the chaos that was, finding the Strike Force with more business on their minds.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
The country of Russia thanks you.

STRIKE FORCE LEADER
(urgent)
President, we're taking you to your
office. You need to buy us some
time on the phone..!
(checks time)
Less than three minutes..!

Looks are exchanged. President, Yoslav, pushes forward, flanked by the Strike Team.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
This way.

They run.

INT. MOSCOW - RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT / OFFICE - DUSK - INTERCUTS

Dimitry quickly opens the door, letting President Yoslav and the Strike Force Leader enter. His desk phone is already ringing.

President Yoslav collects himself before picking up the phone to speak. His conversation with Edgar INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV
This is President Yoslav.

INT. RUSSIA - BASE CAMP WAREHOUSE - DUSK - INTERCUTS

Edgar's look suddenly changes, hearing President Yoslav's voice. His conversation with President Yoslav INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

EDGAR

Mister President, do we have an agreement..?

Dimitry puts on the television, finds Edgar looking crazed, the flag in the background and the launch boxes in the foreground.

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

Of course. We will begin the transition immediately.

He watches Edgar on the television.

EDGAR

Do you think you can placate me..?

PRESIDENT YOSLAV

I admit it, I failed.

(thinks)

I was jealous, frankly. Russia has always been ruled with a firm hand.

Edgar appears despondent, head down, circling his fingers around the buttons on the boxes.

EDGAR

You were jealous.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - DAWN

They're watching Edgar on the big screen and listening to President Yoslav stall for time. President Walter and Sherry both look at Brad and Pedro.

AT BRAD'S WORK STATION

He exhales, concentrating on his mission, talking into his headset.

BRAD

How we doing, guys..?

EXT. OPEN SKY - DUSK - TRAVELING - INTERCUTS

Pedro leads Brad's drone around on a large loop, seeing the base camp again in the distance.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - DUSK

Moving down from a wide vista across The Brink, President Walter, Sherry, and Aids all stand when they hear Brad's voice in the room.

BRAD
Okay, everyone, this is it.
Stand by.

AT YODA'S WORK STATION

He's standing by to send Leonard the signal, murmuring to himself.

YODA
Icy calm. It's just a game.

ON THE BIG SCREEN

Edgar's eyes bulge as he begins to scream.

EDGAR
YOU'RE JEALOUS..! THE ONE WHO HAS
EVERYTHING IS JEALOUS..!
(he freezes)
NO MORE..! NO MORE..!

AT BRAD'S WORK STATION

Brad's eyes suddenly focus, then commands.

BRAD
Go, go, go everyone..! Moving into
strike position..!

SERIES OF SHOTS - EVERYTHING HAPPENING AT ONCE

- A) The Brink: Yoda types "GO" into instant messenger.
- B) Base Camp Air Attack: A pair of remaining drones lay a long string of mini-bombs down the sides of the road leading into the camp, igniting multiple EXPLOSIONS.

- C) Base Camp Warehouse: Leonard and the boys crash in from behind, pulling the old USSR flag down, wrapping it over Edgar's head.
- D) Base Camp air Attack: Pedro's drone leads Brad's package low along the road between plumes of smoke, taking multiple bullet hits for Brad.
- E) Base Camp Air Attack: Pedro joins the other drones in their attack on the camp in unison, losing the last two drones. Only Pedro and Brad remain.
- F) The Brink: Everyone stands, watching Edgar being subdued with the flag over his head. Leonard grabs the boxes, sharply whistles and runs outside with the other boys.
- G) Base Camp Air Attack: Flying full speed, Pedro's drone taking hits, becoming unstable on their approach to Edgar's hideout.
- H) Base Camp: Leonard puts the launch boxes in the baskets of his motorcycle, starting it quickly, the rest of the boys spilling out behind him, running, as Leonard speeds away.
- I) Base Camp Air Attack: Flying full speed toward the hideout with two small missiles heading straight toward Pedro and Brad's drones.
- J) The Brink: Pedro and Brad, both terrified, under the icy watch of everyone in The Brink, look at each other.
- PEDRO
Focus on your target..!
- BRAD
Do it..!
- K) Base Camp Air Attack: Pedro lines up the missiles in front of Brad. Just as it passes by, Pedro flips his drone wing and clips the first missile, knocks it off.
- L) The Brink: The President and Sherry watch Brad's rush on the big screen, horrified.
- M) Base Camp Air Attack: Pedro lines up the second missile in front of Brad. Just as it passes by, Pedro flips his plane wing again, knocks it off, but also part of his wing and limps away.
- N) The Brink: Brad sees Pedro struggle to fly, they look at each other, Edgar's hideout now in front of Brad's drone.

PEDRO

Excuse me sir, but did you order a package..!

BRAD

I think he did..!

Brad now hears THE SOUND OF HIS HEART BEATING with the warehouse hideout racing toward him.

P) Base Camp Warehouse: Edgar, resigned and alone, with the flag draped over his shoulders, turns and faces the windows, where he sees his imminent demise.

Q) Base Camp Air Attack: Brad's drone s-l-o-w-l-y flies directly toward the warehouse.

R) Base Camp Warehouse: Edgar s-l-o-w-l-y raises his right hand in a fist of defiance.

S) Base Camp Air Attack: Brad's drone s-l-o-w-l-y crashes into the warehouse, delivering its package in a victorious explosion of fire, engulfing everything.

T) The Brink: Brad s-l-o-w-l-y exchanges glances with Sherry, through arms raised and cheering.

U) The Brink: A moment of recognition between Brad and Pedro.

BACK TO SCENE

AT PEDRO'S WORK STATION

Pedro directs his drone upwards for surveillance, turning back toward the destroyed warehouse. His look of elation turns to concern.

PEDRO

Hang on..! Did you see that..?

BRAD

Go back for another look.

Pedro swings back, seeing Leonard from the air being stopped by a state sedan. Reactions from Brad and Pedro INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

EXT. RUSSIA - BASE CAMP - DUSK

TWO STATESMAN exit the sedan with guns drawn. Their interactions INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

STATESMAN

The boxes.

Leonard freezes, watching the statesman come forward to take them and jump back in the sedan. Pedro's drone passes over in front of them, causing the sedan to speed off in a hurry.

AT PEDRO'S WORK STATION

His concerned look goes to Brad.

PEDRO

The boxes are in the sedan. I'm going after them.

LEONARD RACES HIS MOTORCYCLE

Through the camp, passes a SOLDIER dangling a gun over his shoulder, Leonard slows enough to pluck it off him and speed ahead again.

SOLDIER

Ayyyyy..!

LEONARD'S POV - BLACK SEDAN RACING

On the road out of the camp, piling through tents and camp materials.

BACK TO SCENE

Leonard races through the camp, avoiding numerous hazards, trying to reach the road.

AT PEDRO'S WORK STATION

He makes another aerial pass, seeing the chase below, before looping back again.

LEONARD RACES HIS MOTORCYCLE

Through the camp, finding a spot to get closer to the road. Racing, he fires into the sedan tires, hitting one.

Statesman return fire, forcing Leonard to back off his chase from behind.

AT PEDRO'S WORK STATION

He has position on the sedan and lets his machine guns rip up each side of the road, finding the rest of its tires, causing the sedan to limp to a stop.

LEONARD SLOWS HIS MOTORCYCLE

Near the sedan. He jumps off the motorcycle and finds a hiding place.

Statesman get out of the sedan with the boxes, fire toward Leonard, then continue to run toward another state sedan.

AT PEDRO'S WORK STATION

He turns his drone one more time and lines up the running men, chasing them up the road with more machine gun fire, knocking them down.

LEONARD SEES THE BOXES

And jumps on his motorcycle, races toward them, picks them up, puts them back in his baskets. Leonard watches Pedro's drone pass overhead, waves to it, it waves back.

A LARGE BLACK VAN BLOCKS THE ROAD AHEAD

Leonard stops before the van, quickly lays his weapon down and puts his hands up.

He's motioned forward, so he brings the cases.

Leonard's met at the gates by another STRIKE FORCE team, who check out the waiting sedan, a WEST FRIENDLY RUSSIAN OFFICER, who nods appreciatively.

LEONARD

I thought you were one of them.

RUSSIAN OFFICER

What is your name..?

LEONARD

Leonard.

RUSSIAN OFFICER

How do kids so skinny and pale save the world..?

Leonard shrugs with an uneasy smile.

LEONARD

I'm supposed to meet someone.

RUSSIAN OFFICER

You just did.

Leonard sees the other Strike Force guys with the launch cases, smiling nervously back.

LEONARD

This was supposed to be an easy weekend job helping some guy set up computers. Do you have something for me..?

The burly men exchange chuckles and pretend to mock him.

STRIKE FORCE LEADER 2

You mean jail..?

They laugh, terrifying Leonard, getting him anxious.

LEONARD

I didn't know he was a mad man.

RUSSIAN OFFICER

He's joking. You just helped save the world.

STRIKE FORCE LEADER 2

Normally we'd ask you to stay.

Still shocked by his thin physique, he produces a sealed envelope and hands it to Leonard.

RUSSIAN OFFICER

All the details are inside.

LEONARD

Send my best to our friends from far away.

The van door is opened. They gesture for him to get in.

STRIKE FORCE LEADER

Tell them yourself. You have a plane to catch.

Leonard is nervous, quickly and secretly opens the envelope, removing a plane ticket, then appears surprised.

INSERT - INTO THE ENVELOPE

Seeing a slip for a five million U.S. dollar deposit into an offshore account with his name.

BACK TO SCENE

After some smirking and disbelief, Leonard smiles.

LEONARD
Washington.

RUSSIAN OFFICER
Figures.

STRIKE FORCE LEADER 2
(disbelief)
I see nothing, I heard nothing.

STRIKE FORCE LEADER
I don't think he's going to have to
crawl through mud under barbed wire
like we did.

Leonard gets in the van with a coy smile, followed by the rest of the Strike Force with resigned looks.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - DAWN AT PEDRO'S WORK STATION

Pedro is the last one to log off, relief on his face. Brad approaches.

BRAD
Pedro, come with me.

Pedro looks around, exhausted.

PEDRO
Is everything all right..?

Brad puts his arm around Pedro, leading him to President Walter and Sherry, both smiling.

BRAD
You could say that.

INT. THE BRINK INC. - DAY

President, Walter, warmly shakes Pedro's hand, surrounded by exhaustion and emotion. He gets his picture taken.

PRESIDENT WALTER
Thank you, Pedro. We'll be seeing
you again.

PEDRO

Cool.

PRESIDENT WALTER

It's time to go home.

They share a smirk before he continues out with the President, Staff, Secret Service, and Aids. Pedro bumps Brad's fist on his way out.

Sherry lingers, finding a moment with her son. Her eyes watering, they embrace. Maria trades looks with Brad, like, *look who's your biggest fan.*

BRAD

We'll talk about school.

SHERRY

I expect you to be as stubbornly independent as you've always been.

(pause, stares)

Today I was the student.

BRAD

I'm proud of you too, Mom. I always have been.

SHERRY

How about, I'll be happy as long as you..

(hesitates)

Eat your veggies and go outside once in a while.

(looks at Maria)

Fall in love and have fun once in a while.

(searching)

You don't have to..

BRAD

Save the world..?

She starts to laugh and cry before she embraces him.

SHERRY

I'm so proud of you.

BRAD

Thanks, Vice-President Mom.

SHERRY

Drop by sometime, I'll show you around.

BRAD

Are you going to show me off..?

Sherry smirks, they come apart.

SHERRY

Most likely.

Maria comes to his side and watches Sherry exit. After she's around the corner, Maria kisses Brad tenderly.

MARIA

It's going to be a busy future.

EXT. VIRGINIA NEIGHBOURHOOD - PEDRO'S HOUSE - DAY

The military bus returns to Pedro's house, swinging its door open.

Pedro exits, waves, the bus leaves, and a tired Pedro lumbers toward the front door, opens it, walks inside.

INT. PEDRO'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Pedro enters the kitchen where his MOTHER and Father are having breakfast. They chuckle, seeing his tired look. The TV is on, playing the morning news.

MOTHER

Your Dad told me about..

(winks at Pedro)

The Presidential order last night.

PEDRO

(yawns)

Yeah.

His parents start to snicker.

MOTHER

That was smart, really smart, Pedro. You're so clever when it comes to sneaking out with your friends.

PEDRO

I'm going to bed.

MOTHER

You and your games. We'll see you in the afternoon probably.

PEDRO

Okay.

Pedro exits, almost sleep walking, just as the television breaks into a special broadcast.

INSERT - TELEVISION BROADCAST

From a CNN, seeing the ANCHOR WOMAN getting herself ready.

A ticker tape headline reads: "BREAKING NEWS FROM RUSSIA"

ANCHOR WOMAN

With breaking news, we're hearing an incredible story of heroism out of Russia this morning, where democratically elected, President, Yoslav, was freed in an apparent coup attempt that brought the world the closest it's been to nuclear war since the Cuban missile crisis, maybe ever.

(searching)

And we're going to a live press briefing on the lawn of the White House.

Cut to President Walter on the lawn of the White House.

PRESIDENT WALTER

A few hours ago, I confirmed with President Yoslav, the new and democratically elected leader of Russia, that his country and his presidency were under siege by a rogue commander who took control of the country's nuclear arsenal and threatened to use them against the United States and our allies.

(pause)

Under the direction of Brad Forbes, U.S. drone pilots, and our future pilots, launched the largest drone assault in the history of modern warfare in a classified mission.

BACK TO SCENE

Pedro's Mom and Dad are glued to the news, not fully understanding the link just yet as the picture continues to pull back from the kitchen, backing out from the window to the outside of the house. This long shot INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY, continuing to see and hear the broadcast.

ANCHOR WOMAN (O.S.)

And we're learning that one of the hero's was as young as sixteen-years-old, who with precision accuracy, escorted the bombs used to put down the uprising.

(pause)

Here's a picture of the President congratulating the young hero, his identity protected.

Their house phone starts to ring, they don't answer.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Pedro. That's Pedro's shirt.

FATHER (O.S.)

Yeah, that's his shirt. He talked about this brink place.

(calls)

Pedro..! What were you doing at this brink place..?

PEDRO (O.S.)

I can't tell you.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Well, according to the news, you were doing something..!

PEDRO (O.S.)

Mom.. Dad.. I can't tell you what I was doing.

EXT. VIRGINIA NEIGHBOURHOOD - PEDRO'S HOUSE - DAY

Still pulling slowly out from the house, to the street, the sound of the television and parents are heard.

FATHER (O.S.)

(softly)

Geez murphy, dear. Our little Pedro was doing something secret.

MOTHER (O.S.)

(softly)

That was his shirt. He was standing next to the President.

FATHER (O.S.)

Turn it up a little.

ANCHOR WOMAN (O.S.)

The Brink, itself, a symbol of Western innovation and creativity, lead us in a fierce battle to end the uprising. No American citizens were hurt, or injured, in what will become a larger defense initiative. Piloted drones, using The Brink, were used in large numbers to shut down the forces of evil before a mad man's reign of terror inflicted a nuclear holocaust. The rogue Russian Commander was killed in the operation.

(fades out)

The details of the mission are still unfolding. We'll keep you updated on this developing story.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BRINK INC. - DAY

Yoda walks Leonard into The Brink. Leonard is all cleaned up, just stops and gazes at everything.

YODA

This is it.

LEONARD

The Brink.

YODA

It's going to get crazy.

Leonard sends him a look and smirks.

YODA (CONT'D)

Maybe not that crazy.

LEONARD

Sign me up.

FADE OUT: