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FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

A sweeping shot of the city, on a rare clear day.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A luxurious suite with floor-to-ceiling views of the Washington Mall and the Capitol. Magnificent rooms, Gorgeous furniture.

It's worthy of the foreign dignitaries who've stayed here. Clothes strewn over the carpet.

Through an open door, sounds of a couple having sex.

MASTER BEDROOM

A COUPLE, naked, sweaty, are fucking on the massive bed.

HANNA, 27, a super hot, JUNIOR OFFICER, very capable, but unseasoned, sits atop a distinguished SAUDI BUSINESSMAN, 30s. She's doing it, not enjoying it, barely participating.

She rolls off, gets on all fours. He takes her from behind. From the look on her face she can't wait for it to be over.

She speaks under her breath, fake moans...

HANNA
(Italian subtitled)
This is the job Uncle Sam pays us
for. 90% boredom, 10% excitement.

PHFT! CRASH!

The window shatters and a trail of blood spills from the man's forehead with a single, silenced SHOT --

Before she has time to register wants going on,

Three more silenced shots -- *PHFT-- PHFT -- PHFT* -- come through the window in rapid succession, riddling his body, and dropping him to the floor.

Hanna GASPS and dives on the floor...

More sniper rifle rains through the glass. The guman or woman ain't finished yet.

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A harried-looking Hanna sprints from the room.

PHFT! PHFT! PHFT!

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

From the SNIPER'S vantage point, we see BULLETS shatter the hotel suite's window and SPLINTER the wall above the woman's head, as she dives into --

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Hanna dives behind a sideboard, but the gunman's shots follows her -- bottles of Chateau D'yquem, dishes of cavier, and wooded chunks of sideboard SHATTERS with each bullet...

A brief moment of quite. Hanna breathes heavily.

Gun smoke fills the room. She looks at the rooms exit door, wanting to make a run for it.

She peers around the sideboard, only to be met with another volley. She's pinned down. But then...

FOUR FOREIGN MEN from the SECURITY DETAIL come barreling through the door, guns drawn.

And suddenly *PFFT!* The first Security guy DROPS -- the others stop and try to see the shooter -- too late -- *PFFT!* -- a second goes down too:

And a third. *PHFT!* -- a BULLET punctures his temple!

The remaining SECURITY GUY look up to see the Sniper is shooting out the crystal chandelier, above their heads.

Hanna screams, as pieces of the chandelier rains down on them. CRACK!

Sound of the chandelier breaking loose from its mooring and fall towards them...

The chandelier SHATTERS as it hits the floor crushing the last man of the security detail to death, just as Hanna dives out of the way.

Now Hanna's exposed, more bullets. *WTF?*

Then CLICK, and a woman's voice -- cold, detached.

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WOMAN

Reservations.

Then WE notice something -- in her right ear -- small but it's there: A LISTENING PIECE.

HANNA

-- what's going on--?!

INT. CIA - PANIC ROOM - INTERCUTTING:

WALL SCREENS display global satellite images. We're looking at the back of a WOMAN'S HEAD -- this is a CIA PANIC OFFICER.

NOTE: WE NEVER SEE HER FACE.

PANIC OFFICER

Are you on a clean line?

HANNA

No,

PANIC OFFICER

Don't panic. I'm sending in a clean up crew.

CLICK. The CIA Panic Officer hangs up.

Hanna get up -- RUNS FOR HER FUCKING LIFE, barely staying ahead of the sniper, HER TERRIFIED FACE filling the frame...

She makes it to the door, lunges out of the suite...

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A FEMALE SNIPER in scary, black reconnaissance tactical gear; armed to the teeth, high tech Balaclava head mask, eyes are cold, dark, remorseless.

Her black gloved hands quickly and efficiently breaking down the gun;

A silenced custom SABERFOREST, modified with a huge SCOPE and extended CARBON STOCK, floating 24 inch barrel, painted carbon black. A "Magnetospeed" attached (to gauge speed). It's a work of art.

The sniper calmly walks off, leaving no trace of her presence on the rooftop...

EXT./INT. CAR ON THE HIGHWAY - FORT MEADE, MD - DAY

CLARA WALALCH, 40s, attractive, fit, but worn, rushes to work, inside a NONDESCRIPT SEDAN. She confidently weaves through the early morning traffic.

After a moment, she begins to take notice of a car behind her -- a light blue TOYOTA CAMRY. It appears to be following her.

She switches lanes. The sedan follows. She switches lanes again. The sedan complies. Clara's anxiety level rises. *Who the fuck is that?*

She can't quite see into the car. And then... The car PEELS OFF onto an exit. Clara focuses back on the road ahead. False alarm.

She peels off onto her exit, prominently marked with a *LARGE GREEN EXIT SIGN, WHICH READS: NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY NOTICE: NSA EMPLOYEES ONLY STRICTLY ENFORCED.*

In the distance we can see...

EXT. NSA HQ - DAY

Establishing. Two ENORMOUS DARK BLACK CUBES, polished to a HIGH SHINE, surrounded by rows and rows of BARBED WIRE FENCE and HIGH TECH SECURITY.

CHYRON: The National Security Agency Fort Meade, Maryland

EXT. NSA - HQ - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Clara pulls into her spot, marked "CLARA WALLACH", clearly a PRIM PARKING SPOT for a high status employee. She's the *DIRECTOR of NSOC, NSA's primary COMMAND & OPERATIONS CENTER* -- overseeing ALL ACTIVE NSA OPERATIONS.

INT. NSA HQ - DAY

QUICK MONTAGE as Clara makes her way through the LABYRINTH OF SECURITY that is the NSA employee entrance -- walking through various SPECTROMETERS and METAL DETECTORS, her bag THOROUGHLY INSPECTED, her cell scanned for SPYWARE, etc.

As Clara emerges, she's greeted by an icy blue-eyed blonde, holding a cup of coffee.

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This is VERA FLAME, 30s. She has the blunt, no-bullshit attitude of a former MILITARY WOMAN.

Despite the INTENSE URGENCY of the situation, Clara is able to maintain an air of CALM CONTROL...

Vera hands Clara the coffee then GETS DOWN TO BUSINESS. The two walk briskly through the agency.

CLARA

What's the latest?

Clara comes to a THICK DOOR beside which is a HANDPRINT SCANNER. She presses her hand into the scanner.

The scanner LIGHTS UP and the DOOR OPENS as they walk into...

INT. NSA - NSOC - DAY

The BEATING HEART of the NSA. A LARGE ROOM, lined with FLAT SCREEN MONITORS. A few dozen NSA ANALYSTS and OPERATIVES, some dressed in MILITARY FATIGUES, rush about, staying on top of ALL THE WORLD'S COMMUNICATIONS every second of every day.

We catch up with Clara as she makes her way into the room.

INT. NSA HQ - DIRECTOR WALLACH'S OFFICE - DAY

Clara slips into her office, moves to the back wall, which is COVERED IN TVs. She grabs a REMOTE, presses a button and the TVs COME TO LIFE, each tuned to a different news station, some of which are now LIT UP with NEWS COVERAGE of the Diplomat's assassination.

EXT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL CATHEDRAL - SIDE ENTRY - DAY

Cloudy, grey skies overhead. The threat of rain.

The Presidential motorcade pulls up. A crowd is maintained by SECRET SERVICE as more AGENTS unload onto the curb and surround MADAM PRESIDENT BARTILOMO, 50s, her HUSBAND and their DAUGHTER, 17.

As they're whisked toward the entrance -

AGENT SARAH MAYS, 30s, a black Native American Creole, a head turner for either sex, seems to be in charge.

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CONTINUED:

Hair is pulled back tight, with a studied seriousness, unwilling to drop her guard.

Her Secret service cellphone beeps. She answers.

SARAH
Agent Mays.

CLARA (V.O.)
Listen, we need to talk --

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Monstrous grey clouds swirl in off the Potomac River, enveloping the D.C. Area. Rain pounds the city as FLASHES of lightning illuminate the midday darkness.

I/E. PORSCHE 911 TURBO - DAY

A Porsche mows down curves. The cockpit glows. Oddly quiet, engine noise imperceptible.

WYNTER-LEE FILNER, 30s - a tough broad, tight, sexy clothes radiates an aura of money and power. *She's breath-taking. Even her accent is sexy.*

She punches it into 5th. Rain pounds the windshield.

EXT. WASHINGTON DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

PAN DOWN from the big board of arriving flights to the waiting area where...

Wynter-lee scans the faces of the passengers emerging through Customs. She breaks into a smile.

JERICH GEARMAN, 20s, local heartthrob, former bad boy in SHADES and a rumpled suit, spots her and responds with a wave.

He maneuvers through the crush of people and embraces Wynter-lee warmly, kissing her on either cheek.

SURVEILLANCE POV - of Wynter-lee and clearly her lover.
FREEZE - CLICK. FREEZE - CLICK.

Somebody is watching..

EXT. WASHINGTON DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

RAIN. Pouring, driving rain.

Jericho tosses his bags into the back as they climb into her gleaming Porsche.

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - DAY

Our Porsche merges into light traffic passing over Memorial Bridge into Washington, D.C.

A SURVEILLANCE CAR trails a half block behind.

INT. WYNTER-LEE'S PORSCHE - DAY

Wynter-lee and Jericho drive in silence. She reaches out her hand for his, holding it. True tenderness.

In the rearview: the surveillance car trails 300 meters back.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - BALTIMORE, MARYLAND - DAY

A nice, beautiful, dark private residence. No one around for miles. Moonlight shimmers off the lake.

The Porsche pulls up and around to the side of the house.

A beat, they climb out.

WYNTER-LEE

We shouldn't be doing this.

JERICHO

We shouldn't be doing a lot of things. You feel bad about it?

WYNTER-LEE

No, you know me but this is different.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - BALTIMORE, MARYLAND - BEDROOM - DAY

Wynter-lee and Jericho are making out, hot and heavy.

WYNTER-LEE

You got too many clothes on.

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CONTINUED:

He strips down to his boxers while she pulls her dress off, lies back on the bed, naked, save for her sexy heels

Wynter-lee-- trying not to stare at the GIGANTIC COCK lurking beneath the G-string. A 10-inch anaconda, pushing the underwear's fabric to the limit.

It's not hard to read her thoughts: Holy. Living. Fuck.

Jericho moves on top of her, they kiss, make out...

JERICHO

It's been awhile so....

WYNTER-LEE

It has. Months. September. But who's counting.

JERICHO

You got that look on your face. It's time to be nasty.

WYNTER-LEE

Past time.

More kissing, blood running hot.

WYNTER-LEE

You're gonna make me beg?

He laughs, showers her breasts with kisses..

WYNTER-LEE

Please... Please...please..

He straddles her chest and she sucks him off...

WYNTER-LEE

Let's see if I can take it.

QUICK POPS: His lips on her neck, condom wrapper being torn open, her hands on his chest.

They're having sex; he's on top. It's hot. She's a SCREAMER.

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - DAY

A gray, blustery day. NORM FILNER, 50, a bony man with thick, horn-rimmed glasses, stern-looking, walks along the riverbank with CHUCK RALSTON, 50, trenchcoat over a perfectly tailored suit.

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CONTINUED:

The consummate soldier statesman. Petraeus-esque in his ambition and intellect, but better looking.

EXT. CAR / ROAD - DAY

Norm keeps driving, a nervous energy. Ralston rides shotgun. The roads get more isolated, smaller. The foliage becomes more dense.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - BALTIMORE, MARYLAND - BEDROOM - DAY

Wynter-lee lays in a post-coital tangle of sheets with Jericho.

Refiring the stub of a joint, he passes it to Wynter-lee. Eileen draws hard on the glowing roach. Holding in the smoke until it burns

And then -- SUDDEN A DOG STARTS BARKING furiously.

They stop, look at each other.

The naked Wynter-lee, nipples erect, hair, face a sex mess, rushes to the window, looks out --

WYNTER-LEE

Oh, no!

He joins her...

Norm drives up the long driveway, parks the car,

He scrambles to get his clothes on, she does the same...

EXT. LAKE HOME, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND - NIGHT

HIM and Ralston get out, makes their way to the house. It's eerily quiet.

NORM

I know ere doing the right thing
but I still think we shouldn't be
doing it.

RALSTON

You sure no one's there, Norm?

NORM

She's not due in til tomorrow and
the maid's off.

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CONTINUED:

RALSTON

Let's get it over with.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - BALTIMORE, MARYLAND - BEDROOM - NIGHT

They're mostly dressed, he's in a hurry to go, when the front door slams shut.

JERICHO

I thought you said he was suppose
to --

Wynter-lee stops him, puts a finger to his lips, hushing him.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - BALTIMORE, MARYLAND - HALL - DAY

They exit the room, move towards the stairs, she leans up against the wall, stares down into the living room.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - BALTIMORE, MARYLAND - DAY

Dimly lit. The decor belongs in magazines. The view from the windows and balcony are breathtaking.

Norm and Ralston enter the living room via the foyer.

NORM

Chuck, did you ever violent a
professional oath as I'm doing?

RALSTON

Right now. Don't forget he's my
Commander-in-chief. By being with
you I'm committing treason.

NORM

Make yourself a drink.

RALSTON

No, let's get this thing over with
quickly.

Norm unlocks a file cabinet, then pulls out an attache case with several files in them.

RALSTON

Come on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORM

Take it easy, Chuck, You're the one who's suppose to be reassuring.

RALSTON

I'm sorry. Just wondering who let these thing go to far and get out of hand. How a woman like that could have fooled us all.

NORM

The fault are in ourselves.

Norm hands him some files. Ralston doesn't bother to look at them -- stuffs the files in his briefcase as they head out.

In the backdrop, we see Wynter-lee at the top of the stairs.

RALSTON

You're with us, Norm, all the way.

NORM

I've got to --

RALSTON

It's too late, Norm, the plans already in place.

NORM

Then how come I don't know about it --

RALSTON

It's safer with we all don't know.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - BALTIMORE, MARYLAND - BEDROOM - DAY

Wynter-lee rushes over to the window and opens it a little as her husband and Ralston exit the house.

NORM

I'm not sure killing the man is right. Look I'm turning this all over to you... but in return I got to know what's going to happen.

RALSTON

It's really not wise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORM

I can't cooperate any further
until I know what's going on.

RALSTON

It involves a sniper from the
Israel Defense Forces.

They drive off.

Jericho lays his coat down and flops down on the bed.

JERICHO

Who's that Chuck?

WYNTER-LEE

Chuck Ralston, the Chairman of the
Joint Chiefs of Staff.

JERICHO

Oh shit. He'll send in the Marines
to come get me.

WYNTER-LEE

Did you hear the word killing?

He hesitates, doesn't want to go there.

JERICHO

No, I didn't hear anything.

WYNTER-LEE

I did.

He goes to her, fixes his loud tie.

JERICHO

Just bits and pieces.

A nervous laughter from Jericho lips.

JERICHO

The President's Senior Advisor and
a General talking about killing.
It's their job. What they get paid
for.

WYNTER-LEE

You heard it.

JERICHO

I get paid for feeding people.
They get paid for killing people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He embraces her, they kiss...

JERICHO

Look, it's none of our business.
Just forget it..

Off Wynter-lee - she can't...

EXT. HOUSE - DAY