

STRANGLEHOLD

written by

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First Draft
EXT CHEMCO COMPOUND - DAY

Color 1ST ANNIVERSARY BANNERS flap along with swirling dust and bending
vegetation
as a HELICOPTER touches down on the CHEMCO grounds, within its tall fences,
near
its administration building.

The banner reads

CHEMCO MALAYSIA--1ST ANNIVERSARY
This is just the beginning.

CHEMCO EXECUTIVES are eagerly standing by with a handful of uniformed
SECURITY
PEOPLE, keeping a respectful distance.

A MALE SPOKESPERSON, well groomed and David Duke-plastic-surgery handsome,
talks
into a wireless mike, ADDRESSING THE CAMERA as his THREE-MAN CREW tapes. He
walks
toward the front entrance--

SPOKESPERSON

Just twenty miles from Kuala Lumpur
something big's happening. That something
is providing jobs for families. That
something is revitalizing a once-depressed
local economy. That something is developing

new technologies for today's ever-demanding world. That something -- is Chemco.

He smiles--

EXT FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

A cluster of EXECUTIVES and MIDDLE MANAGEMENT PERSONNEL walk through the front door.

SPOKESPERSON

It's been a year since Chemco opened it's Malaysian operations, and the venture is a great success, not only for Chemco but for the employees that make up the Chemco family. For Chemco provides regular wages, benefits, and technical training that will allow them to compete well into the next century...

He pauses and smiles in front of the camera crew as the executives pass.

In the background we see the helicopter door open.

INT HELICOPTER

An AIDE, WILSON, reads from an itinerary:

WILSON

Okay, we have about an hour. At 2 o'clock we have to be in Malacca and at 8 o'clock we have a dinner in Singapore with the International Conference of Bankers.

WILLIAM ATKINS, a wimpy, nervous-looking corporate pawn, looks out the door.

ATKINS

Looks like they're already underway.
Ready?

He looks back toward--

CONGRESSWOMAN HELEN FILMORE, who gives herself a last look in a compact MIRROR.

Early 30's, she's attractive, poised, and professional.

FILMORE

Ready as I'll ever be. God it's humid...

She snaps the compact closed, pocketing it as

RYAN COOPER straightens his tie and puts on his jacket.

COOPER

I'll lead.

FILMORE

Why? Are we going dancing?

Filmore goes to leave but Cooper stands in her way.

COOPER

I said I'll lead.

FILMORE

What are you going to do, Cooper,
throw yourself on a Bunsen burner?
It's a bunch of businessmen touring
a lab. We'll be out in no time.

COOPER

I gotta keep you alive--it's in my
contract.

FILMORE

If you're working for me you're going to
do what I tell you.

COOPER

I'm not working for you, remember? And
I'm not too thrilled about this either--

Atkins interjects--

ATKINS

Helen--we're already behind schedule.

Filmore glares at Cooper, who returns the stare. She then looks to Atkins.

FILMORE

Let's just get this over with.

Helen brushes past Cooper, as does Atkins, who throws him a condescending
stare--

Cooper restrains himself, playing it cool, slipping on his SHADES--

EXT CHEMCO

The SPOKESPERSON and CREW approach the three as they exit the helicopter--

SPOKESPERSON

The Chemco legacy began in Cleveland, where
40 years ago Louis Spencer took a small
pharmaceutical company and made it one of
the largest corporations in the world.
Today, first-time Ohio congresswoman Helen
Filmore stops by to see how Louis Spencer's
dream continues to grow.

Filmore extends her hand to PETE OLO, a handsome local man in his 30's.

ATKINS

Helen this is Peter Olo, director of public relations Pacific region, Peter this is Congresswoman Helen Filmore of Ohio.

OLO

We're deeply honored, Ms. Filmore. Malaysia is most appreciative of all that your country has given us.

FILMORE

The people here are lovely, Mr. Olo. I am the one who is honored, and filled with appreciation.

Her charm and grace are most convincing. Ryan Cooper stands uncomfortably in the background, eyeing the place-- He notices the SECURITY GUARDS, the CAMERA CREW--nothing that suspicious.

ATKINS

Shall we get started?

OLO

Certainly. After you.

Everyone heads toward the Central Operations bldg.

Cooper follows behind.

EXT CENTRAL OPERATIONS - DAY

Under the large gleaming CYLINDER running the length of the plant, the crew tapes the GENERAL MANAGER as he walks and points.

Filmore and other executives listen, smiles plastered to their faces:

GEN MGR

...here we control the heat of the chemical wash that we use to refine the ore...making it suitable for safe shipping through a complex system of pipes to the waterfront. It's then shipped to Ohio.

Filmore almost robotically uses this opportunity, responding directly to the camera.

FILMORE

And that's creating new jobs there as well, giving the Buckeye state a much needed boost to its economy.

Cooper shakes his head.

ATKINS

That's correct.

She takes a beat turning to Olo.

FILMORE

Can we break for a moment?

OLO

Certainly.

FILMORE

I just need a drink of water. Is there a fountain nearby?

OLO

Uh, well there's a soda machine through that door, down the hall.

FILMORE

That'll be fine--

She turns to Cooper--

FILMORE

Go get me a coke.

Cooper can only smirk at this request.

COOPER

No can do, ma'am. You know that. Have to keep you in my site at all times.

She nears Cooper...

FILMORE

Just get me a coke and don't argue with me, OK?

COOPER

I'm not arguing. I'm just telling you what the deal is--Congresswoman.

FILMORE

(under her breath)

Look Cooper I don't care what my father says, if you embarrass me here you're going to regret it, understand?

Atkins sees that the others are noticing--he approaches Cooper with a bunch of COINS--he takes Cooper's hand and slaps them in it. Atkins gives him a dirty look.

ATKINS

A soda sounds good. Get me one too.

Diet Lemon-Lime.

Normally Cooper would have floored Atkins by now, but he sizes up the waiting CROWD, and the situation, and suppresses his anger.

COOPER
Anything else? Maybe a sandwich?

FILMORE
Just the soda, please.
Cooper heads down the hall. Filmore watches him leave, sighs, then turns and smiles at the General manager:

FILMORE
What's next?

GEN MGR
Central Operations, straight ahead.

Filmore hides her discomfort as Pete Olo graciously helps her step over a low piece of piping as they move on.

INT HALLWAY--

Cooper heads down the hallway muttering under his breath...

He approaches a doorway and a suspicious-looking MAN pops out and shuts the door behind him, eyeing Cooper--
Cooper stops and scrutinizes him for a second--

COOPER
You work here?

MAN
Yeah...

COOPER
Where's this soda machine?

The man is caught off-guard. He thinks it over--

COOPER
You know, soda?

The man hesitantly points down the hall--

MAN
Uh...around that corner.

COOPER
Thanks. You have a real nice day,
you hear?

Cooper heads down the hall--when he's clear--

the man quickly disappears the other way.

INT CENTRAL OPERATIONS - DAY

It resembles a war room. Filmore looks over a board with Atkins, Olo, and the General Manager. Security maintains a respectful distance.

The SPOKESPERSON is behind them, facing camera:

SPOKESPERSON

We are in Central Operations...the nerve center of Chemco, filled with state-of-the art computers, processors, and monitors. At Chemco, the visions of tomorrow are becoming realities today...

The general manager speaks to Atkins and Filmore:

GEN MGR

All activities in and around the plant can be monitored and controlled from this room. Security is important to a plant of this nature--

ATKINS

--and Chemco has an impeccable safety record.

The Spokesperson approaches Filmore:

SPOKESPERSON

Any thoughts about Chemco or the new plant that you care to comment on, Ms. Filmore?

FILMORE

I'd like to say it's a source of great pride to all of us in the States... to see the technology of today embraced by a place like Malaysia...to know we've helped prepare it...for the challenges of tomorrow.

SPOKESPERSON

Thank you, congresswoman...

OLO

Will that cover it?

ATKINS

I think so.

The spokesperson smiles as he goes over to Atkins.

Filmore shakes the General Manager's hand--

FILMORE

It's been a pleasure to meet you, sir.

GEN MGR

The pleasure's been mine, Ms. Filmore.

ATKINS

Uh, Helen?

Atkins approaches her.

ATKINS

They're assembling management for a group shot. They wanted to get you in there with them.

The spokesperson approaches Filmore--

SPOKESPERSON

It won't take long--would you mind?

FILMORE

Of course not. Wherever you want me.

A cluster of MIDDLE-AND-UPPER MANAGERS collect in the center of the room.

INT HALLWAY - DAY

CLOSE on a SODA CAN dropping from a soda machine--

Cooper puts the rest of the coins in--and picks the only choice--YOO-HOO or other cheesy-chocolate-drink equivalent--

COOPER

Looks like Yoo-Hoo for you pal.

He grabs the sodas and heads down the hall--

he cuts the corner...soon he suspects something--the place is EERILY QUIET--too quiet--he walks back--

INT CENTRAL OPERATIONS - DAY

The group gets in a line as the spokesperson positions Filmore--

SPOKESPERSON

Why don't you just stand right here about an arm's length between Mr. Ojeda here--perfect--thaaat's it. OK, great, now can I have everyone's attention?

The room quiets down.

SPOKESPERSON

Our promotional directors have requested a group shot of everyone saying the Chemco slogan in unison, because it captures the essence of all your hard work here in this first anniversary of the opening of this plant.

There is a SMATTERING of confused applause--

SPOKESPERSON

Now on the count of three if we could all give a thumbs up and say "This Is Just The Beginning" you would make the people back in Cleveland very happy.

Filmore casts an unenthusiastic look to Atkins amid some nervous laughter--

FILMORE

Your idea?

ATKINS

This is news to me.

The spokesperson continues, smiling gregariously:

SPOKESPERSON

Bear with me here, now on the count of three. OK?...

Two video crew members flip open two hard cases--

SPOKESPERSON

One...

The EXECUTIVES awkwardly smile at the camera--

SPOKESPERSON

Two...

The Spokesperson looks down at the crewmember--

SPOKESPERSON

(under his breath)

This will be a shot to remember--

He turns back--

SPOKESPERSON

Three!

The executives sheepishly give their thumbs up and smile:

EXECUTIVES

This is just the beginning!

The video crewmembers WHIP OUT MACHINE GUNS--
and BLAST the crowd with a hail of GUNFIRE--
HEADS and FACES BLAST OPEN--BULLETS BURST THROUGH DRESS-SHIRTS--
Atkins pulls Filmore to cover--
Wilson manages to FLEE the room--a GUNMAN chases after him--
Olo dives for cover--
The GUNFIRE IS MERCILESS--tearing apart the SCREAMING CROWD--
The SPOKESPERSON presses a button on a panel; a shrill ALARM goes off--
INT HALLWAY - DAY
The alarm sounds and COOPER starts RUNNING--FASTER--
He turns a corner and SCREECHES to a halt--
GUNFIRE DOWN THE HALL--
INT OTHER HALLWAY
A GUNMAN BLASTS some approaching SECURITY FORCES--they are brutally WASTED--
The gunman BACKS UP to the ADJACENT CORRIDOR, FIRING--suddenly--
WHAM!--a SODA CAN smashes his SKULL, breaking and shooting soda--rattling
down the
hall--
the man crashes against a wall, stunned--
COOPER grabs the gun and CRACKS HIM over he head before TEARING down the
hall--
As he approaches the next corner--
WHAM--A RIFLE BUTT catches the side of his head--
HE CRASHES to the GROUND, MACHINE GUN rattling down the hall--
Dazed, Cooper grasps for the rifle as we hear the sound of MACHINE GUN PINS
PULLED
BACK--
Cooper spins around to see FIVE GUNMEN aiming at him--
A BOOT SMASHES Cooper out cold--

GUNMAN

Take him to Richter. He likes
Americans...

EXT GUARD GATE - DAY

Two SECURITY GUARDS fire .45's at GUNMEN who seem to be proliferating like roaches around the compound--

They manage to hit one as--

A GUNMAN kneels and FIRES a small GRENADE LAUNCHER at the concrete guard shack--
DIRECT HIT--

The SHACK EXPLODES, "neutralizing" the guards--

INT LABORATORY - DAY

A DOOR is bolted shut--

We see several LAB TECHNICIANS scrambling for a hiding place as the door is BASHED from the outside--

INT HALLWAY

TWO GUNMEN try to break open the door to no avail--

They stand back and FIRE relentlessly at the door--

INT LABORATORY

BULLETS begin to pierce the door and ricochet past the crouching, terrified technicians--

BAM! The door bursts open and the technicians are WASTED--CRASHING into lab equipment, glass SHATTERING--

INT VAT AREA - DAY

WILSON runs literally for his life, GUNMAN in hot pursuit, winding through a maze of large metal cylinders plastered with WARNINGS--

The gunman sees an opportunity and FIRES--

BULLETS pierce a VAT above Wilson--

Streams of LIQUID ACID rain down on him--he SCREAMS as acid fries BLOODY RIVULETS across his face--

INT CENTRAL OPERATIONS - DAY

The spokesperson, RICHTER, turns off the alarm.

One of the video "crew," SMITTY, a humorless hacker with a sunken face and a convict's physique, heads straight to the CONTROL CONSOLE and immediately begins

breaching the system.

Richter approaches the SURVIVORS--FILLMORE, ATKINS, OLO, the GENERAL MANAGER, the VICE-PRESIDENT, and three others, all in the process of being blindfolded by two terrorists--RED and MUTT.

He takes the opportunity to seductively tie a blindfold around Filmore, eyeing her, while Filmore tries valiantly to stay cool--

RICHTER
Enjoying the tour so far?

FILMORE
Are you going to kill us?

RICHTER
I don't know. If you gave me a reason to...

He finishes tying the blindfold and casually looks at the group.

RICHTER
For example...

He randomly picks the GENERAL MANAGER--blindfolded, oblivious--

RICHTER
...take the fat man...

Red and Mutt grab the General Manager, who loses all composure, breaking down like a child--

GEN MGR
Noooo--Noooo--

Red throws him to his knees then kicks the back of his head--his face hits the floor--

BAM BAM BAM! Richter fires three bullets to the head--

Filmore listens, rigid with terror--

RICHTER
Now see, I didn't like his tie...

He turns his attention to Smitty in front of a security console, displaying an extensive network of monitors. His HEADSET is on--

RICHTER
How goes the roll call?

SMITTY

We're secured. Takeover team is
in position and accounted for.

Richter gestures to Red and Mutt--

RICHTER
OK...Let's get them downstairs.

The terrorists roughly shove the hostages out of the room.

RICHTER
(noting the time)
The bird is up. It's show-time!

EXT CHEMCO ROOFTOP - DAY

The remaining camera crew--BLACK and GREEN--have tapped into the satellite
dish on
the roof--

RICHTER opens the roof door and surveys--

the VAST COMPOUND GROUNDS below him...

He smiles, self satisfied.

INT HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Filmore has managed to pull the blindfold down around her neck. Four of them
remain--

Atkins is on the floor, next to Filmore:

ATKINS
They didn't kill us. It's a good
sign. They're not going to--you're
too important.

FILMORE
Where were your powers of appraisal
when you cleared them, Goddammit?!

ATKINS
(ruefully)
The credentials he presented were...
impeccable.

She looks at him with disgust.

FILMORE
I'm sure they were.

Suddenly someone UNLOCKS the door--

Filmore reacts with terror--

COOPER slams to the ground and the door slams shut, and is locked--

Cooper slips his bound hands around his legs and yanks off his blindfold--
Cooper scans the room, then glares at Filmore.

COOPER
Don't worry--"we'll be out in no time."

ATKINS
Where were you for all this anyhow?

Cooper approaches Atkins and GRABS him by the lapels, SLAMMING him against a wall--

COOPER
Getting you a soda, wimp-shit.
Remember?

Atkins says nothing--Cooper shoves him away--

COOPER
How thirsty are you now?

CUT TO

A TELEVISION SCREEN

Framed in front of a console in Central Operations, the Chemco EXECUTIVES give the thumbs up:

EXECUTIVES
This is just the beginning.

They are then blow away--then the image CUTS--

INT ROOM IN DC - DAY

Washington D.C.--Capitol Hill in the distance through a window. Behind closed doors, three MEN watch the TV--one of them being former SENATOR FILMORE, distinguished man in his seventies, still in his overcoat.

SEN. FILMORE
My God...

VOICE (O.S.)
There's more...

TV SCREEN

There's a CUT--Richter comes on--stands in central operations speaking into a mike, acting over-the-top professional:

RICHTER

We're here with a live exclusive as the world waits with baited breath for a break in the hostage standoff at Chemco. Early this morning gunmen stormed the plant, taking it over, killing several workers in the process. With me now is Chemco executive Henry Alonzo.

He pulls a petrified Alonzo into frame.

RICHTER

Henry, what exactly are these crazed gunmen demanding?

ALONZO

Th-they want t-twenty-f-five million dollars cash--or Chemco will be destroyed.

RICHTER

(to camera)

Twenty-five-million!

(to Alonzo)

And what will they do if the money isn't delivered?

ALONZO

Th-th-they'll kill one hostage every hour until it is--

RICHTER

Does that include Helen Filmore, United States congresswoman?

ALONZO

Y-yes--

RICHTER

Uh-oh! Do you know if the demands are being taken seriously at this point, or does Washington think these people are just a bunch of crazy fuckers playing games?

ALONZO

(terrified, stammering)

Well, I-I hope that--that--

RICHTER

(makes a buzzing noise)

Times up!

BLAM!!! Richter BLOWS Alonzo's BRAINS OUT on camera--

The men watching react with horror--

Richter signs off in his best professional demeanor.

RICHTER

This is Gerald Richter, reporting live
from Malaysia. Don't touch that dial!

He BLIPS off, screen going black, then snow.

ALBERT MYERS, a no-nonsense G-man in his 40's, turns off the TV, while SEN.
FILMORE
and MAX WHITE, a middle-aged Chemco rep, watch.

MYERS
Came over the satellite. We're keeping
the bird clear should they call back.

SEN. FILMORE
She's still alive.

MYERS
The transmission is an hour old...

SEN. FILMORE reacts accordingly.

SEN FILMORE
Who is this--Gerald Richter?

Myers refers to a dossier--

MYERS
FBI has a Gerald Richter on file...twice
applied to the academy, twice denied...
Court martial commuted to dishonorable
discharge from the navy...a classified
diary was confiscated...

He tosses a photograph of richter'S mug shot--different nose, chin, hair--

MYERS
This was taken when Richter was arrested
in Washington state, 1985. He was charged
with interstate arms trafficking, skipped
bail, and has since been a fugitive.

WHITE
Chemco is willing to deal with him, meet his
demands. I can have the money there in an hour.

Myers looks up at White--

MYERS
The United States government doesn't
strike deals with terrorists, Mr. White.

WHITE
That plant and the applied technologies

therein are valued at upwards of a billion dollars.

Myers glares at White, who suddenly realizes his callousness--he looks to Sen. Filmore--

WHITE

And--of course there is the human cost, which is incalculable.

MYERS

I'm sure you'll figure it out.

The senator stares deep in contemplation--

SEN FILMORE

I knew something like this would happen. They must have killed Ryan Cooper.

MYERS

Ryan Cooper! What the hell is he doing there?

SEN FILMORE

I hand-picked him for the job!

WHITE

Who's Ryan Cooper?

MYERS

I'll let the senator tell you.

Sen. Filmore looks at White:

SEN FILMORE

Ryan Cooper was a secret service agent that took a bullet for me as I left a press conference four years ago.

WHITE

Of course, of course--I remember that...

SEN FILMORE

Then, when all the god-damned allegations started, I found out that so-called friends have a way of disappearing. I found his loyalty refreshing and never lost track of him, even after he left the service. I sent him to protect my daughter, but now...

His voice trails off as he gets up and looks out the window...

SEN FILMORE

...God they've got my little girl.

INT HOLDING ROOM

Tension escalates in the windowless room. Cooper notices the SECURITY CAMERA mounted high in the corner--

FILMORE
What are we going to do!

COOPER
Who's got matches?

PETE OLO tries to dig in his pocket--

OLO
I have a lighter!

COOPER
Even better.

Olo pulls it out--

COOPER
Light it...

Olo holds out the lighter and lights it as Cooper holds his wrists near it--
the
ROPES begin to smolder--

Suddenly--the door UNLOCKS--

Cooper immediately gets back in position and sits down--

RED and MUTT enter and scan the terrified group--
One gunman smells something in the air and looks around--

Cooper stares at the ground, clenching his jaw...
The other gunman grabs the VICE-PRESIDENT who violently struggles--

VICE PRESIDENT
Nooo! Please--God don't do this!
Nooooo--nooooo--

The others react in horror as the man is dragged to his certain death--the
door
SLAMS and locks.

Filmore fixes her eyes on Cooper, who goes back to Olo. Avoiding the
SECURITY
CAMERA, Olo lights the ropes again--

FILMORE
Think of something. Please...

SNAP! The rope breaks--Cooper's free--he scans the room--

ATKINS
What are we going to do?

He heads over to the SECURITY CAMERA--he looks at it--

COOPER

Get back. Smile for the camera
guys.

Cooper jumps up and grabs the BRACKET of the security camera--and RIPS it off
the
wall--wires popping and crackling--

INT CENTRAL OPERATIONS

CLOSE on the monitor blinking out--

PAN to Richter standing over his SMITTY, who is scanning sequences on his
computer
screen.

RICHTER

Have you broken it yet? We've got six
more heads and that means six more hours.

SMITTY

I'm in to the directory but they've
codified the stockpile--numerically.

Smitty types at his keyboard--

RICHTER

Of course it's codified! Each number
probably corresponds to a compound. Have
them pull every compound from the lab and
compare it to the codes till you figure
it out--that's what you're here for.

SMITTY

I know what I'm here for--you don't
need to remind me.

Another terrorist--BATES approaches Richter:

BATES

A crowd is forming outside, we got
helicopters overhead--they're all
over us.

RICHTER

Excellent!

BATES

We've got Washington on the line,
we've got Chemco on the line--they
really want to talk.

RICHTER
Of course they do...

Richter looks himself over on a mounted mirror, approvingly giving himself his professional correspondent's smile as he combs his hair.

RICHTER
I think it's time for a new installment.

He turns and approaches the VICE PRESIDENT, pale and trembling.

RICHTER
Something tells me you don't want to be on TV, friend.

SMITTY
Richter-we got a problem!

Richter turns and faces the tech--

SMITTY
The monitor's off. Someone's fucking around down there.

RICHTER
Really! They're getting feisty, I like that.

Richter gestures to RED and MUTT--

RICHTER
Find out what happened--and make an example of whoever's starting up. But don't kill them--we need to count heads for now.

RED and MUTT grab their machine guns and head out--

INT HOLDING ROOM

The hostages wait as they hear the DOOR unlock--

The door BURSTS open--RED and MUTT look around--

COOPER stands, hands free, over the broken camera--

the others sit on the floor, hands apparently bound--

Cooper smiles at them--

COOPER
It was like that when I got here.

They aim their machine guns when--

WHAM! Olo POUNCES on RED, grabbing the gun--

In the split-second that follows Cooper WRENCHES Mutt's gun, twisting Mutt's arm sharply--

Struggling, RED FIRES into the CEILING--Atkins and Filmore try to shield themselves-

-

Cooper takes the gun butt and WHAM! SMASHES MUTT in the jaw-

Mutt staggers back as Cooper WHIRLS the gun and SMASHES him across the face--
Mutt whips around and collapses--

RED runs out of ammo before he BASHES Olo in the face--

Olo lets go of the gun as--

Cooper spins on his heel, his foot CRACKING RED across the jaw--he staggers--

BAM BAM! A lightning combination sends Red to the ground--out.

Smoldering debris flakes from the ceiling, gunsmoke wafting through the room.

Filmore stares at Cooper in amazement, as does Atkins--

Cooper check Mutt's machine gun--he also has a .45 automatic on him--he then looks at Olo--

COOPER

You did good. Real good.

Olo gestures to the .45.

OLO

I can handle one of those.

Cooper is at first reluctant, but decides to give it to him anyway--

Olo checks the cartridge and flips the safety off--

COOPER

You can cover the rear.

Olo soberly nods.

FILMORE

What now?

COOPER

We're outta here--

He heads to the door.

COOPER
--you have a dinner at eight, remember?

INT CENTRAL OPERATIONS

Brandishing his .45, Richter sits in front of the camera with the VICE-PRESIDENT seated next to him, like some perverse talk show guest. Richter addresses him--

RICHTER
Tell us about the day you decided to work for Chemco, that must have been an exciting moment in your life...

Trembling, the Vice president stares hard at Richter--

RICHTER
Would you care to shed some light on that incident? I'm sure we'd all like to know about--

The vice-president SPITS in Richter's face, keeping his steely gaze--

Richter calmly wipes the spit off with a hankie and addresses the camera--

RICHTER
This man slays me, ladies and gentlemen!
But I think we're out of time, so--

RED and MUTT stagger in, bruised and bloodied--Richter gets up--

RICHTER
What happened!

RED
They're gone!

RICHTER
All of them?

RED
Yeah--they jumped us!

RICHTER
Jee-sus Christ! You have to be the stupidest--

Using the distraction, the Vice-president MAKES A RUN for it--

Richter SHOOTs the vice-president in the back, blasting him forward--he CRASHES into some CHAIRS--DEAD.

Richter calmly looks at the cameraman--

RICHTER
Did you get that?

The cameramen BLACK and GREEN nod in unison--

RICHTER
Good. We have an hour to find the
others--

He looks at a humiliated Red and Mutt--

RICHTER
--or we use one of you.

INT ROOM IN DC - DAY

The room is now crowded with advisors and assistants. Myers is on the phone, listening, watched by Sen. Filmore. White sits anxiously in front of the blank television.

MYERS
Right...yes sir...agreed. I'll
let them know.

He hangs up.

SEN. FILMORE
Well?

MYERS
We've prohibited the networks from
broadcasting the transmissions.

SEN. FILMORE
Good.

MYERS
We have a special forces squadron
out of Thailand surrounding the
compound as we speak.

White perks up--

WHITE
And what exactly do they intend to do?

MYERS
The ball is in Richter's court. But
we're sure as hell not going to sit
on our hands while he assassinates
people--we're gonna stop the son-of-
a-bitch!

WHITE

I don't think you--grasp--the situation,
Mr. Myers.

The senator interjects--

SEN. FILMORE

What don't we grasp, Mr. White?

White's eyes shift away from them--

WHITE

Meeting violence...with violence...
could have serious repercussion...
that's all.

Sen. Filmore and Myers exchange curious looks.

EXT FIELD OUTSIDE CHEMCO - DAY

SEVERAL DOZEN SOLDIERS prevent concerned CITIZENS and FAMILY MEMBERS from
entering
the compound--

A SOLDIER approaches LT. JACKSON, head of the squad, who is on his FIELD
TELEPHONE--

SOLDIER

Lieutenant Jackson sir!

LT. JACKSON

What is it?

SOLDIER

Sir we've got confirmed dead and
I've got people demanding to know
what happened their relatives, wives
--how do you suggest we proceed sir!

LT. JACKSON

Just continue what you're doing--
placate, then dissipate! Tell them
when we know, they'll know.

SOLDIER

What about the confirmed casualties,
sir?

Lt. Jackson flashes a grim look to the soldier--

LT. JACKSON

Just placate...then dissipate.
For now.

The soldier looks back at him--

SOLDIER

Yes sir.

INT CHEMCO CORRIDOR

Cooper leads the survivors down a corridor. Atkins, Filmore, and three remaining EXECUTIVES follow, Pete Olo at the back, .45 in hand, watching the rear--

COOPER

(quietly, to Olo)

How well do you know this place?

OLO

We're on sublevel six. We'll pass some labs and then we'll hit the stairwell--

COOPER

Are the labs in operation?

OLO

I don't see why they wouldn't be.

COOPER

Good...

Pausing at a turn of a corridor, Cooper glances around the corner--

Filmore watches him--

COOPER

Clear.

INT DIFFERENT CORRIDOR

A SCRAMBLING band of SIX GUNMEN tear down the hall, breaking into two factions and filling the adjacent hallway--

INT CORRIDOR

Cooper approaches the glass walls of the LABS--the STAIRWELL up ahead--

INT LAB

Gadgets fill rows of counters, cluttered with an assortment of test tubes, beakers, and Bunsen burners--

Cooper crashes in, and searches for CHEMICALS--

FILMORE

What are you doing?

He finds a glass cabinet--

COOPER
You know what the boy scouts say,
Filmore--

He SMASHES the glass with the butt of his rifle and clears the jagged shards--
-

COOPER
--be prepared.

FILMORE
We don't have time!

COOPER
Yeah and we don't have much ammo
either!

He finds some powdered POTASSIUM CHLORATE, then looks at the others--

COOPER
Don't wait on me! Take the stairs!
I'm right behind you--

ATKINS
Let's go!

Reluctantly, Filmore follows the others.

Cooper then frantically searches for something else--

POV of someone WATCHING COOPER--

Cooper finds what he wants--SULFURIC ACID--

Suddenly--the terrorist BATES suddenly JUMPS Cooper--WRENCHES his arm--

the GUN DROPS and the two men CRASH into a counter--

Cooper spins the man and FLIPS him onto a counter, SMASHING glass coils,
beakers--

Bates immediately springs up and rips a BLADE from his belt--

Ripping it through the air, he goes after Cooper, who barely avoids the
blade--the
man SLASHES wildly--

In a ballsy move Cooper grabs the man's hand in mid slash, stopping it dead
with a
loud SLAP--

they struggle furiously, CRASHING into another COUNTER--

Bates is on top of Cooper, forcing the razor-sharp blade dangerously close to
his
face--

Suddenly Cooper SHIFTS and lets go--the terrorist's blade stabs the slate counter
as Cooper SMASHES BATES' head with his elbow--

Bates crashes down as Cooper grabs a corked bottle of SULFURIC ACID and SMASHES it
over the mans head--

Bates SCREAMS in hysterical agony as the acid douses his head--

Cooper rolls down and snatches up his gun before BLASTING the man with a concise
burst of gunfire--

Bates staggers and CRASHES through the glass wall, collapsing halfway into the hall--
-

Cooper grabs another bottle of SULFURIC ACID before springing out--

INT STAIRWELL--

Cooper bursts through the door and flies up the steps--

three at a time--

INT HALLWAY--

Three GUNMEN TEAR down the hallway toward the labs--

INT STAIRWELL

Cooper catches up with the party--

COOPER
Let's move it we got company!

FILMORE
What happened!

Suddenly--BAM! The door bursts at the top of the stairwell--

Several gunmen see the party halfway down the step and BLAST them with gunfire--

An executive is HIT with the crossfire and crashes down the stairs--

COOPER
Get back!!

CRASH! The bottom door bursts open as gunmen stream up the stairs--FIRING--

THE ESCAPEES are boxed in--

Cooper gestures to Olo--

COOPER

Hold your fire! Hold your fire!

The hallway is filled with deafening gunblasts, zipping bullets, panic--
COOPER

SAVE IT!!!

Olo stops as Cooper sees the gunmen approaching from the rear--

He takes the glass jar of Potassium Chlorate and hurls it at the wall above
the
approaching gunmen--it SMASHES and COATS THE GUNMEN on the stairs below--

When they hit the corner Cooper throws the acid--

BOOM!!! There is an enormous flash and the gunmen are instantly IMMOLATED,
screaming and flailing, crashing down the stairs--

COOPER
(to Olo)

NOW!!!

They CHARGE up the stairs--FIRING FURIOUSLY--Olo's finger firing with
blinding
speed--

Another EXECUTIVE gets cut down--Olo catches one in the arm--

But soon the last gunman falls to the MERCILESS STORM OF BULLETS--

Catching their breaths they look back, black smoke engulfing them--

Cooper motions to the shell-shocked survivors--

COOPER
Move it!

They exit the stairwell--Cooper grabs all the AMMO he can off the three dead
terrorists above.

INT ROOM IN DC

Myers is grilling White for information.

MYERS
So, what are we looking at White?

WHITE
What do you mean?

MYERS
What do they have in there that's so
valuable? A cure for AIDS, a cure for
cancer?

WHITE
I assure you gentlemen if we had
something of that magnitude it wouldn't

be shelved in a lab somewhere...

MYERS

Is there anything in there that
can blow? We have to be ready for
any contingency--

WHITE

Mister Myers it is a chemical plant!
There are a number of volatile compounds--
but they are safely stored away...

MYERS

How safely?

White is under fire. He reaches for a drink of water--

WHITE

Chemco has...an impeccable safety record.

He takes a gulp of water--

INT CENTRAL OPERATIONS

An escaped gunman--BURNS--nurses a burn on his arm, briefing Richter.

BURNS

I don't know what hit us! We had them
trapped on the stairwell. They could
be anywhere now.

RICHTER

I now understand the expression "you get
what you pay for!" A bunch of chumps!

BURNS

Listen man, I don't need this shit--

SMITTY (O.S.)

Richter!

Richter spins his head--

SMITTY

We just won the lottery, motherfucker.

Richter stands up and approaches the tech--

SMITTY

KZ...7-0...7-0...nine. It
checks out.

RICHTER

Excellent...excellent!

Richter turns and stares at the Burns--

RICHTER
You and the fuck-up squad were
lucky. The waiting game is over!

He turns to those in the room:

RICHTER
And now, those fortunate enough to
still be alive--and working for this
enterprise--we have reason to celebrate
indeed. We are all about to become...
extremely wealthy men!

Receiving applause from his delighted comrades, he glances at--

ANOTHER MONITOR--

We see the soldiers keeping citizens at bay outside the compound--

RICHTER

Beams with pride, turning back to all in central operations.

RICHTER
But first, my friends, we're gonna
do a little test marketing...

INT LAB

A man sealed in a BIOHAZARD SUIT has his hands in gloves attached to a SEALED
INCUBATOR--

He gingerly opens a VIAL labeled KZ70709 and extracts ONE DROP and brings it
to an
opened CANNISTER the size of a soup can.

CLOSE on the lethal DROP trembling at the end of the dropper...it DROPS into
the
cannister--

EXT FIELD OUTSIDE CHEMCO - DAY

Talking on the field phone, Lt. Jackson watches as his soldiers move among
the
locals who have grown increasingly agitated--pushing, shoving--

LT. JACKSON
This is Jackson. Were getting nowhere
fast, request authorization for full
civilian clearance of the area. Roger that...

He hangs up and approaches the front gate--

EXT FRONT GATE - DAY

Jackson pulls his automatic PISTOL from the holster and FIRES into the air--
the
crowd turns and sees him, people scream, then quiet down--

LT. JACKSON

Ladies and gentlemen we are faced
with a hostile takeover! These men
are armed and dangerous and you are
hampering our ability to end this
situation!

VOICE(O.S.)

My husband is in there! I demand
to know what happened!

The voices pipe up with scattered demands and Jackson rises his hand--

LT JACKSON

Look! The sooner you cooperate with
us, the sooner we'll know what's going
on in there. But for the time being--

SERGEANT(O.S.)

LIEUTENANT!

Jackson whips his head around to see the sergeant pointing TO THE SKY--he
looks up--

A smoking PROJECTILE spirals from the roof of Chemco toward the CROWD--

LT JACKSON

Everyone hit the ground! Now!!

People SCREAM and crash into each other in a scramble to safety--

The projectile drops and rolls toward the CROWD--

BOOM!! It bursts, emitting SWIRLS OF GAS, a ROLLING PURPLE CLOUD--

Screaming CIVILIANS feel their eyeballs burn, their lungs CLOSING--they claw,
scratch, gasp--

Soldiers frantically rip GAS MASKS from backpacks, gasping air from them--

A few soldiers manage to share with civilians:

SOLDIER

Breathe in--close your eyes!

People convulse as the toxic cloud swirls over them--

Soon the cloud dissipates, leaving DOZENS of soldiers and civilians DEAD.

Survivors cough and wretch, soldiers continue to gasp from their MASKS--

Lt Jackson stares through his mask at the plant--

CUT TO
A TELEVISION SCREEN--

Another broadcast begins--

RICHTER
Gerald Richter here with an air
quality update. I gotta say, it's
not that good.

SEN. FILMORE, MYERS, and WHITE watch intently:

RICHTER
It just so happens we got our hands
on your KZ70709, and let me tell
you, a little dab'll do ya.

WHITE is ashen faced--

RICHTER
Given that, we feel it's not too
presumptuous to ask for fifty million
instead. No there's nothing wrong
with your television, that's FIFTY
MILLION. We have operators standing by
so pick up the phone and call! This
offer's good while supplies last!

The screen goes to black.

Sen. Filmore and Myers glare at White:

SEN. FILMORE
Just what the hell is he talking about?

WHITE
We've...been developing a product...
KZ 70709.

MYERS
Why the hell didn't you tell us this
was at stake!

SEN. FILMORE
Chemco's been developing nerve gas?

WHITE
Chemco makes many things senator!
We were under government contract!

MYERS
I haven't been briefed on any such thing!

WHITE
Apparently, this project is--unique.
But it's heavily protected--all

formulas are heavily codified!

MYERS

What the hell is it, anyhow?

WHITE

Well, it's a binary formula--a precise amount of two separate chemicals must be exposed to the nitrogen in the atmosphere simultaneously for it to work.

MYERS

How much do they have?

White looks very nervous--

WHITE

Of the separate chemicals--I don't know, uh, offhand--

SEN. FILMORE

How much of this shit do they have, White!!

WHITE

They must have got their hands on a test vial!

SEN. FILMORE

What does that mean?

WHITE

There's enough in one vial...

He looks at the men gravely--

WHITE

...to kill everything for miles.

This is becoming too much for the senator.

SEN FILMORE

I don't understand this! I don't understand why they don't listen! Why they don't talk! Dammit don't they see we're willing to agree to whatever they want!

He gets up.

SEN. FILMORE

If those bastards touch one hair on my daughter's head I swear to God I'll hunt them down straight to the gates of hell!

INT CHEMICAL SILO - LATE AFTERNOON

The low sun gleams off steel chemical SILOS connected to the long CYLINDER.

INT SILO

Hot, humid, and stuffy, chemical DUST floats in a trace of shadowy light.

Sitting on the floor, the moods of Cooper, Filmore, Atkins, and Olo are solemn.

Cooper loads bullets into the machine gun.

COOPER
(to Olo)
How's the arm?

OLO
(exhausted)
It's nothing to worry about.

COOPER
We wouldn't have made it out
without you.

FILMORE
Or without you.

Cooper and Filmore look at each other.

FILMORE
I guess I owe you an apology,
Cooper.

Cooper looks down.

COOPER
Forget about it.

FILMORE
I wasn't angry with you I was angry
with him.

She looks away, suddenly missing her father intensely...

FILMORE
He's a very stubborn man sometimes...

COOPER
You should listen your old man more
often. He's got principles.

Filmore bristles:

FILMORE
What do you mean?

COOPER

After Leizburg, he stuck his neck out to defend me. He's loyal to the end. Even if it's not--politically correct at the time.

FILMORE

What's that supposed to mean?

COOPER

What do you think?

FILMORE

Let me tell you something Cooper! I never once bad-mouthed him during all those months--

COOPER

No but you didn't defend him either! Didn't want to rock the boat. Guess the ride was too smooth.

FILMORE

I was acting under legal counsel!

Cooper finishes loading the gun--

COOPER

Like I said--it's a question of trust.

They stare at each other for a second--

ATKINS

Look, what are we going to do now?

OLO

The only way out is to go back the way we came.

COOPER

That ain't gonna happen.

Cooper looks up at the thin window--

COOPER

We'll hideout here till nightfall.

INT CENTRAL OPERATIONS

Richter looks at Smitty at the console--

RICHTER

Where the hell could they have gone!

SMITTY

What are you so worked up about jack? Fuck 'em--we don't need 'em.

RICHTER

I want the girl. I don't care about the rest--but a US congresswoman taken hostage will make for great copy. We'll make headlines all over the world...

SMITTY

You're fucking crazy Richter--you know that?

Richter flashes him a condescending look--

RICHTER

Yeah? You jumped on the bandwagon soon enough--I can't be that crazy, can I--Smitty?

Richter looks to Red and Mutt--

RICHTER

Go hunt them down--I don't care if you have to check the whole plant--earn your money!

Red and Mutt head out as Richter looks away--

RICHTER

I want the girl...

DISSOLVE

TO

EXT FIELD OUTSIDE CHEMCO - NIGHT

Darkness is settling--

The last dead are being removed--

Jackson and the Sergeant stand by, gas masks around their necks. They watch the compound with their re-grouped troops.

SERGEANT

Gonna be a hell of a long night, lieutenant.

LT. JACKSON

We're just going to have to stand and wait.

He looks back at an ambulance carrying off another corpse--

We see a handful of citizens, way back--

Jackson turns back.

LT. JACKSON

The son-of-a-bitch really has us

by the short hairs, my friend.

INT SILO

Nursing their individual exhaustion and fear, the four escapees lean against a wall.

Cooper... FILMORE

Yeah?... COOPER

There is a pause:

FILMORE
What happened that day...at
Leizburg?

He pauses, turning to shoot her a look. But he sees something genuine and sincere in her eyes.

Liezburg...man... COOPER

He begins to remember.

COOPER
Standing watch over our Ambassador...
at a garden party in a friendly
nation...what could be cushier...
but we heard screams...gunmen were
hijacking a school bus of children...
I made a judgment call.

He pauses.

COOPER
I drew my gun, ran in the direction
of the cries...violating the first
rule of service...I let the Ambass-
ador out of my sight.

FILMORE
What happened?

COOPER
By the time I got back to the party
our ambassador was face-down, in a bed of
bloody azaleas.

His expression is as if he's standing there now...

COOPER

What they call the end of a career...
and the beginning of...a lot of shit.

She is genuinely touched--

FILMORE

You're a lot like my father, Cooper...
you think with your heart.

COOPER

Used to Filmore, used to.

SUDDENLY there is a loud BANG that echoes from the other end of the silo--

Everyone jolts to attention--

INT OTHER AREA

Red and Mutt have entered--armed to the teeth.

They prowl the silo together...

They WHIP around a corner--nothing...

Soon they pass the area where the others were...

They inspect the area carefully...suddenly Red sees something--a DROP OF
BLOOD--

They look at each other:

RED

We're getting warmer.

PAN UP to the CYLINDER above their heads--

INT CYLINDER

Darkness is all that's up ahead inside the curved steel canyon.

Cooper, Filmore, Atkins and Olo carefully make their way through the cramped
cylinder.

Cooper gestures for them to keep quiet...

INT SILO

Red and Mutt continue to prowl--looking in all directions.

INT CYLINDER

The four continue to move forward carefully...

SUDDENLY Atkins slips and falls, causing a loud THUD--

The others freeze in terror--

Filmore JUMPS--

Cooper catches her and HUGS HER, pulling her to the ground--

OLO jumps and lands--

INT CYLINDER-

The WAVE is right behind ATKINS--ROARING at him--

EXT WATERFRONT TUNNEL - NIGHT

Atkins LEAPS as the acid wash SPEWS out the hole, emptying onto the onto the concrete, hissing-

Atkins lands on his ankle and crumples up, convulsing in pain--a waterfall of acid

WASH cascading right behind him--

Cooper maintains his protective hug, perhaps a beat too long, as the wash ebbs to a trickle--

He turns and looks back at Cooper and Filmore--

OLO
Are you alright!

FILMORE
Where's Atkins?

Atkins clutches ankle, rolling--

ATKINS
Ahh Jesus, it's broken--

Olo stands up and looks--

OLO
He's hurt!

BLAM BLAM BLAM! Bullets rip through Olo as he stands up--Atkins lies helpless on

the ground as Cooper and Filmore dive behind a protective CONCRETE BARRIER--

Bullets POCK-MARK the concrete, ricocheting--

Cooper pokes up and BLASTS AWAY--

NAILING a terrorist in the face--

Another one emerges from behind, GUN BLAZING--

A bullet ricochets, ripping through the skin of Cooper's SHOULDER--

Filmore decides to react--

She rolls and grabs Olo's .45--

Whips around up and FIRES WILDLY--

WASTING the gunman--

Cooper reacts and jumps up, FIRING at the front--

KILLING the last gunmen--

Cooper looks at Filmore--impressed by her shooting skills--

Atkins groans on the ground, hands on his ears-

Filmore checks Olo--DEAD--

Cooper runs over and checks Atkins--

COOPER

It's not broken--

Cooper extends his hand--

ATKINS

It is! It's broken!

Cooper pulls him up--snatching a machine gun on the way--

COOPER

C'mon let's go--while we have a chance!

He gestures to Filmore--

COOPER

Get the gun!

Filmore snatches up a machine gun from the dead terrorist.

EXT FIELD OUTSIDE CHEMCO - NIGHT

The sergeant addresses Lt. Jackson--

SERGEANT

Sir all checkpoints report seeing nothing.

JACKSON

Whatever happens I want them to hold their fire!

Jackson stares at the compound through his binoculars--

JACKSON

They're up to something...and we're goddamn helpless...

INT CENTRAL OPERATIONS

Richter approaches Smitty:

RICHTER

What's happening at the waterfront?

SMITTY

We're almost done piping in directly to the Olympia. Should have it all in about an hour or so.

RICHTER

Excellent.

He looks around--

RICHTER

Where's the camera? I'm coming up with all these great ideas...

Suddenly another TERRORIST--BURNS--approaches Richter--

BURNS

We got trouble. That bodyguard son-of-a-bitch has them running all over the field--just took out three on the north end!

RICHTER

Well get someone down there!

BURNS

There isn't anyone! He's opened that whole sector now!

Something suddenly troubles Richter--

RICHTER

That bastard's trying to upstage me!

Smitty looks at him like he's crazy; Richter looks back at Burns:

RICHTER

Is he with the girl?

BURNS

I don't know--look! They can get in now, man! We got no one left to guard it!

Richter gives him a condescending look--

RICHTER

Then what are you standing here for? get down there! Now!

EXT CORNER OF CHEMCO - NIGHT

Cooper, Filmore, and Atkins carefully approach a corner of the building--

The compound's FENCES are a hundred yards ahead of them.

Cooper looks out, then back at Filmore, then back out.

FILMORE

Now what?

COOPER

There's the fence...

ATKINS

We'll never make it! There's no place to hide--we'll be cut down!

COOPER

How badly do you want to get out of here?

FILMORE

Atkins is right--they'll kill us for sure!

Cooper looks out, then back at Filmore again--he realizes what he has to do--
it
sinks in--

COOPER

I'm going first. Taking the fire.
If we go out together we're all
dead!

FILMORE

What are you talking about?

COOPER

They probably have guards on the roof--and they're gonna be firing at me--not you!

ATKINS

What makes you so sure?

COOPER

Because I'll be firing at them.

FILMORE

You're talking about committing suicide!

ATKINS

I say we go back that way!

COOPER

Around the building? On your bum leg?

You have to get out of here right now!

Filmore doesn't want Cooper to go--

FILMORE

Look you're supposed to save my
life! It's in your contract,
remember?

Cooper looks back hard at her--

COOPER

That's right. It's in my contract.

FILMORE

What about rule one: never let the
person you are protecting out of your
sight!

COOPER

Rule two: without alternative, use
yourself as a shield.

She falls silent; Cooper masks his feelings:

COOPER

Don't worry about me, Filmore.
Your father owes me a week's pay--
and I intend to collect it.

Filmore just looks at him--Cooper gets down to business--looking out.

COOPER

In a minute you're going to hear
gunfire--if you want to live you'll
run for that fence as fast as you
can!

Cooper and Atkins exchange looks--

COOPER

Understand?

Cooper then looks at Filmore--

COOPER

Goodbye--

Cooper springs off--

FILMORE

COOPER!

He BOLTS OUT--

Within seconds--GUNFIRE--

Filmore turns to Atkins--

FILMORE

Let's go!

Atkins freezes in terror--grabs her--

ATKINS

We can't! We'll be shot!

EXT FIELD

Cooper runs across the building, FIRING at the roof--

EXT CORNER

Filmore tries to push a terrified Atkins away--

FILMORE

Let go!

She breaks free and BOLTS for the fence as fast as she can--

Atkins watches her--not knowing what to do--

EXT FIELD

Filmore runs as fast as she can--gunfire fills the air--

She is getting nearer to the fence--

EXT CORNER

Atkins panics, and decides to go--

He begins to hobble frantically toward the fence--

EXT FIELD

Filmore is about 200 yards away--

Atkins is about halfway--

EXT CHEMCO

Suddenly BURNS bursts out a door and sees Atkins--

He raises his .45--AIMS--

Atkins staggers in vain--

BLAM BLAM BLAM--bullets rip through his chest--he collapses--

Filmore sees this and turns around--FIRES at Burns but runs OUT OF AMMO--

Burns begins to RUN after her--

She drops the gun and SPRINTS with all of her strength--

Burns is RAPIDLY approaching--

Filmore gets to the 20 ft.-high fence--LEAPS on it--

EXT BRUSH--

A SHARPSHOOTER watching through a scope radios Jackson:

SHARPSHOOTER

I got the congresswoman in range--she's--
trying to escape--someone's after her--

POV SCOPE--Filmore climbing--blocking access to Burns who is getting
dangerously
closer--

JACKSON (O.S.)

(frantically)

Hold your fire! Hold your fire!!!

EXT FIELD

We see Filmore almost home free--STRUGGLING--

WHAM! Burns grabs her leg--she FIGHTS--

He YANKS HER off the fence--

POV SCOPE--Centered squarely at Burns' head--

SHARPSHOOTER (O.S.)

I can get him!

JACKSON (O.S.)

Goddamn it hold your fire!

Burns drags Filmore away--

EXT PLANT STRUCTURES - NIGHT

Cooper sprints for the fence around the corner--

A final gunman reaches the corner of a building and FIRES at Cooper--

Cooper rips around--

BLAM BLAM BLAM-- the gunman crashes to the ground--

Cooper SPRINTS for the fence--

EXT BRUSH--

Cooper breaks out of the brush and looks frantically for a sign of Filmore,
anywhere--nothing--

Suddenly--

VOICE (O.S.)

Freeze!

Cooper whips around to see a CAMOUFLAGED SOLDIER aiming a rifle--Cooper raises his hands--drops the grenade launcher--

COOPER

Secret service--hold your fire!
We got hostages coming out this way!!

The soldier approaches him and scans the woods--

Cooper begins to head toward the soldier--

SOLDIER

I said FREEZE! Or I'll blow your
fucking head off--

Cooper obliges--

INT CENTRAL OPERATIONS

Burns speaks to Richter on a VISUAL INTERCOM--he's holding his gun to FILMORE'S head--

BURNS

I got the girl.

Richter is beside himself with delight--

RICHTER

Oh that's good news--good news!
Bring her up here! Just in time
for our final episode.

He looks around--

RICHTER

I tell you everything is shaping
up just fine, my friends...

EXT FIELD OUTSIDE CHEMCO - NIGHT

With his hands on his head, Cooper is escorted at gunpoint to Lt. Jackson--

SOLDIER

I caught this one out back sir!

Jackson looks at him, and then the soldier--

JACKSON

You idiot! Put the gun down!

The soldier obliges--Cooper puts his hands down--

COOPER
Goddammit where is she?!

Jackson glares at him-

JACKSON
A for effort Cooper--they grabbed
her going over the fence--

Cooper is devastated--can't believe it--

COOPER
No...

JACKSON looks back at Cooper--

LT. JACKSON
It was a matter of seconds.

Cooper is bewildered--

Suddenly a communications tech turns to Jackson--

TECH
Lt. Jackson sir! The satellite's up
again!

Jackson and Cooper approach the television screen--

Coopers EYES WIDEN--

CLOSE on TV SCREEN--

Filmore's is thrown into an armchair--Richter sits beside her--

RICHTER
Well well, I'd like to give a word of
thanks to our secret serviceman. If
he's providing a service, it sure seems
secret to me!

Richter laughs--

CLOSE REACTION of COOPER, watching, clenching his jaw--

TV SCREEN

RICHTER
Whatever the case, I'm honored to have
such a lovely panel guest for this final
taping. I'm sure my television family
understands when I say we've been through
a lot of laughter, and a lot of tears
together. How do you feel about that,

Helen?

Filled with hate, sick of being afraid--

FILMORE

Go fuck yourself...

RICHTER

Hey now! No cussing on TV! Well in closing I'd like to say that there are two reasons to have that money outside in an hour. One is my perky co-anchor here, and the second is the lives of tens of thousands of people--people just like you and me!

Richter gets up, and gets extremely close to the lens, look sinister--

RICHTER

God bless each and every one of you...goodnight.

The transmission ends--

Jackson looks at Cooper, whose eyes are fixed in a steely gaze on the television--

COOPER

I have a score to settle with him...

INT ROOM IN DC - DAY

We see Sen Filmore, Myers, and White watching the broadcast as an assistant, on the phone, gestures to the men--

ASSISTANT

Senator they have Ryan Cooper--he made it out!

Se. Filmore is deeply disappointed--it reads in his eyes--

SEN. FILMORE

I don't understand--I don't understand at all!

ASSISTANT

He requests permission to re-enter the compound!

MYERS

Permission denied--he had his chance! Any sign of assault and they'll blow the place!

ASSISTANT

He's insisting sir!

MYERS

I want him to keep his ass out of it!
Restrain him if you have to! Or we'll
have another Leizburg on our hands!

EXT FIELD OUTSIDE CHEMCO - NIGHT

A BRINKS truck approaches the mobile camp sight, passing--

JACKSON is on the phone next to an anxious Cooper--

JACKSON

OK--I got it. Right--yeah its
here--Roger!

He hangs up--

COOPER

What the hell is the problem!

JACKSON

The problem is I have orders from
Washington--so cool you're ass off!
No one goes anywhere! We're gonna
make the deal!

Jackson looks at Cooper--

JACKSON

I'm sorry, Cooper!

EXT BRINKS TRUCK - NIGHT

Two armed guards get out and open the rear doors--we see LARGE CONTAINERS OF
CASH--

EXT FIELD OUTSIDE CHEMCO - NIGHT

Cooper walks away, disgusted with himself, deep in thought...

A medic approaches Cooper:

MEDIC

Let me take a look at that shoulder--

Cooper shrugs him off angrily--

The medic looks at him, then shrugs and leaves--

He stands near Jackson's command tent, staring at Chemco in the distance--

Glancing at the table nearby him, he sees something that strikes his
curiosity--

It's a FLOORPLAN of the Chemco facility--under a pair of binoculars--

He approaches it as the SERGEANT suddenly steps out of the tent, eyeing Cooper on his way out--

Cooper resumes looking at the floorplan--

He locates CENTRAL OPERATIONS--and looks up--

INT CENTRAL OPERATIONS--

Richter finishes tying Filmore's hands--she stands rigid--

RICHTER

I'm glad you're still around Helen--
we have a lot of catching up to do.

He produces a new blindfold--

RICHTER

I hope you don't mind all this--it's
just that the networks will eat it up,
you know...

FILMORE

You're going to pay for this...

RICHTER

You got it all backwards, Helen--but
that's OK, you work for the government...

He ties the blindfold around her eyes--

RICHTER

I will be getting paid for this--how
much I don't know, but let's put it
this way--

He gets close to her ear--

RICHTER

It's not gonna fit in a damn suitcase.

He finishes tying the blindfold--

EXT ROOF OF CHEMCO - NIGHT

The cameramen--Black and Green--now act as PILOTS--they come out of the roof door and head to two separate HELICOPTERS--

They get in and START THEM UP--

EXT FIELD OUTSIDE CHEMCO - NIGHT

Jackson hears the helicopters starting up--

LT. JACKSON
What do they think they're doing?

He heads over to the table to get his binoculars, and notices the FLOORPLAN is GONE--
-he looks around--

LT JACKSON
COOPER?!

Jackson looks up, knowing full well who took it--
JACKSON

Shit!

He picks up the field telephone--

JACKSON
Get me Washington!

EXT COMPOUND GROUNDS - NIGHT

A GUNMAN keeps a lookout for any activity--suddenly--

POV something moving through the brush outside the fence--

He squints but sees nothing--

He flips his NIGHT VISION GLASSES down around his eyes--

POV--someone RUNNING through the brush--

The gunman FIRES--AGAIN--

Someone is RUNNING toward the gate--LIGHTNING FAST--

The gunman fires again--CAN'T HIT HIM--

COOPER rolls, dives, and does his best to dodge the gunfire--

This PISSES OFF the gunman, who gets up and FIRES at Cooper--

But Cooper is in, safe behind a corner of the building--

The gunman grabs his walkie--

GUNMAN
Someone just went over the fence
south end!

INT CENTRAL OPERATIONS

Richter perks up at this, answers back as Filmore looks on--

RICHTER
Our first deserter--who was it?

GUNMAN (O.S.)
No--INCOMING INCOMING--he's
inside--

Filmore realizes its Cooper--Richter is disappointed--

RICHTER
Sounds like I have to have a
talk with the boys in D.C...

EXT CHEMCO

A man brandishing a GRENADE LAUNCHER runs toward the sound of the previous
gunfire--

He approaches a CORNER, sliding up against the wall, aiming the launcher
forward--

Getting closer...

He is JUMPED from behind--Cooper grabs his neck--

The man struggles--Cooper has him in a STRANGLEHOLD--

The gunman pulls a COMBAT BLADE from his side--

But Cooper GRABS the man's arm and JAMS the blade into his chest--the gunman
falls
dead--

Cooper grabs the grenade launcher--checking the floorplan he sees a thin
metal
WALKWAY that leads him to central operations--

Cooper BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR--INTO THE BUILDING--

INT VAT AREA - NIGHT

Cooper rips up a tall flight of steps to a thin GRATED WALKWAY surrounded by
large
vats of chemicals--

Suddenly from ABOVE--

MUTT pounces on Cooper--

The man stagger across the precipitous walkway--Mutt STRUGGLING for the
launcher--
which falls on the grating--

BAM!--Cooper elbows Mutt in the face, then lands a COMBINATION--

Mutt retaliates--swinging FURIOUSLY as the men struggle for footing--

SUDDENLY BURNS and another GUNMAN CHARGES up the stairs--
Cooper jumps--grabs a pipe--

And SLAMS Mutt off the walkway with both feet--

Mutt yells and falls 40 feet to his death--

POW POW POW! Burns and the gunman fire at Nick who hits the deck--

He grabs the grenade launcher--

The gunmen DIVE as--

The GRENADE hits a large VAT--IT BLOWS in a LOUD EXPLOSION--

Acid CASCADES down on the screaming terrorists, INCINERATING THEM--

EXT FIELD OUTSIDE CHEMCO - NIGHT

Lt Jackson is on the phone, people are screaming, soldiers have their rifles aimed--

everyone has a GAS MASKS on--

LT. JACKSON

There's been an explosion, we have scattered gunfire--I don't know if they're going to blow the place...

(listening)

Roger that!

He slams the phone down and addresses the sergeant:

LT. JACKSON

Get everyone on stand by--alert status!
We might have to move!

INT ROOM IN DC - DAY(?)

Sen. Filmore, Myers, and white talk on SPEAKERPHONE to Richter, who is also being

BROADCAST on TV, slightly delayed--but his expression deadly serious--

RICHTER(O.S.)

I thought we had a deal.

MYERS

Of course we have a deal! We have cash on site! Everything you asked for!

RICHTER(O.S.)

I told you to keep everyone at bay.
You let me down!

MYERS

He's not our man dammit! We can't stop him--he's a loose cannon!

RICHTER(O.S.)

I'm very disappointed, gentlemen,

very disappointed...

Richter shakes his head, and picks up a DIGITAL METAL TIMER cross-wired to a CONSOLE--the timer displays 5:00--he depresses a button and the COUNTDOWN BEGINS--4:59--4:58--4:57--

The men watching react anxiously--

RICHTER (O.S.)
I'm sorry but we're outta time!

Richter GRABS FILMORE around the neck, into the frame--

The senator watches--

SEN. FILMORE
Helen!

Filmore struggles on screen--

MYERS
Don't do this! We held up our
end damn it! What more do you
want?

RICHTER
I want to thank Chemco--for making the
world a deadlier place to live.

The senator can hardly control himself--

SEN. FILMORE
That...bastard...

Richter gives a final look to the camera--

RICHTER
Well I guess it's anchor's aweigh!
So long, suckers!

Richter reaches for the camera cable and YANKS IT--The screen goes BLANK--

INT CENTRAL OPERATIONS

Richter yanks the blindfold off Filmore.

RICHTER
You're a natural in front of the
camera, you know that?

Smitty approaches Richter as the last men file out of Central Operations--

SMITTY
Choppers are ready. Let's get the
fuck out of here.
RICHTER

It's time gentleman--I hope you
enjoyed the tour--

He grabs Helen out of her chair and they hastily make their way out the exit--

PAN to the TIMER--3:59--3:58--3:57--

INT STAIRWELL

Richter pushes Filmore up the stairs--

RICHTER
Now the fun begins Helen--you
like to travel?

The others follow behind up the stairs--

INT HALLWAY--

Cooper races down the hall--

INT ANOTHER HALLWAY

Cooper turns the corner and checks the floorplan--

He looks up and SPRINTS--

INT DEAD END CORRIDOR

Cooper approaches a DOOR at the end--it reads CENTRAL OPERATIONS--AUTHORIZED
PERSONNEL ONLY--

The door is THICK STEEL--and LOCKED--

Cooper struggles to open it--no luck--

He checks the grenade launcher--ONE GRENADE LEFT--

He runs back the other way--

He turns and FIRES the launcher--

The grenade EXPLODES--sending a ball of FIRE down the hall--

The flames clear and the door is partially blasted off, hanging twisted from
a
hinge--

Cooper runs down the hall avoiding the licking flames and runs through the
doorway--

INT CENTRAL OPERATIONS

Cooper arrives to find everyone is GONE--

COOPER
Son-of-a-bitch--

He sees the TIMER--cross-wired in a maddening way--impossible to dismantle--
1:58--1:
57--1:56--

He looks toward the other door and BOLTS out--as fast as he can--

EXT CHEMCO ROOF

The helicopters are ready to go--

Richter shoves Filmore into one of the helicopters as the others board the
second
one--

RICHTER
Step lively--step lively--

THE SECOND HELICOPTER takes off--

INT STAIRWAY

Cooper FLIES up a stairwell--

EXT FIELD OUTSIDE CHEMCO - NIGHT

We see the helicopter lift off and go away--

The sergeant approaches Jackson--

SERGEANT
We can take either one of them out
now, sir--

LT. JACKSON
We haven't got authorization! They
still have a hostage--

Jackson looks behind him--

JACKSON
Get everyone out of here--They've
timed it to blow!

EXT CHEMCO ROOF - NIGHT

The second helicopter slowly lifts off

RICHTER
(cheerfully)
We came, we saw, we looted--

INT HELICOPTER

Richter is sitting next to Filmore watching the building disappear--

RICHTER

I'll tell ya life is a gas...
when you've got a pretty girl
by your side--

INT CENTRAL OPERATIONS--

The timer continues, in the room strewn with dead bodies--

0:20--0:19--0:17--

EXT FIELD OUTSIDE CHEMCO - NIGHT

Jackson watches intently--

INT ROOM IN DC

Se. Filmore, Myers, and White watch the building from a television, intently,
helplessly--

INT CENTRAL OPERATIONS

We see the timer--every couple of seconds we cut CLOSER--

0:05--0:04--0:03--0:02--0:01--

There is a seconds pause--

BOOOOMMM! Central Operations EXPLODES IN A FIREBALL--setting off a chain
reaction-

-

EXT CHEMCO - NIGHT

A series of HUGE EXPLOSIONS rip through the windows at Chemco--

INT HELICOPTER

Richter and Filmore watch the destruction from above--

RICHTER

Hooooo-eeeeee!

Filmore looks out, letting out an anguished whisper:

FILMORE

Cooper...

No one hears her.

EXT SKY

The helicopters disappear into the night sky--

EXT FIELD OUTSIDE CHEMCO - NIGHT

Jackson watches the destruction and grabs the phone--

JACKSON

We got two choppers headed east-
northeast--get special forces
on their tail--now!

INT ROOM IN DC

The men watch, dumbstruck--

MYERS

He's got the nerve-gas.

He turns to White, who has his head in his hands...

MYERS

We may have to take them down!

SEN FILMORE

Are you mad! My daughter's on one
of those helicopters!

MYERS

If they're carrying enough nerve gas
to kill millions of people I'd say
we have little choice, Senator!

White interrupts--

WHITE

He wouldn't take it on the helicopters.
He'd transport it through pipelines
that connect Chemco to the waterfront...

MYERS

What!

WHITE

They were probably topping off a docked
tanker while he stalled for time--without
anyone being the wiser...

A dismayed look crosses White's face--

WHITE

(dismayed)
KZ70709 would be worth hundreds of
millions on the black market.

Sen. Filmore is looking at a wallet photo of his daughter--

SEN. FILMORE

He doesn't even need her...

He looks up, grasping for a thread of hope--

SEN. FILMORE

What about Cooper--where is he?

MYERS

He's in there...

They watch the image of the burning building on the TV...

Sen. Filmore nods gravely, despairingly...

Myers gets up and looks out--

MYERS

This guy Richter just upped the stakes.
It's time we cracked down.

He looks at the senator

MYERS

Don't worry Henry. We won't let them
out of our site--this isn't over yet...

EXT WATERFRONT - NIGHT

The two HELICOPTERS land near a TANKER, the OLYMPIA, docked at the waterfront
t the
end of a PIPELINE, the surviving members of the takeover team getting off and
hurrying on board as the ship prepares to depart--

RICHTER gets out, keeping Filmore securely by his side

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, a windburned, grizzled old scab, cheerfully greets Richter--
-

STOCKTON

Right on time, Richter--

RICHTER

Helen this is Captain Stockton--
Captain, Congresswoman Helen Filmore,
the pride of Ohio.

Stockton extends his hand--Filmore just stares at him--

The captain looks her over, tipping his cap--

STOCKTON

Ma'am...

Richter glances back at

A HANDFUL OF SOLDIERS on alert with weapons drawn, maintaining a substantial

distance--

Richter smiles at Stockton--

RICHTER
Our traveler's insurance, you know
what I mean?

STOCKTON
Gotcha. We've been filling barrels
all day--we've got hell of a stockpile.

RICHTER
Good.

STOCKTON
I say we head out.

RICHTER
Agreed--let's move it.

STOCKTON
Are you hungry? We can discuss
some final arrangements over some
slop in the galley.

RICHTER
Captain it would be impossible to
turn down such a gracious request.

Richter looks at Filmore--

RICHTER
What say, Helen? You haven't eaten
all day--and come to think of it--
neither have I!

Stockton and Richter laugh as Richter shoves her forward--they head toward
the ship-

-

A COUPLE SCUMMY-LOOKING SEAMEN

Leer at Filmore as she boards, grinning, looking like they just crawled out
of a
dumpster--they trade snorts from a hip flask, their DRUNKEN minds filling
with
ideas--

They remove the last chain mooring the ship and get on board--

And then we see a HELICOPTER...

A STORAGE HATCH DOOR above the landing bar SLOWLY OPENS--

We see COOPER exit the cramped storage hatch--clothes dirty and torn--

he quickly gets his bearings--

When all is clear he LOOKS OUT at the Olympia--pulling out--

He JUMPS and grabs the metal gate around the deck, pulling himself on board.

EXT OCEAN - NIGHT

The Olympia heads out to sea, Malaysia retreating in the distance--

INT OIL FUEL BUNKER--

Cooper moves in and out of shadows below deck, getting his bearings--

He sees a SAILOR checking an oil tank reading--he leaves

Cooper moves on--

INT GALLEY

Seated in the galley, Richter, Stockton, and Filmore have been served a seafood dinner and wine.

Richter and Stockton voraciously eat and drink, while Filmore just sits and listens.

..

STOCKTON

My crew is going to work alongside
with your men, don't worry--we're
a team!

RICHTER

Why should I worry? Is there a
problem?

STOCKTON

Well, there was uh, a little dissent
about the amount of the bonus--

RICHTER

Dissent?

STOCKTON

You know, when we reach Kompong Som--

Stockton chews and swallows--

STOCKTON

But I explained your generosity,
and that settled the whole matter.

Stockton freshens Richter's wine glass--

RICHTER

It's good to be back in business

with you again, old friend.

Richter raises his glass:

RICHTER

To the suckers of the world! Without
them we'd never succeed!

The men click glasses--Filmore just listens--

Richter explains to Stockton--

FILMORE

Helen's a little upset. She lost her
whole entourage of hangers-on today--
almost bought it herself, didn't she?
Well don't you worry Helen--from now
on its smooooth sailing.

The two men laugh--

INT LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Cooper stealthily moves through a darkened corridor--

Up ahead a DOOR OPENS--

Cooper presses himself against the wall--hidden by a shadow--

TWO SEAMEN exit the room--closing the door behind them--

SEAMAN

...I was a thousand miles from my old
lady on a free port and just got paid--
ten grand in my pocket...

After a few seconds they turn a corner, and their voices trail off--

Cooper steps out of the shadows and carefully approaches the door--

He puts his ear to the door, hears nothing, then SLOWLY opens the door--

INT SUPPLY ROOM

Cooper FLIPS the LIGHTSWITCH--

We see METAL SHELVES filled with supplies--

COOPER

Merry Christmas...

Cooper quickly scans the shelves--he finds CANDLES, takes a few--he continues
to
rummage--

He approaches a shelf containing CLEANING SUPPLIES, grabbing a can of DRAIN OPENER--

Suddenly--we hear the sound of FOOTSTEPS approaching--Cooper ducks--

A SEASICK TERRORIST enters the supply room, looking very nauseous--

Cooper watches as the Terrorist looks for DRAMAMINE--groaning...

SEASICK

Oh my God...I'm gonna puke...
where is that shit...

He finds the first aid supplies--

He pulls out a packet of TABLETS and fumbles with the wrapper--

He takes the pills and gulps them down--

Burping, he then STAGGERS out of the room--

When it's clear, Cooper continues searching--

He finds a box containing INDUSTRIAL COVERALLS--the same things worn by Stockton's men--

He quickly grabs one and RIPS OPEN the PLASTIC--

INT NEW CORRIDOR

Richter escorts Filmore to her quarters--

RICHTER

I hope you enjoy your accommodations
Helen. I want you to enjoy your time
here with us--

Helen breaks her silence--faces Richter--

FILMORE

You understand that they're watching
our every move right now--you think
you're just going to sail away?

RICHTER

It seems to me we are just sailing away.
They haven't sunk us yet, have they?
Besides, don't you worry your pretty
little head about that. It's all been
taken care of.

Richter stops Filmore, and looks at her--

RICHTER

I know you're not too happy at this

point. It's too bad we weren't able to meet elsewhere, under different circumstances...

FILMORE

Like where--in your dreams?

Before Richter can respond, the seasick TERRORIST hurries back--

SEASICK

Sorry--I was getting some seasick pills.

RICHTER

Not to worry...

He keeps his eyes on Filmore--

RICHTER

We were just saying goodnight.

Without another word, Filmore turns and enters her quarters, slamming the door behind herself right in Richter's face.

RICHTER

Guard her. With your life.

Richter heads down the corridor toward his own quarters--

The guard looks miserable and seasick--

BEHIND A CORNER

Unseen by all, Cooper watches the whole thing--

He nods, knowing where to get her when the time comes--

He looks back behind him, looks back at Filmore's door, then back again--

He heads back the way he came--

INT RADIO ROOM

Stockton enters the radio room, checking in--

STOCKTON

Any news from Kompong Som?

OPERATOR

Yessir they've confirmed our E.T.A. and they're ready to pipe the cargo.

STOCKTON

Good. Won't be long now, my friend... soon we're gonna be very wealthy...

INT RICHTER'S QUARTERS

Richter pours BRANDY into a snifter, whistling "Popeye the Sailor Man," thinking back on the day, beside himself with insane confidence--

He laughs to himself, as he swirls the brandy in the snifter before taking a swig--

He scans the shelf of BOOKS before him, selecting a copy of MOBY DICK--

RICHTER
Call me...goddamn Ishmael...

He laughs and gets comfortable, turning to page one, sipping his brandy--

INT FILMORE'S QUARTERS

Having turned down the lights, Filmore sits up in her bed--

She gazes through the shadows, exhausted but defiant--

The ship's steady swaying pacifies her. She fights to keep her eyes open, in vain..
.they close...

She opens them again but it's no use...they close again.

INT CORRIDOR

The two randy SEAMEN from earlier round a corner--

They see the TERRORIST GUARD at Filmore's door--

RANDY SEAMAN1
Look at him--he's ready to spew...

They approach him--

RANDY SEAMAN2
(quietly)
Looking a little green, brother...

TERRORIST
I don't know how you fucking do this!

RANDY SEAMAN 1
You have to get your sea legs.
Hell I used to get sick all the time.

RANDY SEAMAN 2
It's easy when the boat is going UP,
and DOWN, and UP, and DOWN,...

The terrorist doesn't need this...

RANDY SEAMAN 1
Man I got so nauseous once...it was

worse than the time I accidentally
drank a cup of tobacco spit, could
have sworn there were a few loogies
in it--

The terrorist can't take much more--

TERRORIST

Jesus shut up!

RANDY SEAMAN 2

Man in rough weather this boat just
rocks, and rocks, and rocks...

RANDY SEAMAN 1

Yeah and if you get bad cook that just
keeps feeding you salty pork all the
time it's enough to--

The terrorist SPRINGS UP and flees down the hallway, hand to his mouth--

The two seamen look at each other and smile drunkenly--

INT FILMORE'S QUARTERS

Filmore sleeps in dim shadows on her bed--

The door to her quarters OPENS and CLOSES with a CREAK--

Filmore BOLTS to attention--

FILMORE

Who is it!

The two seamen stand like ghostly figures in the dim shadows--

Concealing her fear, Filmore gets up and faces them--

FILMORE

I want you out of here at once.

They push her back on the bed with malicious intent--

RANDY SEAMAN 1

Begging your pardon, ma'am--but
your wants don't quite enter into
it--

The lunge for her and she SCREAMS, trying to claw herself free--

They PAW at her--she defends herself, KNEEING one hard in the balls--severely
SCRATCHING the other--

This only fuels their determination--

FILMORE

Helllp!

One grabs her, covering her mouth, stifling her cries--

The other RIPS OPEN her DRESS--

She struggles in vain as the seaman fondles her--

Loosening his pants the other seaman works himself up--
Filmore shuts her eyes, trying to block out the horror--

Suddenly the door to the cabin BURSTS OPEN--

A SHADOWY FIGURE OF A MAN rushes in, pulling the rapist off of her--

Filmore falls to the floor, struggling to see what's happening--

One seaman PULLS A KNIFE--

The man WRENCHES the seaman's arm yanking it HARD behind his back before
wrapping
his ARM around his neck--YANKING HARD on the jaw--BREAKING HIS NECK--

The other seaman CHARGES and catches the BLADE square in the heart--

The two seaman collapse to the ground--DEAD.

FILMORE

Cooper!

SNAP! RICHTER turns on the light, wiping his hands as if he just swatted a
couple
of flies--

RICHTER

I'm sorry what did you say?

Filmore pales, then says nothing.

Richter scrutinizes her for a second--

RICHTER

I'm sorry about this. I'm going
to have to have a few words with
Stockton--his men need a lesson
in manners...

Filmore looks very sexy and vulnerable at this moment--

RICHTER

Perhaps you'll find my quarters more
to your liking--

She looks up at him in disbelief--

INT BOILER ROOM

Cooper SLINKS into the boiler room--

He sees an ENGINEER manning the complicated devices that regulate the flow of steam to the TURBINE BLADES.
Cooper looks through a metal screen door and sees what he needs--a can of GASOLINE--

He silently enters the room and opens the gas can--

He pours the LYE into the can--it SIZZLES as he plunks the candles in--

He takes the container and begins to SHAKE IT--

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey!

Cooper whips around to see an ENGINEER--

ENGINEER1

What the hell are you doing?

COOPER

Oh, hi. I'm one of Richter's men.

ENGINEER

Oh yeah?

The engineer is suspicious but Cooper plays it like a HICK--

COOPER

Yeah. He wanted to make sure the boats on deck are fueled...

ENGINEER

They are.

Cooper plays it cool--

COOPER

Oh...

He puts the gas can down--

The other ENGINEER approaches--

COOPER

Good. I'm beat enough as it is...

He smiles at the two stone-faced engineers. Cooper feigns enthusiasm for the boiler room and walks out in the middle of it...

COOPER

God-damn...

The engineers follow him...

COOPER

That's one hell of an engine!

He looks at the two men--

COOPER
Far cry from the old outboard back
home, you know what I mean, boys?

The engineers begin to warm slightly--

ENGINEER2
Damn straight.

Cooper focuses on a large, heavily gauged metal CONTRAPTION--

COOPER
This must power the turbines, huh?

ENGINEER1
Sorta, yeah...

Cooper walks around like a kid in a candy store--the engineers eye him like he's an idiot--

COOPER
Shit, what happens when this thing
goes down?

ENGINEER2
We got backup power over there.

Cooper looks over at an electronic PANEL--The AUXILIARY ALTERNATOR--

ENGINEER1
Don't worry junior, we're prepared
for everything.

Cooper nods like a dolt, smiling--

POW! Cooper SMASHES the first engineer in the face--a LIGHTNING COMBINATION--he crashes to the ground--

In the split second that follows Cooper WHIPS his foot around and CONNECTS with the 2nd engineer's SKULL--sending him to the ground--

COOPER
Yeah you're prepared alright...

Cooper heads over to the GAS CAN--picks it up--

He heads over to A CABINET that has a coffee machine, microwave, etc. on it--

He rips open the drawers, finding a STEAK KNIFE...A CAN OPENER--

He opens the GAS CAN with the opener--turning it upside down and shaking it--

a brown substance resembling "SLIME" plops out on the counter--

He glances back over at the GENERATOR--

INT BRIDGE

Stockton enters the bridge--meeting his FIRST MATE--

FIRST MATE
We're steady on course Captain.

STOCKTON
At least some of us are! No more drinking
on this goddamn ship!

He looks out the window--

STOCKTON
OK, Andrews lock her down--

FIRST MATE
Yes sir.

Stockton settles back for what he anticipates will be a routine night on the
high
seas--

EXT SEA - NIGHT

The tanker makes its way through the moonlit waters--

TIGHT ON A RADAR

Showing a blip northeast of the center of the grid--

INT BOAT

A radar operator from ANOTHER SHIP is monitoring the tanker--

OPERATOR
She's keeping a steady course, straight
for Cambodia...

EXT SEA

We see the COAST GUARD CUTTER slicing through the water, pursuing the tanker
from a
very safe distance--

INT ROOM IN DC - NIGHT

A very haggard looking White, Myers, and Sen. Filmore
sit amid TV screens, CNN updates, and assistants on phone.

MYERS

Looks like Richter isn't acting
alone--he's heading into some
dangerous waters.

SEN. FILMORE

She's as good as gone...

MYERS

You can't think like that! We're
watching them like a hawk--he's
bound to trip up, make one false
move--

WHITE

Richter can't run forever.

The senator has given up all hope...

SEN. FILMORE

I don't know about that...

INT RICHTER'S QUARTERS

Her posture stiff and protected, Filmore sits in a chair at a desk while
Richter
moves around her.

She keeps the corner of her eye on him, unsure of what he's up to.

FILMORE

I suppose...you think I should thank you.

RICHTER

Yes, you should.

He pours two glasses of BRANDY.

RICHTER

Overnight I've put us in the history
books, Filmore. It won't be long till
we're legends in our own time.

FILMORE

Seems to me you'll be dead soon, Richter.

Richter bristles--

FILMORE

One hostage is not enough--you're a
marked man.

Richter smiles at her--

RICHTER

Much as I love you, Helen, you don't

think I would have put all my eggs in
one basket, would you? Anything funny
and...

He laughs with delight--

RICHTER

...they have a catastrophe on their hands!

He looks around the room--

RICHTER

No, I felt something when I first saw
you. And I know you felt something too.

Filmore is disgusted with him. He approaches her.

RICHTER

We're one in the same, Helen. We both
want it all. And we'll do what we can to
get it--isn't that the truth?

She ignores him--

RICHTER

I watched you as your old man's reputation
went down the toilet--"misappropriation of
funds"--you stayed out of it like a pro.

Filmore's eyes fill with tears.

RICHTER

You see, it paid off--you broke away from
the old guard, congresswoman. It won't
be long till they're calling you Senator
Filmore--

FILMORE

Shut up!

RICHTER

But it won't be enough, it will never
be enough. I know. I understand you.

He offers her a glass of brandy, which she weakly accepts.

RICHTER

To us...and to having everything.

She just holds the glass, beyond caring--

RICHTER

Come on, drink up.

FILMORE

I don't want any...

RICHTER

I insist...

FILMORE

I said I don't want any, goddammit!

Richter GRABS the hair in the back of her head--HARD--

She freezes--

RICHTER

I said--I insist!

She sips the brandy, staring hard at Richter--HATE burning in her eyes--he stares back, determined--

RICHTER

You're a very headstrong woman--
sometimes you tend to forget the
impulses of your body--your desires--

He grabs her closer--VIOLENTLY--

Then--

BOOOOMMMM! A huge explosion is heard--the two feel a tremor as the lights go out--

Filmore takes her brandy glass and SMASHES it over Richter's face, making a run for it--

This enrages Richter, who yanks her by her arm and slams her against the wall--he pulls out his GUN and shoves it hard into her temple--

RICHTER

Let's see what's happening, princess--

He shoves her out the door--

EXT BRIDGE--

Stockton tries to radio the engine room, to no avail--

STOCKTON

The damn line's dead!

FIRST MATE

Rudder's dead--navigation's dead--

INT STAIRWELL

Stockton grabs a FLASHLIGHT and a FIRE EXTINGUISHER and flies down the stairs--

Stockton CRASHES IN--OTHERS ARE THERE--including the two ENGINEERS on the ground--

FLAMES engulf the main GENERATOR, which is completely destroyed--

Stockton FURIOUSLY DOUSES the fire with the extinguisher, along with others doing the same thing--

INT CORRIDOR

The SEASICK GUARD from earlier is in the same area, looking bewildered, aiming at any noise--

Suddenly there is a WHISTLING NOISE--

THUNK! The STEAK KNIFE juts out of the guards throat as he collapses to the ground, gurgling--

Cooper grabs the guard's SEMI AUTOMATIC and KICKS HIM out of the way--

He stands back and KICKS the door to Filmore's quarters--it FLIES open--

INT FILMORE'S QUARTERS

Through the moonlight Cooper can only find the two RANDY SEAMEN--DEAD.

COOPER

Fuck!

Determined not to let her slip out of his hands again, he BOLTS out the door--

INT ENGINE ROOM

Having successfully doused the flames, a soaked, sweating Stockton, Richter, and Filmore inspect the damage along with a couple of others--

RICHTER

Get this shit-crate running!

Stockton glares at him--looking around the smoke-filled room with a flashlight--

STOCKTON

This "shit-crate" just lost her main engine--it isn't like changing a bulb!

Stockton heads up some steps to the AUXILIARY ALTERNATOR--

STOCKTON

The auxiliary alternator can get us lit and moving, but not for long--

Stockton opens a DOOR PANEL and unlocks a POWER SWITCH--he pulls the SWITCH up and locks it in place--

The lights buzz on--Stockton looks at Richter--

STOCKTON
Seems like we got ourselves a
saboteur, Richter!

Suddenly Filmore's EYES WIDEN with hope--

Stockton turns to hear something POP--

He sees the BACK OF THE CONSOLE OPENED, and two POWER WIRES STUCK in a BLOB of the SLIME--

BOOOOOMMM!

The alternator EXPLODES, ripping Stockton and several others to pieces as Richter LEAPS out of harms way, dragging Filmore into the hall--

A ROARING FIRE ensues as the ship goes black again--

EXT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Richter heads out running, dragging an exhausted and dirty Filmore with him--

Two terrorists--BLACK and SMITTY--catch up--

BLACK
What the fuck is going on?

RICHTER
We have a problem on our hands
gentlemen!

A FIGURE approaches UP AHEAD--

RICHTER FIRES WILDLY at the man--SIX BULLETS in two seconds-

The man splatters against the wall--it is RED--

FILMORE
Good shot!

He looks at SMITTY without remorse, all the time walking fast--

RICHTER
Dump what barrels we can overboard
and get the launches ready--

Richter yanks Filmore away as the two terrorists take off the other way--

INT RADIO ROOM--

The OPERATOR is hammering out something in Morse code, reading from an old chart,
the only working piece of equipment he has--

Suddenly he is CHOKED FROM BEHIND--

Cooper shoves his GUN BARREL into the man's temple--the man freezes in terror--

COOPER
I hope you know your Morse code.
I got something I want you to
spell for me!

OPERATOR
Don't kill me please--

COOPER
The first letter is C...

The man looks it up and enters something but Cooper is too sharp--he shoves the gun harder on his head--

COOPER
That wasn't a C now was it--I'm
gonna give your sorry ass one more
chance--
The operator enters the correct letter--

COOPER
Good--"O"--"O"--

INT COAST GUARD CUTTER - NIGHT

The radar operator notices the Olympia is veering off course--

OPERATOR
It looks like they're changing
course, headed due north--

INT ROOM IN DC

An assistant turns to Sen. Filmore, Myers and White--

ASSISTANT
Sirs!

The men whip around--

ASSISTANT
The coast guard is reporting
a Morse signal coming from the
Olympia!

MYERS
A distress call?

ASSISTANT
Yeah--a distress call--

The men wait--

ASSISTANT
Cooper--SOS--

Senator Filmore's EYES LIGHT UP--

EXT CARGO HATCH - NIGHT

Black and Smitty are rolling sealed BARRELS of the binary chemicals to a raised GANGWAY--one chemical in a green barrel, the other in a blue barrel--

They drop them into to the sea, leaving a floating trail in the wake of the tanker..

.

Suddenly--

BOOOOMMM! An explosion RIPS through a lower deck, the fire rapidly spreading through the crippled tanker--

BLACK
Fuck this! Let's get out of here!

The two men throw two more barrels overboard and take off down the deck--

EXT OTHER END OF DECK - NIGHT

Richter prepares the LAUNCH to descend into the water--

EXT DECK

Black and Smitty head toward another launch on the opposite side of the deck--

Then Smitty sees Cooper, sprinting from back at the stern--

SMITTY
Shit!

They aim and FIRE at him--he DIVES for cover--

He fires back--NAILING BLACK in the HEAD--he slams to the ground--

EXT BOW--

Richter hears the gunfire and turns around--

Cooper dashes from one cover to another as Smitty fires--shooting his entire load--

Filmore sees him--

FILMORE

Cooper!

Richter is truly amazed by this, but has no time for it--

RICHTER

Come on princess--its time we
had a talk with your friend--

EXT DECK

Cooper ducks down behind a cargo derrick, avoiding the gunfire--Smitty is OUT
of
ammo--

Suddenly--

RICHTER (O.S.)

Cooper?!

Cooper perks up--

RICHTER (O.S.)

Cooper I think you better come out--

Cooper fingers his trigger...

and WHIPS OUT--

Richter has his gun to Filmore's head--

RICHTER

Welcome back from the dead! I
don't know how you did it but
at this point I don't really
care.

COOPER

It's over Richter. Let her go!

RICHTER

Over? You slowed up my cargo that's
for sure but least we forget Cooper
your assignment was to protect the
Congresswoman--

Cooper wants to make a move, but can't--

Smitty slowly approaches behind him--

RICHTER

So far your operation's a success
but it would be a shame if the patient
died now wouldn't it?

Cooper says nothing--

RICHTER

Now I want you to put the gun down--

Cooper hesitates--

RICHTER

So help me sweet Jesus Christ I'll
blow her fucking brains out right
here and now--PUT THE GUN DOWN!

Cooper obliges watching Richter for as much as one false move--Smitty is gets
behind Cooper--

Richter regains his composure--

RICHTER

Thank you!

He gestures to SMITTY, who raises his rifle--

FILMORE

Cooper!

BAM! Smitty's rifle butt SMASHES Cooper on the head--

he falls and Smitty KICKS HIM IN THE FACE--HARD--

Cooper rolls violently as Smitty kicks his face again--WHAM-

Blood runs out of Cooper's mouth--

Richter drags a struggling Filmore into the launch and pulls a lever,
lowering it--

Smitty runs over to another launch and prepares to lower it-

BOOOOMMM! another explosion rips through the ship--it lurches VIOLENTLY--

EXT PORT HULL

Richter and Filmore fall as the launch swings out and slams back against the
side
of the hull--

Cooper slowly comes to--completely disoriented--he shakes his head like a
punch-
drunk boxer

POV of a blurry, double-vision deck--Smitty descending in the other launch--

Cooper gets up, staggers, falls--

Smitty disappears from the deck, descending--

EXT PORT HULL--

Richter and Filmore land in the water as Richter shoves Filmore toward the
bow and
fires up the OUTBOARD motor--

EXT STARBOARD HULL

Smitty is descending when suddenly--

Cooper LEAPS and lands on the deck of the launch--

SMITTY rams him, attempting to send Cooper overboard--

Struggling to keep his bearings, Cooper RETALIATES--
smashing Smitty in the face--

The two struggle--

One of the ROPES on the STERN begins to break as the men jar the craft
violently--
POW! Smitty connects with Cooper--AGAIN--

But Cooper whips around and BACKHANDS Smitty before PASTING HIM with a
withering
combination--

SNAP! The stern line gives way as the boat swings in a diagonal, slamming
against
the hull--

Smitty tumbles backwards, grabbing the OUTBOARD to keep from falling--

Cooper DIVES and yanks the RIPCORDER--

The engine ROARS to life, the PROPELLER grazing Smitty's sternum--

Cooper YANKS the engine up--

The propeller SLICES OPEN SMITTY'S CHEST as he crashes into the water--

The launch slowly descends--

EXT PORT HULL - NIGHT

Richter and Filmore speed away from the tanker as an EXPLOSION goes off on
deck--
sending debris through the air--

EXT STARBOARD HULL

Cooper lets the last ropes free as Smitty climbs back up on the boat as it
pulls
out--

He POUNCES on Cooper--who breaks free--

Cooper SMASHES SMITTY with a backhand--

Smitty CHARGES and PUSHES COOPER OVER--

Cooper's legs hook the edge as he falls in backwards--

He struggles to get up but Smitty SHOVES his face under, trying to suffocate him--

Cooper swallows water, suffocating--

Smitty clenches his teeth, using all his might to keep Cooper under--

In a desperate surge of energy Cooper LIFTS HIS LEGS and LOCKS SMITTY'S NECK--
-
CHOKING HIM--

Smitty struggles to break free--

UNDERWATER--

We see Cooper grimace and JERK--

SNAP--Smitty's jaw goes askew and his neck BREAKS--

Cooper FLIPS him overboard--the two men crash into the water--

Cooper splashes to the surface coughing and struggles on board, lowering the propeller into the water---the boat SPEEDS OFF--

EXT SEA

Richter and Filmore round the stern as COOPER approaches from the other side--
-

Richter speeds maniacally--wind RIPPING through his hair--

FROM AROUND THE STERN COMES COOPER--

Richter raises his gun and FIRES at the fast-approaching boat--

Cooper ducks and aims his boat at theirs--

BANG BANG BANG--CLICK! CLICK! Richter is out of ammo--

Filmore charges at him, trying to wrench him from the steering--

He CRACKS HER ACROSS THE FACE--she falls to the deck--

COOPER JAMS the boat into HIGH GEAR and begins to run parallel to Richter--

Richter slams his boat into Cooper's--Cooper's into his--

Then Cooper does the unexpected--

He LEAPS off the boat--ONTO RICHTER'S--

Cooper's boat begins to SPIRAL MADLY--

Cooper POUNCES on Richter--but Richter grabs Cooper by the arm and HURLS HIM onto

the deck--

Like two sinewy springs Nick legs send Richter airborne--
Richter crashes back--

the boat spins FURIOUSLY out of control--

Bleeding from the corner of her mouth Filmore reaches up for the nearest thin
to
keep her steady--the STEERING WHEEL--

the two men exchange WITHERING BLOWS as they stagger around the speeding
craft--

In a last-chance attempt at killing Cooper once for all he LAUNCHES into an
offensive that has Cooper's ears ringing--

But Cooper SURGES--sending Richter crashing to the stern--
Cooper staggers back and looks ahead--

THEY'RE SPEEDING TOWARD THE CENTER OF THE TANKER--NO WHERE TO TURN--

Cooper GRABS Filmore and YANKS HER UP--

COOPER

JUMP!!!

They JUMP from the speeding BOAT tumbling violently into the water--

Richter looks up for a SECOND--

WHAM!!!! THE BOAT EXPLODES IN A FIREBALL against the hull of the ship--
Annihilating
Richter--

EXT TANKER

BOOOOMMM!!! More explosions on the tanker create a domino effect--

Cooper swims as hard as he can, drags Filmore toward their boat which spirals
in a
circle--

COOPER

Stay clear--

Cooper gets hold of a MOORING ROPE on the of the dangerously spinning boat
and
struggles aboard--

He runs and kills the engine--the boat slows down--

Cooper circles and nears FILMORE--he reaches out for her--

She extends her hand but HE MISSES HER--

Cooper juices up the boat and CIRCLES AROUND HER AGAIN--this time grabbing Cooper by the hand--

He yanks her safely on board--

The two collapse to the deck as a series of EXPLOSIONS on the tanker begin to ESCALATE--

Cooper fires up the boat and heads away from the tanker as

BOOOOMMMM!!!! The tanker is BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS--it's huge frame begins to sink--

EXT COAST GUARD CUTTER

A sentry flashes a powerful beam out toward the flaming, sinking ship-- catching

Filmore and Cooper their boat a little speck in the water--

SENTRY

We've got survivors--about fifteen hundred feet southwest!

We then see JACKSON step out on deck and look through his BINOCULARS--

EXT SEA

Jackson sees Cooper and Filmore--very much alive--

Jackson lowers his binoculars in disbelief, smiling--

JACKSON

That son-of-a-bitch!

INT ROOM IN DC

Myers is on the phone--

MYERS

Are you absolutely certain?!... Stand by!

He looks to Myers and Sen. Filmore--

MYERS

It's over!

Sen. Filmore drops his head in despair--

MYERS

Cooper got her out!

Filmore looks up, as if the clouds parted to reveal heaven itself--

EXT SEA

Passing floating barrels of the BINARY CHEMICALS, they race away from the flames and toward the RISING SUN. On the horizon, the COAST GUARD CUTTER approaches--

A wounded, exhausted Cooper and Filmore trade looks. More than gratitude, there is an attraction in their eyes. But neither really knows how to express it.

COOPER

Well Filmore--

FILMORE

Well Cooper...

COOPER

Looks like you're not going to make that dinner after all...

FILMORE

I guess not Cooper...

She looks out at dawn spreading across the horizon--

FILMORE

...but you can't say we didn't try...

The boat heads off into the distance...

THE END