

EVERYDAY HERO

Written by

Steve Vinson

Steve@Vinsons.ws
480.221.5822

FADE IN

EXT. REMOTE WOODS - CABIN CLEARING - DAY

SCOTT FISHER (39) and MIKE CHAMBERS (36), carrying fishing poles and dressed for mild weather, walk toward a cabin surrounded by towering trees. Scott's an average looking guy, in good shape, but not musclebound. Mike, more muscular, wears a Marines baseball cap and has a similar tattoo.

Mike leads the way to the door. Knocks. OLEZKA (27), burly and tattoo-covered, opens it, right hand behind his back.

MIKE

Hey, we were just going to go after some bass. I've been coming here for years and there's never been anyone around. I actually thought about trying to buy this place.

DIMA (O.S.)

Come in.

Olezka moves out the way. Scott and Mike enter.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Around a wooden table sit DIMA (45), NIKHIL (35), VLAS (29; wearing a cowboy hat) and NICK BUSCHE (37). The first three resemble Olezka in muscle mass and tattoo count. Nick is clean cut and not athletic in the least.

Scott and Mike stand just inside the cabin, with the door still open. Scott is closest to the doorway.

MIKE

Just wanted to make sure you had no problem with us fishing.

DIMA

If it was only about fishing...

Olezka brings a pistol out from behind his back. Dima, Nikhil and Vlas all raise pistols from beneath the table.

FADE TO BLACK

The sound of pistols firing.

Open on a C/U of a man's hands holding a pistol. The gun fires rapidly eight times, moving slightly from left to right. After the last shot, the gun stays extended-

RANGE OFFICER (O.S.)
If finished, unload and show clear.

REVEAL to show the location is

EXT. FIRING RANGE - DAY

Scott, in a well-practiced motion, drops his mag then racks the slide of his optic-equipped Wilson Combat EDC X9 pistol, ejecting a bullet into the air, which he catches with his left hand and places in a pocket.

Scott's pistol is a natural extension of his hand. A RANGE OFFICER stands close to Scott, watching his actions.

RANGE OFFICER
If clear, hammer down, reholster.

Scott, a step ahead of each command, raises his baggy Wilson Combat polo shirt and returns his pistol to a holster that rides inside his faded jeans, just right of his belt buckle.

He stands in one bay of the large range, which is hosting an action pistol match. Four cardboard silhouette targets ten yards in front of Scott show several sticker-covered holes, with two fresh holes roughly in the center of all four.

High dirt berms enclose an area filled with silhouette targets, plastic barrels, mesh walls and wooden fault lines.

RANGE OFFICER (CONT'D)
Range is safe! Time, two one point
oh seven.

Three COMPETITORS move forward. They and the Range Officer have on match jerseys with various logos. Their shirts are tucked in, leaving their holstered pistols easily accessible.

SCOTT
Should'a been under twenty. Relaxed
my grip somewhere after the sixth
target. Caught myself at the ninth.

He rehearses the draw-stroke with empty hands, several times.

RANGE OFFICER
You're still the favorite again
Scott, for the regional match.

SCOTT
I'll tell that to a mugger - "Don't
you know I won regionals?"

RANGE OFFICER

Regionals wouldn't even be a contest if you didn't handicap yourself shooting a everyday carry gun from concealment.

The Range Officer gestures down to his hip, where he wears a tricked out "race gun" in a skeleton holster.

SCOTT

Train with what you carry.

The Range Officer laughs. Competitor ONE has an iPad and follows the Range Officer from target to target, entering scores and echoing the Range Office as he calls out...

RANGE OFFICER

Two alphas. Two alphas. Alpha Charlie. Two alphas.

COMPETITOR ONE

Two alphas. Two alphas. Alpha Charlie. Two alphas.

Competitors TWO and THREE place pasters over bullet holes.

Scott walks toward a covered area at the back of the bay, where several OTHER COMPETITORS mill around.

EXT. SUBDIVISION STREET - CHAMBERS' HOUSE - LATER

Scott, driving a decked-out pickup moves along the neighborhood street. He slows down in front of a house.

JORDAN CHAMBERS (12) throws a baseball at a pitch back frame, that returns the ball back to him. SUSIE CHAMBERS (37) strains to dig out a dead tree.

Scott stares... off in another world... another time.

Jordan throws one into the frame. The ball bounces toward the street. He chases it.

Scott turns his head away, speeds up and drives off.

INT. FISHER HOUSE - SCOTT'S MANCAVE - LATER

The wall as you enter is covered with various types of targets, arranged for dry-firing. On the side wall are pistol-related signs and trophies, placed amidst family photos and kids' drawing. A reloading press sits anchored to a sturdy table, next to a small gun safe and desk.

Scott stands ready, hands at the bottom of his shirt. Five yards away is a small laser target. The target beeps.

He draws and fires. A beam of light hits the target. A readout below shows: ".90".

SCOTT

No! That was in the 8's!

Scott readies himself. LISA FISHER (40) opens the door and enters. Lisa is strong, confident and "camping pretty" - she doesn't need makeup and fancy clothes to look great.

BEEP. Scott fires. ".88".

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Yes!

Scott turns - sees Lisa, smiles large. She moves over to him, they embrace and kiss. Beat. The BEEP sounds. He looks over reflexively, then back.

LISA

Excuse me!

SCOTT

Total reflex, Lis'.

LISA

Right... Practicing after a match?

SCOTT

I felt a little off.

LISA

You are a little off!

(she pecks his cheek)

As much as you like to practice...

You know that project you were going to help Jacky with?

Scott's look indicates he remembers it - now.

LISA (CONT'D)

It's due Monday - and you can't get it done in under a second.

Scott releases their embrace, moves over and shuts off the timer, then opens his gun safe.

SCOTT

Ya' know, there's times when I get tired of practicing. I want to be ready if I ever get the chance.

Lisa's smile disappears.

LISA
"Chance"? Sounds like something
you're looking for.

SCOTT
You don't have to be lookin'.

Sadness replaces her sternness. She touches his arm. Scott just shrugs. Lisa stares at him, sad.

INT. FISHER HOUSE - KITCHEN/DINING AREA - DAY

Scott stands in front of a stove, finishing scrambled eggs.

JACKY (16) sits at the dining table, poking around on her phone. ISAAC (12) is next to her, putting too much butter on a stack of toast. All are dressed a little nicer than usual.

Scott moves over to the table and dishes out eggs.

SCOTT
Whoa, buddy! That's a lot of
butter.

ISAAC
You said there's no such thing as
too much butter.

JACKY
You did.

SCOTT
Of all the things I say, that's the
one you both remember.

Isaac digs into the eggs.

ISAAC
You make the best eggs, Dad!

SCOTT
That comes from specializing. I can
only cook one thing.
(to Jacky)
What's your verdict?

JACKY
I give them... a nine.

SCOTT
Oooh, one step short of perfection.

JACKY

Ten leaves no room for improvement.

Scott laughs. Lisa enters, clasping a necklace.

LISA

I give you a ten for making
breakfast on Sunday mornings.

SCOTT

Good thing I don't need as long as
you do to look great.

That earns him an evil eye from Lisa.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I said you look great.

Lisa and Scott sit down in front of their plates.

ISAAC

It's family Sunday. No youth
church. You gonna sit with us Dad?

Jacky gives a skeptical look, waits.

SCOTT

I'm on the safety team this week.

JACKY

Every week.

SCOTT

Maybe I do it to hide around
corners and see which boys are
talking to you.

JACKY

You better be kidding.

Scott shrugs. Jacky gives a half-hearted glare.

ISAAC

You used to sit with us.

SCOTT

And you'd say stuff to make me
laugh and get me in trouble.

Isaac flashes a mischievous grin.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Gotta keep you all safe now.

ISAAC
'Cause of Uncle Mike?

Everyone stops. The smiles disappear.

JACKY
He wasn't really our uncle.

ISAAC
I know that!

SCOTT
Yeah, I do think about Mike, a lot.
Don't you wish he could still go
fishing with us? Your Dad doesn't
know a worm from a wobbler!

ISAAC
We haven't fished since he died.

SCOTT
I know. We'll get there. I promise.

Lisa's look indicates she is not hopeful that will happen.

LISA
Speaking of Mike, Susie and Jordan
are coming over for lunch.

SCOTT
Uh, I'm not sure I can be here.

ISAAC
I told Jordan you'd pitch to us.

All three have their eyes on Scott. He nods his head.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Near the door, a female CLERK (30's) looks down at her phone.
Scott enters and walks toward the far front of the store.

Moments later, the front door slams open. A ROBBER bursts in,
pointing a revolver around. Scott turns. His eyes go wide.

ROBBER
(hands a bag to Clerk)
You know what to do!

He looks over at Scott, gun pointed at him.

ROBBER (CONT'D)
Just stay where you are!

Scott puts his hands up, compliant. But when the Robber turns away, Scott's hands go to the bottom of his shirt.

The Robber's gun pointed at her, the Clerk is panicked. She fumbles to open the register.

ROBBER (CONT'D)
Open it up!

CLERK
I'm trying. I, I am.

Scott touches the gun under his shirt.

ROBBER
And I want the money from the safe!

CLERK
I can't. It's on a lock.

ROBBER
I don't believe it! I hear there's
a way you can open it.

CLERK
No. Really. I can't.

Scott grabs the bottom of his shirt with his left hand.

The Robber cocks the pistol. The Clerk slumps down.

CLERK (CONT'D)
I can't do this! I can't breathe!

Scott executes a perfect draw and points his pistol.

The Robber reaches to point his gun closer to the Clerk.

SCOTT (O.S.)
Freeze!

The Robber turns, sees Scott with his pistol aimed at him.

There is a trace of fear on Scott's face. The Robber smiles.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Drop your gun!

He doesn't comply. Scott goes even more wide-eyed.

ROBBER ONE
If you were gonna shoot...

He swings his pistol toward Scott, fires off a quick shot. It strikes a glass case next to Scott.

Scott's demeanor changes. Determined now, he fires three quick shots, with perfect form.

They impact the Robber in his chest. He drops to the ground.

Scott continues to scan the area - long after it's clear there is no more threat.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Police cars and a coroner's vehicle fill the parking lot. A DETECTIVE stands next to Scott.

SCOTT

I, I told him to stop. I had my gun pointed right at him. He didn't-

DETECTIVE

Probably not the first time he's seen the end of a gun barrel. But, with what the Clerk said and the store video, it was clear self-defense.

Scott takes a deep breath. Beat. A news van pulls up.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

I'd advise against talking to them though.

INT. FISHER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM / ENTRANCEWAY - NIGHT

Lisa, Jacky and Susie sit by each other. The mood is tense. Nearby, Isaac and Jordan play handheld video games.

Scott comes in the house. He moves quickly toward his family as they all run to embrace him. After a long hug-

LISA

You're okay, right? They told me you were okay. That's the only reason I didn't come down there.

SCOTT

Not a scratch. You can check me out yourself.

He lifts his eyebrows a few times. Lisa half smiles.

Scott spots Susie. He totally shrinks back.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Susie. Uh... thanks for being here.

INT. FISHER HOUSE - SCOTT'S MANCAVE - LATER

At his desk, Scott stares at his second pistol.

LISA (O.S.)
Was it what you expected?

Scott doesn't look up. He removes the laser trainer, then breaks down his pistol to its smallest pieces and cleans it.

SCOTT
I was stupid to think I could know what to expect.

Lisa waits for more.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
When I was a kid, I got a BB gun. Got tired of shooting tin cans. So, I decided I'd shoot a bird. Spotted a big old robin.

LISA
Those are songbirds. They're protected.

SCOTT
(looking up)
I wish someone had told me... I already knew I could hit it, from all the tin cans.
(back to his pistol)
I shoved that BB gun in the back of my closet. Never touched it again.

Lisa moves over, pushes his chair back and sits on his lap.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I yelled, "Freeze." Who says that?

LISA
Cops...on TV shows...from the 80's.

SCOTT
He could have shot her, because I-

LISA
But he didn't.
(she pulls his chin up)
A woman and her family are glad you
were able to do what you did.

Scott tries to find comfort in that. Then-

SCOTT
What about this woman?

She gives him a long hug, stands up, looks at his pistol.

LISA
I hope you know how to put it all
back together now.

Lisa gives him an intense look.

SCOTT
It's not as easy as I thought it'd
be, but I'll work on it.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A MAN stands watching the TV, with intimidating focus. The
Clerk's face fills the screen.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A REPORTER interviews the Clerk.

CLERK
He was about to kill me.

REPORTER
And that's when you stepped in?

A wide shot shows Scott standing next to the Clerk.

SCOTT
I really can't say much.

REPORTER
You had to know you were placing
your life in danger.

Scott just nods. The Reporter is a little frustrated.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
So, do you always carry a gun?

SCOTT
Only when I have clothes on.

The Reporter grins, a little taken aback.

REPORTER
What do you have to say to Mr. Fisher?

CLERK
What do you say? I get to go home to my kids because of him.

Scott shrugs it off, but cannot totally suppress a grin.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN AREA - DAY

Standing in a sparsely furnished, old house, the Man (Dima, from opening scene), reaches out to turn off the TV.

DIMA
You will finally join your friend.

NIKHIL (O.S.)
Dima, killing him is not necessary.

Standing beside Dima is Nikhil. Dima ignores him and walks over to the kitchen table, where Olezka and Vlas engage in an arm-wrestling match, with a twist. In their left hands, each holds a lit lighter, in position to burn the other's hand if he starts to lose.

Olezka increases his advantage and Vlas' hand is only an inch above Olezka's flame. Beat. Vlas flips his lighter closed. Olezka relaxes and Vlas raises his hand. He grimaces, but refuses to do anything else to acknowledge the pain.

OLEZKA
Which hurts more? The burn, or having to do the dishes again?

No one speaks with any accent. Olezka laughs. Vlas rises defiantly. Nikhil moves over.

NIKHIL
It's been two years, Dima. If he was a danger to our plan-

DIMA
He has seen us, Nikhil!

NIKHIL
And it hasn't mattered!

DIMA

There is too much at stake.

NIKHIL

This is not about the mission. You are still upset that his friend beat us.

DIMA

His friend is dead!

NIKHIL

But what he did allowed Fisher to escape. It was one of the most admirable things I have ever seen. His friend was a true warrior.

DIMA

I have great respect for what his friend did. In another life, I would gladly serve next to him. But I have made my decision.

Nikhil shakes his head, but defers.

INT. RESTAURANT - LOBBY - NIGHT

Dark wood paneling. An extensive wine rack. Scott and Lisa stand next to a PATRON and his WIFE.

PATRON

I think it's great, what you did. We need more people like you.

Scott shrugs, but basks in the compliment.

HOSTESS (O.S.)

Fisher, party of two.

INT. RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

At the booth, the HOSTESS motions for Lisa to take the seat facing the entrance. She doesn't. Scott moves around Lisa to sit there, bringing a puzzled look from the Hostess. Lisa sits in the other spot, smirking at Scott's habit.

HOSTESS

(walking away)

Your server will be with you soon.

LISA

You said you wanted to treat me to a nice dinner. I think you just wanted to be seen by your fans.

SCOTT

I hear this only lasts fifteen minutes.

LISA

And after that?

The elation from being recognized disappears.

SCOTT

You understand why I do all this?

LISA

Do you?

That causes him to pause.

LISA (CONT'D)

You have nothing to atone for. At least, when it comes to Mike.

SCOTT

I need to get things more in balance. I know. I-

MANAGER (O.S.)

Mr. Fisher.

The Restaurant MANAGER stands next to their table.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

I'm the manager on duty tonight. Your meal is on the house. Whatever you and your wife want.

Scott looks over at Lisa, who just shakes her head.

EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - EVENING

Scott has his arm around Lisa as they walk. Olezka, wearing a cap and sunglasses, approaches them, his right hand behind his back. Scott spots him; his eyes widen... then determination sets in.

OLEZKA

Yeah, excuse me, can you tell me how to get to-

SCOTT
Stop right there please!

OLEZKA
(keeps approaching)
I just need help-

Scott puts his right hand up in a defensive position and moves his left hand to the bottom of his shirt.

SCOTT
I need you to stop!

Scott moves away from Lisa, who hurries toward their truck.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Then we can talk!

Olezka is flustered. Beat. He swings his right arm around, revealing a suppressed pistol.

Scott moves offline and draws at the same time. He fires two shots into Olezka's chest! Olezka gets off one shot that goes wide. Scott puts a round into his head! He drops.

A SHOT from across the parking lot rings out! Scott turns.

Nikhil, pistol extended, sits in the back seat of an SUV, heading away from Scott. He fires again!

Scott fires one-handed as he dives for cover behind a car.

Vlas, wearing his cowboy hat, guns the motor and speeds away. In the passenger seat, Dima looks out. Scott ducks out from cover, spots Dima. Recognizes him.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Nikhil looks back at the parking lot. Dima stares ahead.

NIKHIL
We can't leave Olezka!

DIMA
He is dead.

Nikhil looks that direction, knows it is true.

NIKHIL
For no reason!

The two lock eyes, neither flinching.

EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Scott moves around to the front of his truck. Lisa is huddled on the ground. She's shaken, but okay.

LISA

Scott, that wasn't random, was it?

Scott shakes his head and stares off where the SUV had been.

FLASHBACK - EXT. REMOTE WOODS - DAY

Scott and Mike, carrying fishing poles and dressed for mild weather, trek along an overgrown trail.

MIKE

I'm telling you, no one even knows about this lake.

SCOTT

You mean, no one's ever found their way back from it.

MIKE

I'll make sure you get home safe. There's a cabin up there, but I've never seen any signs of life.

SCOTT

Like smoke from a fire?

Mike sees the smoke, shakes his head in disbelief.

EXT. CABIN CLEARING - DAY

A mud-covered SUV sits near the cabin; a clean car sits behind the SUV, near a large, but rough path.

Mike leads the way up to the cabin door. Knocks. Olezka opens the door, right hand behind his back.

MIKE

Hey, we were just going to go after some bass. I've been coming here for years and there's never been anyone around. I actually thought about trying to buy this place.

DIMA (O.S.)

Come in.

Olezka moves out the way. Scott and Mike enter.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

It is clearly inhabited. Four beds off to the right, by a fireplace with a kettle. A map of the U.S. tacked to a wall. Dishes and canned food in the kitchen area off to the left.

Around a wooden table sit Dima, Nikhil, Vlas and Nick Busche.

Scott and Mike stand just inside the cabin, with the door still open. Scott is closest to the doorway.

MIKE

Just wanted to make sure you had no problem with us fishing.

DIMA

If it was only about fishing...

Olezka brings a pistol out from behind his back. Dima, Nikhil and Vlas all raise pistols from beneath the table.

Mike reacts immediately, shoving Scott outside!

MIKE

Get out of here!

Mike slams the door closed and falls down in front of it.

EXT. CABIN CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Scott hesitates. Shots ring out inside the cabin. The door cracks open forcefully, but not far enough for anyone to get out. An arm pokes out, fires a pistol.

Bullets hit the ground around Scott. He races into the woods.

END FLASHBACK

INT. POLICE STATION - DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Scott and Lisa sit in front of the Detective's desk.

DETECTIVE

I don't know why they'd be gunning for you two years later, but they must have seen you on TV. I told you not to talk to the news.

SCOTT

C'mon! Like you saw this coming!
(to Lisa)

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I never would have gone on TV if
I'd known it would have...

LISA

I know.

SCOTT

At least it reopens the case on
Mike. These are the same people.

DETECTIVE

The guy still hasn't shown up in
any database, which is strange.
Attempted murder usually isn't your
first crime.

SCOTT

Maybe he never got caught.

DETECTIVE

He did this time.

Scott sighs deep. Lisa puts an arm on his shoulder.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

The chief is putting a car outside
your house twenty-four seven.

FBI AGENT MASON CLYDE (40's) enters the office. Dressed at
the high end of business casual, Clyde is forceful, direct.

AGENT CLYDE

That won't be necessary detective.
(shows his ID)
Special Agent Mason Clyde.
(to Scott and Lisa)
Your family is going into
protective custody.

EXT. FBI BUILDING - DAY

A three-story light concrete building sits surrounded by
grass with some trees, and encompassed by a black iron fence.

INT. FBI BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Around a conference table sit Scott, Special Agent Clyde,
Special AGENT MICHELE MCKAY (31), Special AGENT BRIAN HILL
(26) and Special AGENT TONY MOJICA (35). Special AGENT IN
CHARGE AMY LAROCQUE (60) stands at the head of the table.

Agent in Charge LaRocque sports a pantsuit. Agent Clyde again wears clothes on the nicer end of business casual. Agents McKay and Mojica have on average business casual. Agent Hill leans back in his seat, wearing jeans and a polo shirt.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE
Mr. Fisher, let me make introductions. I'm Special Agent in Charge Amy LaRocque, head of the Atlanta field office. You've met Special Agent Mason Clyde. This is Special Agent Michelle McKay.

The agents nod as Agent in Charge LaRocque introduces them.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE (CONT'D)
Special Agent Brian Hill and Special Agent Tony Mojica.

SCOTT
So, if everyone's special, is anyone really special?
(beat)
Sorry, line from a movie.

AGENT HILL
Which is why I've been pushing for some of us to be called, Very Special Agent.

AGENT MCKAY
Oh, we already think of you as very special, Hill.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE
Mr. Fisher, what I'm about to tell you is classified. You must not discuss the details with anyone.

Scott nods.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE (CONT'D)
We're sharing this with you, because it has become apparent, you know more about it in some ways than we do.

Scott leans forward. He's all in!

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE (CONT'D)
Special Agent Clyde has been in charge of the case. I will let him lead the briefing.

Agent in Charge LaRocque sits down. Agent Clyde has a file in front of him, but doesn't look at it.

AGENT CLYDE

The search for your assailant's prints set off an alarm. It wasn't something the local police were aware of. All we know is that he is Russian. Which means, the Russians don't want us to know more.

SCOTT

He didn't have an accent. Not the guy at the cabin either.

AGENT CLYDE

That makes sense. There have been rumors for the past two years of a Russian sleeper cell in the United States. We have no idea why.

SCOTT

The cops always figured they were drug runners, or the mafia maybe. That's why they kept my name out of the paper. But, I don't know much.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

You might know more than you think.

SCOTT

My wife says it's the opposite.

Laughs all around.

AGENT CLYDE

You've already told us, the person you killed-

Scott reacts noticeably.

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)

You think he was not in charge.

SCOTT

No, I could tell at the cabin, the other guy was. The person in the passenger seat last night. But, I don't remember much. I went to some counseling. She said I repressed it or suppressed it - which was fine with me.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE
Then we'll start with the man you
recognized. There's little chance
his face is on file, so you are
going to work with a sketch artist.

SCOTT
Really? I've always wanted to do
that. But honestly, I figured
anyone I described would end up
looking like... an aardvark.

Confused looks.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I have no idea why I said that.
You're going to make me see a
shrink after the sketch artist.

AGENT MOJICA
When you get as messed up as Hill,
then we'll start to worry.

Agent Hill twitches his head, playing along.

INT. FBI BUILDING - AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE'S OFFICE - DAY

Agent in Charge LaRocque resides behind her desk. Agents
Clyde, McKay and Hill occupy seats in front of the desk.

AGENT CLYDE
He wasn't that far off with
aardvark. We're not going to
identify anyone with his sketch.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE
And your initial interview?

AGENT CLYDE
No. It really does seem he's
blocked it out on some level.

Scott walks up to the clear glass office door.

Agent in Charge LaRocque motions him in. There are no empty
seats. Agent McKay, closest to the door, gets out of hers.

SCOTT
No, I can't take your seat.

AGENT HILL
Don't try to be a gentlemen toward
McKay. She finds it offensive.

AGENT MCKAY

Maybe it's just the fact it would
take a lot more than giving up a
chair to make you a gentleman.

Scott stares off, thinking...

SCOTT

There were four beds.
(snaps back)
In the cabin, four beds.

AGENT CLYDE

But five men.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

The cabin was being lived in-

SCOTT

But not by one of them.

AGENT CLYDE

We'll do another interview. Try to
bring out some more details.

SCOTT

The interview didn't bring out
anything. Being in here did.

Agent Clyde sees where this is headed, shakes his head.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Whatever you're doing to work on
this case, let me tag along.

AGENT CLYDE

I know that might seem like a lot
of fun, but-

SCOTT

Hearing my friend die wasn't fun!

No response from Agent Clyde.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

I have seen cases like this where
being in contact with relevant
details has caused latent memories
to emerge.

AGENT CLYDE

He's a civilian!

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE
There is precedent for special
deputation of civilians, when they
provide a unique contribution.

AGENT CLYDE
It could be dangerous.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE
Mr. Fisher knows that firsthand.

AGENT CLYDE
(glaring at Scott)
You'll be on a short leash. And,
don't even think about a gun.

SCOTT
I'm a master-level shooter.

AGENT CLYDE
Who'd be dead if the perp at the
convenience store was even a decent
shot. I watched the video.

SCOTT
Did you catch the sequel, from the
restaurant?

Agent Clyde doesn't respond.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE
(to Scott)
You did hesitate at the store. What
changed?

SCOTT
I realized, I can't expect a
criminal to act the way I would.

Agent Clyde is unimpressed. Scott continues his case.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I'm not looking for an excuse to
pull the trigger, but I won't ever
hesitate again.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE
He's not the only person to pause
the first time they had to shoot.

AGENT CLYDE
You don't know tactics.

SCOTT

Like house-clearing? Low-light skills? Trauma medicine? I've trained with the guys who teach the major departments.

(beat)

You do the FBI work. Use what I don't even know I know to find these guys. I can handle myself with the rest as well as anyone.

The two face off.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

It appears the matter is resolved. Get Mr. Fisher a gun.

SCOTT

I'd really like my gun. Guns. They're both in evidence.

INT. FBI BUILDING - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The room is empty except for Scott, who examines a locker and looks around. Clearly some "kid in a candy store" going on.

Agent Clyde enters, spots Scott, turns to leave.

SCOTT

That's subtle.

AGENT CLYDE

You want direct? It takes twenty weeks to become an agent, not twenty minutes.

That takes Scott down a notch. Agent Clyde leaves.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - LIVING ROOM / DINING ROOM - DAY

The small house is modestly, but nicely furnished. Scott, Lisa, Jacky and Isaac occupy chairs and a couch.

In an adjacent DINING ROOM, Special AGENT TRACY WALTER (29) and Special AGENT MARK GILL (31) work on laptops.

SCOTT

This isn't a bad place.

JACKY

It's not home.

LISA
No, it's nice. And the agents,
Tracy and Mark, they've been great.

SCOTT
Special agents, Lis'.

Lisa gives a puzzled look. Jake shakes his head.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I'm glad. This could last a while.

ISAAC
What about my baseball games?

JACKY
What about my life?

SCOTT
I'm sorry - to both of you.

ISAAC
Is this about uncle Mike?

SCOTT
Yeah, and more, it seems.

JACKY
I couldn't even bring my phone.

SCOTT
Don't you watch movies? They always
track cell phones. Or, someone
makes a dumb call.
(to Isaac)
No dumb calls! Got it?

ISAAC
You won't let me have a phone yet.

SCOTT
We could give you the old one Jacky
gave us, the last time we thought
we were taking hers away.

JACKY
You gotta admit, I am clever.

SCOTT
That's one word for it.

LISA
At least Gary can manage the shop
while you're stuck here.

(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)

No substitute is going to run my class the way I do.

Scott gets an uncomfortable look. Lisa notices, waits.

SCOTT

(reluctant)

The FBI needs my help. I've started to remember some things.

ISAAC

You're joining the FBI? Cool!

SCOTT

Wouldn't that be great! I didn't want to when I was young. Missed my chance.

JACKY

You in the FBI? Really?!?

LISA

Why don't you just let them know when you remember something.

SCOTT

Being in the middle of things is what made me remember.

JACKY

Big surprise! Even in jail, you find a way to get away from us!

She storms out, toward the bedrooms. Beat. A door slams o.s.

LISA

So, you could be in danger?

SCOTT

We won't be safe or back to normal until they're caught. I am doing this for us.

She is not convinced, or comforted.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

An old house sorely in need of attention and an Outbuilding in similar disrepair sit, with no other houses in sight. An SUV moves toward the house, along the stone drive.

Reaching the house, Nikhil exits the passenger side and Vlas climbs out of the driver's side.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Cracked paint, old furniture and cobwebs abound. On a rickety desk in between the areas sit an above average computer and other video monitors.

Dima sits in a chair in the Living Room, reading a book.

VLAS (O.S.)

They're not at their home. At all.

Dima looks up, puzzled at the news. Nikhil and Vlas enter.

NIKHIL

There are no police. And a neighbor was putting out food for a cat.

DIMA

Did you set up the cameras still?

NIKHIL

(nods; points to monitors)
I'll establish the feed.

DIMA

They are aware that Scott Fisher is not just in danger. That he knows something.

NIKHIL

Because we went after him! And Olezka was killed - and we left him behind!

DIMA

(remaining calm)
One of their national agencies is involved now.

NIKHIL

They will have him in a safehouse. We have to find him and kill him!

DIMA

We don't have the resources to locate a safehouse.

Nikhil glares.

DIMA (CONT'D)

We do not know where he is, but we know where he will be going. Back to the scene of the crime, as the Americans say.

NIKHIL
Then we hit them there!
(slamming fist down)
He must pay for Olezka!

DIMA
He must be silenced, but not by us.

NIKHIL
Of course by us! We must-

Dima grabs Nikhil and forces him against the wall!

DIMA
We will not jeopardize our mission
to get revenge! We are here to
bring America to her knees! We
cannot fail!

Their eyes remain locked. Nikhil has not conceded.

VLAS
Why do you hate America so much?

Dima takes the "out," relaxes. He lets go of Nikhil, who also
takes things down a notch.

DIMA
Hate America? In many ways it is
far more desirable than our beloved
homeland. Certainly for people of
our social stature.

Both Vlas and Nikhil are surprised, confused.

DIMA (CONT'D)
Think of it like this, I like you
much more than my wife's brother,
but if I were forced to choose, it
is your throat I would cut.

VLAS
Why cut anyone's throat? Americans
have no desire to threaten Russia.

DIMA
There has always been a contest for
world dominance. Americans are
preoccupied with many other things
right now, but that will not always
be true. If we fail to act when we
have the advantage, we might be the
ones reduced to living in the
middle ages.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lisa and Jacky sit on opposite ends of the couch.

JACKY

Why do you always defend him?

LISA

You're sixteen.

JACKY

If it's so "over my head," then it won't hurt to tell me.

LISA

Mike does something he knows will result in his death and never seeing his family again - he's a hero. Your Dad saves someone's life, but the training that enabled him to do that has taken time away from us. What's that make him?

JACKY

He... he just feels guilty about uncle Mike.

LISA

So, he's doing something good, in a way that's not all good, for a bad reason. See, not so simple.

JACKY

He missed my sixteenth birthday party for some dumb class. Simple!

LISA

And he took you and Brooke to see Billie Eilish. That wasn't because he likes her songs.

JACKY

I don't know. I saw him groovin' a little.
But still, just wait, when he gets back, he'll be all, "FBI this" and "FBI that." Even when he's around, he's not here!

INT. FBI BUILDING - SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Agent Clyde has taken his attire up another notch, wearing a shirt and tie. He holds an FBI-issue Glock 19M.

His target is at the firing line, with a decent group of holes in the chest area. He replaces it with a new one.

Scott enters, carrying his range bag and a pistol case.

AGENT CLYDE
You need to practice?

SCOTT
Need to make sure my dots are still zeroed. Didn't get banged around.

Scott takes the adjacent lane and opens the pistol case. It holds three pistols. Two identical Wilson Combat EDC X9's and a more compact SFX9. It has a smaller optical sight.

Scott pulls a kydex holster out of his bag. Mounted to it is a large chunk of blue foam. Agent Clyde eyes it quizzically. Scott sticks the holster inside his waistband just right of his belt buckle.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
But yeah, I practice everyday.

Agent Clyde holsters his pistol, then runs his target out to five yards. He looks over to make sure Scott is aware.

As he draws his pistol, his head, shoulders and chest move noticeably. After reaching full extension, he hesitates slightly, then fires two shots to the chest, ejects the mag and reloads, then fires two more shots to the chest.

The bullet holes form a three inch group.

AGENT CLYDE
(proud of himself)
Slow is smooth; smooth is fast.

SCOTT
Actually, slow is slow. That's why they call it, slow.
(puts up a target)
You do need to be smooth, but you also need a shot timer to know if you're fast and not just kidding yourself.

Scott runs his target out to five yards, then two more yards, giving Clyde a grin. He takes a timer out of his bag, sits it in front of him. He pushes the button, then lowers his hands.

Two seconds later, the BEEP sounds. The only things that move are Scott's arms.

His first shot goes off immediately as his pistol reaches full extension. One more shot - reload - two shots. Scott looks at his timer.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Three point two one.

(beat)

Want to get better?

Agent Clyde remains expressionless.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Smooth means you don't move anything you don't have to.

Scott does a draw. His body remains perfectly still.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

And the way to shoot faster is to shoot sooner. As soon as your gun's out, when you have a good sight picture, fire the shot. You don't need perfect. Just center mass.

AGENT CLYDE

What if you do need perfect? Bad guy's behind a hostage. Fast is fine; accuracy is final.

Scott smiles. Agent Clyde turn, readies himself to shoot.

O.S. - The sound of Scott's target moving. Agent Clyde turns.

SCOTT

Everyone's a marksman up close.

Scott runs his target out to twenty-five yards. He fires five shots, relatively slowly. Switches to the other identical pistol and does the same. Beat. Scott shrugs. He takes out the compact pistol, fires five more shots.

He returns the target. The bullet holes form four inch groups where the eyes would be and an imperfect smiley face.

AGENT CLYDE

It looked better in the movie.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jacky sits reading a book. Isaac works at the coffee table on a model jet. Scott leans back in the sofa, staring off.

Lisa looks out from the kitchen, where she cooks dinner.

ISAAC
(to Scott)
Is this where this piece goes?

Scott does not hear him.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
Dad, does this piece go here?

Jacky rolls her eyes. Looks over to her Mom, who is watching.
Jacky gives an 'I told you so' look.

SCOTT
You got it right. No surprise!

LISA (O.S.)
Scott, can you come here a minute?

Scott rises, makes his way to the kitchen.

LISA (CONT'D)
Trouble hearing?

He gives a confused look. Lisa looks out toward Isaac. Beat.
Scott get's it, then stares off. Lisa waits, cocks her head.

SCOTT
The head of the team. He doesn't...
he doesn't want me there.

LISA
Why should he?

Scott recoils some. Lisa remains matter of fact.

SCOTT
Because I have a lot of the same
skills they do. Just not the title.

LISA
So, what's your plan?

SCOTT
Show him I'm not out of place.

LISA
Do you think that will work?

Scott nods. Lisa does too. He laughs and gives her a kiss.

LISA (CONT'D)
Now, how about you show off some of
those mad Dad skills?

Scott nods, leaves the kitchen... He taps Jacky.

SCOTT
What you reading?

JACKY
A book.

Scott brushes it off.

SCOTT
What kind of jet's that Isaac?

INT. FBI SUV - DAY

Agent Hill drives. Agent Clyde fills the passenger seat, again wearing shirt and tie. Scott sits behind Agent Hill, across from Agent McKay, who adjusts her sunglasses.

AGENT CLYDE
I'll be so glad when the season is over. Coaching a kids' baseball team and wearing a gun is a bad combination.

AGENT MCKAY
The kids are that bad?

AGENT CLYDE
The parents.

SCOTT
How do you have time to coach?

AGENT CLYDE
Sometimes I have no choice, but when I do, I choose my family.

SCOTT
Somehow, those choices always seem clearer in hindsight.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The SUV, shiny and clean, cruises along the highway.

EXT. ROUGH PATH - LATER

The SUV travels slowly. It is impossible to avoid deep, water-filled holes. Mud covers the vehicle, up to the windows.

INT. FBI SUV - CONTINUOUS

The passengers are shaken by a particularly deep rut.

AGENT MCKAY

Hill, you can barely drive on the road. Why are you behind the wheel?

AGENT HILL

You can drive out, McKay. I'll sit in the back seat and complain.

SCOTT

I don't care who drives us out of here.

Understanding looks all around.

EXT. CABIN CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER

The SUV, coated with mud, pulls to a stop, next to the burned out remains of the cabin. The Agents and Scott pile out.

Agent McKay uses a video camera to record the scene around her. Agent Hill has a camera and snaps pictures.

Scott walks slowly, looking all around. His mood is somber.

SCOTT

I heard the cabin was burned down. To hide evidence, I guess.

AGENT CLYDE

You said there were two vehicles.

SCOTT

Yeah. The SUV was over there. Close to the cabin.

AGENT CLYDE

But you said it wasn't the one they were in at the restaurant.

SCOTT

No this one was jacked up.

AGENT HILL

Makes sense, with that goat trail that pretends to be a road.

AGENT MCKAY

Have you ever seen a goat trail?

AGENT HILL

I've never seen a goat, in real life. I was being metaphorical!

He turns the camera and snaps a picture of himself.

SCOTT

The car, sedan, was behind the SUV.

Scott's gaze takes him to where their SUV sits parked. Beat.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

The SUV was covered in mud. The car wasn't. It had some dirt, but the SUV looked like ours.

AGENT CLYDE

What was the weather like?

SCOTT

It had to be a nice day. I'm a fair weather fisherman.

AGENT MCKAY

That goes along with only four beds. Four of them shackled here. The other guy came here to meet up. (she turns to record more) You're being out here's paying off.

Agent Clyde turns, moves toward the burned out cabin. They all follow him. Scott stops outside the doorway.

INT. CABIN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Scott and Mike stand just inside the cabin, with the door open. Scott is closest to the door.

Olezka, standing next to them, brings a pistol out from behind his back.

At the table, Dima, Nikhil and Vlas all raise pistols.

Mike reacts immediately, shoving Scott outside.

MIKE

Get out of here!

The door slams shut.

EXT. CABIN CLEARING - DAY (PRESENT)

Scott stares at spot where the doorframe was. Clyde notices. Waits. Scott snaps back... breathes deep... steps inside.

SCOTT

(pointing to his left)

The table they were sitting at was over there. The beds were across the room, next to the fireplace.

Some stones from a chimney still remain intact.

Scott looks around. Two years worth of leaves, animal waste and who knows what else cover the burned out shell.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You're really going to be able to find something in here?

AGENT HILL

Hey, we're the FBI - the Freaking Best Investigators.

SCOTT

Is that how you always say it?

AGENT HILL

Around Clyde it is.

AGENT CLYDE

If I want to hear that, I'll go to holding. We're professionals.

SCOTT

(ignores the dig)

Speaking of holding, I can't anymore. Gonna find the men's tree.

Scott heads toward the woods. After walking several feet... Just inside the tree line, he spots something.

GANG MEMBER ONE (late 20's) hides behind a tree. When he realizes Scott sees him, he raises his shotgun - fires!

Scott has ducked behind a tree, which absorbs the shot. Scott draws and fires three times-

Into Gang Member One's chest! He slumps to the ground.

Inside the cabin shell, Agents Clyde, McKay and Hill react to the gunshots, drawing their pistols and getting low.

Bullets begin to hit around them! They return fire! Agent McKay takes cover behind the stones from the chimney.

Bullets impact the stones! She fires twice. More bullets hit. She fires again.

Hitting GANG MEMBER TWO in the chest! He drops.

Agent Clyde ducks behind a rear wheel of the SUV.

GANG MEMBER THREE fires a semi-auto AR-15 his direction -
Pinning him down!

A SHOT passes by Gang Member Three! He turns. Two SHOTS rip into his chest!

Agent Clyde looks over at Agent Hill, who lies prone in the cabin shell. Agent Clyde nods a 'Thank you.'

A high-powered round hits close to him! He scurries around the other side of the SUV.

Similar high-powered rounds impact close to Hill and McKay.

GANG MEMBER FOUR crouches by a tree, firing an AR-10 .308.

His shots also pin down Scott. Then back to the Agents.

SCOTT'S POV: The three Agents come under heavy fire.

INT. CABIN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

At the table, Dima, Nikhil and Vlas all raise pistols.

Mike reacts immediately, shoving Scott outside.

MIKE

Get out of here!

The door slams shut.

BACK TO PRESENT

Scott shakes his head, puts in a fresh mag.

AGENT CLYDE

We need to get around him. Force
him to move. Give us an angle.
McKay, you-

A bullet hits close to his head! Then-

O.S. Pistol shots ring out in rapid succession!

They look, to see Scott running toward Gang Member Four.

This forces the shooter to move to the other side of the tree - exposing him to the Agents.

They fire, impacting him several times. Beat. No gunfire.

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)
Fisher? Fisher?!?

SCOTT (O.S.)
Yeah. I think there were more, but they took off.

Agent Clyde pokes his head around cautiously. Agent McKay and Agent Hill do the same. Beat. They all rise from cover. Scott walks toward them.

AGENT CLYDE
What the hell were you doing!?!?

SCOTT
What needed done?

AGENT CLYDE
By one of us!

SCOTT
This place haunts me enough.

Agent Clyde glares at Scott - who gives an apologetic shrug.

AGENT MCKAY
(to Scott)
Still need to go to the bathroom?

Scott laughs, nods, heads toward the woods.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT

Dima and Vlas sit around the table, eating. Nikhil enters.

NIKHIL
Two got away. They are afraid to go to their bosses, but they do not know how to keep their mouths shut. They also don't know if anyone was taken alive.

DIMA
The FBI will find out who they are. That was the risk. Their bosses understood that when we paid them.

VLAS
Maybe their gang will have more
luck when the FBI shows up.

NIKHIL
Maybe you'll get the dishes clean.

VLAS
I will beat you one day!

Vlas flexes his bicep. Nikhil just stares at him.

VLAS (CONT'D)
We could follow him to the
safehouse, from the FBI Building.

DIMA
He will leave, hidden in a
different vehicle each day.

NIKHIL
Then we kill him when he leaves
with them during the day.

Dima ignores him.

NIKHIL (CONT'D)
You let him kill one of us!

Nikhil can hardly control his rage. Dima deliberates.

DIMA
I will arrange for professionals.
Fisher does need to die.
(staring down Nikhil)
To protect the mission.

INT. FBI BUILDING - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Scott stands in front of his open locker, staring off.

AGENT CLYDE (O.S.)
You're racking up quite a body
count.

Scott snaps his head over to Agent Clyde, nearby.

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)
Not everyone can handle this.

SCOTT

What do you want me to say? I went from firing at paper targets to killing three people!

Agent Clyde just waits.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You want to know the truth? I do feel bad... for not feeling worse.

For Agent Clyde, that was the right answer. He softens.

AGENT CLYDE

As long as you still feel something.

Scott smiles slightly, appreciating Agent Clyde's new tone.

INT. FBI BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Agent in Charge LaRocque commands the head of the table. Scott and Agents Clyde, McKay, Hill and Mojica occupy seats all around. Mojica, clearly frustrated, punches buttons on his laptop.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

Mr. Fisher- Scott. You couldn't shoot one of them in the leg, so we could question him?

SCOTT

You're not serious, right?

Agent in Charge LaRocque keeps a straight face... Then grins.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

We will find out which gang they were with. What do we have?

Special AGENT PLIMPTON (29) enters the room and makes his way to Mojica. He looks the part of an Agent who specializes in computers. Taking a seat next to Agent Mojica, he moves the troublesome laptop in front of himself.

AGENT PLIMPTON

You're more dangerous with a computer than I am with a pistol.

AGENT MOJICA

Good thing we don't have to qualify on a computer.

Laughs all around.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE
From what we know now, there is clearly something different about this fifth man.

SCOTT
I wish I knew.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE
Let's start with - what was different about him?

Scotts leans back, stares up... around... over at Plimpton and Mojica. Beat. Scott sits up.

SCOTT
He was sort of nerdy.

Plimpton looks up, over at Scott, who shrugs.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Compared to the rest of them. They were athletic, and had a bunch of tattoos. But the fifth guy, he was clean cut.
(off Plimpton)
Professional-looking.

AGENT PLIMPTON
Nice save.

SCOTT
The other four looked like special ops. This guy, like a doctor or accountant or a computer ner-person.

AGENT MCKAY
Anything else? Keep going, while you're in the zone.

Scott thinks...

INT. CABIN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Four of the five Russians sit around the table. The fifth man holds himself differently than the other four. He does not have the posture they do. And something else...

AN I.D. BADGE hangs off his belt.

INT. FBI BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

Scott snaps back.

SCOTT

He had an I.D. badge. On his belt.
Like you use to unlock a door.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

Any distinctive markings? A logo?

AGENT HILL

A name?

SCOTT

A logo, but I didn't recognize it.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

Then you start combing through a
data base of logos.

AGENT CLYDE

There's a good task for you.

SCOTT

Won't that take... forever?

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

We will narrow it down to the most
likely targets. I doubt they are
seeking to infiltrate Starbucks.

INT. FEDERAL OFFICE - DAY

CAL BENSON (50) resides behind his desk, looking through a
file folder. The office is lackluster, but bears the personal
trappings of Cal having occupied it for years.

CAL

I don't know if I've ever seen
anyone who works more than you do.
You after my job?

NICK (O.S.)

I just like what I do.

CAL

Well, in a few years, you can have
my job. When I hit the magic number
to retire - I'm gone!

NICK (O.S.)

I wish you all the best.

CAL
(looks in folder)
You've moved up quick. A couple times because people above you died. Bad accidents. Guess you were meant to be in this position.

Cal waits for a response. Beat. He rises, extends his hand.

CAL (CONT'D)
Well Nick Busche, you now oversee the cyber defense staff for the entire Federal Reserve.

The MAN opposite him rises and accepts Cal's handshake. It is Nick Busche - the fifth man from the Cabin. Behind him is an emblem of the Federal Reserve's logo.

INT. FBI BUILDING - WORK FLOOR - DAY

Agents Clyde, McKay and Mojica sit at their desks. Scott sits at one, with Agent Hill watching over his shoulder.

COMPUTER SCREEN - Various government and defense-oriented logos pass by. The FBI logo comes up.

AGENT HILL
The good ol' FBI. Sure it's not that one? Take a close look over there at Mojica. I've always had my suspicions about him.

Agent Mojica throws a pen at Agent Hill. He slaps his hands together in front of his face and catches it.

AGENT HILL (CONT'D)
(Yoda accent)
Unwise you are to mess with the master.

Laughs all around. Agent in Charge LaRocque walks up.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE
U.S. tax dollars at work.

AGENT HILL
Hard at work boss!

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE
You can earn your money now. We identified the gang that supplied attackers at the cabin. I want all five of you going.

AGENT CLYDE

Five? There's not going to be anything to trigger a memory at a gangbanger HQ.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

Unless there is.

Agent Clyde stands, leans in to Agent in Charge LaRocque. He lowers his voice, but is still audible to everyone.

AGENT CLYDE

When can I lose the anchor?

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

When he no longer remembers valuable intel.

Agent Clyde is still frustrated.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE (CONT'D)

Would you rather I said, when you can outshoot him?

AGENT CLYDE

(to Agent Hill)

Not a word!

Agent Hill zips his lips - but a grin cracks through. The others all laugh.

EXT. STRIPMALL PARKING LOT - DAY

The FBI SUV sits far away from the various rundown stores. Nothing high-end here. One is a tattoo shop.

AGENT CLYDE

The people we want should be in back of the tattoo parlor. McKay, you and Hill will be a couple, window-shopping, to catch anyone who runs out the front, that we don't want getting away.

AGENT HILL

Sure you don't want us to go inside boss? I could pick out a tasteful tattoo for McKay.

AGENT MCKAY

Not on your life.

AGENT HILL
No tattoos?

AGENT MCKAY
None like you would pick for-

AGENT CLYDE
Can we be professional?

Agents Hill and McKay are surprised at the rebuke.

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)
Mojica, you come with me. We'll go
in the back. Fisher, you stay
outside until I call you. No
heroics. Am I clear?

Scott nods.

EXT. STRIPMALL - BEHIND STORES - LATER

Agent Mojica, Agent Clyde and Scott wear "FBI" emblazoned bulletproof vests. Weapons ready, they crouch against the wall, next to a door. Avoiding the-

CAMERA mounted above the door.

Twenty feet behind them, GANG MEMBERS FIVE and SIX sit on the ground, back to back, with a pole between them. Their mouths are duct-taped, their hands and feet are flex-cuffed.

Agent Mojica, closest to the door, points a shotgun at the door handle. Agent Clyde, armed with his pistol, uses his left hand to tap Agent Mojica on the shoulder.

The shotgun blasts - decimating the door handle! It leaves a gaping hole. The door rebounds open slightly.

Agent Clyde rushes around Agent Mojica, opens the door and darts inside. Agent Mojica follows. Scott stays outside.

INT. TATTOO SHOP - BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is filled with a couch along the back wall, a couple recliners with an end table between them in the middle, a long with a table and chairs off to the side.

GANG MEMBER SEVEN slouches on the couch. GANG LEADER ONE and GANG LEADER TWO occupy the recliners. GANG MEMBERS EIGHT and NINE sit in chairs at the table.

At the sound of the shotgun BLAST, Gang Member Seven fumbles to sit up and raise his submachine gun.

Agent Clyde bursts through the door... fires two shots. Impacting Gang Member Seven in the chest!

The two Gang Leaders reach for pistols on the end table.

AGENT CLYDE
(pointing his gun at them)
Don't!

They stop. Raise their hands.

Gang Member Eight lifts his submachine gun.

O.S. - The low BOOM of a shotgun blast! The impact throws Gang Member Eight backwards!

Gang Member Nine takes his hand off the pistol on the table. Agent Mojica stands facing him, shotgun still smoking.

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)
Fisher!

Scott enters. Agent Clyde motions to Gang Member Nine.

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)
Cover that guy, while Mojica flex cuffs him - and don't sweep Mojica with your gun!

Scott just shakes his head at being reminded of such a basic safety precaution. Mojica puts on the flex cuffs.

Agent Clyde takes the pistols off the end table, throws them on the floor behind him, still watching the Gang Leaders.

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)
Stand up! Hands behind your backs.

Mojica moves over and puts flex cuffs on both of them. He shoves them back down as he does.

Agent Clyde holsters his pistol and speaks. An earpiece is visible in his ear.

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)
Room is secure. Anything out front?
(beat)
Detain the employees. We'll-

O.S. - The sound of metal on metal.

Agent Clyde whips his head that direction. GANG MEMBER TEN fires a pistol. Scott turns, but--

Scott's POV - Can only see the tip of the barrel.

Agent Clyde executes a draw and two shots - flawlessly! Gang Member Ten falls to the ground. Agent Clyde lowers his gun.

SCOTT
Been practicing?

Agent Clyde smirks - not wanting to admit it.

AGENT MOJICA (O.S.)
I'm hit!

Agent Clyde and Scott rush toward him.

A blood stain spreads rapidly across the upper section of Mojica's pant leg. Agent Clyde puts his hand on the spot.

AGENT CLYDE
Call nine one one!

Scott pushes him out of the way as he kneels down.

SCOTT
He won't make it that long!

Clyde stares, as Scott rips at the velcro securing a black nylon wrap around his ankle. It is an IFAK - Individual First Aid Kit. He yanks out a tourniquet and flings it open.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
This much blood, it's his femoral artery. He's got three or four minutes before he bleeds out.

Scott checks Agent Mojica's pockets for obstructions, then places the tourniquet as high as possible on the thigh.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Don't you guys at least carry a tourniquet?

Scott latches the tourniquet and pulls it tight.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
This is gonna hurt worse than the gunshot.

Scott grabs the windlass and begins to turn it. Mojica grimaces in pain. Agent Clyde watches intently, as he lifts a phone to his ear.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - EVENING

Agents LaRocque, Clyde and Hill occupy various seats. Agent McKay sits next to AGENT MOJICA'S WIFE (34).

Scott exits a Restroom into the Waiting Room. Agent Hill looks his way, notices something--

AGENT HILL

Uh...

Scott looks down, laughs. His shirt is riding up, exposing his pistol. He fixes it.

SCOTT

Better than my fly, I guess.

AGENT HILL

Aren't you afraid you're going to shoot yourself in the...

He looks down at Scott's crotch.

SCOTT

Femoral artery?

AGENT HILL

Yeah, that.

SCOTT

Keep your finger off the trigger until your sights are on target.

AGENT HILL

It can't be comfortable.

SCOTT

(demonstrating as he sits)
Hike your pants up a little, and you don't even notice it.

AGENT CLYDE

So, what's that big piece of blue foam I saw on your holster?

Scott stands, takes out his holster and pistol. There is a molded piece of blue foam on the back. Scott pulls at it, unzipping the velcro that holds it in place.

SCOTT

It's called a wedge. I carve my own out of a yoga block, to be thicker. It pushes the top of the holster in, to help with concealment.

Scott reattaches the wedge, puts his holster back in place.

AGENT CLYDE

You do go to great lengths.

Scott pauses - a compliment? He holds up his left hand.

SCOTT

Hey, even my wedding ring's James Bond-approved.

AGENT HILL

James Bond never got married.

SCOTT

Not the point - and actually, he did. In, On Her Majesty's Secret Service.

AGENT HILL

I'm going to follow you on Twitter.

A SURGEON enters the Waiting Room. Everyone stands up. She walks over to Agent Mojica's Wife, who waits...

SURGEON

Your husband's going to be fine.

She breaks down. Agent McKay puts an arm around her.

SURGEON (CONT'D)

(turning to the Agents)

That tourniquet saved his life. I wish everyone carried one, especially law enforcement.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

We will now.

AGENT CLYDE

Absolutely.

Agent Clyde grins at Scott, who does a double-take.

SURGEON

Mrs. Mojica, you can go back once he's in recovery. But it's going to be a long time before anyone else can see him.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

(to the Agents)

Well then, go home, get some rest.

Scott starts to leave.

AGENT CLYDE

Hey.

Scott turns. Agent Clyde comes up to him.

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)

You don't know all you need to be an agent, but what you do know is valuable. Life and death valuable.

Scott gives a slight nod, with a small but very sincere grin. An awkward stare ensues...

SCOTT

Do you guys ever get a drink at the end of the day?

AGENT CLYDE

Hill and McKay will probably grab one or two, but tonight is homemade pizza night.

Scott nods, understands.

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)

But, I do owe you a drink.

INT. FBI BUILDING - HALLWAY / OFFICE - DAY

Scott strides down a hallway, looks through the glass divider into an Office. He stops.

On the inside wall hangs - a map of the United States.

INT. CABIN (FLASHBACK) - DAY

A blurry image of a map of the U.S. tacked to a wall, with a dozen pins in it.

INT. FBI BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

Agent in Charge LaRocque sits at the head of the table. Scott and Agents McKay and Hill are spread around. Agent Clyde stands next to a map of the United States, back to his original upscale business casual.

AGENT CLYDE

How many pins?

SCOTT

Like ten or twelve. I know Atlanta was one of them. And I think, Chicago.

Agent Clyde places a pin in Atlanta and Chicago.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

Any other cities you remember?

SCOTT

No, but I can picture, they were mostly east coast. Some in the middle. Only one or two out west.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

So, we have a Russian sleeper cell, in the U.S. for two years, or more, with an interest in a dozen cities. Major cities, based upon the two we know of. What does that tell us?

AGENT MCKAY

You always have to consider nuclear power plants.

AGENT HILL

(on his computer)

Checking out a map of those now. A lot more than a dozen, but there are way more on the east coast and in the middle of the country.

AGENT MCKAY

Non-nuclear power targets. Shut off a large chunk of the power grid...

SCOTT

What about government buildings in general, like Oklahoma City?

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

All legitimate possibilities - that we already knew were at risk.

The enormity of the task shows on their faces.

AGENT HILL

Wait! There's another map that looks like what you described. And has exactly twelve locations.

They all wait. Hill looks around, a long time.

Agent Clyde nods, clearly impressed.

AGENT CLYDE

And why target a Federal Reserve branch? There are much easier banks to rob.

AGENT MCKAY

There were twelve pins. Maybe they're after all of them - at once. Electronically.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

The Federal Reserve is prepared for the possibility of electronic theft. But I will let them know.

INT. FBI BUILDING - AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE'S OFFICE - DAY

Agent in Charge LaRocque sits, office phone to her ear.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

I realize that, but my agents are still pursuing leads. We have a source which continues to provide new information.

INT. FEDERAL RESERVE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Nick Busche sits stiffly, clutching a phone to his ear.

NICK

There are just a few of us with access to the entire network. You have actually caught me on a tour of our branches, reviewing security protocols. There has been no indication of any trouble.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE (O.S.)

As I said, it seems implausible.

NICK

Impossible! But, please, keep me informed of anything new. Not that I expect anything, but...

Nick hangs up, then immediately scurries out of the office.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN / INT. NICK'S CAR - DAY

Dima sits, phone to his ear. Nikhil and Vlas ready themselves for an arm-wrestling contest.

Nick sits in his parked car, cell phone in hand.

INTERCUT between both locations and various cutaway IMAGES.

Nikhil and Vlas lock hands and light their lighters.

NICK (V.O.)

I have secured remote access to eight of the twelve networks.

FEDERAL RESERVE SERVER ROOM - Nick crosses Chicago off a list of twelve cities. Atlanta, San Francisco, Dallas, Boston, New York, Richmond and Philadelphia are already marked. St. Louis, Cleveland, Kansas City and Minneapolis remain.

In the b/g, Nikhil and Vlas remain even. Nikhil smiles, while Vlas is more intense.

DIMA

If we initiated the plan now, what would be our chance of success?

NICK (V.O.)

Tricking the network into instituting safety measures that will actually cause the collapse of the United States financial system, requires the networks believing catastrophic events have happened in almost every region.

IMAGE of a realistic map of U.S. The twelve cities with Federal Reserve branches are clearly visible. The eight cities crossed off Nick's list begin flashing red.

DIMA

If we initiated the plan now?!?

NICK (V.O.)

Less than sixty percent. There is a tipping point effect which would not be reached.

IMAGE of the map: The eight cities continue to flash.

Nikhil and Vlas are still even. This brings a trace of concern to Nikhil. Vlas is still intense.

DIMA

How many systems need to be compromised to ensure success?

NICK

No one could give you an exact computation to determine-

DIMA

How. Many?

NICK (V.O.)

Nine, maybe. Ten. With ten networks infected, the other two would not be able to counteract the effects.

IMAGE of the Map: St. Louis and Kansas City begin flashing red. Then, a red glow spreads rapidly across the country... until the entire U.S. is engulfed.

Nikhil and Vlas are still even, but their reactions have changed. Nikhil is concerned. Vlas has a trace of a smile.

DIMA

How can you be sure?

NICK (V.O.)

I considered installing a backdoor of sorts, a worm, into the actual networks which would allow me to control them. Once active, that would be difficult to detect, but inserting the code itself could trigger alarms.

FEDERAL RESERVE COMPUTER ROOM: Nick sits in front of a computer. The server's lights flash green. As he types, a door materializes on the side of the server and opens. Then an alarm light appears above it and begins to flash... an alarm sounds... armed guards break into the room, weapons pointed at Nick. He raises his hands in frustrated surrender.

Dima waits. Vlas has gained an advantage over Nikhil. His hand is close to Vlas' flame. Sweat beads. Vlas grins.

NICK (O.S.)

Instead, I cloned the segments of each network that send out a response, should a problem arise.

DIMA

Cloned?

NICK (V.O.)

Made a virtual copy of. My copies will send out directives to banking systems that will cause greater and greater instability. They will also intercept incoming warning signals and send data to the actual networks, telling them everything is normal. By the time anyone realizes there is a problem, like a tidal wave builds in the ocean, the effects will become unstoppable.

FEDERAL RESERVE SERVER ROOM: Nick sits in the same spot. As he types, semi-transparent copies of servers appear next to the real ones. The cloned servers flash red lights. Nick rises and exits the room, turning off the light. Beat. The light turns back on as Two COMPUTER TECHS enter. The semi-transparent cloned servers are visible, but not to the techs. TECH ONE passes right through one as he walks.

Nikhil's skin begins to blister. Vlas is wide-eyed.

DIMA

And if the actual systems did discover the actions of your clones before that tidal wave built?

Dima watches the arm wrestling. Stares at Nikhil.

NICK (O.S.)

Yes. Yes, it would be possible to reverse the effects, before they inflicted catastrophic results. However, they would need to know exactly what they are looking for.

Nikhil relents, closes his lighter. Vlas grins large.

DIMA

And your timeframe for making copies of the other systems?

NICK

I will be in two remaining branches tomorrow, one the following day and the final one the day after that.

Dima lowers the phone and ends the call. Nikhil sits, his burned hand clenched, clearly in pain. Dima stares off.

INT. FBI BUILDING - WORK FLOOR - DAY

Agent Clyde, looking rough around the edges, sits at a desk, drinking from a large coffee mug. Scott enters the area.

SCOTT

That's not your first cup, is it?

Agent Clyde's look confirms that. Then, a smirk.

AGENT CLYDE

You're part of the team now. Let me show you a normal FBI day.

Scott gets a nervous look.

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)

Prepare to learn more than you ever wanted to know about the Federal Reserve.

INT. FBI BUILDING - WORK FLOOR - LATER

Agent Clyde sits at his desk. He leans back, rubs his eyes, looks over at Scott, focused on a monitor at a nearby desk.

AGENT CLYDE

I need a break and I need lunch.

SCOTT

Are you declaring or inviting?

AGENT CLYDE

Inviting.

SCOTT

Lead the way.

They head out of the area.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

If you're inviting, are you buying?

AGENT CLYDE

Would it count as the drink I said I owe you?

SCOTT

No.

AGENT CLYDE

Then I'm not.

INT. DINER - DAY

The lunch rush has not hit yet, but there are still plenty of customers. The required pictures from the 50's dot the walls.

Agent Clyde and Scott enter. A WAITRESS passes by.

WAITRESS

Have a seat wherever you can find a clean one.

SCOTT

(to Clyde)

Real down-home charm.

They walk to a booth, Agent Clyde in the lead. He sits on the side facing the door. Scott hesitates. Agent Clyde notices.

AGENT CLYDE

You always sit facing the door?

Scott nods. Agent Clyde starts to rise - then sits back down.

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)

Me too.

Scott shakes his head, plops in the other side.

SCOTT

I'll watch the rear exit. A lot of trouble comes from that direction.

INT. DINER - LATER

Mostly-eaten plates of food rest off to the side.

AGENT CLYDE

Two years ago you didn't know the barrel from the butt of a pistol?

SCOTT

Pretty much.

AGENT CLYDE

I can see how losing your best friend could-

SCOTT

I didn't lose him. He fell down in front of that door - He knew he'd be killed.

AGENT CLYDE
If he hadn't, you'd both be dead.

SCOTT
The downside to that?

Agent Clyde gives an understanding nod.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
It's not that I wouldn't have done it for him! It's not something I would have even thought of.

AGENT CLYDE
What's your family think about the new you?

SCOTT
I saved someone's life.

Agent Clyde gives a doubtful look - not what he asked.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
It takes a lot of time. That's the reason I don't make a big deal about how good I am. Anyone can do it. Just put in the time.

AGENT CLYDE
Only so much time in the day.

SCOTT
I spend time with my wife, my kids. Not as much as...
(searches for anything)
But I make it count when I do.

AGENT CLYDE
So, lack of time is quality time and quality time is enough time?

Scott squirms at the rephrasing of his own words.

SCOTT
I guess it sounds better if you don't think about it too hard.
(beat)
But, if I hadn't spent all that time, what about that clerk? What about stopping these Russians?

AGENT CLYDE
It is a tough balancing act.

SCOTT

I'm not sure what "balance" looks like anymore.

AGENT CLYDE

Answer me this: When was your family... not the happiest... the closest?

Scott laughs. Agent Clyde lowers his head, waiting.

SCOTT

Lisa and I often laugh about feeling closer than ever when we almost lost our house during the crash back in 2008. A couple years into our marriage. She's nine-months pregnant. But we've never been closer, or happier.

They both stare off. Then something clicks with Scott.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

The housing crisis. The Federal Reserve was restructured because of that. Given greater oversight and authority. To prevent a repeat.

AGENT CLYDE

Those same measure could be manipulated-

SCOTT

To cause a crash!

They stare at each other in silence, realizing the implications, then rise quickly to leave.

INT. FBI BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Around the table sit Scott, Agents LaRocque, Clyde, McKay and Hill - and Special Agent Plimpton (the "computer nerd").

AGENT CLYDE

So, thanks to Scott's lousy family skills-

SCOTT

Really?

AGENT CLYDE

Scott had an "aha" moment and then we put some pieces together...

(MORE)

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)

Following the 2007 crash, Congress restructured the Fed. The Dodd-Frank Act. A big part of that was the switch from a microprudential to a macroprudential approach.

AGENT HILL

I'm going to need Google Translate.

AGENT CLYDE

I did too at first.

INTERCUT between Conference Room and various images.

AGENT CLYDE (V.O.)

The Fed used to only monitor the banking sector - microprudential.

AN AERIAL VIEW of New York focuses on the Federal Reserve building there. It pulsates. So do buildings clearly labeled as banks (e.g., J.P. Morgan Chase, Bank of America, Citigroup, Wells Fargo). Streams of white light flow from the banks to the Fed Res building.

AGENT CLYDE (V.O.)

The crash demonstrated how interconnected all the financial sectors are.

SAME AERIAL VIEW: Other buildings begin to pulsate (labeled as: Savings and Loan Holding Company; Hedge Fund; Bank Holding Company; Financial Market Utility). Streams of light flow between these new buildings and banks.

AGENT CLYDE (V.O.)

Now the Fed monitors and oversees everything that impacts the U.S. financially - macroprudential.

SAME VIEW: Streams of light now flow from these new buildings to the Federal Reserve.

AGENT CLYDE (V.O.)

And beyond monitoring, there are measures in place for the Fed to react to severe stresses on the financial system.

SAME VIEW: Streams of light flowing to the Federal Reserve from some buildings turn red. When that happens, yellow streams of light flow from the Fed to those buildings.

AGENT CLYDE

From natural disasters, terrorist attacks or financial panic in general. Each of the twelve Federal Reserve branches collects, analyzes and reacts to the financial climate of its sector.

AGENT PLIMPTON

Which means, to enact measures on a scale large enough to crash the U.S. economy, all or at least most of the twelve networks would need to be fed false information. I did some basic research. That is virtually impossible.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

Virtually?

AGENT PLIMPTON

The twelve networks have a high degree of isolation from each other for just this reason. You would need someone at every, or most locations, working in conjunction.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

What if one person had access to all twelve networks?

AGENT PLIMPTON

If a person could evade the security measures, he could embed code that would allow remote and simultaneous access.

AGENT HILL

A computer worm.

AGENT PLIMPTON

That's the common term.

AGENT HILL

(anticipating McKay)
I watch movies.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

The person I talked to is the head of cyber security. He informed me there are three people with network-wide access, and he is one of them.

SCOTT

If I could see pictures of them...

AGENT PLIMPTON

Those are not on any site. I checked.

AGENT MCKAY

So, we don't know who we can trust.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

This needs to go up the chain, immediately. I want all of you to take everything you have and brief the head of the Atlanta branch. He can best elevate it from there.

People begin to leave the room.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE (CONT'D)

Scott.

Scott stops. Agent Clyde gathers his papers slowly.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE (CONT'D)

There are certain requirements to become an FBI agent-

SCOTT

Yeah, I know. They include a college degree. I was more of a hands on guy - at least back when I was young enough for college.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

There are potential waivers. And you have not turned forty yet.

SCOTT

Getting close.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

Even that has some flexibility.

Scott waits, starting to get the idea.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE (CONT'D)

I could get you an interview. What happens at that point would be solely merit-based.

Scott beams! He looks over at Agent Clyde who smiles.

INT. FBI BUILDING - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The team plus Agent Plimpton assemble around an SUV. Agent Hill opens the drivers' door. Agent Plimpton steps up to him.

AGENT PLIMPTON
Is it possible for me to drive?

AGENT MCKAY
Possible? Preferable!

AGENT PLIMPTON
It's just that, I get carsick if I am not the one driving.

AGENT MCKAY
That works, because we get carsick when Hill is the one driving.

AGENT HILL
Fine, but I'm not riding in the middle.

Scott and Agent McKay look at each other. Her stare easily defeats his. Scott raises his hands in surrender. He climbs in the SUV and takes the middle seat.

EXT. FBI BUILDING - LATER

The SUV pulls out of the gated exit, onto Flowers Road South. A large van parked in a lot across the street starts its engine and drives in the direction of the SUV.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dima, Nikhil and Vlas occupy chairs. Nikhil's phone beeps. He doesn't check it immediately. Dima looks his direction. He reluctantly checks it.

NIKHIL
Following the FBI truck. Five people, including Fisher. Will follow to destination. Set up ambush at best location along return route.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

The FBI SUV drives past the Atlanta branch of the Federal Reserve and into the parking garage. The large van parks on the street, opposite the bank.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Still in the same places, Nikhil's phone beeps again. He looks at Dima. Beat. Picks it up. Reads the message to himself. A grin crosses his face.

NIKHIL

They followed them... to the Federal Reserve building. They would have never gotten there if-

Dima's look cuts him off. Nikhil looks back at his phone.

NIKHIL (CONT'D)

The best place for an ambush is a wooded street just outside the FBI building.

(some attitude)

They will not have much time before reinforcements arrive.

Dima listens, expressionless.

NIKHIL (CONT'D)

They will set up with rifles, out of the effective range of the pistols the FBI will have immediate access to.

Dima nods, clearly not at ease.

INT. FEDERAL RESERVE PARKING GARAGE - LATER

The four FBI Agents and Scott head toward the SUV. Agent Hill opens the driver's door to get in.

AGENT PLIMPTON

Uh...

Agent Hill moves away, toward the rear door.

AGENT HILL

Sorry. Habit.

They take their same places and the SUV drives off.

INT. FBI SUV - CONTINUOUS

Agent Clyde takes out his phone and taps a contact. Beat.

AGENT CLYDE
Fisher ID'd Nick Busche as the
fifth man at the cabin.

INT. FBI BUILDING - AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE'S OFFICE -
CONTINUOUS

LaRocque sits at her desk, phone to her ear.

INTERCUT between the two locations.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE
Their head of cyber security. How
does that happen?

AGENT CLYDE
Director Duncan said everything
checked out. Solid background.
Busche did rise quickly to his
position, due in part to apparent,
at the time, accidents suffered by
his predecessors.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE
Where is Busche now?

AGENT CLYDE
Kansas City. They tried to detain
him, but he had just left the
branch. He is booked on a flight to
Minneapolis, that leaves in two
hours. I notified the Kansas City
field office. He will be flown
directly to us.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE
Get back here and prepare for him.

EXT. FREEWAY - LATER

The SUV exits I-85 onto

EXT. WOODCOCK BOULEVARD / INT. FBI SUV - CONTINUOUS

Past the access road portion, the street is lined with trees.

AGENT MCKAY
It's nice arriving back without
white knuckles.

AGENT HILL
What fun is that?

Agent Plimpton smiles at the compliment. Beat. A bullet pierces the windshield and slams into his chest.

HITMAN ONE, looks up from the scope of his suppressor-equipped AR-15. Hiding in the trees, one hundred yards in front of the SUV, he begins firing rapidly.

Other shots pepper the SUV! There are no loud gunshot noises.

Scott and Agent Clyde both react! They grab the wheel and swerve into the tree line!

AGENT CLYDE
Brace yourselves!

The SUV hits a tree - Setting off the airbags!

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)
Get into the trees!

Agents Clyde, McKay, Hill and Scott tumble out of the SUV and crawl for cover. Gunfire from Hitman One,

HITMAN TWO one hundred yards behind them

And HITMAN THREE deep in the woods pin them down.

The Agents and Scott return fire!

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)
They're a hundred yards away. We need our carbines!

Agent Hill runs to the opposite side of the SUV, opens the rear hatch. A shot from that side of the road hits his leg!

He dives back behind the SUV!

AGENT HILL
There's a another guy behind us!

Scott steadies his pistol against a tree, takes a slow, deliberate shot-

And strikes Hitman Two, who is behind them, in the chest.

SCOTT
I need you to buy me time to aim!

AGENT HILL
That's a hundred yards!

SCOTT

I won't be making smiley faces-

AGENT CLYDE

McKay, Hill! Keep the guy deep in the woods down. I'll put rounds on the shooter up front.

They execute the plan. When Agent Clyde stops firing, Hitman One leans around a tree to fire. A shot slams into his chest!

He continues to move. Scott puts another shot into him!

Scott turns. Agents McKay and Hill stop firing.

Hitman Three pops his head up from behind a log. Scott takes a shot - misses. Hitman Three doesn't! His round hits Scott in the left arm. Scott ducks down.

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)

Fisher!

Scott ignores him. Agents McKay and Hill fire more, keeping Hitman Three behind the tree. Scott readies himself, the pain from his arm evident. They stop shooting.

Hitman Three pokes his head up. A bullet hits the top of the log, but has enough force to impact him fatally.

The Agents look at Scott with a mix of concern and disbelief.

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)

(taking out his phone)

No shots lately from behind us, but don't take any chances. I'll get a team here to sweep the woods.

(to Scott and Agent Hill)

How bad are you?

SCOTT

Not much blood.

AGENT HILL

Me neither.

(to Scott)

So, no tourniquet, right?

Scott is already ripping off his IFAK and taking out hemostatic gauze and a pressure bandage.

SCOTT

Mojica told you how much it hurt?

Agent Hill nods. Scott hands some gauze to Agent McKay.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Put pressure on the entry hole.

Agent McKay moves over to Agent Hill.

AGENT HILL
You better have malpractice insurance.

INT. FBI BUILDING - AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE'S OFFICE - DAY

Agents Clyde and McKay and Scott sit around the desk, with Agent in Charge LaRocque behind it.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE
I've notified Agent Plimpton's parents.

Understanding looks all around.

AGENT CLYDE
Hill's going to be okay. No major damage. He insists on being back first thing tomorrow.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE
(to Scott)
And you?

SCOTT
Bullet passed through. The medics gave me a professional stitching.

AGENT CLYDE
(to Agent in Charge LaRocque)
We owe... a lot to Fisher. He made three one hundred yard shots. With a pistol. Under stress. Wounded.

SCOTT
Every cop needs a dot. Let's you stay threat-focused, and they're basically cheating for long shots.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE
Yet another change we will be looking into. I do not expect there to be any trouble when your merits are assessed.

Scott is elated. Beat.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE (CONT'D)
(answers phone)
Special Agent in Charge LaRocque.
(beat)
Work on things from your end. We
will do the same.

Agent in Charge LaRocque hangs up. Pauses.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE (CONT'D)
Busche did not board the flight.

The mood around the table deflates.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE (CONT'D)
Based on Busche's recent trip, ten
Federal Reserve systems have been
compromised. And the people with
their fingers on the trigger - we
have no idea where they are or when
they will pull it.

EXT./INT. SAFEHOUSE - ENTRANCEWAY - NIGHT

Scott, smiling large, eagerly opens the door and steps
inside. He wears a clean FBI shirt that hides his bandage.

Lisa is waiting, glaring. Scott moves in. She pulls back.

SCOTT
(puzzled, but persistent)
Lis', you gotta hear about-

LISA
We've heard! It's all over the
news. A gun battle near the FBI
building. One person in the FBI
vehicle dead. Two others wounded.

SCOTT
It would have been worse. We'd all
be dead. I saved-

Isaac runs in, elated! Jacky comes to the edge of the
entranceway and stops. Isaac embraces Scott. He grimaces.

Anger instead of compassion as Lisa waits for an explanation.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
It's nothing. Really. No worries.

LISA

That's all we've been doing! Your son's a wreck. Your daughter... The agents couldn't find out anything.

SCOTT

There was a lot going on.

LISA

Really? You couldn't let us know you were okay? Alive, at least.

SCOTT

I didn't know you knew. We left before the news crews got-

LISA

I'll bet you hated that.

The two lock eyes. Jacky waits. Isaac just hugs.

SCOTT

I should have called. I'm sorry. We had to debrief and then we were working on the case-

LISA

No more! No more case! No more FBI! No more getting shot at! It's time for you to be a Dad and a husband!

SCOTT

Lisa, you don't understand.

She waits.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

And I can't tell you. I can't even tell the agents in the other room. That's how big this is.

LISA

Bigger than your family?

SCOTT

No! but... things won't be the same, for any family if...

Lisa takes a deep breath to calm herself.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

And, I'm going to get a chance to join the FBI because of all this.

LISA
(flabbergasted!)
You think that's good news?

Jacky storms off. Beat. A door slams o.s. Beat. Again!

Lisa marches into the living room. Isaac continues to hug Scott, who tussles his hair.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - JACKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jacky uses a pointed dinner knife to remove a screw in the window sill. She sets it next to another one. Then she carefully pries loose the two pieces of the alarm sensor, held in place with double-stick tape. She uses pore tape to keep them in contact with each other.

She eases up the window. It creaks. Jacky looks around, waits. Nothing. She raises the window more and slips outside.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT

Nikhil and Vlas sit at the table. Dima and Nick stand, face to face. Off to side, the video monitors show gray screens.

DIMA
The FBI knows our plan!

NICK
The What, not the How. They will search for a worm in the networks. That will take them thirty six to forty eight hours.

NIKHIL
And if somehow they are aware of this other method-

NICK
Cloning the networks.

NIKHIL
If they know that is your How?

NICK
They could be waiting for the cloned networks to activate. And potentially trace the signal to us.

Dima ponders, clearly distressed.

NICK (CONT'D)

Ten systems should- will be enough.
It will take longer to reach the
tipping point, but once it does,
there is no way to stop it.

DIMA

But we have the potential of
failure. On a level that could
implicate Moscow.

Nick gives the slightest nod. Nikhil and Vlas wait. Beat.
Nikhil notices something, looks toward the video monitors.

One shows an image, triggered by the motion-activated camera.

Nikhil sits upright! He points toward the monitors.

NIKHIL

Dima!

C/U on Video Monitor: At the back of the Fisher house, Jacky
reaches behind a wood carving hanging beside the back door.
She pulls out a key, unlocks the door and enters.

DIMA

I may owe that *devushka* my life.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Scott sits at the bar, an untouched bowl of cereal off to the
side. He thumbs through pictures on his phone.

C/U phone: Various pictures of Scott and his family. All from
prior to two years ago, when Scott was more involved.

LISA (O.S.)

(pure panic)

Scott!

Scott runs out of the kitchen, followed by Agent Walter,
through the house to-

INT. SAFEHOUSE - JACKY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lisa stands sobbing. Scott looks around.

The bed is empty - as is the room! The window shows the signs
of Jacky's escape.

SCOTT
She'll go home. Everything she'd
want is there.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Agent Walter drives. Scott and Lisa sit on opposite sides of
the backseat. Lisa stares out the window.

SCOTT (O.S.)
This is my fault.

Lisa flinches at his admission, but doesn't turn.

SCOTT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I thought I'd be able to make it up
to them, to you.

LISA
So, you knew what you were doing
needed made up for?

SCOTT
On one level. The one where I
wasn't lying to myself.

LISA
(turning to him)
Then why?

SCOTT
I'm not anyone someone should die
for.

LISA
So, Mike made a mistake?

Scott recoils at that idea... considers... shakes his head.

SCOTT
I thought I had to prove it wasn't,
wasn't a mistake.

Lisa holds his gaze, sympathetic, but still angry.

EXT. FISHER HOUSE - DAY

The FBI sedan pulls into the driveway. Scott and Lisa jump
out. Scott runs around to the backdoor. Lisa follows.

Scott searches behind the wood carving for the key.

SCOTT

She's been here. I always put the key on the other side.

INT. FISHER HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Scott, Lisa and Agent Walter file in. Scott goes to the counter and opens a drawer.

Scott's POV: It holds typical junk drawer stuff, along with two cell phones and two power bank chargers.

SCOTT

Her phone and power bank are gone.

AGENT WALTER

I'll get a trace started.

O.S. - A knock at the front door. Scott runs that way.

INT. FISHER HOUSE - ENTRANCEWAY - CONTINUOUS

He opens the door. Agents Clyde and McKay enter.

INT. FISHER HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Agents Clyde, McKay and Walter stand next to Scott and Lisa.

AGENT CLYDE

Her phone came back online and GPS tracking shows she was here for about twenty minutes-

LISA

I think she took some clothes. It's hard to tell in her room.

AGENT CLYDE

Then that feature was turned off.

SCOTT

We've used it to find her before.

AGENT MCKAY

She's going to connect with someone she knows and trusts. So we need a list of friends. She might not go to the most obvious.

Lisa nods her head, moves off with Agent McKay.

O.S. - A knock at the back door. Scott rushes over, opens it.

ELAINE CHURCH (65) stands outside, looking nervous.

SCOTT

Elaine. Uh, how are you doing?

ELAINE

Um, I need you to come outside.
I've been having some trouble with
Mo's food bowl.

Scott's puzzled, but moves outside.

EXT. FISHER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Elaine looks around, then takes out a small box and shoves it into Scott's hand.

ELAINE

Hide this!

Scott is more confused, but stuffs it into a pocket.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

A man gave this to me. He said to give it to you, but insisted there be no one watching. And he told me to warn you, do not let anyone see it or open it until you get back to... the safehouse?

SCOTT

(looking around)

Uh, it was probably my associate at the store. He meant a safe place. He's a little strange.

ELAINE

My husband's a little strange. This man was frightening. He should not be talking to your customers.

SCOTT

Good point Elaine. Thanks.

ELAINE

When can I expect you back?

SCOTT

I wish I knew.

ELAINE
I pray for you and your family.

SCOTT
Say an extra one.

INT. FISHER HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Scott returns inside. Agent Clyde sits at the table.

AGENT CLYDE
Everything okay?

SCOTT
Just the neighbor... I need to take
our phones, in case Jacky calls.

AGENT CLYDE
Alright. You know better than to do
anything stupid. You do know
better, right?

Scott nods.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - ENTRANCEWAY - DAY

Lisa enters, followed by Agent Walter. Lisa heads to the
kitchen. Scott and Agents Clyde and McKay walk in.

SCOTT
Unless there's a reason, I'd like
to stay here with Lisa and Isaac.

AGENT CLYDE
If you do hear from your daughter,
let us know immediately.

Scott gives a weak nod. Isaac comes running in, hugs Scott.

ISAAC
Dad!

Scott picks him up and hugs him. Agents Clyde and McKay exit.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Scott stands next to Lisa. He takes the box out of his
pocket. Opens it. A cell phone with a note.

NOTE: Turn on the screen.

Scott's finger pushes a button. The screen lights up - showing a picture of Jacky with tape on her mouth and her hands behind her back.

Lisa gasps! Scott puts his arm around her.

Underneath the first note is another.

NOTE: Call 229-555-5070.

Scott dials the number. Holds the phone out for Lisa to hear.

DIMA (O.S.)

Scott Fisher. I have wanted to talk to you for a long time.

SCOTT

You've been trying to kill me.

DIMA (O.S.)

Talking to you was my second choice. Now, my first.

SCOTT

Let me talk to my daughter.

DIMA (O.S.)

My thought exactly. I will let you talk to her... in person.

SCOTT

I want to talk to her now!

(silence)

Let me talk to her or I won't do anything you want.

DIMA (O.S.)

Right or left?

SCOTT

What?

DIMA (O.S.)

Which of your daughter's eyes do you want me to stick a knife into?

LISA

Scott!

SCOTT

Okay!

(Silence)

I said okay!!

DIMA (O.S.)

With some persuasion, Jacky shared the location of your safehouse.

Scott and Lisa share a look of pain for their daughter.

DIMA (CONT'D)

Immediately after our call, start walking west along your street to the intersecting road. Proceed north until we approach.

SCOTT

I'm supposed to believe you won't hurt her if I do what you say?

DIMA

Well, you can imagine what I will do to her if you do not.

Scott and Lisa share another troubled look.

DIMA (CONT'D)

Now, the pressing question. Should you inform the FBI? We know where you are, and we will be watching until we are certain you are alone.

SCOTT

Okay, but I need some time to sneak out of the house.

DIMA

You have five minutes. Be creative.

The call ends.

LISA

Are you really not going to let the FBI know?

SCOTT

There's no time for the FBI to set up a tail or tracking. But I can.

Scott reaches under the bed and pulls out his range bag. He takes out some masking tape. Scott raises his left pant leg and tapes Lisa's phone to his calf.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

They'll take my phone, but won't know about yours.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

When I'm far enough that the agents here can't stop me, you tell them what's going on. Have them track your phone.

LISA

What's the chance this will work?

SCOTT

Better than anything else.

LISA

What's Agent Clyde going to say?

SCOTT

Well, he won't cuss - maybe.

LISA

They won't let you join the FBI.

SCOTT

Not even a factor anymore. Jacky never would have done this if I had... been a decent Dad.

Scott puts the tape away. Stops. He pulls out his pistol case from under the bed. He takes out the other full-size pistol. He inserts a mag from his bag, loads a round, tops off with another, then sticks the gun in his belt, behind his back.

LISA

Don't you think they'll check?

SCOTT

I'm counting on it.

He removes his holster and rips off the blue foam wedge.

EXT. CITY ROAD - DAY

Scott ambles along, looking around. At a crossroad, the SUV from the Farmhouse pulls around him and stops. The passenger door opens, revealing Dima.

DIMA

All because of a fishing trip.

SCOTT

I haven't gone since.

DIMA

You won't go again.

INT. RUSSIAN'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Scott gets in, behind Vlas in the driver's seat. Nikhil sits opposite Scott, with a pistol pointed at him. Dima turns.

DIMA
Your phone.

Scott pulls out his phone, hands it to Nikhil.

DIMA (CONT'D)
And now, the extra one you brought.

SCOTT
(visibly shaken)
I don't have-

Nikhil smacks Scott's head with his pistol.

DIMA
Your daughter had a spare. I assume she got the idea from you.

SCOTT
Actually, I got it from her.
(pulling up pant leg)
How many phones does she have?

Scott hands it over, sits back, his confidence totally gone.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - LIVING ROOM / DINING ROOM - DAY

Lisa sits stiffly on the couch, staring off. Isaac is up against her side, playing a handheld video game.

Agents Gill and Walter sit at the table.

Lisa looks at her watch. Stands and faces them.

LISA
I need to tell you something.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN AREA - DAY

Jacky slumps in a kitchen chair, her hands tied to the chair, behind her back. Nick sits in front of the computer.

Dima enters, followed by Scott, Nikhil and Vlas. Nikhil shoves Scott through the door.

JACKY
Dad!

Scott moves toward her. Dima points his pistol at him.

DIMA

First, Vlas, see what he has brought with him.

Scott raises his hands. Vlas frisks him. Finds the pistol beside his belt buckle, takes it out.

Dima gives Scott a questioning look.

SCOTT

I wear it all the time. Forget I even have it on.

Vlas continues. Finds the pistol behind Scott's back.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Yeah, that one I remember.

Vlas takes it, then continues frisking him. He takes out Scott's spare mag, pocket knife, fixed blade knife and the IFAK off his ankle.

DIMA

You are full of surprises. Which is why you are here.

Dima motions to Scott. He runs to Jacky, hugs her. Then Dima motions him to take a seat.

DIMA (CONT'D)

We had an excellent plan. Then you knocked on our cabin door.

(takes a seat at table)

Our plan has one... not so much weakness, rather a vulnerability.

It had me very concerned - until, your daughter entered the picture.

(points to video monitor)

Literally. Things not well at home?

Scott's expression betrays some guilt.

DIMA (CONT'D)

Then you should see this as an opportunity. We want to give Americans the chance to reconnect, without so many distractions. Like cellular phones, electricity, a monetary system.

Scott shakes his head at the possibility.

DIMA (CONT'D)

I just need to know, what does the FBI know about our plan? Specifically, the method we are using to feed false information to the Federal Reserve systems.

SCOTT

I don't know much about computers.

Dima looks over at Jacky, then back to Scott.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I'm telling you the truth! I heard them say they are looking for a worm, but I have no idea how they're doing that.

DIMA

Exactly what I hoped you would say.

Scott looks somewhat relieved.

DIMA (CONT'D)

Which is still a problem.

Scott stiffens.

DIMA (CONT'D)

There's been no mention of "cloning"?

Dima watches for a reaction. Scott looks unaware.

DIMA (CONT'D)

As I expected. So now, it is up to Vlas to determine if you are as good at lying as you are with a pistol-

(picks up Scott's pistol)

Beautiful craftsmanship. And, two of them. Business must be good.

Dima looks through the optic sight of one.

DIMA (CONT'D)

I am old-school. Iron sights. I have never used a 'red dot,' they are called?

SCOTT

I can show you how it works.

DIMA

(to Vlas and Nikhil)

You see, there is another thing I like better about America. The sense of humor. Russians are too serious.

(puts gun back down)

We need to know whether or not you are telling the truth. So, Vlas is going to talk to you and then to your daughter-

SCOTT

She doesn't know anything!

(beat)

Yes! Yes! We know about the clones. A computer guy. He figured it out.

DIMA

Precisely why this process is so difficult.

Scott looks over at Jacky's panic-stricken face.

INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

The old house has a basement that suits it - Unfinished, dark, damp, with an old, large heater and stacks of discarded treasures way past their prime.

Scott and Jacky sit in wooden chairs several feet apart. Both have their hands duct-taped behind their backs and feet to the chair legs. Jacky breathes heavily.

Vlas stands in front of an old workbench covered with pliers, knives, torches, two rolls of quarters.

SCOTT

Jacky, take a deep breath. Hold it in. It's going to be okay.

Vlas picks up an extension cord with the end cut off and bare wires exposed. He touches the wires together, setting off a spray of sparks. He picks up a water bottle.

VLAS

I like to start with electricity.

He pours the water over Scott's head, then touches the bare wires to his neck. Scott writhes and screams!

JACKY

Daddy!

INT. SAFEHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lisa and Agent McKay sit on the couch. Agent Hill occupies a chair. Agent Clyde stands.

AGENT CLYDE
What was Scott thinking?

LISA
They gave him five minutes.

Agent Clyde shakes his head.

LISA (CONT'D)
What would you have done?

AGENT MCKAY
It was a good plan.

Agent Clyde looks at her, then Agent Hill, who nods.

AGENT CLYDE
(nods slightly)
But it didn't work. We found both phones in a bush a few blocks away. So, we have no way to locate Scott, Jacky or the people about to attack this country.

INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Scott's face is bloodied. Spit runs down his chin. His body shakes intermittently. Vlas stands over him.

VLAS
You're as good at taking this as I am at giving it. We'll see how well your daughter does.

Scott does his best to lunge at Vlas, to no avail. Vlas plods up the stairs. He opens the door, exits and closes it.

JACKY
Daddy! Are you okay? I can't do this. He's coming back. I don't-

SCOTT
Shhh. Calm down. It doesn't look like it, but I have a plan.

Scott wriggles his hands behind his back.

JACKY
You came for me.

SCOTT
Did you really doubt that? I know
I've been the worst father, the
biggest jerk, a terrible - you can
stop me.

Scott gets a slight smile out of her.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
But the one thing I was committed
to was risking my life to save
yours. I've done a lousy job of
showing it, but I love you kiddo.

Another trace of a smile, but Jacky's panic is still evident.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
And things are going to be differ-

The door opens. Vlas enters and walks down the stairs. He
turns to look over the items on the workbench.

VLAS
So many choices.

Scott continues to wriggle his hands.

From the back: His ring has a small saw attached to the
inside. He has managed to cut through some of the duct tape.

Vlas picks up a torch, lights it, turns around. Jacky gasps!

VLAS (CONT'D)
I like to start with the face. So
there is the added pain of knowing
you will never look the same.

Vlas walks past Scott toward Jacky. Scott works frantically
to cut through the tape.

Vlas waves the torch in front of Jacky... closer... closer.
Jacky is in full on panic. So much she can't even scream.

Scott frees his hands and pulls out his holster. In place of
the blue wedge, his X9S pistol is attached. He rips it off.

The sound alerts Vlas. He turns. Scott points the gun at him.
Vlas throws the torch at Scott, forcing him to move.

Scott fires - hitting Vlas in the shoulder! The torch hits
Scott's pistol sending his next shot wide.

Vlas jumps at Scott! He grabs Scott's gun hand and knocks him over backward in the chair. Vlas pounds Scott's gun. The pistol falls out! They wrestle - Scott's feet still taped to the chair.

Both struggle to gain dominance! Scott gains Vlas' back, knocking off his cowboy hat... Scott works for a chokehold... Vlas flails his arms, struggles... but succumbs to the choke.

The basement door opens.

NIKHIL (O.S.)

Vlas!

Scott scrambles for his pistol and fires a shot at the door.

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

Fisher!

Scott hops to the workbench, grabs a knife, frees his feet.

Nikhil sticks his pistol through the door opening and fires.

Scott grabs Jacky in her chair. They take cover behind the heater. He cuts her loose. Fires more shots at the door.

Scott crawls over, grabs Vlas' pistol. He looks at Vlas, at the pistol. Beat. He binds Vlas' hands and feet with duct tape. Scott hurries back, checks for a round in the pistol's chamber, then hands it to Jacky.

SCOTT

The only chance we have is for me to surprise them. I need you to stay behind here. Fire a shot - just one - whenever he shoots. You've got eighteen shots.

JACKY

Don't leave me!

SCOTT

I have to. You can do this.

Scott kisses her on the forehead, then moves over to the window. He arranges junk to climb on.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Nick frantically packs up his laptop and related items.

Nikhil enters the house with two large gas containers. He sits them down beside the basement door.

DIMA
(to Nikhil)
I believe the FBI does not know our
plan, but we have to enact it now.
I need you to stay and-

NIKHIL
I am not leaving until I know
Fisher is dead!

Beat. Dima nods, pulls in Nikhil's head and kisses it.

Nick rushes toward the front door, Dima behind him. He spots something on the kitchen table. He picks up Scott's two pistols, sticks them in his waistband and paces out the door.

Nikhil cracks the door open, fires off a few shots. He ducks back as one bullet tears through the door from the basement.

Then Nikhil lifts a gas can and begins pouring it out.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Scott extracts himself from the window opening. He pulls out his pistol and crawls along the base of the house.

O.S. - The sound of a vehicle speeding away.

Scott crawls around. He can see Nick and Dima inside the SUV.

O.S. - Three shots ring out, followed by a single shot.

Scott rises, but stays low enough to keep below the window line. Then he runs toward the front of the house, peeks through a window.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN AREA / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nikhil takes out a lighter and lights it.

INTERCUT between Interior and Exterior Farmhouse.

Scott fires through the window, hitting Nikhil in the arm!

Nikhil fires shots Scott's direction. Then drops the lighter and flames quickly spread.

Scott raises his head - shots follow! He ducks back down.

NIKHIL
You can't save your country, and
you will watch your daughter die!

He takes more shots Scott's direction. Then Nikhil cracks open the basement door and fires. This time he keeps firing and rushes downstairs.

Scott pops his head up in time to see Nikhil go down. He runs into the house. Flames block his way. He runs through them and toward the basement door.

INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Nikhil puts in a new mag, fires more then stops. Waits.

Jacky pokes her head out to fire. Nikhil shoots her direction, forcing her head back! Then he fires slowly to pin her down as he advances.

Jacky scurries to get further behind the heater. That forces Nikhil to take extra steps to see her.

Nikhil's POV: He spots Jacky, unable to move any further.

He raises his pistol-

O.S. - A gunshot rings out! The bullet impacts Nikhil's head, dropping him instantly.

Scott crouches on the stairs. He runs down and to Jacky.

SCOTT

Jacky! It's over! It's okay!

She crawls out. They embrace. The ceiling near them, engulfed in flames, falls down on top of Vlas.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

This old house won't last long!

He takes Jacky's hand and rushes to the window. Scott helps Jacky climb up and out. More of the ceiling falls down!

Scott scrambles up. The stack shifts, falls! He hurries to rebuild it.

Another chunk of ceiling crashes right next to him! He scampers up the stack and out the window.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - ENTRANCEWAY - DAY

Tears flow as Scott, Lisa, Jacky and Isaac stand hugging each other. Agent Clyde looks on a few feet away.

LISA
Oh, Jacky!

JACKY
Mom, I'm so sorry! I will never-

LISA
I know. I know.
(to Scott)
You look terrible.

SCOTT
At least I feel worse than I look.

They loosen their embraces.

LISA
What now, are we safe?

AGENT CLYDE
They are aware of at least your
general location, but it is highly
doubtful that would be their play.
Still, there is a team en route.
You'll be moving to another
location in minutes.

An awkward silence ensues. Lisa knows there is more.

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)
Mrs. Fisher, the men who did all
this, their main intention is still
a possibility. And it has the
potential to cripple our entire
country. In an unprecedented way.

Scott and Lisa share a look.

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)
I don't know if Scott can help in
any way or not, but Agent in Charge
LaRocque is asking that he join us.

SCOTT
If you don't want... I will stay...

LISA
You're not doing this for yourself?

SCOTT
Absolutely. I mean it now.

INT. SERVER ROOM / SERVER ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

Computer servers fill the windowless room.

Nick enters, followed by Dima, wearing a jacket to conceal the pistols. He looks out into the hallway-

Dima's POV: No one in the hall, in either direction.

Dima pulls the door closed and locks it. Nick sits at a desk and pulls out his laptop and gear.

NICK

Even if the FBI learns of my approach, it will take them several hours to trace the paths I used and shut down the cloned networks. We only need three hours.

INT. FBI BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Agent in Charge LaRocque stands over her usual chair. Agents McKay, Hill and LORI PAULEY (27) sit around the table.

Agent Clyde and Scott enter, take seats. Stoic looks acknowledge Scott's cuts and bruises.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

Special Agent Pauley and I have just been briefed.

Agent Pauley stands, very nervous.

AGENT PAULEY

Based on what we know now, the Federal Reserve is focusing their efforts on cloned networks. The good news: That approach will be quicker than finding a worm. The bad news: It still will take several hours. And the cloned networks have become operational.

Dire looks all around.

AGENT PAULEY (CONT'D)

The cloned systems are initiating counteractive measures. However, since they are not counteracting actual problems, the measures are undermining our financial system.

AGENT HILL

Can't they just pull the plugs at the places carrying out the actions we don't want happening?

AGENT PAULEY

If it were that easy to fix, it would be that easy to corrupt.

AGENT HILL

Well, he managed.

AGENT PAULEY

Not only did he have direct access to the systems, but from what I've seen, this is a top-level computer programmer. He is currently flooding the Fed's networks with pop up bombs and PUPs.

Confused looks all around.

AGENT PAULEY (CONT'D)

Bad things, slowing down the Fed's networks. He's good. Really good!
(catches herself)
In a bad way, of course.

AGENT MCKAY

Can't the U.S. government put pressure on Russia to stop this?

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

The Russians have denied any connection. They say, if the men are in fact Russians, they are acting independently, or on behalf of some other nation.

AGENT MCKAY

We'll eventually be able to prove that isn't true.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

If they succeed, that won't matter.

SCOTT

So, where do two Russian spies go to find what they need for this?

AGENT PAULEY

The good news: It requires a system with a lot of bandwidth.

(MORE)

AGENT PAULEY (CONT'D)

The bad news: That describes a lot of places. They're not sitting in a coffee shop, but beyond that...

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

(to Scott)

We were hoping you could tell us. Is there anything else you remember that might help?

Scott shakes his head.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE (CONT'D)

(motions to file stacks)

Then, here is all of the relevant information. We are going to look through it, you included, and come up with something.

AGENT PAULEY

In less than three hours.

They all grab a stack of files and start combing through.

INT. FBI BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

They continue to sift through files.

AGENT PAULEY

(working on her computer)

Uh, ma'am.

Agent in Charge LaRocque looks up.

AGENT PAULEY (CONT'D)

The Fed linked me in on a real-time analyzer, showing how far various financial sectors have to go until critical mass.

Agent Pauley turns her laptop around for all to see.

LAPTOP: Five bars register at different levels, but all close to bold red lines with X's through them.

AGENT HILL

I'm not a computer expert, but that doesn't look good.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

Are the time projections still holding true?

AGENT PAULEY

(nods)

The impact increases exponentially.
We have less than thirty minutes.

Dour looks around the room.

AGENT PAULEY (CONT'D)

And the impact is already being
felt in the affected regions.

She grabs a remote and turns on a TV.

TV Screen: Images of chaos at the stock market, lines at
banks, fights breaking out in those lines.

AGENT PAULEY (CONT'D)

They were able to keep the attack
itself secret, but not the affects.
Stocks began to crash. Trading was
suspended, but that led to runs on
local banks.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

Alright, put the files down. Talk
this out. Say something. Anything
that comes to mind about this case.

AGENT CLYDE

Their plan is to crash the U.S.
economy, by using, fooling measures
put in place after the housing bust
to prevent just this kind of thing.

AGENT MCKAY

They've had it planned for at least
two years. They were able to get a
man inside the Federal Reserve, who
gained tremendous access.

AGENT PAULEY

I don't know where this guy learned
his stuff, but I won't lie, he
could teach me a lot.

AGENT HILL

They chose clones over worms.

SCOTT

He could teach you a lot...

AGENT PAULEY

I graduated top of my class, but
I'm still learning and this guy-

SCOTT

A college. There was a coffee mug on the table.

AGENT CLYDE

At the cabin?

SCOTT

No. Today. I remember a logo and the word, College.

(looks through papers)

This guy taught at a college, here in town, before being hired by the Federal Reserve.

AGENT MCKAY

(holds up a paper)

Mid South Atlantic. He taught there for three years.

AGENT CLYDE

That's not far away.

SCOTT

Would they have the kind of computer system he would need?

AGENT PAULEY

Absolutely. They'll have a server room, powering the whole campus. That would be more than enough processing power.

The team rises, knowing what is coming.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE

I will contact campus security. I do not want them moving in, but I will have them expedite your movement once you're on campus.

AGENT CLYDE

(to Scott)

Don't feel like you have to go along. Not because I don't want you to, but... you've got other things to consider.

SCOTT

(mulling it over)

I've been able to help every time I've been along. I'd feel terrible if something happened and I might have been able to prevent it.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

But, you won't mind if I'm not the first one through the door?

Agent Clyde shakes his head. They file out of the room.

INT. COLLEGE HALLWAY - DAY

Agents Clyde, McKay, Hill, Pauley and Scott, wearing FBI-embazoned bulletproof vests stand next to the HEAD OF CAMPUS SECURITY. Four other SECURITY OFFICERS stand nearby.

The Head of Campus Security hands a paper to Agent Clyde.

HEAD OF CAMPUS SECURITY

The layout of the server room.

Agent Clyde and his team look it over.

AGENT CLYDE

Have your men keep anyone from entering the hallway.

The Head of Campus Security nods.

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)

(to his team)

Hill, you'll blast the lock. Scott, you pull open the door. I'll go in, followed by McKay and Hill. Scott, your call. Pauley, you stay outside the room until we call you in. Based on what you've said, it would be best to take Busche alive?

AGENT PAULEY

He is the only option to shut down this attack quickly.

(looks at her laptop)

And we have, five minutes.

INT. SERVER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LAPTOP: As code is typed in, it leaves one window and goes out to one of ten different windows. A graph similar to Agent Pauley's occupies one corner of the screen.

Nick types away on the keyboard. Dima stands over him.

INT. SERVER ROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The team creeps along, all with guns at the ready, except for Agent Pauley. Agent Clyde motions for her to stop several feet from the door. Agents Clyde and McKay stop closer to the door. Agent Hill and Scott get down low and crawl past it.

Agent Hill moves out to a ninety degree angle from the door, shotgun ready. Scott stands beside him. Agent Hill fires.

The door handle disintegrates!

Scott reaches for the jagged hole and pulls open the door. Agents Clyde and McKay rush inside, followed by Agent Hill.

INT. SERVER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nick types away on the keyboard. Dima stands over him.

O.S. - The BOOM of the shotgun!

Nick shudders, stops working. Dima reflexively turns toward the sound, then grabs both of Scott's pistols. He points one in the direction of the door - and one at Nick's head.

Agents Clyde, McKay and Hill rush in - to find themselves staring at the barrel of a pistol.

NICK

Dima! What are you doing?

DIMA

(to Agents)

Shoot me and I kill him!

NICK

Dima!

Dima shoves the pistol into Nick's head. Agents Clyde, McKay and Hill keep their guns raised.

AGENT CLYDE

We have our own computer expert.

DIMA

That knows exactly what to do in
(looks at laptop)
Four minutes?

AGENT CLYDE

Pauley, can you shut things down?

INT. SERVER ROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Agent Pauley stands behind Scott, who is next to the door.

AGENT PAULEY

No guarantees. And, it's more like three minutes.

Scott looks toward the door... back... deliberates...

INTERCUT with Server Room

DIMA

America on the brink of becoming a third world nation. How did they teach you to respond to this?

Agent Clyde considers. His hand tightens on his pistol.

DIMA (CONT'D)

You might be able to shoot me in the head, so that I died instantly and was not able to pull this trigger.

Scott takes it all in. Moves toward the door, then back.

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

A big risk with your entire country on the line.

Agent Clyde gets a realization.

AGENT CLYDE

Pretty soon, my best option will be to shoot you and see what happens.

DIMA

True, so I will shoot him now.

Nick shudders. Dima tightens his grip-

SCOTT (O.S.)

No!

Scott pokes his head through the doorway. Dima sees him.

DIMA

Scott Fisher! I wondered if you were nearby. Please, step inside.

Scott does not move.

DIMA (CONT'D)
 No, I insist - or I will shoot one
 of your companions.

Scott moves in. He and Dima point pistols at each other.

DIMA (CONT'D)
 You have as many pistols as your
 daughter has phones... You have
 caused a lot of trouble.
 (to the Agents)
 Which is why, you will just stand
 there as I shoot him.

Stunned looks on the Agents' faces!

DIMA (CONT'D)
 (to Scott)
 My men were willing to sacrifice
 themselves. How about you?

SCOTT
 I killed your men.

DIMA
 You are correct. There is a
 distinction between what they did
 and what you are doing now. But in
 a moment, you will be just as dead.

SCOTT
 That's true. But why did you paint
 my cat?

That completely puzzles Dima.

Scott takes advantage of the momentary confusion. He fires
 his pistol - at the gun Dima has pointed at Nick.

Scott's bullet strikes the knuckle of Dima's thumb and goes
 into the gun, sending it flying back, out of Dima's hand. It
 fires, but after being clear of Nick's head.

Dima snaps out of his confusion and fires at Scott! The shot
 hits him in the chest, causing him to stumble back.

All three Agents fire at Dima, hitting him in the chest and
 head before he can get off any more shots.

AGENT CLYDE
 Check on Scott!
 (turning to Nick)
 Stop the attack or I shoot you in
 the head.

NICK
I want immunity!

AGENT CLYDE
Do it now or you won't live to see
a courtroom.

Nick hesitates.

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)
If your attack succeeds, there
won't be a court system to hold me
accountable.

Nick turns to his laptop and frantically types.

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)
Pauley! Get in here!

Agent Pauley runs into the room, carrying her laptop.

AGENT CLYDE (CONT'D)
Watch him. One wrong keystroke -
let me know.

Agent Clyde looks over at Scott. Agents McKay and Hill are
helping him to his feet.

SCOTT
I heard it hurts to get shot with a
vest on.

AGENT MCKAY
And?

SCOTT
It does.

Agent Clyde turns back to Nick, who continues to type. The
others join them.

LAPTOP: The bars on the graph rise slightly

AGENT CLYDE
(to Nick)
Hurry!

Nick stops typing. Agent Pauley looks at her laptop.

LAPTOP: The bars on the graph have stopped below the red
lines. Beat. Two of them fall slightly.

AGENT PAULEY

I'd say we had about seventeen seconds to spare.

AGENT HILL

Good thing I drove!

He looks at Agent McKay. She laughs and nods her head.

Scott laughs and groans from the pain. Clyde turns to him.

AGENT CLYDE

You broke his OODA loop?

AGENT HILL

Ooda Loop? Sounds like a Norwegian bobsledder.

SCOTT

It's actually O-O-D-A. Yeah, I read about it in some articles.

AGENT MCKAY

OODA?

AGENT CLYDE

Observe. Orient. Decide. Act.

SCOTT

If you could force someone back to the Orient stage, it would take a moment for them to Decide and Act.

AGENT CLYDE

You read that? Did they cite any instances of it being done? Successfully?

SCOTT

(shakes his head)

I was more worried about you being able to hit him.

Scott picks up his pistol he hit with a bullet.

PISTOL: It has a large gouge.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

The FBI's gonna buy me a new pistol, right? This is like a business expense?

INT. FBI BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Agents LaRocque, Clyde, McKay, Hill and Pauley, along with Scott occupy seats around the table. A video camera sits on a tripod in the corner.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE
That should suffice for your portion of the debrief. If not, we know where to find you. Which, by the way, is back at your own home.

SCOTT
That is welcome news.

AGENT CLYDE
I'm sure your family agrees.

Scotts stands to leave. The rest stand as well.

AGENT IN CHARGE LAROCQUE
The offer to be evaluated for the academy still stands. And the evaluation would not take long.

AGENT CLYDE
You would receive fairly positive recommendations from us.

AGENT HILL
I'd actually put in to make you the first Very Special Agent!

SCOTT
That makes it very tempting...
I'll let you know.

That brings a look of surprise from all the Agents. ...
Handshakes and hugs all around as Scott leaves.

INT. FISHER HOUSE - ENTRANCEWAY - DAY

Scotts walks in and closes the door. The sound brings Jacky and Isaac running, with Lisa close behind.

JACKY & ISAAC
Dad!

They all embrace. Scott and Lisa share a long kiss.

JACKY
I'll let that go - this time.

SCOTT

Thanks!

INT. FISHER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Lisa looks around...

LISA

Scott? The kids are hungry. Where are you? There's no food in the house. Let's go out... Scott?

She spots the door to his man cave open. Her smile fades. She heads that direction. Jacky and Isaac enter the room.

Scotts exits his man cave and closes the door. Lisa gives him a questioning look.

SCOTT

Not what you think.

He extends his arm.

C/U on his hand: He holds three envelopes. Each has one of their names written on it.

Scott hands one to each of them. Jacky and Isaac open theirs.

LISA

What's this?

SCOTT

The kids know how to find out.

JACKY

"Do anything with Dad"?

ISAAC

That's what mine says.

SCOTT

(to Jacky and Isaac)

That piece of paper entitles you to do anything with Dad - within reasonable limits. No climbing Mount Everest.

(to Lisa)

You too, only your limits don't have to be as reasonable.

LISA

Like a European river cruise not reasonable?

Scott nods his head.

ISAAC
I'm using mine to go fishing!

SCOTT
Let's not just go fishing. Let's go
on a fishing trip!

ISAAC
Yeah!
(Beat)
Dad, can I ask Jordan to come?

SCOTT
That's a great idea.
(to Jacky)
And you?

JACKY
I don't know yet. I'm going to make
sure I get the most out of this.

SCOTT
You do that, but if it helps, this
won't be the only time.

That brings a huge smile to Lisa's face.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
And... I won't be joining the FBI.
Those guys work too much.

Another family hug ensues.

FADE OUT