

THE LONE GUNMEN

"Pilot"

Written by

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"Pilot"

CAST LIST

Langly
Frohike
Byers

Publicist
First Guard
Yves Adele Harlow (Bearded Man)
Ray Helm (Eulogist)
Reverend
Bearded Man
Bert Byers
Assassin
Demo Man
Kimmy The Geek
N.D. Man
Pilot

Co-Pilot (non-speaking)
Navigator (non-speaking)

"Pilot"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

INTEC HEADQUARTERS

CEMETERY

SUBURBAN UNDERPASS

WRECKING YARD

INTERIORS

INTEC HEADQUARTERS

/LOBBY

/CRAWLSPACE

/R&D LAB

/HALLWAY

LONE GUNMEN OFFICE

SEDAN

BERT BYERS' HOUSE

/LIVING ROOM

/BACK BEDROOM

AUTO BAY

EMBASSY HALLWAY

GUN CLUB

GOV'T COMPUTER LAB

AIRPORT GATE

AIRLINER

/RESTROOM

/MAIN CABIN

/COCKPIT

1 EXT. INTEC HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

1

A gleaming temple to corporate America, as well as to Yen and Eurodollars, this glass and steel complex is more rambling than tall. And at this moonlit hour, it's busier than we'd expect. We TILT DOWN from it to find VALETS parking expensive cars. VIPs enter the building, dressed for a cocktail party.

A LEGEND appears: INTEC COMPUTER CORPORATION, VIENNA, VIRGINIA.

NEW ANGLE - LONG LENS

A huge full moon is cut by the roofline of the building. Now, across it... TWO FIGURES come scurrying, carrying duffels. They lift off a rooftop chef's hat fan, climb down out of sight.

2 INT. INTEC LOBBY - NIGHT - VIDEO MONITORS

2

Display security camera footage -- all clear. We SWEEP past two GUARDS seated at their kiosk. We WEAVE among BUSINESS PEOPLE enjoying cocktails and hors d'oeuvres brought by jacketed WAITERS. This is a toney Open House. We come upon a small crowd listening to a corporate spiel given by a female PUBLICIST.

PUBLICIST

So, on behalf of our 14,000 employees, I'm pleased to say "Welcome to Intec!" The most technologically advanced, yet socially conscious company on the Fortune 500!

VOICE IN THE CROWD

Yeah, right.

A few folks glance at the source of this derisive mutter. We don't see who it is yet. The Publicist falters, then continues.

PUBLICIST

In this state-of-the-art research and development center, we're taking the next step in computer processor evolution. And, we're creating a new age of innovation and customer service!

VOICE IN THE CROWD

How about "A new age of invading your customers' privacy?"

The voice belongs to... RICHARD "RINGO" LANGLEY. His long hair is in a ponytail, and he wears a sport coat over his T-shirt -- unusual for him. He holds a martini, addresses the crowd.

CONTINUED

LANGLY

Big Brother lives on, man.
Right here. Ask her.

Langly points at the Publicist with his drink hand. VIPs MURMUR, wondering who is this asshole? Among the VIPs is a BEARDED MAN whom we don't recognize, nor pay much attention to.

Polite to a fault, the Publicist gives Langly a pained smile.

PUBLICIST

Sir? Are you sure you're on the right tour?

LANGLY

Tell us about the new Octium IV chip you're developing!

Langly snags a chicken satay skewer from a passing waiter. The Publicist looks uncomfortable.

PUBLICIST

Well... the Octium IV is our latest high-speed processor. It's capable of 1.8 gigaflops, that's nearly two billion calculations per second...

LANGLY

I meant, tell us the truth! How the Octium is secretly designed to keep tabs on its users!

3 INT. CRAWLSPACE - NIGHT - A QUICK-RELEASE BUCKLE

3

Gets LATCHED by hands in fingerless gloves. MELVIN FROHIKE fits himself into a climber's harness. He's dressed in stealth black.

So is JOHN FITZGERALD BYERS, who is also here in this cramped ceiling space. These are the two figures we glimpsed earlier. They work in silence, bolting a small winch to a ceiling beam.

Byers powers up a palmtop PC -- a winch control display comes up on it. He gives a thumbs-up. Frohike pulls out a walkie-talkie.

FROHIKE

Patriot One to Patriot Two --
we're in position.

4 INT. INTEC LOBBY - NIGHT - THE GUARDS

4

Are still at their kiosk, though their eyes are trained o.s.

LANGLY (O.S.)

... there's a tiny modem
embedded in the processor, see?

LANGLY

Takes a quick bite of chicken satay, talks while he chews. He's talking louder now, waving his skewer to emphasize his point.

LANGLY

It can automatically upload your files onto the Internet. That and your credit history, your tax bracket, your Social Security Number, all neatly packaged for these robber barons. So they can sell you more crap you don't need -- and sell your personal data to the highest bidder. Including the federal government!

PUBLICIST

Sir... I really don't think this is the proper forum for...

LANGLY

And another thing! --

FROHIKE (FILTERED V.O.)

Patriot Two... Patriot Two...

Langly hesitates. We ANGLE AROUND till we're MACRO-TIGHT ON his ear. We notice an inconspicuous earwig radio he's wearing.

FROHIKE (FILTERED V.O.)

In position -- shut up already.

Langly hears this. He gives an odd look to his chicken skewer.

LANGLY

Uh. Are there peanuts in this?

A beat. WHAM! -- he drops like a sack of crap, out of frame.

LOW ANGLE - PAST LANGLY

Who lies on the floor, eyes rolled up. He twitches and kicks as the crowd backs off, startled. The Publicist motions to the Guards for help.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED:

4

Meanwhile, the Bearded Man stares impassively down at Langly, then slips out of the crowd. No one notices him go but us.

AT THE SECURITY KIOSK

The two Guards exit frame to help. Once they're out, we PUSH IN on a specific monitor -- one which shows a low, wide view of a high-tech R&D lab. And now, on the monitor...

... We see a PANEL in the ceiling PULL BACK. A FIGURE comes LOWERING into view, suspended from cables.

5 INT. R&D LAB - CONTINUOUS - FROHIKE

5

Is being lowered like Tom Cruise in "Mission: Impossible." Thin cables connect to his waist, keeping him parallel to the ground. Byers stares down, operating the winch via his palmtop PC.

FROHIKE'S POV - BEING LOWERED

Below us is an electronic workbench with a million bucks' worth of circuitry microscopes, digital oscilloscopes, test computers and the like. But the thing we're zeroed in on is...

... A lone COMPUTER CHIP. It's up and running, connected to a test board and monitors. As we get closer, we see it's marked "Octium IV." A matrix of GREEN LASER BEAMS -- alarm sensors -- crisscross the floor around the workbench.

ANGLE UP - FROHIKE

Grins big, pitches himself slightly head-first and reaches straight for us. Under his breath:

FROHIKE
Oh, yeah. Who's your Daddy..?

6 INT. INTEC LOBBY - CONTINUOUS - LONGLY

6

Clutches his satay skewer in a death-grip and blows spit bubbles. The Guards hunker over him. One forces an "Intec" pen into his clenched jaw while the other speaks into his walkie.

FIRST GUARD
-- we've got a man having a severe allergic reaction, over.

AT THE SECURITY KIOSK - THE MONITORS

Show different angles of Frohike suspended over the Octium Chip. We PULL BACK from this to find...

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED:

6

... The Bearded Man seated at the kiosk, watching. He glances over his shoulder, checks if anyone's noticed him. No one has. He smiles faintly and begins to TYPE on the kiosk's keyboard.

7 INT. R&D LAB - CONTINUOUS - THE GREEN LASER BEAMS

7

Glow in f.g. a foot above the floor. We're looking past them to Frohike over the workbench, straining to reach the Octium chip.

FROHIKE (O.S.)

Byers. Gimme another inch here.

IN THE CEILING - BYERS

Works his palmtop PC. He looks to the winch beside him -- it doesn't move. Confused, he looks back to his palmtop... and sees something which disturbs him.

HIS POV - THE PALMTOPTOP SCREEN

A bunch of quick protocols blink across the glowing screen: "LOG ON -- REMOTE USER," "DELETE PROGRAM," "LOAD NEW PROGRAM." A bar graph representing the winch's position starts to MOVE.

BYERS

Uh... Frohike? Hang on tight.

FROHIKE

Doesn't know what this means. Until... ZIP! He gets YANKED UP toward the ceiling.

FROHIKE

Byers! --

Frohike dangles there, pedaling his arms and legs. A foot above him, Byers frantically types. He shakes his head, helpless.

BYERS

Our software's been hijacked!

ZIP! Down Frohike goes. Just shy of the workbench, he jerks to a stop, lets out an OOF. He growls through gritted teeth.

FROHIKE

Byers..?

ZIP! -- up again. ZIP! -- down. Up, down, up, while above him, Byers bangs the winch with his fist, trying to stop it. No luck.

8 INT. INTEC LOBBY - CONTINUOUS - LANGLEY

8

Still lies in the throes of his "allergic reaction." But now he notices something in the distance. He does a double-take on:

LANGLY'S SIDWAYS POV - THE SECURITY KIOSK

The Bearded Man finishes typing. With an unconcerned glance our way, he heads off deeper into the building. No one else notices.

LANGLY

Has the definite sense he and the boys are up fudge creek. But before he can get to his feet, the Guards gently press him down.

FIRST GUARD

Take it easy. Help's on the way.

Langly struggles -- he's got to help his partners. But as he twists his head around, out of his ear pops the EARWIG RADIO. It bounces on the floor. The First Guard notices, picks it up.

FIRST GUARD

What the hell is this?

The Guards look to each other. Off Langly, his ruse unravelling:

9 INT. R&D LAB - CONTINUOUS - FROHIKE

9

Dangles upside-down, tries to turn upright. From here, he sees:

FROHIKE'S UPSIDE-DOWN POV - THE DOOR

To the lab opens. The Bearded Man stands in the threshold, evenly appraising the matrix of laser beams at his feet. Then...

... the man strides right through the beams. An ALARM SOUNDS.

THE BEARDED MAN

Beelines toward Frohike, gets right in his upside-down face. A beat, then -- what the hell?! -- the Bearded Man KISSES Frohike full on the lips. It's a long, sensuous kiss. And after it goes on for a while, Frohike stops fighting the guy. Above them, Byers watches, shocked.

The man finally breaks it off. Even with the blood rushing to his head, Frohike's look of dismayed recognition is clear.

FROHIKE

You! --

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED:

9

The Bearded Man gives Frohike a spin, then reaches for the OCTIUM CHIP, pulls it from its circuit board. He pockets it and exits the lab, leaving Frohike slowly twirling end over end.

10 INT. INTEC HALLWAY - NIGHT - THE BEARDED MAN

10

Strides down the hallway, his pulse rate nice and low. He ducks into a men's room just before the two Guards come tear-assing into view, dragging Langly up the hall in the opposite direction.

11 INT. R&D LAB - CONTINUOUS - THE GUARDS

11

Burst into the lab, find Frohike hanging limply from his cables and Byers futilely trying to haul him up by hand. THREE MORE GUARDS come jogging into the room. The first one moves to the empty test board. He spins on Frohike, Byers and Langly.

FIRST GUARD

Where's the chip?! --

The Lone Gummen don't answer. The Guard looks to the others.

FIRST GUARD

Full body cavity search.

Off the looks on our boys' faces, as the big guards move in...

12 INT. INTEC HALLWAY - NIGHT - THE MEN'S ROOM DOOR

12

Opens. Out steps not the Bearded Man, but rather...

... A woman. Oh man, what a woman. The kind the Commodores sing about. In a cocktail dress that's kind of there but kind of not. She strides up the hall, her pulse rate nice and low. Way in the b.g., we can see Frohike, Langly and Byers getting dragged off in the opposite direction. Nobody notices her.

FROHIKE

Honest to god, we don't have it!

The woman glances back at Frohike. She smiles to herself.

CLOSE - A TRASH RECEPTACLE

Her hand comes into view over it, dangling a FALSE BEARD and its attached MUSTACHE. She lets it drop. Off the metronomic perfection of this MYSTERY WOMAN, strutting away from us...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

13 INT. LONE GUNMEN OFFICE - MORNING - DEADBOLTS

13

A half-dozen, at least -- we ARM UP as they are unlocked.
LEGEND: OFFICES OF "THE LONE GUNMAN," TAKOMA PARK, MARYLAND.

An alarm light goes from red to green. The door opens, and Byers, Langly and Frohike shuffle in like... well, like they've been given body cavity searches. Langly groans.

LANGLY

What we won't do for the
Constitution...

FROHIKE

... like having it rolled tight
and shoved up our gazoos.
(touches his rump)
Feels like it, anyway.

We're in a room that's a cross between a frat house and a bombed-out Radio Shack: the headquarters of THE LONE GUNMAN newspaper.

Frohike crosses to a shelving unit cluttered with scavenged electronics, searches for something among the transistors and twisted wires. Byers shuts the door, flips all the locks.

BYERS

We should've known better. You
can't break the law in order to
uphold it.

LANGLY

If we don't risk our necks
exposing the truth, who will?
The American people have a right
to know.

He holds up last week's issue of THE LONE GUNMAN, a tabloid-sized, self-published newspaper. Byers pushes it down.

BYERS

They're not going to hear it
from us. Not this issue, at
least -- we don't have the
proof. Not to mention we're
facing federal charges.

Frohike finds what he's looking for. He pulls a hand-held FREQUENCY SCANNER off a shelf, switching it on.

FROHIKE

We've gotta get that chip back.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED:

13

Frohike moves slowly around the room, sweeping the scanner before him. He methodically checks every corner.

LANGLY

Frohike. What the hell are you doing?

FROHIKE

Our operation was piggybacked. There's only one way she could've known our plans.

BYERS

You're sure that man with a beard was Yves Adele Harlow?

FROHIKE

Trust me. No guy kisses like that.

(catches himself)

I mean...

LANGLY

I hear Harlow's a black-hat. A real heavy lifter. Industrial espionage, strictly for profit.

BYERS

Then she's probably already sold the Octium chip to the highest bidder: the Japanese, the Malaysians...

LANGLY

This sucks! We stole it! --

BYERS

(to Frohike)

You believe she breached our security?

Before Frohike can answer -- BEEP! The scanner's picked up something. He runs his hand along the lip of a table... finding something attached underneath... a tiny ELECTRONIC BUG.

The Gunmen all stare in dismay at it as Frohike holds it up to the light. Langly grabs it from him, broadcasts right into it:

LANGLY

Testing 1,2,3 you BITCH!

He dunks the bug into a leftover cup of coffee, destroying it.

CONTINUED

LANGLY

That's twice today I've been violated. That's it, man -- total war! Salt the earth!

The phone RINGS, defusing the moment. Byers heads for it.

BYERS

Lone Gunman Newspaper Group,
Byers speaking --

Silence for a beat as Byers listens. We CREEP IN on him as his face slowly falls. His voice gets quiet.

BYERS

Yes. I'm his son...

In b.g., the other two stir, wondering -- the subject has changed. Off Byers, whose mind is now clearly on other things...

CUT TO:

14 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

14

We DRIFT past f.g. tombstones. Beyond them, standing in a tight circle -- presumably around a grave -- is a crowd of MOURNERS.

EULOGIST (O.S.)

Bertram R. Byers...

CLOSE - A EULOGIST

A substantial, bittersweet man in his late fifties, is speaking.

EULOGIST

The "R." stood for "Roosevelt."
Which is a name fit for a True
Believer if ever I heard one.

The Eulogist smiles. We DRIFT off him as he continues, finding Byers, whose eyes are on the ground.

EULOGIST (O.S.)

A True Believer. That was Bert,
for the thirty-plus years I was
lucky to call him friend.

We DRIFT off Byers, finding Langly and Frohike. Both are dressed for a funeral, more or less. Frohike surreptitiously glances around at the other mourners.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED:

14

HIS POV - THE MOURNERS

We PAN them, distinguished men and women all. They look powerful, if there is such a look. Among them, we see several uniformed AIR FORCE GENERALS. An ARMY GENERAL too, maybe -- members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, by their ribbons.

EULOGIST (O.S.)

He kept the faith -- in government, in its abiding power to do good. Its "muscular Christianity," to quote Vonnegut.

FROHIKE

Is keenly interested in these generals. He whispers to Langly.

FROHIKE

There's enough brass here to make a spittoon...

Langly gives a nod. He looks around, double-takes on something.

LANGLY'S POV - AMONG THE CROWD

We glimpse a BEARDED MAN in a dark suit and sunglasses. Hard to tell... but he looks like the "Bearded Man" from the Teaser.

LANGLY

Stares intently, angles for a better view. Could that be the treacherous Yves Adele Harlow?

Byers is too deep in thought to notice any of this. The Eulogist talks on. We never see the object of the eulogy -- what we assume to be the casket everyone is standing before.

EULOGIST

As a civilian employee of the Air Force, Bert jokingly described himself as a "plodding bureaucrat." But he never lost his passion for aerospace -- his chosen profession and true love.

(faint smile)

Which is why today -- in accordance with his wishes -- we commend his ashes, and his spirit, to that bold frontier he loved so well. Godspeed, Bert.

The Eulogist is finished. A REVEREND offers something to Byers. It looks like a garage door opener attached to a wire.

CONTINUED

REVEREND

Would you do the honors?

Byers gives a little nod, grips the LAUNCHER SWITCH in his hand.

BYERS

Five... four...

WIDER - THE CIRCLE OF MOURNERS

Everyone eases back a step or two, revealing... the MODEL ROCKET they've been standing around all this time. It's a beauty -- three feet tall, fat and gleaming white.

BYERS

Three... two... one. Ignition.

WHOOOOOOSH! -- the little rocket streaks up out of frame, leaving a contrail of smoke behind it. Everyone shades their eyes and cranes their necks, watching it go.

THEIR POV - THE ROCKET

ZIPS upward, tiny in the blue sky. Finally -- POP! The nosecone blows, sending a puff of CREMAINS into the atmosphere.

CRANING DOWN ON - BYERS

Who stares up past us. As we wonder what sort of thoughts he's having about his father...

CUT TO:

15 EXT. CEMETERY - MINUTES LATER

15

The service is over and the mourners are slowly breaking up and walking away from the launch site. Langly and Frohike hang back, still surveying the crowd. We can see Byers in b.g., talking in quiet tones to several mourners.

LANGLY

(under his breath)

So, you never met him?

Frohike shakes his head.

FROHIKE

Byers and his old man hadn't spoken since 1989.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED:

15

LANGLY
(realizing)
The year we started publishing.

FROHIKE
The year Byers threw away a
government pension to hang out
with a couple of low-life hippie
scum.
(off Langly's look)
At least that's what his old man
thought.

Langly digests this. Seeing something, his expression darkens.

LANGLY
Frohike. Twelve o'clock.

FROHIKE
(checks his watch)
What's at twelve o'clock?

LANGLY
One spying, chip-stealin' little
cross-dresser.

Langly walks fast, leaving Frohike behind. He heads for:

THE BEARDED MAN

Who walks ahead, his back to us. We're gaining on him. Langly enters frame, slaps a hand on his shoulder and spins him around. Before the startled man can react, Langly yanks his beard.

BEARDED MAN
OW! What are you doing?! --

The beard's not fake. This man -- a real man -- lifts his sunglasses to glare at Langly. Langly backs off quickly.

LANGLY
Whoa. There was, uh... soup.

Langly mimes soup on his chin. With no graceful way out of this, he slinks back to Frohike, who stares at him distastefully.

FROHIKE
Next time, leave the crack pipe
at home.

Having politely made the rounds, Byers joins them. He didn't witness any of this. Frohike smiles at his grieving friend.

CONTINUED

FROHIKE

Hey, buddy. Nice service.
(nods at the Brass)
Looks like your dad had a lot of
friends in high places.

LANGLY

Yeah. Maybe we could try to
plant bugs on a couple of 'em.
(off Frohike's look)
Or... maybe now's not the time.

BYERS

I'm ready to get out of here.

The other two don't argue. Byers leads the way across the grass toward the Gunmen's old VW van. On the way, he's intercepted by the Eulogist.

EULOGIST

John? We met once years ago --
I'm Ray Helm. I worked with
your father.

HELM offers his hand. Byers shakes it.

BYERS

Mr. Helm. Your eulogy was very
nice. Thank you.

HELM

I meant every word. I hoped you
and I could talk about him.
(off his hesitation)
I realize you hadn't seen each
other in some time.

BYERS

I'm just not sure what there is
to talk about.

Helm glances at Frohike and Langly -- he wants a little privacy.

HELM

We could talk about how he died.

BYERS

According to the police, his car
ran off the road.

Helm says nothing. Frohike and Langly ease closer, catching
this last exchange. Helm looks around, not comfortable here.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

HELM

Like I said... we could talk
about that.

Off the Lone Gunmen, surprised by this cloak-and-dagger routine:

CUT TO:

16 EXT. SUBURBAN UNDERPASS - AFTERNOON

16

LEGEND: RESTON, VIRGINIA. A few cars streak through frame,
passing a f.g. concrete abutment. It's SMOKE-BLACKENED, as if
something crashed against it and burned. A hand enters frame,
the palm pressing the scorched concrete.

HELM (O.S.)

It happened here.

We ADJUST to show Helm. Byers, Frohike and Langly stand nearby.
We're on the shoulder of a quiet state road -- nothing around
but trees. In b.g. is the VW van, and Helm's government sedan.

HELM

Police ruled it a single-car
accident. There were no
witnesses to it, but based on
the lack of skid marks --
(pointing up the road)
-- Their explanation is that
your father fell asleep at the
wheel and ran off the road.

LANGLY

But you don't believe that?

Helm's silent look is his answer. Byers stares at the scene.
It clearly troubles him to be here.

BYERS

You're not saying my father...
killed himself?

HELM

I'm saying he was murdered.

FLASH DISSOLVE TO:

17 INT. SEDAN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

17

BERT BYERS drives alone. He's 60ish, and hopefully we see the
family resemblance. HEADLIGHTS shine behind him.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED:

HELM (V.O.)

I don't know where Bert was headed. I don't know that it mattered -- just so he was driving a lonely stretch of road.

The HEADLIGHTS zoom closer. The car behind him pours on the speed to pass. It pulls abreast of him.

HELM (V.O.)

... a perfect spot for an ambush.

An ASSASSIN is behind the wheel. We can't make out his face, but we can clearly see the SILENCED PISTOL he points out his open passenger window. As he aims our way, at Bert --

18 EXT. SUBURBAN UNDERPASS - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

We're TRACKING LOW after these two cars. From behind, we see a MUZZLE FLASH. Bert's sedan begins to drift away from the assassin's. It crosses the shoulder... toward the abutment...

LOW ANGLE - AT THE ABUTMENT

HEADLIGHTS straight at us. As Bert's car hurtles toward us, SMASHING into the concrete.

WIDER - BERT'S CAR

Accordioned into the abutment. As the assassin's car ZOOMS past... WHOOMP! -- Bert's car EXPLODES into flames.

FLASH DISSOLVE TO:

19 EXT. SUBURBAN UNDERPASS - AFTERNOON - HELM

Is finished. He stares at Byers, who is deeply disturbed.

BYERS

What proof do you have of this?

HELM

Absolutely none. Which is exactly the way these people would manage it.

(off his look)

The people your father and I work for.

BYERS

The government?

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED:

19

Helm nods. Frohike and Langly hang back, wary.

BYERS

Why? Why my father?

(softer)

He was a company man.

HELM

He was a good man. He had a conscience. Sometimes that can be a problem in our line of work.

BYERS

Meaning what?

HELM

Last time I spoke to him, he was upset about something he'd found out. He wouldn't tell me what.

Frohike and Langly look to one another. They aren't buying this.

FROHIKE

Hold up. Something's funky here.

(to Helm)

You're standing here, telling us about The Man?

LANGLY

You're The Man.

Helm appraises the other two a moment, then turns back to Byers.

HELM

If you're anything like your father, I knew you'd want to know.

Helm walks toward his car. Off the Gunmen, watching him go:

CUT TO:

20 INT. BERTRAM BYERS' HOUSE - NIGHT - A DOORKNOB

20

JIGGLES. We hear the CLICK of a lockpick, then the door swings open, revealing Frohike. Byers and Langly stand behind him.

FROHIKE

Byers, I don't know about this.

We're in the home of an older single man -- it's comfortable and conservative. The Gunmen enter, Byers leading the way.

CONTINUED

LANGLY

We're already facing three counts of industrial espionage -- we don't need a B&E rap to boot. Besides, that Helm guy said there wouldn't be any proof your dad was murdered.

Byers picks up a framed photo from a side table.

BYERS' POV - THE OLD PHOTO

Is of Byers and his Dad. They're both smiling, posed for some long-forgotten Sears photographer.

BYERS

Stares at this closely, keeping his emotions to himself.

BYERS

If he was murdered, there'd have to be a reason.

(turns to them)

My father kept a home office. I want to see what's on his PC.

Frohike and Langly wearily glance to one another -- why fight it? They follow Byers toward the back of the house.

Taking up the rear, Frohike's feet suddenly go out from under him. He lets out a whoop and FALLS hard on his butt.

FROHIKE

OW! Son of a...

Byers and Langly look back. Frohike recovers, presses a gloved hand into the wall-to-wall carpet. He shows it to them.

FROHIKE

Carpet's damp. Like it's been cleaned.

BYERS

Check it out.

Frohike knows what he means by this, gives a nod.

21 INT. BERT'S HOUSE - BACK BEDROOM

21

A COMPUTER MONITOR gets clicked on, powers up. We ANGLE AROUND to Langly taking a seat in front of it. Byers gives the bedroom the once-over while Langly squints at the start-up screen.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED:

21

LANGLY

Well, the good news is there's no annoying password to crack.

BYERS

What's the bad news?

LANGLY

(typing)

There's no nothing else, either. Only thing left is the operating system. Someone cleaned house. Erased everything and defragged this puppy.

BYERS

Try a sector editor. Look for recently deleted files.

Langly nods and starts typing again. Byers stands by, watching as Langly works.

LANGLY

(spelling it out)

B-I-N-G-O...

(points to screen)

"Delete" commands up the wazoo.

BYERS

Wait. What about that one?

THEIR POV - THE MONITOR

Byers' finger points out: [DEL] SCENARIO 12-D.TXT [ENTER].

RESUME

They both study it. Langly leans back, wondering.

LANGLY

Scenario 12-D. Text file.

He shrugs. Off Byers, considering the ominous sound of the name:

22 INT. BERT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - ON THE DECK, LOOKING UP

22

Into frame crawls Frohike on hands and knees. He peers at us through yellow goggles and is dressed in hooded coveralls. With one hand, he sprays a can of clear liquid at us. With the other, he holds up a high-tech LAMP which puts off BLACK LIGHT.

Frohike sees something. He lifts his goggles to double-check.

Byers still stare at the monitor as Langly types.

LANGLY

Okay... deletion date and time:
September 10th at 10:38 PM.

BYERS

This was deleted one hour after
my father was killed.

Langly stares at him, growing intrigued. Just then --

FROHIKE (O.S.)

BYERS..? LANGLEY..?

Is still on his knees studying the carpet. Byers and Langly enter. Frohike hands Byers his yellow goggles.

FROHIKE

Check it out.

BYERS' POV - THROUGH THE GOGGLES

We see spatters of FLUORESCENT YELLOW glowing under the light. It constitutes a puddle that's been mostly steam-cleaned up.

BYERS

Knows what this is. Frohike and Langly do, too.

FROHIKE

Blood. Lots of it.

LANGLY

How's that? I thought your old
man died in a car crash.

BYERS

My father was dead long before
the crash.

(turning to them)

He was murdered here.

They look to one another, Langly and Frohike now completely on board with this mystery. Off Byers, heartbroken -- and hooked:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

25 EXT. WRECKING YARD - MORNING - A VW BEETLE

25

Gets dropped by an electromagnet crane. --It CRASHES to the bottom of a huge CAR CUBING MACHINE. Ear-splitting hydraulics go to work, squeezing the little car like a tube of toothpaste.

NEW ANGLE - TRACKING

We move through high mounds of rusting SCRAP METAL. A LEGEND tells us this is: D.C. SALVAGE. The SCREECH and GROAN of demo machinery is loud in b.g., but through the din we hear:

MAN'S VOICE

Byers... Bertram...

The source of the gruff voice -- a grimy DEMO MAN in greasy coveralls -- appears from behind one of the mounds. He scans a clipboard as he walks. Byers and Frohike follow behind him.

DEMO MAN

Blue '97 Crown Vic. Yeah, we got it.

FROHIKE

(aside to Byers)

I don't get it. You're thinking somebody popped your father in his living room, then loaded him in his Ford and faked a crash two miles away?

(off Byers' nod)

That's one hell of a trick, a dead man driving a car.

BYERS

They managed it somehow. There must be evidence in that car the fire didn't destroy.

Byers is excited. Frohike hopes he's right. The Demo Man shuffles through his paperwork, then lackadaisically points.

DEMO MAN

It's over yonder.

Byers and Frohike turn and look. Neither one likes what he sees.

FROHIKE

That yonder?

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED:

THEIR POV - A BLUE CROWN VICTORIA

Hangs limply from the electromagnet crane. Burned up and busted to shit, it's just now being positioned over the CAR CUBER.

BYERS AND FROHIKE

Take off running toward it, Byers yelling to the CRANE OPERATOR.

BYERS
WAIT! STOP! STOP!! --

Byers trips and does a header into a mud puddle. Then he's back on his feet and dripping, he and Frohike waving their arms.

FROHIKE
SHUT IT DOWN! SHUT IT DOWN!!

Just as the Crown Vic lowers into the steel jaws of the machine, somebody SHUTS IT ALL DOWN. Deafening silence. Byers and Frohike manage to grin at each other, both of them panting hard.

A two-fingered WHISTLE turns their attention. The Demo Man stands beside a big blue cube of steel that used to be a sedan.

DEMO MAN
This yonder.
(off their confusion)
This one's your Crown Vic.

They come forward. Byers stares down at the cube, grim-faced and dripping. Frohike shuts his eyes and shakes his head.

DEMO MAN
Hope you didn't leave nothing in the glove box.

Off Byers and Frohike, screwed:

CUT TO:

26 INT. WRECKING YARD - AUTO BAY - DAY

25

We're inside a dark tangle of twisted metal. We hear a GRUNT, then a metallic SCREECH as a prybar comes jamming straight at us. It wiggles back and forth, widening a hole in the crumpled steel and giving us a glimpse of...

... Frohike wielding the prybar. He's sweating, working hard. He wears safety glasses and a miner-style work light on his forehead. He leans toward us, maneuvering a pair of needle-nose PLIERS. With them, he yanks free... a "PINE TREE" AIR FRESHENER.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED:

26

BYERS (O.S.)

Find anything?

Frohike turns sharply at the sound of Byers' voice -- BANGING his head against the inside of the cube. He groans.

NEW ANGLE - OUTSIDE THE CUBE

Byers approaches, sidestepping the vague outline of a car limned in broken pieces arranged on the concrete floor. It's a jigsaw puzzle reminiscent of how the FAA reconstructs a downed jet. Frohike has been at this for some time. He rubs his aching head.

FROHIKE

Yeah, a new meaning of the term
"compact car."

Frohike places the air freshener on the floor where it belongs in the outline of the sedan.

FROHIKE

Talk about a needle in a
haystack. If there is any
evidence of foul play in this
hunk of junk, we'll be hard-
pressed to find it.

BYERS

We'll find it.

Frohike considers his friend closely. He goes back to work.

FROHIKE

And then what?

(off Byers' look)

And then you'll be happy?

BYERS

I'm not sure I understand the
question.

FROHIKE

What's the best thing that could
come out of this investigation,
as far as you're concerned?

(answers for him)

You find out your dad was gonna
blow the whistle on the
government. You find out that's
why they killed him.

BYERS

What's your point?

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

FROHIKE

C'mon, Byers. We both know you and your pop didn't see eye-to-eye. You're hoping you'll find out he was someone you could respect. But what if he wasn't?

Byers considers. He steps forward and reaches into the crushed steel cube, helping Frohike. They work in silence for a while.

BYERS

My dad used to talk about JFK when I was a kid. Camelot. A government as good as its people. An American Dream.

(beat)

I'm not sure when or why he stopped believing in it... but those stories made me who I am. They made me believe in the promise of our country.

FROHIKE

(smile)

Truth, justice and the American way?

BYERS

Someone has to expose those who want to destroy that dream. Someone has to write the stories they don't want you to read.

(beat)

It's why I teamed up with you guys...

FROHIKE

And I thought it was for the chick throw-off.

Byers smiles.

FROHIKE

I'm just saying I hope you're not setting yourself up for disappointment. I'm saying... make your peace with your father some other way.

Frohike pulls something loose, glances at it. His gaze lingers.

BYERS

What is it?

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED: (3)

26

FROHIKE

Maybe a needle in a haystack.

He grips a tiny, broken piece of CIRCUIT BOARD between his fingers, a bit of wire hanging from it. Off their interest:

CUT TO:

27 INT. EMBASSY HALLWAY - DAY - SOMEONE'S POV

27

WE FLOAT down an empty corridor which is lined with closed doors. The walls are ornate. Antiques dot the hallway. Oddly, the bass beat of some TECHNO-DANCE TUNE thrums in our ears.

Suddenly, a door swings open ahead of us and a Kevlar-suited TERRORIST leaps out, brandishing a nasty-looking automatic weapon. Further down, another TERRORIST bursts through another door. A third TERRORIST now, all three drawing down on us --

-- when a PISTOL RISES in f.g. BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! -- a bullet for each one, all three of them FREEZING IN PLACE as they're hit. Out of ammo, the pistol's slide locks open.

Off that, the corridor DISAPPEARS. LANGLEY appears, his face large in f.g. He's looking directly at us.

LANGLEY

Nice shootin'. You seen Kimmy?

We reveal we are really inside:

28 INT. GUN CLUB - DAY

28

Langly stands before a GUN GEEK -- the shooter -- who wears hearing protection. Langly does, too. We're in a darkened warehouse that has been converted into an "underground" gun club, complete with techno music. Rows of shooters stand in booths, firing real guns at individual video projection screens (this is a real system that can simulate anything from terrorist attacks to cowboys and indians).

The Gun Geek points out someone. WE FOLLOW Langly as he makes his way past the row of shooters, stopping at the booth of a particularly gangly one. This geek empties his .45 into a video of charging VIKINGS.

KIMMY

You want some? Try MY
smorgasbord!

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED:

2

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! The Nordic hordes are stopped in their tracks. Langly taps the shooter on the shoulder, causing him to jump.

KIMMY . -

Hey! Never touch a man with a gun in his hand!

This is KIMMY THE GEEK, a bespectacled nerd, the big gun in his hand quite a contrast to his pocket-protector mien. Langly shows his hands in surrender, peers past him into his booth.

LANGLY

You're shooting Vikings? That's not very sporting.

KIMMY

Whaddya want, Langly? I'm locked and loaded here.

LANGLY

(lowers his voice)
I need help circumventing the DOD's online security codes.

KIMMY

The DOD? What for?
(Langly won't answer)
Go stick your daisy in someone else's gun, hippie. I gotta put some serious lead downrange.

Kimmy takes aim again. Langly rolls his eyes, finally speaks up.

LANGLY

We're talking government-sanctioned murder here.

Kimmy is listening now. Before Langly can say anything else, both men are startled by a long, loud MACHINE GUN BURST. They share a look, peek around the booth wall to see:

THEIR POV - A WOMAN

Stands a couple of booths away, dressed in BDU pants and a painted-on tank top. Completing her Lara Croft look, she holds two matching MINI-UZIs, both loaded with 30-round sticks. They shuck off empty brass like a couple of lawn sprinklers.

She's a teenage boy's Nintendo wet dream. And, as she ejects her spent magazines, we realize she's... YVES ADELE HARLOW.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

LANGLY

Doesn't recognize her without her fake beard -- he just thinks she's hot. He smiles admiringly, speaks sotto to Kimmy.

LANGLY

Ai chihuahua. Who's that?

KIMMY

Fellow hacker. Her name's Yves Harlow.

Langly's lascivious smile... slowly... fades. It's replaced by seething anger.

NEW ANGLE - LANGLY

Storms over to her. Kimmy wanders after him, confused.

LANGLY

I liked you better with a beard.

Yves coolly appraises him as she snaps 9mm rounds into her mags.

YVES

That makes two of us who can't grow one.

LANGLY

Where's our chip? --

YVES

Chip? What chip?

LANGLY

That Octium IV is rightfully ours! You give it the hell back!
(off her smile)
They're gonna throw us in prison!

KIMMY

(to Yves)

You got an Octium IV?

YVES

(ignoring Kimmy)

And what did you three stooges plan to do with the chip? Give it to 60 Minutes?

(makes finger quotes)

"Expose the truth" in your silly little newspaper?

CONTINUED

Kimmy goes to work. Langly's head turns at the sound of the front door being unlatched. Byers and Frohike enter at a clip.

BYERS

We got it!

FROHIKE

The proverbial smoking gun.
(sees their company)
Hey, Kimmy. Thanks for helping us out.

KIMMY

I only said yes to keep blondie from getting his nads snipped.

Frohike and Byers look to Langly, who tries to save face.

LANGLY

We ran into Harlow at the shooting range. I didn't wanna make a scene. You know, your old man and all...
(changing the subject)
What'd you find?

In answer, Byers produces pieces of the broken circuit board we glimpsed earlier, arranging them under a big, lighted magnifier. The three Gunmen gather close to look.

THEIR MAGNIFIED POV - THE CIRCUIT BOARD

Appears as a jigsaw puzzle of green plastic etched with copper lines and dotted with transistors. Little wires hang loose.

BYERS (O.S.)

This was in the engine compartment of my father's car. You'll notice none of the transistors have factory identifier numbers.

LANGLY

Frowns at the electronics, points to one feature in particular.

LANGLY

This copper zig-zag... this looks like an integrated antenna.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

BYERS

(nods)

Etched onto the breadboard, like
a cell phone. We're thinking --

FROHIKE

-- If this received radio
signals, and was clipped to the
car's engine control module --

BYERS

-- The speed of the car could be
remotely controlled. With
another one attached to the ABS
module, rudimentary steering
could be effected using the left
and right brakes.

FROHIKE

Range'd be line-of-sight. All
you'd need is a hand-held radio
controller to operate the car...

LANGLY

... And make it look like a dead
man was driving.

Heavy stuff. Kimmy speaks up in the b.g.

KIMMY

Got something here --

The Gunmen hurry across the room, lining up behind Kimmy to see.

KIMMY

I wound up in some government
think tank's upload directory.
Here's your scenarios.

THEIR POV - THE MONITOR

We see a hypertext menu of "scenarios" scrolling by, all beneath
the header "DOMESTIC ACTS OF TERRORISM -- SCENARIOS." They're
listed in order as Scenario 1-A, 1-B, and so on.

BYERS

Studies the screen, intrigued.

BYERS

These must be counter-terrorism
scenarios. War games developed
for the Defense Department.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED: (3)

29

FROHIKE

So what's Scenario 12-D?

Kimmy works the mouse, scrolling down through a long list to...

THEIR POV - THE MONITOR

The mouse pointer glides to the hypertext "Scenario 12-D," pausing over it long enough to bring a pop-up window touting: "Domestic Airline In-Flight Terrorist Act."

LANGLY

Airline terrorism? I don't get it -- your father was murdered over a war game?

BYERS

Download it.

Kimmy hits a few keystrokes, then stops.

KIMMY

Uh oh. Hold your horses, boys.

BYERS

What is it?

KIMMY

Bogey. We've been spotted!

THEIR POV - THE MONITOR

An icon indicates "DOWNLOADING," interrupted by a flashing RED ALERT indicating "REMOTE ACCESS DETECTED."

INTERCUT WITH:

30 INT. GOV'T COMPUTER LAB - NIGHT - CLOSE ON ANOTHER MONITOR

30

Displaying the same flashing ALERT -- only now it's MONOCHROME.

We PULL BACK to see it's a mini version of Kimmy's screen set in a WINDOW -- like picture-in-picture on a TV set. The rest of this monitor displays data similar to what the Gunmen saw.

MAN'S VOICE

Sir, we've got an intruder.

CLOSE - AN N.D. MAN

With a military bearing sits behind the mainframe terminal in the dark lab. High-tech hardware fills the room behind him.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED:

30

As the figure of another MAN steps into view in b.g., we stay tight on the n.d. man, who types furiously on his keyboard.

N.D. MAN
I'm tracing...

KIMMY

Stares anxiously at his screen, the Gunmen watching behind him.

KIMMY
They're running some real-time intrusion detection. Somebody knows we're in. We should ditch.

BYERS
Keep downloading.

Frohike and Langly turn to Byers, wondering at this.

LANGLY
Byers, these guys are murderers.
Give this some thought, man.

THE N.D. MAN

Is cool as ice as his fingers fly across his keyboard.

N.D. MAN
I've isolated their bitstream.
DSL, D.C. Metro trunk...

THE MONITOR - A NEW WINDOW

Has popped up -- a MAP of the WASHINGTON D.C. AREA. A flashing red LINE snakes through the map, indicating the digital trunk.

ANGLE - LANGLY

SCROLLING SCREENS reflected in his glasses -- he's starting to sweat. Seeing something on the screen that makes his heart stop.

LANGLY
They've compromised your cookie!

Kimmy realizes he's right. He pulls his hands back from the keyboard, no longer typing -- someone else is in control.

BYERS
Stay with it!

Kimmy looks to the gunmen, frantic.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

KIMMY

They're scanning our services --

BYERS

We're almost there. Keep going!

Frohike silently eyes Byers, his concern growing.

THE N.D. MAN

Breaks a slight grin.

N.D. MAN

I'm onboard. Scanning for
vitals...

HIS POV - A NEW WINDOW

Shows a HARD-DRIVE DIRECTORY TREE, folders and icons branching
out in monochrome...

... which we now see IN COLOR. We're back onto Kimmy's screen,
as the directory tree begins to SCROLL.

KIMMY

I'm bailing! They're scanning
our file system!

BYERS

We need that file!

THE N.D. MAN

Leans close, light from the scrolling screen plays off his face.

N.D. MAN

Here we go. Address data file.

CLOSE - KIMMY'S MONITOR

Where a file name -- USERDATA.INI -- is highlighted.

KIMMY

Oh god, they found a data file,
they'll get our address! --

BYERS

Keep downloading! --

Suddenly, the MONITOR GOES DEAD. Everyone looks up to see --

CONTINUED

FROHIKE

With the power plug in hand. He's yanked it from the wall.

BYERS

Frohike! We almost had it! --

FROHIKE

We almost had our asses fried --

BYERS

My father died for that file!

FROHIKE

Exactly. Use your head.

Byers takes a breath, considering the truth in Frohike's words.
As we CUT BACK TO:

THE N.D. MAN

Who leans back from his monitor, stymied.

N.D. MAN

Lost them... Sorry, sir.

As he looks up from his screen to the figure behind him, we ARM
UP to reveal... RAY HELM.

HELM

I know who they are.

Off his calm stare:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

31 INT. LONE GUNMAN OFFICE - MORNING - THE CIRCUIT BOARD

31

Gets slowly twirled between a pair of fingers -- we're MACRO-CLOSE on it. We're in the POV of:

BYERS

Who stares at the scorched transistors. He's gone without sleep all night, but isn't ready to call it quits. We ANGLE AROUND the table he sits at to find... Langly slouched across from him, his head pillowed in the crook of his elbow.

Langly hasn't slept either. He's running on fumes.

LANGLY

Whaddya say, Byers? Call it a night?

FROHIKE (O.S.)

Too late for that.

FROHIKE

Stands by the locked door, peering out through the peephole.

FROHIKE

Sun just came up.

(turning to them)

C'mon, Byers. I'll buy you a Grand Slam.

BYERS

It just doesn't make sense.

LANGLY

(face on the table)

What doesn't make sense?

BYERS

The blood in my father's den.

FROHIKE

Buddy, we've been through this. They shot him.

BYERS

But why? Why go to the effort of faking a car accident so perfectly, so convincingly, if you're starting with a body that has a bullet hole in it?

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED:

31

Langly looks from Byers to Frohike, shrugs.

LANGLY

Maybe your dad put up a fight.

Byers considers. The proverbial light bulb goes off in his head.

BYERS

Maybe it wasn't his blood.

Off their looks as they see where he's going with this:

CUT TO:

32 EXT. SUBURBAN UNDERPASS - DAY - THE SCORCH

32

Left on the concrete by the automobile crash fills our vision. Into this frame steps Byers. He turns from it, watching as...

WIDER - A GOVERNMENT SEDAN

Pulls up on the shoulder beside the Gunmen's VW van. Ray Helm climbs out, gives a circumspect look around, then joins Byers, Frohike and Langly by the bridge abutment.

HELM

You found something?

The Gunmen exchange knowing glances. Frohike pulls the blackened circuit board from his pocket.

FROHIKE

Proof.

HELM

Of what?

BYERS

My father wasn't murdered.

LANGLY

But not for lack of trying.

HELM

I don't understand. You're saying it was an accident?

BYERS

We're saying he's not dead.

Helm is puzzled -- and intrigued. Awaiting an explanation. Byers obliges him.

CONTINUED

BYERS

It starts with a bloodstain we found at my father's house. We've had it tested -- the blood wasn't his.

HELM

Whose was it?

BYERS

His would-be assassin's. A professional sent to make his death look like an accident.

FROHIKE

... Only this "professional" met with an accident himself.

Helm looks from Frohike to Byers.

HELM

Bert killed this man?

BYERS

My father couldn't kill a wasp. Our best guess is, he got extraordinarily lucky.

(beat)

The carpet in his living room was freshly shampooed. We assumed that was to get rid of the blood evidence.

LANGLY

It was -- the second time.

FROHIKE

We found out Bert had rented the shampooer himself from a local supermarket.

We slowly PUSH IN on Byers as...

BYERS

What saved him may well have been his innocent desire for a clean living room floor.

FLASH DISSOLVE TO:

33 INT. BERT'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

33

The living room is dark. The doorknob silently turns. The front door eases open noiselessly, and an ASSASSIN (the same one we saw in Helm's flashback) enters. He carries a pistol in his leather-gloved hand -- holds it high, near his face.

Across the room, Bert sits with his back to the man, watching television. Unaware. As the Assassin slowly approaches...

BYERS (V.O.)

As we ourselves discovered...
wet carpet can be slippery.

CLOSE ON - THE ASSASSIN'S FEET

Which pad across the damp wool pile. We hear a faint SQUISH.

THE ASSASSIN

Suddenly, his feet go out as if he's stepped on a banana peel. He falls backwards out of sight behind an armchair -- though when last we see him, the pistol muzzle is up by his chin. Off a bright MUZZLE FLASH and a loud BANG!

FLASH DISSOLVE TO:

34 EXT. SUBURBAN UNDERPASS - DAY - HELM

34

Stares at Byers, not entirely onboard with this tale.

HELM

He shot himself? Some
professional.

LANGLY

(shrug)

Hey. Government contractors.

Byers takes the burnt circuit board from Frohike, holds it up.

BYERS

However it happened... this is
the rest of the story.

FLASH DISSOLVE TO:

35 EXT. BERT'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

35

The front door opens. Bert Byers hurries down the walk to his driveway, a hastily-packed overnight bag in his hand.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED:

35

BYERS (V.O.)

In the aftermath, Dad realized he was in danger. I imagine his first instinct was to run.

Throwing open the driver's door of his blue Crown Victoria, Bert discovers... a sleek REMOTE CONTROL UNIT lying on the seat.

BYERS (V.O.)

But then he started to piece together the larger plan.

CUT TO:

36 INT. BERT'S SEDAN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

36

A hood pops open, revealing Bert standing above us. He looks at the REMOTE in his hand, then down into the engine compartment.

BYERS (V.O.)

He discovered the remote control the assassin had attached to the engine of his car.

BERT'S POV - A TINY CIRCUIT BOARD

Shiny and new, it's piggybacked onto the cruise control module.

BERT

Studies the unit in his hand. He flicks it on, watches... his car SPARK TO LIFE, the headlights illuminating him.

BYERS (V.O.)

Someone was going to great lengths to fake his death in a car accident -- to murder him without arousing suspicion.

Bert keys the remote's buttons. Under his control, the driverless car creeps a few feet backward, then forward again.

BYERS (V.O.)

Dad knew whoever would go to such lengths would only stop if he were dead.

(beat)

So he came up with his own plan.

Off Bert, fascinated... and thinking hard:

CUT TO:

37 EXT. SUBURBAN UNDERPASS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

37

The dead Assassin sits slumped behind the wheel of the blue Crown Vic, shoulder-belted into place. Off the driver's door slamming shut on him, we ARM UP to Bert standing beside the car.

Bert operates the remote control. The big sedan catches a wheel, kicking up gravel on the shoulder of the deserted road. It launches out onto the asphalt, peeling away as we CRANE UP and watch it wobble toward the bridge abutment in b.g.

NEW ANGLE - THE SEDAN

Zooms at us, toward the f.g. abutment. As it hits and EXPLODES:

FLASH DISSOLVE TO:

38 EXT. SUBURBAN UNDERPASS - DAY

38

Helm stares at the scorch and grins, completely onboard now.

HELM

And fire covered up the rest.

Bert, you evil genius.

(looks to them)

But why kill him? What were they trying to hide?

BYERS

Something called "Scenario 12-D."

Helm acts unfamiliar with this name.

HELM

We've got to find Bert. He can tell us everything we need to know.

Byers doesn't respond. Langly answers for him.

LANGLY

We don't know where he is. We need to find out what Scenario 12-D is.

FROHIKE

That's why we need your help -- as a government muckety-muck.

LANGLY

Your password will get us past online security. What is it?

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED:

38

HELM
 (a beat)
 "Overlord."

Frohike and Langly raise their eyebrows to each other.

LANGLY
 Cool.

HELM
 Whatever I can do to help.

BYERS
 Good. I'll catch up with you
 later.

He heads for the VW, subdued. Langly stares after him.

LANGLY
 Why's he look so bummed? His
 dad's alive.

FROHIKE
 But he may never see him again.

Langly considers. Off Frohike and him, with Helm in the b.g.

CUT TO:

39 INT. BERT'S HOUSE - DAY

39

The place is suffused with soft morning light seeping through the closed blinds and curtains. We PAN to reveal...

BYERS

Standing in the open front door, somberly taking in the place. He pulls the door closed behind him. He looks around the room as if it might still reveal some secret, some answer about his father. He searches a desk, finding nothing. Then he sees...

HIS POV - A BOOKSHELF

One corner of it is stacked with old newspapers. His hand pulls one out, then another and another... revealing them all to be different back issues of "The Lone Gunman."

CLOSE - BYERS

Shuffles through these yellowing editions of the newspaper he, Frohike and Langly put out. He's amazed to find them here, amazed that his father would deign to read them. And now...

CONTINUED

BERT (O.S.)

John.

Byers spins around to see --

HIS FATHER

In the flesh. Standing on the far side of the room. Byers puts down the papers and crosses to his father. He smiles excitedly.

BYERS

Dad --

His smile is wiped away by... a SLAP ACROSS HIS FACE. It's so unexpected, Byers doesn't react. He just blinks back, shocked.

BERT

What the hell are you doing?!
Why can't you stay out of this?
Leave me buried...

Byers' look of shock -- and hurt -- slowly fades.

BYERS

Scenario 12-D. --What is it?
(off Bert's silence)
We know it's a wargame scenario,
that it has to do with airline
counter-terrorism. Why is that
important enough to kill for?

Against his better judgement, Bert finally answers.

BERT

Because it's no longer a game.

Byers quickly digests this, but something doesn't jibe.

BYERS

But if some terrorist group is
intent on acting out this
scenario, why target you for
assassination?

BERT

It depends on who your
"terrorists" are.
(a beat; impatient)
Think about it.

CONTINUED

BYERS

The men who conceived of it in
the first place...

(stunned)

You're saying our own government
plans to commit a terrorist act
against a commercial airliner?

BERT

There you go, indicting the
entire government -- as usual.
A faction. A small faction.

BYERS

For what possible gain?

BERT

(beat; thoughtful)

The Cold War is over, John.
With no clear enemy to stockpile
against, the arms market's flat.
But bring down a fully-loaded
L-1011 in the middle of New York
City... You'll have a dozen tin-
pot dictators all over the world
scrambling to claim
responsibility. And just
begging to be smart-bombed.

BYERS

I can't believe it. This is
about increasing arms sales?

Bert nods. Byers' mind reels at the prospect. Finally:

BYERS

When?

BERT

Tonight.

BYERS

Tonight?! How are you going to
stop it?

Bert's expression says he's not. He finally has to turn away
from his son's accusing stare.

BYERS

Why didn't you tell the world
about this? Go to the press?

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED: (3)

39

BERT

You think I'd still be drawing
breath thirty minutes after I
made that call? "The press."
Who would even run that story?

BYERS

We would.

Bert heads to the stack of old papers, holds up a "Lone Gunman."

BERT

This? This is birdcage liner!
Wild-eyed crap -- right up there
with "Elvis is an alien" and
"two-headed babies!"

BYERS

You obviously read it.

BERT

Don't be so damned naive. This
isn't going to change the world.

Byers is stung, works not to show it. Bert drops the paper back
in the pile -- sorry for what he's said, but unable to apologize.

BERT

I'm doing what I can, John. I
couldn't get all the specifics
of Scenario 12-D. But I think
I know the flight they've chosen.

(beat)

Stay out of this. I don't want
Overlord gunning for you, too.

We CREEP IN on Byers as he recognizes this name. Off him:

CUT TO:

40 INT. LONE GUNMEN OFFICE - DAY - HELM

40

Stands over Langly and Frohike, who have caught their second
wind and are back at work on their computers. Upon hearing the
front door unlatch, Helm turns to look.

HELM

Feeling better?

Byers enters, re-latches the door behind him. He trudges in
like a beaten-down Willy Loman. Everyone watches him.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED:

40

LANGLY

We're on the job here, Byers...
we think we might even be making
some headway.

Byers stares at Langly's screen, says nothing.

FROHIKE

Buddy, you okay?

BYERS

(beat)

I just saw my father.

Helm, Frohike and Langly stir, look to one another.

HELM

Where?

BYERS

At his house. He's there now.

FROHIKE

What did he say?

BYERS

After he hit me? He told me to
stay away from him. Not to get
involved.

HELM

I gotta get over there.

Helm grabs his suit jacket, heads for the door.

BYERS

Mr. Helm, be careful -- he
doesn't trust you, either. He
thinks you were somehow involved
in the attempt on his life.

Helm considers this, nods and exits. Frohike and Langly are
staring at Byers like he's completely lost his mind.

FROHIKE

What the hell are you doing? --

LANGLY

Byers, what if Helm is
involved?! What if he was just
using us to find your father?

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

FROHIKE

You might have just ratted out
your dad! --

Byers moves to an equipment locker, starts rummaging through it.

BYERS

We had some portable hydrocarbon
sniffers -- where are they?

FROHIKE

What? Byers --

There's a KNOCK at the door. Byers alone doesn't look up.

BYERS

Somebody get that.

Disgusted, Frohike stalks to the door. What he sees in the
security monitor surprises him, however. He turns back to Byers.

BYERS

Well..? Let him in before
someone sees him.

Frohike unlocks and throws open the door, revealing... Bert.
With a somewhat sour look on his face, he gives the place the
once-over. Frohike and Langly look him up and down.

FROHIKE

Hiya.

LANGLY

Congrats on not being dead.

BERT

Oh... the day is young.

From the locker, Byers pulls out a pair of handheld electronic
devices, one of which he clicks on to test. It blinks and BOOPS.

FROHIKE

Byers, you gonna clue us in here?

BYERS

We have a plane to catch.

Off the hydrocarbon sniffer going BOOP-BOOP-BOOP...

CUT TO:

41 INT. DULLES INT'L AIRPORT - SUNSET - AN ELECTRONIC DISPLAY

41

Gives departure information -- AtlanticAir Flight 265 to Boston. We FIND Byers and his dad hurrying toward this particular gate. They keep their eyes peeled as they join the crowd of PASSENGERS waiting to board Flight 265. Their voices are low.

BYERS

-See anyone you recognize?

BERT

(shakes his head)

Doesn't mean they're not around.

Byers checks his watch. Both men are nervous.

BYERS

Okay. Let's board, check the cabin for free hydrocarbons -- try to pinpoint the bomb.

BERT

This is your plan?!

(harsh whisper)

I still think we should call in a bomb threat, let the FBI deal with this --

BYERS

You said yourself we don't know the extent of this conspiracy. We can't trust any government official. Our only hope is to get on that plane.

Bert stares at Byers, realizing he may be right. As they ease through the crowd... we find the N.D. Man standing at a payphone. He watches as they board, speaks into the phone.

N.D. MAN

They're boarding.

42 INT. BERT'S HOUSE - SUNSET - HELM

42

Stands in Bert's deserted living room, a cell phone to his ear.

HELM

Then that's two problems solved.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

43 OVER DARKNESS - WE HEAR THE LOW HUM

43

Of a commercial jet in flight, then the sharp sound of a LATCH CLOSING. A dim florescent light flickers on, revealing:

INT. AIRLINER RESTROOM - DAY - BYERS

Surveys the cramped space. He pulls one of the hydrocarbon sniffers from a pocket and runs its sensor along the walls... beneath the toilet... near the trash receptacle...

... and finds nothing. Off his look of frustration:

44 INT. AIRLINER - MAIN CABIN - CONTINUOUS

44

Bert makes his way aft as Byers steps up from the back of the plane. They share a look as they slip into adjoining seats.

BYERS

Find anything? --

Bert shakes his head, pulling the other hydrocarbon sniffer from his pocket. He rattles the makeshift device in his hands.

BERT

The luggage hold is clear -- if this thing can be trusted. Make this with your Erector set?

Byers ignores the slight. He's puzzled by their lack of results.

BYERS

You're absolutely sure this is the targeted flight?

BERT

(nod)

This flight was chosen primarily for its visibility. It's scheduled to pass over Manhattan on its way to Boston.

Something in his father's words sparks a thought in Byers' brain. He mulls it over, his voice rising in volume.

BYERS

You said they intend to bring down this plane in the middle of New York City...

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED:

44

BERT

Shhh...

BYERS

... well, maybe there is no bomb.

BERT

Then how are they going to bring
it down?

BYERS

The same way a dead man can
drive a car.

Off Bert wondering what this means:

CUT TO:

INT. LONE GUNMAN OFFICE - NIGHT - LANGLEY

Sits behind a keyboard and a trio of monitors -- ready to hack.
He wears a headset, speaks into the mic. Frohike stands behind,
a portable phone to his ear. They speak simultaneously:

LANGLEY & FROHIKE

What do you mean, no bomb?

INTERCUT WITH:

45 INT. AIRLINER - BYERS

45

Stands near the back of the plane, talking on a wall-mounted
AIRPHONE. He keeps his back to the rows of passengers, not
wanting to be overheard. Bert stands with him, leaning close.

BYERS

I need you to hack into this
aircraft's onboard navigation
system. We need to know where
we're headed.

FROHIKE

Moves to the nearest monitor, setting down the phone. He takes
a seat at the keyboard -- dons a headset -- and begins hacking
furiously, his fingers flying along the keyboard.

FROHIKE

I'll clone the airphone's
carrier, make them think we're
sending a ground-to-air fax --

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED:

45

LANGLY

That's one twisted Star-69 --

FROHIKE

Just get ready to ride the wave,
hippie-boy --

ANGLE - FROHIKE'S MONITOR

Is alive with computer code, modem protocols, electronic cross-talk -- this is some serious phone-phreaking.

LANGLY

-- you get me on that plane and
I'll get you autopilot access --

FROHIKE

How you gonna do that? --

LANGLY

Airline telemetry systems use
processors similar to those
found in CB radios --

Frohike's monitor BEEPS.

FROHIKE

I'm in! We got ourselves a
convoy --Now it's Langly whose fingers do the flying. Frohike rises,
stepping up behind Langly to see:

LANGLY'S MONITOR

Where a window pops up, "AUTOMATIC FLIGHT CONTROL SYSTEM." A
two-column data chart, the numbers on the right shift as the
plane flies along -- like a car's odometer.

BYERS

What's your progress? --

LANGLY

I've hacked into the flight
control system output --

FROHIKE

With my help, of course --

LANGLY

It's what the brains of the
plane is telling the little
black box.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

FROHIKE

Reads off the data screen.

FROHIKE

Course, heading, attitude hold,
yaw axis stabilization...

(points)

... the heck's that?

ANGLE - LANGLEY'S MONITOR

Frohike's finger points to the heading "Nav/Radio." It's data appears as a mishmash of changing characters -- gobbledygook.

LANGLY

Seems to recognize the gobbledygook. So does Frohike.

LANGLY

Is that what it looks like?

FROHIKE

I think it is what it looks like.

BYERS

Is dying, hearing this over the airphone.

BYERS

What does what look like?

LANGLY

Modem protocols. Remote access.
Somebody on the ground's flying
your plane.

CUT TO:

46 INT. GOV'T COMPUTER LAB - NIGHT - CLOSE ON MONOCHROME MONITOR

46

Displaying similar data as that seen on Langly's, only in amber.
An ALERT BOX flashes on the screen, "REMOTE ACCESS DETECTED."

N.D. MAN (O.S.)

Bogey, sir.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE N.D. MAN

Sits behind a mainframe terminal in the dark lab. Helm stands over him -- this is how Helm is controlling the plane.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED:

46

HELM
Keep your course.

As the N.D. Man returns to typing on his keyboard:

47 INT. AIRLINER - BYERS

47

Talks into the phone, the tension growing in his voice.

BYERS
We need to know the flight plan.

INTERCUT WITH:

48 INT. LONE GUNMAN OFFICE - FROHIKE

48

Has picked up the ball. He's back behind his monitor, typing away as Langly stands over him.

FROHIKE
I'm mapping your data now...

ANGLE - FROHIKE'S MONITOR

Showing a full-color MAP of the eastern seaboard. A flashing yellow LINE snakes up from the D.C. area -- with each flash the line grows longer. Snaking toward Manhattan...

LANGLY

Watches the screen closely, the flashing line reflected in his glasses. As the line suddenly STOPS FLASHING Langly looks to Frohike, a dark realization in his eyes.

LANGLY
Byers, looks like your flight's making an unscheduled stop. In exactly forty-seven minutes --

FROHIKE
Corner of Washington and Liberty, Lower Manhattan.

BYERS
(realizing)
The World Trade Center.

BYERS

Looks to his father, shocked. This is what he feared, yet the reality of it is daunting.

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED:

48

BYERS

They're going to crash the plane
into the World Trade Center.

Bert takes a moment to swallow this scenario -- as fantastic as...
it is, he knows what his former employer is capable of doing.

BERT

I'll tell the pilot.

Bert turns, hurrying up the aisle. Byers returns to his call,
speaking with a quiet intensity.

BYERS

Langly, can you override the
flight control system?

LANGLY

Types like a madman, a bead of sweat making its way down his
forehead. Frohike looks nervous behind him.

LANGLY

I'm working on it...

49 INT. COCKPIT - BERT

49

Holds up his Federal I.D. badge as he talks passionately to the
PILOT, who listens, wary.

BERT

I tell you, this plane is the
bomb! And we're on a crash
course for the World Trade
Center!

PILOT

Sir, I'd like you to return to
your seat now. I'd be happy to
contact your superiors in the
government to confirm your
story...

BERT

NO! They mustn't know, don't
you see, they're in on it --

The Pilot shoots a look to the CO-PILOT, who unbuckles his seat
belt. As does the NAVIGATOR behind Bert -- ready for a fight.

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED:

49

PILOT

Sir, I'm going to ask you one
more time, return to your seat --

Bert quickly sees where this is going... and suddenly lunges for
the plane's YOKE, pressing a button -- the AUTO-PILOT ON.

PILOT

Dammit! --

The flight crew PANICS, leaping into action. The Navigator and
the Co-Pilot grabbing Bert, the Pilot taking the controls.

Bert doesn't struggle. And soon... neither do the two officers,
as the Pilot notices something.

PILOT

What the hell...

He pulls up and down on the yoke with no result. He looks to
his flight crew, a nervous look growing on his face. Off this:

50 INT. LONE GUNMAN OFFICE - CLOSE ON LANGLEY'S MONITOR

50

Where an ALERT pops up: "SYSTEM OVERLOAD. Please wait..."

LANGLY (O.S.)

Dammit! Frozen again --

LANGLY

Throws up his arms in frustration.

LANGLY

They've encrypted the manual
override commands --

FROHIKE

So decrypt them --

LANGLY

I need power! I'm taxing out my
system --

He SMACKS the monitor, as if it would help. Byers, on the
airphone, tries to remain calm.

BYERS

Langly, what's happening? --

Langly begins typing again, trying his best.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED:

50

LANGLY
I'll try decrypting in
background mode...

BYERS
How long will that take?

LANGLY
At my calcs-per-second? I
estimate... seven to ten days.

BYERS
(chilled)
Oh. Needless to say...

LANGLY
... our asses are fried.

Frohike has been listening to this with a growing look of dread. Now he rises, heading for the exit. Langly notices without looking up from his furious keyboarding.

LANGLY
Where are you going?

FROHIKE
To unfry us.

Off Langly, wondering what he's talking about:

CUT TO:

51 INT. GUN CLUB - NIGHT - FROHIKE

51

Hurries along the row of shooters, each BANG-BANGING away, coming to a stop at...

YVES

Who finishes her latest clip -- RATTATAT. She sets down her weapon, pulling off her ear protectors as she hears:

FROHIKE
I need that chip, Yves.

She turns to find Frohike standing behind her. Arms akimbo, he means business. She gives him a smile.

YVES
Melvin. I knew you'd come
begging sooner or later.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED:

51

FROHIKE

Lay off the Melvin crap. I need some serious gigaflops and I need them now.

Yves picks up her Mini-Uzi and casually begins reloading.

YVES

What I hear, some guy with a beard took that chip.

FROHIKE

Those were a woman's lips I kissed.

Yves SLAPS the clip into her gun.

YVES

Like you ever kissed a girl before.

Frohike, impatient, takes a step toward her.

FROHIKE

--I don't have time for this--

Yves COCKS her gun loudly, stopping Frohike in his tracks. She doesn't need to point the Uzi at him. The threat is implicit.

YVES

You gonna take it away from me?

Frohike holds his ground.

FROHIKE

Give me that chip right now, or you'll be sacrificing the lives of hundreds of people -- including Byers and his father!

YVES

I'm crying.

FROHIKE

Yeah, you're a real tough cookie. How much you gonna enjoy the millions you make selling that chip, knowing it's been paid for in blood?

Frohike stares at her. Off Yves, thinking...

CUT TO:

52 EXT. TWO WORLD TRADE CENTER - NIGHT (SPFX) 52

We're atop the 110-story building, looking out over the East River. It's strangely quiet up here, just a hint of wind... and a distant JET ENGINE WHINE. A pinpoint of LIGHT flickers on the horizon. An approaching airliner -- Flight 265.

53 INT. COCKPIT - ANGLE THROUGH WINDSHIELD 53

The glowing lights of Manhattan are visible ahead.

PILOT (O.S.)
Try cutting electrical power --

BERT

Peers ahead through the window at the approaching doom, as the Pilot and Co-Pilot flick a few switches -- then curse in frustration. They can't even shut down the plane.

BERT
They've thought of that --
they've thought of everything.

The Pilot picks up an intercom MIC, addressing the cabin in that monotone pilot-speak:...

PILOT
This is the pilot speaking...
ah, folks, we're experiencing a
little technical difficulty up
here and, ah, I'd like you to
return to your seats now...

BERT
(under his breath)
... and kiss your asses goodbye.

54 INT. AIRLINER - BYERS 54

Is still at the back of the plane, his ear to the airphone. Behind him, the passengers are obeying orders, settling in.

BYERS
Langly, we're getting close --

55 INT. LONE GUNMAN OFFICE - LANGLEY 55

Is sweating bullets, typing insanely, his eyes glued to the screen. We see a flurry of CHARACTERS reflected in his glasses.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED:

5

LANGLY
I know, I know... DAMMIT!

He SMACKS his monitor again -- BANG.

ANGLE - LANGLEY'S MONITOR

With the familiar alert "SYSTEM OVERLOAD. Please wait..."
flashing ominously.

BYERS

Knows what Langly's curse means -- they're doomed. He holds his
breath as the panic level in the cabin begins to rise.

56 INT. COCKPIT - BERT'S POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD

56

The World Trade Center looms large, a checkerboard of lighted
windows outlining the box-like twin towers. We can hear, in
b.g., the Co-Pilot radioing in a disaster alert.

BERT

Sees what's coming and turns, heading for the door.

57 INT. LONE GUNMAN OFFICE - LANGLEY

57

SMACKS his monitor again. To himself:

LANGLY
Come on, Frohike...

As Langly drops his head to his hands in utter hopelessness:

INTERCUT WITH:

58 INT. AIRLINER - BYERS

58

Sees his father approaching.

BERT
Your friends have failed,
haven't they?

BYERS
There's still hope --

Bert looks at Byers, not surprised his son's foolish optimism is
still intact -- and perhaps wishing he hadn't lost his own. He
smiles faintly.

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED:

58

BERT

Hope my next funeral's as nice
as the last one.

What can Byers say? He returns his father's grim smile. They share a look, nothing more to say... until:

LANGLY

Looks up as his monitor BEEPS. Then BEEPS again.

HIS POV - THE "SYSTEM OVERLOAD" ALERT

Suddenly disappears... and is replaced by a flashing red alert:
"REMOTE ACCESS DETECTED"

LANGLY

Knows what this means.

LANGLY

(under his breath)

B-I-N-G-O...

59 INT. GUN CLUB - NIGHT - CLOSE ON LAPTOP SCREEN

59

Airline data flies by beneath a banner, "OCTIUM INSIDE!"

WIDER - YVES HARLOW

Sits, laptop on her lap, typing away. Surrounded by Frohike and a crowd of GUN GEEKS -- including Kimmy -- all watching with fascination at her hacking.

60 INT. AIRLINER - BYERS AND BERT

60

Grab hold as the PLANE PITCHES and YAWS. As terrified passengers SCREAM...

61 INT. COCKPIT - THE CO-PILOT

61

Is shocked as ALARMS BUZZ and indicators FLASH.

CO-PILOT

We've got manual override --

PILOT

Pull up, pull up!

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED:

61

The Co-Pilot pulls hard on his controls as we see CITY LIGHTS swimming by through the windshield.

62 EXT. TWO WORLD TRADE CENTER - NIGHT (SPFX)

62

We hardly have time to enjoy the spectacular view as...

FLIGHT 265 ROARS RIGHT AT US

Passing overhead, missing us by what seems like inches.

DISSOLVE TO:

63 INT. DULLES INT'L AIRPORT - NIGHT - THE ELECTRONIC DISPLAY

63

Now reads "Flight 265 CANCELLED." We ADJUST to find a line of exhausted passengers deplaning. Happy to see their loved ones. Happy to be alive. WE PAN along the passengers...

... finding BERT BYERS exiting as well, his son behind him, mid-sentence. Byers makes a beeline for a bank of PAYPHONES -- but his father hangs back.

BYERS

... if we can't go to the FBI, we can go to the media. With your testimony, we could break this conspiracy wide open, bring down Overlord, the whole operation...

Byers stops, realizing his dad has not followed him. He slowly turns, the meaning of this coming clear. As Bert now approaches:

BYERS

You're not going to testify, are you? You're going to let them cover this up --

BERT

And what would you have me do? Let you interview me? Expose the truth? A big write-up in your paper?

BYERS

It's the right thing to do. People have a right to know.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED:

63

BERT

That may be your way, John, but
it's not mine. Trust me, the
American Dream is long dead.
Camelot is a fairy tale. You
can't change the world.

BYERS

We'd like to try.

Bert sighs, then turns, exiting. Leaving his son behind to
ponder his fatherly advice. Off Byers:

CUT TO:

64 INT. LONE GUNMAN OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON COLOR MONITOR

64

Displaying the FRONT PAGE of this week's THE LONE GUNMAN
newspaper. The headline: "TERRORIST ACT NARROWLY AVERTED."

LANGLY (O.S.)

So we're going with this?

ANOTHER ANGLE - BYERS, LANGLY AND FROHIKE

Are huddled around the monitor, Langly manning the keyboard. He
points to the headline, but Byers shakes his head.

BYERS

We can't do it. We don't have
the proof.

LANGLY

Then we don't have a lead story
for this week's issue.

FROHIKE

Oh yeah we do.

Frohike leans over the keyboard, typing quickly.

THEIR POV - THE MONITOR

Up comes the headline: "OCTIUM CHIP INVADES PRIVACY."

BYERS AND LANGLY

Look confused.

BYERS

We certainly don't have the
proof for that.

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED:

64

LANGLY

Your pistol-packin' bearded lady
snaked it, remember?

FROHIKE

Yeah? Well, turnabout's fair
play...

Frohike opens his hand, revealing... the OCTIUM CHIP. The boys
lean in close to see it, astounded.

LANGLY

How the hell'd you get that?

FROHIKE

(nonchalant)

Hey, once you get a little taste
of Frohike...

Langly and Byers stare at him, unconvinced, to say the least.
Frohike finally shrugs.

FROHIKE

I grabbed it and ran.

Byers grins. Langly shakes his head in grudging admiration.

BYERS

Come on. We've got a story to
write.

As we SLOWLY PULL BACK off the three Lone Gunmen, working
together to save America...

FADE OUT:

THE END