

Diplomat
by
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San Diego, California.

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The room is small and quiet.

JENNIFER LAKE (26, African-American) sits at a desk facing
DETECTIVE NEIL (32, Caucasian).

Jennifer is a knockout. She's athletic with jet black,
shoulder-length hair.

Neil is clean-cut and nicely groomed.

She pushes her iPhone towards him.

INSERT - IPHONE

A digital photo shows Jennifer and a CAUCASIAN WOMAN (24) on
a beach with surfboards.

NEIL (O.S.)
How's Nicky?

JENNIFER (O.S.)
She's missing.

Jennifer and Nicky smile and wave at the camera.

NEIL (O.S.)
When was this picture taken?

JENNIFER
Yesterday.

INT. OFFICE - POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Neil hands the phone back.

He shuffles through a stack of papers.

NEIL
How long has she been missing?

JENNIFER
All day. She went for a run at
dawn, and never came back.

NEIL
Was she upset?

JENNIFER

We had an argument last night.

NEIL

About what?

JENNIFER

She's been depressed off and on. I guess I got frustrated.

NEIL

You introduced us at Thanksgiving last year. She's was a Marine, right?

JENNIFER

Yeah. She'd recently returned from deployment in Afghanistan.

NEIL

What were her responsibilities over there?

JENNIFER

Weapons Training Specialist.

NEIL

Where does she work now?

JENNIFER

She's a full-time student at UCSD. We're in the same International Relations class.

NEIL

She study hard?

JENNIFER

Very. Why didn't you take my call earlier?

NEIL

I'm on duty, Jen.

JENNIFER

What about yesterday?

NEIL

I was working.

She crosses her arms and sighs.

JENNIFER

You always have an excuse.

Neil gets up. He pours two cups of coffee and sets them on the table.

He sits back down and hands her a form.

NEIL
I'll need you to fill this out.

She completes the form.

JENNIFER
I'm worried about her.

NEIL
We'll do everything we can.

JENNIFER
Can you give me a lift home?

NEIL
Hum, sure.

They walk outside.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Neil drives with a FEMALE POLICE OFFICER in the passenger seat.

INT. HALLWAY - UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - NIGHT

Neil and the Female Police Officer follow Jennifer to her room.

NEIL
Give us a call if you need anything.

JENNIFER
OK.

Jennifer gives Neil a warm hug.

She enters her dorm and closes the door. Neil and the Female Police Officer walk back down the hall.

NEIL
We've been friends for a little while.

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER
I noticed.

They exit the building.

EXT. LA JOLLA SHORES BEACH - SAN DIEGO - DAY

The early morning sun rises on the horizon.

Jennifer jogs on the empty beach. ROCK MUSIC blares through her earbuds.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Choppy waters slosh against three large coffins floating on the surface.

They're black and made of sturdy plastic material.

The shore lies in the distance.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Jennifer pauses and removes the earbuds.

She leans on her knees and catches her breath, while staring at the ocean.

JENNIFER

What the fuck...?

Three plastic coffins float towards the beach and bank against the sand.

Jennifer again stares into the distance.

She wades into the water and rests her hand on one of the coffins. She kneels and leans her ear against it.

A large metal buckle keeps it shut, airtight.

She breaks it open with a rock and inspects the contents.

INSERT - COFFINS

A large weapons cache consisting of automatic handguns and high-tech assault rifles.

She opens the next case. It's stacked with brand new shoulder rocket launchers.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Surprised, Jennifer slumps backwards onto the sand.

Frantic, she pulls out a cellphone from her pocket and dials a number.

INT. BEDROOM - CONDO - DAY

Neil is asleep.

A pack of cigarettes lies between a Vodka bottle and an alarm clock. His cellphone rings. Awakened by the sound, he picks it up.

NEIL

Yeah.

He sits on the edge of the bed.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Slow down Jen, calm down... what did you find on the beach?

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - SAME TIME

Jennifer holds the phone to her ear.

JENNIFER

Weapons. Enough here to start a war.

She stands up and backs away from the coffins.

INSERT - BINOCULAR VIEW

Through the binoculars, a PERSON watches Jennifer from an elevated distance.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CONDO - DAY

The phone in one hand, Neil throws on his shirt, pants and shoes.

NEIL

Don't touch anything, Jen. Walk away and dial 911 now!

He hangs up, grabs a handgun from the bedside table and hurries out of the room.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Thick muddy tires drive on the sand and comes to a stop near the coffins.

The tires belong to a large black Sports Utility Vehicle.

A MAN with snakeskin boots climbs out of the driver's seat.

THREE OTHER MEN get out of the vehicle and approach the coffins. Their faces are not shown.

In haste, they carry the coffins to the back of the vehicle and drive away.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Neil walks the sand. He approaches an area of the empty beach cordoned off with yellow Crime Scene tape.

POLICE OFFICERS and EMERGENCY MEDICAL PERSONNEL work the scene.

Neil squats near a DEAD BODY covered with a white sheet. He slowly lifts it.

The body under the sheet is Nicky.

INT. HALLWAY - UNIVERSITY - LATER

STUDENTS walk up and down the congested corridor.

Jennifer enters a classroom and takes a seat.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

A FEMALE MATH INSTRUCTOR (55) writes complex equations on a blackboard.

MATH INSTRUCTOR
Good morning, everyone.

STUDENTS
(in unison)
Good morning!

MATH INSTRUCTOR

This is our final class of the semester. We'll have a quick review, then begin the exam.

The students opens their books and take notes.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - SOFTWARE COMPANY - DAY

Rows of rack-mounted computer line the aisles. Their internal fans produce a constant HUM.

Miles of colorful network cables snake their way through plastic conduits and panels.

Jennifer sits on the floor and types on a laptop. She gets up and walks to the door.

INT. OFFICE - SOFTWARE COMPANY - DAY

A large number of desks are scattered across an open room, each occupied by EMPLOYEES.

Jennifer enters and sits at her desk. She picks up a phone and dials a number.

JENNIFER

This is Jennifer Lake returning your call.

CUSTOMER (V.O.)

Yes, hi. I wanted to know the best way to implement the update patch to the game.

JENNIFER

"Zero Wait States: Blackout", right?

CUSTOMER (V.O.)

Yeah, the Beta version.

JENNIFER

I can provide a brief overview, but for detailed instructions, you'll need to access our Developer Wiki pages.

CUSTOMER (V.O.)

Can you send me the link?

JENNIFER

Sure. Let me first get your details
and create a Support Ticket for
this issue.

She types away.

INT. JENNIFER'S CAMPUS DORM - NIGHT

Jennifer sleeps on the sofa; her study materials and spiral
notebooks piled on the floor.

A loud knock wakes her up. Groggy, stumbles to the door and
opens it.

Neil and the Female Police Officer somberly stand in the
hallway.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Nicky's naked body lies on a stainless steel medical table. A
sheet covers her up to her waist.

Neil and Jennifer slowly approach.

JENNIFER

Oh my god...

Neil wraps an arm around her.

NEIL

She was found on the same area of
the beach where you reported the
weapons.

JENNIFER

I didn't see her.

NEIL

She must have washed up after you
left, but there were no weapons
when we arrived.

JENNIFER

I don't understand.

NEIL

We discovered fresh tire tracks.
Someone else was there.

JENNIFER

Could Nicky's death and the weapons
be related?

NEIL

We're still investigating.

JENNIFER

Nicky...

Neil rubs Jennifer's shoulders.

NEIL

Her family's flying in from Memphis
tomorrow.

Neil guides Jennifer out of the room.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

The sun barely breaks the dawn.

Jennifer runs along a hiking trail. She's covered in sweat.

INT. BOOKSTORE CAFE - LATER

Jennifer sips her coffee and studies an article in Foreign
Affairs magazine.

She opens her laptop.

INSERT - JENNIFER'S LAPTOP

A new email message reads:

"U.S. DEPARTMENT OF STATE NOW ACCEPTING APPLICATIONS FOR
FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICER POSITIONS".

INT. LECTURE HALL - UNIVERSITY - DAY

The large area is packed with STUDENTS.

Desks and chairs are arranged like a mini United Nations
conference room.

PROFESSOR HARRY (65, Caucasian) leans against his desk with
an open book. He pushes his bifocals up.

The Professor's got a trimmed gray beard. He wears a sweater
and brown corduroy pants.

PROFESSOR HARRY
 So, I put the question to each of
 you: Which is stronger? Brute
 force, or an uncompromising peace?

Students jet their arms into the air.

PROFESSOR HARRY (CONT'D)
 That was quick. By nightfall I
 expect you to bridge the growing
 disparity between rich and poor
 within BRIC nations...

The class chuckles.

PROFESSOR HARRY (CONT'D)
 ...comprising of which countries?

STUDENTS
 (in unison)
 Brazil, Russia, India and China!

PROFESSOR HARRY
 Excellent.

The Professor points to a YOUNG WOMAN (24, Caucasian) in the
 front row.

She looks like a Runway model.

PROFESSOR HARRY (CONT'D)
 Let's have it.

She twirls a pencil in her blonde hair.

YOUNG WOMAN
 Brute force, for sure. It wins out
 every time.

PROFESSOR HARRY
 And why, may I ask?

YOUNG WOMAN
 Well, a punch can wreck more than a
 kiss.

PROFESSOR HARRY
 Oh, but you've never been kissed by
 a Femme Fatal.

The room erupts in laughter.

The Professor points to Jennifer who hasn't got her arm
 raised.

PROFESSOR HARRY (CONT'D)
Let's hear your take.

Jennifer stands up and slowly looks around the room.

JENNIFER
To anyone new to the class, I'm
Jennifer.

She turns to the Professor.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
In my opinion, Sir...

PROFESSOR HARRY
One moment, Jennifer.

The Professor puts down his book and walks up the aisle.

PROFESSOR HARRY (CONT'D)
You can all learn from Jennifer.
She introduced herself before
addressing the body. If people
don't know who you are, they're
less likely to absorb the words you
speak.

JENNIFER
Thank you, Sir.

The Professor returns to his desk area.

PROFESSOR HARRY
Please, continue.

All eyes are now on Jennifer.

JENNIFER
Brute force or uncompromising
peace? It would depend on the
situation.

PROFESSOR HARRY
Now, now. You're not taking my
class to become a double-speaking
politician. A diplomat must be
tactful, yet direct.

JENNIFER
An unflinching peacemaker could
build enough resistance to a
position, his or her vigor matching
that of an aggressor.

PROFESSOR HARRY
Potentially.

JENNIFER
Yes, potentially.

PROFESSOR HARRY
Elaborate.

JENNIFER
Well, such a person can become unreasonable, defeating possible compromises with potential to satisfy an amicable outcome.

PROFESSOR HARRY
Both parties dig their heels in, but the resulting actions are adverse. Invigorated passions on either spectrum flame tempers, force is not peace.

JENNIFER
The presence of force is an indication that peace has failed.

PROFESSOR HARRY
I'd say 'the act of force' is an indicator of failed peace, but the mere presence of force can be a deterrent.

JENNIFER
Agreed.

Jennifer sits down.

PROFESSOR HARRY
This wraps up our semester. Career counselors are available to answer any questions. Enjoy the summer, and remember to buy my book.

The students chuckle as they get up and exit the room.

The Professor approaches Jennifer.

PROFESSOR HARRY (CONT'D)
Jennifer, may I have a word?

JENNIFER
Yes, of course.

She follows the Professor into his office near the lecture hall.

INT. PROFESSOR HARRY'S OFFICE - UNIVERSITY - DAY

Jennifer eyes the hundreds of books that line the walls.

PROFESSOR HARRY

You're about to ask if I've read each of those. The answer is yes. Please, have a seat Jen.

Jennifer sits.

JENNIFER

I've enjoyed studying under you these past four years, Sir.

The Professor opens a desk drawer and retrieves a folder.

PROFESSOR HARRY

Thank you, kindly. I've been studying your progress and your grades are outstanding.

JENNIFER

Wasn't sure at first if have made the right choice when I selected International Relations as my major.

PROFESSOR HARRY

Wise decision. The United States always needs more civil servants, diplomats and international negotiators.

JENNIFER

I'm glad Nicky talked me into it.

Professor Harry paces around the room.

PROFESSOR HARRY

Yes, I was told they found her. I offer my sincere condolences.

JENNIFER

Thank you.

The Professor sits down.

PROFESSOR HARRY
You've heard of our Work Experience
Field Program. In fact, Nicky was
accepted yesterday.

Jennifer jumps to her feet.

JENNIFER
Sign me up.

PROFESSOR HARRY
I haven't even articulated what
this entails.

JENNIFER
It doesn't matter, I'm in.

PROFESSOR HARRY
I appreciate your enthusiasm
Jennifer, but the daily activities
of a junior diplomat are no
cakewalk.

JENNIFER
It's the chance of a lifetime and I
want in.

PROFESSOR HARRY
You first need to apply. Then, if
you are accepted, you'll need to
obtain Top Secret Clearance.

JENNIFER
Fine. How soon can I get started on
the application?

The Professor take his jacket and scarf of the chair. He
opens the door.

PROFESSOR HARRY
Let's talk outside.

EXT. UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

The skies are gray and overcast. The stadium is empty.

Jennifer and the Professor walk on the bright green turf.

PROFESSOR HARRY
What other languages do you speak?

JENNIFER
(in French with English
subtitles)
French. I was born in Paris and
lived there for years.

PROFESSOR HARRY
(in French with English
subtitles)
How is that?

JENNIFER
(in French with English
subtitles)
My parents traveled to Europe
during the Seventies.

PROFESSOR HARRY
(in French with English
subtitles)
Military family?

JENNIFER
(in French with English
subtitles)
No, dad was a musician. My parents
also did some missionary work.

PROFESSOR HARRY
(in English)
Very interesting. Not your average
American upbringing.

JENNIFER
(in English)
Hardly. My Pampers years were spent
running around barefoot in West
Africa. I still remember the ants
and mosquitoes.

The Professor scratches his beard and offers a slight smile.

PROFESSOR HARRY
I want to introduce you to someone.

They stare at one end of the football field.

VALERIE NGUYEN (40, Asian-American) wears a gray trench coat.

She walks towards them.

VALERIE

You didn't mention both your grandfathers were World War Two veterans.

PROFESSOR HARRY

Jen, this is Valerie Nguyen. Val, meet Jennifer Lake.

JENNIFER

Hello.

VALERIE

You also left out that some relatives have served in the US Armed Forces.

PROFESSOR HARRY

Right.

Jennifer looks at the Professor. She notices a metal ballpoint pen in his shirt pocket.

Jennifer turns to Valerie. Valerie removes an earpiece and tucks it in her pocket.

VALERIE

Your answers were technically correct, except for the Arabic thing.

The Professor looks at Jennifer.

JENNIFER

City College, a few years back. I dropped it after six weeks.

PROFESSOR HARRY

Too difficult?

JENNIFER

No; the hours were incompatible with my work schedule.

VALERIE

Ah, the software company.

JENNIFER

Yes.

VALERIE

How is that working out for you?

JENNIFER
Alright, I guess.

VALERIE
Their stock isn't too shabby these days either.

JENNIFER
They're on a roll.

VALERIE
Then what the fuck are you doing our here?

JENNIFER
I want to do more. That's why I've been studying so hard all these years.

VALERIE
Who'd want to disrupt a comfy high tech gig?

Valerie walks away the same way she came.

Jennifer eagerly looks at the professor. He lights a cigar and nonchalantly shrugs his shoulders.

PROFESSOR HARRY
I just make the introductions.

Jennifer hurries after Valerie.

JENNIFER
Hey!

Valerie turns stops and turns around.

VALERIE
They call me Val.

JENNIFER
I've got no attachments or obligations, Val. I'm ready to do... whatever junior diplomats do.

VALERIE
It's rigorous; not everyone's cup of tea.

JENNIFER
Let me prove myself.

VALERIE
The Government has to be selective.

JENNIFER
You guys need all the help you can
get.

A light rain begins to fall.

Jennifer retrieves her phone from her pocket and dials a
number.

VALERIE
You got that right.

JENNIFER
I'll quit my job.

VALERIE
Don't; it's the perfect cover.

JENNIFER
Cover?

Jennifer hangs up and puts the phone away.

VALERIE
Keep your routine. I'll be in
touch.

Valerie walks off the field.

Jennifer returns to the Professor.

PROFESSOR HARRY
Good luck.

The Professor walks away in the opposite direction from
Valerie.

Jennifer stands in the center of the football field, alone in
the rain.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

It drizzles.

A crowd of Nicky's FAMILY and FRIENDS sit on plastic lawn
chairs. They hold black umbrellas.

Jennifer and Detective Neil are among them.

NICKY'S FATHER stands at the small podium.

NICKY'S FATHER

...your joy, radiance and kindness
is something we will never forget,
Nicky.

He dries his eyes and returns to his seat.

The casket is lowered into the ground.

Everyone slowly stands. They give each other somber hugs and quietly disperse.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The upscale joint is packed.

ELECTRONIC MUSIC blares as PATRONS dance on the main floor.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Jennifer, Detective Neil, along with group of Jennifer's
FRIENDS and COLLEAGUES sit around a table.

They drink and eat party snacks.

Jennifer gives Neil a friendly hug.

JENNIFER

Thanks for coming along tonight.

She downs another shot and slams her glass onto the table.

Neil sips a soda.

NEIL

Sure.

JENNIFER

I almost stayed in. I just want to
mope.

NEIL

Then mope on my shoulder.

She can't help but display a fragile smile.

Neil takes her by the hand.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Neil, Jennifer and OTHERS grind to the pulsing, electronic beats.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - JENNIFER'S CAMPUS DORM - NIGHT

Jennifer and Neil enter the room and plop on the couch. They share an intimate kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - JENNIFER'S CAMPUS DORM - NIGHT

Neil lies on the bed. Jennifer climbs on top of him.

Passionately, they tear each other's clothes off.

INT. KITCHEN - JENNIFER'S CAMPUS DORM - CONTINUOUS

An envelope lies on the sink. On top of it sits a pair of keys and a business card.

INSERT - BUSINESS CARD

A hand-written note reads: "4 AM".

EXT. TRAINING COURSE - NAVAL BASE SAN DIEGO - DAY

The early morning sun rises.

A MALE DRILL SERGEANT coaches YOUNG MILITARY RECRUITS as they run along an obstacle course.

INT. MILITARY JEEP - NAVAL BASE SAN DIEGO - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer is tired and groggy.

She sips her coffee while she's chauffeured by a YOUNG FEMALE SOLDIER.

EXT. FIRING RANGE - NAVAL BASE SAN DIEGO - DAY

Jennifer and a DOZEN YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN in United States Marine camouflage fatigues stand on a line several feet apart from each other.

They face wooden target yards away.

The Drill Sergeant rides shotgun in a Jeep as it skips around the corner and parks.

He walks up to the group.

DRILL SERGEANT

I want ya'll to pay attention. What you learn today can save your life; and may even teach you how to take someone else's. Now, suit up!

They put on safety goggles and earmuffs.

EXT. FIRING RANGE - NAVAL BASE SAN DIEGO - DAY

SUPER: "SIX MONTHS LATER".

Jennifer and OTHER MARINES stand on the same line, but in different positions.

They destroy their targets with assault rifles.

Jennifer's hair is shorter. She's slightly more muscular and sports a few small cuts on her face.

Valerie takes notes as she watches the trainees from a distance.

INT. LIVING ROOM - JENNIFER'S CAMPUS DORM - DAY

The door is wide open.

Large boxes with personal belongings are scattered on the floor. Jennifer dumps an armful of books into a box.

Neil walks in.

NEIL

Ready?

JENNIFER

Yeah, let's go.

He seals the box with a roll of packing tape. Neil's head is shaved bald. He wears large menacing tattoos on his arms.

He carries the box out of the room.

INT. RENTAL TRUCK - DAY

Neil smokes a cigarette while he drives. Jennifer sits in the passenger seat.

They enter a nice residential neighborhood

NEIL

Here we are.

JENNIFER

I appreciate your help with the move.

NEIL

Of course.

She takes his cigarette and puffs on it.

JENNIFER

I heard Nicky's case file is sealed.

NEIL

We're still piecing things together, that's really all I can say.

JENNIFER

Tell me you're getting closer to finding out what happened.

NEIL

I hope so.

Neil slows the vehicle down.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - SAN DIEGO - DAY

The rental truck pulls into a driveway of an average looking house.

There's a little patch of trees in the back yard connected to small forest spread over a few acres.

Jennifer and Neil exit the truck and unload her stuff.

EXT. BACKYARD - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jennifer and Neil sit on the patio and drink beers.

JENNIFER

I left you a voice mail last week.
I called the department but they
said you were unavailable.

NEIL

I was out of town; undercover. How
was training?

JENNIFER

Glad it's over. I'm looking forward
to my first assignment.

NEIL

Where will it be?

JENNIFER

Not sure. Probably some embassy
posting overseas.

NEIL

Sounds like fun.

He finishes his drink and stands.

JENNIFER

You don't have to leave.

He leans over and gives her a quick kiss.

NEIL

Gotta run.

JENNIFER

OK.

She gets up and hugs him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A local news channel plays on TV.

EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The neighborhood is quiet.

INT. AUTO GARAGE - SAN DIEGO - DAY

SANDY ORTIZ (24, Latin-American) fixes an engine.

OTHER MALE MECHANICS work on an array of cars.

A black, muddy Sports Utility Vehicle pulls up outside the garage. The same muddy vehicle from the beach.

EDWARD LOPEZ (30, Latin-American) rolls down the tinted windows and honks the horn.

ED
Yo, Sandy!

Sandy lifts her head out of the engine.

SANDY
Not now, Eddie. I've gotta work.

ED
Sandy, come on!

Ed presses the car horn several more times.

Sandy reluctantly leaves the floor and walks into the Manager's Office.

Ed continues to honk the horn.

Sandy stomps out of the office approaches the car.

SANDY
I'll drive.

INT. BLACK SPORTS UTILITY VEHICLE - DAY

Ed moves over and Sandy climbs into the driver's seat.

She drives off.

EXT. HILLSIDE - SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

The black Sport Utility Vehicle is parked along a deserted dusty road.

INT. BLACK SPORTS UTILITY VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Sandy nods off behind the wheel.

Ed nudges her.

ED
Hey, Sandy...

SANDY
What?

ED

You need to stay alert.

SANDY

I'm tired of this shit. Another hour and I'm leaving.

ED

We were told to wait, so we wait.

SANDY

Yeah, but for how long?

ED

When you're told to wait, you wait. It doesn't matter how long.

SANDY

Fuck that.

ED

You wanted to make some extra dough. If you're not happy, go back to the garage.

SANDY

I may not have a job to go back to if you keep showing up unannounced.

ED

Don't be a wimp.

SANDY

Dude, I only agreed to drive once in awhile.

ED

I recommended you for this run, so don't make me look bad.

Irritated, Ed flips on the radio.

SANDY

Don't blame me if you're in over your head.

ED

It's not that. Someone spotted the weapons at the pick-up on the beach a few months back.

SANDY

Who?

ED

Not sure.

Sandy sits up and turns off the music.

SANDY

Eddie, look... over there.

In the distance, a WHITE PICKUP TRUCK drives towards them.

The vehicle stops one hundreds yards away and flashes its headlights twice.

ED

Yeah, I see it.

Sandy starts the engine. She puts the vehicle into gear and slowly rolls forward.

Ed reaches down and slides an automatic handgun into his snakeskin boots. He picks up an Uzi from beneath his seat.

Sandy glances at the weapon then back at the road.

SANDY

Why did you bring that?

ED

It's for protection; like condoms.

He gives her a dirty look.

SANDY

Fuck you.

The black SUV continues to move forward a few feet.

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

The black SUV approaches the white pickup truck and comes to a full stop.

Sandy and Ed climb out of the black SUV.

The PICKUP TRUCK DRIVER and a HENCHMAN exit their vehicle.

Sandy and the driver exchange keys.

The Pickup Truck Driver walks to the back of the black SUV. He opens the doors and inspects the weapons inside the coffins.

The Henchman man sets a large duffle bag on the ground beside Ed. He unzips it. It's stuffed with cash.

The Henchman joins goes to the back and looks at the weapons.

ED

Bueno?

The Henchman nods.

Sandy picks up the bag. She and Ed climb into the white pickup truck and drive away.

The other men get in the black Sports Utility Vehicle and leave in the opposite direction.

INT. BLACK SPORTS UTILITY VEHICLE - NIGHT

The Henchman steers the vehicle down the hill.

A bullet enters from the rear window a blows off the Henchman's head.

The SUV crashes into a ditch.

The other man jumps out the passenger door and fires his gun wildly into the night.

Another shot tears into the man's chest. He goes down.

INT. LIVING ROOM - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DAY

Jennifer unpacks her books from a box and places them onto a shelf.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DAY

Jennifer walks outside.

She stands next to her car and opens the hood. She looks at the engine hopelessly.

Sandy stands in her yard directly across the street from Jennifer's house and drinks a beer.

She walks towards Jennifer's driveway with an extra can.

SANDY

How's it going? Welcome to the neighborhood.

JENNIFER
Oh, hi. I'm Jennifer Lake.

Jennifer shakes her hand.

SANDY
I'm Sandy Ortiz.

Sandy hands her the extra beer.

JENNIFER
Thanks.

Jennifer opens it and takes a swig.

SANDY
Finally someone's moved into this house.

JENNIFER
Has it been on the market long?

SANDY
Shit... maybe six months. The housing bubble coupled by the down economy has ushered away many tenants.

JENNIFER
That's a fucking shame.

SANDY
It's just been remodeled.

JENNIFER
Looks like I get the royal treatment.

Sandy leans into the engine and wiggles a cable.

SANDY
Man, you need new sparkplugs.

JENNIFER
Already?

SANDY
Yeah, among other things.

INT. AUTO GARAGE - LATER

Jennifer's car is up on a rack.

Sandy stands beneath the car and tightens a bolt. Her hands and arms are covered in motor grease.

Jennifer stands by and watches.

JENNIFER

I never was much of a mechanic.

SANDY

I've been fixing cars since I was eight. Papa said it's a reliable profession.

JENNIFER

Does he own this shop?

Sandy wipes her hands on a shop rag and lowers the car to the ground.

SANDY

I wish. So what do you do?

JENNIFER

Trying to put my Political Science degree to good use.

SANDY

Going into politics?

JENNIFER

Kind of. I want to be a diplomat.

SANDY

OK, let's take her for a spin.

They hop into the car. Sandy in the driver's seat, Jennifer climbs into the passenger side.

The car speeds out of the garage.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Sandy drives Jennifer's car through city traffic.

INT. JENNIFER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sandy accelerates and quickly slams the brakes.

SANDY

Your brakes are fine.

Sandy steers off the road into an empty shopping parking lot.

JENNIFER

Here, let me show you something.

Jennifer and Sandy switch seats. Jennifer revs the engine.

SANDY

So, what exactly does a diplomat do?

JENNIFER

A lot of paperwork, for one thing.
Fasten your seat belt.

Jennifer floors the accelerator. The car speeds off.

SANDY

How's the pay?

JENNIFER

It depends on experience and
personal qualifications.

SANDY

But it's government.

JENNIFER

Yeah, so I ain't expecting much.

SANDY

Cheap bastards.

The car races across the lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer's car spins recklessly and does a doughnut.

The tires SCREECH and leave thick black marks on the ground.

INT. JENNIFER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car comes to an abrupt halt.

Jennifer and Sandy lean forward, restrained only by their
seat belts.

They catch their breaths.

SANDY

A diplomat, huh? You should be a
race driver.

JENNIFER

Yeah.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jennifer pulls into the driveway. She and Sandy get out of the car.

JENNIFER

Thanks for the tune-up.

SANDY

Anytime. Hey, do you want to come over for dinner?

JENNIFER

If you insist.

Sandy smiles.

SANDY

OK, I insist.

They walk across the street to Sandy's house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SANDY'S HOUSE - LATER

Jennifer and Sandy stand in the kitchen. They drink beers and eat ice cream.

JENNIFER

Delicious.

SANDY

Home made. Do you cook?

JENNIFER

Too busy for that now.

SANDY

Where do you work?

JENNIFER

At a software company in La Jolla, but I'm dabbling in diplomacy.

SANDY

Where did you study?

JENNIFER

UCSD.

SANDY

I've been thinking about enrolling,
but can't make up my mind what to
major in.

JENNIFER

Well, you've got all summer to
think about it.

SANDY

Like to join me at the beach
tomorrow? I can show you some sick
surf moves.

JENNIFER

Maybe next time. I leave on
assignment in the morning.

The doorbell rings.

SANDY

I'll be right back.

Sandy walks to the entrance.

INT. DOORWAY - SANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ed is nervous. He steps inside.

SANDY

What's going on?

ED

All hell's breaking loose.

SANDY

Don't be so dramatic.

Jennifer walks into the doorway.

JENNIFER

I'm gonna head out.

SANDY

Ed, meet Jennifer, my new neighbor.

Ed steps forward and stares at Jennifer suspiciously. He
slowly shakes her hand.

JENNIFER

Hello.

ED

Hi.

JENNIFER

Thanks for dinner, Sandy. You guys
have a good night.

SANDY

Good night.

Jennifer exits the house.

Ed closes the door and takes Sandy by the arm into the living
room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SANDY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sandy pulls away from Ed.

SANDY

What the fuck, dude.

ED

That was her, Sandy.

SANDY

That was who?

ED

She was at the beach last time. She
discovered the weapons.

SANDY

That's ridiculous.

ED

Well I don't like her snooping
around here.

SANDY

Lay off the pipe and quit acting
paranoid. What's so urgent now,
anyway?

ED

Last night's exchange. The other
side has thrown the gauntlet.

SANDY

Are the bagmen disputing the
merchandise?

ED
Those two ain't disputing nothing.
They're dead.

SANDY
What the fuck are you talking
about?

ED
Their bodies were discovered in a
ditch this morning not far from
where we did the swap.

SANDY
And the weapons?

ED
Gone.

SANDY
I told you I wanted nothing to do
with this shit.

ED
You're in it now, chica.

SANDY
I'm out! Finito!

She stomps out of the room.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A beat-up car pulls in front of the building.

Neil and ANOTHER MAN, his partner exit the vehicle. They go
inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Ed and a GROUP OF MEXICAN THUGS stand around.

Neil and his partner approach.

NEIL
Let me see the inventory.

ED
It's all Military grade, top of the
line.

NEIL

What about volume?

ED

We'll fulfill any order you have,
as long as you can pay.

NEIL

Good. I was worried when I heard
there was a glitch.

ED

Funny... a little birdie told me
there's an informant around singing
to the Feds.

NEIL

You've got to be careful who you
listen to. Now, let's do business.

ED

What's the rush, gringo? Going
somewhere?

Neil and his partner make nervous eye contact.

Ed and the Mexican Thugs form a circle around Neil and his
partner.

Neil punches Ed in the face.

Everyone draws their handguns and a gunfight ensues.

INT. BEDROOM - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The clock on the bedside table shows "3 AM". The alarm
buzzes.

Jennifer wakes and slowly climbs out of bed.

INT. BATHROOM - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DAY

An expensive suit and necktie hang on the door. It's still
nicely shrink-wrapped from the dry cleaners.

Jennifer turns on the tap and washes her face in the sink.

She stares into the mirror.

JENNIFER

OK Jen, show time.

Jennifer takes the hanger off the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She walks into the living room and turns on the TV.

A NEWSCASTER reads the morning headlines.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DAY

Sunlight breaks the dawn.

A parked taxi idles outside.

Jennifer exits the front door with a small sports bag and locks it behind her.

She climbs into the backseat of the cab.

The driver takes off down the street and leaves the neighborhood.

EXT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Rain pours. The afternoon skies are gray and dreary.

Three black Suburban vehicles wait in the No Parking zone near the main terminal entrance.

Jennifer exits the terminal building and looks around. She sees the Suburban cars and approaches them.

She climbs into the back of the second vehicle.

The convoy takes off.

INT. SECOND SUBURBAN VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

The back of the Suburban is spacious.

Jennifer sits opposite Valerie. Valerie hands her a dossier. She opens it and looks through various documents.

INSERT - DOSSIER

The files include black and white photographs of the FBI's Most Wanted list.

INT. SECOND SUBURBAN VEHICLE - DAY

Valerie looks at Jennifer.

VALERIE
What's your assessment?

JENNIFER
Without knowing all the facts...

She crosses her arms, impatiently.

VALERIE
Don't push this back on me. That's
your job, this is why you're here.

Jennifer sits back and loosens her necktie.

JENNIFER
We need someone on the inside, Val;
up close and personal.

She glances out the window at the gray rain-soaked streets.

EXT. SKYLINE - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

The late afternoon sun is buried beneath a torrent of rain.
City lights below dot the landscape.

The Suburban convoy makes its way through inner-city traffic
and arrives at the nation's capital.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The Suburban convoy pulls up near the sidewalk.

Jennifer follows Valerie up the steps of a massive building.

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Valerie and Jennifer walk pass armed CAPITAL SECURITY
OFFICERS.

Valerie flashes a badge and they're allowed to proceed
through the buzzing metal detector.

They walk up a grand, marble staircase.

INT. SENATOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Valerie and Jennifer enter the room. Jennifer walks to the window and observes the city below.

SENATOR CRAW (75, Caucasian) walks in.

He leans on a cane for every step.

SENATOR CRAW

Valerie.

The Senator greets her with a hug.

VALERIE

Senator, let me introduce Jennifer Lake.

The Senator shakes Jennifer's hand.

JENNIFER

Pleasure to meet you, Sir.

SENATOR CRAW

And it's nice to finally meet you, Jennifer. Please, have a seat.

Valerie, Jennifer and the Senator sit in comfy leather armchairs.

A SENATE STAFFER pours liquor into two glasses and orange juice into a third.

He sets the glasses on the coffee table near the armchairs. The Staffer exits the room and closes the door behind him.

JENNIFER

I read your last piece in Foreign Affairs, Sir.

SENATOR CRAW

Just random thoughts on our international policies. Welcome to the capital, Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Thank you, Sir.

SENATOR CRAW

It's a different planet up here. I hate to admit it, but we eat and breathe money.

JENNIFER

I thought that was just Hollywood.

They all laugh.

The Senator laughs the loudest and begins to cough. He sips on his orange juice, leans forward and looks Jennifer in the eye.

SENATOR CRAW

You've seen the dossier; what's your honest assessment?

Valerie sips her drink and sits back in her seat.

She folds her arms and stares at Jennifer.

Jennifer glances at Valerie then looks at the Senator.

JENNIFER

We've got to get closer if we expect any kind of meaningful results.

SENATOR CRAW

Then get closer.

JENNIFER

I'll coordinate intelligence among the consulates and relay updates to internal departments.

SENATOR CRAW

Forget this telecommuting, remote support bullshit! I want you to get over there, feet on the ground. Pronto.

JENNIFER

Yes, Sir.

The senator gets up.

Valerie and Jennifer also stand.

SENATOR CRAW

The Secretary of State considers this priority number one.

JENNIFER

Yes, Sir. Absolutely.

SENATOR CRAW

Good. Now we're on the same page.

The Senator shakes Jennifer's hand and turns to leave. Valerie accompanies him to the door.

VALERIE

The dominos are lined up.

SENATOR CRAW

Just make sure they don't tumble.

The Senator walks out of the room. Valerie walks back over to Jennifer.

VALERIE

You're on the next flight out. The backup crew at the destination is expecting you.

Jennifer finishes her drink and sits back down in the arms chair.

JENNIFER

Yes, Ma'am.

VALERIE

I've asked you to call me Val.

JENNIFER

OK Val.

Valerie sits and tries to move the chair forward. It doesn't budge, so she scoots up.

VALERIE

Things are different, Jen. You've moved up the ladder.

JENNIFER

I've been embraced into the fold, then kicked out into the cold; all in a matter of seconds.

VALERIE

You're government property now.

JENNIFER

Understood.

VALERIE

Rest here if you like. Someone will pick you up in a few hours.

Valerie walks out and closes the door.

Jennifer stares out the window. City lights sprinkle the night.

INT. MILITARY HANGAR - NORFOLK VIRGINIA - NIGHT

A Jeep pulls on near a large military cargo plane. Jennifer gets out and climbs aboard.

The plane takes off.

EXT. SKYLINE - NIGHT

The military cargo plane climbs to a higher altitude.

INT. MILITARY CARGO PLANE - NIGHT

The sound of the plane engine in the air is loud.

Jennifer holds a dossier. She studies the documents using a penlight.

A group United States SPECIAL FORCES COMMANDOS sit quietly nearby. They are armed to the teeth.

Jennifer turns to the COMMANDO closest to her.

JENNIFER

Where are you boys off to?

COMMANDO

Ashgabat.

JENNIFER

Staging incursions into Iran?

He nods.

INT. MILITARY CARGO PLANE - LATER

Jennifer takes notes as she reads a document.

The Commando lean over.

COMMANDO

You need to buckle up, Ma'am. We're getting ready to land.

JENNIFER

OK.

COMMANDO

And cut the light. Security
procedures.

Jennifer tucks the dossier into her jacket and puts on her
seat belt.

JENNIFER

I'll be changing planes when we
touch down. Good luck with your
mission.

COMMANDO

Same to you, Ma'am.

Jennifer clicks off the penlight and sits in the dark.

INT. BASEMENT - SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: "SAFEHOUSE - DAY ONE - LOCATION: UNKNOWN".

The light is dim.

A large world map hangs on the wall.

Computers gear and electronic equipment are everywhere; their
red, green, blue and orange LED lights pulse in the dark.

Assault rifles and compact machine guns are mounted on the
walls.

Two Caucasian men, PITT (38) and CARL (50) sit near small
tables crammed in the corner.

Pitt is clean-cut and muscular.

Carl has a glob of messy hair and sports a scar on chin going
down to his neck. He's scruffy and unshaven.

The room is silent except for the door as it squeaks open.

Jennifer walks down some steps and into the main area. She
holds her sports bag.

Pitt steps forward.

JENNIFER

Hi, I'm Jennifer.

CARL

The junior diplomat.

JENNIFER

Yup.

CARL

We've been expecting you.

PITT

Hi Jen, I'm Pitt.

CARL

Carl.

JENNIFER

How's it going?

PITT

Welcome to the front lines.

JENNIFER

I was told we're the secondaries.
The backup.

CARL

Well now, things tend to change day
to day when you're this close to
the enemy.

PITT

We need you jump in with both
feet.

JENNIFER

Certainly.

CARL

And take that shit off. You can't
fight in a suit.

JENNIFER

Fight? I'm here to analyze.

PITT

Your file says you're ready for
anything.

JENNIFER

I am.

PITT

Well then.

Pitt and Carl return to their desks.

They study data on an array of high-resolution flat panel computer screens.

Jennifer takes off her suit jacket and neck tie.

She opens her sports bag and changes into a pair of jeans and Pearl Jam tee shirt.

CARL

When you're done primping over there Jenny, come on over and pull up a chair.

JENNIFER

Yes, mom.

Jennifer sees a pair of black combat boots in the corner and puts them on.

She pulls up a chair to the table.

Carl loads a semi-automatic handgun. He leans over and hands it to Jennifer.

CARL

Now, for some basic house rules: Keep your weapon at times. Your life may depend on it.

JENNIFER

Right.

Jennifer tucks the gun in the back of her pants.

PITT

Under no circumstances are you to venture outdoors, neither are you engage the Opposition. Unless, of course...

JENNIFER

What?

CARL

...unless your life depends on it. Now, let's get back to work.

Pitt hands Jennifer a pair of thick headphones.

PITT

We're monitoring a secret frequency the targets are using to communicate. After an hour, they'll abandon it and find another.

JENNIFER

Targets?

PITT

Top of the list.

CARL

Tangible association.

JENNIFER

Don't you mean 'guilty by association'?

PITT

No. If they do business with the enemy, they are the enemy.

CARL

'War on Terror' honey, or whatever they're calling it nowadays.

Jennifer gets her bag and retrieves a folder. She shuffles through documents.

JENNIFER

According to the report...

PITT

You can discard that. We got new directives.

JENNIFER

From who?

PITT

From Val, the Director of Covert Operations.

CARL

We're now after the 'big fish' himself.

JENNIFER

Bin Laden.

PITT

Yep.

JENNIFER

We all know he isn't here. He's a ghost.

PITT

The targets we're monitoring do business with associates of associates of his.

CARL

Indirectly, but it doesn't matter.

PITT

Our aim here is to get as much intel as possible to be able to gnaw our way to the top.

JENNIFER

We should have taken off his fucking head a decade ago.

CARL

Let's listen.

Jennifer puts on the head phones.

She grabs one of the laptops off the table and starts to type.

JENNIFER

Turn that up a notch.

CARL

What you doing?

JENNIFER

Analyzing.

Carl hesitates then turns a radio dial on the console.

PITT

The line's getting garbled, they're about to switch.

Carl presses a button on with a green LED light flashing.

CARL

Initiating roaming protocol.

JENNIFER

No, not yet.

CARL

We need to switch over now, otherwise...

JENNIFER

Shhh!

Jennifer stops typing and presses her right hand against her right ear, pushing the headphones closer.

PITT
What is it?

JENNIFER
They're not switching, they're adding static.

CARL
They always switch. You'll see in a moment.

JENNIFER
I hear artificial resonance. If you let me focus, I'll attempt to decipher embedded analog waves.

Carl presses several other buttons then sits back.

CARL
Fine.

Pitt slides plastic buttons up and down a digital equalizer.

PITT
I'm applying a filter.

JENNIFER
That's it, keep it there.

Jennifer resumes typing.

INSERT - JENNIFER'S LAPTOP SCREEN

Jennifer types:

"TARGET 1: THERE'S BEEN A HICCUP. TARGET 2: HICCUP? WHAT HICCUP? TARGET 1: THOSE FUCKING DRONES ARE FUCKING UP OUR ROUTINES. TARGET 2: WE'RE NOT PROCEEDING AS PLANNED? NEW VOICE(??): NO. WE'VE GOT NEW INSTRUCTIONS".

INT. BASEMENT - SAFEHOUSE - LATER

Jennifer continues to type.

Pitt studies large satellite map laid out over the desk.

Carl hunkers over his desk. He turns knobs and monitors radio frequencies.

JENNIFER

Tell me about the Targets.

PITT

They're smart, intelligent. They hold professional jobs and keep out of trouble.

JENNIFER

Do we have a location?

CARL

Not yet. They've been very careful. Tracking them down is part of the mission.

JENNIFER

Where's the Target profile?

CARL

Somewhere on the desk.

Jennifer shuffles through a stack of papers and news clippings scattered cut outs on the table.

JENNIFER

What a mess!

PITT

I've also got a stack of notes in the top drawer.

She holds up sheets of paper in on hand.

JENNIFER

I can't makes sense your handwriting.

CARL

What do you need to know? Just ask.

JENNIFER

What kind of vehicles do the targets use?

CARL

Hmmm.

JENNIFER

When and where was Target Number Two born?

CARL

That's also in our notes.

Jennifer shovels through another pile of paper in the top desk drawer.

JENNIFER

I can't find shit. How can you guys run an operation when there's no organization?

PITT

It's not perfect, but the system works.

JENNIFER

There is no system. The targets could very well slip between our fingers by the time I decipher all these notes.

PITT

Then fix it.

JENNIFER

Fine. It's about time I made a few rules of my own. From now on, I want everything logged into the Agency database.

CARL

This is a Safehouse Jen, not Moscow Central or some fucking Call Center.

She gets up and pours herself another cup of coffee.

INT. BASEMENT - SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Jennifer sleeps in her chair; her head and arms stretched out on the table.

Pitt assembles an assault rifle, while Carl tinkers with a computer device.

INT. BASEMENT - SAFEHOUSE - DAY

SUPER: "DAY TWO".

Jennifer wears headphones and types frantically.

Pitt studies an array of digital photos of FBI's Most Wanted.

Carl sits on the floor and thumbs through a thick book. Everyone once in awhile he circles a word or underlines a paragraph with a red ink pen.

Each of them is obsessively occupied with their projects.

Jennifer takes off her headphone.

JENNIFER

How long have you guys been here?

PITT

A few months.

JENNIFER

How much longer?

CARL

Until the job is done.

JENNIFER

'Till we get the bastards, huh?

PITT

Again, it's not so much who they are, but who they're in business with.

Jennifer digs inside her front pants pockets and retrieves a pack of cigarettes.

CARL

House rule number three: There's no smoking down here.

PITT

Here we go.

JENNIFER

My reports get funneled to those who make life and death decisions. For all I know, you two are assassins, and you're worried whether or not I smoke a cigarette?

Carl tosses Jennifer a pack of gum. She catches it.

CARL

That should help.

JENNIFER

What's this, a fucking support group?

CARL
Why? Have you got something to share?

JENNIFER
What's the big deal?

CARL
The smoke...

JENNIFER
Yeah, yeah. I know what you're about to say; The cigarette fumes carry in the air and might alert the Opposition of our exact location.

CARL
No. I was about to explain how the smoke irritates my asthma.

Jennifer sits down, embarrassed.

She opens the pack and chews on a stick of gum.

JENNIFER
My bad, I didn't know.

CARL
No worries.

Jennifer puts her headphone back on; her fingers resume dancing on the laptop keyboard.

INT. BASEMENT - SAFEHOUSE - DAY

SUPER: "DAY THREE".

Jennifer sits in on front of her desk. She's worn out, having endured a typing marathon.

Carl snores on the floor, a sleeping bag rolled up under his head.

Pitt holds a report in one hand and walks over to Jennifer. He pours her a cup of coffee from a thermos.

PITT
Nice work.

Jennifer takes the cup and has a sip.

JENNIFER

Thanks.

PITT

You're doing a good job, you know

CARL (O.S.)

Quick yakking, I'm trying to sleep
over here!

Pitt shrugs his shoulders and returns to this desk.

Jennifer looks angrily at Carl then takes off her headphone
and throws them onto table.

JENNIFER

Take it easy.

She folds her arms on the table and lays down her head.

INT. BASEMENT - SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: "DAY FOUR".

Jennifer does pushups on the floor.

JENNIFER

Forty-seven, Forty-eight, forty-
nine... Fifty!

She sits back against the wall and hyperventilates.

CARL

Not bad, for a chick.

JENNIFER

I'd fucking like to see you try
twenty in a row.

Carl scrapes the bottom of an unlabeled soup can.

Carl brushes his teeth and spits in a metal army field cup.
He empties it down a small drain in the floor.

CARL

Wise-ass. I could tell you how I
got this scar, but then again, I
don't want to give you nightmares.

Jennifer stands up and takes a jar of roasted peanuts out of
a desk drawer. She eats a handful while and paces around the
room.

JENNIFER

Fuck! I need some fresh air.

CARL

I'll try not to fart the next
twenty minutes.

She throws the peanut jar across the room. It smashes.

Pitt jumps to his feet.

PITT

What the fuck? Trying to blow our
cover?

JENNIFER

No. I'm trying to stay sane.

PITT

It gets easier.

JENNIFER

We've been confined here for almost
a week. I'm not a fucking
astronaut!

CARL

Calm down, sweetheart!

PITT

You'll be alright.

Jennifer gets back on the floor and does sit ups.

JENNIFER

Hey Carl. I figured out how you got
that scar.

CARL

Oh yeah?

JENNIFER

Some pissed off chick wanted you to
remember.

CARL

Very fucking funny.

She stops her pushup and lies on the floor, face up.

JENNIFER

I'm sick of this shit. I wanted to
be a diplomat, not a spy.

PITT
Oh, like there's a difference.

JENNIFER
Yeah. One shakes hands, the other
breaks them.

PITT
Well, that can only have been said
by a rookie.

JENNIFER
Seriously. There are two tracks in
International Relations: Diplomacy
and aggression.

PITT
That's a smokescreen. There's just
one goal: The single-minded pursuit
of our interests at all cost.

JENNIFER
Still, I'd rather carry a briefcase
over a semiautomatic weapon.

PITT
In time you'll learn that all
diplomats are spies.

CARL
At least we're not in Baghdad,
Beirut or Burma.

JENNIFER
Like Tehran, Tripoli or Tikrit
would be any better.

Jennifer walks over to her sport bag and retrieves her iPod.
She takes Carl's sleeping bag and curls up in a corner on the
floor.

EXT. MANSION COURTYARD - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

MEN in suits and exquisitely dressed WOMEN exit fancy cars
and enter the foyer.

They are greeted by the BUTLER.

INT. MANSION LIVING ROOM - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

Classical music plays softly in the background.

A cocktail party is in full swing. The rich and powerful socialize.

A YOUNG WAITRESS carries a glass of orange juice and a bottle of aspirin on a tray.

She navigates her way through the crowd.

INT. STUDY - MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The room is quiet.

Senator Crow sits in a leather armchair facing Valerie.

The waitress enters and places the tray on the coffee table between both chairs.

SENATOR CROW
Thank you, darling.

She smiles politely and leaves the room.

The Senator sips the orange juice.

Valerie chews on a handful of aspirin tablets.

VALERIE
How's the health?

SENATOR CROW
Rotten like my wife. How's your recruit?

Valerie retrieves a pack of cigarette and lights up.

VALERIE
Down the rabbit hole.

They sit in silence.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A taxi pulls away from Jennifer's house and takes off down the street.

INT. LIVING ROOM - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jennifer drops her sports bag on the floor.

She takes off her gray trench coat and plops down on the couch exhausted.

Jennifer loosens her necktie and stares at the wall. She leans her head back and closes her eyes.

INT. BATHROOM - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In her underwear half asleep, Jennifer walks to the sink and gets a glass of water.

INT. BEDROOM - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer lies back down.

She picks up her phone and dials a number. It rings a few times then goes to voice mail.

NEIL'S VOICE MAIL (V.O.)
I'm not available right now. Please
leave a message.

JENNIFER
Hey... I'm back in town. Can you
come over for a bit? I can't sleep
and could use some company. OK,
bye.

She hangs up and rolls over. A moment later, she re-dials the number.

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER (V.O.)
San Diego Police Department, La
Jolla branch.

JENNIFER
Oh... I'm trying to reach Detective
Neil.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - POLICE STATION - DAY

Jennifer is dressed in baggy cargo pants and tee shirt. She sits on the desk, while the Female Police Officer paces around the room.

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER
He was killed in the line of duty a
week ago. I'm sorry, Jen. I know
you two were close.

Jennifer buries her face in her hands.

INT. BREAK ROOM - SOFTWARE COMPANY - DAY

Jennifer fiddles with the coffee maker then paces around the room impatiently.

When the coffee brews, she pours a cup and walks out.

INT. DATA CENTER - SOFTWARE COMPANY - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer returns to her desk.

She picks up the phone and dials a number.

JENNIFER

Yeah, this is Jennifer with...

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Can you please hold?

JENNIFER

Actually, I'm retuning an important call regarding...

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Ma'am, can you please hold?

JENNIFER

Sure, I'll hold.

Jennifer slams the phone down and hangs up.

Several colleagues throw condescending glances at her.

EXT. SOFTWARE COMPANY - DAY

Several colleagues smoke out front.

A fighter jet screeches through the sky with a deafening roar.

Jennifer exits the building. She wears dark sunglasses.

MALE COLLEAGUE

Jen!

She approaches the group.

JENNIFER

How's it going?

FEMALE COLLEAGUE

We had the software rollout last week.

JENNIFER

I did some early QA testing, but got called away.

MALE COLLEAGUE

Still enrolled in that Field Experience Political Science program?

Jennifer nods.

JENNIFER

Let me have one of those.

She hands Jennifer a cigarette.

FEMALE COLLEAGUE

You don't smoke.

JENNIFER

Right.

She lights up.

MALE COLLEAGUE

See you at the meeting later on?

JENNIFER

Nah, I'm heading home. Not feeling too well.

MALE COLLEAGUE

I was about to say... looks like you slept in a gutter.

Jennifer smiles.

JENNIFER

You're the expert.

Jennifer keeps smoking as she walks away towards the employee parking lot.

MALE COLLEAGUE

That was one time, in Tijuana!

JENNIFER

Well, that's all it takes.

Everyone laughs.

FEMALE COLLEAGUE
Hope you feel better, Jen.

JENNIFER
Yeah... thanks.

INT. JENNIFER'S CAR - DAY

Jennifer drives away from the office.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Jennifer picks up a bag of fruit and a bottle of Vodka.

INT. DOORWAY - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DAY

Jennifer enters the house and walks into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DAY

Jennifer sits down and switches on the TV to an Entertainment News channel.

The doorbell RINGS.

She gets up and picks up her handgun from the coffee table. Jennifer pauses and places the gun on top of the TV.

INT. DOORWAY - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DAY

Jennifer opens the door.

Sandy stands on the front steps. She's barefoot and wears a skimpy bikini.

SANDY
Hey Jen!

JENNIFER
Hi Sandy.

SANDY
How was your trip?

JENNIFER
Productive but exhausting.

SANDY

I'm heading to the beach. Want to come along?

JENNIFER

Well...

SANDY

Are you alright? You look kind of down.

JENNIFER

I just found out a friend of mine was killed.

SANDY

What happened?

JENNIFER

He was a cop.

Sandy gives Jennifer a warm hug.

SANDY

It's OK, Jen. Come on, it'll be good for you to get some fresh air. Better than staying cooped up inside.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

MONTAGE

Jennifer and Sandy surf the waves.

EXT. SNACK BAR - PACIFIC BEACH - LATER

The sidewalk is crowded with PEOPLE.

Jennifer and Sandy sit near the sidewalk and sip cocktails.

SANDY

So, this cop friend... was he your boyfriend?

JENNIFER

No, just a fuck buddy. You got someone?

SANDY

I'm looking around.

Sandy flirts with Jennifer.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - SANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Sandy parks her yellow Jeep.

The girls get out of the car.

SANDY
Aren't you glad you came along?

JENNIFER
Yeah, that was nice. Thanks.

They both get out of the car.

SANDY
I meant to ask earlier, but do you
mind looking at my computer? It's
not working.

JENNIFER
What's it doing?

SANDY
I couldn't get online this morning.

Sandy smiles coyly. Jennifer smiles back.

JENNIFER
Now, if this is some kind of
ploy...

SANDY
I swear!

JENNIFER
OK. Let me have a look at it.

Jennifer follows and Sandy inside.

INT. BEDROOM - SANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Sandy shows Jennifer upstairs.

SANDY
Here you go. I'll be downstairs.

Jennifer sits down at the desk and starts to troubleshoot the computer.

INT. KITCHEN - SANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Sandy dumps fruits into a blender and presses the ON button. She takes a bottle of white wine from the refrigerator. She opens a drawer and retrieves a corkscrew.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - SANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Ed's sports car pulls into the driveway.

Ed and ANOTHER MAN exit the vehicle and walks towards the house.

EXT. DOORWAY - SANDY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ed jimmys the lock and forces open the door.

Noise from the blender sounds from the kitchen as Ed and the man sneak into the house.

INT. KITCHEN - SANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Sandy stands with her back to the door. She turns off the blender and pours the milkshake in to a glass.

Ed and the man quietly enter.

INT. BEDROOM - SANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jennifer leans over the desk and checks a cable.

She hears Sandy scream downstairs and the sound of a glass shatter.

Jennifer runs out of the room.

INT. KITCHEN - SANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

The other man violently grabs Sandy.

He punches her in the face as she resists and knocks her lights out.

MAN
(in Spanish with English
subtitles)
Check upstairs!

Ed exits the kitchen and runs upstairs.

The other man drags Sandy outside.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jennifer runs towards the staircase. She see Ed coming up the stairs and jumps on top of him.

Jennifer and Ed tumble down the steps and roll into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - SANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jennifer and Ed wrestle on the floor.

Ed reaches for his gun. Jennifer tries to grab the weapon but knocks it away.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - SANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

The man pushes an unconscious Sandy into the backseat of Ed's sports car and slams the door.

He climbs into the front and speeds away.

INT. KITCHEN - SANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Ed crawls towards the sink. He stands up, grabs a steak knife from the dish rack and throws it at Jennifer.

The knife grazes her arm as it lands firmly on the floor like a dart. Blood from her arm sprays around the room.

Jennifer kicks Ed and he tumbles to the ground. He kicks back hitting her in the face.

She grabs the knife and jams it into his leg. Ed screams in pain. Jennifer lunges forward and knees him in the face. Ed gets up and drags her by the collar.

A trail of blood and broken porcelain pieces smear on the floor. Jennifer pulls herself up.

Ed punches her again in the face. As she falls, he stomps on her back with his snakeskin boot. Jennifer crawls away from the sink towards the door.

Ed grabs a blender from the counter and throws it toward her. It smashes on the kitchen door.

Ed runs towards Jennifer. She pushes the refrigerator over onto the floor, knocking him over. Food items scatters all over.

Jennifer picks the gun off the floor and fires, but Ed hurls a glass shelf at her. Her shot misses. Milk cartons squirt, beer bottle pop. Ice cubes slide and ricochet off the baseboards.

Ed slowly drags Jennifer to the sink through a mess of food on the floor, mixed with glass and blood.

Jennifer struggles to stand, her head leaned back into the sink. Ed holds the steak knife to her neck.

ED

Who the fuck are you?

Jennifer grabs a corkscrew off the sink and slams her fist into his neck.

JENNIFER

I'm your killer.

Ed's eyes roll up into his skull. He slumps over on top of her.

Jennifer yanks the corkscrew from Ed's throat. It's wrapped in skin, bone fragments and veins.

His body shakes and blood from his neck gushes all over.

Jennifer pushes his body on the floor.

EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

PARAMEDICS carry a covered stretcher into an ambulance.

A swarm of police cars are parked on the street.

Jennifer stands in the driveway. She's got a bandage on her arm and a band aid on her cheek.

She walks across the street back to her house.

INT. BATHROOM - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - LATER

Jennifer sits on the edge of the bathtub.

Still shaken up, tears stream down her face.

She takes off her clothes and climbs into the tub.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A bare light bulb dangles from the ceiling.

Large wooden cases of weapons are stacked against the wall.

Sandy is gagged with a filthy rag and tied to a chair.

MEXICAN THUGS form a circle around her. She wakes as one of them splashes water onto her face.

THUG # 1
(in Spanish with English
subtitles)
Where are weapons?

Another man removes the rag from her throat.

SANDY
(in Spanish with English
subtitles)
What fucking weapons?

One of the men punches her in the face, knocking out one of her teeth.

INT. BEDROOM - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jennifer lies on the bed and stares at the ceiling.

She picks up her phone and dial a number.

JENNIFER
Hey Val.

VALERIE (V.O.)
Hello Jen. I heard what happened
today.

JENNIFER
I was almost fucking killed by
gangsters or smugglers of some
kind. They kidnapped Sandy.

VALERIE (V.O.)
Your new girlfriend.

JENNIFER
My neighbor.

VALERIE (V.O.)

Let law enforcement take care of
Sandy. I need you to remain focused
Jen.

JENNIFER

It's not easy with all the shit
I've been through lately, but I'm
trying.

VALERIE (V.O.)

Good. That's what I want hear.

Jennifer puts the phone down and closes her eyes.

EXT. JENNIFER'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

A taxi drives away from Jennifer's house.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Jennifer reads a document. Papers are scattered all over the
desk.

Pitt hits a punching bag hung up in the far corner of the
room.

Carl assembles a sniper rifle as he listens to a shortwave
BBC radio.

PITT

Are you alright, Jen? You've hardly
spoken a word since you've been
back.

JENNIFER

Just pensive, that's all.

CARL

It's been my experience that when
people end a sentence with 'that's
all', usually there's more.

JENNIFER

Don't start, Carl.

Carl turns the radio louder and lies down.

Pitt walks up to Jennifer.

PITT

We're a team down here, Jen. What's wrong?

JENNIFER

I killed someone yesterday and my friend Sandy is missing.

Carl turns off the radio.

CARL

We know.

PITT

We all have our bad days. That was one of them.

Pitt hugs Jennifer and strokes her hair.

CARL

Some good news came in while your were away.

PITT

We have a target location. It's not their hive, but it's pretty close.

CARL

We know their sleeper cell is somewhere in the city.

JENNIFER

Great, let's kick some ass.

PITT

We're to monitor and report back to headquarters.

Jennifer pulls her laptop out of her sports bag. She put on her headphones and types what she hears over the intercept.

Pitt sits at his desk. He reads reports and taking the occasional note.

INT. BASEMENT - SAFEHOUSE - LATER

Carl snores on the floor.

Jennifer studies a dossier and Pitt watches video footage a barren hillside over a live stream.

JENNIFER

Have you guys worked together long?

PITT
Twenty years.

JENNIFER
Wow, most marriages hardly last five.

PITT
He takes some getting use to, but he's as solid as they get. A real Agency pillar.

JENNIFER
Don't tell me he's a role model.

PITT
You'd be surprised. He's not without flaws, but hasn't been the same since...

Carl stirs.

JENNIFER
...since?

CARL
Sarajevo, Nineteen ninety-two. The woman I loved was killed by a sniper, along with my child.

JENNIFER
Were you on the job?

Carl sits up.

CARL
I'm always on the job.

PITT
In this business, we're never off the clock.

CARL
I was an Agency Station Chief. She was an Asset I recruited. I got close... too close.

PITT
I was just a kid then, but a deadly shot. I arrived with the SEALs to extract consulate personnel.

CARL

As the fighting raged on, our unit was ordered to evacuate. I went back to get her. I knew the opposition would be waiting, but I never counted on her shooting at them to save me from ambush.

PITT

The sniper's bullet grazed him and killed her.

CARL

I've carried her memory and this scare ever since.

A red light flashes on a console, then a low frequency alarm goes off.

Pitt uses a joystick to zoom in on an area of a large computer screen.

Carl jumps up and hurries to his desk.

He frantically taps a sequence on a keypad.

Jennifer puts on her headphones and grabs the laptop.

JENNIFER

They're on the move.

CARL

Motherfuckers!

PITT

Let get a closer look.

Pitt takes a automatic rifle from a case under that table.

JENNIFER

We're engaging the enemy?

PITT

No, we're just going to survey the situation.

Jennifer puts on a flak jacket and picks up a compact submachine gun.

Carl grabs a high caliber shotgun and straps an AK47 rifle over his shoulder.

They put on black ski masks and walk towards the door.

EXT. DESERT TERRAIN - NIGHT

Visibility is poor. The wind has picked up.

With their ski masks on, Jennifer, Pitt and Carl hide behind a rock formation.

A handful of vehicles move in the distance.

Pitt looks through a pair of night vision binoculars.

PITT
Hawk One's got a visual.

JENNIFER
Hawk One?

PITT
Aerial support.

JENNIFER
I need to know the type of vehicles they're using.

PITT
(into earpiece)
Hawk One. Request make and model of target vehicles.

HAWK ONE (V.O.)
Copy that. Still miles out.
Transmission ETA is three minutes.

Jennifer takes the binoculars from Pitt and has a look.

PITT
Hawk One will have the vehicle descriptions in three minutes.

CARL
We can't stay put for that long.
The Opposition scans these hills for intruders every ninety seconds.

PITT
We can always retrieve the data back at the safehouse.

A flash of light shoots out the horizon in the distance and into the clouds.

An explosion follows, illuminating the night skies.

JENNIFER
What the fuck was that?

CARL
(into headset)
Hawk One, come in. Hawk One come
in.

Jennifer, Pitt and Carl look at each other.

PITT
Hawk One is down.

CARL
I'll radio in for another.

PITT
Forget it, there isn't time.

JENNIFER
Now it's up to us to find out what
kind of vehicles they're using. If
we wait, the targets will be long
gone.

PITT
What's so pivotal about the make of
their vehicles?

JENNIFER
It will help us track them. The
database can analyze it and match
them against profile templates.

Pitt turns to Carl.

PITT
What do you think?

Carl nods.

CARL
She's been right on, so far. Let do
it.

PITT
Alright. We'll go close enough to
their camp to get vehicle
descriptions, no farther.

CARL
What about Hawk One?

PITT
There's nothing we can do about
that at this time.

CARL
They blasted him out of the sky.
They've gotta pay for that.

PITT
Not now. The Air Force will handle
retaliation. Our objective here is
simple: Get the vehicle data and
retreat.

JENNIFER
You know when I say 'vehicle info'
I mean VIN numbers.

PITT
What?

JENNIFER
It's the only way to properly trace
a vehicle's history. Who bought it,
who sold it, when it changed hands
and so on.

PITT
You've gotta be kidding me.

JENNIFER
I'm dead serious.

CARL
We have to move, now!

The trio leave their position and run along a rocky slope.
They briskly walk three miles to the enemy camp.

EXT. ENEMY OUTPOST - DESERT - NIGHT

TRUCK DRIVERS start the engines of four large rucks. Their
faces are not shown.

A campfire lies a half mile away.

Jennifer, Pitt and Carl sneak up on the truck. With short
spurts of gunfire, they shoot the drivers.

The idling truck engines muffle the shots.

Pitt and Carl stand guard as Jennifer uses her phone to snap
photos of the vehicle's VIN numbers.

Carl looks through the binoculars at the campfire.

CARL
Pitt, take a look. They've got
captives.

PITT
Out here? Bold motherfuckers.

Carl hands the binoculars to Pitt.

CARL
Take a look.

Jennifer runs up.

JENNIFER
OK, I got the VIN numbers.

CARL
Look who they've got.

JENNIFER
Let me see.

Pitt hands her the binoculars.

PITT
We musn't engage the enemy without
the order from the top.

JENNIFER
We have to do something.

CARL
I agree. For all we know, that
could be an American kid out there.

PITT
Sorry. Rules are rules.

JENNIFER
We can't just do nothing.

PITT
We're not 'doing nothing', we're
following orders. It's not
negotiable.

JENNIFER
Everything's negotiable.

PITT
We can't reason with the enemy.

JENNIFER

I don't intend to. We go in and kill them, get the kid and fall back.

PITT

Listen, we're out-numbered. We can triangulate their positions and call in more air support. They'll handle it.

JENNIFER

No they won't. They'll fucking blow everything up.

CARL

The kid will be dead by then.

Pitt ponders.

PITT

OK. We go in, snatch the kid and pull out. Is that clear?

CARL

Yes, Sir.

JENNIFER

Yes, Sir.

PITT

Kill anything that moves.

Jennifer, Pitt and Carl blend into the dark and approach the enemy camp.

Gunfire and shouts erupts.

A vicious gun battle ensues.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - SAFEHOUSE - DAY

Jennifer and Pitt are drenched in blood and exhausted.

They set their weapons on the tables and take off their ski masks.

PITT

Are you OK, Jen? Are you wounded?
Do you need medical attention?

JENNIFER

Fuck!

PITT

I pulled you away before it got too light out there and our cover was blown.

JENNIFER

We could have saved him.

PITT

He was riddled with bullets. You saw it. He's dead. There's nothing we can do to bring him back.

JENNIFER

We didn't even rescue the hostage.

PITT

Pull yourself together, Jen. This is one of those bad days.

Tears stream down her face.

JENNIFER

Let's make it right. I want to make it right.

PITT

What are you talking about?

JENNIFER

We followed them and now we know exactly where they are. We have the sleeper cell within our reach. Let's hit them, avenge Carl and save the hostage.

PITT

Do you know what you're saying?

JENNIFER

Yes, I do.

PITT

Our mission is to sit, analyze and observe. If we break protocol, we could jeopardize the entire operation.

JENNIFER

Don't tell me how to do my job.

PITT

Then don't go off the reservation.
The Agency won't stand for rogue
agents.

JENNIFER

Don't feed me that shit. The Agency
was built on rogues. We're taught
to follow our gut instincts.

PITT

You have to look at the big
picture.

JENNIFER

We've followed them from the desert
all the way here. They're within an
arm's reach. How long do you think
before they up and leave for good?

PITT

I can't say.

JENNIFER

Well, I can. They'll be ghosts in
two to three hours, tops.

PITT

We're a man short. When you do this
work as long as I have, you learn
to roll with the punches. Live to
fight another day.

JENNIFER

There's a thin line between rolling
with the punches, and rolling over
and playing dead.

Jennifer sits in front of her laptop. She tries to type, but
her hands are shaky.

Pitt slaps her on the back.

PITT

You did alright.

JENNIFER

An average month for you, huh?

PITT

Pretty much. Though we didn't use
any rocket launchers this time.

JENNIFER

I don't know how you handle it.

Jennifer picks up the thermos and takes a drink.

PITT

It's cold.

JENNIFER

It's coffee.

Pitt puts down his handgun and walks over to the punching bag in the corner of the room. He changes his clothes.

PITT

Contact headquarters with a status update.

JENNIFER

I don't feel like it right now.

PITT

Oh really? What do you feel like?

JENNIFER

Kicking ass.

PITT

You'll have plenty of opportunities on plenty of other missions.

A loud thud is heard above.

Jennifer spins around and looks up.

JENNIFER

Did you hear that?

Pitt freezes and stares at the ceiling.

PITT

Yes, I did.

Jennifer picks up an automatic rifle off the table and points it towards the staircase.

Pitt looks at his handgun on the table across the room. He slowly runs his hand along the wall and flips off the light switch.

The room goes dark.

A crack of light shines down the basement steps as a rusty door creaks open.

Something small and metallic rolls down the steps.

The basement door is slammed shut.

JENNIFER

Pitt!

A grenade explodes and rips apart half the basement.

INT. BASEMENT - SAFEHOUSE - HOURS LATER

Jennifer digs herself out of the rubble. She uses a flashlight to find her way in the dark.

She's battered and bruised. A bloody mess.

Jennifer finds Pitt's arm in the debris. She burrows through a pile of bricks and pieces of burnt wood until she reaches Pitt's body.

Jennifer coughs as she gently lifts up.

JENNIFER

Fuck.

His torso detaches from the rest of his body. Jennifer drops him and vomits all over.

Jennifer crawls over to the desk area. The computers and network gear is shattered and burned. Jennifer crawls back through the rubble.

Slowly and painfully, she crawls up the stair case.

Thick dust fills the air. Jennifer coughs loudly with every other breath. She reaches the last step and pushes the basement door open.

Bright daylight from the hallway seeps down the darkened staircase.

She squints.

INT. HALLWAY - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The basement door swings open.

Dust fills the air.

The "Safehouse" is located in the basement of Jennifer's house.

Jennifer crawls out of the basement and lies on the hallway floor. She pulls herself up and walks into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DAY

Jennifer lifts the mattress off the bed. Rows and rows of assault rifles cover every inch of the bed.

Jennifer loads two handguns and stuffs them in her the back of her pants.

She swings a rifle over her shoulder and grabs another off the beds

She exits the room.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DAY

Jennifer runs across the street towards the house next door to Sandy's house.

INT. UPSTAIRS ROOM - NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

From the window, a CAUCASIAN MAN (40) fires down at Jennifer. She casually returns fire.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Assailant falls out of the window onto the pavement.

Jennifer shoots down the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Jennifer is met with sporadic gunfire by THREE CAUCASIAN GUNMEN as she enters the house.

They open in her direction.

She kills one and chases the others through the house.

INT. UPSTAIRS ROOM - NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Jennifer slowly enters the room.

She kicks down the bathroom door. It's empty.

As Jennifer walks to the closet, a gunman fires at her. She's hit in the shoulder and returns fire.

The man is hit in the leg. He leaps out of the room.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As the man exits the room, he's gunned down in a hail of bullets his associate in case of friendly fire.

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. MILITARY CARGO PLANE - NIGHT

Jennifer takes notes as she reads the documents.

COMMANDO

You need to buckle up, Ma'am. We're getting ready to land.

JENNIFER

Alright.

COMMANDO

And cut the light. Security procedures.

Jennifer tucks the dossier into her jacket and puts on her seat belt.

JENNIFER

I'll be changing planes when we touch down. Good luck with your mission.

COMMANDO

Same to you, Ma'am.

Jennifer clicks off the penlight and sits in the dark.

EXT. RUNWAY - SAN DIEGO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT

The cargo plane touches down and taxis into a hangar, then comes to a full stop.

INT. HANGAR - SAN DIEGO NAVAL BASE - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer jumps out of the plane and hops into a car. It speeds away.

The plane refuels and takes off down the runway.

EXT. SKYLINE - SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

The same cargo plane ascends.

EXT. FREEWAY - SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

City lights dot the landscape.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jennifer sits in the backseat. The car races along at breakneck speeds.

END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. RESIDENTIAL ROAD - DAY

Two SWAT vans and a fleet of police cars race down the street.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

The neighborhood is quiet except for the occasional gunshot from inside the house.

INT. HALLWAY - NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

The Assailant limps down the hall holding a gun. He hobbles down the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM - NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Jennifer walks out of the bedroom.

A trail of blood lead into the

HALLWAY

Jennifer see the Assailant leaping down the stairs. She shoots his legs out from under him.

He tumbles down the rest of the way.

INT. DOORWAY - NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The man lies on the floor and writhes in pain.

Jennifer approaches and fires two shots into the assailant's head.

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. FREEWAY - SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

A car speeds up the freeway in the carpool lane.

INT. SAME CAR - NIGHT

Jennifer sits in the backseat.

She tucks the dossier into her green sports bag.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - NIGHT

The car drives down a tree lined lane and stops near a small patch of trees.

The car lights fade off.

Jennifer gets out with her bag and runs into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Jennifer runs through the woods.

Her house is visible in the distance.

INT. BEDROOM - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The lights in the house are off. Shadows dance in the dark.

Jennifer quietly lifts open the window. She sneaks into her own house.

INT. HALLWAY - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jennifer walks down the hall and stops near a door.

She opens it. A small cement staircase descends into the darkness.

Green sports bag in hand, she slowly walks down.

INT. SAFEHOUSE BASEMENT - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: "SAFEHOUSE - DAY ONE".

The room silent except for the door that has just squeaked open.

Jennifer walks down some steps and into the main area.

Carl sits at the desk. Pitt steps forward.

JENNIFER
Hi, I'm Jennifer.

CARL
The junior diplomat.

JENNIFER
That's right.

CARL
We've been expecting you.

PITT
Hi Jen, I'm Pitt.

CARL
Carl.

PITT
Welcome to the front lines.

END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. GARAGE - NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Sandy is tied on top of a wooden tool table. She's bound and gagged.

Jennifer hurries to her side.

JENNIFER
Sandy!

Jennifer unties Sandy and helps her off the table.

Sandy hugs her tight.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

The furniture is torn with bullet holes.

JENNIFER

Are you hurt?

Sandy tries to be brave.

SANDY

I think I'm OK. These bastards were Ed's friends. They kept asking things about you.

JENNIFER

We've been monitoring them for some time.

SANDY

Monitoring who?

JENNIFER

The crew Ed's been running with. They've sold weapons on the black market to members of Al Qaeda.

SANDY

Members of Al Qaeda were living next door to me? Across the street from you?

JENNIFER

Yes.

SANDY

How is that possible? These guys are all white.

JENNIFER

It's not so much who they are, but who they did business with.

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

The muddy black Sports Utility Vehicle drives away from the white pickup truck.

The white pickup truck drives down a barren road.

High on a rocky ridge, Pitt and Carl aim sniper rifles at the pickup truck.

Pitt and Carl fire several shots.

The black SUV slams into a ditch.

The Henchman gets out of the vehicle and fires wildly into the night.

Carl fires another shot into the Henchman's chest.

EXT. DUSTY ROAD - NIGHT

The black Sports Utility Vehicle idles in the ditch.

Pitt and Carl take fingerprints off the Henchman and the driver.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

My team confiscated the weapons.
Those armaments have been funneled
to our enemies on battlefields in
the Middle East.

Pitt and Carl take the three coffins of weapons from the black Sports Utility Vehicle and drive away into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

Pitt drives at breakneck speed down the freeway.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

The Al Qaeda sleeper cell worked
with Mexican gangs who had a camp
in the California desert on the 8
Highway. We hit them, but lost one
ours.

A passing road sign read "YUMA ARIZONA 200 MILES".

Jennifer kneels on the backseat and holds an assault rifle pointed at the rear window.

Both of them are covered in blood, dirt and sweat.

PITT

Fuck!

JENNIFER

Turn the car around, Pitt. Maybe
he's still alive.

PITT

Carl was riddled with bullets. He's gone, do you get that? He dead!

Tears stream down her face.

JENNIFER

We can't just leave him out there.

PITT

This is war, Jen. There's nothing we can do about him now. If we're not careful, we may be next.

Pitt drives aggressively and tails a car in the distance.

EXT. 8 FREEWAY - SAN DIEGO - CONTINUOUS

The morning sun breaks the dawn.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

We followed one of them out of the desert... directly to our neighborhood. We knew they were in San Diego, but had no idea they were living right across the street.

Pitt drives the car at tremendously high speeds.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NEIGHBORS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SUPER: "SLEEPER CELL RESIDENCE".

A CAUCASIAN MAN (40) runs into the living room.

SLEEPER CELL UNIT LEADER

We've got an hour to tear down this operation.

THREE OTHER CAUCASIAN MEN in their twenties pack computer equipment and documents into large bags.

SLEEPER CELL MEMBER # 1

How the fuck did they get on to us?

SLEEPER CELL UNIT LEADER

I don't know. We've been very careful.

SLEEPER CELL MEMBER # 2
We should have gotten rid of Ed a long time ago.

SLEEPER CELL UNIT LEADER
That chick across the street got him. Self-defense the police report said.

SLEEPER CELL MEMBER # 1
What a coincidence... for a diplomat.

SLEEPER CELL UNIT LEADER
She's what?

SLEEPER CELL MEMBER # 1
I found out she works for some government agency.

SLEEPER CELL UNIT LEADER
Take care of her... now!

Sleeper Cell member number one picks up a grenade and steps outside.

END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. JENNIFER'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Ambulances, police and SWAT vans are scattered on the street.

Paramedics carry covered bodies on stretchers.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
Gang warfare spilled out into the streets of an northern San Diego community today. Authorities would make no comment other than say they are still investigating. In other news, a military spokesperson said that an overnight desert explosion was a pre-scheduled training exercise.

Jennifer helps Sandy to an ambulance.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jennifer sips a coffee while reading an entertainment magazine. She looks up.

Valerie sits down at Jennifer's table, facing her.

VALERIE

Hi Jen.

JENNIFER

Hello Val.

VALERIE

You're not answering your phone.

JENNIFER

What do you want, Val?

VALERIE

I need a Station Chief...

JENNIFER

I told you, no more missions.

Jennifer looks down at her magazine.

VALERIE

I have an opening in Somalia.

Jennifer looks up.

JENNIFER

Somalia?

VALERIE

It's the Wild West.

JENNIFER

No, it's hell.

Jennifer closes the magazine and takes another sip of coffee.

VALERIE

We desperately need folks out there. I'll make you Deputy Station Chief.

JENNIFER

We don't even have a station out there.

VALERIE

My point, exactly.

JENNIFER

I don't know, Val.

Valerie gets up and hands a folder to Jennifer.

VALERIE

I thought you'd want to read this.

Valerie walks away as Jennifer opens it.

A picture Nicky is stapled to the first page.

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. LA JOLLA SHORES BEACH - SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

Nicky jogs on the sand on the empty.

Cold wind blows in her hair.

She stops and stares at the water and sees a fancy yacht approaching the shore.

Ed and a group of men unload several black plastic coffins off the yacht into a black Sports Utility Vehicle.

They do not see Nicky.

Nicky stands up and walks away. She accidentally steps onto an empty plastic bottle.

Ed and then men freeze when they hear the sound of the crushed plastic bottle.

They now see Nicky a short distance away. Ed and one of his cronies jump into the SUV and drive towards Nicky.

She starts to run.

The SUV's headlights slowly catch up to her.

INT. BLACK SPORTS UTILITY VEHICLE - NIGHT

Ed is at the wheel.

Nicky runs as fast as she can. Ed floors the accelerator and runs her over.

EXT. LA JOLLA SHORES BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Nicky lies face down in the sand.

The SUV spins around and runs over her once more.

Ed stops the vehicle. He and the other man get out and pick up Nicky. They toss her into the back.

ED
(in Spanish with English
subtitles)
Dump her in the ocean.

They drive back to the others.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - SAN DIEGO - DAY

The early morning sun rises.

The yacht idles.

Three black plastic coffins sit on the deck.

A group of thugs use equipment to carefully lower the coffins into the water.

The yacht engine starts up. The vessel takes off into the sun.

As the coffins reach the sand banks, Nicky's dead body floats upwards. The ocean current causes her to drift towards the shore.

END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

SUPER: "CIA HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY, VIRGINIA".

Jennifer jogs along a tree-lined road. Shiny glass buildings are visible in the distance below.

The camera pans to reveal Sandy jogging beside her.

FREEZE FRAME

Side by side they run toward the camera.

FADE OUT.