

MANHATTAN

1. "ON YOUR MARKS"

by

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BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: "On Your Marks"

TRETIAK (V.O.)
Queen Knight to C3.

The male voice is deep and deliberate, with an Eastern Bloc accent.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK APARTMENT ROOM - NIGHT

TRETIAK, 40's, sits in an empty room before a chess set on a table. His athletic frame fills every inch of his blue suit.

He scans the chessboard, pressing a Bluetooth-like earpiece as a VOICE emanates from it with a similar tone and accent.

VOICE (RADIO)
Queen Pawn to D5.

He makes the opening move for Black, across the board.

- He moves another of his White pieces.
- And later counters for Black.
- He moves another of his White pieces.
- And later counters for Black.
- Some minutes later, he moves again.
- He counters for Black, claiming a White Bishop.

He sits back, disappointed, and adjusts his sunglasses.

VOICE (RADIO) (CONT'D)
Queen takes Knight.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

CLOSE - A FIGURE smokes a cigarette, only his lips seen.

VOICE
Checkmate.

INT. DARK APARTMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Tretiak sits up.

TRETIAK

Figures.

He pulls up his sleeve and checks his watch.

INSERT - It reads 9:47 PM.

TRETIAK (CONT'D)

How much longer?

VOICE (RADIO)

Any minute.

TRETIAK

What was the count again?

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

CLOSE - The figure takes another puff.

VOICE

Nine men, two women, one dog.
Thirty two shots fired.

INT. DARK APARTMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Tretiak start to reset the chess pieces.

TRETIAK

Sounds about right. Then I just--

The SCREECH of tires outside draws his attention.

Tretiak walks to the dusty window blinds.

He parts them, looking out.

P.O.V. - TRETIAK

Several Police Cruisers pull up to the building.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX

Three Police Cruisers and a SWAT Truck swing into position at the entrance of the apartment complex.

INT. DARK APARTMENT ROOM

Tretiak continues to overlook the commotion. Suddenly he is bathed in a blinding white LIGHT. A HELICOPTER is heard.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX

A Police Helicopter hovers above the street, shining its search light on the window.

HELICOPTER PILOT (V.O.)
Subject spotted. 6th floor, East side.

INT. DARK APARTMENT ROOM

Tretiak steps away from the blinds.

TRETIAK
Right on--

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

VOICE
--Time.

The figure finishes the sentence in a seamless transition.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

A dozen heavily-armed Police Officers race up the stairwell. They take defensive positions as they reach the sixth floor.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY

Six SWAT members prepare to breach an apartment door. Two of them ready a massive steel battering ram. The SWAT COMMANDER backs against the wall, talking via radio.

SWAT COMMANDER
Sir, this is Team 1. We are in position. Holding for green light.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX

Police DETECTIVE DONALD VANBIESBROUCK (late 40's) and the much younger LIEUTENANT VINCENT METCALF wait in a cruiser.

Metcalf answers his radio.

LIEUTENANT METCALF

Ok, this is it. You know what to do, so don't screw it up this time.

Vanbiesbrouck pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

He offers one to Metcalf, who shakes his head to decline.

LIEUTENANT METCALF (CONT'D)

We do this right we save lives, it's just that simple. So check --

Suddenly an unexpected voice blares back over the radio.

TERRANCE GRAVES (RADIO)

Detective Vanbiesbrouck, this is Special Agent Graves of the F.B.I, I order you to abort your raid immediately.

DONALD VANBIESBROUCK

Oh, hell no.

He snatches the radio from Metcalf.

DONALD VANBIESBROUCK (CONT'D)

Back off, you spook. I don't care what set of letters you work for, I've been waiting on this for nine months. No way you're stepping on my toes now.

INT./EXT. FBI SEDAN

SPECIAL AGENT TERRANCE GRAVES, 40's, watches from a black Sedan - one of several in a small convoy - with a radio in one hand and binoculars in the other.

TERRANCE GRAVES

Janus Tretiak is Number 3 on Interpol's most wanted list. Do you really think he'd just be sitting in an empty room with nothing better to do with his time?

INT. DARK APARTMENT ROOM

Tretiak opens a duffle bag, revealing a M4 Assault Rifle.

He pulls it out, preparing it to fire.

TERRANCE GRAVES (V.O.)

If you send your men in there now,
the only way out is in a body bag,
so I hope you have an ample supply.
This is a disastrous call.

INT./EXT. POLICE CRUISER

Vanbiesbrouck grips the radio.

DONALD VANBIESBROUCK

Look, Special Fed, you want a
disastrous call? Turn on the Mets
game. In the mean time, get your
nose out of my case. Team 1, you
have a go. Full breach.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

The SWAT COMMANDER nods.

SWAT COMMANDER

Yes, sir.

He gestures to the others.

The two officers on the battering ram nod.

SLOW - They draw back, preparing to swing the ram.

INT. DARK APARTMENT ROOM

SLOW - Tertiak loads a grenade into his assault rifle.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY

SLOW - The SWAT officers swing the ram closer.

INT. DARK APARTMENT ROOM

SLOW - Tertiak fires.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY

SLOW - Just as the ram makes impact, the door EXPLODES.

The flames erupt through the hallway.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX

The explosion can be heard from outside, and one window FLASHES briefly from the flame.

INT./EXT. POLICE CRUISER

Metcalf and Vanbiesbrouck flinch.

METCALF

Jesus.

They exit the vehicle.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY

Tretiak steps through the flaming doorway and into the hall.

He tears into the remaining SWAT members with machine-like precision. Every bullet finds it's target, every target finds the floor.

As terrified swat members peak out from behind cover they find bullets are magically there waiting for them.

It's as if TRETIAK has played out this scenario a thousand times before.

He looks around and assesses to access the situation.

TRETIAK

Five down. Thirteen rounds fired.

Once again he begins to strides down the hallway.

Just ahead two more officers sit in opposing doorways, ready to ambush him.

Before they can react, Tretiak opens fire.

His rifle rounds tear through the drywall, killing the two officers instantly.

Tretiak continues moving, checking his watch.

TRETIAK (CONT'D)
Seven down. Nineteen rounds fired.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX

At street level Vanbiesbrouck paces hysterically, screaming into his radio.

DONALD VANBIESBROUCK
Team 1, do you read me? Callahan,
come in. What's going on up there?

He gives up and clips his radio to his belt, walking toward the building.

DONALD VANBIESBROUCK (CONT'D)
That bastard isn't getting away.
Not this time.

Lieutenant Metcalf steps forward, stopping him.

LIEUTENANT METCALF
Detective, wait. We should tell
them to fall back. We don't know
what we're up against just yet.

DONALD VANBIESBROUCK
You radio for Backup. I'm ending
this.

The grizzled officer removes an old school .357 MAGNUM and heads for the entrance along with other officers.

LIEUTENANT METCALF
Don!

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL

A Police Officer run up the stairs, drawing near a door.

Right as he prepares to open it, the door FLINGS open.

It his the officer violently, launching him over the railing.

He yells, plummeting down the central space between stairs.

A Female Officer ascending with a German Shepard sees the officer fall, looking over the railing.

FEMALE OFFICER

Oh my God.

She releases the German Shepard, following it up the stairs.

Tretiak rounds a corner casually.

Suddenly the dog LEAPS at him, grabbing his forearm.

Tretiak yells, falling back.

He beats the dog away with the butt of his rifle.

Hits it once more for good measure, knocking it unconscious.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY (2)

The beautifully innocent MEGAN WILCOX, lower 20's, hurries down the hall. She searches for her keys, looking worried.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL

The Female Officer rounds the corner below, aiming her gun.

Before she can fire, Tretiak shoots her thrice in the chest.

Just then Megan Wilcox opens the door near the officer, screaming.

CLOSE - Megan stops yelling suddenly when a GUNSHOT is heard.

Tretiak aims his rifle, confused.

Megan looks down.

INSERT - A bleeding torso wound seeps through her shirt.

Megan looks to Tretiak, pleading with her eyes, and falls.

Tretiak runs down the stairs.

He kneels by Megan's side, holding her head.

TRETIAK

I'm sorry. I don't think you were supposed to be part of the equation.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY (2)

Vanbiesbrouck, gun drawn, creeps down the hall.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL

Megan stares to Tretiak, eyes glossed over as she dies.

Tretiak lowers her, looking resentful.

DONALD VANBIESBROUCK (O.C.)
Hands up, now!

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY (2)

Tretiak glares to Vanbiesbrouck.

The Detective looks to Megan.

DONALD VANBIESBROUCK
What did you do, Tretiak?

Tretiak stands slowly, turning to him.

TRETIAK
You should have listened to Agent
Graves. But then we both knew that
wasn't going to happen.

DONALD VANBIESBROUCK
Shut up and put your hands on your
head.

TRETIAK
Eleven cops dead because you had to
have your man, and now her. Was it
worth it, Donald?

DONALD VANBIESBROUCK
How do you know my name?

Tretiak starts walking toward him, casually.

TRETIAK
You shadow me for nine months think I
don't know you Donald Vanbiesbrouck,
age 48? Wife Janet. Father of two.
Daughter Kelly, age eight. Son Mark,
sixteen, who just made the JV baseball
team. Daddy must be so proud.

DONALD VANBIESBROUCK
Shut your damn mouth!

TRETIAK

You live on 24 Dorchester lane. A big three-bedroom bungalow. Nice pool. Janet prefers to swim nude.

Infuriated, Vanbiesbrouck pulls the trigger but his gun doesn't fire. He pulls the trigger again, nothing.

TRETIAK (CONT'D)

I must say, it looks a lot bigger from the inside.

Tretiak cracks a half smile, and in a flash parries Donald's gun and grabs him by the throat.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Lieutenant Metcalf is on the police cruiser radio.

LIEUTENANT METCALF

Listen, I have officers down and I need assistance. I'm on the corner of 147th and--

Before he can finish, the lifeless body of Detective Vanbiesbrouck flies out of a window.

It crashes through the windshield of the police cruiser.

Metcalf leaps away.

He looks on in shock as officers race to the Detective.

Metcalf looks up to the window above.

Tretiak looks down, emotionless.

Metcalf fumbles for his pistol, finally pointing it.

Tretiak is gone. The window is empty.

Metcalf looks confused.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY (2)

The shattered window can be seen through an open doorway. As WE PAN UP we see a a fixed security camera. The red recording light flashes rhythmically.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

A team of Paramedics races down the sidewalk. They pass a dark, narrow alley - from which Tretiak emerges.

He glances around, unnoticed. He presses his earpiece.

TRETIAK

It is finished.

He straightens the lapel of his suit and disappears down the street, which is increasingly crowded by curious onlookers.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

A Presidential Convoy approaches in the distance. PAN DOWN to the figure, waiting on a rooftop with a sniper rifle aimed.

VOICE

No.

As WE CIRCLE around we see it's TRETIAK, albeit a bit more worn and gruff-looking. He looks down the scope.

TRETIAK

It has just started.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom is a complete mess. Clothes are strewn about, plates covered in rotten food litter every open space.

Under the months worth of clutter is the room of a former Collegiate athlete.

Pennants and trophies, although worn and forgotten still cover the walls. Most adorned with the a Symbol of a knight, the mascot of UCF (University of Central Florida).

The largest and most lavish: "State Champion 100m Dash," hangs over the young mans bed.

7 AM. A semi visible alarm clock begins to blare out it's harmonic terror as a hand reaches out from under the covers.

JAKE SKERRITT slowly sits up and begins to scratch his hair. He is roughly 25 years old, his trim but scruffy physique still bears all the earmarks of a well disciplined athlete.

INSERT - His hand runs over a ghastly scar on his right knee. He hobbles toward the bathroom with a pronounced limp.

INT. JAKE'S BATHROOM

Jake sits on the rim of his bath tub.

He removes a small medical kit from under his sink.

Inside the kit is a small black case, with a syringe inside.

He locates a swollen mound in the middle of the scar tissue.

He gulps.

Slowly he slides the syringe into the swollen area and begins to extract a large fluid build up from within his knee.

A full vile fills with fluid, but instead of removing the syringe, he simply cuts off the flow and inserts a new vile.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

A large group of police and emergency personnel are in the process of investigating and tending to the murder scene.

Several CSI personnel examine the shattered windshield through which Vanbiesbrouck fell.

TERRANCE GRAVES lowers his sunglasses, gazing at the remains.

TERRANCE GRAVES

How many did Tretiak take out?

One CSI Detective stands near Graves, reading a notepad.

CSI DETECTIVE

Eleven police officers and a dog.
And a civilian, a Miss Wilcox.

Graves nods, donning his shades again.

TERRANCE GRAVES

Unlucky thirteen.

An undercover cruiser approaches the building.

LIEUTENANT METCALF exits, examining the situation.

Some distance away, Graves examines the shattered windshield.

Metcalf talks to an officer, who points out Graves.

He makes a beeline for the Federal Agent.

LIEUTENANT METCALF

Graves?

Graves turns to see him.

TERRANCE GRAVES

That's right Lieutenant Metcalf,
your going to need lots of them.

LIEUTENANT METCALF

I'm sorry but do I know you?

TERRANCE GRAVES

No, But I know you. Vincent James
Metcalf. Twenty nine years old.
Eight years as a cop. Your father
left when you were your mother was
a closet alcoholic.

LIEUTENANT METCALF

What is this, Psych?

TERRANCE GRAVES

I like to know who's feet I'm going
to be stepping on.

LIEUTENANT METCALF

Don't give me that jurisdiction
crap. That was partner's dead body
we pulled out of that windshield.
This is my case now.

TERRANCE GRAVES

Well, if you don't want to end up
like him I'd stay out of my way.
You're liable to get hurt.

He walks off. Metcalf glares at him, helpless.

CUT TO:

INT. TANAKA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Everything in the apartment room is perfectly neat and tidy. Nothing out of order, nothing out of place.

A high-tech, fiber-optic alarm clock reads 6:59 AM. Just as it hits 7 AM, the hand of YOSHIHIRO TANAKA (early 30's) shuts off the alarm. He reads a physics textbook through a thick pair of stylish dark rimmed glasses. He was already awake.

INT. TANAKA'S BATHROOM

Tanaka washes his face, brushes his teeth and tends to his morning needs. His bathroom is exceptionally clean, all his toiletries laid out perfectly before him.

INT. TANAKA'S KITCHEN

Tanaka walks into his kitchen.

As he steps in his automatic coffee machine kicks into action brewing his own personal morning blend.

ROBOTIC VOICE (O.C.)
Ohayou, Yoshihiro.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX PORCH - DAY

Tanaka steps out onto his porch and looks out at his quiet suburban neighborhood.

His notices a black van parked on the side of the road.

He double-takes, squinting in confusion.

P.O.V. - TANAKA

He looks to the van, which looks ominously out of place.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX PORCH

Tanaka continues to glance as he heads back inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. CALIFORNIA TRACK CLUB - DAY

CLOSE - JAKE'S hand balances on its fingers on black asphalt.

Jake Skerritt adjusts his feet on a set of starting blocks, the lone runner on a quiet track. Parts of the track are covered in the distance, appearing to be unused lately.

He bends his bad knee, which is taped up.

He winces in pain.

He lowers himself to sprinting position.

CLOSE - He closes his eyes, and slowly reopens them.

FLASH TO:

EXT. NCAA TRACK AND FIELD FINALS - FLASHBACK

Some months earlier, Jake is one of a half-dozen racers.

His leg is in mint condition, and the crowd is cheering.

The Race Official raises the starting pistol.

RACE OFFICIAL
On your marks.

Jake slides his fingers to the starting line.

He takes a deep breath.

RACE OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
Get set.

Jakes assumes the starting position.

As the hammer of the pistol falls, Jake is off.

He bursts to the front of the pack like a man possessed.

Pure exhilaration covers his face as he tears down the track.

Others strain to pass him, but can't.

Finally he passes the finish line to the roar of the crowd.

He looks to the digital time sign.

P.O.V. - JAKE

The sign is blank.

EXT. NCAA TRACK AND FIELD FINALS

Jake pants heavily, staring in anticipation.

P.O.V. - JAKE

After a moment the sign lights up. "9.91. New State Record."

EXT. NCAA TRACK AND FIELD FINALS

Jake jumps in celebration as the crowd erupts again.

CLOSE - He turns to the stands, smiling brightly.

FLASH TO:

EXT. CALIFORNIA TRACK CLUB - PRESENT

CLOSE - Jake looks to the stands, grimacing in pain.

INSERT - The stopwatch in his hand reads "13.72."

Jake lowers it in frustration.

JAKE SKERITT

Damn.

He limps away toward the starting blocks in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL - DAY

TERRANCE GRAVES climbs the winding steps of the apartment complex. LIEUTENANT METCALF follows closely behind.

Graves navigates through the crime scene where Megan Wilcox had died.

LIEUTENANT METCALF

We had a dozen cops ready to take down Tretiak, but I think it was all just a setup for this ambush.

INT. DESTROYED APARTMENT

Graves looks into the apartment with the shattered window.

He and Metcalf walk over and peer out.

TERRANCE GRAVES

Don't obsess over this Vince. You won't like what you find. Tretiak is and always has been my problem, so there is no reason to concern yourself.

LIEUTENANT METCALF

I can't do that. And if you would have done your job in the first place my partner wouldn't be dead.

TERRANCE GRAVES

I told him not to go in. I told you both. Besides, would you have preferred he died in a few years from a massive coronary? We both know that was a far more likely scenario than him catching Tretiak.

Metcalf shakes his head in disgust and leaves down the hall.

Graves takes one last look at the window.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY (2)

Graves steps out into the hallway, checking for Metcalf.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL

He steps into the stairwell, looking over the railing.

He glances around, once more ensuring he's alone.

CLOSE - He presses a button on the rim of his sunglasses. A red LIGHT illuminates his face from under the lenses.

P.O.V. - GRAVES

His red viewed is overlaid by a 3D readout of the area.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL

Graves waves his fingers, activating invisible controls.

P.O.V. - GRAVES

He navigates various controls in his Heads-Up Display. He selects among them an option labeled "Ballistics Imaging."

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL

Graves, seen with the same imaging as his glasses, steps back as a three dimensional GRAPH fills the room.

On all four corners of the room small traces of gun residue are revealed. The graph then fills in the empty spaces, pinpointing the bullets point of origin, as well as the bullets trajectory.

Graves raises his hands as if he was the shooter.

He follows Tretiak's every move, only backwards, counting shots as he ascends the stairs.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY

Graves backs toward Tretiak's apartment.

INT. TRETIAK'S APARTMENT

Graves enters, turning off his display.

He goes to the chess board in the far corner, still standing.

He looks at the few remaining pieces on the board.

He picks up a pawn, just as Metcalf appears in the doorway.

LIEUTENANT METCALF

So did we miss anything?

Graves doesn't answer, instead studying the board.

TERRANCE GRAVES

Checkmate.

Metcalf approaches.

LIEUTENANT METCALF
I always hated chess.

TERRANCE GRAVES
That's because you play with your
mind, not your biceps.

LIEUTENANT METCALF
I played football through college,
I wouldn't have been caught dead on
the chess team.

Graves still looks to the board.

TERRANCE GRAVES
The best chess players live ten,
twelve moves ahead. A true champion
can see a victory hours before the
final piece falls.

LIEUTENANT METCALF
Meaning what, exactly?

TERRANCE GRAVES
The chessboard is the world. The
pieces are the phenomena of the
Universe. The rules of the game are
what we call the laws of Nature and
the player on the other side is
hidden from us.

Graves finally loops up at Metcalf.

TERRANCE GRAVES (CONT'D)
You lost the moment you put your
pieces on the board.

LIEUTENANT METCALF
Show some respect. This isn't some
game. These are real people.

Graves holds up the pawn to Metcalf.

TERRANCE GRAVES
This is you, a Pawn. You can't
really do anything, except get in
the big pieces' way.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Graves heads to his black sedan, Metcalf following behind.

LIEUTENANT METCALF
Look, Agent Graves, this is my
case. I need you to keep me
informed and I know you're not
telling me everything.

Graves opens the door and turns to Metcalf.

TERRANCE GRAVES
Well that was Tretiak alright. No
doubt in my mind.

LIEUTENANT METCALF
I know. I saw him.

TERRANCE GRAVES
Then you're lucky to be alive.

Graves sits in his car.

LIEUTENANT METCALF
How do I contact you?

TERRANCE GRAVES
Leave that to me.

LIEUTENANT METCALF
So I'll hear from you again?

Graves doesn't answer, and merely rolls up his window.

Metcalf turns away dejected and angry.

INT. FBI SEDAN

Graves looks at Metcalf in his mirror, preparing to drive.

He takes a breath.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX

He rolls down the window.

TERRANCE GRAVES
Hey Vince.

Metcalf turns around.

TERRANCE GRAVES (CONT'D)
There's an important thing you need
to know about chess.

LIEUTENANT METCALF

What?

TERRANCE GRAVES

At the end of the day the Pawn and
the King always go in the same box.

He rolls up his window.

Metcalf watches.

Graves drives off, leaving Metcalf in the crime scene.

FADE TO BLACK:

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

FADE TO:

INT. NEW YORK SUBWAY - DAY

A subway train speeds down the track.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

YOSHIHIRO TANAKA sits next to the middle-aged and grizzled
mechanic JOE. He wears a suit and carries a briefcase.

JOE

Nothing's going right, and now my
wife's moving out. So at least I
have that going for me.

Tanaka smiles.

He turns to the advertisements covering the upper portion of
the subway car.

A large Presidential election poster stands out amongst the
rest. It reads: "Vote Senator GERALD PRESCOTT for President,
the future is in good hands."

YOSHIHIRO TANAKA

So what are your thoughts on
Prescott? Think he has what it
takes?

JOE

Well he's a Red guy, right?

YOSHIHIRO TANAKA

Red guy?

JOE

Yeah, a Republican, and our last President was a blue guy.

YOSHIHIRO TANAKA

And your point is?

JOE

Well, they usually flip flop from one to the other. First the Red's screw it up, then the Blue's screw it up some more. They just keep on passing the shovel back and forth. The hole keeps getting bigger but they just keep digging.

YOSHIHIRO TANAKA

So you're voting Democratic next time?

JOE

Kid, I don't get any pleasure in exercising my right to vote, I get enough exercise on the couch.

Tanaka smiles as his gaze slowly wonders down through the passenger's faces.

P.O.V. - TANAKA

His eye's lock on a man at the end of the car, who quickly turns away, trying not to be noticed.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

Tanaka is slightly startled by this.

INT. SUBWAY STATION

The train comes to a stop.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

Tanaka stands to leave, still staring at the stranger.

JOE

Where are you going, Yoshi? You're still four stops from the University.

YOSHIHIRO TANAKA

Ya, all that talk about exercise I guess. I'll see you tomorrow Joe.

JOE

You too, kid. Have a good one.

INT. SUBWAY STATION

Tanaka steps off the train, quickly moving through the crowd.

His eye's remain fixed on the doors of the subway car as he makes his way to the exit.

The doors begin to close.

Tanaka seems to relax, preparing to turn away.

CLOSE - Before the doors can completely shut a pair of hands appear through the crack and jar them back open.

The man in the dark suit steps off the car.

Tanaka quickly cuts through the crowd as the suspicious man beings to follow.

EXT. CITY STREET

Tanaka runs up the stairs to the street, waving for a cab.

One cab does stop, and Tanaka wastes no time jumping in.

The man in the dark suit follows, but loses him.

INT. CAB

Tanaka ducks down into the seat.

CABBIE

Where to?

YOSHIHIRO TANAKA

Columbia please.

EXT. CITY STREET

The man is visibly upset, having lost Tanaka.

CABBIE (V.O.)
 You better mean the University,
 because I don't think I have enough
 gas otherwise.

The Cabbie laughs.

FADE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - DAY

JAKE, in his officer uniform, looks over a posted schedule.

A larger officer, FRED JAMES, approaches JAKE from behind.

FRED JAMES
 Hey, Cripple. Where were you this
 morning? I called you for a ride.

JAKE SKERRITT
 I was at the track. Physical
 activity, remember that? Helps you
 catch the bad guys.

Fred grabs a jelly doughnut.

FRED JAMES
 Yeah, right. That's what backup is
 for.

Jake continues to look at the schedule, finding his name.

JAKE SKERRITT
 Looks like you won't need to be
 fast on your feet today. Shocker.

FRED JAMES
 Parade route?

JAKE SKERRITT
 Yep, between 14th and Washington.

FRED JAMES
 Perfect. I know a good pizza place
 around there.

JAKE SKERRITT

You know a pizza place everywhere,
James.

FRED JAMES

So I love pizza. Big whoop.

JAKE SKERRITT

Yeah, but your pants don't.

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - DAY

A large crowd of people have gathered outside the annual G-5 convention.

A News Reporter and her crew stand by the large stairway.

REPORTER

This is Erica Gregor coming to you
live from city hall where the
annual G-5 summit is being held.
The main topic of this years
discussions of course being the
complete neutralization of Russian
and American Nuclear stockpiles.

Many protest groups have crowded the busy city streets to
either protest or support nuclear weapons.

REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Estimates put the combined number
of Nuclear war heads in the range
of 80 to 100 thousand between
America and Russia alone. Soviet
Prime Minister Evgeni Varlamov has
been a tremendous supporter of the
international movement to ban
nuclear weapons since the late
1990's.

From behind her a large commotion can be observed as the
world leaders begin to exit city hall.

Among them is PRESIDENT GERALD PRESCOTT, seen earlier on the
subway billboards.

Throngs of reporters descend on the politicians, held at a
distance by even more Secret Service and guards.

The young Reporter tries to push her way to the President.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
 Mr. President may we have a word?
 Mr. President?

Prescott is eventually escorted to an awaiting motorcade.

He gets into his vehicle without a word.

Protestors scream and shout, some throwing their signs.

The Reporter tries to avoid getting trampled, watching the motorcade drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. METCALF'S APARTMENT - EVENING

A young woman, CHLOE REIMER watches a Romantic Comedy on TV on a couch, giggling to herself.

A moment later METCALF enters, putting away his coat.

Chloe turns to see him, virtually ignored as he passes by.

CHLOE REIMER
 Good evening. Nice to see you.

LIEUTENANT METCALF
 Good evening.

CHLOE REIMER
 I'm surprised to see you home so early.

Metcalf finally acknowledges her, walking over.

He leans over the back of the couch, kissing her.

Chloe winces, grimacing.

CHLOE REIMER (CONT'D)
 Vince have you been smoking again?

Metcalf turns away, ignoring the question.

LIEUTENANT METCALF
 They gave me the rest of the week off.

CHLOE REIMER
 Well that's good news.

LIEUTENANT METCALF
Now for the bad news: Donald was
killed today.

Chloe smiles a moment, until she realizes it's not a joke.

CHLOE REIMER
What?

LIEUTENANT METCALF
That's not all. Altogether we lost
eleven cops. On my raid. On my
watch.

Chloe shuts off the TV.

She moves to her man's side, comforting him.

CHLOE REIMER
What happened?

LIEUTENANT METCALF
I'm still trying to figure that
out.

Metcalf walks to the nearest window.

P.O.V. - METCALF

The New York City skyline is aglow with the setting sun
providing the perfect back lighting.

INT. METCALF'S APARTMENT

Chloe hugs Metcalf from behind.

LIEUTENANT METCALF
The reason I took this job was to
keep the streets safe for my family
and those I love. I don't know how
to do that anymore.

CHLOE REIMER
You just need to take it easy.
This time off will help. I was
thinking we could go to that
restaurant we used to--

A CELL PHONE ringing interrupts her. Metcalf pulls his phone
from his pocket and answers it.

LIEUTENANT METCALF
Metcalf. Yeah. Where?

Chloe walks away, dejected.

LIEUTENANT METCALF (CONT'D)
Alright, don't move. I'll be right
there.

He hangs up, speaking to Chloe as he gets his jacket again.

LIEUTENANT METCALF (CONT'D)
I have to go, it's a lead on
Donald's killer. I'll be back soon.

The slam of the door serves her good-bye, leaving her alone.

CHLOE REIMER
I love you too.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET GOVERNMENT FACILITY - DAY

A dark room filled with computer monitors drones to the sound of an electric hum and murmur of Technicians.

Each work area is decorated top to bottom in various forms pop culture, mostly Sci-fi. An obvious separation between Star trek fans and Star Wars fans is plainly visible.

Star Trek posters, vandalized with Star Wars quotes, and vice versa cover the outer walls of nearly every cubicle.

A few scattered technicians work at their stations as TERRANCE GRAVES enters the room, flanked by other Feds.

The techies look to him in awe, giving him a wide berth.

Two Awe-Struck Techies huddle into one cubicle.

AWE-STRUCK TECHIE #1
Is that Agent Graves?

AWE-STRUCK TECHIE #2
Sure is.

Graves looks over the room, wearing a black suit and sunglasses, looking like he just walked out of "The Matrix."

AWE-STRUCK TECHIE #1 (V.O.)
 I swear to God, if he says he's
 looking for Mr. Anderson, I'm gonna
 freak out.

Graves finally steps into the room alone.

Young tech FELIX SIMMONS (late 20's), writes a ridiculously complicated mathematics equation on the dry erase board at the front of the room.

He pauses on a few trouble spots, staring through his thick black rimmed bifocals.

Graves stands beside him, looking at the board.

TERRANCE GRAVES
 Still looking for answers, Simmons?

FELIX SIMMONS
 I'm almost there. Just a few more
 days.

TERRANCE GRAVES
 You said that months ago. I think
 it's time we call for backup.

He hands Simmons an earpiece similar to Tretiak's

He turns and walks away, leaving Simmons confused.

FELIX SIMMONS
 Graves, wait. Please. Don't take
 me off this project. I'm too close
 to give up now.

Graves looks over his shoulder.

TERRANCE GRAVES
 Not to worry, Simmons. You are the
 backup.

Simmons looks confused.

Graves leaves, talking to a similar earpiece.

TERRANCE GRAVES (CONT'D)
 Do it.

The Feds escort Simmons away.

CLOSE - The blank sections of the math equation are slowly FILLED IN on their own, as though written by a ghost.

YOSHIHIRO TANAKA (V.O.)
Many scientists propose a theory
that the world in which we live
runs along a path from which we
cannot stray.

FADE TO:

INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DAY

The camera pulls back to reveal PROFESSOR TANAKA speaking to
a half filled class at New York's Columbia University.

YOSHIHIRO TANAKA
A destiny in which we have no say.

Tanaka moves to his chalkboard.

He draws a horizontal line down the middle of the board.

YOSHIHIRO TANAKA (CONT'D)
I believe that if a path is set
down in front of us that it might
be possible to travel back on this
path and change one's destiny.

The handful of students sits in the lecture hall, yawning and
shifting in their seats.

YOSHIHIRO TANAKA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Not for us, but for energy. If we
can send energy along the path of
time, we may even be able to talk
to those in the past or future.

Tanaka looks on from the chalkboard, enthralled in the idea.

YOSHIHIRO TANAKA (CONT'D)
What would you tell yourself if you
knew the future, or if you could
relate every detail of your past?

INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - LATER

GRAVES enters the now-empty room. The class is over.

TANAKA packs up his materials and prepares to head home.

His attention turns to a nearby window.

Once again locating the same black van from outside his apartment.

Tanaka shoves his papers inside his briefcase, flustered.

He turns to leave, stopping short when he hears a voice.

TERRANCE GRAVES (O.C.)
I enjoyed your lecture.

He freezes.

Graves walks passed him, toward the blackboard.

TERRANCE GRAVES (CONT'D)
A few details were off, but you've got the basics. You just need a little . . . polishing.

He erases and edits some equations on the board.

YOSHIHIRO TANAKA
Excuse me do I know you?

TERRANCE GRAVES
Not yet.

Graves finishes an equation.

Tanaka walks up to the board, looking on in fascination.

YOSHIHIRO TANAKA
How is this possible? Are you a Particle Physicist too?

TERRANCE GRAVES
No. But I know this damn thing by heart.

YOSHIHIRO TANAKA
This is my life's work? How?

TERRANCE GRAVES
You know that destiny you always talk about. Well I think you should come with me, I've got something you ought to see.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DAY

GRAVES escorts TANAKA to his black sedan.

Before he can open the door, Graves' earpiece begins beeping.

Graves places his hand over his ear.

VOICE (RADIO)

He's off Santa Monica Boulevard
moving south on Alameda. Go now.

Tanaka looks to him, confused.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMO - DAY

PRESIDENT PRESCOTT sits surrounded by his Chief of Staff and various other military advisers. To the Presidents left sits a high ranking General, his chest covered in all the medals you'd expect of an officer in this position.

GENERAL

Mr. President, with America's agreement to disarm forty-five thousand warheads we will still be in a position to strike with our reserve compliment of twelve hundred positioned around the globe. With the exception of North Korea, the threat of foreign nuclear threats has been greatly reduced.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

And when they folds we will have a stranglehold over the second largest Atomic threat on the planet.

PRESIDENT PRESCOTT

You honestly consider Korea a threat, George?

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

The only way there's a threat is if we miss what we're aiming at.

GENERAL

It's pretty hard to miss with 50 megatons.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
Exactly. Korea may be small, but
not small enough to hide.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PARADE ROUTE - DAY

JAKE stands attentively in the busy city street.

Next to him, FRED is sitting in the police cruiser. His mind
is fixated on the dozen donuts in front of him.

The area is filled with people looking to get a glimpse of
the President, shouting and waving flags.

Jake looks nervous.

FRED JAMES (O.C.)
Jesus. Relax, kid.

Fred looks on from the car, eating a doughnut.

FRED JAMES (CONT'D)
You're making me paranoid.

JAKE SKERRITT
I'm not paranoid, Fred. This is
the President. You should put your
game face on and stop stuffing it.

Fred looks up at Jake, his mouth covered in frosting.

FRED JAMES
This is my game face.

Jake cracks smile.

FRED JAMES (CONT'D)
But seriously, you know how long
it's been since somebody's taken a
shot at the President? Like 30
years. I'm pretty sure the Secret
Service has got his handled.

Down the road the Presidential convoy rounds the corner.
Three limousines cruise down the cleared city streets,
escorted by rows of police motorcycles.

FRED JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)
First of all nobody knows what car
he's in so chances are you'll miss
him entirely.

The convoy approaches a manhole cover sitting in the middle of the road. PAN DOWN through the concrete to reveal a massive C-4 charge that has been fastened to the underside of the manhole cover.

As the first car passes over, the charge DETONATES, sending the vehicle flying into the air.

A second charge placed in the back of a Newspaper vending machine EXPLODES seconds later.

This explosion rips into the side of the third vehicle, shredding it and knocking civilians to the ground.

Without hesitation, Jake sprints toward the destruction.

Fred drops his donut and jumps out of the vehicle.

EXT. ROOFTOP

TRETIAK, as seen before, aims his rifle at the convoy.

EXT. PARADE ROUTE

The limo driver and passenger agent struggle to open their doors, which have been damaged in the explosions.

Jake runs toward them.

Suddenly two bullets strike the limo driver in the chest.

A third hits the passenger agent.

Jake winces as the crowd yells, backing onto the sidewalk.

INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL

Several Police Officers race up the stairs, guns drawn.

EXT. ROOFTOP

Tretiak crawls from the edge of the building.

He talks on his ear piece. The voice on the other end is his.

TRETIAK
You there?

VOICE (RADIO)

Yeah.

He stands, reloading his rifle.

TRETIAK

Go to the hill, East side.

VOICE (RADIO)

You got it.

The access door flies open, and the cops from the stairwell pour onto the rooftop.

POLICE OFFICER

Freeze!

They look around in confusion. There's no one up there.

EXT. PARADE ROUTE - DAY

Jake reaches the rear passenger door of the second limo and pries it open.

Inside, the President and General - the only survivors - cover themselves on the floor.

PRESIDENT PRESCOTT

What the Hell is going on out there?

JAKE SKERRITT

I have no idea, who have you guys pissed off lately?

GENERAL

Pick a country.

Suddenly a bullet shatters the window near Jake's head.

JAKE SKERRITT

Get down!

The President and General cover up as bullets riddle the car.

Jake looks down the street.

P.O.V. - JAKE

On a far hill, a rifle muzzle reflects in the sun.

EXT. PARADE ROUTE

Jake gets on his radio as other Police Officers and Secret Agents arrive to help the President.

JAKE SKERITT
We've got multiple shooters. The
second is on a--

The President is SHOT as Agents pull him from the vehicle.
He slumps back onto the seat, lifeless and shot in the heart.
Jake stares in shock.

The Agents clamor, trying in vain to secure Prescott.

Jake breathes heavily and angrily.

He breaks into a run, headed toward the front of the convoy.

He passes the winded Fred, who just arrived.

FRED JAMES
Wait, where are you going?

Jake lifts an overturned police motorcycle.

He starts it up and speeds off.

He turns down a side road.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET GOVERNMENT FACILITY - DAY

FELIX SIMMONS types on a computer, one of several monitors in the cubicle.

One of the monitors beeps, and a red light flashes over a map of the U.S. West Coast.

Felix looks to it, quickly fumbling for a phone.

He dials it.

FELIX SIMMONS
Graves, this is Simmons. It's
Tretiak. He's in California, and
he is definitely jumping.

SMASH TO:

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

JAKE speeds along on the motorcycle, jumping the curb.
Civilians jump out of the way as he rides onto the grass.
He speeds through the park, avoiding civilians.
He comes to the hilltop where Tretiak was, but is no more.
He surveils the area.

P.O.V. - JAKE

Tretiak ducks into a white Audi some distance way.

EXT. HILLSIDE

Jake glares.
Tretiak locks eyes with him.
Jake speeds toward him on the motorcycle.
Tretiak quickly starts the car.
He speeds off, and Jake follows.

EXT. CITY STREET

Tretiak careens into incoming traffic, driving the wrong way
down a one way road.
Jake does his best to follow, turning on his siren.
He talks on his radio.

JAKE SKERITT
All units. Code 3, code 3. I got
an 11-54 southbound on 192nd.
Officer in pursuit.

P.O.V. - JAKE

Jake weaves in and out of traffic, following Tretiak.

JAKE SKERITT (O.C.)
Suspect is in a white sedan. Audi.

EXT. CITY STREET

Jake continues his pursuit.

Tretiak rounds a corner.

Jake follows, but somehow the Audi has vanished.

Jake slows, pulling over to the shoulder on an overpass.

He double-takes, looking over the edge.

P.O.V. - JAKE

Tretiak's Audi somehow drives along a lower level, into the distance.

EXT. CITY STREET

Jake glares angrily, speeding off.

INT. SECRET GOVERNMENT FACILITY

GRAVES enters and beelines towards Simmons.

Simmons leans back so Graves can see.

FELIX SIMMONS
There he goes again. He's hopping
all over, way more than usual.

TERRANCE GRAVES
Somebody must be on his tail.

FELIX SIMMONS
Well, it's not one of ours.

EXT. LOS ANGELES HIGHWAY - DAY

Tretiak drives along the highway.

He looks in his side-view mirror, appearing confident he wasn't followed.

Jake drives his cycle along a road parallel to the highway.

He veers to the side, bursting through a chain link fence.

He roars up a slight incline in the grass beyond, launching himself into the air.

He flies toward the nearby highway.

He lands heavily on the shoulder, speeding off.

Tretiak drives casually, but looks up to his rear-view mirror. He glances back to see Jake a few cars behind.

He angrily slams on the gas, accelerating.

INT. SECRET GOVERNMENT FACILITY

CLOSE - The digital map zooms in closer to a highway in California. Eventually it shows Tretiak's car.

Graves stands.

TERRANCE GRAVES

Bullseye.

He puts a hand to his ear piece.

TERRANCE GRAVES (CONT'D)

It's Tretiak. We found him. State Route 2, Eastbound.

He checks his watch.

TERRANCE GRAVES (CONT'D)

1:47 PM.

EXT. LOS ANGELES HIGHWAY

The Audi is still being pursued by the police cycle.

Tretiak glances at his mirrors. Suddenly his windshield explodes in a hail of GUNFIRE.

Graves stands in the middle of the road, an assault rifle in his hands.

Tretiak veers to the side hitting another vehicle.

The Audi lurches and rolls.

It rolls repeatedly, smashing glass and metal across the highway. Other vehicles stop or pull over.

Finally it comes to a stop, upside down.

Jake slows down, confused.

CLOSE - The bloodied Tretiak hangs upside down, pressing his ear piece.

TRETIAK

Damn it. Abort.

Graves switches to the grenade launcher mode of his rifle.

He lobs a shot, which EXPLODES on the Audi.

Jake winces from the fiery plume.

Graves walks toward the burning wreckage.

He kneels near the driver's side, looking in. There's nothing. No body. No trace.

Graves stands slowly.

TERRANCE GRAVES

Janus.

FLASH TO:

MONTAGE -

All of the events from Tretiak's crash to the President's assassination flash by in reverse order - like time is being reset.

END MONTAGE -

FLASH TO:

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PARADE ROUTE - DAY

JAKE stands attentively in the busy city street.

Next to him, FRED is sitting in the police cruiser. His mind is fixated on the dozen donuts in front of him.

The area is filled with people looking to get a glimpse of the President, shouting and waving flags.

Jake looks nervous.

FRED JAMES (O.C.)
Jesus. Relax, kid.

Fred looks on from the car, eating a doughnut.

FRED JAMES (CONT'D)
You're making me paranoid.

JAKE SKERRITT
I'm not paranoid, Fred. This is the President. You should put your game face on and stop stuffing it.

Fred looks up at Jake, his mouth covered in frosting.

FRED JAMES
This is my game face.

Jake cracks smile.

The convoy passes by without incident.

From a birds-eye view above Tretiak's former perch, we see the building top is empty.

Finally the convoy rounds a far street corner.

Jake lets out a sigh of relief.

FRED JAMES (CONT'D)
See, what did I tell you?

JAKE SKERRITT
I guess you're right. Just another boring day on the job.

FRED JAMES
You bet I'm right. You weren't even alive the last time someone tried to kill the president.

JAKE SKERRITT
Fair enough. Let's hit that pizza place you were talking about.

Fred tosses the empty doughnut box onto the car floor.

FRED JAMES

Now your talking, I'm starving.

Jake hops in the car and the partners head off.

Stepping from the crowd, GRAVES watches Jake's cruiser leave.

The crowd parts behind Graves, revealing TRETIAK - who wears a jacket and baseball cap.

Tretiak steps behind Graves.

TRETIAK

Well played, Graves.

Graves turns around quickly. Tretiak is gone.

Graves scans the crowd slowly.

TERRANCE GRAVES

Reset the board. We've got a new player.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK POLICE STATION - DAY

A few cops scatter the stations Booking Room.

METCALF, annoyed, approaches SERGEANT BILLINGS - who is asleep in a chair.

LIEUTENANT METCALF

Hey Billings.

The sleeping officer doesn't respond.

Metcalf kicks the officers legs off his desk, instantly awakening Billings.

SERGEANT BILLINGS

Oh, sorry, sir.

LIEUTENANT METCALF

Collins told me she got the tapes from the apartment security cameras.

SERGEANT BILLINGS

Ok, and?

LIEUTENANT METCALF

Where is she?

SERGEANT BILLINGS

You've got me Sir.

Metcalf turns away even more annoyed then before.

He spots officer EMMA COLLINS in one of the rooms many offices. COLLINS is in her early 20's, a striking young officer, dirty blonde hair, fair skinned with the elegance of a dancer.

INT. VIDEO TECH ROOM

Metcalf enters. Collins is to focused on the footage to even notice him.

LIEUTENANT METCALF

So what have you got, Collins?

EMMA COLLINS

You wouldn't believe me if I told you, Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT METCALF

Try me.

Collins watches a moment, eventually turning to Metcalf.

She grins coyly.

SMASH TO BLACK: