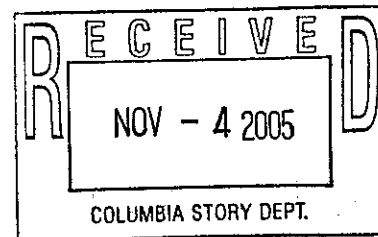


VANTAGE POINT

By
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THIRD DRAFT
November 4, 2005

MADRID, SPAIN - PRESENT DAY

STILL IN BLACK; WE HEAR CHATTER, VOICES TALKING OVER OTHER VOICES. In the background a TELEVISION further fills --

REX (V. O.)

And here we go in 5, 4, 3, 2, and --

INT. CNN PRODUCTION TRUCK - DAY

TIGHT ON PRODUCER REX BROOKS...as he spearheads the BROADCAST TEAM Rex is the alpha; driven, aggressive. Beside him is his associate producer, GRACE RIGGS. Grace is resilient, a vital quality for working with the hard-driving Rex --

In front of them is a BANK OF MONITORS. Each is marked; A, B, C, D and "ON AIR". Filling the "ON AIR" monitor is reporter ANGIE NEDERLANDER, standing just inside the northwest gate, with her back to Plaza Major --

ANGIE (ON SCREEN)

(re: to in studio news anchor)

...Thank you, Mark. I'm standing just inside Plaza Major in Madrid, where crowds have lined up for the kick off of what is certain to be a landmark summit. Over the next 5 days, President Ashton will be meeting with leaders from all of the European Union countries in the hopes of bringing the continents together in the ongoing war against terror. It is the belief that together, Western leaders can once and for all put a stranglehold on international terrorism. Dignitaries from France's Jean Jacques Pierre to Russia's Vladimir Rhiiechnov are on hand for this historic event...

REX

Let's bring him up.

As Angie continues -- The "ON-AIR" monitor splits, with Angie on one side and MARK REINHART in the Newsroom on the other --

MARK (ON SCREEN)

Tell us, Angie, what's the mood there?

ANGIE (ON SCREEN)

For the most part: hopeful. Certainly everyone here is sympathetic to those who lost loved ones in the recent bombing. I did, however, speak to delegates from two countries, both of whom, anonymously, took a hardline --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REX
What's she doing?

ANGIE (ON SCREEN)
-- suggesting that the US Foreign Policy
has to bear some of the responsibility
for recent events.

REX
Christ!! Kevin, shut her down -- Now!!

Immediately KEVIN CROSS, the board operator, begins speaking into his microphone...and we see Mark, in the newsroom, subtly getting word from his ear piece --

MARK (ON SCREEN)
...that's great. Thanks, Angie. You'll
have to keep us informed.

As Mark continues...Kevin slides another of the 4 cameras into the "ON AIR" slot. The PHONE rings and Grace answers --

REX
(into his headset)
-- Angie! What the hell was that?

ANGIE (ON SCREEN)
Not everyone loves us, Rex --

REX
Thanks for the geo-political temperature,
Ang. We have talking points, try
sticking to them --

GRACE
(handing Rex the phone)
Bruce.

REX
(to Bruce; on the phone)
Yeah. I did. You want to tell her? Fine.
(hanging up; into the mic)
Listen up, everyone. No one. Repeat: no
one is to veer from script. The eye in
the sky is watching and he's taking
names. Luis, what did I just say!?!?

ON THE "ON AIR" MONITOR

B-CAM (LUIS) features a series of protestors. Anti-American posters in hand, the PROTESTORS shout at the camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ON THE "ON AIR" MONITOR -- PRESIDENT ASHTON and HIS SECRET SERVICE AGENTS step into the Plaza --

ANGIE (ON SCREEN)

Thanks, Mark. President Ashton has just arrived and he's greeting onlookers as he makes his way up to the podium. The latest word from his staff is that he'll forgo a golden opportunity to speak --

REX

Angie...!

ANGIE (ON SCREEN)

-- allowing Spanish Prime Minister Joaquin Gutierrez to address the crowds here today...

REX

Christ. B-Cam, Luis, give me crowds.

ON THE B-CAM MONITOR -- as THOUSANDS fill the screen --

REX (CONT' D)

C, D -- be ready with the podium. C, go wide. D, you're in close...we'll start with the leaders and end with the Mayor.

ON THE "ON AIR" MONITOR -- EUROPEAN LEADERS and DIGNITARIES standing together. Behind and all around, SECURITY PERSONNEL hover. All eyes on the President.

REX (CONT' D)

That's it. Good. Good... Alright.

...MANUEL DE SOTO, the MAYOR of MADRID, steps forward, preparing to greet PRESIDENT ASHTON.

REX (CONT' D)

A little more, B. More. More to the left. Push in. C'mon, Luis, *in*. Good boy.
(under his breath)
...it's like training a freakin' dog.

Throughout Rex's rant, we follow with the SECRET SERVICE AGENTS as they lead PRESIDENT ASHTON across the Plaza. The President shakes hands, kisses babies, etc. Seeing Barnes --

REX (CONT' D)

(to Kevin, re: Barnes)
Kevin, where is it --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

KEVIN
 (as he orders up the footage)
 -- right here...

Kevin motions to the playback monitor, with the time-date stamp over a year ago as archival footage unfolds --

REX
 ... Jesus --

GRACE
 -- where's he been?

Rex shakes his head; no idea. He stares at the screen, fascinated as A MAN charges the President and BARNES dives in front, knocking Ashton out of the way as he [Barnes] takes the bullet.

REX
 (under his breath)
 I can't believe he's back.

KEVIN
 If we're the only ones who've got it,
 this could be huge....

REX
 (shaking his head; no)
 He won't talk. A year ago, we had Hill,
 and that guy who saved Reagan --

GRACE
 McCarthy --

REX
 --all of 'em *Total hero piece* and
 Barnes wanted nothing to do with it --

GRACE
 That was then --

REX
 And this is now. We have our story --
 (back to the microphone)
 A, give me a single. C, wider. D-Cam --
 stay where you are. Kevin, keep it
 moving.

Ashton climbs the stairs to the Podium and moves in to greet the Mayor (DE SOTO), before turning to the other DIGNITARIES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

REX (CONT' D)

(to Luis)

B...where are you? I want to set up for the intros --

LUIS (O. S.)

-- at the podium?

REX

Yes, at the podium

(to Grace, re: Luis)

Goddamn local hires. Luis, right there. We're coming to you.

No sooner does he say it than DE SOTO steps in front of the microphone. On one side of him is President Ashton, on the other side is Prime Minister Joaquin Gutierrez.

MAYOR DE SOTO (ON SCREEN)

Buenos tardes... Welcome. Thank you all so much for being here... this is a wondrous day. Today, we make history!

APPLAUSE erupts. Beat. As De Soto continues --

REX

A, give me something else to work with.

(he waits)

Good, hold it there, A. Angie, when this is over, I'm going to want a fifteen second fill, something to wrap it up --

ANGIE

And should I praise facism?

REX

Christ.

ANGIE

It was never this bad after 9/11, Rex. Never. I've been in Afghanistan, Iraq and Chechnia --

REX

That's a Bruce conversation, Ang --

ANGIE

-- Then let me talk to him

REX

Be my guest...

(under his breath)

...if you can get him on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

APPLAUSE fills. Grace watches as Rex exhales, turning his attention to the ON AIR monitor.

DE SOTO (ON SCREEN)
... With this in mind, I offer you my
City, my heart and my hope...

De Soto steps back, APPLAUSE erupts. ASHTON steps forward, he waves.

REX
 Be ready. C, I'm going to want you to
 start pulling back -- slowly, slowly --

ON THE "ON-AIR" MONITOR -- we remain on President Ashton, big smile, as the APPLAUSE overwhelms. Just then --

BANG. And AGAIN. SHOTS ring out and -- PRESIDENT ASHTON GOES DOWN.

REX (CONT' D)
 Oh, my God...

Rex swallows hard, trying to catch his breath.

ON GRACE... then KEVIN, both staring, in disbelief.

ALL AT ONCE WE SEE (ON THE FOUR DIFFERENT MONITORS):

-ON A-CAM -- we watch as CHAOS fills the PLAZA. People run in every direction --

-LUIS (B-CAM) turns his camera around, searching for the shooter along the back wall of the buildings --

-D-CAM captures the HANDLERS scurrying to protect the various DIGNITARIES and LEADERS --

-ON C-CAM... we see A MAN (ENRIQUE) as he jumps onto the Podium, rushing toward the President --

GRACE
 Who is that --

REX
 ... what's he doing--?

Before ENRIQUE makes it to the PRESIDENT, BARNES stops him, wrestling him to the ground as TWO OTHER AGENTS take over --

GRACE
 C-Cam, push in --

-- Barnes rushes toward the President --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

REX
Luis, turn around.
(re: Enrique)
Luis, follow that guy...C, stick with the
President.

A GROUP OF AGENTS lift the PRESIDENT, carrying him out --

REX (CONT' D)
This is insane --

Barnes returns, standing alone on the podium, barking orders--
-- Rex watches, as the camera inches closer, before looking
back at A-CAM

REX (CONT' D)
Angie, where are you?
(no response)
Angie...A-Cam, what the hell's going on?

KEVIN
Rex --

Kevin points to A-CAM MONITOR, where Angie looks rattled.

REX
Angie, we need you, sweetheart.

ANGIE (ON SCREEN)
Give me a minute --

REX
We don't have a minute.
(beat)
Angie, you're a goddamn CNN reporter, act
like it!!
(giving up)
D-CAM, what's the problem? Do something.

ON THE B-CAM MONITOR -- where the SECRET SERVICE remove a gun
from ENRIQUE.

REX
Oh, my God.

GRACE
He's got a gun.

Immediately, SECRET SERVICE throws ENRIQUE off the podium --

D-CAM
Go for D.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

REX
Hold on, D. Luis, get us closer! Angie,
move your ass --

ANGIE
I can't.

REX
What do you mean, you can't!? I'm pretty
sure you did better than this in Jenin.

ANGIE
I just need a minute here, Rex, alright?!

In the background, we HEAR an unseen EXPLOSION outside the
Plaza --

REX
(looking at the monitors)
What the hell was that? Dammit, D-CAM,
turn it around, find what that sound was.
Kevin, get playback going, we'll need to
uplink everything we've got.

ON D-CAM .. as he spins toward the outside of the Plaza --

GRACE
(handing Rex the phone)
Bruce --

REX
Yeah. I told her! Look, I'm tired of
being in the middle --

Rex spots a few WISPS of smoke coming over the tops of
buildings from D-CAM as he continues with Bruce --

REX (CONT' D)
-- you want to tell her, then tell her.
Otherwise, hang on.

He slams the phone down as C-CAM captures the PRESIDENT being
loaded into an Ambulance. Except we can't quite see --

REX (CONT' D)
No more calls. C, you've got to do
better --

C-CAM (V. O.)
They're not letting me through. What am
I supposed to do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

REX
FIGURE IT OUT!!!

Silence. Grace and Kevin and the others look at Rex; timid.

REX (CONT' D)
Angie, listen to me. I know this is tough, alright? I know. But you're at ground zero. I need to know what it looks like...

Her lips quiver as she looks at a YOUNG MOTHER (MARIE) and daughter (ANNA) being separated by the crowd. Marie rushes toward her daughter -- screaming -- and falling. Angie watches in horror as this woman is run over by the masses. As she speaks, Rex orders Kevin to start airing what she's saying --

ANGIE (ON SCREEN)
It looks awful. People are running scared.
(re: Marie & Anna)
There's a young mother, she's lost her daughter. They're getting trampled. It's horrible!

Without hesitation, Angie runs for Marie, reaching to pull off her mic as she goes --

REX
Don't take that off!! Angie!

-- before she even gets to Marie, Marie is swallowed up in the crowd --

REX (CONT' D)
This is a Pulitzer. C'mon, Angie! A goddamn Pulitzer!?! Talk to me!

ANGIE stops. She hesitates. Unsure of what to do.

REX (CONT' D)
Angie, please. I need you to put it back on. You gotta get to Luis. He's northeast of the podium

ANGIE
-- these are people, Rex --

REX
And you owe it to them to report what's happening. People need you right now... They need you to do your job!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

Beat; Angie nods, tearfully. She's not happy about it, but she'll go. REX eases back at the sight of her moving --

REX (CONT' D)

Thank God.

ON THE B-CAM MONITOR -- where ENRIQUE is being interrogated by two other SECRET SERVICE AGENTS, MATTHEWS & JANKOWSKI --

REX watches, catching a glimpse of SECRET SERVICE AGENT THOMAS BARNES & KENT TAYLOR on the edge of the screen. Rex leans forward, speaking into his microphone --

REX (CONT' D)

Luis, see if you can get me the other two agents.

(Luis turns the wrong way)

They're behind you, Luis.

Luis swings the camera 120 degrees to find BARNES & TAYLOR talking. With their backs toward him he steers closer, we get a look at BARNES, the intensity is hard to miss --

REX (CONT' D)

A year ago, this guy could've walked away...

-- as Luis draws even closer, we pick up their conversation --

BARNES (ON SCREEN)

(to Taylor)

There was something else in that window--

GRACE

Window? What win--

REX

Kevin, find me that window.

As Kevin wheels his chair, Rex watches as on screen... Taylor exits and BARNES turns to a third MAN (obscured) --

KEVIN

(re: the play back deck)

Here.

Rex turns to Kevin as he rewinds through the footage, passing shots of the back annex --

REX

There! Let's see if we can find what they're looking for --

As Kevin presses "PLAY," the PHONE RINGS --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

REX (CONT' D)
Don't touch that.

GRACE
It could be Bruce --

REX
It is Bruce. Just man the board.
(to Kevin)
...start again --

Again, Kevin readies to press "PLAY" button when out of the blue the MICROPHONES BLOW OUT. REX looks over to THE MASTER as --

-- an EXPLOSION rocks the Podium. The ground erupts. Everything is blown to bits. The MICROPHONES SCREAM THEN CRACKLE--

REX (CONT' D)
Jesus Christ...

ON THE A-CAM MONITOR -- all too graphically, ANGIE has been thrown back. Unconscious.

GRACE
Oh, my God. Angie!!

KEVIN
This is crazy...

THE A-CAM Cameraman staggers -- clearly out of sorts -- as he moves next to her. He tries shaking her. Rex looks away.

GRACE
Kevin, pull A.
(Kevin hesitates; to Rex)
Rex, you're not going to show this.

The PHONE rings again. They stare at it.

GRACE (CONT' D)
Rex!?
(Rex looks back at the screen)
Kevin, turn it off.

Rex grabs the cable, pulling the A-CAM monitor cable from the feeds. The screen becomes entirely snowy. He picks up and immediately hangs up the phone. They're free of nuisances.

REX
(to Grace)
Don't say a word.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

REX (CONT' D)
 (watching B-CAM)
 Luis, go back...

No response. From Luis' (B-CAM) camera, we see that *Enrique has run off but we hear nothing. The camera, like the SECRET SERVICE, searches the Plaza --*

REX (CONT' D)
 Luis? Luis!?!
 (no response)
Shit. Luis...

-- just then Luis' camera finds Enrique. Enrique's running, with TWO SECRET SERVICE AGENTS, (JANKOWSKI & PARSONS), pursuing. Luis races to keep up --

REX (CONT' D)
 C-Cam, come in. D-Cam, are you there?
 No one's answering...

KEVIN
 The blast must have blown the mics --

REX
 We're losing him..

ON ALL OF THE MONITORS -- Rex has got Luis running with the camera (B-CAM). Enrique is well ahead of him..

...elsewhere (on D-CAM), Rex watches the pandemonium. PEOPLE crying out for help. Some injured. Other's trampled.

...on a third monitor (C-CAM), we see the ambulance taking off, with the PRESIDENT inside --

Rex stares, helpless. Suddenly, he realizes --

REX (CONT' D)
 Do we have cell phones for the cameramen?
 (as Grace begins to say "yes")
 Get 'em. They're gonna shut down this city and we're the only window in...

ON THE DOOR TO THE PRODUCTION TRUCK... as AGENT BARNES rushes in. Flashes his ID.

BARNES
 Secret Service. I need to see your tapes--

Rex looks -- it's him

REX
 Kevin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (13)

KEVIN

-- Over here.

Rex watches as Kevin wheels his chair back over to PLAYBACK. Barnes follows. Rex stares -- *he's here* --

BARNES

I need to see any footage you have of the back half of the Plaza --

Kevin cues the tape. As he waits, Barnes notices the monitor which still holds a frozen image of him saving the President. From behind, Rex stares, desperate to know what Barnes is thinking.

Suddenly, it hits him. Reaching over to Grace's control panel, Rex hits the "PROD. TRUCK MIC" -- turning it on.

-- Grace looks over as he as he attempts to listen. Disdain written clear across her face; this feels dirty --

GRACE

Rex!

REX

Just deal with the damn phones --

BARNES

(to Kevin)

Stop it there.

(answering his cell phone)

Yeah... About what? -- Did you call it in? I've got it. Go!

(hanging up; into his mic)

Master Command, come in. Master Command.

(reaching his cell, he dials)

Washington, this is Agent Barnes. Master Command is down. My partner is in pursuit of a suspect. We need assistance outside the back annex...

Rex turns to the D-CAM monitor. Desperate to capture what Barnes is talking about, he begins barking orders --

REX

(into his mic)

D-Cam, turn around... D-Cam

GRACE

(re: D-Cam)

He can't hear you --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (14)

REX

-- Goddammit! Get him to turn it around!

-- Rex turns from the D-CAM monitor noticing that Barnes has backed away, heading for the exit; *where's he going* --

REX (CONT' D)

(to Barnes)

Wait!

-- just then Barnes stops at door, turning around. Rex freezes as Barnes seemingly looks right at him --

BARNES

Rewind that.

-- Rex hesitates before realizing that Barnes has looked right through him -- past him -- over to the D-CAM monitor as POLICE take to the street --

BARNES (CONT' D)

Oh, my God.

-- Rex looks over to the monitors as Barnes races off. He's struck; *what did Barnes just see?*

REX

What...what was that?

GRACE

-- I can't get through.

Looking at something, anything that he can use right now --

ON THE B-CAM MONITOR -- we catch a glimpse of AN AMERICAN TOURIST (LEWICKI), a small DV camera in hand, passing before Luis' lens. He's running after Enrique --

REX

Motherf--

(stopping himself)

-- even tourists are better at this.

As Luis [B-CAM] continues, he seems ever more erratic. PEOPLE bump Luis as he tries to push past. In a jolt, the camera falls. Crashing. The camera's left tilted on its side.

REX (CONT' D)

Luis, get up. Get up, Luis. Luis... Oh, God. This isn't happening.

GRACE

I got C-Cam! He's on his way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (15)

ON THE C-CAM MONITOR -- the camera jumps with every step. Rex, Grace and Kevin all stare as the C-CAM cameraman fights his way north...finally arriving at Luis' camera --

KEVIN

There's the camera --

REX

-- so where the hell is he?

ON BOTH B & C CAMS -- the small girl (ANNA) we saw with her mother moments ago, runs into the street, hysterical.

GRACE

I got D-Cam one block--
(Grace tails off, seeing ANNA)
Oh, Jesus.

C-Cam whips around just as a car narrowly misses ANNA --

GRACE (CONT' D)

Someone get her out of there!

ON THE D-CAM MONITOR -- ENRIQUE runs across frame -- THROUGH AN INTERSECTION -- and then gone --

REX

There!! He's right there!! Stop.
Goddamnit! Get him to stop --

Grace grabs the phone, dials quickly. They watch as D-CAM draws closer to the intersection. Closer still --

REX (CONT' D)

Come on!! Turn --
(only D-CAM continues straight)
No!! No!! Christ!! Go back!! Follow
him! *Him!*

Rex kicks the chair. Grace looks over, phone to her ear --

REX (CONT' D)

We've lost 'em.

ON EACH OF THE THREE CAMERAS, PEOPLE run scared. Rex watches in disbelief, it's mass hysteria. Beat --

REX (CONT' D)

I should call Bruce.

Rex turns away from the chaos, looking instead at the PLAYBACK MONITOR which now features the AMERICAN TOURIST, HOWARD LEWICKI, clutching the hand of a young girl, ANNA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (16)

We FREEZE ON THIS IMAGE before JUMPING IN on the DV CAMERA IN HIS OTHER HAND...

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAZA MAJOR - CHRYON: 15 MINUTES EARLIER

TIGHT ON HOWARD LEWICKI'S CAMCORDER SCREEN...as we see the bluest of blue skies. He's just outside Plaza Major, his camera exploring the exotic sights and sounds of Madrid.

In his viewfinder, he sees KIDS waving at him from a balcony. Lowering the camera, he waves back and here we get our first glimpse of HOWARD LEWICKI. Mid-40s, Lewicki is mid-life crisis personified. Recently divorced, Lewicki is desperate to recapture his youth as he wanders further in, taking in the size and scope of the 100,000 people filling the Plaza.

Amid the masses, he is at once a part of the everyday and yet completely alone. He struggles with the operations of his camcorder -- intermittently/accidentally triggering the "TIME/DATE" function...as he records images along the northwest side, near where the President is set to arrive.

Elsewhere, Lewicki's camera finds a COUPLE making out. Alone, Lewicki is fascinated by this couple. He watches even as they whisper lovingly to one another, the MAN looks into the WOMAN'S EYES...this is VERONICA. As she hands him something, LEWICKI suddenly becomes aware that his actions border on stalking. He instead turns his attention to --

THE PODIUM

where he zooms in on Mayor De Soto greeting the DIGNITARIES.

GRANT (O.S.)

What are you seeing?

Lewicki turns to see British GRANT STRONG. Grant is everything that Lewicki's not; free spirited, daring, at peace with himself.

LEWICKI

Oh, uh...I was watching all of the people up there.

GRANT

Remarkable, huh?

LEWICKI

Do you recognize any of them?

GRANT

The important ones. How relevant is Poland, really?

(offering his hand)

Grant Strong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEWICKI

Howard Lewicki. Nice to meet you.

GRANT

American?

(Lewicki nods)

What brings you to Madrid?

LEWICKI

I was looking for a little excitement.

GRANT

New to it all?

LEWICKI

No, I just...felt like the right time.

(Grant nods, politely; beat)

What about you?

GRANT

Curiosity mostly. I go where the moment takes me.

LEWICKI

No family...?

GRANT

None that I know of, really.

LEWICKI

Things change when there are kids running around.

GRANT

Are yours with you?

LEWICKI

Oh, no, uh, they're with their mother...

(reluctantly explaining)

We're going through sort of --

Before he finishes, Lewicki's bumped from behind. Looking back, he sees ANNA in front of him, with an empty ICE CREAM cone in hand, and the scoop on the ground before her.

MARIE

(in Spanish)

[Anna, I told you to be careful.]

(to Lewicki)

Very sorry. Sorry...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEWICKI
(checking his pants; he's fine)
It's fine. Really. No problemo.

As Lewicki looks over, Anna's ready to cry.

MARIE
[Don't. Don't cry...]

-- the father in Lewicki can't help himself.

LEWICKI
Uh... Como se llama? What's her name?

MARIE
Name?

LEWICKI
Your daughter. May I buy her another cone?

MARIE
No, no. She's fine.

LEWICKI
It's nothing. Really.

MARIE
No. Thank you. [Come on, Anna.]

LEWICKI
Anna...
(Anna turns, hearing her name)
...I'm sorry. Lo siento.

They turn to go. Grant looks back, it's awkward. He's not the family man. Beat.

GRANT
You probably'll want to get back to your filming...

LEWICKI
Probably should.

GRANT
(Lewicki nods; slightly)
It was nice meeting you.

LEWICKI
You as well. Have fun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The APPLAUSE picks up but LEWICKI feels out of sorts. He turns to see PRESIDENT ASHTON led through the crowds by AGENTS BARNES & TAYLOR, and TWO OTHERS --

Lewicki sees his opening and steps forward, trying to worm his way closer to the walkway.

ON THE SECRET SERVICE... BARNES & TAYLOR -- as they clear a path for the PRESIDENT. Seeing Barnes, Lewicki stops; *that's Thomas Barnes*. Momentarily star-struck, he looks down at his view screen, angling to get a better shot --

LEWICKI (CONT' D)

That's...

--he stops himself, there's no one to tell.

ON THE VIEW-SCREEN... now held overhead as the President and the Mayor meet. Once the President has shaken hands with De Soto, he turns to other leaders, working the photo-ops while the Mayor moves to the podium, quieting the crowds...

DE SOTO

Buenos tardes. Welcome. Thank you so much for being here... this is a wondrous day. Today, we make history!

THE CROWDS ERUPT. As the Mayor continues, Lewicki notices that the SECRET SERVICE AGENT (BARNES) appears to be whispering into his wrist mic...

Ever the voyeur, Lewicki turns his attention to BARNES. He follows the agent's eyes --

DE SOTO (CONT' D)

... Senor Presidente, fellow members of the European Union, President Ashton, and citizens of the world, it is with great pleasure that I invite you all to our humble city...

-- Lewicki turns his camera around toward the back, trying to see what BARNES is looking at. He searches the back wall...

ZOOMING IN -- window by window until he sees

A MAN

standing inside a second story window. Lewicki hesitates. That seems odd... Lewicki turns back to Barnes. Unsure of how to act, Lewicki looks around; should he speak up? He hesitates, glancing over to those around him. No one else seems to notice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DE SOTO (CONT' D)

...therefore, I offer you my City, my heart and my hope.

APPLAUSE. The Speech is over. President Ashton waves, smiles until -- BANG.

Shots ring out. The President goes down.

ON LEWICKI

as it catches him off guard. Immediately, he looks back -- no one's in the window. A momentary pang of guilt...

LEWICKI

I --

All at once, he's BUMPED and SHOVED. SCREAMS overwhelm PEOPLE stumble, as others push past, trying to get away.

Looking down at his hand, he feels the weight of his camera --

...he's seen the shooter. He can't quit now. Standing his ground, he raises the camera and begins filming again --

-- ZOOMING IN --

-- he sees the SECRET SERVICE lifting the PRESIDENT, leading him off stage. As he looks closer, his lens finds THOMAS BARNES, eyes wild, scanning the rooftops. He's barking orders into his wrist microphone but Lewicki can't hear what he's saying...

-- tracking with Barnes' glance, Lewicki follows his eye line over to TWO OTHER AGENTS -- JANKOWSKI & MATTHEWS as they drag the man away who charged toward the President. This is ENRIQUE. Clearly local, Enrique has an earnest, decent quality to his concern. Lewicki pushes closer, hearing...

ENRIQUE

No. You don't understand --!!

JANKOWSKI

Keep moving --

ENRIQUE

-- he'll die!!

Lewicki locks onto this tussle and notices Enrique looking over to the side...

...Lewicki follows his gaze and there at the edge of the frame -- he notices VERONICA, the woman he filmed kissing another man earlier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Just as he catches her in his viewfinder, she throws her bag beneath the podium --

ENRIQUE (CONT' D)

(pointing)

Mira!! Mira, mira! She throw something--

-- with all eyes on Enrique, Veronica backs away, undetected. This time, Lewicki has to act. Swallowing his fear --

LEWICKI

(to Secret Service)

Wait!

Just then, JANKOWSKI finds the gun in Enrique's holster --

JANKOWSKI

Gun!

Immediately the SECRET SERVICE throw Enrique to the ground, OTHER AGENTS swarm --

MATTHEWS

(to Lewicki)

Step away!!

LEWICKI

He wasn't lying. There was--

MATTHEWS

Step back, sir!

LEWICKI

Please listen, I think --

Jankowski shoves Lewicki back. Lewicki's thrown off balance by the blow. Gathering himself, he looks back, helpless. He saw her...he's sure of it. His camera up to his eye, he scans the Plaza before finding --

VERONICA

ZOOMING IN -- he watches as she races furiously for the exit. He turns toward the SECRET SERVICE unsure of what he can do. *What is he capable of?*

ON LEWICKI

as he looks down at the view-finder, aimed at the PODIUM catching sight of the red stain that now marks the stage flats. He struggles to catch his breath. His heart racing, adrenaline pumping. He looks around, canvassing the chaos as hysteria sets in --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

LEWICKI (CONT' D)

This isn't happening... this can't be happening... oh, God.

Lewicki pauses, unsure of what to do. He reaches into his pocket and removes his cell phone. He dials. Waiting, he tries to swallow his emotion...

-- voice mail picks up. He stands, looking at his watch. Trying to figure out the time zones -- after the BEEP --

LEWICKI (CONT' D)

...Pam. It's me. I'm probably waking you. It's just -- you're going to see on the news when you wake up, the President's been shot. Oh, God. He was here. In Madrid. I think I just saw...

AN UNSEEN EXPLOSION sounds off in the distance. Lewicki turns, caught up in it all. Beat.

LEWICKI (CONT' D)

Look, I'm okay. I just, I wanted to let the kids know that I'm fine. I love them very much and I'm not in danger...
Alright.

He hangs up. His cheeks sag, his eyes mist. He's overwhelmed. Lost --

BARNES

-- Sir. We need your camera.

Lewicki turns as BARNES & TAYLOR swarm. Before he can fully hand it over, Barnes has it and is aiming up at the window in the back annex -- ZOOMING IN for a closer look --

LEWICKI

(after the fact)

Sure.

Lewicki stands a step away, his mind swirling; *he's in the thick of things*. He wants to tell them what he saw --

BARNES

I saw something. Like a flash of light.
(looking back at the window)
There.

-- ZOOMING IN... there's something lurking in the shadow --

BARNES (CONT' D)

There was something there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

LEWICKI
I saw something too.

They turn, he recoils -- Taylor nods; okay.

TAYLOR
I'll go check it out.

BARNES
I'm coming with --

TAYLOR
No.

-- Lewicki turns away. He wants to pinch himself; he can't believe he's at the center of all of this. In that moment, Barnes looks back at him--

BARNES
Did you film this entire thing?
(Lewicki nods)
Show me.

Lewicki reaches in, rewinding. Barnes looks in. As they rewind --

ON BARNES -- as he watches the LCD screen. Lewicki watches him. He hardly looks down at the viewfinder, until --

BARNES (CONT' D)
Wait a minute --
(turning; realizing)
Oh, my God.

Barnes looks out to those who remain. The other Secret Service -- it suddenly dawns on him

BARNES (CONT' D)
There's a bomb -- get down. Everyone get down now!!

As he calls out to the others, he moves further from Lewicki. However, before he can alert them --

EXPLOSION. The podium erupts --

Barnes is thrown back. Lewicki's thrust aside. The camera falls. All around, the crowds that remain are marred by debris -- ash and fire.

ON LEWICKI...as he staggers to his feet. He's clearly disoriented. His hearing is off -- the world is silent all around him

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

ON THE FALLEN CAMERA -- as Lewicki reaches out for it. Picking it up, he looks across the Plaza. It's like nothing he's ever seen. As he surveys, his eye stops at --

-- BARNES hunched over an INJURED MAN, working to save his life... Barnes calls out for help, but no one can hear him --

Lewicki can't stop himself now. Making up his mind, Lewicki has to do something. He has to get involved. Just then --

ANNA staggers past, disoriented, tearful. Lewicki hurries to her, grabbing her hand --

LEWICKI
(silenced)
... Anna. Anna!

Lewicki looks around at the wreckage -- scanning for Marie. She's not there.

LEWICKI (CONT' D)
(silenced)
Where's your mother? *Where is she?*

His voice trails off as he looks out -- she might be gone. All at once the paternal instinct takes over. Within seconds, he has them both running toward the exit --

ON ANNA... nearing the exit, looking back, crying as they head out --

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

Lewicki maintains his run, with Anna's hand in his own. He steers clear of the crowds, dodging as best he can as he nears the end of the block --

ROUNDING A CORNER

They run further away until a SHOT IS FIRED... and just like that his hearing is restored. All at once, HORNS blare as they run out into the street.

Lewicki pulls Anna back to safety. He turns back around and sees the SECRET SERVICE AGENTS --

JANKOWSKI & PARSONS

running behind him. Their guns are aimed up at the sky, firing warning shots. They try to shove their way through the crowds as they run --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANKOWSKI
Get out of the way!!

PARSONS
Move!!

ON LEWICKI

looking up ahead to see ENRIQUE running away. Beat; Lewicki begins to put it together. They're chasing Enrique. Lewicki continues to film, pulling Anna, trying to keep up. It's clearly not a winning proposition...

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Up ahead, Lewicki sees a POLICE WOMAN tending to SEVERAL CIVILIANS; in the background there are a SERIES of AMBULANCES and POLICE CARS --

LEWICKI
Excuse me!! Excuse me!!

-- the POLICE WOMAN turns to him as the SECRET SERVICE run past. Lewicki watches, desperate to be involved; this is his chance. Turning back to the Police woman --

LEWICKI (CONT' D)
I need your help. Uh...Ayudame. Please.
I need you to watch her. Her mother is gone. I don't know where, but --
(to Anna)
I will be right back. Espera para mi.
Okay? Just wait. I will be right back.

The Officer looks over as Lewicki backs up. He catches sight of the tears in Anna's eyes, as he turns to go. He runs off, camera in hand, giving one more look back to Anna before heading

DOWN A SIDE STREET

where the foot traffic is a bit more diluted. The Secret Service are now fifty feet in front of him. MORE WARNING SHOTS ARE FIRED.

But Enrique never turns back. Enrique angles, leaning in to a turn. At the last second, Enrique sees something. Whatever it is appears to force him to change direction. As Lewicki follows, he looks down to see --

AN EMERGENCY VEHICLE

With the lights spinning and the sirens blasting. The VEHICLE nearly plows through the SECRET SERVICE. As Lewicki watches, the tension of the moment only further whets his appetite for adventure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he treks on, he watches Enrique, rushing across another street. Just then --

A CAR barrels into Enrique, picking him up onto the windshield. The BRAKES slam Enrique drops. Hitting the ground hard --

ON LEWICKI

stopping in horror. The Driver races out. He tries to help, but Enrique staggers back to his feet, running again --

-- (JANKOWSKI & PARSONS) close in. Lewicki chugs on in back... MORE SHOTS.

Enrique evades. He moves from the right of Lewicki to the left...as though preparing to turn down the next block.

Lewicki's losing this foot race. He has a choice to make. Lewicki turns to his own immediate left. He can see

DOWN A SIDE STREET

where there's a right-turn one block down; it could be a short cut that gets him closer. Without hesitation, he barrels down the side street.

His chest heaves, his teeth clench. He wills himself forward. Sweat now fills his brow as he hears MORE SHOTS fired from a block over...

Lewicki turns, desperately hoping the short cut works out...

As he makes his way down the next block, he sees ENRIQUE cutting right in front of him *It worked.* Enrique evades the cross traffic as he disappears off to the left.

Lewicki draws closer. He sees the ground rising as it leads to an overpass bridge. Rounding the corner, he climbs higher. *This is his adventure.* He can't quit now.

...Lewicki fights to keep going. He stumbles at the curb, barely retaining his balance --

HIGHER AND HIGHER

he climbs. Pushing, pushing...until he reaches the peak. As the road begins to slope down again, he looks around. No one's there. He checks off in both directions, but he's alone. Just then out of the corner of his eye, he catches sight of someone just below him. Looking over at

THE GROUND BENEATH

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lewicki spots Enrique in front of the overpass, unaware that Lewicki's watching from above.

A POLICE CAR DRAWS NEAR. Enrique's caught for sure.

Lewicki watches, shocked at his good fortune -- he's capturing the whole thing. Only Enrique doesn't move. He waits as the sedan comes to a stop and a POLICE OFFICER gets out of the car. Lewicki zooms in on Enrique, as he rounds the side of the car. He appears to smile. ZOOMING FURTHER... Lewicki notices that as Enrique raises his arms in celebration, he has a badge clipped to his belt --

ON LEWICKI

shocked.

LEWICKI (CONT'D)
...is he a *cop*?

Just then, he hears footsteps drawing closer. Lewicki sees PARSONS & JANKOWSKI, their guns out in front.

JANKOWSKI
(pointing)
There he is --

Suddenly, shots RING OUT. Lewicki turns, looking over the rail to see ENRIQUE'S DOWN. The Officer runs to his aid.

Lewicki looks back at the Secret Service; *did they just shoot him?* Lewicki's world is turned upside; *did the Secret Service just kill a Spanish Police officer?*

Parsons & Jankowski rush to the edge of the bridge, ready to jump down --

Just then, we HEAR a CHILD screaming in the distance, followed by cars SCREECHING to a stop (just as witnessed in the CNN newsroom).

Lewicki stops dead in his tracks. Turning back around, he rushes across the bridge --

PEERING OVER THE EDGE... LEWICKI sees ANNA standing in the street. A CAR has narrowly missed her --

LEWICKI
Oh, God. Anna!

Lewicki sprints, SHOTS are fired behind him, but he no longer has a hunkering for adventure--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LEWICKI (CONT' D)

Anna!

...he rushes to the end, rounding the side, sliding down. He tries to maintain his balance, but it's impossible. He skids as he goes -- He hears her SCREAM again.

LEWICKI (CONT' D)

I' m coming!!

As he rolls, he HEARS TIRES SCREECH, GLASS SHATTERS. METAL SCRAPES AGAINST THE CONCRETE -- MORE SCREAMING as he runs toward her --

LEWICKI (CONT' D)

Oh, God. I' m sorry. I' m so sorry...

-- coming round, he sees a VEHICLE ON IT'S SIDE SKIDDING TOWARD HER --

-- it's getting closer --

-- he reaches out --

-- the vehicle keeps coming --

-- just then, he grabs her, whisking her out of harm's way.

FROM THE SIDE OF THE ROAD...he looks back over the wreckage, at what just past her by --

LEWICKI (CONT' D)

Jesus Christ.

Turning away, he stares -- through the dark shadings of the underpass to the other side, where Enrique is lying on the ground, dead. More than 200 yards away we FREEZE FRAME on this image of Enrique...

...and with Howard Lewicki's every clipped breath, we JUMP IN CLOSER ON THE BODY before we

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE PLAZA MAJOR - CHRYON: 15 MINUTES EARLIER

TIGHT ON ENRIQUE CONTRERAS...as he walks toward the entrance, a bag slung over his shoulder. He looks over at the PROTESTORS as he goes. The PLACARDS accuse the UNITED STATES of provoking terrorists --

PROTESTORS

(in Spanish)

[Not our problem!! Not our problem!!]

Enrique maintains a calm even keel amid this intense protest. Watching him, we can see he is the promise of the future. Young, good looking. He screams "hero."

EXT. PLAZA MAJOR - SECURITY CHECK POINT - CONTINUOUS

Just inside the Plaza, Enrique falls into line at the Security check point. CROWDS stack up in front and behind. An AMERICAN WOMAN looks back as he joins. He smiles.

THE WOMAN

Are you American?

ENRIQUE

No.

THE WOMAN

Sorry. You look American.

He flashes his thousand-watt smile one last time as the woman walks over to one of the SECURITY PERSONNEL (JUAN).

JUAN

(offering her a bin)

Metal objects?

She drops her jewelry and her purse into the bin, allowing Juan to place it on the conveyor before she walks through the Metal detector. Enrique waits, patiently --

JUAN (CONT' D)

Next.

Enrique steps forward. Before walking through the metal detector, Enrique subtly shows his badge.

ENRIQUE

Policia.

JUAN

Uno momento.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Enrique waits as Juan turns to his CO-WORKER (PAULINA).
Within seconds, PAULINA approaches --

PAULINA [IN SPANISH]
[Do you have your event credentials?]

Enrique nods, handing her his materials. She studies his face, then his materials. As she does, he looks out into the Plaza, spotting VERONICA. His eyes brighten at the sight of her...she's beautiful. However as quickly as his mood lightened, his temper flares at the sight of her hands interlocked with another MAN.

PAULINA
[Okay. Sign here.]
(as he complies)
[Are you carrying?]

Again, he nods. Paulina turns to Juan and gives him the okay. Juan turns the metal-detecting wand off, allowing for the fact that the crowds behind Enrique don't need to know that he's an undercover police officer.

Enrique hardly notices the wand as he focuses instead on the MAN (JAVIER) as he leaves Veronica and heads for the exit. The jealousy thinly veiled, Enrique glares at Javier as he passes --

PAULINA (CONT' D)
[You can go.]

Gathering his things, Enrique nods, thank you, and heads in --

EXT. PLAZA MAJOR - CONTINUOUS

Stepping into the Plaza, Enrique makes a bee line for Veronica. As he ventures closer, she glances in his direction, sensing immediately his intensity; she knows that look.

ENRIQUE
(baiting her)
[You have a glow about you.]

VERONICA
[It's the heat.]

Leaning in to kiss her, she turns offering her cheek. Beat.

ENRIQUE
[What have you been doing?]

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA
(motioning to the crowds)
[Taking in all of the people.]

ENRIQUE
[Some more than others.]

-- she looks away, she's not going to respond --

ENRIQUE (CONT' D)
[I saw you with him, just now.]

VERONICA
[And?]
(he pauses, waiting for more)
[You saw nothing.]

ENRIQUE
[It didn't look like nothing.]

VERONICA
[And what, now you think something's
going on?]

ENRIQUE
[You tell me.]

VERONICA
[I'm not having this conversation again,
Enrique. You're the one I want. Why
can't you understand that?]

Looking deep into her eyes, he's lost; torn between his love
and his suspicion. Beat. He can't believe her, not anymore.

ENRIQUE
[Because I can't.]

He backs away, leaving his bag at her feet; *it's the same bag
that we saw Veronica throw* --

VERONICA
Enrique. I love you...

But Enrique keeps going. He fights, struggling to get his
emotions back under control. Approaching the podium, he
comes across MARIE & ANNA. In Anna's hand is an ice cream
cone without ice cream.

ANNA
[...its not fair.]

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARIE
[Life's not fair.]

-- pressing forward, Enrique reaches the SECURITY BARRIER that surrounds the podium. On the other side of the barricade, MEMBERS OF THE MEDIA, TECHNICIANS and SECURITY PERSONNEL, congregate. Flashing his badge, he's allowed through.

As he enters, he hears a CACOPHONY. The APPLAUSE is deafening as the PRESIDENT of the United States has arrived.

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Veronica. Just seeing her, pains him. He has to look away. Turning back to the podium, he sees that PRESIDENT ASHTON has arrived on stage and has begun to shake hands with the DIGNITARIES.

Making his way to the front, Enrique continues to survey the people he passes, almost as if he were looking for someone. As DE SOTO attempts to quiet the crowds, Enrique takes note of the SECRET SERVICE --

DE SOTO (O. S.)
Buenos tardes. Welcome. Thank you so much for being here...this is a wondrous day. Today, we make history!

APPLAUSE. Enrique notes Agent Taylor, calm, put together --

DE SOTO (CONT' D)
...Senor Presidente, fellow members of the European Union, President Ashton and citizens of the world, it is with great pleasure that I invite you all to our humble city.

-- following Taylor's watchful eye, Enrique turns to observe BARNES. Barnes whispers into his microphone while he scans the crowds. His eyes always on the move. As Barnes looks across, he seems to stop on Enrique. They lock eyes until Enrique turns away, uncomfortable.

DE SOTO (CONT' D)
It is with a sad heart that we must meet in mourning with those who lost loved ones recently. But we cannot today, nor ever, let the spectre of evil overcome the hope of a better tomorrow.

Enrique again turns to where VERONICA stood, but she's gone. He exhales, noticing the moisture that licks his palms. Wiping his hands on his pant legs, he turns back to De Soto --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DE SOTO (CONT' D)

We must come together on this day, in this renown place, to band together for peace.

APPLAUSE; Enrique rubs his hands again, nerves on edge --

DE SOTO (CONT' D)

Therefore, I offer you my City, my heart and my hope...

The applause erupts as Ashton and the other leaders, wave to the crowds. The moment swells, until -- BANG.

Enrique doesn't hesitate, even before the second shot rings out, he darts into action --

As the second shot rings out, Enrique races up to the podium BANG -- heading for the fallen man.

-- his chest heaves, breath quickening as he goes --

-- Enrique looks up to see the President, closer into view...

TAYLOR (O. S.)

Barnes!!

-- he's almost there --

As Enrique reaches out, Barnes grabs him, taking him down--

BARNES

Get him out of here!!

TAYLOR

Let's go, move it! Go, go, go, go, go --

Immediately, MATTHEWS & JANKOWSKI wrestle Enrique away --

ENRIQUE

No!! No. I help... Soy Policia--

-- As Enrique struggles, fighting with every breath... he searches for something --

-- there at the end of the barricade is Veronica. Suddenly, Enrique becomes more vigilant, more aggressive --

JANKOWSKI

Get --

ENRIQUE

No wait!!

-- as he attempts to fend them off, he sees BARNES and the OTHERS hurrying to the PRESIDENT as his body begins to shake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MATTHEWS

-- move --

-- Veronica's now inside the barricade, moving closer. His eyes call out to her even as he continues his charade --

ENRIQUE

-- I have special training!!

JANKOWSKI

Quiet --

BARNES

-- start clearing a path, so we can get him out of here --

She's so close to the podium, he can't take his eyes off her. As she throws the bag, her eyes meet his and his jealousy gets the best of him, *he can't let it go...* he can't help himself -- as much as he wants to stop himself, he can't --

ENRIQUE

(pointing)

Mira!! Mira, mira!

MATTHEWS

Shut up --

ENRIQUE

-- she throw something!!

*
*

LEWICKI

Wait!

JANKOWSKI

(finding Enrique's holster)

Gun!

Immediately the SECRET SERVICE throw Enrique down. Lewicki rushes to try to get their attention --

ENRIQUE

Soy policia --!!

JANKOWSKI

Shut your mouth.

As Matthews begins to examine it, Enrique looks around. She's gone--

MATTHEWS

It's loaded.

ENRIQUE

-- please! Listen to me!! I am policia.
(fighting them as they brace
his hands behind his back)
My badge is in front pocket. Please.

MATTHEWS reaches in, finding it. Handing it to Jankowski. Enrique looks to his side, noticing BARNES watching him --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ENRIQUE (CONT' D)
I just want to help --

JANKOWSKI
(to Enrique)
Are you on duty?
(Enrique doesn't understand)
Are you working now? Soy trabajo?

ENRIQUE
Si. I was to be here.

JANKOWSKI
Did you see anything? Anything at all?

ENRIQUE
No.

Just then, Barnes steps forward, edgier than the others --

BARNES
Why'd you run for him?

Barnes... JANKOWSKI ENRIQUE
I hear bang, I go --

*
*

BARNES (CONT' D)
After which shot?

ENRIQUE
Huh, I no --

BARNES
After the first shot or the second one?

ENRIQUE
The second.

BARNES
You got up here pretty fast.

ENRIQUE
-- No, I, I --

JANKOWSKI
Barnes, he's a cop.

Barnes stops, turning toward Jankowski -- seeing the badge.

BARNES
-- he knows something --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Enrique looks over, the accusation stops him in his tracks. Jankowski glares at Barnes, the unspoken tension between them, boiling over --

JANKOWSKI
(to PARSONS)
Get him out of here.

-- Frustrated, Barnes steps away -- and Enrique quietly exhales; relieved.

JANKOWSKI (CONT' D)
(to the agents nearby)
Let's round up anyone else who saw something...
(into his mic)
Master Command, go for Jankowski...

As he continues, Enrique looks over at Barnes as he now speaks with Taylor. Barnes watches him, still suspicious --

Parson begins leading Enrique away. Looking back, ENRIQUE looks over to where Veronica had thrown the bag. With each step, he's now moving further away...the worst is over --

-- he can see the edge of the podium; *home free*. As he begins to descend, he turns back to see Barnes pre-occupied with Lewicki's camera.

BARNES
Everyone, get down!

-- Enrique looks back --

BARNES (CONT' D)
Get down now!!

In that instant, Barnes locks eyes with Enrique. Enrique begins to backpedal just as the --

EXPLOSION --

-- hits. The PODIUM erupts. Fire, debris shoot into the air. The blast throws Enrique and the SECRET SERVICE to the ground.

ON ENRIQUE

looking over. He sees the wreckage scattered across the Plaza. He sees the agents -- some scattered, others staggering...and then BARNES --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

-- looking right at him Enrique hurries to his feet; he has to go. Now. Without waiting another second, he takes off. Feet hitting the pavement, legs cycling. No looking back.

JANKOWSKI (O. S.)
Get him back here --!!

-- but he doesn't stop. His breath heaves as he sprints.

NEARING THE EXITS

Enrique fights through the CROWDS and the wreckage, steering clear of the overturned cafe tables and other impediments --

JANKOWSKI (CONT' D)
-- Freeze!!!

-- but there's no stopping now --

EXT. OUTSIDE OF PLAZA MAJOR - CONTINUOUS

Enrique races out, looking both ways. As he sprints, he checks behind him. JANKOWSKI & PARSONS are fast in pursuit. Enrique powers on, never letting up. He knocks over PEDESTRIANS, avoiding foot traffic as he jumps --

OUT INTO THE STREET -- he skims the hood of a car, cutting it off. The vehicle brakes hard as he slides by. Nearing the other side, he turns back to see

JANKOWSKI & PARSONS

not far behind, pursuit continuing along the outside of the Plaza. PARSONS raises his gun, firing to the sky. But Enrique doesn't stop.

PARSONS
Stop where you are!!

JANKOWSKI
...he's not stopping.

Just then Enrique turns, heading away from the Plaza --

DOWN A SIDE STREET

where the foot traffic is more diluted, more dispersed.

AN INTERSECTION

just a few building lengths away is now the goal as Enrique hops back onto the sidewalk.

Arriving at the cross-section, he looks down the street to his right --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIRENS flash, LIGHTS spin. Enrique looks to see the EMERGENCY VEHICLE coming right toward him, but what catches Enrique's eye is not the vehicle itself, rather --

VERONICA -- riding shotgun. Their eyes meet and his rage returns...

THE SECRET SERVICE -- weave through traffic, continuing in foot pursuit. As they cross the intersection --

THE EMERGENCY VEHICLE narrowly misses them. Parsons is forced to dive, just missing.

BACK ON ENRIQUE

it's clear that seeing Veronica has troubled him. As he runs, he looks back just as

A CAR --

-- barrels into him, thrusting him onto the windshield. The BRAKES slam. He drops. Hitting the ground --

DRIVER

[Oh, my God!!]

-- Enrique cringes as he gets up. He can't stop. Not now, his rage won't allow it --

DRIVER (CONT' D)

[Are you alright --]

ENRIQUE

[Get away from me.]

DRIVER

[Wait! You're bleeding --]

-- but Enrique's not going to wait. He sprints on, unaware that Jankowski has his gun in hand and is aiming for him --

He fires...missing.

Gritting his teeth, Enrique pushes up hill, turning --

AROUND A CORNER

as the hill steepens. Up ahead, Enrique sees a bridge, a block away. Just prior to the bridge, cross traffic blocks his path. He looks back -- Jankowski and Parsons are still in firing distance. He has no choices --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ON ENRIQUE...seeing this as his chance. This is his moment. He limps, almost stumbling forward. Behind him, Jankowski and Parsons raise their weapons. Each taking aim --

-- FIRING -- their shots narrowly miss. Enrique's running low on time. He looks up. He has to get away. Just thirty feet...

Twenty...MORE SHOTS...

Ten...Five...he rushes into the street. CARS fly past. He dodges, stepping across, dancing madly with fate --

Until he's through. He looks back as the AGENTS struggle to evade the oncoming cars. BADGES in the air, trying to get across --

He's free. He turns, running up toward the bridge--

Climbing higher and higher, Enrique won't let up. A quarter of the way up, he looks over the side to see the ground dropping significantly. Without hesitation, he hops onto the rail, jumping down.

He hits against the side of the hill -- rolling, tumbling -- until he finds himself --

EXT. BELOW THE OVERPASS - CONTINUOUS

In the shadow of the overpass, Enrique stands, alone. Preparing his gun so that the firearm is just outside his jacket, he glares off in the distance. *Nothing.*

From his pocket, he retrieves his cell phone and dials. As it "CONNECTS."

MAN'S VOICE (V. O.)

Yeah.

ENRIQUE

[Where are you?]

MAN'S VOICE (V. O.)

Look --

ON A POLICE CAR...with its lights flashing as it speeds right for him. Drawing closer, it slows to a stop.

From the passenger side, an OFFICER steps out. As he locks eyes with Enrique, we see that it is JAVIER...the man who had been holding hands with Veronica.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ENRIQUE pastes a smile on his face... speaking in perfect English as he moves closer, arms extended in what seems like celebration --

ENRIQUE
As planned, no...

...but, casually, Enrique lowers his arms, subtly reaching back for his gun. But Javier beats him to the draw --

JAVIER
Not exactly.

Javier fires, Enrique drops to the ground. Javier moves closer, kicking the gun out of reach before picking it up --

JAVIER (CONT' D)
-- you're going to pay...
(Enrique gags)
Why!?! Why did you do it!?

ENRIQUE
(spitting back at him)
Go to hell.

JAVIER
(aiming again)
After you.

MAN (O. S.)
Freeze!!!

-- Javier turns and fires off into the distance as Enrique's head drops to his side -- MORE SHOTS ARE HEARD -- and suddenly, a car accelerates and Javier runs --

JAVIER (O. S.)
Wait --

Enrique's eyes dim as SHOTS ARE FIRED. TIRES SKID -- and a SEDAN crashes off screen. FOOTSTEPS run past. Enrique's breath shortens. He gasps, his chest rising, back-and-forth, back-and-forth, until it stops.

Dead. Enrique's head drops in the direction of the footsteps. We leave his body and move toward the feet...

...as we draw closer, we rise up -- getting a better look at the "man." It's THOMAS BARNES, the Secret Service agent...

-- before we even get a full glimpse, we

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHYRON: 15 MINUTES EARLIER

ON SECRET SERVICE AGENT THOMAS BARNES... scanning the city-scape. Holding on his gaze, we get a glimpse of the tortured soul that hides beneath a hero's exterior. There's a KNOCK.

MATTHEWS (O. S.)

It's time.

Deep breath. Barnes gathers. He checks his gun, checks his radio. Looking down at his hand -- it shakes. The anxiety returns. He removes a pill bottle from his pocket. Popping it open, he stops short. He can't do it. Not today. He'll have to make do without. Pitching the bottle, he heads for the door.

Looking down the hall, he can see that everyone's left without him. Undeterred, he heads to the elevators. Pressing the "DOWN" button, he waits...the door CHIMES.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Once inside, the trembles in his hand resurface as he reaches for the button -- "P." Pressing with vigor, the doors close. He checks his gun, his radio. Deep breath; *he's okay.*

Standing in silence, he waits as the elevator comes to a stop. The doors open and he exits, heading into the parking garage. Entering, he can hear VOICES just around the corner; *they're talking about him*

JANKOWSKI (O. S.)

But that was before he lost his shit --

TAYLOR (O. S.)

C' mon--

Taking a breath, he presses on --

MATTHEWS (O. S.)

-- dude had a nervous breakdown --

TAYLOR (O. S.)

-- six months ago, he's better --

JANKOWSKI (O. S.)

-- and what are the chances he's going to freak out the minute we walk --

Barnes enters, the others stop; oh, shit --

BARNES

I'd put it at 50-50.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Barnes heads for the limo as Taylor chuckles and follows, leaving Jankowski and Matthews in stunned silence.

BARNES (CONT' D)
We doing this?

INT. LIMD - CONTINUOUS

ASHTON sits in back, a phone to his ear, as Barnes and Taylor climb in. A small television fills the background as the car doors close. Barnes & Taylor get situated as Jankowski and Matthews head to another car in front --

The LIMD begins moving, heading out of the darkness and into the light. Matthews & Jankowski's car cruises just ahead, with TWO POLICE MOTORCYCLES leading the way --

As they cruise onto the streets, LIGHT FLARES through the window. HOLD on Barnes as the light finds him. The adrenaline flows, this is what he's been waiting for; he's back...

MARK (V. O.)
Tell us, Angie, what's the mood there?

ANGIE (V. O.)
For the most part: hopeful.

Barnes looks out. The streets are deserted, save for MILITARY PERSONNEL... SNIPERS loom atop buildings; the city has been "secured" without hardly a soul in sight...

BARNES
Thanks.

TAYLOR
For what?

BARNES
Getting me back out here again...

TAYLOR
Don't thank me yet.

Taylor smiles, Barnes understands the inference. As the limo turns once more, we can hear, nay feel, the crowds.

JANKOWSKI (V. O.)
Eagle has arrived. Repeat, Eagle has arrived.

BARNES
Co --

TAYLOR
Copy that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Barnes looks over to Taylor, he's not the lead any more.
Taylor nods; its okay.

The limo comes to a stop. Almost immediately, Jankowski and Matthews approach. As the doors open --

TAYLOR

Sir.

(Ashton nods, moving to exit)

Here we go.

Silently, Barnes follows Taylor out; this is it...

EXT. OUTSIDE PLAZA MAJOR - CONTINUOUS

ON BARNES...as he steps out, his discomfort thinly masked. CROWDS surge forward as the MEDIA smothers. FLASH BULBS fire off like gunfire. He flinches at the memory...

Sweat glistening on his brow, Barnes looks around. He sees hands sliding into pockets. Parasols raised in the sunlight. Eyes shifting... Every movement is a threat, every shadow hides an assassin. He tries to take a breath...

TAYLOR

Alright, let's do it. Mr. President.

ASHTON turns from the crowds and they begin moving.

ON THE PROTESTORS...the Anti-American vitriol hard to miss. Barnes moves slowly, scanning the crowd, the metal fences groan under their weight, anxiety building.

His eyes suddenly lock on -- A MAN -- who leans out onto their path. His eyes meet Barnes'...his hand reaches under his coat. A glint of light -- and Barnes' instinct takes over. He rushes forward...

The man's hand slides out just as --

-- Barnes reaches, grabbing --

-- Something falls to the ground -- *it's a camera.*

Realizing his error, Barnes re-coils; *shit.* He over-reacted. He turns back to the others, hoping they didn't see what he did, only it's immediately clear they did. Jankowski shoots Taylor a look. Taylor cuts him off --

TAYLOR (CONT' D)

Not now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Instead, Taylor guides them forward into the Plaza entrance with Jankowski and Matthews falling in just a step behind, leaving Barnes to pick up the rear.

EXT. ENTRANCE PLAZA MAJOR - CONTINUOUS

They lead the President through a large stone archway. Once inside the shade of the arch, they slow as they begin their ascent into Plaza. It's like walking into a bullring. The arena awaits, WHITE HOT and intense. And then all at once, Barnes is awash in a sea of humanity.

The CAMERA spins around Barnes as he's left breathless by the sheer volume of the crowd. There are windows everywhere; it's a Secret Service nightmare.

THE PODIUM feels like a world away. As Jankowski and Taylor begin to clear a path, Taylor looks back at Barnes; *do it*.

Barnes swallows, and then nods. Barking into his mic --

BARNES

Agents, go for count off.

SECRET SERVICE VOICES (V. O.)

East Annex -- Clear. North Tower --
Clear. West is clear.

All eyes on him. The Podium inches closer.

BARNES

South?

SECRET SERVICE VOICES (V. O.)

We're clear. Ground cover -- good. 24
Clear. 13 has blue skies. 12 is a go.

TAYLOR nods, Barnes breathes deep; they made it.

AT THE PODIUM.. Barnes and Taylor give way so that the President can greet DE SOTO & the OTHER DIGNITARIES. The two men smile, posing for photos. The CHEERS drown out everything, making it almost impossible to hear.

Barnes turns to face the crowds, swathe upon swathe stare back. A bead of sweat runs down. Immediately, he wipes it clean...

DE SOTO

Buenos tardes. Welcome. Thank you so
much for being here...this is a wondrous
day. Today, we make history!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARNES' eyes never rest. He searches WINDOWS. He glances across the ROOFTOPS. The entrances, the exits... searching, searching... He continues to scan the perimeter, looking out as a CURTAIN FLUTTERS in a window along the far wall.

Barnes looks over to the others; *no one else has seen it*. He looks back again -- the flutter appears to have lessened; *was there someone there?* Not wanting to lose face again, Barnes hesitates before speaking into his microphone --

BARNES

Back annex, the building should've been cleared....

SECRET SERVICE #1 (V. 0.)

Copy. It's clear.

BARNES

I've got a flutter on the second floor. Third window from the right.

SECRET SERVICE #1 (V. 0.)

Roger. We'll check again.

Taylor looks over and Barnes nods, trying to appear confident, in control. Turning back to the window, Barnes stares, focused as De Soto's words echo in the P.A. system. Waiting, waiting...

ON THE WINDOW -- as SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1 steps into the frame. He closes the window (we now see that the man that Lewicki had seen was just Secret Service) --

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1 (V. 0.)

The breeze must've blown the curtains. We've got it.

Barnes looks back at Taylor, only Taylor doesn't return his gaze. The shame is hard to miss...his glance drops.

DE SOTO

Therefore I offer you my City, my heart and my hope.

The APPLAUSE overwhelms as Ashton steps forward and waves.

BANG; a shot RINGS out, its ECHO fills the square and --

TIME STANDS STILL -- as Barnes turns to see Ashton falling, Taylor and the OTHERS rushing for him..

Taylor shouts out, BARNES can't hear him. He can't hear anything. The CROWDS scream in silence, people RUN wild --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Barnes turns back to the window...and in a FLASH of light...

BANG -- another shot rings out, hitting Ashton again. His eyes never stray, locking on the weapon. Smoke drifts off from the rifle's shaft, BIRDS escape the rooftops. TAYLOR screams again...

TAYLOR
Barnes!!

-- finally hearing his name, Barnes looks back to see ENRIQUE charging directly for the downed President. Heart pumping, eyes wild, Barnes STORMS forward, taking him down.

TAYLOR (CONT' D)
(Gun-Shot-Wound)
Eagle's down, Eagle's down. We've got a
G. S. W. !! Repeat, G-S-W.

Powerless, Barnes watches Taylor work to stop the bleeding --

BARNES
(re: Enrique)
Get him out of here!!

-- AGENTS grab hold of Enrique and wrestle him away, as Barnes race over toward the President --

TAYLOR
We need to move Eagle now.
(calling to the others)
Let's go, move it! Go, go, go, go, go --

A RING OF SECRET SERVICE AGENTS swarm Ashton --

TAYLOR (CONT' D)
We're picking him up -- 1, 2, 3 --

-- the President's lifted up --

ON BARNES...looking down at the PRESIDENT, an eerie feeling of deja vu. The group collectively begins moving --

BARNES
Start clearing a path so we can get him
out of here!
(to Taylor)
You got him?

TAYLOR
(nodding; yes)
Find that shooter...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

As Taylor and the others lead Ashton away, Barnes lifts his radio, barking orders --

BARNES

I want a perimeter set at a half block out. Let's get local authorities sweeping through all of the buildings along the back annex. No one goes in or out without our go...

He watches as the others carry the PRESIDENT towards awaiting ambulance...

BARNES (CONT' D)

Master Command, I need a twenty on Potus...

It looks bad for the PRESIDENT; *they're losing him*. He's not breathing. As they struggle to save him, EMTs rush over --

BARNES (CONT' D)

Repeat, Master Command, come in... Master Command?

(no response)

Dammit!

Frustration, rage, it all boils over; He looks back at the window, then at Enrique. Something doesn't add up. Storming over, Barnes confronts Enrique --

BARNES (CONT' D)

Why'd you run for him?

JANKOWSKI

Barnes...

ENRIQUE

I hear bang, I go --

*
*

BARNES (CONT' D)

After which shot?

ENRIQUE

Huh, I no --

BARNES

After the first shot or the second one?

ENRIQUE

The second.

BARNES

You got up here pretty fast.

ENRIQUE

-- No, I, I --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JANKOWSKI
Barnes, he's a cop.

Barnes stops, turning toward Jankowski -- seeing the badge.

BARNES
-- he knows something --

JANKOWSKI
(to PARSONS, re: Enrique)
Get him out of here.

-- the two men face off. Out of the corner of his eye, Barnes notices Taylor returning; he hasn't got time for this. He heads off --

BARNES
There's no response from Master Command --

TAYLOR
I just spoke with them. Potus is secure.
In the meantime, until we find that
shooter, we're shutting down the city.

BARNES
This never should've happened.

TAYLOR
Except that it did and it was on our
watch.

Taylor's comment stings. Barnes shakes his head, he can't live with that --

BARNES
We've got to find him..
(spotting Lewicki)
Sir, we need your camera.

Barnes runs over to Lewicki. Before he can fully hand it over, Barnes has the camera. He aims it up at the window in back annex as Taylor joins him

BARNES (CONT' D)
Third over, that's where the flutter came
from. But the shot was to the left --

TAYLOR
Wait, you saw the shooter?

Wishing it were different, Barnes shakes his head -- no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BARNES
I saw something. Like a flash of light.
(looking back at the window)
There.

-- ZOOMING IN...there's something lurking in the shadow --

BARNES (CONT' D)
There was something there.

LEWICKI
I saw something too.

Taylor looks over -- both of them saw it.

TAYLOR
I'll go check it out.

BARNES
I'm coming with --

TAYLOR
No. If it's nothing, let me take the
heat.

-- Barnes nods; understood. Turning back to Lewicki --

BARNES
Did you film this entire thing?
(Lewicki nods)
Show me.

Lewicki reaches in, rewinding as BARNES looks down at the screen. All of the action plays in reverse; he tracks Veronica disappearing into the crowds...he catches a glimpse of the Agents tussling with Enrique...and going even further still, notices Veronica throwing her bag...suddenly, he stops in his tracks --

BARNES (CONT' D)
-- Oh, God.
(looking out; calling)
There's a bomb...Everyone, get down!

Turning toward the others, he begins to run --

BARNES (CONT' D)
Get down now!!

-- the PODIUM EXPLODES --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His phone breaks the spell. Barnes breathes deep, sensing that all eyes are on him. He slowly turns, looking through Rex like he isn't there, and going back to KEVIN'S monitor.

BARNES (CONT' D)
Stop it there.

Kevin presses PLAY as Barnes leans in close, answering the phone --

BARNES (CONT' D)
Yeah --

TAYLOR (V. O.)
You were right...

BARNES
About what?

TAYLOR (V. O.)
The shooter.
(Barnes stops)
I'm in pursuit, leaving the back annex,
heading west --

Barnes' heart skips beat, eyes open wide...

BARNES
Did you call it in?

TAYLOR (V. O.)
I need you to --

BARNES
I've got it. Go!
(into his wrist)
Master Command...come in. Master
Command.

No response; STATIC is all that he hears. Vindicated by Taylor's notice, Barnes turns to his cell, dialing --

BARNES (CONT' D)
Washington, this is Agent Barnes. Master
Command is down. My partner is in
pursuit of a suspect, we need assistance
outside the back annex, heading west
along surface streets. Copy.

Hanging up, Barnes turns toward the exit as he calls Taylor --

BARNES (CONT' D)
Back up is on it's --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Out of the corner of his eye, Barnes catches sight of the D-CAM MONITOR where a POLICE OFFICER runs from the BACK ANNEX --

BARNES (CONT' D)

Rewind that.

ON BARNES...as he moves closer to the D-CAM monitor. There on screen is a SPANISH POLICE OFFICER with a cell phone to his ear --

TAYLOR (V. O.)

What...? Thomas, what is it?

Barnes stares at the Spanish police officer... *it's TAYLOR.*

BARNES

Oh, my God.

ON BARNES -- the shock, horror. Beat. Suddenly the connection goes dead; Taylor's gone. Backing out, Barnes hangs up and takes off --

EXT. CNN HEADLINE NEWS PRODUCTION TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Barnes sprints off. Rounding a corner, he picks up his pace--

EXT. BACK ANNEX - CONTINUOUS

BARNES arrives, looking around. Something is clearly wrong. Very wrong. He has to find Taylor --

-- his eyes surveying the scene, he spots an alley way; *Taylor would've gone down there.* He sprints down it. His pace more urgent, more determined.

-- looking down the narrow alley he sees a POLICE CAR burst onto the road way ahead; *was it Taylor?*

Without hesitation, Barnes steps into the street and a CAR BRAKES in front of him. Running toward the driver's side --

BARNES

Secret Service, step out of the car!!

-- he doesn't even wait for a response, grabbing the DRIVER and removing him. Climbing in, he speeds off --

ONCE INSIDE...Barnes accelerates. Looking ahead, the police car is gone --

BARNES (CONT' D)

Shit...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- suddenly, it dawns on him; *his phone*. Grabbing it again, he dials--

BARNES (CONT' D)
 Washington, this is Agent Barnes,
 2395342.
 (beat; into his phone)
 I've lost Agent Taylor, he's in pursuit
 of a suspect and I need a GPS location of
 his cellular...

As he passes through the next intersection, he looks to his LEFT and he catches sight of a POLICE CAR 200 yards down, picking up another OFFICER (JAVIER) --

Barnes slams on his brakes, forcing the cars behind him to stop as well. BARNES jerks the car into reverse as he attempts back up the rest of the way into the intersection; he's got to keep up --

HORNS BLARE as he looks DOWN THE STREET as the Police car has turned right, running parallel --

Flipping the gear back into DRIVE, Barnes accelerates again. Trying to figure it out; *where is Taylor going?*

He weaves through traffic, avoiding PEDESTRIANS as he watches the car crossing the next intersection --

-- up ahead, a TRUCK blocks a portion of the road and BARNES veers hard, narrowly missing -- *he's got to get closer* --

BARNES (CONT' D)
 (the operator comes back)
 He's where? He's heading for the river?

He looks out the window for landmarks, the streets are too narrow, there's nothing.

BARNES (CONT' D)
 --that's where everyone is heading?

Reaching the top of a hill, Barnes look around -- the RIVER IS BEHIND HIM! Taylor set up a decoy --

BARNES (CONT' D)
 Sonuvabitch!
 (back into the phone)
 Alright, I know how this is going to sound, but they're not going to find anyone. No, I know I made the call.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BARNES (CONT' D)

I know, but just listen -- you've got to get those agents back from the river, there's something else going on... Master Command is compromised, there's no twenty on Potus --

(no one's buying it)

Dammit, listen to me --

(hanging up)

Goddammit!

Sealing his resolve, he slams the phone down -- he's going to have to do it himself... Eyes straight ahead, he hits the gas hard -- shooting forward --

At the next cross-street, he cuts into the narrow alley --

THE POLICE CAR is now 150 yards ahead --

BARNES pushes with everything he's got... he draws closer, and closer... *he's got to stop them* --

DOWN A SIDE STREET

he sees an AMBULANCE leaving cars in it's wake, the tell tale signs of chaos run amok... He exhales as he speeds toward the next intersection --

The LIGHT CHANGES -- *he's gonna make it; yellow-turns-to-red--*

A CAR SMACKS THE TAIL END OF BARNES' CAR... setting it off course. The rear fender hangs, scraping against the ground.

ON THE POLICE CAR... as the collision causes Taylor to look back in the rearview, before turning to see BARNES.

The two men lock eyes. Taylor can't believe it, all at once the chase shifts into an even higher gear...

DOWN THE NARROW SPANISH ROADWAYS THEY GO... TAYLOR turns hard and by the time BARNES arrives at the intersection, Taylor's already turning again --

FIGHTING TO KEEP UP, BARNES speeds to the end of the block only to look around and see... nothing... *Taylor's gone* --

BARNES (CONT' D)

C' mon... think.

CANVASSING THE LANDSCAPE.. he cruises forward only to hear the SCREECH OF TIRES off to the side. *It has to be Taylor* -- Barnes races ahead. Ignoring all sense of reason, he barrels forward, cutting them off --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRAKES SCREECH, HORNS BLARE as he makes it across the first two lanes of cars...heading toward the downward sloping on-ramp that must have been Taylor's destination --

Just prior to the on ramp, a TRUCK smashes his side door--

ON BARNES...as he's trapped in this shoe box as the car is thrust sideways, he hurtles closer and closer toward a wall.

THE TRUCK SLAMS ON ITS BRAKES, but it's too late. SMASH. Barnes is jammed between the truck and the wall. Catching his breath, Barnes kicks through windshield, forcing his way out--

TRUCK DRIVER

[What's the matter with you!?!]

-- Barnes doesn't have time for answers as he runs forward, his gun out in front --

BARNES

Move!!

IN THE DISTANCE...Barnes can see that the car has stopped down below; *he actually has a shot*. He can make out the back of TAYLOR in the driver's seat...and there's a COP (JAVIER) out in front, talking to ENRIQUE. Redoubling his efforts, Barnes pushes with all he's worth --

BANG. Enrique falls to the ground. As Javier rounds the car, heading closer to the fallen man --

BARNES (CONT' D)

Freeze!!

Javier looks up and immediately fires --

-- striking Barnes. Barnes looks down, shocked. His abdomen reddens and as he sets himself, firing back at JAVIER --

-- his shot connects, hitting Javier. Javier runs back toward the car as TAYLOR accelerates --

JAVIER

Wait --

-- instead, Taylor fires at Javier. Javier's down and Taylor takes off. Barnes doesn't even hesitate. He runs forward, firing as he goes, aiming for the tires --

-- he hits one and the car skids, sparks flying, MORE SHOTS --

THE REAR WINDOW SHATTERS --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

-- the CAR turns wildly. Taylor's hit -- the AIR BAGS EXPLODE. The Police car spins out of control, coasting-skidding-crashing into the guard rail.

BARNES runs closer...gun drawn, his free hand holding his wound. Reaching the car, he throws the door open and pulls Taylor out. Hurling him back against the car, the two friends come face-to-face, bloodied and bowed. Taylor's beaten. The wounds clearly have sucked the life from him --

BARNES
Goddamn you! You used me --

...Taylor gasps for air...

BARNES (CONT' D)
I trusted you!

TAYLOR
-- you can't stop it...

BARNES
What have you done?
(Taylor shakes his head)
What have you done!? Answer me!

...and he's gone --

BARNES (CONT' D)
Noo!!!!

-- Barnes looks out to find a landscape of chaos. CARS have collided...there's an overturned TRUCK with its under belly facing him. Looking across, something catches Barnes' eye --

BARNES (CONT' D)
Oh, my God --

-- Barnes takes off, running and we track from behind, taking note of the ear piece still in his ear. JUMPING IN CLOSE, we

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMB - CHRYON: 15 MINUTES EARLIER

We're looking at PRESIDENT ASHTON from over the shoulder of the SECRET SERVICE; the agent's earpiece letting us know where we are. As he talks on the phone, we hear the drone of the CNN in the background.

ASHTON

(light-hearted)

--when exactly do we think the changes'll be ready, Rick? It's not like I'm supposed to be giving a speech *now*. I suppose I can just wing it. I'm sure that'll be okay...how much trouble can I really get myself into?

A shadow falls across his face, looking up, Ashton sees them moving through an underpass. The MOTORCADE slows down.

ASHTON (CONT' D)

We're stopping?

He turns to the SECRET SERVICE AGENTS that face him -- AGENTS CAVIC & SOMMERS (not Barnes & Taylor). No response. Before we can question what happened to Barnes & Taylor the door opens. TED HEINKIN, senior Presidential attache, climbs in. Heinkin (30s) is the President's "go to" guy.

HEINKIN

Mr. President --

Ashton turns, locking on Heinkin's face. In that moment everything changes -- Christ --

ASHTON

Rick, I'll call you back.

After he hangs up --

HEINKIN

The NSA just confirmed the threat.

ASHTON

Where's Phil?

HEINKIN

The hotel, he's on with the Joint Chiefs.

Ashton looks up as another Motorcade passes by.

ASHTON

He sent the double, didn't he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEINKIN

Yes.

(to the Driver)

We're taking Potus to the hotel.

The Driver nods and our vehicle begins to move again --

Ashton nods; his displeasure is hard to contain.

HEINKIN (CONT' D)

We moved the speech till tomorrow.
(waiting for Ashton's response
before)

We let the Press know that we're
"deferring" to Prime Minister Gutierrez,
as we're in his country.

ASHTON

(sarcastic)

Deferring, that's great.

(beat)

...today of all days.

Beat; reading the President's expression --

HEINKIN

We've had doubles since Reagan.

ASHTON

For photo ops, not for anything this big.

HEINKIN

(trying to re-assure)

He's not going to say anything --

ASHTON

He doesn't have to.

The President looks out as the car turns down into an alley.
Shadow cuts across his face as they drop down out of view --

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The LIMD enters. The garage door closes behind the car.
Standing in wait are two SECRET SERVICE AGENTS and Chief of
Staff, PHIL McCULLOUGH. The car stops. The SECRET SERVICE
step out before escorting Ashton toward the elevator --

MCCULLOUGH

Sir --

ASHTON

Talk to me, Phil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCCULLOUGH

NSA called it about five minutes ago.
There's no question -- it's real.

ASHTON

And we know who it is...?

MCCULLOUGH

It looks like it's a local group, with
some sort of vague connection to the
Mujahedin Brigade.

(beat)

Two weeks ago, U. S. Special Forces
uncovered a plot to smuggle a dirty bomb
out of Morocco. We took their men and
their bomb and this may be their
retaliation...

The elevator doors are held open by an AGENT, who steps out
as the PRESIDENT, HEINKIN, McCULLOUGH and CAVIC step in.

ANOTHER AGENT (SOMMERS) swipes his pass card on the elevator,
locking out the other floors. As the agent steps out of the
elevator, he speaks into his radio --

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Potus is moving --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ON A BANK OF SECURITY CAMERA SCREENS...as we watch Ashton
from inside the elevator as McCullough hands him a dossier.

ASHTON

This is them --?

CROSS CUT WITH:

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Ashton looks down at the dossier, opening to a grainy digital
photo of Tehuel Suarez; in the photo he sits, bearded and
brooding with several others --

HEINKIN

(nodding; pointing)

That's Tehuel Suarez. As near as we can
tell, he heads up the group.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASHTON
(re: the photo)
How old is this?

HEINKIN
A few years.

Ashton keeps turning, as he moves to the next --

MCCULLOUGH
A couple days ago, we intercepted an email between members of his group. Embedded in it were links to maps, blueprints of the area...

As he turns to the next page, we see an email threatening the President's life...

MCCULLOUGH (CONT' D)
(re: the email)
It wasn't until this morning, that we received the threat.

Ashton skims it, before closing it. He's seen enough.

ASHTON
You talked to the Joint Chiefs?
(McCullough nods; yes)
What are they recommending?

MCCULLOUGH
That we go after their leadership --

ASHTON
(skeptical)
Their leadership?

MCCULLOUGH
(nodding)
We've got a satellite lock on one of their camps...

Ashton's frustrated; that isn't going to make any difference right now --

ASHTON
Do we even know if the order came from that high?

MCCULLOUGH
We've got verification of the threat --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ASHTON

But as for where it began...?

MCCULLOUGH

Nothing yet --

ASHTON

Then why not focus on the ones who are here, who are actually doing this?

MCCULLOUGH

We are. We're working with Spanish authorities --

ASHTON

But...

MCCULLOUGH

It's a big city.

ASHTON

-- This summit is too important --

MCCULLOUGH

I know, Sir. But we're looking for five people out of six million. We're trying--

ASHTON

Try harder.

Silence. Beat. The doors open and CAVIC leads them out --

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They pass a SECRET SERVICE AGENT by the elevator, and ANOTHER AGENT standing guard outside the President's door.

More silence.

CAVIC slides his key card into the door and enters.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Ashton enters. He moves toward the window, where we can practically feel the crowds, just a block and a half away. Beat; he looks out over the Plaza and then the City at large-- he can't help but feel trapped.

Turning back to McCullough, he has the television on CNN --

ON SCREEN... The faux-Ashton greets FOREIGN LEADERS. The real Ashton glares, disgusted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASHTON

He doesn't even look like me.

Finishing his hellos, the faux-Ashton flanks the MAYOR --

DE SOTO (ON SCREEN)

Buenos tardes. Welcome. Thank you so much for being here. This is a wondrous day. Today, we make history!

Applause carries. As De Soto waits for the crowds to quiet, Ashton notices behind the faux-Ashton, Agent THOMAS BARNES --

ASHTON

That's Thomas.

(McCullough nods; yes)

I thought he was still inactive --

HEINKIN

-- He was.

Ashton's surprised; beat. Seeing Barnes has opened him up. The tension of the previous moment seems forgotten at the sight of his protector --

ASHTON

If he's back, why isn't he with me?

HEINKIN

(looking off McCullough before)

We weren't sure if he was ready --

ASHTON

You sent him out there.

MCCULLOUGH

We needed someone to "sell" the double.

ASHTON

To sell-- He took a bullet for me, Phil.

MCCULLOUGH

And look at him

ASHTON

He hasn't stopped punishing himself since.

MCCULLOUGH

Look, I liked him every bit as much as you did, but we need to know we can count on him again before putting him on your detail --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ASHTON

-- and so you threw him out there to see
if he could?

Silence; Ashton turns away from McCullough, dismissive.

DE SOTO (ON SCREEN)

*...Therefore, I offer you my City, my
heart and my hope...*

ON THE TELEVISION

APPLAUSE erupts. The BODY DOUBLE/ASHTON waves from the podium. The emotion swells -- until --

BANG. Shots ring out. The faux-President drops to the ground. ASHTON watches. His own mortality all too apparent.

Long silence.

ASHTON

(re: the Joint Chief's
recommendations)

Tell me who we're going after.

McCullough nods, however, as he starts talking, the President's eye is drawn back to the television.

PUSH IN ON ASHTON

as he stares. McCullough speaks in the background, but right now he can't be heard. Ashton's mind is adrift, lost --

ON SCREEN

Barnes rushes to aid the body double; this is deja vu...

ASHTON (CONT' D)

(looking off of Barnes)
...Jesus.

MCCULLOUGH

Mr. President.

Ashton gathers himself; he wants someone to pay...someone has to pay. Turning back toward McCullough --

MCCULLOUGH (CONT' D)

The Joint Chiefs have a satellite lock on
one of the Mujahedin camps...they're
ready to go...

Ashton looks over to Heinkin, who appears skeptical.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ASHTON
(re: Heinkin)
What's the problem?

MCCULLOUGH
There's an issue with when we can go--

ASHTON
Go now --

HEINKIN
You can't give the order...
(ironic)
You've been shot. If we go now, we risk
telling the world that you weren't there.

ASHTON
I don't care. I want that order given.

HEINKIN
Sir --

ASHTON
Kevin will work up a story --

HEINKIN
That's not going to fly.

ASHTON
Dammit, we *need to be at that summit*. So
if we have to go to some goddamn hospital
and put on a show about how I'm okay,
then that's what we'll do...but we are
not sitting this one out.

Heinkin looks over to McCullough.

MCCULLOUGH
I think we need to talk about this --

ASHTON
I'm done talking. The sooner we get the
word out that I'm okay, the better --

We HEAR a CAR BOMB EXPLODE some seven stories below (the same
unseen explosion that CNN picked up on). Windows shatter --

MCCULLOUGH
Holy, Christ --

Standing, he looks out at the chaos -- FIRE, WRECKAGE --
People have been thrown by the fury of the blast; it's clear
what he has to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CAVIC

Mr. President, please step away from the glass --

Ashton turns back to his staff, while CAVIC radios the SECURITY ROOM --

CAVIC (CONT' D)

Cavic to Security Room --

ASHTON

(lethal; re: the Joint-Chiefs)
Call the Joint Chiefs. We're ending this.

(to McCullough)

I want Rick drafting something asap. Everything's fine -- everything is okay. Close the door on this now.

CAVIC

Security room, come in --

HEINKIN

What's the matter?

CAVIC

I'm not getting through.
(trying again)
Come in, Security --

MCCULLOUGH

Alright, we're leaving, right now.

CAVIC

Until we confirm with Master Command, I can't recommend that course of action --

HEINKIN

Jesus.

ON ASHTON

as he reaches for the phone, he dials.

ASHTON

(into the phone)
It's the President. Is my wife there?
(beat; to McCullough)
We have to be better than this, Phil.

As he waits for his wife to pick up, HEINKIN and MCCULLOUGH begin speaking on two of the OTHER PHONE LINES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ASHTON (CONT' D)
 Kay, it's me. Yeah, it's okay.
 (beat)
 No, I'm fine, really--

ALL OF THE SUDDEN THE DOOR COMES UNHINGED -- the entire panel is launched across the room. Ashton turns in shock as smoke coils into the room.

CAVIC
 Mr. President, get down!!

Suddenly, a MAN WITH A GAS MASK enters, his guns out in front. He fires, pegging CAVIC.

Ashton drops toward the floor, shielding himself --

-- as the MAN unloads on both HEINKIN, then McCULLOUGH.

BULLETS SPRAY as

Ashton struggles toward the bedroom. SMOKE fills in around him. Before he gets there, he's stopped by the MAN WITH THE GAS MASK --

MAN WITH THE GAS MASK
 Don't move.

ON THE MAN WITH THE GAS MASK

as he aims at Ashton. Instead of firing, he reaches into his bag and pulls out a second gas mask --

MAN WITH THE GAS MASK (CONT' D)
 Put it on.

ASHTON
 What --

MAN WITH THE GAS MASK
 Put it on... now.

After Ashton obeys, the man grabs his hands and SMACKS hand cuffs down on his wrists. The pain is apparent in his actions --

MAN WITH THE GAS MASK (CONT' D)
 Let's go...

...poked by the butt of his fire arm, Ashton's thrust forward, out of the room --

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As they hurry forward, they pass the downed BODIES of the SECRET SERVICE.

ON ASHTON...refusing his emotions.

Rounding a corner, they stand just shy of the elevator entrances. Immediately, the MAN rips the mask from Ashton's face. As he does, the ELEVATOR CHIMES. The sound jars the MAN and he turns back, his guns aimed straight ahead --

ON THE ELEVATOR DOORS

as they open. He's poised to shoot until he sees VERONICA enter, in front of her is gurney that she wheels forward --

Immediately, Veronica raises a drug-doused handkerchief to ASHTON'S FACE.

Ashton's eyes roll back as they catch him from falling. Amid the haze, Ashton can hear voices, but the words are unintelligible as they go to work on Ashton --

-- His shirt is ripped as he's lowered onto the gurney --

-- His ARM is pricked by the IV --

-- An oxygen mask comes down on his face and his breath is now audible. Ashton can hear the MAN WITH THE GAS MASK head off. Within seconds, Ashton's shoved into the elevator --

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Ashton's eyes glaze as a SHEET is spread over him, altering the light before it comes down, covering his body. Ashton sees the vague outline of a WOMAN --

SUDDENLY, the doors open --

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

As Ashton's wheeled out, it looks like a bomb has just gone off. A MAN (the MAESTRO) rushes to assist and together they wheel Ashton forward --

ON A SECRET SERVICE AGENT

who screams into his radio. Ashton wants desperately to speak -- call out for help -- only he can't manage the words.

All around, LOCAL POLICE and EMTs help the INJURED as VERONICA & the MAESTRO push the President outside --

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

LIGHT GLARES from above as the Maestro and Veronica bring the President to the back of the Emergency Vehicle.

THE BACK AMBULANCE DOORS OPEN

and the gurney wheels fold back as he's slid in.

ON ASHTON

as his eye is drawn to A YOUNG BELL MAN (FELIPE) lying on the ground. His glazed, open eyes stare back...DEAD. It is an image that haunts Ashton; this will be him, if he doesn't do something. Anything...

INT. EMERGENCY VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Just as the doors close, a SECOND MAN enters the back with Ashton. Ashton's hands still tied together and his head overpowered by the drug. He shakes his head, struggling to come to; *Wake up...*

...suddenly, the doors in front open and the MAESTRO and VERONICA climb in. The car's started, SIRENS blare. They're off.

As they continue, Ashton rocks himself back and forth, desperate to regain control. Finally he draws enough momentum to hurl himself off the side of the gurney onto the floor --

MAESTRO (O.S.)
(from the front seat)
[What'd he do?]

-- Ashton's arm is still fastened to the IV drip. As the weight of his arm pulls it clear, he lies on the floor --

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
[...he fell off.]

MAESTRO (O.S.)
[He's fine. Leave him.]

The car accelerates again and the cross talk picks up around him

LYING ON THE FLOOR...Ashton braces himself, pushing, curling into a seated position. He can hear voices but has no idea what's being said --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Searching wildly, Ashton's hands find the metal pole from which the IV drip hangs. Discovering it, he grips hard, fighting for leverage. His expression seals; *he will not die quietly.*

Within the conversation, the SECOND MAN grows concerned. There's clearly a tension here. Building, building until...

Shots are FIRED inside the car --

ON ASHTON -- as he brings both hands up and grabs the pole. Lifting it. He can't wait any longer -- it's now or never --

ASHTON SWINGS, clocking VERONICA in the head. She cries out.

MAESTRO (O. S.) (CONT' D)

Stop him!

Veronica gets out of her seat, moving back toward the PRESIDENT. He fights, swinging again and again. His vision still impaired, he's wild as he tries to fend her off. Veronica pulls out her gun, aiming at his leg as he blocks as best he can --

MAESTRO (CONT' D)

-- don't kill him

She fires into his leg. Ashton goes down --

VERONICA SCREAMS -- just then the vehicle turns wildly and he's thrown.

WE ROLL, Ashton's head strikes the window pane, marking it with blood -- as he drops to the ground. The last vestige of consciousness is gone --

-- As his head drops back, his eyes dim and we

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAZA MAJOR - CHRYON: 15 MINUTES EARLIER

ON THE COUPLE...that Lewicki had filmed earlier. Drawing closer, we get a second look at VERONICA. Her eyes are locked on the man across from her. Its no wonder that Lewicki mistook the intensity for desire...

...however, standing before her is JAVIER. As he stares back, we get a far different sense of the man. Beneath his steely eyes we sense a darkness, a man who has lost his soul, fighting now to restore it.

Holding a man's bracelet in her hands, Veronica smiles --

VERONICA

I thought you'd want it for luck.

JAVIER

I want to know he's okay.

She looks at him again before agreeing. Reaching into her pocket, she retrieves her cell phone, handing to him --

VERONICA

(re: video footage)

This was taken fifteen minutes ago. I think you'll find that we're taking *good* care of him..

Looking down at the screen, Javier sees a clip of his BROTHER (MIGUEL, 16) staring back, bound, gagged, his eyes pleading.

...Javier glares back at Veronica --

JAVIER

What have you done to him?

VERONICA

He's still in one piece, you should be happy about that.

Javier brings his rage inward; he's without options. Veronica moves closer, whispering into his ear --

VERONICA (CONT' D)

As long as you do what you're supposed to, your brother will be fine.

(putting the bracelet on)

But if you fail...this will be the last thing you have to remember him by.

Javier pulls away and she smiles -- sinister.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAVIER

Don't worry about me.

We follow him toward the entrance. As he maneuvers the crowds, he passes ANNA with her mother, MARIE. A fully fledged ICE CREAM CONE in hand. Anna is bumped, but the cone stays together --

MARIE

[Anna...]

(Anna's not listening)

[Anna, I'm not going to tell you again.
I'll take it away from you --]

NEARING THE ENTRANCE... Javier spots ENRIQUE at the security check point. Their eyes connect. Enrique's look seems dark, potentially threatening -- further confirmation that he can trust none of these people.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

Javier slips out, checking his watch as he goes; he's late.

ROUNDING A CORNER... He picks up the pace, trying to catch up for lost time. As he walks, he fishes an ear piece from his pocket. Almost immediately, he picks up a conversation in midstream. Leading is THE MAESTRO, the brains behind their operation --

MAESTRO (V. O.)

...stick with the protestors. We never see this.

(ironic)

No one hates the Americans.

The commentary hardly affects Javier. He hurries out into the street -- Beat.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Javier.

JAVIER

Go ahead.

MAESTRO (V. O.)

Where were you?

JAVIER

I'm on my way.

MAESTRO (V. O.)

"The slightest mistake could screw us all up..."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

While its unclear as to what this refers, we hear laughter on the other end; possibly Maestro, possibly someone else --

MAESTRO (CONT' D)
Your brother spoke very highly of your special forces training...

Javier can't stomach listening any longer...he just wants to do what is required and go.

MAESTRO (CONT' D)
Javier?

JAVIER
 I'm here.

MAESTRO
Do not disappoint us.

Javier exhales as he lowers his wrist. Looking ahead at --

EXT. POSH HOTEL - ESTABLISHING - CONTINUOUS

Javier walks toward the entrance...as he crosses the street, we note that half the street is barricaded off. As he passes through the barricade, FELIPE (the same YOUNG BELL MAN we saw at the end of Ashton's story) approaches...offering his hand.

FELIPE
 [Good afternoon, sir.]

Javier barely nods as he shakes his hand. While we didn't see the exchange, in Javier's hand, he now holds a small credit-card sized envelope (which Felipe slipped to him) as he heads inside.

INT. POSH HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

As JAVIER enters, he takes note of the SECRET SERVICE both inside and out. He makes his way toward the elevator, opening the envelope. Casually looking down, he retrieves a card key --

IN THE ELEVATOR LOBBY...Javier presses the button, looking over at a nearby AGENT, who appears to be sizing him up. Maintaining his composure, Javier turns away, refusing to give the agent a reason to approach.

The elevator doors open and Javier enters. He presses "5," and waits as the doors close. Just prior to closing, a hand stops the doors. An OLDER WOMAN enters, flustered. She presses "3" and the doors close. As she turns to face front, Javier checks his watch; time is not on his side...

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Silence. All eyes are on the lights as they climb: 1...2...

In his ear, JAVIER hears the MAYOR'S SPEECH:

*DE SOTO (V. O.)
...this is a wondrous day. Today, we
make history!*

DING. Third floor. The doors open and she exits. He steps forward; it's time to move --

Just as the elevator begins to move again, JAVIER pulls the STOP button. The carriage holds and he reaches up to the emergency panel, pushing it open, and retrieving a bag hidden above. Bringing it down, he pushes the STOP button back and the elevator continues to climb.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Leaving the elevator, Javier moves with purpose down the hall, listening to DE SOTO'S speech...

As he walks down the hall, he nods to a HOUSEKEEPING WOMAN -- paying close attention as she steps back into one of the rooms...

Further down, he stops at ROOM 514 --

Checking back, the hall's clear. Setting down his bag, he reaches in, retrieving one of his guns --

*DE SOTO (V. O.)
We must come together on this day, in
this renown place, to band together for
peace.*

Just then, the door across the hall opens and Javier shuts his bag...as a FAMILY OF ASIAN TOURISTS enter. Pre-occupied with their kids, the parents hardly notice Javier. He strains to smile at the young BOY, who seems taken with him...

His hand still in the bag, still holding the weapon, Javier waits...unsure of what to do...as the BOY stares at this ominous figure...

...the parents call out to the boy. Javier looks down at him; go --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DE SOTO (CONT' D)
Therefore I offer you my City, my heart
and my hope. . .

-- finally, the father grabs his son's hand, leading him off... APPLAUSE --

Javier exhales as they exit. Removing two firearms, silencers attached to each, Javier turns toward the door --

In his ear, he hears *BANG; the first shot in the Plaza is fired* -- *SCREAMS, CRIES* --

-- Javier slides the key card halfway in and waits --

-- *BANG; a second shot* --

Javier releases the safeties; ready --

TAYLOR
We've got a G. S. W.!! Repeat, G-S-W We
need to move Eagle now. Let's go, move
it! Go, go, go, go, go --

-- Hearing his cue, Javier slides the key all the way in. The RED LIGHT turns GREEN. He throws open the door --

INT. ROOM 514 - CONTINUOUS

The THREE MEN inside half-turn. Just seconds ago they were transfixed by a series of SECURITY MONITORS (which include images of the Plaza), RADIO MONITORS, and all of the HOTEL'S SECURITY FEEDS --

JAVIER FIRES. The SHOTS are silent as the FIRST and then the SECOND AGENT-TECHNICIAN goes down.

The THIRD reaches for his firearm, but he's too late -- Javier beat him to the punch.

BARNES (V. O.)
Start clearing a path so we can get him
out of here!!

Javier lowers the volume as he fires additional kill shots into each, hurrying to the computer.

JAVIER
 (into his mic)
 Security room's cleared --

MAESTRO (V. O.)
 Do you have the frequency?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

Javier reads the frequency bandwidth, marked "HOTEL DETAIL."
As he leans in, he yanks two of the transmitters from the set
up, thereby disconnecting them from the network --

JAVIER
38974. 54986. 026.

MAESTRO (V. O.)
Confirming: 38974. 54986. 026.

JAVIER
Confirmed.

On his way out, Javier picks up an ear piece from one of the
men as he goes...

INT. FIFTH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He steps out, heading toward the end of the hall and the --

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Entering, he climbs one flight, then another. While he
climbs, he throws a belt with the requisite charges and
cannisters over his shoulder and fixes a gas mask to the top
of his head (not yet obscuring his face)--

He stops as he draws near to the seventh floor. Catching his
breath, he checks in on Barnes' conversation --

BARNES (V. O.)
--repeat a twenty on Potus, over...
(no response)
Master Command --

-- turning down the volume, he looks at the bracelet around
his wrist. The emotion tugs at him in ways he cannot express--

All of the SUDDEN the ground shakes. He can hear SCREAMS,
CRIES as the car bomb explodes downstairs...

...moving to a window, Javier looks down to see THE BLACK
SMOKE that shades the aftermath, the scattering of PEOPLE,
rubble and debris --

-- Javier steps away from the window, refusing to deal with
his emotions. In the background, he hears over the Secret
Service radio--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAESTRO (V. O.)

Agents down. Repeat agents down -- we have a situation at the front, requiring immediate back up now!!

-- heading up to the landing above, Javier ducks out of sight as AGENTS enter the stairwell from the seventh floor and below, hurrying down toward the ground level --

Once, they've gone, Javier breathes deep; *this is it*. He moves back toward the door and opens it --

On the other side, only one AGENT is left to guard the stairwell. Immediately Javier fires, taking out the agent --

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Javier enters, gun out in front -- his movement and accuracy a testament to his training.

Nearing the elevators, he locks in on a SECOND AGENT and without a moment's hesitation, he fires again -- nailing him

Javier continues around a corner. The REMAINING AGENT on the floor turns and Javier strikes before the Man even has a chance.

AT THE PRESIDENT'S DOOR --

Javier mounts an explosive. He steps back, lowering the gas mask onto his face --

-- THE CHARGE EXPLODES -- blowing the door clean off --

CAVIC (O. S.)

Mr. President, get down!!

-- Javier tosses a gas cannister into the suite, readying his weapons as he steps in behind --

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

JAVIER enters, his guns out in front. CAVIC fires and JAVIER strikes back. Within seconds, Cavic is down --

Ashton drops toward the floor, shielding himself as Javier unloads on HEINKIN, sending the man back.

ON McCULLOUGH... as Javier turns, firing repeatedly. McCullough drops. Once the others are down, Javier turns to Ashton.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAVIER

Don't move.

Ashton stops. Turning around.

ON JAVIER... drawing closer, his guns trained on Ashton. From his back, he pulls out the second gas mask --

JAVIER (CONT' D)

Put it on.

ASHTON

What --

JAVIER

Put it on... now.

After Ashton obeys, Javier grabs Ashton's wrists and SMACKS hand cuffs down on them. Once they're secure --

JAVIER (CONT' D)

Let's go...

...poked by the butt of his fire arm, Ashton's thrust forward, out of the room --

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As they move forward, they pass the downed BODIES of the SECRET SERVICE. Javier can't help to look at their faces. He's forced to consider the destruction he has wrought --

ON JAVIER

as he leads the President...

ROUNDING A CORNER

they stand just shy of the elevators. Arriving, he looks around once more, before stopping the President -- ripping the mask from his face. Javier looks back at Ashton for the first time, acknowledging what he's done.

Turning away, he notices blood beneath him. Following it's path back up, he suddenly realizes; *he's been shot.*

His chest has reddened around the entry wound. Looking at it now, Javier's expression drops. It looks bad --

Just then, the ELEVATOR CHIMES. The sound jars Javier, and he turns, his guns aimed straight ahead --

ON THE ELEVATOR

as the doors open. Veronica enters and immediately raises a handkerchief to ASHTON'S FACE. Ashton's eyes roll back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As she lowers Ashton onto the gurney, she begins ripping his shirt away --

-- Javier looks down at his own injury, appraising his options. Beat --

JAVIER
Let him go --

VERONICA
-- what are you talking about?

Javier aims his gun at the President -- she stops --

JAVIER
My brother. I've done my part, let him go...

VERONICA
Put the gun down.

JAVIER
Make the call or I pull the trigger.

VERONICA
Go ahead. Do it.

Beat; he turns to her. She can't be serious, only she doesn't flinch. She doesn't so much as blink --

Javier cocks the gun, setting his shot...

VERONICA (CONT' D)
Do it, and your brother's dead.

-- Javier's caught -- *his hand begins to tremble* --

VERONICA (CONT' D)
Can you live with that?

He stares down at the gun; what's he going to do --

VERONICA (CONT' D)
Knowing that your brother died because of you?

Javier glares; he can't trust her, he can't afford not to...

VERONICA (CONT' D)
Javier. You'll get your brother. Enrique is going to deliver him at the underpass... don't mess it up now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Beat; he lowers the gun, backing away...

JAVIER
Nothing had better happen to him

VERONICA
Nothing will.

Javier sprints off into --

THE STAIRWELL

Once inside, he rips away his clothes and begins pulling out the remaining item from the bag... a police uniform.

As he runs/jumps the stairs to each landing, he transforms himself into a Spanish police officer.

Arriving at the lobby level, Javier's a new man. Opening the door, he turns to the Service Entrance, pitching the bag--

EXT. POSH HOTEL - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Exiting the hotel, Javier runs down a darkened alley --

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Avoiding the aftermath of the explosions and the mayhem, Javier sprints onto one last narrower path --

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Javier races down, his legs pumping. Coming to the end, he stops; the pain in his chest is severe. His jacket begins to moisten... looking around, he's alone; *where the hell is the car?*

What if he's been left here? What of his brother -- shit.
He's got to do something. Searching, searching --

Across the street, a HUSBAND and WIFE open their car doors. He'll have to take it. Javier steps off the curb, heading over just as --

-- the POLICE CAR brakes right in front of him. Rounding the side, Javier throws the door open and climbs in --

JAVIER
Let's go...

-- Taylor hits the gas --

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

SIRENS BLARE as the POLICE CAR speeds forward. People jump from the street as the vehicle races past.

JAVIER
C' mon. . . c' mon.

Taylor looks over at Javier; *what the fuck's your problem?* Pressing the gas pedal again, he accelerates further...

Javier looks around, itching. Still not fast enough. He has to get there. He has to move...

Taylor watches him out of the corner of his eye as they continue down the side streets and through the alleys --

Getting back onto a main road, Javier looks down at his injury. The bleeding hasn't stopped --

-- Taylor watches --

TAYLOR
 It's bad.

But Javier refuses the conversation, shaking his head --

JAVIER
 It doesn't matter...

-- Just then they HEAR a CRASH in the background. Looking back there's a DAMAGED CAR behind them. Taylor looks again.

TAYLOR
 Christ.

Javier reads Taylor's face as he's recognized Barnes in the car behind them ---

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 (into his radio)
 We've got company -- it's Barnes.

MAESTRO (V.O.)
 Can you lose him?

TAYLOR
 -- working on it --

IMMEDIATELY TAYLOR SLAMS ON THE GAS -- and their necks show us the whip-effect of the acceleration.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAESTRO (V. O.)
Until you do, steer clear.

TAYLOR
Understood --

ON JAVIER... as he shakes his head; no. Not without his brother --

JAVIER
We're going to the underpass now --

TAYLOR
You heard what he said.

JAVIER
I'm picking up my brother.

Taylor looks over to see Javier has a gun drawn.

TAYLOR
Are you out of your mind? We're about to get paid --

JAVIER
(releasing the safety)
Either you're coming with or I'll drive myself.

Taylor looks back again; *he'll have to lose Barnes* --

TAYLOR
(under his breath)
...unbelievable.

-- Taylor turns hard, revving again, they cut through traffic, weaving until they cut off both sides -- HORNS SCREAM AT THEM -- CARS CRASHING TO AVOID -- they turn at a 330-degree angle down an on ramp --

-- Barnes is hit. His car begins to fade into the chaos. Javier exhales; they made it.

TAYLOR (CONT' D)
...happy?

JAVIER
Just drive.

Heading for the underpass, the car begins to pick up speed as a phone rings. Taylor answers...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYLOR

Yeah.

ENRIQUE

[Where are you?]

TAYLOR

Look up --

UP AHEAD...we see ENRIQUE in the distance... *standing alone*.
Javier's expression drops --

Seeing the police car, Enrique hangs up. A smile broadcast
across his face. However, Javier's expression hardens; *his
brother's not there*.

As they stop, Javier opens the car door, stepping out; *they
set him up* --

ENRIQUE

As planned, no...

...as Enrique reaches for something behind him, Javier senses
danger and beats him to the draw --

JAVIER

Not exactly.

Javier fires, Enrique falls. Moving closer, Javier kicks the
gun out of Enrique's reach before picking it up --

JAVIER (CONT' D)

-- you're going to pay...
(glaring down as Enrique gags)
Why!?! Why did you do it!?

ENRIQUE

(spitting back at him)
Go to hell.

JAVIER

(aiming again)
After you.

As Javier prepares to finish Enrique off, he hears SHOTS
fired from behind. He turns to see BARNES running down the
hill toward him --

BARNES

Freeze!!

-- Javier turns and fires -- striking Barnes --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

-- as he runs back to the car, Taylor accelerates --

JAVIER

Wait!

-- Javier's exposed, running after the car as Barnes fires again -- pegging him --

-- Javier hangs on to the door, opening it --

-- And Taylor fires back, finishing Javier --

All at once, his hand slips and Javier falls to the ground.

SHOTS RING OUT all around him ONE AFTER THE OTHER... GLASS SHATTERS.

Javier, his vision fading, looks over as the CAR spins and crashes --

-- BARNES runs past...

...and Javier's head drops, his eyes falling to his shirt, now soaked through...and the bracelet hanging awkwardly from his wrist...

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL CAFE; PLAZA MAJOR - CHRYON: 15 MINUTES EARLIER

ON A SCOOP OF ICE CREAM..as it is gathered. We're in a small cafe on the northwest side of the Plaza. Through the freezer glass, ANNA watches as it all comes together. As the cone is handed to her, her mother, MARIE, pays --

MARIE
(to the CLERK)
Gracias.
(to Anna)
[You like?]

Anna wags her head as she licks her cone...

MARIE (CONT' D)
[Alright, then. Let's eat and walk...]

As Marie leads her away, Anna momentarily stops to look at a MAN smiling back at her. As she leaves, we move in on him --

This is our first chance to see the man. Clean shaven and put together, he is the cleaned up version of the man from the President's dossier; this is TEHUEL SUAREZ (aka the MAESTRO).

SUAREZ
(into his wrist microphone)
Javier?

No response; Suarez turns to the TELEVISION and catches sight of the reporter, ANGIE --

ANGIE (ON CNN)
*--President Ashton will be meeting with
leaders from all of the European Union
countries...*

Suarez turns from the television to the Palm pilot he has before him. On it's face, we see the same email we saw McCullough show Ashton, however, we're less focused on the whole as much as on words like "assassinate" and "President;" *it is clear that this originated here with Suarez...*

ANGIE (V. O.) (CONT' D)
*...in the hopes of bringing the
continents together in the ongoing war
against terror...*

ON THE TELEVISION -- B-CAM pans across the outside of the Plaza where protestors raise signs of discontent --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGIE (CONT' D)
*... certainly everyone here is sympathetic
 to those who lost loved ones in the
 recent bombing.*

SUAREZ
 (into his mic)
 Stick with the protestors.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

As LUIS' CAMERA records the protestors. We see the PLACARDS
 and SIGNS. The Anti-American sentiment is hard to miss...

SUAREZ
 (ironic)
 We never see this. No one hates the
 Americans.

...it's clear that Suarez's giving the orders --

SPLIT SCREEN AGAIN:

INT. CNN PRODUCTION TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Rex looks up at Luis' monitor (B-CAM) --

REX
 Luis, are you going to move or what?

As Rex continues, we focus in on Luis --

LUIS
 (to Suarez; in Spanish)
 [I've got him lecturing me right now.
 Importance of staying on script.] "The
 slightest mistake could screw us up."

BACK TO:

EXT. CAFE/PLAZA MAJOR - CONTINUOUS

Suarez chuckles, before raising his microphone again --

SUAREZ
 Javier.

JAVIER (V.O.)
 Go ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUAREZ
Where were you?

JAVIER (V. 0.)
I'm on my way.

SUAREZ
"The slightest mistake could screw us all up. . ."

LUIS laughs at the inference.

SUAREZ (CONT' D)
Your brother spoke very highly of your special forces training. . .
(silence)
Javier?

JAVIER (V. 0.)
I'm here.

SUAREZ
Do not disappoint us.

Beat.

LUIS (V. 0.)
You have it all worked out. . .

CUT TO:

INT. LIMB - CONTINUOUS

ON BARNES -- looking out the window as the vehicle heads into the underpass --

SUAREZ (V. 0.)
To the last detail.

LUIS (V. 0.)
And the President?

BACK TO:

INT. SMALL CAFE - CONTINUOUS

ON SUAREZ --

SUAREZ
What about him?

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERPASS - CONTINUOUS

FROM BARNES' POV...looking across at the PRESIDENT' S MOTORCADE idling as his DOUBLE' S MOTORCADE continues on --

LUIS (V. O.)

Are you sure they sent the double?

-- within seconds, the PRESIDENT' S LIM0 is moving again; the two motorcades go their separate ways --

BACK TO:

INT. SMALL CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Suarez turns to his palm pilot, he scrolls through the Phone Book finding "HOTEL -- BELL DESK."

SUAREZ

The beauty of Americans' arrogance is that they can't imagine a world where they're not a step ahead.

ON THE TELEVISION IN THE CAFE -- showcasing the DOUBLE' S LIM0 as it arrives outside the Plaza.

SUAREZ picks up his cellular and dials the number. As he waits for an answer, he presses a function on his PALM PILOT and we see a WEB-CAM view of the PODIUM, with cross-hairs in the middle.

FELIPE (V. O.)

[Hello?]

SUAREZ

[Do you have the package?]

CROSS CUT WITH:

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

FELIPE (THE BELL MAN) speaks on the phone at the bell desk. As he turns, Felipe sees the PRESIDENT' S MOTORCADE cruising the street perpendicular to the hotel --

FELIPE

[It just arrived.]

SUAREZ

[Good. Someone will be by to pick it up.]

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FELIPE
[Understood.]

SUAREZ
[And Felipe, when it's over, be in front.
We'll meet you there.]

Hanging up, we remain with Suarez as he looks up at the television as the DOUBLE'S OUT OF THE CAR, walking through --

SUAREZ (CONT' D)
(into his mic; re: Barnes)
How's our boy doing?

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE PLAZA MAJOR - ON TAYLOR - CONTINUOUS

We watch from TAYLOR's point of view as Barnes knocks the CAMERA to the ground.

BARNES turns embarrassed --

ON TAYLOR...as we draw in tight and we see that he has not one, but two microphones in his hand. Clicking the two microphones together, he's able to signal Suarez --

BACK TO:

EXT. SMALL CAFE - CONTINUOUS

SUAREZ smiles. He turns back to his cell, clicking "SEARCH," and he types in the phone number marked, "WINDOW" --

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

THE PODIUM -- as the Double shakes hands with the Mayor. He waves, posing for a photo. We remain in this fractured focus as Mayor De Soto begins his remarks.

Watching all of this, Suarez's hate grows hotter. APPLAUSE; as Suarez hits "SEND" on his cell phone.

SUAREZ
Let's make ourselves a shooter.

SPLIT SCREEN AGAIN:

THE BACK ANNEX -- ON THE WINDOW -- as it begins to flutter -- Our screen is in thirds, with (1) Suarez having sent his text "message," turning his attention now to Barnes on the TV --

(2) Barnes watching...and (3) the second floor window...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the Mayor continues, BARNES SEES THE FLUTTER --

BARNES

Back annex, the building should've been cleared...

-- inside the window sill, we see A DEVICE electronically tap the curtain.

ON SUAREZ...watching as BARNES whispers on the television --

SUAREZ

That ought to keep him occupied.

ON THE BACK ANNEX WINDOW, the SECRET SERVICE AGENT enters the room..and the flutter immediately stops --

AS THE AGENT GIVES THE "ALL CLEAR," WE PAN OVER TWO UNITS, TO A DIFFERENT WINDOW --

-- this time, as we MOVE CLOSER, we see the end of a RIFLE, mounted and obscured beneath the overhang of the roof.

ANGLE ON: THE RIFLE. Afixed to the top is a small box with a digital camera attached to the telescopic sight. Wires run from the side to a mechanism that houses the trigger.

As Suarez aims with his stylist (on his Palm Pilot), the box angles the gun, finding the shot --

DE SOTO

Therefore, I offer you my City --

-- THE DOUBLE IS NOW IN THE CENTER OF THE CROSS HAIRS --

DE SOTO (CONT' D)

...my heart and my hope...

APPLAUSE goes wild. The Double steps forward, waving. Suarez presses a button on the Palm..

...and the TRIGGER (of the rifle in the window) is squeezed --

BANG. THE DOUBLE'S hit.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL CAFE - CONTINUOUS

SUAREZ exits, the CROWDS hemorrhage around him --

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - ON SUAREZ - CONTINUOUS

As SUAREZ hurries down the walkways, he pulls a Secret Service radio from his pocket, turning it on --

JAVIER (V. O.)
Security room's cleared --

SUAREZ
Do you have the frequency?

JAVIER (V. O.)
38974. 54986. 026.

SUAREZ adjusts the radio to the frequency that Javier has read to him; locking in on the frequency, he can hear --

BARNES (V. O.)
Master Command, come in --

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - ON FELIPE - CONTINUOUS

ON FELIPE...the adrenaline flowing as he waits out in front. He half-looks back at the SECRET SERVICE; something's wrong. Exhaling, Felipe's on edge --

CUT TO:

EXT. AUTO REPAIR SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Suarez removes his cell phone from his pocket as he moves off the street. Heading toward the entrance of an Auto repair shop, he scrolls through finding his number. With "AUTOMOVIL," on it's face, Suarez hits "SEND," --

CUT TO:

EXT. A PARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

A small light FLASHES on the underside of the dash of a parked car --

CUT TO:

EXT. AUTO REPAIR SHOP - CONTINUOUS

-- Suarez raises the garage door to reveal an AMBULANCE.

CUT TO:

EXT. A PARKED CAR/HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

TIGHT ON THE LIGHT FLASHING ON THE DASHBOARD... as we see FELIPE...the car is parked in front of the Hotel --

CUT TO:

INT. AUTO REPAIR SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Heading into the shop, Suarez grabs an EMERGENCY TECHNICIAN'S jumpsuit and climbs in. As he zips up, he turns to see --

-- VERONICA standing in the doorway --

VERONICA
(re: Enrique)
He took the bait --

SUAREZ
(laughs)
Brilliant. Enrique's jealous of Javier and...

A smile broadcast across her face, she nods.

SUAREZ (CONT' D)
...Javier hates Enrique for recruiting his brother...

VERONICA
Care to wager who won't be coming home tonight?

They both smile...and she leans in and they kiss; *they've done it*. Beat. Climbing into the vehicle...

Suarez hits "SEND" AGAIN, detonating --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

-- BOOM -- for the first time we see THE CAR BOMB ERUPT...

-- Felipe's struck and cruelly tossed aside --

-- GLASS SHATTERS AND WRECKAGE FLIES --

The SECRET SERVICE AGENTS guarding the ground floor are caught up in it --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN' S VOICE (V. 0.)
Agents down --

CUT TO:

EXT. AUTO REPAIR SHOP - CONTINUOUS

-- the Ambulance pulls out, heading off --

SUAREZ/"MAN' S VOICE"
-- repeat agents down --

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY (PRESIDENT' S FLOOR) - CONTINUOUS

ONE OF THE TWO SECRET SERVICE AGENTS in the hall, near the stairwell, turns and exits --

SUAREZ/"MAN' S VOICE" (V. 0.)
-- we have a situation at the front,
requiring immediate back up now!!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

AGENTS rush to help, leaving their numbers depleted --

-- watching above is JAVIER, making his move --

CUT TO:

EXT. NARROW CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Having set the diversion in motion, Suarez turns the SIRENS ON.

They hurdle down the narrow Spanish road ways... PEOPLE jump clear of their trajectory --

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL/EMERGENCY VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

AMBULANCES and POLICE VEHICLES swarm in. SAMARITANS rush to help --

CUT TO:

EXT. NARROW CITY STREETS/INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

Suarez barrels through the intersection, leaving cars skidding behind him. CARS COLLIDE IN HIS WAKE.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAZA MAJOR - ON TAYLOR - CONTINUOUS

ON TAYLOR... as he races off to the back annex, leaving Barnes & Lewicki looking up to the window where they think they've seen the Shooter --

-- as he runs further away, he can hardly conceal his smile --

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Still at full speed, Suarez races right up to the front, SLAMMING on his brakes as he nears --

-- Veronica looks over. He nods, reassuring; *here we go* --

-- THRONGS OF EMERGENCY VEHICLES, POLICE CARS, ETC. fill --

SUAREZ and VERONICA jump out. As Veronica runs toward the back of the ambulance, Suarez PRESSES "SEND" on his cellular--

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ANNEX - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A door's kicked in. As TAYLOR and ANOTHER AGENT move inside to see through the WINDOWS AS the PLAZA EXPLOSION hits --

Taylor turns to the AGENTS and in a flash, SHOTS THEM BOTH --

CUT TO:

I/E. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

It's chaos. Paramedics and Firefighters everywhere. VERONICA pushes the gurney into the hotel. We stay with Suarez, however, as he searches through the smoke before spotting FELIPE --

As he runs to him --

CUT TO:

I/E. BACK ANNEX - FROM OUTSIDE THE WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Taylor reaches outside the window and retrieves a rifle, mounted in obscurity, and begins to dismantle it --

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Leaning in to see FELIPE... Suarez grabs the boy's throat, cutting off his air. Felipe's eyes widen; it's over --

SUAREZ

[I told you, we would come.]

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

THE ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE... and Veronica presses the button compulsively -- *she's on her way* --

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ANNEX - CONTINUOUS

The rifle dispensed with, Taylor begins changing as he dials. As Barnes picks up --

TAYLOR

You were right...

-- he heads for the exits --

BARNES (V. O.)

About what?

TAYLOR

The shooter. I'm in pursuit, leaving the back annex, heading west --

-- Taylor heads down the stairs -- *alone* --

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Veronica stares up as the numbers climb... *almost there...*

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Leaving Felipe's limp body, Suarez stands, turning to head to the elevator when a SECRET SERVICE AGENT crosses his path --

SECRET SERVICE
We need your help.

Suarez nods, hiding his discomfort as the Agent orders him to follow --

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - ON VERONICA - CONTINUOUS

THE DOORS OPEN...she steps out to find a gun aimed directly at her -- it's Javier --

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The AGENT leads SUAREZ to an injured man.

AGENT
He's not breathing --

Suarez bends down. His eye glances over at the elevator --

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAZA MAJOR - BACK ANNEX - CONTINUOUS

Taylor races away from the building, in his Spanish police officer uniform. His cell phone rings --

BARNES (V.O.)
Back up is on it's --
(stopping himself)
Rewind that.

TAYLOR
Thomas, what is it?

Sensing something is wrong, Taylor throws the phone into the back of a pickup truck as he runs --

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

ON VERONICA...as she looks at Javier's gun aimed at Ashton --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA
Go ahead. Do it.
(beat)
Do it and your brother's dead.

Javier balks; she's struck a cord --

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

With SECRET SERVICE AGENTS standing over him, Suarez has no choice but to revive the fallen agent. Looking over at the elevator, he begins mouth-to-mouth resuscitation --

CUT TO:

I/E. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Taylor races up a flight of stairs, throwing open the door --
-- there waiting for him is a POLICE CAR.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ANNEX - CONTINUOUS

Barnes arrives, looking around -- he spots the alley --

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

ON THE ELEVATOR LIGHTS...one of them is stuck on "7."
Suarez's eyes glare at that light, as he reaches down and gives mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to the AGENT...

...just then the number drops to "6"...

CUT TO:

I/E. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

In the police car, Taylor races out, pulling into traffic --

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Again, Suarez leans in, giving him mouth-to-mouth. The ELEVATOR flashes from 4-3. He looks back at the wounded agent; *breathe, dammit.*

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Veronica looks over at Ashton as the numbers drop from 3...2--
they've got him

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Suarez tries again. This time *the man's breath returns.*

AGENT
He's breathing.

Suarez's eyes dart to the elevator as the doors open and he moves toward the gurney --

Arriving at the gurney, Veronica's eyes never meet his, neither wanting to stir anything up. Every step is a mine field -- avoiding the Secret Service, calls for help -- as they get head for daylight...

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Once out of the hotel, their pace redoubles. Almost home.

ON THE AMBULANCE DOORS...as Suarez and Veronica throw them back, hoisting the gurney inside before climbing in --

-- as they reach for the doors to close it, LUIS sprints up, climbing in --

The doors close and Veronica and Suarez head for the front --

INT. EMERGENCY VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Once inside --

SUAREZ
Let's go.

-- the Engine starts --

-- out into traffic they go, leaving the whirlwind of the hotel behind --

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

As the ambulance races along the city streets, we catch sight of LEWICKI struggling to maneuver with ANNA by his side --

Back in the Emergency vehicle, Veronica exhales.

VERONICA
...we did it.

SUAREZ
Not yet.

-- down the narrow drives they accelerate. All eyes focused--

CROSS CUT TO:

I/E. CITY STREET - ON TAYLOR - CONTINUOUS

-- Taylor speeds on, unaware of Barnes following behind --

TAYLOR
...it's me. They bought it.

Veronica and Luis look over to Suarez. Into his radio --

SUAREZ
What about Barnes?

TAYLOR
-- he's pissing in the wind --

Suarez nods, chuckling, hitting the gas; a smile on his face--

SUAREZ
Now we're home free.

-- sensing his comfort, Veronica grins as well --

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - ELSEWHERE - CONTINUOUS

Taylor slamming on his brakes --

Javier climbs in; they're off...

JAVIER
Let's go --

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - ON THE AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

SIRENS scream, lights circle; *the EMERGENCY VEHICLE has gotten away with it* --

...looking over to Veronica, she motions straight ahead --

-- just as ENRIQUE crosses their path --

Suarez looks up as Enrique runs off --

VERONICA

Tell me you didn't plan that...

SUAREZ

(smiles)

What did I leave to chance? ...the Secret Service? We found their weak link and sent him chasing a shooter...creating a manhunt for a man that doesn't exist...

VERONICA

...while we walk off with the President of the United States.

SUAREZ

Now all that's left is the loose ends.

LUIS

Who's a loose end?

VERONICA

You are --

In one motion, she fires -- BANG -- gunning him down.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - ELSEWHERE - CONTINUOUS

ON TAYLOR... as he speeds onward...

-- looking in his rearview to see ANOTHER CAR following --

TAYLOR

(into his radio)

We've got company --

CUT TO:

INT. CITY STREET - ON BARNES - CONTINUOUS

-- Barnes races after Taylor --

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

-- suddenly the mood dampens. Suarez pauses; shit --

SUAREZ
Can you lose him?

TAYLOR (V. O.)
-- working on it --

SUAREZ
Until you do, steer clear.

No response. Suarez looks over at Veronica, they're not out of the woods just yet --

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Taylor speeds down streets -- SIRENS, FLASHING LIGHTS.
Barnes hot on his tail --

-- rounding a corner, Taylor accelerates -- flying through the next intersection...forcing Barnes to keep up --

--however as Barnes accelerates, his back end is taken out --

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

-- focused ahead, Suarez glares. Sensing the tension, Veronica tries to engage him --

VERONICA
When do we submit our demands?

SUAREZ
We need to know whether they'll reveal the double on stage or admit what's happened to the President.

VERONICA
Either way...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUAREZ

Either way, they'll have to deal with us.
We have the President and we will have
our men back soon.

(beat)

Very soon.

BANG -- Veronica's struck in the back of the head. VERONICA
& Suarez turn, looking back at Ashton as he swings the pole --

SUAREZ (CONT' D)

Stop him!

As she gets out of her seat --

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

It's ANNA -- hysterical. She stumbles across as a car
narrowly misses --

As her head turns around, she sees the AMBULANCE coming
toward her --

SUDDENLY SHOTS ring out behind her and she turns to see
BARNES firing as

The POLICE CAR CRASHES INTO THE SIDE OF A WALL --

-- SHE SCREAMS --

The ambulance is now FIFTY YARDS from her --

MARIE (O. S.)

Annnaaa!!!

Hearing her name, she turns back from where she came --

-- HER MOTHER, MARIE, screams, running toward her.

MARIE (CONT' D)

Anna!!!!

*Her mother's there; she's okay. In that moment, she doesn't
think, she just runs to her mother -- right into ambulance's
path --*

She doesn't realize what's about to happen, nor does SUAREZ,
as he's looking back --

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE - SUAREZ' S POV - CONTINUOUS

ON ASHTON...lying on the floor of the ambulance, shot.
Suarez turns from Ashton to Veronica.

SUAREZ
Don't kill him --

Veronica looks back at Suarez, suddenly alarmed --

VERONICA
Watch out!!!

TURNING AROUND -- SUAREZ LOCKS EYES WITH ANNA --

IN RAPID FIRE SUCCESSION:

ANNA -- runs, unaware --

MARIE -- sees the danger; SCREAMING --

ANNA turns --

SUAREZ jerks the wheel, SLAMMING ON THE BRAKES --

ANNA SCREAMS --

LEWICKI runs toward the screams --

-- the VEHICLE can't handle the turn, flipping onto it's side
as SPARKS FLY --

-- ASHTON' s THROWN...his head marking one of the windows --

-- PEDESTRIANS ARE STRUCK AND DISMISSED, the vehicle still
drawing closer to ANNA --

SHE STANDS HORRIFIED --

-- it's COMING RIGHT FOR HER --

TWENTY FEET...

FIFTEEN...

TEN -- she's as good as dead --

Just then Lewicki grabs her, throwing her out of harms way.
Looking back, he didn't realize how close he'd come to dying--

Saved.

Silence; until Marie breaks the silence --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARIE
(running toward her daughter)
Anna!!

ANGLE ON THE AMBULANCE...the WHEELS spinning idly...
...all around, wreckage. Smoke. Debris...

ON SUAREZ -- as the windshield glass is cracked. Fighting off the concussion, he looks over to VERONICA, who lies dead nearby...

OVER TO BARNES -- as he takes in the wreckage -- CARS collided. PEOPLE injured. AND a DOWNED VEHICLE lying on it's side, and we see for the first time, what Barnes saw --
-- there on the back window, just visible is a RED CROSS, angled awkwardly -- it's an ambulance; *the same ambulance he saw earlier* --

BARNES
Oh, my God.

Barnes runs towards it. As Barnes sprints over, we see MARIE grabbing hold of her daughter. She squeezes her tight. Crying. Lewicki watches awed...emotionally exhausted --

AT THE DOOR -- BARNES kicks through --

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Barnes looks across the bodies splayed out before he spots a man, with his face obscured (ASHTON). He hurries to him --

Suarez turns, watching as Barnes moves closer to Ashton. Suarez reaches for his fire arm --

As Barnes draws near, he sees -- *It's him.*

BARNES
Mr. President.

As Barnes leans into help Ashton, a SHOT'S FIRED, narrowly missing --

He looks back at SUAREZ, his gun aimed at him --

-- Barnes doesn't hesitate. HE fires REPEATEDLY. Suarez's down. Barnes turns back, gathering the President --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARNES (CONT' D)
I've got you, sir.

...Ashton's head drops as Barnes carries him outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Out on the street, Barnes lowers the President to the pavement. Looking around as he retrieves his cell phone and dials. As he waits, he looks down at his free hand, realizing now that the shakes are gone --

BARNES
This is agent 2395342. Thomas Barnes.
Potus is in hand. Repeat, Potus is in
hand. We need a pick up.

ON ASHTON... as he looks up at him

ASHTON
(weak)
Thomas. Thanks.

He looks at the President. Barnes is a different man now, stronger, more confident than he was just 15 minutes ago.

BARNES
It's my job, Sir.

...As we pull back, we see the wreckage all around. The injured and troubled fill the empty spaces...

ON LEWICKI

as he watches it all. He sees Anna with her mother. Sees the damaged cars...even Barnes. In his pocket, his cell phone rings, he looks down --

-- on the face, it reads, "HOME." He answers --

LEWICKI
Hi...no, I'm okay. Yeah.
(aware of how fortunate he is)
I'm fine...

Wiping his eyes clear of tears, we PULL BACK FURTHER --

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - MINUTES LATER

ADDITIONAL AGENTS, from the Plaza, arrive on the hand.
AMBULANCES. POLICE. SPANISH AUTHORITIES help support the
efforts. The middle of the street has become a cauldron...

...A HELICOPTER prepares to take the President to safety.
However, he's not boarding alone. Barnes is with him

MARK REINHART (V. O.)

-- reports out of Madrid now suggest that
the President is out of intensive care.
His condition is listed as stable.
According to Director of Communications,
Kevin Albrecht, President Ashton has made
a point of assuring Americans that he's
alright and that the summit will continue
in the days to come. Meanwhile, both
Spanish and United States authorities are
tight-lipped as to the identity of the
lone assassin who was shot and killed
this afternoon. Our own Joan Kendrick
has more --

FADE TO BLACK.