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FADE IN:

INT. BUCKLEY'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A palatial glass home. The place is warm and inviting, a couple in love. Family PHOTOS on the living room wall.

INT. BUCKLEY'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The SWIPE of a KEY CARD in the door -- FOUR COMMANDOS move into frame, quiet as wraiths, scary black gear, GT-14 NIGHT VISION MONOCULARS, carrying silenced Zastava M21A assault rifles.

The one who seems to be in charge moves to the alarm pad. The WOMAN COMMANDO, GREAT ASS this girl. A RED FLASHLIGHT switches on, illuminating her eyes. Call her SCHERZINGER.

She punches in a code, de-activates the alarm.

INT. VAN/NSA SURVEILLANCE - NIGHT

RACER, 30, handsome but gruff, a SURVEILLANCE TECH monitors them. Screens show the agents' POVs as they enter (cameras on their helmets).

The team start sweeping the house quickly and quietly.

They're very expert. The house is pin-clean.

INT. BUCKLEY'S RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

DAN BUCKLEY, 47, military buzz haircut and his wife asleep. DEANNA, a stunner in her early forties, great shape for her age. But she's too intelligent and determined looking to be just sexual eye candy.

We pull out: TWO COMANDOS stand over them, quiet as wraiths. Deannajolts awake, about to scream when --

From nowhere the woman Commando grabs her--covers her mouth.

WOMAN COMMANDO
Colonel Buckley!

Dan wakes, stares straight into the muzzles of two guns.

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ALEXA

I'm Agent Alexa Scherzinger, sir.
From the Internal Security Office.
Please sit up and place your hands
where I can see them. Slowly.

Dan takes stock of the situation, sits up slowly. He's a smart man. Looks over at her...heartbreak in his face.

BUCKLEY

Anna.
(beat)
Your the best.

DEANNA

Buckley.

He pulls his hand from under his pillow. He has A PISTOL. Before anyone can react--BAM! He shoots himself in the head.

EXT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL CATHEDRAL - SIDE ENTRY - DAY

THUNDER rumbles overhead; a storm is imminent.

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 -

ALEXA SCHERZINGER, 30s, sunglasses, a head turner for either sex, in a no-nonsense but well-fitted business suit, a Secret Service Pin on her jacket. She has the blunt, no-bullshit attitude of a former military woman. Hair is pulled back tight, with a studied seriousness, unwilling to drop her guard.

Her cellphone beeps. She answers.

TOM (V.O.)

You okay coming in on this one?
Because if you'd like to sit
out...

ALEXA

Not a chance. Sir. She's my
President too.

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

Alexa drives, confidently weaves through the traffic. After a moment, she takes notice of a car behind her -- a blue sedan. It appears to be following her.

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

She can't quite see into the car. And then... the sedan PEELS OFF onto an exit.

Alexa 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

Majestic. Imposing. AKA Crypto city with its glass towers, surrounded by rows of BARBED WIRE FENCE and HIGH TECH SECURITY. The ARMY BASE beyond.

CHYRON: The National Security Agency Fort Meade, Maryland

INT. NSA HQ - DAY

Alexa makes her way through the labyrinth of security that is the employee entrance -- walking through various SPECTROMETERS and METAL DETECTORS, her cell phone SCANNED for SPYWARE, etc.

TOM RYAN, 40s, ex-military with clean-cut looks and confidence to match; The *DIRECTOR of NSOC, the NSA's primary COMMAND & OPERATIONS CENTER -- responsible for overseeing all active NSA operations.*

Despite the intense urgency of the situation, Alexa is able to maintain an air of calm control.

TOM

You're late.

The two walk and talk together -- two friends and allies with years of apparent history between them.

They come to a thick door beside which is a HANDPRINT SCANNER. Tom presses his hand into the scanner.

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The scanner lights up, the door opens. 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 Alexa and Tom as they make their way into the room, continuing their conversation..

ALEXA

Talk to him recently? You guys came up together.

TOM

Not in years. Since I moved sections. What happened?

INT. NSA HQ - RYAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom slips into his office, Alexa on his heels to find --

GERALD HELLER, 50s, a commanding presence with political ambitions, the SECRETARY OF STATE. He plays chess against himself.

TOM

Who's winning?

He doesn't need to look up to know who's in the doorway.

SEC OF STATE HELLER

I am. What happened?

Tom moves to the back wall, which is covered in TVs.

Grabs a remote, presses a button and the TVs come to life, each tuned to a different news station, some lit up with NEWS COVERAGE of a BOMBING in Madrid.

TOM

Buckley shot himself this morning.

SEC OF STATE HELLER

What? Wow.

ALEXA

Based on credible intel we opened up an investigation..

FLASHBACK - INT. BUCKLEY'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Deanna enters. No Buckley. She hears the shower on in the bathroom. He sees her, barely, through the steam.

Her husband's PHONE vibrates -- she sees it on the dresser, just waiting to be answered. Who's calling him at 1:15 AM?

She contemplates answering it, something she's never done before. She picks up, but before she can get a word in --

WOMAN (V.O.)

It's a go. I'll kill the queen.

A LONG BEAT. Then CLICK. Phone goes dead. Well that's fucking suspicious. Eventually...

Deanna looks down to his phone, sees it's disconnected. An unknown number.

The water shuts off. She hears her husband coming -- she quickly turns away from his phone. He enters, in a robe.

INT. NSA - OFFICE - DAY

Alexa paces. A long beat, Heller, clearly thrown by this.

ALEXA

Me being part of the Presidential protection detail, and counterintelligence, Mrs. Buckley called me. Considering the urgency of the matter -- we devised a plan for me to get a hold of his cell without arousing his suspicions.

FLASHBACK - INT. BUCKLEY'S RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Deanna fixes her husband a drink - dumps a vial of liquid into his drink and stirs.

ALEXA (V.O.)

Let's just say she gave him something to help him sleep through the night. Rohypnol.

INT. NSA - OFFICE - DAY

Silence as all eyes look to Alexa.

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SEC OF STATE HELLER
How well do you know Mrs. Buckley?

Alexa hesitates. Feels like Alice through the looking glass.

ALEXA
We're friends. She's also a CIA case officer.
(switching gears)
An hour later I was on her doorstep.

EXT. BUCKLEY'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Alexa, has just emerged with a sexy Deanna half-wrapped in a goodbye-kiss kimono.

ALEXA
Give me two hours.

A nervous Deanna nods.

INT. NSA - OFFICE - DAY

A beat as this sinks in.

ALEXA
Whoever made that call was under the assumption that Colonel Buckley was on the line. So one could surmise once the caller learnt it wasn't Buckley -- suspicion would have fallen on Mrs. Buckley -- putting her life in danger. So we made the call to pick Buckley that night. He had a nine under his pillow.

At a laptop, Alexa pulls up some proprietary NSA SOFTWARE. In a SEARCH FIELD she types the number: 410 543 9889.

ALEXA
His cell was encrypted, nothing to sophisticated.

Tom and Heller watch closely from behind.

Almost INSTANTANEOUSLY a DATABASE LIST of PHONE CALLS, TEXT MESSAGES -- both INCOMING and OUTGOING -- fills the screen, looking a bit like your standard phone bill.

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Each item on the list contains the INCOMING or OUTGOING NUMBER along with DURATION of the call.

TOM

There's the one. 1:30 that morning. Let me hear it.

Alexa clicks on a small SPEAKER ICON listed beside the call. Heller and Tom instantly hears the conversation:

WOMAN (V.O.)

It's go... to kill the Queen.

Heller and Tom's eyes GO WIDE.

SEC OF STATE HELLER

We kept the phone, right?

ALEXA

No, didn't want to tip them off. We left it there for them to find it, and they did.

Alexa types a few keys, the LAPTOP shows of a bearded man, trim and fit, leaving the Buckley's residence with a phone in hand.

ALEXA

This is ETHAN HUNT, ex Special Forces, now a CIA operative. He's been involved in some shady dealings. For one, training a group of separatist in Nigeria.

A beat.

ALEXA

The highlighted ones are from Mr. Kilmer, Senior advisor to the President, General Ralston, General Stonebridge. At that point the decision was made to put all three under surveillance.

SEC OF STATE HELLER

But are we sure he's referring to POTUS?

TOM

We should bring in secret service and the FBI on this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALEXA

I'm still Secret Service.
Remember? May I suggest Director
your decision to inform them be
discretionary depending further
investigation.

Heller is quiet. Alexa's PASSION is convincing.

TOM

Trace the call.

Alexa clicks on the PHONE NUMBER. A MAP pops up, with an
address listed -- someplace deep in the heart of
Baltimore.

SEC OF STATE HELLER

I need you to scope the place out.

TOM

Already on it.

SEC OF STATE HELLER

Take just what you need. But
that's it. Not a word to anyone
else.

Off the group's faces, still processing the monumental
task in front of them.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - 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 KILMER, 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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

JERICO JONES, 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.

A man hovers nearby-- O'SHEA, 30s, six days unshaven, a hint of grey in his stubble. The kind of guy who looks like he'd be running drugs if he weren't an NSA agent.

A BLACK SEDAN with U.S. GOVERNMENT license plates pulls up. O'Shea gets in.

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - DAY

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

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 black sedan 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.

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CONTINUED:

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 lays naked in bed.

Jericho, only in boxers, refiring the stub of a joint. She's staring at the 10-inch anaconda, pushing the his underwear's fabric to the limit.

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

JERICHO

It's been awhile so.

WYNTER-LEE

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

He passes it to Wynter-Lee. She draws hard on the glowing roach. Holding in the smoke until it burns.

Jericho moves on top of her, they make out rather hotly.

JERICHO

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

WYNTER-LEE

Past time.
(kills the joint)
Let's see if I can still take it.

EXT, BALTIMORE STREETS - DAY

From above we see a black ARMORED TRUCK barreling down the street at high speed.

INT. HOME - BALTIMORE, MD - DAY

The doors smash in and our TACTICAL TEAM from earlier SWEEP in, followed by Alexa and trusted NSA OPERATIVE -- KAILEY ROGERS, 30s, (John McClane in the body of a wry, confident woman) they each pull guns.

It's empty. No furniture. No markings of any sort. Just white paint on the walls and old carpet. They SPLIT UP.

We follow Alexa, gun out in front, scanning rooms. Nothing. Just empty rooms. After a little bit...

KAILEY

Alexa, I found something.

Alexa follows her voice, descending a STAIRCASE down into...

INT. HOME - BASEMENT - DAY

Alexa comes down the stairs.

Two high BASEMENT WINDOWS illuminate a CARPETED ROOM, empty with ONE EXCEPTION: A SMALLTABLE on top of which sit two large LANDLINE PHONES.

KAILEY

These are SCIP.

Kailey picks up a RED WIRE between the two phones.

KAILEY

And they're linked. Whoever this is could have had a whole system of these. The call could have come from anywhere.

Alexa notices something on the table, next to one of the phones. A MANILA ENVELOPE. She picks it up.

Inside she finds a SURVEILLANCE PHOTO of XXX and XXX seemingly MEETING CLANDESTINELY in a DARK ALLEY.

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - DAY

A gray, blustery day. NORM KILMER, 45, a bony man with thick, horn-rimmed glasses, stern-looking, walks along the riverbank with--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL CHUCK RALSTON, 50, trenchcoat over a perfectly tailored suit. The consummate soldier statesman. Petraeus-esque in his ambition and intellect.

RALSTON

This is a difficult time for all of us. Dan's death was a tragedy, we'll mourn him. But we also have to keep our focus. If Dan could talk to use now, we all know what he'd say, "eyes on the calendar people."

EXT. CAR / ROAD - DAY

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

NORM

I know we're 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.

RALSTON

Let's get it over with.

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

Wynter-Lee and Jericho lie in bed together, post-"evening Delight." He gazes admiringly at her, running his fingers down Wynter-Lee's cheek, then neck..

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

RALSTON

Come on.

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 b.g., 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 woman is right. Look I'm turning this all over to you... but in return I got to know what's going to happen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RALSTON

It's really not wise.

NORM

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

RALSTON

It involves a sniper from the
xxxxxx 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 Chairmen 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. 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.

He embraces her, they kiss...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JERICHO

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

Off Wynter-lee - she can't.

INT. ALEXA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alexa's dead asleep. A CELL BUZZES on the nightstand.
She grabs her phone.

ALEXA

Scherzinger here... Yea..
(sits up)
Oh, alright... yes sir... uh-
huh... right. Well why not normal
procedures... yeah I see. Alright,
we'll pick them both up.

A beat, she ends the call. Alexa grabs her secured
Smartphone and speed dials.

ALEXA

Yes, O'Shea. I need to PS reports -
- Jones, Jericho. And the second --
Mrs. Kilner, Wynter-lee, wife of
the Senior Advisor to the
President... yea... oh, keep a
tight lid on it, no inter agency
checks. Delivered to my hands only
in an hour. And have the secretary
come by first I'll need her okay
on this.

Alexa ends the call.

EXT./INT. N.D. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Alexa enters a small foyer with mailboxes, a tenant
roster with buzzers, oddly, there's no names, and a
second door. Alexa swipes her card in the door - there's
a click and it opens.

INT. N.D. APARTMENT BUILDING - 'SPY TANK' - DAY

It's a different world.

Six high-tech work stations are manned by six tired-
looking INTELLIGENCE ANALYSTS. Another six stations are
unmanned, used for storage -- boxes, books, old monitors.

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CONTINUED:

A bleak tableau of budgetary constraints.

A few looks up curiously as Tom escorts Alexa down the hall to a another room.

INT. N.D. BUILDING - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

This windowless study has been converted into a soft INTERROGATION room. Comfy furniture. Coffee machine.

Alexa and Tom enter to find --Dir Heller, once again plays chess against himself.

SEC OF STATE HELLER

Well, Mrs. Kilmer's on her way. Jericho will probably give you a bit of trouble. I met her once, at the White House correspondents dinner. Your typical trophy wife, and a bit loose around town.

ALEXA

And Jericho?

SEC OF STATE HELLER

A reformed ex-con, owns a small restaurant here in town. I've never eaten there but I hear the food ain't too bad.

BUDDIGER, 50, dark suit, aviators, a tough, jaded, veteran-- think Denzel in Training Day --

BUDDIGER

Good morning, Mr. Secretary. Agent Scherzinger you're guest is here.

ALEXA

Which one?

BUDDIGER

The lady.

A long beat.

SEC OF STATE HELLER

Look, Alexa, tread lightly, you know who's wife she is. Regular channels could cause undo alarm as well as a touch of scandal.

ALEXA

Well I do know what I'm doing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEC OF STATE HELLER

Oh, none of us doubt that.

INT. N.D. BUILDING - ROOM - DAY

Alexa walk in to find Wynter-Lee, heels in hand. This is her version of a walk of shame... she just woke up a half hour ago. From last night

ALEXA

Mrs. Kilmer thanks for coming down..

WYNTER-LEE

Your boys woke me up this morning.

ALEXA

Please have a seat.

Reluctant, Wynter-Lee flops down in a comfy chair. She lights a cigarette. Alexa slides an ashtray towards her.

Silence hangs between them as Wynter-Lee considers her.

The moment is interrupted by a commotion in the hall, the door open, O'Shea strongarms Jericho into the room.

Wynter-Lee reacts, visibly uncomfortable.

JERICHO

Take it easy you goons. I know my rights. This is America.

ALEXA

Mr. Jones you know Mrs. Kilmer.

WYNTER-LEE

How do you do.

JERICHO

Fine. You?

ALEXA

Please have a seat.

(he obliges)

Very good of you to come in.

JERICHO

Didn't leave me much choice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEXA

We're grateful to see you're doing your duties as citizens. Now tell us what you know.

JERICHO

Excuse me'? What do you mean what we know?

ALEXA

Well, the two of you may be involved in a very serious case.

Jericho and Wynter-lee look at one another. Wynter-Lee plays demure.

WYNTER-LEE

The two of us?

ALEXA

You overheard a conversation yesterday at your house.

Silence.

ALEXA

Look we know you two --

JERICHO

Wait a minute, now Mrs. Kilmer and her husband has been in my restaurant a few times like a lot of people in this town. Now I consider her a friend but there's nothing between us. I've never been at her house.

ALEXA

You sure?

JERICHO

Positive.

Alexa turns a laptop around to face them, taps keys, a digital file, audio&Visual begins to play.

Onscreen; Our amorous naked couple MID-FUCK doggy-style. No amateur stuff, the room dim but the surveillance feed sees them clearly. She's a SCREAMER.

Both look as if a grenade has just exploded in their faces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JERICHO (V.O.)

So fucking good.... You like that?

WYNTER-LEE (V.O.)

*Ooooooo! Oh. Mr. Jones! Mmm. I do.
Fuck me my tight little pussy!*

JERICHO (V.O.)

I'm gonna pound it!

WYNTER-LEE (V.O.)

(in the throes)

*Man, you sure talk a lot for
someone with such a big dick.*

(giggles)

Hmmm-hmmm.

Their faces turn beet red.

JERICHO (V.O.)

Fuckin' pound that shit.

The sounds of them reaching a crescendo.

JERICHO (V.O.)

Ohhhhhh...

WYNTER-LEE (V.O.)

Mmmmmnnn...

JERICHO (V.O.)

(ecstasy)

Fuuuck!

*She clicks off. Neither Wynter-lee or Jericho want none
of this woman or this shit.*

WYNTER-LEE

Is this how you get your kicks?

JERICHO

*We don't have to take this crap.
We're leaving.*

*They both get up to go. Jericho opens the door to find
O'Shea there preventing their escape.*

JERICHO

*Oh, what the hell is this? We
haven't committed any crime.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALEXA

I beg to differ, Mr. Jones.
Failure to report a plot against
the President of these United
States of America as you put it
when you got here is a felony.
It's a violation of the National
Security Act 1974.

JERICHO

Oh come on, You guys are paranoid.

ALEXA

Sit down. Come on.

Jericho and Wynter-lee glance at each other: gonna be a
bumpy ride. Reluctant, they oblige.

ALEXA

Okay, from the beginning I want to
know everything you heard. What
you know.

She really doesn't want to answer this. Looking at Alexa.

WYNTER-LEE

I told my husband I'd be out of
town for the day to visit an old
friend. I picked up Mr. Jones
instead and we drove to our house
by the lake. We had plans to spend
the night there until he showed up
with his friend.

ALEXA

Who was this friend?

WYNTER-LEE

Chuck Ralston.

ALEXA

Chairman of the Joint Chief of
Staff. You sure it was him?

WYNTER-LEE

Yes, he's been a houseguest often.

ALEXA

And?

WYNTER-LEE

I just want to go home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JERICHO

Hell you bugged everything. You'll probably no more about it than we do.

Alexa presses a button under the desk. Seconds later, O'Shea comes in.

ALEXA

He doesn't know anything. See if you can jog his memory.

O'Shea grabs Jericho by the collar and forcefully removes him from the room, kicking and screaming.

JERICHO

I have the right to have a lawyer! I'll have your badges.

ALEXA

We're not cops, we make our own rules. We don't even exits if we don't want to. We can drop you off the face of the earth in thirty minutes. There's also a private airfield not far from here, Mr. Jones. I will punch a one-way ticket with your name on it to Gitmo.

JERICHO

I thought they closed it down.

A manipulation, but one that's hard to resist.

ALEXA

I suggest you defer your decision until you've further evaluated the alternatives. Anything less than that will be unintelligent.

The door shuts. Wynter-Lee is rattled. Trembling. And then... she breaks.

WYNTER-LEE

What are you playing on doing with him?

Alexa gets up, sits beside Wynter-lee.

ALEXA

Just between us how much you know about what they're planning to do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

WYNTER-LEE

Nothing.

ALEXA

Really?

WYNTER-LEE

I told you I don't know. I wish I did. You're a smart woman you figure it out.

ALEXA

What files did Mr. Filner remove from the house?

WYNTER-LEE

I don't know. He keeps them locked in a safe. And no, I don't know the combo.

ALEXA

Does he know about your affairs?

Wynter-lee pauses, irritated. Flicks a look at Alexa.

WYNTER-LEE

That's none of your business.

ALEXA

Does it embarrass you to talk about it?

WYNTER-LEE

You spend all your time wallowing in dirt?

Alexa chews on that. The implication irks her.

ALEXA

Dirt, these are the personal details of your life.

WYNTER-LEE

You're a bitch! What do you want?

ALEXA

You can be smart - help us and your country. Or you can be foolish and destroy your lives.
(rises up)

We'll speak again. In order to protect you and your husband I'm gonna have to rely on your discretion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Alexa grabs her fur coat and hands it to Wynter-lee.

ALEXA

Go on about your life, shop, or do whatever. Yesterday never happened. Or today.

Wynter-lee looks at her -- *sure, easy.*

WYNTER-LEE

I don't understand these games.

ALEXA

Just do as your told.

She gets the hell away. As Alexa watches her go, amused --

INT. TOWNHOUSE - INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - DAY

UNDERWATER SHOT - WHAM!

Jericho's head is forcefully submerged into a toilet bowl full of water. His eyes pop wide. His mouth screams.

His tormentors, O'Shea and Buddiger, holding his head under the water. Jericho's hands tethered behind his back. His legs flailing.

Buddiger yanks Jericho's head out of the toilet. He coughs up water, his lungs are on fire --

JERICHO

Pl -- please. I don't --

WHAM! Jericho's head goes back in the tank. O'Shea turns to Buddiger.

O'SHEA

Twenty thousand bucks cash, she's not gonna carry around in her purse.

BUDDIGER

My opinion she's not gonna keep it in her apartment. Is all I'm saying.

Alexa enters, gestures for them to stop.

Jericho slumps against a wall, coughing up water. Clearly shaken by the turn of events.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEXA

Now you go home and stay put until I send for you. You don't go out. You don't talk to anyone about any of this. No phone calls, no texts, I'll know. No visitors except my people. Four rings from an unknown number, then twice. You got that?

Jericho can tell she means business. He nods and tears ass out of the room. Alexa, watching him go, concerned.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

Alexa enters to see Tom and Heller waiting.

SEC OF DEFENSE HELLER

What say you?

ALEXA

No, they're not in on it. Just wrong place. Wrong time. I'm sure she knows more than she's telling though.

SEC OF DEFENSE HELLER

You play chess?

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - DAY

Wynter-Lee drives through a LEAFY NEIGHBORHOOD. In the REARVIEW MIRROR she spots what looks to be the same dark sedan she noticed following behind her earlier.

She watches the car, intently. She makes a turn. The car follows. She makes another turn. The car follows again.

Just then... a CAR HORN BLARES. Wynter-Lee has veered too far into the left lane. She violently corrects back, narrowly avoiding a collision.

Wynter-Lee looks back behind her, just in time to see the sedan pull off onto another road.

She shakes it off and continues the drive.

EXT. KILMER'S HOUSE - SILVER SPRINGS, MD - DAY

Wynter-Lee pulls up to a nice and MODEST HOUSE on a pretty SUBURBAN CUL DE SAC. She gets out of her car and takes a DEEP BREATH, steeling herself for what's to come.

INT. KILMER'S HOUSE - SILVER SPRINGS, MD - DAY

She slips in through the side door. She puts down her purse. She heads to the refrigerator and pulls it open. Grabs a bottle of wine.

Wynter-Lee searches the wet bar for a corkscrew, wine bottle in hand. She turns. Norm is there, holding the corkscrew.

WYNTER-LEE

Norm...is anything wrong?

NORM

No, it's just work. There's a lot of pressure right now.

WYNTER-LEE

You've been under pressure at work before. This seems different.

NORM

No, it's just work. I'll see you tonight.

WYNTER-LEE

Norm, is there something you want to tell me?

NORM

What do you mean?

WYNTER-LEE

Talk to me, Norm. Whatever it is. I'd rather know than to go on like this.

NORM

It's been a bad week. That's all, really.

He kisses her on the cheek and leaves.

WYNTER-LEE

Promise?

NORM

I promise.

EXT. BUCKLEY'S RESIDENCE - DAY

The house is full of MOURNERS enjoying a buffet of food and drink. Deanna, holding a pan of baked ziti high above her head as she navigates the crowd.

DEANNA

Hot ziti, coming through... s'cuse me--

LT. GENERAL STONEBRIDGE, 49, a Wall Street Wolf in his full Army dress uniform, leers appreciatively at Deanna.

Deanna notes Alex, in a little black dress, tights, the subtle sexiness of it, observing in the other room, lost in a sea of well wishers.

Deanna smiles, heads that way, shuts the door behind her.

INT. BUCKLEY'S RESIDENCE - DEN - DAY

Deanna throws herself against Alexa, as if having leapt off a bridge, into her arms. They kiss, too steamy for public, but they're alone.

DEANNA

I figured you'd come by tonight to offer your condolences.

INT. BUCKLEY'S RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The wake is over, just them. Alexa puts left overs in Tupperware containers as Deanna dumps an armful of dirty dishes in the sink, runs the water.

DEANNA

You get enough to eat?

ALEXA

Yes. Colonel Stonebridge?

DEANNA

The one giving me the eye? Yes, Director for Intelligence, Joint Staff.

ALEXA

That one. Were they close?

DEANNA

Oh, about as close as two people can get.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEANNA (CONT'D)

They did several tours in Afghanistan together. Went through SEAL training too. Dan worshiped him. Why?

ALEXA

Enough to take a bullet for him?

It's a raw, honest question that lands on Deanna.

DEANNA

Alexa, what am I missing?

ALEXA

Strictly hush-hush.

DEANNA

Dan was pretty quick to pull that trigger, wasn't he? It's what got him benched in the SEALS.

INT. ALEXA'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An ultra modern apartment with clean lines, very spare, no clutter, diplomas. Medals of honor from Afghanistan. Wall art that says "Creole."

Alexa sits on the couch, reading a book. It is a paperback. We see the title -- "*Bobby Fischer Teaches Chess.*"

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - DAY

The sun rises over DC as we find Alexa, running hard along the riverwalk. Pushing herself. Making it hurt.

INT. N.D. BUILDING - SPY TANK - DAY

NATALIE, 24, a junior analyst. Very capable, but very unseasoned. Nervous. She monitors a call -- the filtered voices of Wynter-Lee and Jericho.

So does Alexa and Buddiger who sits nearby.

WYNTER-LEE (V.O.)

I was worried sick. I was in such a panic -- what happened to you?

JERICHO (V.O.)

Nothing. I'm fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYNTER-LEE (V.O.)
You shouldn't calling me.

JERICHO (V.O.)
Jimmy crack corn -- and I don't care.

WYNTER-LEE (V.O.)
I'm sorry for getting you into this.

JERICHO (V.O.)
I'm not. I love you.

WYNTER-LEE (V.O.)
I... I can't do this now. With you.

JERICHO (V.O.)
... Did I get the wrong impression last night or... ?

WYNTER-LEE (V.O.)
No. I care about you. I really do. But I don't want you to get hurt.

And it sounded like a lie.

JERICHO (V.O.)
If you need someone to talk to. If you need a friend. I'm here. Okay?

WYNTER-LEE (V.O.)
Good-bye, Jericho.

The call ends....

INT. N.D. BUILDING - DAY

Alexa, Buddiger, and heading down a long hallway, trailed by their entourage of aides and briefers...

BUDDIGER
Shouldn't we eliminate some of the variables?

ALEXA
Like four of them?

BUDDIGER
It'll save the taxpayers money.

Buddiger senses an uncharacteristic hesitation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEXA

They're too important to be killed. Too important to us. They already set the plan in motion. We'll be cutting off our only sources to how and when they plan to kill the President.

BUDDIGER

One other person may know? Maybe two.

ALEXA

Yes. Mrs. Kilmer and Mr. Jones. He's a bit shaky. We definitely risk exposure with him.

BUDDIGER

What about Mrs. Kilmer?

ALEXA

No, we need her. She heard something we didn't.

INT. JERICHO'S APARTMENT - DAY

An alarm clock ringing. Jericho is already up. His apartment, a home for two. Inhabited by one.

INT. N.D. BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

Kailey escorts Wynter-Lee in, then closes the door as she leaves.

ALEXA

Thanks for coming.

WYNTER-LEE

She follows me wherever I go but doesn't speak to me.

ALEXA

I apologize --

WYNTER-LEE

Apologies don't suit you Scherzinger.

ALEXA

I had to be sure you weren't part of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYNTER-LEE

Why do you trust me now?

ALEXA

What else did you hear?

WYNTER-LEE

Something about Havana cigars.

ALEXA

That was inside the house. What did you hear outside.

WYNTER-LEE

You bug everything, don't you? Norm must be a very important man.

ALEXA

Right now he is -- yes a very important man.

ALEXA

I need to know what you heard outside Your husband and Ralston was in the front yard and you by the window.

WYNTER-LEE

Why didn't you bug the lawn?

ALEXA

Now look here --

WYNTER-LEE

I told you I didn't here anything.

ALEXA

You know you're implicated in this.

WYNTER-LEE

I know. National Security Act of 1974. It's the only law you know.

ALEXA

You heard the word killing?

WYNTER-LEE

Yes, but it was vague.

ALEXA

You know who it is?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WYNTER-LEE

I know who you'd like me to think it is.

ALEXA

It was something about the plans. A fact, details..

WYNTER-LEE

I didn't.

ALEXA

Your voice on the tap, the pauses, intonation tells me you heard more than you told Mr. Jones.

WYNTER-LEE

Why you so rude to him?

ALICIA

I wouldn't worry about him.

WYNTER-LEE

Yes, you wouldn't but I would.

ALEXA

Your husband's in real trouble you should no that by now. His only hope is for you to keep quiet and cooperate with us...

WYNTER-LEE

So I have to keep on playing this game.

ALEXA

Until we find out what's hidden in there.

WYNTER-LEE

You think you can see inside my head?

ALEXA

We'll find out. It'll take time but we'll find out.

WYNTER-LEE

There's nothing there.

ALEXA

There's more than you think. I need your help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WYNTER-LEE

My help? You don't need my help!
You're a goddamn robot,

ALEXA

You're not thinking, I may need
yoru help but you damn well need
my protection.

WYNTER-LEE

I don't want your protection.

ALEXA

Don't find out the hard way. Now
if you think you're protecting
your husband you're not. If he's
involved in a conspiracy he's had
it, he's going to deathrow. Now
you can count on that. Now whether
he lives or dies is up to you.

She leaves.

EXT. DOWNTOWN DC - DAY

Wynter-Lee, walking alone. Haunted by her thoughts.
Across the street, a CAR is idling. One of Alexa's
people. Tailing her.

She arrives at a payphone near the railway right-of-way,
feeds it coins, dials a number. The line just rings and
rings. No one's home.

After a long beat, a frustrated Wynter-Lee hangs up.

EXT. RESTUARANT - DAY

Coolest upscale restaurant in the coolest district.
Through the wall of windows, we see the perfect lighting
and desirable clientele..

Mandy and Cooper at a quiet table in the corner, dressed
fora special night out, champagne in the bucket

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Buddiger and O'Shea sit in a car... parked in a rural
setting... waiting, engine off, freezing cold, exhaling
steam with each other's breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'Shea looks through infrared binoculars, studying the dark, country road a mile in the distance.

ALEXA

If evil is a corrupt form of good, then darkness reacts to light, always one move behind, so to speak. Black in chess follows white's lead, hoping to tip the balance towards darkness, waiting patiently for white to weaken. If black conquers its foe, it wins that round, but never the first-move advantage. So the battle rages on... We have the advantage.