

WASHINGTON FIELD

"DC BOMMUR"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. NATIONAL MALL (WASHINGTON, DC) - DAY

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

Beautiful early fall day, DRIFTING... GLIDING over The US Capital, National Mall, Washington Monument, White House, Jefferson Memorial, Lincoln Memorial, Potomac River... The National Monuments are a perfect backdrop, as residents, tourists, and joggers enjoy the nation's capital.

PUSH IN to:

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER/NEAR LINCOLN MEMORIAL (WASHINGTON, DC) - DAY

In the midst of all this, several COLLEGE ROWING TEAMS train on the Potomac. Dozens of single and multiple shells glide up and down the river until this idyllic moment is shattered by:

BOOM!

One boat EXPLODES in a fireball! As the SOUND of the EXPLOSION ECHOES across the river, MATCH it to a MOTORCYCLE ENGINE as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TEVOC COURSE (QUANTICO, VIRGINIA) - DAY

JACKIE PALMER, a tall, striking Native-American woman, 40ish, rides the blood-red Ducati 1098-R we've been HEARING around the FBI's Tactical and Emergency Vehicle Operations Course (TEVOC).

*CHYRON: SPECIAL AGENT JACKIE PALMER - RAPID DEPLOYMENT TEAM
COORDINATOR & TACTICAL PILOT*

She PULLS OVER, checks her BEEPING PDA:

INSERT - PDA SCREEN

An urgent text: "CTOC".

Doesn't mean anything to us (yet), definitely means something to her. She kicks the bike back in gear, ROARS OFF THE TRACK and onto the highway.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPEEDY PUMP GAS STATION (SUITLAND, MARYLAND) - DAY

A sleepy, D.C. suburb. SLOWLY MOVE IN on a young woman filling her SUV. A commonplace, every day scene, until horror strikes:

With a WHOOSH and SCREAMS the young woman is SUDDENLY ENGULFED IN FLAMES. Her car, infused with fire, EXPLODES, killing her and the man at the next pump. As the FLAMES GROW we LET THEM TAKE OVER THE FRAME then:

MATCH DISSOLVE:

EXT. POOLSIDE (UNDISCLOSED LOCATION) - DAY

COMING OUT OF THE SUN. Find: TOMMY O'DONNELL, a powerful man, 34, shaved head with a goatee and a sly smile, relaxes poolside beside a beautiful Cuban-American woman, AMANDA, 32.

CHYRON: SPECIAL AGENTS THOMAS O'DONNELL - EVIDENCE RESPONSE TEAM COORDINATOR/HAZMAT EXPERT; and DR. AMANDA O'DONNELL - MEDICAL FORENSICS/WMD EXPERT

TOMMY

A toast.

AMANDA

Speak to me...

TOMMY

To ten amazing years.

Amanda considers that (as is her way -- she considers everything before agreeing to it - yeah, it can be irritating, but it makes her an amazing doctor), her own glass aloft --

AMANDA

Eight have been amazing.
(quickly; off his look)
But the other two were definitely
above average.

TOMMY

Which two?

AMANDA

Does it really matter?

TOMMY

(considers)
That's better than most.

AMANDA

Amen, baby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amanda smiles. She was playing.

TOMMY

I love how your nose wrinkles up
like that when you smile.

They drink. As they do, Amanda sees something in the distant sky. Approaching in a hurry.

AMANDA

Tommy -- is that...?

In a moment, her question is answered, it's a chopper. A black chopper with FBI emblazoned on it.

TOMMY

Aww -- dammit.

They both get up and hurry from the pool. The chopper continues approaching AS WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

VERY TIGHT SHOTS - VERY TENSE

- Two men in jump suits try to disarm a bomb.
- A dozen wires run into a menacing pile of C-4.
- A cell phone wired into the device COUNTS DOWN.
- The men are nervous, only a minute left.

Someone YAKS into their headsets, they hold their breath...

PHAM (V.O.)

(filtered)

Which one is it? Red, blue,
yellow, black or green?

Off their fear, DROP BACK and FIND we are:

EXT. MARINE CORPS BASE/CHARLIE DEMO RANGE (QUANTICO) - DAY

PHAM (V.O.)

(filtered)

And yes -- that is a mercury switch
on the side.

The men look at each other, gulp --

PHAM (V.O.) (cont'd)

Move that device even a millimeter,
you'll have closed-casket funerals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Not what they needed to hear. The 'voice' in their ears keeps at them, increasing the pressure.

PHAM (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Answer's not at the explosive charge. Always look to what initiates detonation. The phone. Find the right wire before it rings. Thirty seconds to boom!

Sweat drips from their brows.

PHAM (V.O.) (cont'd)
 I told the boss you're the best of the bomb units I train. Do not embarrass me. Twenty five...

Suddenly, a PHONE RINGS! The men SCREAM and hit the deck and we WIDEN MORE TO REVEAL:

PHAM NGUYEN, the voice, 34, a short, muscular, at times menacing man, stands not far away, surrounded by other military and police ordinance disposal students.

PHAM (cont'd)
 Damn -- sorry guys. My bad.
 That's my actual phone.

*CHYRON: SPECIAL AGENT PHAM NGUYEN - BOMB TECH
 COORDINATOR/TECHNICAL ELECTRONICS EXPERT*

THE DEVICE

One of the techs sees that the countdown is now at:

TECH #1
 (screams)
 FIVE SECONDS!

Calmly, Pham calls out:

PHAM
 Blue.

Tech #2 reaches in, cuts the blue wire, stops the countdown. Whew. The two techs move around the blast barrier toward Pham --

TECH #1
 It wasn't really live, was it?

Pham pulls his PDA, points it at the device, hits a button --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE DEVICE

Explodes. A small, controlled blast, but still enough to seriously hurt someone close to it --

PHAM

Never assume it isn't.

Pham looks at his phone.

INSERT - CELL PHONE

An urgent text: "CTOC", and a call. As Pham answers on speakerphone...

PHAM (cont'd)

SSA Pham -- what do you got, boss?

STONE (O.S.)

Two real-world detonations, in our backyard.

PHAM

Where?

STONE (O.S.)

First on the Potomac in DC, victim washed up in Virginia, next in Maryland. Three different jurisdictions...

PHAM

Be there in twenty minutes.

(hangs up; to students)

School's out. We're operational. Get back to your units.

Off Pham, gathering his gear as the techs disperse --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT./EXT. NCRS CHOPPER - DAY

Amanda and Tommy, no longer in bathing suits, climb onto an FBI TACTICAL BELL 412 CHOPPER, Jackie at the stick --

JACKIE

Sorry to drop-in unannounced, but your PDA's were out of range.

TOMMY

No -- they were at the bottom of our suitcases.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

On purpose.

JACKIE

We know. Vacation's over, my babies.

As Jackie lifts off, PULL BACK to REVEAL the chopper is SOARING AWAY from the upper deck of a massive cruise ship in the Chesapeake Bay. Off this amazing sight --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON FIELD OFFICE (WASHINGTON, DC) - DAY

To Establish --

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD/CTOC - DAY

"Communications and Tactical Operations Center" in bold chrome lettering across one wall of the large complex of rooms that is CTOC -- a hi-tech masterpiece. Plasmas fill the walls. At consoles arrayed with hi-tech data and communications equipment, dozens of agents and analysts are busily working.

DEAN JAMESON, 24, African-American, Non-Agent Support Staff (constantly in motion), is in technological control of CTOC.

CHYRON: INVESTIGATIVE TECHNOLOGIST DEAN JAMESON

Amidst all this hi-tech wizardry, the star of the room is a large, centrally located, technological marvel - a transparent, multi-touch infused-glass computing surface, aka "The Board".

The Board hangs from the ceiling, and acts as a central repository for clues and information as an investigation progresses. It displays live action video, news broadcasts and CSP's of the tiniest pieces of trace evidence. Think a real-world version of "Minority Report"s futuristic command center.

Note: The team will, throughout the series, continually update The Board, from within CTOC and from the field via two-way PDA interface. Members in the field can also download/display anything on the board for immediate use by any other member.

SSA RIC STONE 43, Scottish/American, Squad Supervisor, enters with an intense look in his eyes.

STONE

Talk to me, Jameson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHYRON: SUPERVISORY SPECIAL AGENT RICHARD STONE - CTOC
COMMANDER/SQUAD LEADER - NATIONAL CAPITAL RESPONSE SQUAD

DEAN

Full briefing going up on The Board
momentarily, boss.

Stone carries us to Pham at the front of the room as Tommy and
Amanda stride in with Jackie.

STONE

Sorry about your anniversary.

AMANDA

I knew what I was signing up for
when I joined the team, Rick.

TOMMY

And, it's not like we were doing
anything important.

AMANDA

Nothing memorable, anyway.

Everybody laughs.

DEAN

Ready, boss.

STONE

Go.

ON THE BOARD

As he speaks, Dean projects the pertinent news footage and
AccuSat Geo Databases revealing real-time satellite views of the
region, and the logistics of the crime and body recovery scenes.

DEAN

Explosions. Two apparent IEDs on
the fringes of DC. Three dead.

JACKIE

The 'fringes' -- that deliberate?

STONE

(probably)

They skirt the nation's capital--
the largest media market in the
world, while avoiding direct
conflict with the FBI.

AMANDA

Maximum exposure, minimum risk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOMMY

They really believe we won't be called into multiple bombings?

Pham has been examining the crime scene shots they have --

PHAM

Devices were effective and deadly.

STONE

Victimology?

On the Board, a yearbook photo of the young man we saw rowing, side-by-side with the body recovered down-river from the blast.

DEAN

Harry Beach. Rowing on the Potomac for Georgetown crew team.

TOMMY

Think he was specifically targeted?

DEAN

Hard to say, a dozen rowing teams operate out of the Thompson Boat Center at any given time.

Dean projects the Potomac scene and circles the boat house as GUY CLARONI, 30's, hurries in, has caught the end of that --

CHYRON: GUY CLARONI - SPECIAL WEAPONS AND TACTICS/DIVE TEAM COORDINATOR

GUY

(thick Bronx accent)

Georgetown's got 180 on their team alone. All in the same uniform.

PHAM

If he was the intended target, that's a damn precise attack. Not many who could do that.

GUY

(to Pham)

You coulda.

TOMMY

(to Pham)

Yeah -- where were you an hour ago?

(to Stone)

Can I just shoot him so we can get back to our cruise?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

9.

STONE
Continue, Dean.

DEAN
Next one's a double homicide.
Dorothy Yodrat and Vincent Marquez.
No connection. Just pumping gas at
the same time.

Now all three victims and both crime scenes are being projected.

STONE
Go deep on all three, Rasha. Make
sure there's no nexus we missed.

RASHA
Already running backgrounds.

Rasha Hamali, 30's, Lebanese-American, Non-Agent Support Staff.

*CHYRON: RASHA HAMALI - SENIOR INTELLIGENCE ANALYST/MULTI-LINGUAL
FORENSIC LINGUISTICS EXPERT*

JACKIE
Anyone claiming responsibility?

RASHA
This popped up on Washington Post's
web site moments after each blast --
before the news picked it up.

ON THE BOARD

"Jihad has begun! The Satan must fall!" scrolling across.

GUY
Not-for-nothin but, "the Satan?"
How 'bout a little creativity?

RASHA
I'm running it through our threat
databases for a linguistic match
with anything we've seen to date.

TOMMY
Two bombs, three dead so far. Let's
hope they're not ramping up for
something bigger.

This sinks in around the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

STONE

It's Terrorism until we prove otherwise. And that makes it ours people. I want boots on the ground.

All they need to hear --

STONE (cont'd)

Pham and Guy, take the Potomac.

PHAM

Will do.

STONE

Amanda, NIH for the autopsies. And Jackie, gas station with Tommy. Hit the Barn first and load out. Quartermaster's waiting.

They start heading for the exit.

STONE (cont'd)

And, hey --

(off their turn)

Stay connected, stay smart and stay safe.

CUT TO:

INT. NCRS WAREHOUSE - NORTHEAST WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

DARK. Suddenly, a giant garage door rises, revealing Jackie, Tommy, Pham and Guy silhouetted against the mid day sun. Come around them to find they are looking into:

THE SQUAD'S MASSIVE PRE-DEPLOYMENT WAREHOUSE

A cavernous equipment and supply depot. "The Barn" is filled with millions worth of tools, high tech equipment, specialty vehicles, supplies, clothing, food, water, and survival gear for every environment on the planet.

A SERIES of QUICK, TIGHT CUTS as they move through the cages at the warehouse, grabbing everything they're going to need.

PHAM

I've got post-blast covered.

He scans 20' high shelving stacks of equipment and aluminum containers, and pulls two 48" containers marked "Post-Blast."

Guy backs up the ERT Command Post (CP) truck, emblazoned with FBI lettering and seals: FBI -- Washington Field Office - Evidence Response Team.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hitches the trailer of a 24' RHIB (Rigid Hull Inflatable Boat), loads scuba gear, and high-resolution DLS (Downward Looking Sonar), into the boat and truck.

GUY

'Nother day at the beach.

Guy grabs two cases marked "Shallow Dive."

TOMMY

I'll grab Hazmat and Crime Scene gear.

Tommy grabs Pelican cases labeled Chem/Bio and Crime Scene.

JACKIE

We'll also need VTC capability and high-def cameras. We can chopper it all there while Pham and Guy take the Command Center.

They stack the containers onto a pallet which Jackie forklifts toward the chopper. Tommy climbs in --

TOMMY

I ever tell you how much I love this job?

JACKIE

We all do, Tommy Boy. We all do.

Off them, as they roll across the tarmac toward the majestic bird and we --

SMASH CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER CRIME SCENE - DAY

An inflatable boat pulls away from the near shore with Guy aboard, dressed in a dive suit, REVEALING:

A damaged and charred rowing shell at the shore. Open equipment containers nearby. Pham talks to the local bomb squad leader.

CAPT. WICKES
Glad you're here, Pham.

PHAM
Catch me up.

CAPT. WICKES
We've got buoys collecting surface debris. Not much there.

Pham eyes the buoy-line stretched between the banks downstream then turns back to the shell, Capt. Wickes over his shoulder.

PHAM
What do you see here?

CAPT. WICKES
A small anti-personnel device.
Don't know the delivery system yet,
but it was precise.

Pham points to the damage on the shell.

PHAM
See this blast radius? Nearly
perpendicular lines. The device
was in contact with the hull when
it exploded, above the water line.

CAPT. WICKES
Was it in the boat?

PHAM
The autopsy should answer that.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. NIH AUTOPSY ROOM (BETHESDA, MD) - DAY

A super hi-tech, state-of-the-art morgue. Amanda begins the victim rower's autopsy. She speaks into the mic suspended from the ceiling, dictating her findings.

AMANDA

Massive concussive and eviscerative damage from the left anterior chest to the sternum...

(then)

...multiple fragmentation-type injuries to the left lateral and anterior aspects of the thoracic region but --

She leans in closer, surprised by something --

AMANDA (cont'd)

That's odd --

She puts the tools down, snaps off her bloody gloves and dons a clean pair. She then picks up the rowers uniform and notes the ragged edges of the gaping holes made by the explosion.

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD/CTOC - DAY

Stone fields a call while he monitors The Board, which is constantly updated with leads and video feeds of the crime scenes. Above them, digital captions read: "1A-DC; 1B-VA; 2-MD" (scene number and location).

STONE

(into phone)

I'm meeting with the police chiefs of all three jurisdictions now. Yes, sir. I'll keep you posted.

THROUGH The Board WE SEE --

SA TERRI TONER

Washington Field's Media Rep, dressed in a bright red skirt-suit, entering CTOC escorting three local Police Chiefs, GIVENS, NORMOYLE (Female) and HARRINGTON.

CHYRON: SPECIAL AGENT TERRI TONER - WASHINGTON FIELD OFFICE
MEDIA REP

Dean sees them, hits a button, instantly clears the Board.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRI

We are now in the Communications and Tactical Operations Center. The nerve-center of Washington Field and the National Capital Response Squad.

(turns to him)

Supervisory Special Agent Stone commands the Squad.

STONE

I know Chiefs Harrington and Givens very well, Terri.

Shaking their hands. Then he looks at Normoyle's name tag.

STONE (cont'd)

Chief:..

COMMANDER NORMOYLE

Commander -- Normoyle. Heck of a first week for me.

STONE

Welcome to CTOC.

COMMANDER NORMOYLE

Thanks for having us.

STONE

The Chiefs are cleared for all intel on the bombings, Dean.

Dean reactivates The Board. It flashes back to life. The Commanders are awed but stay focussed on their mission --

COMMANDER HARRINGTON

Been here a lot, but never in this room.

STONE

We invited you to show you our capabilities, but we want the bomber to think it's a local investigation.

CHIEF NORMOYLE

You've handled something like this before?

The other chiefs smile at Normoyle's naivete.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STONE

Oklahoma City and 9/11; Khobar Towers in Saudi; US embassies in Kenya and Tanzania; USS Cole in Yemen; Assassinations in Bosnia; Genocide in Uganda and Rwanda; War Crimes in Kosovo; And multiple tours in Iraq and Afghanistan.

CHIEF HARRINGTON

My Mayor's not crazy about a bunch of FBI agents running untethered through his jurisdiction.

Stone casually turns to Dean and raises his brow in a question.

DEAN

Guy's diving at the Potomac scene.

STONE

Show Chief Harrington how we 'tether' it all, Dean.

PUSH IN to the monitor marked "Arlington, VA", a silty mess:

DEAN

This is a live feed from our Dive Coordinator, Agent Claroni's, dive-cam. As you can see, the Potomac's pretty murky right now.

CHIEF HARRINGTON

Did you say this is live, Agent?

DEAN

I'm not an agent -- I'm a civilian.

STONE

We recruited him out of MIT when he was seventeen.

(re: the board)

He put all of this together.

DEAN

And, yes sir, that is live.

CHIEF GIVENS

How's he gonna find anything in that mess?

DEAN

Downward Looking Sonar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He hits a button, revealing the DLS view of the river bottom. The Chief's are suitably impressed.

CHIEF NORMOYLE

Every member of your team has live feed video capability like that?

DEAN

That's only part of the monitoring.
(another image)
Agent Palmer has just arrived on scene in Maryland with Agent O'Donnell, our evidence expert.

IMAGE

Jackie and Tommy off-load at the gas station scene --

DEAN (cont'd)

This feed is a passive security camera on an FDIC insured bank across the street. I've taken control of it from here.

(beat)

I can patch in to more than ten thousand external security cameras on highways, government buildings and schools in the D.C. area alone.

Off the Chief's again impressed, PUSH IN to THE IMAGE and:

MATCH CUT:

EXT. GAS STATION CRIME SCENE - DAY

Jackie and Tommy, coming from the chopper, are approached by the local PD CAPTAIN. A burned out SUV and sedan smolder nearby.

CAPTAIN TIMMONS

Captain Timmons -- Suitland PD.

JACKIE

Jackie Palmer, Tommy O'Donnell --
FBI - Washington Field.

CAPTAIN TIMMONS

I was hoping they'd call you guys in. This is above my pay grade.

Jackie smiles, gestures to a group of people chatting while they anxiously wait INSIDE the crime scene --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

17.

JACKIE

Those people are inside the tape
because they're witnesses?

CAPTAIN TIMMONS

Shop owner, employee and the others
were pumping gas when it happened.

Jackie gently leads him to the side --

JACKIE

We should probably separate them.
If they're allowed to talk with one
another, multiple witnesses at an
incident tend to contaminate each
other's memories.

CAPTAIN TIMMONS

Oh -- sorry.

JACKIE

Don't be. Your people have done an
amazing job securing the scene.

CAPTAIN TIMMONS

I'll get them all separated.

JACKIE

Thanks. I'll be right over and we
can start the interviews.

CAPTAIN TIMMONS

We?

JACKIE

You're the boss, here, Captain.

With a smile the Police Captain nods his assent and heads off.
Jackie and Tommy exchange a glance --

TOMMY

You are way better at that than me.

JACKIE

I know. How'd you ever convince
Amanda to marry you?

RAPIDLY PULL BACK from this scene (in what will be called a
BOARD SHOT) and we MOMENTARILY (VFX) BECOME:

BOARD SHOT

REDIRECT from the gas station scene and PUSH IN to another
image, Amanda, in the:

INT. NATIONAL INSTITUTES OF HEALTH/AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

Amanda works over the Georgetown rower's body beneath a large video screen which, on her side, displays Stone and Dean --

STONE

(from monitor)

We have Pham on, too -- from the Potomac scene.

PHAM (V.O.)

Hey, Doc.

AMANDA

Something weird here. Cause of death is multiple penetrating lacerations traversing the pericardium and puncturing the myocardium leading to a massive ventricular rupture and dissection of the descending aorta.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD/CTOC - DAY

STONE

In English, please.

AMANDA

His chest was basically shredded. Injuries are all consistent with the victim having been in the forward-crouch rowing position at the time of the blast.

She shows a quick view of the injuries.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. POTOMAC RIVER CRIME SCENE/ERT COMMAND POST VEHICLE - DAY

Pham in the mobile command post with his own video monitor --

PHAM

What kind of shrapnel did you find?

AMANDA

That's the weird part. There's a noticeable absence of metal fragments or shrapnel of any kind, despite extensive lacerative damage to skin, muscle and major organs.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA (cont'd)
The only sizeable fragments of
anything I'm finding are cellulose
based... splinters of wood.
(goes to microscope)
Looks like teak under the scope.
Some painted blue or grey.

AMANDA

Hits a button, displays magnified images of wood splinters --

PHAM

Pieces of the boat -- proves the
device detonated outside it,
blasted pieces into the victim.

AMANDA

The splinters remained mainly in
the skin. They didn't cause the
internal organ damage.

PHAM

Then what did?

AMANDA

Wasn't an ordinary fragmentation
bomb. In over a thousand war crimes
autopsies in Kosovo - I've never
seen anything like it. No shrapnel
at all -- just a gritty substance.
Running tests on it now but,
whatever it is, it's nasty.

INSIDE CTOC

Amanda and Pham's conversation worries Stone. Pham gets it --

PHAM

Hey Boss -- sounds like a pretty
high-tech weapon.

Off Stone, contemplating what that means --

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION CRIME SCENE - DAY

Jackie confers with WITNESS #1 --

JACKIE

Tell me exactly what you saw just
before the explosion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WITNESS #1

I was coming around my car, and I see the lady pumping gas. All of a sudden sparks started flying and she just kind of started on fire.

(beat)

She was looking right at me.

JACKIE

You said sparks started flying?

WITNESS #1

Coming from behind her I think, on the island.

(beat)

There was nothing I could do to help her, you know? I mean, she was completely on fire...

Jackie pats him on the shoulder, crosses to the island where:

TOMMY

Who is already looking at the trash can near the pump.

JACKIE

Witness said sparks came from behind the victim.

TOMMY

Already found the ignition source. But that wasn't the fuel.

He clears a view of something, turns to the pump and shows Stone what he's found via a High-Def digital camera feed from his PDA.

DEAN (V.O.)

(from PDA)

Go, Tommy.

TOMMY

I'm sending a video feed.

DEAN

Got it.

INTERCUT AS
NECESSARY WITH:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD/CTOC -- DAY

Dean stabilizes the image as Tommy V.O.'s --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY (V.O.)

Device was simple, yet ingenious.

Stone sees what Tommy's showing him on the Board. A device which looks like a 'roman candle' and a melted plastic glob which had been attached just under the rim of the trash can --

TOMMY (V.O.)(cont'd)

It's basically a roman candle. The remote ignition source coulda been a cell phone -- too melted to tell.

We SEE the inner workings of Tommy's mind as he explains:

STONE

How could they be sure there'd be a high enough concentration of gas vapor to ignite?

TOMMY (V.O.)

He slashed the rubber nozzle-cowling. Victim pushes the nozzle into her gas tank, the cowling compresses and splits open, allows the vapors to escape, permeating the air around her.

JACKIE

Dean, any chance we've got them on video, planting the device?

DEAN

I'm reviewing it now. May take some time. Station was busy as hell.

Stone considers the facts, and asks:

STONE

She was filling up an SUV?

JACKIE

An Escalade.

STONE

30 gallons of fuel gives off lots of vapor. He waited for an SUV?

TOMMY

Ensured complete immolation of the victim and the secondary explosion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STONE

He had to've been watching.
(to Dean).
Let's see the blast on that video.

END INTERCUT:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD/CTOC - DAY

DEAN

Don't have a clear shot. UPS
truck's blocking the view.

STONE

Work on it. You're a genius,
remember?

DEAN

Then why don't I get paid more?

STONE.

Because we serve the taxpayers of
this great nation.

PUSH IN to BOARD SHOT

*REDIRECT from the gas station scene and PUSH IN to the LIVE
UNDERWATER IMAGES from:*

EXT. IN THE POTOMAC RIVER - WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

UNDERWATER. Guy moves slowly and smoothly in murky water using a mini-tank and full-face rebreather mask to minimize air bubbles, and avoid churning up the muddy silt a few feet below him.

GUY

Can't see a damn thing down here.

PHAM (O.S.)

(radio)

Keep working the grid. Concentrate
down stream of the blast.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. POTOMAC RIVER CRIME SCENE/ERT COMMAND POST VEHICLE - DAY

Pham directs Guy as he alternates between the high-res SONAR feed, and the VIDEO FEED from Guy's dive camera.

PHAM

I see some jagged anomalies a few
yards off your port...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Guy turns to his left and drops to the river bottom, the floating clouds of silt engulfing him completely now. The items are totally invisible without the sonar.

GUY

Guide me in.

PHAM

You're directly over them now. Go tactile.

Guy relies on his sense of touch through the ultra-thin, puncture-resistant neoprene gloves. He gently sweeps the bottom, so as not to damage any evidence.

GUY

Coupl'a irregular pieces, sharp, jagged edges...

PHAM

Consistent with blast damage characteristics.

GUY

Holy crap -- I know what this is.

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD/CTOC - WASHINGTON, DC - INTERCUT

Guy and Pham on a live feed on The Board, holding together charred, jagged pieces of a toy boat.

PHAM

Delivery system was a remote control toy boat.

GUY

Roman candles, toy boats? We got some punks playin' with bombs?

RASHA

I've checked multiple Jihadist Web sites for corroboration of the original communication. Nothing.

GUY

Jihadists always use publicity to spread their terror.

STONE

Doesn't fit the Jihadist profile, but the improvised delivery systems are stealthy and damn effective.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dean interrupts, enlarging the video feed on The Board.

DEAN

I may have something.

The TEAM watches from their different locations in rapt silence. WE SEE sped-up action at the gas station in the upper right corner of the frame, as Dean plays back the B&W bank video feed.

STONE

There's the pump that blew.

Customers zip in, fill up and zip out. Traffic flies by.

DEAN

Now watch this.

He slows the video to real-time and points to the side view of a DARK VAN parked at THE PUMP before it blew up. It's so high up on the frame that only the lower half is captured on video.

STONE

Looks like a van behind that truck.

DEAN

But watch where it goes from here.

WE SEE the van pull out from the pump, turn the corner and park diagonally across the intersection -- facing the gas station.

PHAM

How long's it wait there?

DEAN

Thirty-seven minutes.

WE SEE all this play out, again in fast-motion.

GUY

Nobody enters or exits. Just sitting. Gotta be him watching.

WE PUSH IN to see the van. Then it moves forward and in the next few frames, it's gone.

JACKIE

Look at that. All the other traffic has stopped.

RASHA

Rubbernecking.

STONE

The human eye is drawn to disaster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PHAM

Back up frame by frame, to the moment of detonation.

Dean slowly reverses the video, until WE SEE the moment of detonation and immediately thereafter, the van pulls away.

STONE

That's our guy.

GUY

It's a Chevy. No plate. Looks like a ladder rack on top.

PHAM

Finally, a decent lead.

JACKIE

We've got a ghost bomber in a dark Chevy van with a ladder rack.

STONE

Dean, get out an APB and compile a list of all registered owners in the National Capital Region.

(to the team)

Nothing hesitant about this guy's actions. No compunction, no fear.

The TEAM is charged up. The hunt is on...

PUSH IN to: Stone remains visibly concerned --

STONE (cont'd)

I have a feeling this is a long way from over.

Off which --

CUT TO:

EXT. FROTH AND FOAM CAFE (SPRINGFIELD, VA) - DAY

Three PROFESSIONAL WOMEN, 30s, exit a coffee shop. As soon as they hit the sidewalk a CELL PHONE RINGS. They turn their heads towards the sound and... BOOM!

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

SWOOPING IN - CHOPPER SHOT

Much like the opening shot only this time frenzied and muscled, we MOVE IN on:

EXT. FROTH & FOAM CAFE - DAY

The front of it on fire, as FIRE TRUCKS and POLICE CARS converge on it. As the chopper image STABILIZES find we are watching a:

CUT TO:

BOARD SHOT

The arriving emergency crews --

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD/CTOC - DAY

PULL OUT from the board to find Dean and Stone watching, along with various team members on The Board. The tension has visibly risen in the room --

STONE

Amanda, three more bodies headed your way. Tommy, I need the rest of you at the new scene ASAP.

(beat)

Looks like they're escalating.

SNAP ZOOM across the room and FIND SA Toner prepping the now four local Police Chief's, and D.C. MAYOR FOREMAN.

TERRI

We don't want to incite the bomber or frighten the public. Make it appear that the FBI's not involved, Washington Field's facilitating, that's all. The cases are local and you are sharing resources.

The chiefs nod their heads in concurrence.

TERRI (cont'd)

You're all comfortable with Chief Harrington acting as spokesperson?

Again, agreement all around.

MAYOR FOREMAN

I'm here to support the Chiefs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRI

Let's go.

They MOVE FOR THE DOOR now, snaking through the CTOC --

TERRI (cont'd)

Three bombings in the DC area in less than five hours is worldwide news. You can't imagine what kind of circus this will be.

As they prepare to walk out the door, Toner is very clear.

TERRI (cont'd)

(to Harrington)

The bomber will be watching. Stick with the prepared statement, and take only the one staged question from Lemon, the CNN reporter.

CHIEF NORMOYLE

Won't that piss-off the others?

TERRI

Probably. Priority's to down-play the FBI's role and entice the bomber to communicate with you.

CHIEF HARRINGTON

Got it.

Toner looks him over, accepts that --

TERRI

Showtime...

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON FIELD/OFFICE STEPS - DAY

SA Toner exits the building with Harrington, the others follow. A podium stands in front of a huge throng of reporters. They are immediately bathed in hundreds of strobing FLASHES and questions shouted from most every direction. Toner ushers Harrington to the podium, unflappable in the face of the throng--

CHIEF HARRINGTON

Thank you all for coming. Let me begin by offering our condolences to the victims' families.

ND REPORTER ONE

Was the Blog posting authenticated as coming from the bombers?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF HARRINGTON
 (ignores question)
 Our agencies are working together
 to resolve this as quickly...

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD/CTOC - DAY

Stone and Dean watch the pressie on the plasma screen as Chief Harrington commands the podium.

STONE
 Just the right tone. He's a
 natural.

CHIEF HARRINGTON
 (on screen)
 ...ensure the safety and security
 of everyone in the National Capital
 Region, we ask the public to remain
 calm, be vigilant and report...

PUSH IN to screen

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON FIELD/OFFICE STEPS - DAY

CHIEF HARRINGTON
 ...any suspicious activity to the
 hot-line number you see scrolling
 at the bottom of your screens.

CHYRON: HOT-LINE 1(888)555-1911

Harrington pauses and CNN reporter, Don Lemon, calls out:

DON LEMON
 Chief -- Don Lemon -- CNN. If
 they're watching this, what would
 you say to the bombers?

The Chief follows the prepared answer.

CHIEF HARRINGTON
 I'd say, you made your point. Tell
 us what we can do to stop these
 attacks.

He's hit by a cacophony of shouted questions from the reporters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF HARRINGTON (cont'd)
That's all we have time for now. If
needed, the next statement will be
same time tomorrow. Thank you.

The Chief dutifully turns and walks back toward the building.

ND REPORTER TWO
What do you say to the people of
this community who are afraid to
leave their homes?

The Mayor stops in his tracks. Doesn't like the idea of bowing
down to vicious criminals. Besides, he can't pass up a prime-
time opportunity like this. He walks to the podium.

MAYOR FOREMAN
The victims in these cases were
completely defenseless.

Toner is shocked and furious. Her eyes widen and her jaw drops.
Before she can react, Mayor Foreman continues.

MAYOR FOREMAN (cont'd)
The bombers are cowards. The FBI's
on the case now, and those bastards
are no match for Washington Field.

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD/CTOC - DAY

Stone and Dean watch on the plasma screen as Mayor Foreman
finishes his off-the-cuff remarks.

DEAN
That's not good, is it?

STONE
Calling them cowards and issuing a
direct challenge? Absolute worst
thing you can do to bombers, who
typically have a God-complex.
They'll feel compelled to prove the
Mayor wrong... In a very big way.

UNDER WHICH the SOUND of SIRENS COMES UP and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. FROTH AND FOAM CAFE/CRIME SCENE - DAY

SUV's ROAR UP outside the cafe. Fire's been put out and bodies
are being removed from the scene.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tommy, Jackie, Pham and Guy meet each other and a local PD Captain, SEAN CURLEY, near the crime scene tape. Debris is strewn about.

They off-load gear and assess the scene as Jackie goes inside. Overturned chairs lay where the victims died. Spilled coffee and blood stain the concrete. Pham immediately points to a planter, completely destroyed, to the left of the Cafe entrance.

PHAM

The blast originated here.

TOMMY

We'll start with the outer perimeter.

CAPT. CURLEY

Why's that?

PHAM

Things closest to the point of origin, receive the most blast energy, and end up furthest away.

TOMMY

That's also where you'll most likely find pieces of the device.

They move out radially to the furthest point where there is visible blast debris. They find pieces of plants, and the planter, but nothing sizeable that looks like pieces of the device itself. Jackie exits the cafe --

JACKIE

The victims were regular customers who were only inside for five minutes. But they were the first customers in more than an hour.

TOMMY

The bomber must'a waited for them to exit, then blew them away.

JACKIE

Find anything worthwhile in that mess?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD/CTOC - DAY

Dean and Stone watch from the CTOC --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKIE
 (via VTC)
 Again, the perfect timing proves
 they were watching the victims.

Jackie scans the block of stores and residences.

JACKIE (cont'd)
 Locals canvassed for witnesses.
 Nothing.

STONE
 Wha'da you got, Tommy?

TOMMY
 Gimme a few.

STONE
 A 'few' is all you get.

Tommy and Pham continue to work the scene. Tommy dons
 magnifying eyeglasses --

TOMMY
 I'm not finding any shrapnel. I
 should be finding something.

PHAM
 Your wife said the same thing about
 the body from the Potomac scene.

TOMMY
 Nothing from the device itself?

PHAM
 I thought that was why they chose
 the river. Swallows all the
 evidence. But this is dry land...

STONE
 So where's all the shrapnel?

Tommy transmits images of the damaged tables and chairs to The
 Board.

TOMMY
 Look at these striations.
 Something tore the hell out of
 these tables and chairs.

PHAM
 Same thing on the rowing scull.
 Looks like their signature.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The striations are noticeably similar in side-by-side images.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. FROTH & FOAM CAFE/CRIME SCENE - DAY

Tommy scours the collected articles laid in concentric circles on a tarp. On the smooth, soot-covered stalk of a bamboo plant, he finds what looks like a partial fingerprint.

TOMMY

Wait a minute...

PHAM

Something?

TOMMY

Might be a fingerprint.

Tommy grabs a fuming hood to develop and set the print. Small whorls begin to emerge in the fuming glue.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Not sure there's enough here.

(then)

But there might be more to the print inside the stalk.

CAPT. CURLEY

Inside the stalk

TOMMY

A latent print is oil from a subject's fingers. Heat from the blast may have seared the print deep inside the stalk.

CAPT. CURLEY

And you can collect that?

TOMMY

I can sure as hell try.

Tommy bags the stalk --

TOMMY (cont'd)

I'll hitch a ride with you, Jackie -
- I've gotta get an MRI of this bamboo stalk at the lab.

JACKIE

I'm not even gonna ask...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD/CTOC - EVENING

Toner walks in, having finished up with the press conference, finds Stone on the phone --

STONE

(into phone)

I know, Sir... I know... We need a little space -- the third bomb only went off an hour ago.

(listens)

Senator... You can say whatever you want to the press, but you're probably gonna get people killed.

Stone slams the phone down, turns to Toner --

TERRI

Sounds like the Hill's getting antsy. Sorry about the Mayor...

STONE

Politicians... Nature of the beast.

TERRI

I'm heading over to HQ. I'll brief the Director and run interference for you with the empty suits.

STONE

Thanks for taking the heat -- as usual.

TERRI

(smiling)

I'll be back in a couple hours. You can order me dinner. Haven't eaten since breakfast.

STONE

Dinner it is, kid.

Toner turns to leave, PASSES Jackie, Tommy, Pham and Guy, who are just entering.

JACKIE

Hey Terri.

TERRI

Gonna be a long night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKIE
Aren't they all?

Toner smiles. Stay with the rest of the team as they approach Stone and Dean --

JACKIE (cont'd)
Got anything more on that gas station video?

DEAN
Not yet, my queen.

Dean continues to work away at the gas station video, as Stone catches up with his team --

STONE
Find anything at the cafe, Tommy?

TOMMY
Yes and no. Got a partial print off a plant but it's probably too obscured to get a positive match.
(then)
Got the lab scanning it now.

UNDER WHICH Amanda POPS UP on The Board --

AMANDA (O.S.)
(from The Board)
Guys?

All eyes turn toward The Board:

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. NIH/AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

Amanda, at the autopsy table --

AMANDA
Same gritty substance tore up these Cafe victims. Lab report's back. The residue is ceramic.

JACKIE
Ceramic?

GUY
Of course -- same principal as shotgun breaching rounds. Made-a ceramic, not metal. The ceramic pellets are completely pulverized on contact.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUY (cont'd)

Become minute destructive projectiles. They completely destroy a door lock by transferring all the energy.

AMANDA

The fragments may be barely visible to the naked eye, but the damage they cause to the human body is devastating.

PHAM

These guys are good, eliminating the best evidence remaining after a bombing, shrapnel from the device.

GUY

Gotta be military or police trained.

AMANDA

I'm finished here. On my way back to CTOC. Anyone need anything?

TOMMY

Yeah, babe, but you'll kill me if I say it in front of everyone.

END INTERCUT IN:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD/CTOC - NIGHT

Dean interjects, pulling up the gas station video again.

DEAN

I found him!

WE SEE the now familiar video from Act 1.

STONE

How?

DEAN

I found a way to see around the truck... Reflection.

Dean zooms into the image of the gas station storefront. As the image enlarges it becomes even more grainy.

JACKIE

Storefront's glass, but the reflection's murky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

I've overlaid a digital algorithm.
Enhanced it a bit.

WE SEE the image improve before our eyes, a clear view of the driver's side of the van from the front.

STONE

Brilliant. Zoom in as tight as you
can.

Dean zooms in to the windshield, works his magic on the image. The entire TEAM is transfixed as the image crystallizes.

STONE (cont'd)

There he is...

In the reflection off the gas station window is the grainy and pixilated image of a man sitting at the wheel of the van.

TOMMY

Looks Caucasian... he's got
something in his hand.

GUY

A cell phone.

The screen whites-out for several frames during the explosion. Followed by smoke. As the smoke clears, WE PUSH IN to see the murky image of the van moving forward then gone.

PHAM

Back up frame by frame, to the
moment of detonation.

Dean slowly reverses the video, until WE SEE the immediate moment of detonation. He's holding up the cell phone.

GUY

He's lookin' straight at the vics,
right before it blows -- bastard.

Dean freezes the video on that frame.

PHAM

He's triggering the device.

STONE

He's not a ghost anymore...

(beat)

Dean, add "white male" to the APB
on the van.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STONE (cont'd)

And cull everyone else from the
list of registered owners. Let's
end this guy's day.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON FIELD OFFICE - EVENING

Toner, still in the red outfit she wore for the press
conference, walks a hundred yards down 4th Street to --

CUT TO:

I/E. JUDICIARY SQUARE METRO STATION - CONTINUOUS

As she descends DC's longest underground escalator, she notices
something taped to the handrail of the adjacent escalator,
moving up toward her. A rectangular box that looks out of
place. She glances up and down the cavernous escalator to see
if anyone else is around. She sees no one.

Then, a LONE MAN steps into view at the bottom of the escalator
over 100 feet below. He just stands there in silhouette, staring
up at her. Something's in his hand.

She clutches her gut then attempts to flee upstairs, against the
direction of the escalator. She's not making much progress. A
CELL PHONE rings, she turns to look at the package as it moves
beside her.

IN HER EYES, the sudden realization... it's too late. She's
completely engulfed by the explosion and fireball.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD/CTOC - NIGHT

A muffled BOOM echoes off the adjacent buildings and rattles the CTOC windows. It gets EVERYONE'S attention --

STONE
What the hell was that?

TOMMY
Sounded like it was right outside.

STONE
Move!

And the team RUSHES OUT to:

EXT. WASHINGTON FIELD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Stone and his team, guns drawn, fly out the front doors of WFO to FIND Amanda, jumping out of an SUV --

AMANDA
Metro station!

Smoke pours from the Judiciary Square Metro entrance 100 yards away. Amanda grabs a First Aid kit, Tommy grabs an evidence case from the SUV she got out of. They run toward the smoke.

INT. JUDICIARY SQUARE METRO STATION - CONTINUOUS

In the b.g. SIRENS APPROACH as Stone leads Jackie, Pham, Guy, Tommy and Amanda to the station. Debris litters the top of the escalator, a victim at the bottom, motionless, and smoldering.

AMANDA
My God...

GUY
Damn! Another one?

Stone launches into action.

STONE
Amanda, Tommy, triage the victim.
Pham, fresh detonation, work your magic.

Stone pauses. Looks around the Metro entrance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

39.

STONE (cont'd)

Guy, scan the area for that Van. He was watching from up here or he's down there, and get on the horn to Jameson and have him start working the security cameras.

JACKIE

I'll have Metro shut down the trains and start a grid search of the tunnels.

They instinctively go to their various tasks.

CUT TO:

INT. JUDICIARY SQUARE METRO STATION/BOTTOM OF ESCALATOR - NIGHT

Amanda and Tommy rush to the victim. Quickly check for vitals, determine the victim is beyond hope. They meet eyes, silent message passed: go to crime scene mode. Pull rubber gloves and camera from the case. Tommy photographs, Amanda begins a preliminary examination of the bloodied and charred face, singed hair and otherwise mostly burned to a crisp body. Very clinical.

AMANDA

Victim appears to be female...

TOMMY

The enclosed space really focussed the fireball.

Amanda shines a flashlight along the right side of the body.

AMANDA

Same ceramic damage as the others.

(beat)

What's this?

Pointing to the pristine corner of a folded piece of paper, out of place in this sooty scene. He shoots it, she slides it out.

TOMMY

No fire damage. Bombers must've left it.

Amanda unfolds the note. Seals it in plastic, reads it out loud.

AMANDA

"We, The Revolution Matrix, will unleash our jihad of terror across your evil land unless our demands are immediately and unconditionally met.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA (cont'd)

Even the FBI is no match for us.
 We assure you, no one is safe,
 anytime, anyplace. No man, no
 woman, no child. Are we clear now?"

Tommy SNAPS a digital photo with his PDA and transmits it to Rasha. Amanda signals for Stone to come down.

TOMMY

(into PDA)

Dean -- I'm sending Rasha a photo
 of a note left on the victim.

She hands him the note.

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD/CTOC - NIGHT

The note appears on The Board as RASHA enters CTOC thumbing her Blackberry.

DEAN

Got it. She's on it.

(then)

Rasha, we need this analyzed
 yesterday.

RASHA

Running it through the Communicated
 Threat Assessment Database now.

BACK TO:

INT. JUDICIARY SQUARE METRO STATION/ESCALATOR - NIGHT

Amanda rolls the victim's body, sees something poking through the burned blazer, a gun. Gestures Tommy to it. He snaps away.

AMANDA

Gun...Looks like a Glock.

TOMMY

She a cop?

Tommy quickly pats, then reaches into the blazer pocket, finds his worst nightmare: an FBI credential case. Pulls it out, opens it. WE SEE the FBI badge and credentials.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Oh my God...

Tommy looks up the escalator to where Stone is coming down --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STONE
Whadaya got?

TOMMY
(in shock)
Boss... it's Terri.

STONE
What?

TOMMY
It's Terri Toner.

STONE
Are you...?

But now Stone looks at the body. There, a small patch of red material isn't burned. Looks an awful lot like the red skirt suit Terri was wearing. Stone is visibly devastated.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUDICIARY SQUARE METRO STATION/MID-ESCALATOR - NIGHT

Pham and Guy examine the remains of the device that detonated on the escalator. PUSH IN to PHAM as we START:

PHAM CAM

Pham closes his eyes and we SEE HIS MIND WORK as he REVERSE ENGINEERS, then DETONATES THE BOMB in his mind, 'seeing' where evidentiary pieces would go in a blast like this.

An MPD DETECTIVE watches, confused --

MPD DETECTIVE #1
What's that all about?

GUY
He's got a Masters in Engineering from MIT. He's reverse-engineering the bomb.

MPD DETECTIVE #1
Don't you need software for that?

GUY
Usually.

Pham opens his eyes suddenly and looks up perpendicular to the escalator handle. He 'sees' through the ceiling tiles. Bingo!

PHAM
Get the articulating ladder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Guy sets up the ladder. Pham pushes up the ceiling tiles that had been lifted by the blast and resettled in place. Finds debris that was trapped above. Pulls out a damaged cell phone.

PHAM (cont'd)
(to himself)
You left me a present, didn't ya?

UNDER WHICH Tommy approaches, tragedy in his eyes. They stop.

TOMMY
The victim. It's Terri Toner.

Stunned, and angered, they firm-up their resolve, hunker down, and get back to work, as they always do.

PHAM
He rushed this one. Didn't pack enough meat in his lunch box.

Pham finds and examines the remains of a shattered phone, flips it over and looks at the open back.

GUY
SIM card looks pretty bad.

PHAM
We may still get some data off it.

Pham looks around them, leans in close --

PHAM (cont'd)
Terri -- we just saw her...

CUT TO:

EXT. JUDICIARY SQUARE METRO STATION/STREET LEVEL - NIGHT

A gurney with a covered body rolls to the rear of a morgue van. Amanda helps load Terri into the coroner's van. As they are about to load her in, Amanda unwraps the battered, burned face.

AMANDA
(sotto)
Don't worry, honey. I won't let your parents see you this way.

And Amanda climbs into the morgue van with Toner. As the morgue tech closes the doors --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD CTOC - NIGHT

Back in CTOC, the mood is tense, adrenaline high:

DEAN

I did a tonal analysis of the black
and white image to determine the
color of the van.

Dean works his magic on The Board, trying to sound upbeat.

DEAN (cont'd)

There's a UPS truck in the video.
We know they're brown, so...

ON SCREEN

a complicated process of comparison overlays, and voila.

DEAN (cont'd)

Dark green.

STONE

Dark green Chevy van with a ladder
rack. Get it out to the locals.

(beat)

Then help Pham work on the SIM
card. If anyone can get something
off it, you two can.

DEAN

No problem.

(then)

Boss -- I know you and Terri were --

STONE

SIM card, Dean. Now.

Dean heads to where Pham is working on the damaged SIM card.
Stone moves off for his office --

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD/STONE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Alone, Stone closes his door, takes a moment. Jesus. Terri.
He sighs, pulls out his Rolodex, looks something up. Picks up
the phone, then, a knock on the door.

STONE

Come in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RASHA
 (pokes head in)
 I'm ready with the textual analysis
 of the note, sir.

Stone immediately hangs the phone back up, gestures Rasha to:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD/CTOC - CONTINUOUS

They move to The Board, already displaying the note --

RASHA
 In my opinion, it's a red herring.

STONE
 Break it down.

RASHA
 Word choice, phrasing, and flawless
 application of grammatical rules
 suggest the note was written by a
 native English speaker. An
 American, in fact. Not a foreign
 Jihadist. Notice the phraseology.

Indicating "...unless our demands are immediately and
 unconditionally met."

STONE
 Looks correct to me.

RASHA
 Precisely. Most authentic Jihadist
 threats exhibit unintended
 grammatical errors. Plus, a
 dichotomy exists between the
 execution of the attacks and the
 authorship of this note. The
 attacks demonstrate training,
 experience, patience, maturity, yet
 this letter screams out brash and
 impulsive immaturity.

STONE
 What are you saying?

RASHA
 Use of pop culture terms "matrix"
 and "revolution" as in the movie,
 "The Matrix Revolutions," indicates
 a maturity level between
 adolescence and young adulthood.

(CONTINUED)

STONE

(gets it)

The bombs are the work of a mature military-trained explosives expert, not someone just outta high school.

RASHA

(nods)

Most likely written by a subservient accomplice.

STONE

We're looking for two subjects.

RASHA

One last thing... Direct threats to children, and ending the note with an affirmation-seeking question, are nuanced linguistic features indicative of female authorship.

STONE

They've gone a hell of a long way to convince us this is a grand conspiracy. Every time we see overselling, it's the opposite.

RASHA

Something personal.

STONE

And Male/Female teams usually have a romantic link...

RASHA

...with a serious grudge against someone. They don't care who they have to kill to get even.

STONE

Great work, Rasha. Are you sure I can't talk you into becoming an agent?

RASHA

Who'd keep you company in here?

Tommy HURRIES OVER touches an icon on The Board and the cafe print MRI process is played out for the Team to see.

TOMMY

The Lab developed the print inside the stalk.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOMMY (cont'd)

They ran a longitudinal MRI which imaged successive microscopic layers of the plant, revealing the fingerprint impression seared inside.

The soot-covered stalk is virtually peeled, layer-by-layer until a pristine print seared into it's inner core is revealed.

RASHA

Could you identify the print?

Tommy flashes his trademark cocky smile --

TOMMY

Does a bear crap in the woods?

RASHA

Excuse me?

TOMMY

Never mind. The print belongs to Samantha Padilla, 20, 5'4", redhead. Prints're on file because she worked in a day care center in Puerto Rico.

Silence in the room as Stone considers this.

STONE

She's our Bonnie. Dive deep into her life. Let's find her Clyde.

Stone and his TEAM are invigorated now.

GUY

I been thinkin', boss. They boast about causing widespread damage, but they didn't come after us in this fortress.

STONE

More likely than not, it's a small operation... Just the two of em.

(to Guy)

Develop two Tactical Action Plans, one for a fixed-location take-down, the other if they're on the move.

GUY

Either way, we'll hit'em with everything we've got.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NEARBY

Pham and Dean are tirelessly decoding the SIM card info.

PHAM

I don't know, Dean. I'm starting to wonder if we'll ever make any sense out of this fragmented data.

DEAN

We've got the most powerful software in the world crunching on the fastest hardware in the galaxy. If we can't do it, no one can.

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD/STONE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Finally alone, Stone closes his office door, looks at his Rolodex again, picks up the phone and dials.. He straightens as the connection is made:

STONE

Mister Toner.

(a beat)

This is Supervisory Special Agent Stone with the FBI. Sir, your daughter Teri, she works with me...

Off him --

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD/CTOC - NIGHT

Dean and Pham --

DEAN

We got it!

PHAM

Yes!

DEAN

(typing furiously)

The cell phone number that called in to detonate the Metro bomb is...

ON THE BOARD

The number appears. Jackie approaches --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKIE

That's the bomber's phone number?
You are amazing, Dean Jameson.

DEAN

Any chance you'd call my mom and
tell her? She thinks I wasted my
life, obsessed with computers.

A digital map of the blast scenes begins POPPING UP.

DEAN (cont'd)

I'm pinging the cell towers closest
to the blast locations. Look --
this cell's been nearby each one at
the time of the blast.

PHAM

Run the data backwards 48 hours.

The digital map resets and, after a few seconds, WE SEE --

ON THE BOARD

The same red dots popping up again.

JACKIE

They cased the sites the day before
each bombing.

DEAN

They seem to travel exclusively on
the lower half of the DC Beltway.

GUY

Biggest artery in the region.

JACKIE

Who's the phone registered to?

DEAN

A few key strokes in a reverse
directory program and...

(beat)

Damn. Throwaway phone, no
registered owner.

JACKIE

Another dead end...

DEAN

Not necessarily, I can expand on
this routing map, trace the path of
the phone for the last few days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACKIE

What's that gonna tell you?

DEAN

They must've gone home sometime.

Pham, Guy and Jackie meet eyes. Of course --

THE BOARD

comes alive with points, eventually forming dotted, then solid lines fanning out from one location.

DEAN (cont'd)

Every day, before and after the blast sites, the phone returns to the same location... a townhouse in the Old Town Alexandria area.

STONE

Why's the signal flashing there?

Dean stops typing turns to find Stone has entered the room. Has he been crying...?

DEAN

It's in time-lapse. Phone completely shuts down every night... between the hours of approximately midnight and five AM.

PHAM

When you build a bomb, you always take the battery outta my cell.

STONE

Gotta be their bomb factory.

DEAN

The phone went off-line at that location within the last hour...

STONE

We've got em.

Off which --

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. ND PARKING LOT/OLD TOWN (ALEXANDRIA, VA) - DAWN

Guy and Pham, dressed tactically, surrounded by SWAT operators in a warehouse parking lot. Each has a .45 caliber 1911 pistol, and a full-auto M-4 assault rifle. Claroni briefs the team.

GUY

Charlie Team's had eyes and long guns on target for half 'n hour. So far, no one in or out.

PHAM

Once we're inside, nobody touches anything unless I clear it first.

GUY

Shotgun breachin' and flash-bang authority... denied.

PHAM

Last thing we want is to set off a sympathetic detonation. So no radio or cell phone use inside either.

GUY

I'll give the go-ahead hand signals once we're at phase-line-green.

PHAM

And if the subjects squeak through, we have land and air units surrounding the area.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. DODGE CHARGER BUCAR (OXEN HILL, MD) - DAWN

Amanda sits in her BuCar --

AMANDA

(into radio)

I'm on the westbound Beltway on-ramp at Oxen Hill, Maryland.

CUT TO:

INT. FORD MUSTANG BUCAR (ALEXANDRIA, VA) - DAWN

Tommy in his --

TOMMY
(into radio)
I'm a mile into Virginia. Eastbound
Beltway on-ramp at Alexandria.

CUT TO:

INT. WF CHOPPER (FLYING) - DAWN

Jackie crisscrosses the skies above in the Bell 412 Helicopter.

JACKIE
(into radio)
I've got eyes on both of you from
up here.

STONE (V.O.)
(over radio)
Sit tight for now. Let's hope Guy
and Pham get 'em in the raid.

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD/CTOC - DAWN

Stone ends the transmission to Jackie and turns to Dean.

STONE
Keep digging in those cell phone
records. Can't afford to put all
our eggs in one basket. And let me
know immediately if that cell phone
comes back on.

CUT TO:

EXT. ND PARKING LOT/OLD TOWN - DAWN

Prepping for a massive raid --

Pham Nguyen
Everybody got their party favors?

All nod.

GUY
Okay, medical brief. Doc Hansen,
our trauma surgeon's on perimeter
in the ambulance. Team medics will
augment as needed.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUY (cont'd)

(beat)

If anyone is injured, scoop and run. Do not try to triage inside the building. We have to assume trip wires and booby traps. We're on the subject's home base -- never underestimate pre-planning. Any questions?

There are no questions.

GUY (cont'd)

We all know what happened to Terri last night... this goes clean and quick. For her.

(beat)

Mount up, let's roll.

The gravity of the situation is clear to all.

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD CTOC - DAWN

Dean and Rasha sit at their computer terminals, their heads down, and their fingers thrashing at the keyboards.

STONE

Have you added the new cell phone data to the time-line?

DEAN

Yeah, we've pieced together the bomber's movements over the past five days.

STONE

Knowing where he's been helps, but we need to get ahead of this guy.

RASHA

They cased each of the sites the day before they bombed it.

STONE

Where were they yesterday?

DEAN

The phone pinged for an hour in the Tyson's Corner area.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STONE
That's today's target...

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWNHOUSE/OLD TOWN - MORNING

The SWAT convoy silently flies down a deserted city street. Vehicles peel off around the target location. The HARAS vehicle, with seven men riding on the roof platform, drives over the curb up to the front of the townhouse. The 3rd vehicle stops in the street a building away.

The operators on its running boards take cover around the vehicle. The last vehicle, an ambulance, idles nearby. Guy, on the HARAS ramp, gives the execute signal. In seconds, the team is through the second floor window.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWN HOUSE/STAIRS - DAWN

Running silent, Guy leads two SWAT operators down the stairs to the first floor. The rest of the entry team moves to clear the upper floors. Guy stops everyone, sprays fluorescent silly string down the steps.

GUY'S POV - THE STRING

Dangles, seemingly in mid air, above the second step. He raises an open palm above his head, signaling a halt:

GUY
(sotto)
Bogey on stairs between 1 and 2.

The team passes the info back to Pham who makes his way down the stairway. He carefully examines the trip wire, a nearly invisible mono-filament line, holding the silly string aloft.

He steps over the line, looks AROUND AND UNDER the stairs, and finds a small victim-triggered, anti personnel bomb.

He expertly disarms the bomb, then signals the team to continue.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. TOWN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

GUY
(into PDA)
All clear here, Boss. They're in the wind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STONE
We'll get the secondary teams on
the hunt.

PHAM (O.S.)
Guy?

Guy looks across the room to where Pham is standing in a doorway
to a side room --

PHAM (cont'd)
Take a look at this.

As Guy moves that way --

CUT TO:

INT. TOWN HOUSE/WORK ROOM - MORNING

Guy and Pham don't like what they see. Not one bit.

GUY
(into PDA)
Boss? We must'a just missed em.
Looks like they've been busy...

We see Guy standing near a workbench, several empty C-4 wrappers
lie on the floor. Wires and det-cord are strewn on the table.

PHAM
Building a big one...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD/CTOC - MORNING

STONE
If they're gonna trigger a device
they'll that cell phone.

UNDER WHICH Dean calls out --

DEAN
Phone's back on now!

STONE
We've got Title III authority,
reverse the phone, and activate
it's mic for overhear.
(beat)
No minimizing. They've got a bomb.

DEAN
Thank you, Patriot Act.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rasha activates the pen register and the recorder. With a few key-strokes Dean turns the cell phone into a listening device.

JOHN DALZIEL (V.O.)
...in Mazatlan this time of year.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CHEVY VAN (MOVING) - MORNING

Dalziel drives, Padilla rides shotgun... a VERY LARGE BOMB rides in back.

SAMANTHA PADILLA (V.O.)
It's gonna be beautiful, baby.

Dean turns to look at Stone as Rasha answers a hot line call --

RASHA
(into phone)
Rasha Hamdi -- FBI.

DEAN
They're headed to Mexico?

STONE
Not before they deliver that bomb.
We gotta get to them before they
get to their target.

RASHA
(into phone)
It would help if we had his name.

STONE
Do what you can, keep sifting
through what you've got.

DEAN
I'll run a search of the pen
register on their cell. See who
they've called.

Rasha hangs up a phone --

RASHA
San Juan Division just transmitted
the report on Samantha Padilla. No
adult record, juvie stuff's petty
standard, runaway, etc; never
married, no kids.

STONE
Known associates?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RASHA

Had some domestic issues with a
live-in-boyfriend early this year.
Dropped the charges. No name.

STONE

What was the date?

RASHA

March 23, 2009.

STONE

She had to travel to Virginia some
time after that. Dean...

DEAN

Working on airline ticket sales
from San Juan to the DC area after
that date.

Dean's fingers are flying furiously over his key board.

DEAN (cont'd)

Got 'em. Two passengers. Samantha
Padilla and John Dalzeil.

Dean runs the guy's name through databases.

DEAN (cont'd)

NCIC has one match. Two arrests for
domestic violence against his
estranged wife, Andrea Simons.

PHAM

He got a military record?

Dean's fingers continue to fly, headphones on one ear.

DEAN

Army MOS was Explosive Ordnance
Disposal.

PHAM

Knew it.

DEAN

A dishonorable discharge -- wait a
minute...

Dean holds up his hand, pipes in the overhear from inside the
van.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN DALZIEL (V.O.)
 ...hour and that bitch is out of
 our lives for good.

STONE
 "...out of our lives" sounds
 like... Where's the wife live?

DEAN
 Springfield, Virginia.

ON THE BOARD

Dean projects images of Padilla and Dalziel.

STONE
 Bonnie and Clyde.

Rasha finishes typing some commands and spins her chair around
 to the pen register as it prints out a report.

RASHA
 Last number called from the
 subject's phone was The Spa at
 Tyson's Towne Centre.

DEAN
 That's where their phone was
 yesterday. Tyson's Corner.

STONE
 They're not going for a steam and
 massage. Gimme the number.

Rasha calls out the number as Stone moves to a sound-proof booth
 labeled: 'HELLO PHONES', with four colored phones. Stone grabs
 the receiver on the blue phone and dials the number. Two rings
 and then it's answered.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
 (over phone)
 Hello, Spa at Tyson's, Andrea
 Simons Speaking.

STONE
 (into phone)
 How late are you open?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
 7:00 PM, sir.

Stone hangs up the phone. Picks up the office phone and dials.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STONE

His wife is at work right now.
 (into phone)
 Get me Assitant Director, CIRG.
 (beat)
 Chris, we need a covert Hostage
 Rescue Team deployment to Tyson's
 Corner ASAP...

TIME CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON FIELD/CTOC TITLE III ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dean is working the tracking program as we watch --

ON THE BOARD

-- live feed data points popping up.

DEAN

These are the cell towers currently
 being pinged by Dalziel's phone.

STONE

(into radio)
 Everybody stay alert. We're close
 to a current location on 'em.

The TEAM members all respond with 10-4s.

DEAN

(into radio)
 Got it! Westbound on the Beltway,
 near Landover, Maryland.

STONE

(into radio)
 Dalziel's headed to Tyson's Towne
 Centre, where his wife works.

JACKIE

(over radio)
 All those innocent victims just to
 cover up taking out his wife.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. TOWNHOUSE, OLD TOWN - MORNING

Guy and Pham lead the SWAT teams back out to their waiting
 vehicles --

GUY

SWAT's moving now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STONE

Rest'a the squad's already rolling.

PHAM

(into PDA)

I can not stress enough -- they are rolling with a massive IED. Even a well placed shot could blow that device and destroy a whole block.

GUY

(into PDA)

Modify the plan to a soft take-down, people. Speed and surprise. If we have to fire a shot, we've failed.

STONE (V.O.)

Modify it on the run. Get moving.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. WF CHOPPER (FLYING) - DAY

Jackie flying eastbound low and fast directly over the westbound lanes of the Beltway.

JACKIE

Passing mile marker 11... 12...

Dean listens closely to the transmission from the cell phone --

DEAN

Wait! I hear your chopper, Jackie. Louder... Louder... Very loud...

JACKIE

13...

DEAN

Almost on them... Okay... Now.

JACKIE

Got em! Green Chevy Astro Van with ladder rack. White male driving, red-headed female riding shotgun.

(beat)

Mile marker 14. Rolling radar has 'em at 58 miles per.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jackie continues flying eastbound out of sight of the suspects.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAPITAL BELTWAY INNER LOOP -- MORNING

A GREEN ASTRO VAN shoots past us --

CUT TO:

INT. CHEVY VAN (MOVING) - MORNING

Dalziel, driving the van, heading west-bound in light traffic on a divided six-lane highway. Padilla rides shotgun. The sun rises in the distance behind them.

200 yards ahead a highway crew places cones, reducing the highway to one left-hand lane. The flashing sign on the truck reads: "Slow, workers ahead. Merge left. Drawbridge testing."

Dalziel slows the van to a crawl as he passes the road crew. In his rear view mirror he sees a blue 18-wheeler entering from an on-ramp, hurrying to get ahead of the merging traffic.

A HIGHWAY WORKER holds up a STOP sign in front of the van. The blue 18-wheeler crosses three lanes of traffic, cuts off the cars behind them, and SCREECHES to a stop behind the van. Dalziel notices --

JOHN DALZIEL

Look at this douchebag.

Samantha LAUGHS --

SAMANTHA PADILLA

He hits us, he'll be surprised!

JOHN DALZIEL

Everyone will.

Dalziel stops. As the last car ahead of him passes over the span and out of sight, the draw bridge begins to rise. The driver of the 18-wheeler behind them honks his horn, yells out the window and gesticulates at Dalziel.

JOHN DALZIEL (cont'd)

This guy's getting on my nerves.

SAMANTHA PADILLA

Relax, baby. We'll get there.

JOHN DALZIEL

Right.

EXT. CAPITAL BELTWAY - MORNING

The 18-wheeler pulls up to the bumper of Dalziel's van and again leans on the horn. Dalziel, clearly agitated, flips him the bird. The truck driver, an Asian man wearing a cowboy hat and sunglasses, steps down from his rig and approaches the van.

CUT TO:

I/E. CHEVY VAN ON DC BELTWAY - CONTINUOUS

JOHN DALZIEL

I'll teach that little bastard.

SAMANTHA PADILLA

Maybe you should just let it go...

Dalziel places the cell phone on the console near Padilla.

JOHN DALZIEL

Don't touch that phone or we'll all be gone.

Padilla turns and looks at the bomb in back.

SAMANTHA PADILLA

I'm not stupid.

Dalziel reaches under the seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAPITAL BELTWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dalziel steps from the van, a tire iron in his right hand. He moves toward the truck driver.

TRUCK DRIVER

I'm gonna be late for my damn delivery. You just cost me three hundred bucks, you SOB.

Dalziel raises the tire iron over his head as he steps in with his left hand to shove the truck driver.

JOHN DALZIEL

Go the hell back to your own damn country you Chink bastard.

Just when he is about to make contact with the smaller Asian man, Dalziel is suddenly spun around and pretzeled into a position of compliance on the pavement by

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHAM

who quickly cuffs him. Pham whispers in his ear:

PHAM

FBI. You unda arress.

(beat)

By the way, I was born in Dubuque.
This is my country. I keep it safe
from ass-holes like you.

Padilla strains to see what is happening with Dalziel. The highway worker knocks on the passenger window. Startled, Padilla turns and lowers the window...

HIGHWAY WORKER

Please step out of the van, ma'am.

Padilla stares wide-eyed at

GUY

who, with a smile on his face, drops the STOP sign and swings up an MP-5 from under his coat, points it at Padilla.

Padilla, adrenalin pumping, panic setting in, reaches for the cell phone. Her hand hovers over it, eyes locked with Guy's.

Tommy runs over from the highway truck and, before Padilla can grab the phone, reaches in and yanks Padilla through the open window, cuffs and whisks her away as we FIND --

PHAM

Would have made for a very bad day.

(to Tommy)

Got your wire cutters handy?

TOMMY

This one's got your name written
all over it.

Pham moves to open the rear door and starts the process of disarming the device --

TOMMY (cont'd)

Wait --

Tommy turns and RUNS about a hundred feet away --

TOMMY (cont'd)

(calls out)

Okay. Go for it.

Pham shakes his head, goes back to work as:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

63.

GUY
(into PDA)
We got em, Boss.

STONE (V.O.)
Great work, Guy. Isolating them on
the bridge was a stroke of genius.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

The entire team atop the Wilson Bridge, 200 feet above the
Potomac River, the US Capital and Washington Monument in the
distance.

STONE (V.O.) (cont'd)
What doesn't make the evening news
makes all of you heroes.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. THE SPA AT TYSON'S TOWN CENTRE (TYSON'S CORNER, VA) - DAY

Guy and Jackie enter the spa and see a woman at the reception
desk. A placard identifies her as Andrea. They approach.

JACKIE
Excuse me, Andrea Simons?

ANDREA
Yes.

Jackie and Pham show their credentials.

JACKIE
Special Agent Jackie Palmer, FBI
Washington Field. This is SA
Nguyen.

Andrea looks shocked.

ANDREA
FBI?

PHAM
Ma'am, this could have been a very
different day for you...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - WASHINGTON DC - DAY

A funeral procession moves slowly down Pennsylvania Ave, past the Capital, FBI HQ, the Lincoln Memorial, then past two huge DC Fire Department ladder trucks with a 60 foot American Flag hanging between raised ladders on the Memorial Bridge.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - ARLINGTON, VA - DAY

The DC AREA POLICE BAGPIPE AND DRUM CORPS plays Amazing Grace in the background as a FULL FBI HONOR GUARD moves down the neat row of pure white gravestones. The stoic faces of a sea of fellow law enforcement officers remain rigid against a fall breeze.

FBI Director Daniels hands a folded American flag to Terri's parents, who are flanked by Stone and his Team, as the haunting melody of the bagpipe's last note echoes in the distance. Washington Field Tactical/Mobile Command Center in background.

There is not a dry eye in sight as WE HEAR:

FBI DISPATCHER (V.O.)

(over loudspeaker)

WF 216? -- WF 216? -- WF 216, do you copy? -- This is Washington Field base for Special Agent Terri Toner, do... you... copy? --

(long beat)

This is WFO base, we have no contact -- This is WFO base reporting that SA Toner is 10-7 at 10:27 hours.

(long beat)

Attention all units, this is Washington Field base; Special Agent Toner is no longer in service...

Off a tear slowly rolling down Stone's face . . .

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END