

# **CURRENCY**

by

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May 18, 2018  
Registered WGAw  
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FADE IN:

EXT. PAKISTAN DESERT - AFGHAN BORDER - DAY

An OPS TEAM sneaks up to a TERRORIST CAMP. These men are private-contract soldiers, mercenaries. Officially, they're not even supposed to be in Pakistan.

Team Leader FRANCIS VICK (more on him later) drops the lone lookout with a sniper shot. Merc soldiers STORM THE CAMP, weapons-ready, helmets cameras recording, trading Close Range Engagement signals.

Nobody home.

IN ONE HUT they find a tunnel leading underground.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAY

The soldiers find a counterfeit print shop: Intaglio press with copper-backed plates; KMC ink mixers; Coleman generator; and canvas bins filled with bogus \$100 notes.

Vick receives word by radio headset.

TECH AGENT (RADIO)  
201, be advised. Four vehicles  
inbound. Two miles.

INT. SATELLITE WATCH CENTER - AFGHANISTAN - DAY

A TECH AGENT watches a green overhead SAT-image of four jeeps hauling ass in the direction of the terrorist camp.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACTORY - DAY

Merc soldiers quickly take photos and collect intel: hard drives, passports, documents and sample counterfeit notes.

EXT. TERRORIST CAMP - ABOVE GROUND - DAY

The mercs re-surface and run up into the HILLS above the camp. Vick watches THROUGH BINOCULARS as the terrorists DRIVE UP and disappear underground. He radios:

VICK  
Targets are below ground.

TECHIE (RADIO)  
Copy that. Paint the barn.

We hear the ROAR OF JETS flying overhead as Vick and his men "paint" the huts with laser rifles.

PILOT (RADIO)  
Confirming target.

Jets drop laser-guided BUNKER-BUSTERS! As the camp is blown to smithereens it becomes grainy VIDEO as we reveal,

INT. CIA WAR ROOM - DAY

Lights come up. Aerial photos of the terrorist camp, now a crater are projected on the screen.

Agency chiefs and analysts sit around a table conducting a postmortem on the raid.

ANALYST 1  
Sindh Province is the third factory  
Special Forces has shut down in the  
last three years.

FBI CHIEF  
How sophisticated was it?

An analyst CLICKS to the next slide, a magnified \$100 note showing details: threading; hologram; micro-printing.

ANALYST 1  
Paper was produced on a Fourdrinier  
machine, more than 75% cotton.

ANALYST 2  
Chemical analysis confirmed the  
cotton is from the American south.

ANALYST 1  
(using a laser pointer)  
Thin polyester security microprint.  
Graduated watermarks. Raised print.

LEONARD COSGROVE (60s), listens intently. Gray suit, wire-frame specs, double-chin. He's a hard man to remember. His desk-plate reads: Leonard Cosgrove. Director, Middle East.

It's definitely his meeting.

COSGROVE

And the printing press?

ANALYST 1

KBA Giori. Built in Wuerzburg, Germany. Same model used by the Federal Reserve and the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

ANALYST 2

KBAs aren't available on the open market. Even their resale is reported to Interpol as a matter of routine.

One analyst CLICKS through historical slides as the other analysts passes out seized counterfeit notes.

ANALYST 1

After the revolution, Iran started using these machines to print near-flawless \$100 notes. The notes are funding terrorist ops and propping up rogue nations like North Korea.

ON COSGROVE as he inspects one of the notes.

ANALYST 1

We believe they represent a growing threat to national security.

CAMERA MOVES CLOSER as the phony bill FILLS THE FRAME until all we see of Franklin's portrait is the green ink and micro-threading.

CUT TO BLACK:

**Superimpose: One year later.**

FADE IN:

EXT. GLOBAL INK COMPANY (DURHAM, NC) - NIGHT

Huge factory with a corporate GLOBAL INK sign out front.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT

Machines disperse measured amounts of colored ink. Hard-hat ENGINEERS test and refine it. The green ink flows by gutter to a main storage vat.

EXT. LOADING DOCK - MORNING

A TANKER backs up to the dock. Workers run a hose from a factory vat out to the truck, start filling the reservoir.

EXT. INK TRUCK - DAY

It rolls north on Interstate 95.

INT. TANKER TRUCK - DAY

WAYNE is a blue-collar union driver. Agent NASH escorts the shipment, wears a "TREASURY" windbreaker.

EXT. "STOP-N-FUEL" TRUCK STOP - DAY

The truck pulls up to a pump. Wayne runs in to buy fuel and snacks. Nash radios his status.

NASH  
Agent Jon Nash, 53921.  
(checks the GPS)  
Stop-N-Fuel truck stop off I-95.  
Exit 48, mile marker 233. Over.

RADIO VOICE  
Roger that. Location confirmed.

UNDER THE TRUCK reveal a Fleet GPS Tracker attached to the vehicle frame. It blinks green.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - MINUTES LATER

The truck pulls onto an OUTER ROAD near the freeway. It rumbles past a ROAD CREW into a tunnel. Once inside --

-- the crew blocks the tunnel entrance.

INT. INK TRUCK - IN THE TUNNEL - DAY

Dark. No traffic. Wayne flips on his headlights. He drives while munching on a Twinkie.

NASH  
Putting poison into your body.

WAYNE  
(mouth full)  
What poison?

NASH  
Lecithin is used in paint. Sorbic acid? That's from petroleum.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD Wayne sees headlights. An 18-wheel truck is approaching in the oncoming lane.

INT. 18-WHEEL TRUCK - DAY

Bizarre tableau:

The DRIVER is fixed in a five-point harness with a padded burn-suit and helmet. The PASSENGER sits upright, eyes open, unfocused. He's not wearing a seat belt. Doesn't need one. He's dead.

As the mystery driver accelerates--

INT. INK TRUCK - DAY

ON NASH still lecturing the driver.

NASH  
Yellow Dye 5 is a suspected carcinogen.

WAYNE  
Yeah, but it tastes good...

No warning. The 18-wheeler swerves headlong into the ink truck -- glass and steel EXPLODING -- the impact launching Wayne through the windshield. Nash is crushed by the dash.

INT. 18-WHEEL TRUCK - DAY

The mystery driver is rattled but not hurt, protected by the harness, burn-suit and helmet.

The passenger is still dead, only now his face is a mess from the dashboard impact.

EXT. 18-WHEEL TRUCK - DAY

The driver, TRAVIS LONEY (28), steps down and pulls off his helmet, revealing a surfer's mane of blonde hair. He spits his mouthpiece out and walks it off...clearing his head.

EXT. NORTH END OF TUNNEL - DAY

An Exxon-Mobile tanker truck speeds in, followed by a fire truck. A second ROAD CREW blocks that end of the tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL CRASH SITE - DAY

The "rescue" vehicles pull up.

FRANCES VICK (34), the Team Leader from the opening raid, steps down from the fire truck. Tough Ex-Marine, very much in charge. His mercs EXTINGUISH the flames and go to work:

JEFFERSON and FRANCO run a hose from ink truck to the Exxon tanker and start siphoning the load.

MOUSE, a runt in combat eye wear, climbs through wreckage to the INK TRUCK. He unpacks puck detonators and a spray-gun with canisters marked "liquid nitrogen".

He attaches a thermal gauge to the tank (28 C) and SPRAYS liquid nitrogen on the steel surface, freezing it.

INT. CAB OF CRASHED 18-WHEELER - DAY

VOSSLER and FROST drag the dead passenger behind the wheel and seat-belt him in.

EXT. INK TRUCK - DAY

Mouse is still spraying the tank. He removes a spent canister, loads a fresh one. The gauge reads -250 C.

IN THE TRUCK CAB --

Agent Nash is pinned, SCREAMING for help. Travis climbs up, covers Nash's mouth and nose...calmly smothers him to death.

EXT. EXXON TRUCK - DAY

Jefferson and Franco finish siphoning the ink and drive off.

EXT. INK TRUCK - DAY

The gauge reads: -365 C. Mouse removes his gloves. He attaches six detonators along the TANK SHELL and nods to Vick --

-- who triggers the detonators. The tank SHIMMIES until the frozen steel shell CRACKS. The last dregs of ink drain out to make it seem like a spill.

CLOSE ON ONE DETONATOR --

as it shakes loose and rolls under a tire.

VICK

Mount up!

Mouse retrieves the pucks. In his rush, he misses the one that rolled under the tire.

EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY

The mercs douse the wrecked trucks with petrol. Vick and his crew climb onto the fire truck as it pulls away.

EXT. FIRE TRUCK - NEAR TUNNEL EXIT - DAY

Vick fires a flare -- IGNITING the gas-soaked trucks. The tanks BLOW, torching all evidence of theft.

As the FLAMES race out of the tunnel,

CUT TO BLACK:

**Superimpose: Nine months later.**

FADE IN:



EXT. SAPPHIRE CLUB - NIGHT

A swank strip club on the outskirts of Boston.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Two stages surrounded by booths. The talent is smoking hot, the clientele largely upscale.

INT. CORNER BOOTH - NIGHT

HENRY BISHOP (30s), sits alone, nursing a club soda. He's strongly built but looks tired, haunted. The strobe lights seem to bother his eyes. We sense all is not right in his world, and not because he's sitting alone in a titty bar.

A STRIPPER slides next to him, working him. He waves her off...staring at a table of frat boys buying \$20 dances.

Henry's phone VIBRATES. He doesn't pick up...instead he looks up to the mezzanine. An ASIAN MAN signals him.

For the record, Henry is working.

INT. MEZZANINE CATWALK - NIGHT

ON HENRY with another stripper. She hands him five \$20 bills and points down at the same FRAT BOY TABLE. Henry nods.

INT. STRIP CLUB - SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Three rows of \$20 BILLS are neatly laid out on a desk.

YOSH LIN (20s), Asian technician wears magnifying goggles as he runs an MEI bill validator over the notes.

CLOSE ON DETAILS: textured paper showing traces of bleach ...sloppy threading...slapdash ink-layered holograph.

Yosh removes his goggles, nods to Henry.

YOSH

Game on.

EXT. BOSTON COLLEGE CAMPUS - GREEK ROW - DAWN

Quiet. College kids are sleeping off tons of alcohol.

EXT. LAMBDA CHI HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

A FRESHMAN opens the door in boxers. Yawns. Scratches his ass. He reaches down for the newspaper and notices --

-- 20 ARMED AGENTS in SWAT uniforms and Kevlar vests.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

The SWAT TEAM raids the house. Henry is first through the door, followed by his crew:

YOSH, the Asian from the club; then JAFFE (50s), thick with coarse features and three decades on the job. Next through the door is:

SIMMS (30s), black, big as a house, family man; then ZORN, a slight angular kid in his 20s, tough Irish.

As they search the floor we notice Henry is acting strange, sweating. He seems off-balance. Simms opens a door:

SIMMS

Got a basement here!

INT. CELLAR - DOWN THE STEPS - DAY

Jaffe flips on a light to reveal an amateur counterfeit shop: G5 computers; 8200 PPI flatbed scanners; linen-pulp art paper and mixers with full-palette printing ink.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - DAY

Agents ROUSTING frat boys and coeds at gunpoint, SHOUTING orders.

ON HENRY

moving through the throng, disconnected, his eyes darting from amped-up agents to their weapons. It all seems scary and overwhelming. He escapes into

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

He shuts the door, his chest heaves convulsively. He can't catch his breath...Beat. We hear KNOCKING on the door.

HENRY

In a minute.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE LAWN - DAY

Agents herd frat boys onto the yard, forcing them to their knees with hands on head.

ON THE PORCH --

Henry comes out, now composed. Yosh exchanges a look with him but can't bring himself to talk. Simms manages a mute nod. Other agents steal glances.

Jaffe comes up the steps:

JAFFE

We cool?

Henry nods, yes.

EXT. TREASURY BUILDING (DC) - DAY

**Superimpose: Counterfeit Division Headquarters.**

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Simms and Zorn feed confiscated \$20 notes through currency counters...enough to fill a gym bag.

INT. KELSO'S OFFICE - DAY

Henry sits across from Bureau Chief, RAY KELSO (45). He's the boss you hope for: straight shooter, fair with no ego.

KELSO

You need a few days off?

HENRY

I'm fine.

Kelso isn't convinced, moves on anyway. He hands Henry a memo: "Reinstatement: Protective Detail".

KELSO

It's not why I called you in.  
 (reading it)  
 You're denied Protective Detail.

HENRY

Why?

KELSO

Intrusive memories, weakness left  
 side, severe migraines and nausea,  
 insomnia, depression...  
 (looks up)  
 They're never gonna reinstate you.

HENRY

Next year.

KELSO

Durbin called. He said it's time to  
 move on.

Henry nods, trying not to look wounded. Kelso softens.

KELSO

You're here because of sacrifices  
 made for king and country.  
 Everybody on the floor knows that.  
 (pause)  
 You have respect. What's left to  
 prove?

INT. REHAB CENTER - INDOOR POOL - DAY

Henry swims laps. Gliding through the water...breathing  
 ...breathing. He reaches the wall and climbs out rubbing his  
 left arm, trying to get feeling.

As Henry walks past the SHALLOW END where injured patients  
 are undergoing aquatic physical therapy --

-- we see his torso is a map of bullet-wound scar tissue and  
 zipper surgery-scars.

INT. REHAB CENTER GYM - DAY

A physical therapist helps Henry up onto a WOBBLE BOARD to  
 work on balance. Henry balances like he's surfing.

THERAPIST

Easy, now.

HENRY

I can do this... Kid stuff.

CAMERA begins to WHIRL AROUND him, dizzily. His face distorts in pain, nausea. He is seeing, in his mind's eye

IN FLASHBACK --

Parade route. The President is shaking hands, flanked by Secret Service agents (including Henry). Out of nowhere--

an assassin shoves through, gun raised! Henry covers the President as BULLETS rip into his body. Agents tackle the gunman and spirit the President away.

Henry lies helpless in the street. As he passes out--

INT. REHAB CENTER GYM - DAY

Henry loses his balance, falls. The therapist catches him.

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Henry picks up his meds. A cashier puts six pill bottles into a bag...looks sideways at Henry as he signs the book.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Nothing fancy but nice, looked after.

A MINIVAN pulls onto the driveway. A BOY (8), hops out in his soccer uniform. He dribbles a ball in the yard as MOM and DAD head inside.

UP THE STREET - REVEAL HENRY

spying from his car. He pulls a PHOTO from his wallet: Henry and the same boy (only younger).

Henry brushes his finger over the boy's face.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRANE PAPER FACTORY (DALTON, MASS.) - NIGHT

It's an old building. Crane has supplied the Bureau of Engraving and Printing with currency paper for a century.

An electric fence surrounds the warehouse.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT

It HUMS along producing secret-formula \$100-note rag paper adding SECURITY FEATURES to every sheet: optically variable elements...3D watermarks...micro-threading and fibers.

EXT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

WORKERS vacuum-wrap 32-note sheets into blocks, load them on trucks.

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT TARMAC - NIGHT

The trucks are parked near a DC-10 cargo plane. Airport workers load the paper blocks by forklift onto the plane.

INT. TREASURY CARGO PLANE (DC-10) - NIGHT

Agents KOVITCH and SWAIN climb on and move past the cockpit where a PILOT, CO-PILOT and NAVIGATOR prep for flight.

KOVITCH

How long?

PILOT

Wheels up in five minutes.

The agents move to the CARGO BAY and strap in. Kovitch sees that Swain is pale and queasy.

KOVITCH

You okay?

SWAIN

Can't stand planes. My stomach is doing cartwheels.

KOVITCH

Have some gum. It'll help.

Swain takes a stick of gum, chewing it.

INT. CARGO PLANE (MID FLIGHT) - DAY

Swain is passed out, drugged.

Kovitch's watch BEEPS. He unfastens his seat belt, removes the gum from Swain's mouth and pockets it. He walks to the cockpit and KNOCKS.

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

The Navigator opens the door. Kovitch TASERS the Pilot. The Co-Pilot reacts, LUNGING -- the Navigator blackjacks him expertly on his head, knocks him out.

Kovitch flips a switch: rear cargo hydraulics.

INT. REAR OF PLANE - DAY

The ramp slowly lowers, cold air RUSHING in --

Now wearing oxygen masks, Kovitch and the Navigator move into the cargo bay. The thieves attach GPS trackers and parachutes to each paper-block and off-load them.

Kovitch puts on his parachute. The Navigator removes an explosive device from his bag. Start the countdown.

NAVIGATOR

58 seconds.

Kovitch nods then TASERS the Navigator, immobilizes him.

Kovitch runs to the open ramp and jumps... Needle dives away from the plane. Long beat. The plane EXPLODES --

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. FARMER'S FIELD (RURAL VIRGINIA) - NIGHT

Lit by emergency lights, the field is littered with plane parts and debris. Firefighters spray fire-retardant foam on the smoking wreckage.

FBI agents and local volunteers walk in formation across the field, searching for bodies.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD NEAR FIELD - NIGHT

Henry drives past a road block and parks.

He gets out, puts on his TREASURY windbreaker and walks into the crowd of first responders, FBI agents and NTSB workers.

FBI AGENT

You must've chapped somebody's ass to get sent out here in the dead of the night for an engine failure.

HENRY

It was a currency transport. That means Treasury Counterfeit has got to sign off.

(to the group)

What can you tell me?

An NTSB AGENT leads Henry out to a SECTION OF PLANE with its side ripped open.

NTSB AGENT

Airborne explosion, maybe the fuel line. Blast cut the plane in half. No indication of instrument failure. No SOS from the cockpit.

HENRY

How many onboard?

NTSB AGENT

Three crew, two Treasury. We found all but one.

(checks clipboard)

Agent Carl Kovitch. He could be 50 miles in any direction.

Henry scans the field...something is bugging him.

HENRY

Shipment was 16 tons of BEP 100-note sheets from Crane, right?

NTSB AGENT

(checks clipboard)

That's right.



HENRY

So where is it? These fields should be covered with rag paper.

FBI AGENT

All that fuel, plus the heat of the blast...payload burned up before it reached the ground.

HENRY

The blocks were packed tight and vacuum-wrapped. It doesn't track.

EXT. RURAL FARMING TOWN - NIGHT

A two-lane main drag with hardware store, feed store, diner and bar. The church and schoolhouse on a hill, above town.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

It's a makeshift command center --

monitors showing county maps, walkie-talkies charging, FBI and local police are coordinating the search for Kovitch.

Henry enters, walks past a table with coffee and donuts. He finds the town Sheriff and talks to him (we can't hear).

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT

Sheriff leads Henry and an EMT through the frozen factory. Slabs of beef hanging on hooks. A steel table with cutting tools. Cold enough to see your breath.

Four bodies are on the floor in NTSB bags. Henry hands the EMT a business card.

HENRY

Draw blood. Send toxicology to Ben Jaffe, Treasury Department in DC.

INT. COUNTERFEIT DIVISION BULLPEN - DAY

Henry reads a file on Carl Kovitch (missing agent): Twenty months Treasury; ex-Marine; 1099 tax returns show freelance income from Northbridge Security.

Jaffe and Simms enter with lab results.

SIMMS

Cockpit crew was clean but the dead agent had traces of barbital in his system.

YOSH

He could've been using.

INT. SOUND LAB - DAY

Henry and Zorn listen to the cockpit recording: normal crew chatter then 40 seconds of silence...then the EXPLOSION.

Zorn filters out the JET ENGINE and WIND. Plays what's left on the track.

HENRY

Hydraulics.

INT. HENRY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Henry is behind the wheel. Jaffe on speaker-phone:

JAFFE (SPEAKER)

We checked accidents involving materials used to print currency. One hit: a truck transport special-formula ink out of Durham.

HENRY

When?

JAFFE (SPEAKER)

Nine months ago, three dead. The shipment was lost in the crash.

INT. KELSO'S OFFICE - DAY

Henry's report is open on the desk. Kelso has just finished reading it. He looks at Henry, mildly frustrated.

KELSO

It's good reading.

HENRY

Chief, I'm not crazy.

KELSO

(pause)

Feel like I need to protect you.

HENRY

From what?

KELSO

The perception that maybe you're reaching, trying making splash to get yourself back on track.

HENRY

Sixteen tons of rag paper doesn't just vanish, not at any altitude.

Kelso rubs his eyes, tired.

KELSO

What do you need to put this theory to bed?

HENRY

Go to New York. Speak to the lead investigator on Global Ink.

EXT. 26 FEDERAL PLAZA (MANHATTAN) - DAY

Home to the FBI, Department of Homeland Security and the Treasury Counterfeit Division, New York field office.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - ELEVATOR - DAY

LANE COSTAS (mid-20s), trim, very pretty, checks herself in the mirror as she descends alone. She takes a deep breath before the doors open. Nervous. Excited.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Lane puts on her game face, exits the elevator. Sees Henry at the security desk. He turns and they shake hands.

HENRY

Henry Bishop.

LANE

It's a huge honor to meet you. Lane Costas. I'll take you up.

INT. ELEVATOR GOING UP - DAY

They stand side-by-side, staring. Lane clears her throat, turns to Henry.

LANE

I just want to say how incredible it is to get to work with you. I just finished my Secret Service training and they gave us a lecture about what you did--

HENRY

Secret Service, huh?

LANE

Yes, sir. That's the plan.

The elevator doors slide open to reveal--

Bureau Chief CRAIG STABLER (50s) is waiting. The man is a walking heart-attack, easily 80 lbs overweight, mostly gut, seems in a hurry.

STABLER

Craig Stabler, Tri-State Bureau Chief. You met Agent Costas. She was the lead on Global Ink.

(starts walking)

Conference room is this way.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MINUTE LATER

CLOSE ON A MAP on the table. Stabler points to a location as Henry listens.

STABLER

It was a tunnel off I-95. Accident report indicates the 18-wheeler drifted into the ink truck's lane.

HENRY

Brake marks?

STABLER

(shakes his head)

Nope. Carolina Highway Patrol concluded the driver fell asleep.

Stabler points to a section of the tunnel.

STABLER

The impact drove the ink truck into the wall, killing both drivers and the Treasury escort on impact.

Lane wants to say something, doesn't. Henry notices.

STABLER

Shipment was lost due to breached cargo tank.

HENRY

What was the payload?

STABLER

Full volume, eight tons. Global Ink delivers its special-formula twice a year for the \$100 note. Shipment details are classified. Only BEP personnel with level-five clearance get visibility.

HENRY

Anything else?

Henry glances at Lane, would like to hear from her.

STABLER

You read the report. It was a car crash. We could have done this by phone.

HENRY

(pause)

I need a word with Agent Costas.

Stabler nods, walks out. Henry stares at Lane.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Lane shows Henry MORGUE PHOTOS of the "drift truck" driver as she briefs him, eagerly making her case.

LANE

If the driver was wearing his seat belt there would have been a welt across his chest. If not, his head injuries would have been traumatic--

HENRY

More traumatic than death?

LANE

That's just it. Examiner concluded cause of death wasn't impact trauma but a heart attack.

She slides him the driver's autopsy file.

LANE

The driver was thirty and in good health. LDL, HDL, cholesterol... all excellent. The actuarial odds of this guy having a coronary are astronomical.

Henry smiles, taken aback by the girl's exuberance. Lane realizes she's coming on too strong.

LANE

I'm sorry... but I've been muzzled for the last nine months.

HENRY

What else?

INT. LANE'S OFFICE - DAY

She shows Henry photos of the accident on computer.

LANE

Six tons is a huge spill, right? So where is it?

He studies the photos: scant evidence of a spill.

HENRY

Drainage?

LANE

I had the Carolina Water Authority  
down in the sewer system for a week  
measuring saturation levels.

(shakes her head)

They weren't even close.

INT. EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE - DARK ROOM - DAY

Henry watches VIDEO of the crash-site as Lane continues  
briefing him:

LANE

The tanker is made of a stainless  
steel alloy, 28% chromium. Shell  
density 490 pounds per cubic foot.  
Built to absorb extreme force.

ON MONITOR the camera pans across the cracked ink tank.

LANE

The angle of the breach, the fact  
that the tank cracked at all...it  
violates basic physics.

HENRY

Why wasn't it in your report?

LANE

Stabler killed it.

HENRY

(perturbed)

How does that happen?

LANE

Said I was trying to make a name  
for myself, which might be true.  
But it doesn't mean I'm wrong...

ON MONITOR camera ZOOMS IN on the cracked tank. Henry sees  
something, moves closer.

HENRY

What is this pattern?

Lane freezes the grainy VIDEO. Henry points at the outline  
of one of the puck detonators, visible on the tank surface.

INT. FBI BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY

Lane and Henry move down the hall.

LANE

All the evidence was transported to  
a storage facility in Newark.

HENRY

It's still there?

LANE

Standard Procedure is to hold it  
for a year.

INT. WAREHOUSE HANGAR - NIGHT

It houses the burned-up TRUCKS, metal scraps and debris.

Henry and Lane rifle through wreckage. He's under a truck  
with a flashlight. She's in the cab, looking under seats.  
Both are dirty and sweaty from the work.

LANE

What are we looking for?

HENRY

Not sure exactly. Anything that's  
round and shouldn't be here.

Henry stands up, dizzy, grabs the truck to steady himself.  
He wipes his brow and swallows two pills from the bottle.

LANE

What's that for?

HENRY

I get dizzy. Migraines.

LANE

We can come back in the morning?

HENRY

No. Let's keep going.

INT. WAREHOUSE HANGAR - LATER

Henry and Lane have searched every inch. She sits on the  
running board. He leans against the cracked tank.



HENRY

It's here...I know it.

Lane looks past Henry at the large REAR-AXLE TIRES under the cracked tank. She hops down and walks over.

LANE

Hand me a flashlight.

She crawls under, examining tires, half-melted by the fire.

EXT. UNDER THE TRUCK - SAME

Henry crawls behind Lane. She pans the light over a gooey, flattened tire until a metal object reflects the light: The detonator peeks out from under a melted blob of rubber.

HENRY

I'll get a knife.

INT. WEAPONS LAB - MORNING

Lane drinks coffee. She watches as a TECHIE excavates the detonator with a laser.

UNDER A MAGNIFIER he burns off layers of rubber and char... cleans and scrubs it until the serial numbers are visible.

He reads as Lane jots them down:

TECHIE

4024, 3938, 1941, 82...

(adjusts magnifier)

Can't make out the last two.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Lane has a Department of Defense weapons database up on her laptop. It shows photos and specs of the puck detonator.

HENRY

(reading)

Seismic detonator. Special Weapons Division. Used to breach steel and titanium vaults.

LANE

Liquid nitrogen freezes the surface to where most compounds break down. This device replicates a contained quake that stresses weakened metal.

(looking up)

I was right. This was a robbery.

HENRY

You know why I'm here?

LANE

The Treasury plane...Virginia.

HENRY

Two materials critical to printing the \$100 note boosted months apart, both made to look like an accident.

LANE

So what now?

HENRY

Pull together what you've got on Global Ink. I'll need the files.

Lane leans back, defensive.

LANE

It's my investigation.

HENRY

You're less than a year on the job.

LANE

I have new evidence.

HENRY

Which you missed first time around?

LANE

Wow. You are a bigger dick than Stabler if that's even possible.

Henry heads for the door.

HENRY

The files. By end of day.

EXT. KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A flight arrives from Paris.

INT. KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

An ARAB MAN exits the jet way, approaches a TSA CHECKPOINT where GUARDS are checking passports and searching luggage.

He presents his passport: MARAT GASPAR. French-Algerian. The Guard asks him security questions (we can't hear) and stamps his passport.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Gaspar emerges from the gate. Sees a driver holding up a sign: GASPAR. Gaspar follows him without a word.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

A Town Car IDLES at the curb. The driver opens the door.

IN THE BACK -- sits Travis Loney, stunt driver from the Global Ink robbery. Gaspar gets in.

INT. TOWN CAR - MOVING - DAY

Travis hands Gaspar a bag. Gaspar pockets what's inside:

a roll of cash; credit cards issued to Marat Gaspar; keys to a rental car; and a fob with digital readout.

TRAVIS

The account number is followed by a  
16 digit password, it changes every  
30 seconds.

GASPAR

Communication?

Travis hands Gaspar a cell phone:

TRAVIS

Email accounts, 256 bit encrypted.  
500 pre-paid cell phones also with  
encrypted text functionality.

(pause)

Welcome to America.

INT. COUNTERFEIT DIVISION - BULLPEN - DAY

Henry briefs a new TASK FORCE --

Yosh, Jaffe, Simms and Zorn. Kelso watches from the back. A monitor displays Treasury's "most-wanted":

HENRY

The top 10 global counterfeiters currently at large. Run the list through TSA, NSA and Interpol. If these guys stepped on a plane or a ship, they got their picture taken.

Henry points to the **CRANE PAPER** wall showing specs on the stolen rag paper; also photos of plane crash, cockpit crew and Treasury agents with "MIA" written below Kovitch.

HENRY

We need background on the cockpit crew and the agents. Dig up bank statements, emails and texts, phone and travel records. Whoever is running the show *got to* someone on that flight. Start with Kovitch. He's still MIA.

LANE enters the back of the room. Shakes hands with Kelso. Hands him a folder. Henry sees it, then turns to a second wall marked **GLOBAL INK**.

On the WALL are photos of the crash site, dead drivers; ink shipment specs; and DoD photos of the detonator.

HENRY

We're running the detonators up through DoD. See if they have a record of the shipment. Jaffe has copies of the Global Ink case file.

(to Kelso)

Chief, we need to sit with whoever runs BEP operations. Need access to all shipment schedules and security details moving forward.

KELSO

I'll reach out.

Henry nods. Beat.

HENRY

Two agents and five civilians are confirmed dead. Let's get up to speed and find out who these guys are before they move again. That's all. Go to work.

Agents disperse, leaving only Henry, Kelso and Lane. Kelso confirms what Henry already knows:

KELSO

She's on the team.

HENRY

Just like that?

KELSO

Global Ink was her case. Durbin rubber-stamped it so make it work.

Kelso walks off, leaving Henry and Lane alone.

LANE

I can help. We don't have to like each other.

HENRY

No argument there.

Simms hangs up the phone, scribbles a message, walks over.

SIMMS

Got a response on the detonators. You've been summoned--

HENRY

By who?

SIMMS

Not you... You.

He points to Lane.

EXT. CAPITAL BUILDING (EAST FRONT) - DAY

Henry and Lane move up the steps, National Mall behind them.

SIMMS (O.S.)  
James Fisher. Senior Senator from  
New York. Chairman Armed Services  
Committee.

INT. SENATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Lane and Henry sit across a Bordeaux Cherry executive desk from distinguished Senator JAMES FISHER (50s), pressed suit and tie, aura of elite power.

FISHER  
I had a staffer track the full  
range of acid tag numbers derived  
from the partial. The order was  
shipped to a consulting firm in  
Afghanistan last summer.  
(pause)  
Dennis Gorman signed the invoice.

LANE  
Who is he?

FISHER  
You've heard of Northbridge?

LANE  
They run security for the top brass  
in Afghanistan and Iraq.

FISHER  
They're the 7th largest army on the  
planet with contract soldiers in 20  
countries.

HENRY  
Mercenaries.

Fisher nods.

FISHER  
They do business with the military,  
the intelligence community, foreign  
governments... whoever pays.

LANE  
Are you asking us to back off?

FISHER

Of course not, just be careful.

Henry senses an odd Lane-Fisher vibe.

HENRY

Senator, I'm confused. How did this come to you?

FISHER

Treasury was running down a rogue shipment of DoD weapons. It came across my desk.

LANE

This is a federal investigation. We go where it leads us--

FISHER

Kiddo, look at me. The one thing vital to Northbridge's continuing prosperity is anonymity. They're shadow dwellers. They do whatever it takes to remain in the shadows.

(pause)

You need to be a little scared.

EXT. CAPITOL GROUNDS - DAY

Henry and Lane walk back to the car. Lane seems in a hurry, upset. Henry eyes her, doesn't say anything.

LANE

What?

HENRY

Nothing.

LANE

No, what is it?

HENRY

The vibe between you and the Senator... How well you know him?

LANE

It's not like that.

She walks ahead, doesn't want to discuss.

HENRY

I get it. It's just you don't want  
to end up a punch-line--

LANE

He's my father.

That stops Henry cold. Lane gets in the car.

HENRY

So he's worried. Keeps an eye on  
his little girl.

LANE

We haven't spoken in two years.

She SLAMS the door.

EXT. NORTHBRIDGE OFFICES (ARLINGTON) - DAY

HENRY'S CAR pulls onto the lot. He shows a guard his ID and  
drives through. Lane rides shotgun.

HENRY (O.S.)

Treasury is investigating the theft  
of classified materials believed to  
be hijacked in transit.

INT. GORMAN'S EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

It overlooks the Potomac. Henry and Lane sit across from  
DENNIS GORMAN (42), corporate tight-ass in Italian loafers.

GORMAN

What sort of materials?

HENRY

The kind you need to counterfeit  
the \$100 note.

GORMAN

Where does Northbridge fit in?

He holds up a photo of the detonator.

HENRY

Can you identify this item?



GORMAN

(pause)

I'm sorry. I'm not a weapons expert.

LANE

It's a detonator. Shipped to one of your Afghan security teams 14 months ago.

HENRY

How does a classified weapon sent to a military base in Kandahar wind up in a robbery in North Carolina?

Gorman reclines in his Herman Miller chair.

GORMAN

Shipments go missing. The Middle East has a robust black market.

HENRY

That's your answer? It fell off a truck, maybe.

GORMAN

We have 45,000 employees fighting a global war on terror. Each soldier and security agent has to be armed and equipped. It's impossible to track every item we ship.

LANE

Even the ones you signed for?

She holds up the invoice.

GORMAN

I'd like to help. It just doesn't ring a bell.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Henry and Lane ride down, both thinking the same thing.

LANE

He's involved.

HENRY

No doubt. Northbridge has the  
resources but they're hired guns.

LANE

So who hired them?

The elevator reaches the lobby, DING--

CUT TO:

FLASH! FLASH!

Photos are SNAPPED of two mercs we saw during the Global Ink robbery, Jefferson and Franco. Reveal where they are:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

It's tricked out with print equipment, photography lights and computers. Marat Gaspar -- the Arab man from the airport -- is making bogus identities for the two mercs.

ON COMPUTER Gaspar layers the photos over a Drivers' License template, adds phony names and addresses and social security numbers, "State of Texas" seal.

ON COMPUTER Merc programmers hack database firewalls at the Texas DMV, Social Security Administration and IRS and upload the fake IDs, creating two bulletproof aliases.

EXT. P STREET (GEORGETOWN) - MORNING

Vick moves down the sidewalk. He stops at his WINE SHOP and unlocks the door.

INT. VICK'S WINE SHOP - MORNING

He enters and locks the dead-bolt, moving into the STORAGE ROOM and up the STAIRS to a steel door. He punches in the code. It BEEPS green.

INT. OFFICE ABOVE SHOP - DAY

Vick opens an encrypted Email on computer: Henry's Secret Service bio; Treasury photo; and Washington Post headline:

"PRESIDENT SURVIVES ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT"

DOWN THE PAGE a sub-header reads: "Heroic Agent Clings To Life". Vick clicks on a CNN VIDEO:

President walks the parade route. The assassin moves in and FIRES! Henry dives in the path -- gets SHOT three times. Agents spirit the President away. Henry lies bleeding in the street.

The clip ends. Vick deletes the file.

INT. COURTHOUSE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Henry sits across from ex-wife, HANNAH. Both have lawyers next to them. A stenographer types as a JUDGE reads from an old court transcript.

JUDGE

--credible concern as visitation  
with the non-custodial parent--

Henry stares at Hannah, who looks away.

JUDGE

--judge orders no contact for one  
year subject to review by a third  
party specializing in family  
issues.

(looking up)

The ruling seems clear to me.

HENRY'S LAWYER

Your honor, my client is ten months  
sober with stellar references and a  
solid employment record. He's not a  
criminal. On the contrary--

EX-WIFE'S LAWYER

Child's safety is priority.

Henry scribbles on his legal pad: He's my son.

HENRY'S LAWYER

(nods)

It's hard to maintain a father-son  
relationship under the limitations  
set forth by the court. The boy is  
growing up. These are important  
moments in his life. His father  
deserves to be a part of them.

INT. COURTHOUSE LOBBY - DAY

Henry walks out, jaw clenched in controlled rage. He sees Hannah and her new husband, RICK, waiting at the elevator.

HANNAH

Henry, please... You know why I'm doing this--

Henry walks past her. Not a word.

HANNAH

After what you put us through I can't take a chance with Max!

EXT. BUREAU OF ENGRAVING & PRINTING (BEP)- DAY

America's "money factory" in Washington, DC.

INT. BEP PRINT FACTORY - DAY

Chief of Operations ELLIOT DANKER (40s), gives Henry and Lane a tour. He's an expert who runs currency production.

His eager assistant, MAYA, trails them with iPad in hand.

ELLIOT

Rag paper and variable ink are hardest to replicate. Materials are shipped to DC twice a year for scheduled 100-note printings. The paper alone contains a dozen anti-counterfeit features.

LANE

Security threading, microprinting, watermarks--

ELLIOT

Those are the ones we publicize.

HENRY

Given what was jacked, what are we looking at?

ELLIOT

Eight tons of ink, sixteen paper.  
If these folks know what they're  
doing... maybe \$600 billion.

LANE

What else do they need?

ELLIOT

Three things. First the plates--

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT

The printing press is shut down. Two MACHINISTS clean the  
intaglio plates.

ELLIOT (O.S.)

Obverse and reverse 32-note flat-  
metal sheets affixed to the press.

LANE (O.S.)

Who's the vendor?

ELLIOT (O.S.)

Quest Steel out of Birmingham.  
Plates are cast on spec, delivered  
under cover of night. Details are  
guarded.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

The press in full swing: paper sheets passing between the  
plates, printing 32 notes at once. CHEMISTS, ENGINEERS and  
TYPOGRAPHERS move about, monitoring the process.

Elliot, Henry, Lane and Maya watch from a catwalk.

ELLIOT

Second they need a small crew of  
intaglio process experts with a  
knowledge of current safeguards.

MAYA

I'll put together an employee list  
with contact info.

Elliot nods. Maya types on her iPad tablet.

LANE

What's number three?

ELLIOT

Print press. You can't fake note texture with high-end photocopiers and terabyte scanners. The physical pressure required to print a fully dimension note can only be created by intaglio method.

(pause)

Steel plates and hydraulics give notes that embossed feel. If they want wallet-ready bills they have to do what North Koreans did.

LANE

What's that?

HENRY

Obtain a working press and build a factory nearly to scale.

EXT. BEP SATELLITE BRANCH - DAY

Aerial view of downtown Sundance Square. The branch is a guarded compound on the outskirts of Fort Worth.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A perky Human Resources MANAGER welcomes new employees to orientation.

MANAGER

Welcome to the Fort Worth Bureau of Engraving and Printing. It was built in 1990 as a satellite branch to the DC facility in case of terrorist attack and to reduce shipping costs to West Coast banks.

Among new hires REVEAL two mercs from the Truck Robbery: JEFFERSON and FRANCO. Employee badges bearing phony names.

EXT. POTOMAC RIVERFRONT - UNDER BRIDGE - NIGHT

Travis waits with Vossler, Frost and Mouse (the careless weapons expert). Vick's car pulls up. Travis walks over.

TRAVIS  
Texas called. We're inside.

VICK  
Good. Why am I here?

Travis shows him the Defense Department photo of the detonator.

TRAVIS  
Gorman called. The Feds found it in the Global Ink wreckage.

Vick nods sharply, walks over to the group. In mid-stride, he draws his weapon and SHOOTs Mouse in the head.

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY COMPUTER LAB - DAY

Yosh sits at a TSA-Interpol DATABASE checking the TOP 10 counterfeiters against passport photos of all passengers entering the country in the past two years.

ID SOFTWARE maps bone structure and facial features. The blur of rejected passports produces one mutating face

...until it stops on a photo.

**Match!** French Algerian, Marat Gaspar.

Gaspar's photo is SPLIT-SCREEN with an Israeli Intel photo of Syrian counterfeiter, Amjad Arnau. It's the same guy.

INT. CIA CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Arnau's photo is on the big screen. Kelso and Henry meet with agency and military reps.

One of the men at the table is CIA Middle East Director Leonard Cosgrove (from the opening raid post-mortem).

COSGROVE  
Arnau is a global counterfeiter with ties to radical Islam. He's printed superdollars in Iran, North Korea and his home country, Syria--

KELSO  
The Bekaa Valley has become a major distribution source.

ARMY GENERAL  
Superdollars?

KELSO  
Counterfeit \$100 notes, flawless,  
impossible to detect.

COSGROVE  
Arnau's bogus currency has funded  
terrorist plots from the Cole  
bombing in Yemen to the attack on  
the London Underground.  
(pause)  
And now he's come to America.

Solemn beat.

KELSO  
Any web chat?

NSA REP  
We cast a wide net with key words  
related to Arnau, also standard  
counterfeit terms and materials for  
print production.  
(pause)  
Nothing so far.

ARMY GENERAL  
Do we have *any* actionable intel?

HENRY  
We have Northbridge.

The Army General, Cosgrove and other agency chiefs shift  
uneasily, stare at Henry like he just insulted the flag.

Henry clears his throat.

HENRY  
The firm is involved.

EXT. GORMAN'S HOUSE (FAIRFAX SUBURBS) - DAY

A tree-lined street. A cable van is parked down the block.



INT. CABLE VAN - DAY

Surveillance vehicle. Henry watches monitors showing every angle of Gorman's house. Jaffe is next to him.

ON MONITOR Gorman exits his house. He drives off in his Lexus.

The van trails the Lexus, which is bugged. Henry and Jaffe listen to Gorman's morning calls.

GORMAN (PHONE)

Did you enjoy dinner?

WOMAN (PHONE)

It was okay.

GORMAN (PHONE)

It's only the best French cuisine in the District. Hate to think it was wasted on you.

Jaffe rolls his eyes.

JAFFE

This guy's a douchebag.

EXT. UNDER GORMAN'S CAR - SAME

GPS tracker -- 1000 yard range, 230 Giga-Hertz with Aquacade Spy-SAT uplink.

INT. TREASURY BUILDING - SATELLITE WAR ROOM - DAY

Kelso, Lane and Yosh listen to Gorman. A digital MAP tracks his changing coordinates.

INT. VAN - DAY

Behind Gorman in traffic, Henry radios the war room.

HENRY

Put Arnau in play.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

Lane stands over Yosh's shoulder.

LANE

Dump Arnau on the watch list. See  
if Gorman panics.

ON COMPUTER is the Homeland Security Classified Homepage.  
Yosh uploads photos and info on Arnau including his alias  
"Marat Gaspar".

**"Watch List Alert"** blinks on screen.

Arnau's info is blasted into the digital universe: FBI, TSA,  
government agencies and local police.

INT. GORMAN'S CAR - 20 SECONDS LATER

Gorman's Blackberry BUZZES with the Arnau alert. He checks  
it and speed-dials Vick.

VICK (PHONE)

What is it?

GORMAN (PHONE)

Feds have eyes on our friend from  
Damascus--

VICK (PHONE)

It's under control.

He hangs up.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

ON COMPUTER Lane runs Vick's cell number, radios Henry.

LANE

Pre-paid. No name or address. No  
luck ID'ing the voice on the line.  
We have the digits so we can track  
his phone when it's in use.

INT. VAN - DAY

Jaffe flips on a STREET MAP of the DC area with coordinates  
for thousands of cell network relays -- a dense web of in-  
progress calls.

LANE (RADIO)

This is every call on the grid. We can lock an operating cell phone to 20 yards and follow the handoffs in real time.

HENRY

Standard ops, the phones get dumped once maybe twice a day.

JAFFE

Short window to ID this guy--

YOSH (RADIO)

He's back.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

ON SCREEN -- DC AREA MAP -- one call blinks red.

LANE

Isolate it.

Yosh types fast. The web of in-progress calls dissolves until one network relay remains: Vick.

KELSO

Harvest the call. Route it to the van.

Lane locks in on the cellular connection, routes it to the van. They all listen on speaker phone:

TRAVIS (PHONE)

We still a go?

VICK (PHONE)

Sixteen hundred. The ballpark.

Yosh types, connecting to a satellite grid.

INT. VAN - DAY

ON SCREEN --

The SAT-link finds Vick's location. Map zooms full city -- to downtown DC -- then to Constitution Park.

JAFFE  
Constitution Park. Go!

The driver races through traffic, Henry still listening:

VICK (PHONE)  
And burn the phones.

TRAVIS (PHONE)  
Why? What's up?

VICK (PHONE)  
Just a precaution.

Vick hangs up.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

MAP of Constitution Park. Vick's phone signal disappears.

KELSO  
He's offline.

EXT. VAN - DAY

Henry and Jaffe speed through traffic.

HENRY  
Five minutes out. Blanket the park  
and standby until we ID the target.  
Can we match voice?

KELSO (O.S.)  
Working on it.

INT. TREASURY BUILDING - GARAGE - DAY

Lane, Simms and Zorn pile into a car. It SCREECHES out of  
the garage and into traffic.

EXT. CONSTITUTION PARK - VIETNAM MEMORIAL - DAY

Walking, Vick removes his cell phone chip and crushes it  
between his teeth. He drops it into a sewer grate.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

Yosh runs VICK'S CALL through an NSA database with hooks into every government and military branch as recognition software maps his voice.

VICK (RECORDED)

*Sixteen hundred... The ballpark.*

*Sixteen hundred... The ballpark.*

Wave form analyzers and spectrum filters deconstruct the voice. The database parses hundreds of potential matches.

EXT. CONSTITUTION PARK - DAY

Vick dumps his cell phone in a trash can, keeps walking.

NORTH OF PARK --

The van pulls to the curb. Henry and Jaffe move into the park, blending with tourists and workers on break.

SOUTH OF PARK --

Lane and Simms jump out and move off in two directions. Zorn stays with the car.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

Kelso and Yosh, mapping Vick's voice. No matches.

EXT. CONSTITUTION PARK - DAY

HENRY walks by the reflecting pool. Sees tourists taking pictures; a young couple having a picnic; men on benches.

LANE on the Lincoln Memorial steps. She spies a dozen men with handheld devices.

LANE

Lotta civilians. Half are men in the probable age range.

HENRY (RADIO)

Chief, any progress?

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

Yosh and Kelso are grinding it out.

KELSO  
No luck yet.

VICK (RECORDED)  
*Burn the phones... precaution.*  
*Burn the phones... precaution.*

VICK'S PHOTO pops up, 99.2% match.

His military CV displays. A radio TRANSMISSION from an old combat mission plays on speaker.

Name: **Francis Vick**. Rank: **Captain, USMC**.

KELSO  
(on radio)  
Target is a Francis Vick, Marine  
Captain. Sending it now.

EXT. CONSTITUTION PARK - DAY

Vick's photo appears on Henry's Blackberry. He studies it then surveys the crowd... looking for Vick.

KELSO (RADIO)  
Decorated officer. Served first  
Iraq War, ops in Lebanon, Yemen,  
then Iraq the sequel--

AT MEMORIAL STEPS Lane has Vick's photo on her iPhone.

KELSO (RADIO)  
Four tours. Donkeywork, straight up  
cowboy. Swept caves in Pakistan  
...cleared Tikrit street by street.

Lane sees a man near the VIETNAM MEMORIAL. She moves closer until she sees it's Vick.

LANE  
Eyes on the target. South of  
Vietnam Memorial, Redskins cap.

Vick senses eyes on him. He starts walking away as another man approaches. Vick sees the man, waves him off.

Lane gets a look at the other man: Arnau.

LANE

Arnau is here. Heading north, past the memorial.

SIMMS (RADIO)

Vick is exiting Henry Bacon Drive.

Lane follows Arnau who suddenly breaks into a sprint. She gives chase. He disappears past some trees. Lane clears the trees... looks around.

Arnau is gone. Vanished.

LANE

Shit!

(into radio)

Arnau last seen heading north on foot to Constitution Avenue exit.

EXT. SOUTH OF PARK - STREET - DAY

As Vick gets in his car and drives off, tailed by Zorn:

HENRY (O.S.)

24/7 surveillance, rotating teams--

EXT. VICK'S HOME - DOWN THE STREET - NIGHT

Jaffe and Yosh watch Vick get his mail.

HENRY (O.S.)

I want his phones, bank accounts, credit cards, travel patterns. I want to know who he rolls with and their real-time locations. We stay on Vick, he'll lead us to Arnau.

INT. WINE SHOP- DAY

Through the STOREFRONT WINDOW, Vick helps a woman find a Bordeaux then rings her up.

INT. RADIO SHACK - ACROSS THE STREET - SAME

Henry and Lane spy on Vick. They have bugged the wine shop, recording everything.

LANE

Had the store five years. Banker's hours. Pulls down eighty per.

HENRY

So how does he afford a six-bedroom in Arlington?

LANE

Earned another 260 last year as a freelance consultant. The house and store are in his wife's name.

EXT. BALLET SCHOOL - DAY

Vick picks up his daughter, SOPHIA (6), from ballet class, helps her into her car seat.

INT. HENRY'S CAR - DOWN THE BLOCK - DAY

TAILING VICK as he pulls into traffic. Lane drives. Henry is shotgun, in sunglasses, mind working.

HENRY

Something doesn't track.

LANE

What?

HENRY

Vick fights three wars. Two purple hearts. His jacket full of blacked-out ops. Why betray it all now?

LANE

Maybe it's time to get paid.

Henry pulls Tylenol from the glove-box, swallows two. Lane gives him a look.

HENRY

Migraine. Sunlight triggers it.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD Vick pulls into a neighborhood park with baseball diamonds.



EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE BALLPARK - DAY

Kids in uniform, parents in the bleachers.

Vick drops his daughter off with wife, SARA. He strolls down a foul line, waving to son, CODY, at shortstop.

INT. HENRY'S PARKED CAR - DAY

HENRY  
Father of the Year.

LANE  
You got a son, right?

Henry realizes Lane is just trying to bond.

HENRY  
Max. He's eight.

LANE  
What's he like?

HENRY  
Hard to say. I've haven't been allowed to visit him for a year.

Awkward moment.

HENRY  
I guess that chestnut didn't make it into my department bio.

LANE  
I'm sorry. Forget I asked.

HENRY  
Don't you want to know why a judge doesn't trust me to be with my son?

LANE  
It's not my business.

A SUBURBAN pulls up and Travis gets out. He walks down the foul line and huddles with Vick.

HENRY  
Who's the surfer?

On SAT-GO LAPTOP, Lane searches a database of Marines under Vick's command. She stops on Travis' photo and service CV.

LANE

Travis Loney. Three tours in Iraq  
with Vick.

THROUGH THE WINDOW Travis walks back to his Suburban and drives off.

HENRY

Follow him. I'll stay on Vick.  
(on radio)  
Jaffe, where are you?

On cue, Jaffe pulls up. Lane hops in and they drive off.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Lane and Jaffe tail Travis --

He pulls into a PARKING LOT. Mercs Vossler and Frost are waiting. They toss some gear in the Suburban and get in.

EXT. HIGHWAY 95 - DAY

The Suburban rides out of the city followed by JAFFE'S CAR.

INT. JAFFE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Jaffe and Lane tail Travis is SILENCE. Lane is thinking about her chat with Henry.

LANE

Why can't Henry see his kid?

Jaffe glances over at Lane. Beat.

JAFFE

You know what a JHP is?

LANE

Hollow Point bullet. It fragments  
on entry, maximizes tissue damage.

JAFFE

Henry took three rounds. Doctors said it was like a bomb went off in his body. But his physical wounds weren't the real problem.

LANE

What do you mean?

Jaffe taps his head.

JAFFE

Headaches, panic attacks, insomnia, depression... all kinds of meds.

(pause)

He had an episode. Shrinks call it extreme hypervigilance. He locked himself in his house. The wife got scared, called the cops.

LANE

Anyone hurt?

Jaffe shakes his head, "no".

JAFFE

She served him divorce papers at the Perry Point VA psych ward.

EXT. RAILWAY YARDS - RICHMOND, VIRGINIA - DAY

A web of tracks with freight cars, trailers and a control tower. Travis pulls down a gravel road to the WAREHOUSE.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

THROUGH BINOCULARS Lane watches the warehouse GUARD wave the Suburban inside then close the hydraulic door.

INT. TREASURY BUILDING (DC) - WAR ROOM - DAY

Henry, Kelso, Elliot and his assistant Maya watch VIDEO FEEDS of the Richmond Yards, compliments of Lane's crew.

HENRY

Why Richmond? What's he after?

ELLIOT

The plates.

(pause)

A new set of 32-note, 100-series  
intaglio plates is scheduled for  
delivery to BEP in two days.

KELSO

Through Richmond?

ELLIOT

Agents escort the plates by train  
from Birmingham to Richmond on the  
Norfolk Southern. They are  
warehoused overnight then onto DC  
in the morning on the CSX.

KELSO

This is classified?

ELLIOT

Only BEP personnel with level five  
clearance receive shipment details.

Henry and Kelso are thinking the same thing.

HENRY

Arnau has someone inside Treasury.

KELSO

We need background on all employees  
with security clearance.

MAYA

I'll get it rolling.

Maya steps out to make the call, Yosh dips his head in.

YOSH

We lost Vick.

KELSO

How?

YOSH

First Street Tunnel. His car went  
in and when it came out someone  
else was driving it.

INT. EMPTY STAIRWELL - DAY

Henry and Kelso privately discuss strategy.

KELSO

Bust them now. Squeeze the grunts until they give up Vick.

HENRY

They're Marines. No way they roll.

KELSO

Okay then we swap the plates for fake ones at the Birmingham plant.

HENRY

If Arnau has someone inside we risk tipping him off. I say we roll the dice. Let the shipment go as scheduled. Take down Vick when he makes his play.

KELSO

He's already killed two agents. Do you really want to go to war?

HENRY

If they jack the plates, Arnau can print. If his bogus paper makes it out of the country, it gives enemy terror networks a blank check.

(pause)

We're already at war.

Kelso knows Henry is right.

**BEGIN MONTAGE:**

- The task force arrives at RICHMOND AIR FIELD, by military plane, unloading gear and weapons.

- Simms and Zorn canvas the YARDS dressed as rail workers, noting surveillance positions.

- Dressed as a Con-Ed worker, Yosh climbs a pole near the storage WAREHOUSE and plants mini-cameras.

- Jaffe delivers a package to the WAREHOUSE guard: inside is an omnidirectional microphone with red light on.

- In a nearby WORK TRAILER (surveillance nest), Henry can now hear whatever happens in the warehouse.
- At QUEST STEEL, factory workers mint a new set of plates, dip them in water and dolly them into an INSPECTION ROOM.
- Two machinists inspect the newly-minted plates (obverse and reverse); measuring groove-depth.
- Same INSPECTION ROOM room, now empty. A janitor mops the floor. It's Jaffe. He plants magnetic micro-trackers on the two plates.

**END MONTAGE.**

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - RICHMOND - NIGHT

The task force huddles around a MONITOR showing an overhead map of the Richmond Yards. Henry runs it down:

HENRY

The plates arrive on the Norfolk Southern at 11:15. Simms and Zorn are with Lane in the freight cars Yosh runs the sniper team from the windows and rooftops. Jaffe is in the trailer with me coordinating ground game.

(re: Kelso)

Chief runs SAT from here.

JAFFE

When do we drop the hammer?

HENRY

Once we confirm the package is in the vehicle, wait until they exit the building.

EXT. RURAL ALABAMA - NIGHT

The Norfolk Southern ROARS down the track.

IN THE LEAD CAR the plates are packed in crates. Two snoozing Treasury Agent escorts are along for the ride.

EXT. RICHMOND YARDS - NIGHT

Dark and vacant. On closer look, we see armed agents staked-out around the warehouse, waiting.

QUICK SHOTS: Lane, Simms and Zorn in railcars; Henry and Jaffe in the trailer; Yosh and snipers above the warehouse.

EXT. RAILROAD PLATFORM - NIGHT

The Norfolk Southern pulls in. Two workers load the crates onto a truck and drive off. The train pulls away.

FROM HIDEOUTS -- Lane and Yosh watch the truck wind down a gravel road. Henry watches VIDEO of the truck stop at the warehouse.

INT. SAT WATCH CENTER - SAME

Kelso watches the same feeds from his war room.

INT. STORAGE WAREHOUSE - SAME

The GUARD waves the truck in. Workers unload the crates and drive off.

INT. WORK TRAILER - NIGHT

Henry watches the guard walk back to his office. He flips the exterior lights on and off. It's a signal.

EXT. ABOVE THE YARDS - IN A SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Travis sees lights flickering in the distance. He starts the ENGINE and winds down the road, headlights off, past hidden agents in freight cars to the warehouse.

The guard opens the door. Travis pulls inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Travis and his men step out. The guard leads them to the crates. As Vossler and Frost carry them to the Suburban--

Travis pulls out a Sat-Go military laptop and transfers \$300 thousand into an account.

TRAVIS  
Need a six digit password.  
(guard types it)  
Enjoy retirement.

INT. SURVEILLANCE TRAILER - NIGHT

Henry watches the transaction. The mercs get back in the Suburban. He radios:

HENRY  
Package is confirmed. Wait for the vehicle.

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

The guard opens the warehouse door. Travis starts the engine and lets it IDLE as he speed-dials Vick.

TRAVIS  
We're in position.

VICK (PHONE)  
Copy that. Run it.

Reveal Vossler and Frost holding XM8 assault rifles on their laps. Travis fastens his seat belt.

EXT. STORAGE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Agents wait in position, hearts racing. Nothing... Then the Suburban BARRELS OUT -- hauling ass!

HENRY  
Go! GO!

Treasury vehicles roll up, blocking the road. Travis PLOWS past them, racing through a gauntlet of agents and GUNFIRE.

EXT. WINDOWS AND ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

The snipers FIRE on the Suburban as it BARRELS past. The driver window EXPLODES, shells penetrating Armalite glass.

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

BEHIND THE WHEEL --



Travis is locked in. He weaves and SMASHES through cars.

TRAVIS

Tamp down those snipers!

The mercs spray RETURN FIRE. Snipers take cover.

EXT. CHASE CARS - NIGHT

Henry and Jaffe in the LEAD CAR. Lane is in CAR TWO. CAR THREE is Simms and Zorn.

INT. SUBURBAN - AT HIGH SPEED - NIGHT

Travis drives alongside a RUSHING train. He floors it and SWERVES his vehicle over the tracks ahead of the train.

EXT. CHASE CARS - NIGHT

Henry (car one) and Lane (car two) speed AIRBORNE over the tracks, landing ahead of the steel juggernaut.

Simms (car three), flies across track, gets clipped by the train, fishtails then regains control.

EXT. RAILYARD GUARD STATION - NIGHT

Travis PLOWS through a gate and SPEEDS onto a highway on-ramp. Henry and Lane in pursuit.

INT. HENRY'S CAR - NIGHT

He drives while Jaffe RADIOS the SAT Watch Center.

JAFFE

Target is a black Suburban, north on Highway 80. Confirm perimeter.

KELSO (RADIO)

Perimeter secure.

EXT. HIGHWAY 80 - UP THE ROAD - NIGHT

REVEAL A ROADBLOCK -- cinder barriers, police vehicles six deep, armed law enforcement personnel waiting.

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Travis roars down the highway at 120 plus m.p.h. He sees flashing lights in the distance.

TRAVIS  
Mile marker 128, ramping to speed.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE - NIGHT

A Sikorsky HELICOPTER appears --

Huge gunship, rotors THUMPING, dragging four crane cables under it. Twin M60s FIRING on the chase cars.

It matches speed with the Suburban.

EXT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Frost climbs up through the MOON-ROOF. He latches the cables to hard-points riveted to the Suburban frame.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Vick is the pilot. Reveal his co-pilot is Arnau, MK-11 Navy Seal sniper rifle in hand, firing down at chase cars.

VICK  
(on radio)  
Confirm the tether.

Frost hooks the last cable and gives Vick a thumbs-up.

EXT. HIGHWAY ROAD - NIGHT

Travis accelerates towards the roadblock. Barrier police SPRAY gunfire at the helicopter as --

-- Vick lifts the Suburban off the road.

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Travis lets go of the wheel, relieved.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROOF - NIGHT

Climbing down, Frost gets SHOT by police fire. He slides off and drops 60 feet onto the concrete road...SPLAT!

EXT. HIGHWAY ROAD - NIGHT

Henry's car SKIDS to a stop near the fallen body. He gets out, drawing his weapon. As Lane's car pull up, she sees

HENRY

gripping his .9mm, heart pounding. He has a clear shot at Arnau but he's frozen... feels the nausea rising up. Just then:

CAR THREE SPEEDS PAST HENRY -- Simms driving, Zorn shotgun.

EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Arnau aims the sniper rifle -- FIRES!

INT. / EXT. SIMMS' CAR - NIGHT

The bullet PUNCTURES the windshield -- RIPS through Simms neck. His car ACCELERATES out-of-control. It SLAMS into the police barricade, CRUSHING Simms and Zorn on impact.

HENRY reacts to the crash, face distorted.

IN FLASHBACK --

Assassin's BULLETS RIP into him. He falls, people running and screaming all around him. Henry lies there, stunned... slowly passing out.

EXT. HIGHWAY ROAD - HENRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Henry snaps back, his face distorted in pain.

As the HELICOPTER rises up, Henry and Vick lock eyes...then Vick flies off with the plates.

INT. SATELLITE WATCH CENTER - NIGHT

ON DIGITAL MAP Kelso reads dual signals from the micro-trackers planted on the plates.

KELSO  
Target moving North-Northwest,  
parallel to the highway--

INT. LANE'S CHASE CAR - NIGHT

Lane leads a convoy of police vehicles. Henry is shotgun, still rattled. He opens his mouth... the words won't come.

They ride in silence until the radio CRACKLES:

KELSO (RADIO)  
Signal stopped. Two miles up the  
road. Pullman exit.

LANE  
They're dumping the vehicle.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

The helicopter touches down --

Vick's mercs SMASH open the crates. Arnau runs a Tracking signal sweeper over one plate...locates the first tracker.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - ONE MINUTE LATER

Lane and Henry speed down a fairway. She sees the Suburban 80 meters ahead, on fire. FBI choppers hover overhead with searchlights.

Lane's car SKIDS to a stop --

Henry jumps out, sees the crates ripped open: plates gone. Lane pans her flashlight over the short grass... finds the discarded trackers.

LANE  
Shit! They dumped the trackers.

KELSO (RADIO)  
Just got word. Simms and Zorn are  
confirmed dead.

Henry hears this...

He backs away from other agents, off-balance, heart racing. Then he loses it -- POUNDS the car with his fists, SHATTERS a window (and his hand).

Lane and Jaffe force him into the car. Shirt torn. Blood everywhere.

EXT. CAR CRASH SITE - NIGHT

EMTs use jaws of life to pull Zorn and Simms from the wreckage...put the bodies on stretchers and cover them.

EXT. RICHMOND AIRPORT - TARMAC - NIGHT

Light rain. Treasury Agents walk to the plane, going home, defeated. Henry is last to board, his left hand in a cast.

INT. TREASURY PLANE - NIGHT

Dark with a few reading lights. Lane and Henry sit alone in the back, somber. Lane finally speaks in a whisper:

LANE

What happened out there?

HENRY

I couldn't move to fire my weapon.

He can see she's confused.

HENRY

Flashback. Like I was getting shot all over again. As real as the day it happened. What it felt like, people screaming and crying, the smell of sulfur.

(pause)

All the crap they train you for. It works. I stepped into the line of fire, covered the client. I did everything right.

(pause)

There's no training for what comes after.

INT. GORMAN'S OFFICE - DAWN

AT HIS DESK Gorman is watching a CNN REPORT on Richmond: two agents killed, no report on the cause of the firefight.

His BlackBerry VIBRATES.

EXT. ARLINGTON CEMETERY - EARLY MORNING

Gorman and another man stroll under flowering dogwoods past rows of military headstones. As they clear the trees... we recognize the other man is Leonard Cosgrove.

COSGROVE

I don't get it. I thought Honeybee was under the radar.

GORMAN

It was. I'm looking into it.

COSGROVE

This kind of shit hits the fan and we're both dead.

GORMAN

Agreed.

COSGROVE

Shut it down. For awhile.

Cosgrove is suddenly aware of an OLD COUPLE passing behind them, carrying flowers. He goes silent for a beat, then:

COSGROVE

One more thing. We need to slow down the Treasury investigation.

GORMAN

What do you have in mind?

Cosgrove gives a cold, cryptic look.

COSGROVE

Get creative.

INT. DURBIN'S OFFICE - DAY

The DESK PLATE reads: Dennis Durbin, Deputy Director.

DURBIN (50s), sits behind his desk, pissed. Henry and Kelso stand before him. Kelso is defending Henry.

KELSO

Due respect. It was Bishop who connected the two robberies.

KELSO (cont'd)  
He found Northbridge and worked it  
up through Vick to Arnau.

DURBIN  
And I have two dead agents. So tell  
me what the fuck happened.

HENRY  
Arnau knew we were coming.

KELSO  
We have a leak.

DURBIN  
That is *not what I meant!*

INT. OUTSIDE DURBIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Lane sits, waiting. She can hear Durbin CHEWING OUT Henry  
(and Kelso)... Henry storms out past Lane.

HENRY  
I'm out.

She watches Henry leave through the STAIR EXIT.

EXT. TRUCK RENTAL LOT - DAY

Travis walks past 18-wheel storage trucks, followed by a  
SALESMAN.

SALESMAN  
Six trucks, day after tomorrow.

TRAVIS  
Drivers with CDL fleet-training  
licenses will pick'em up first  
thing.

A CLERK jogs over, hands Travis a credit card.

CLERK  
I'm sorry. There's a problem with  
the card.

INT. GORMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gorman enters and checks his voice mail, moving into the  
KITCHEN. He turns on a light and jumps out of his skin--

VICK is sitting at the breakfast table. He signals Gorman to keep quiet... turns on the STEREO and leads Gorman into,

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Gorman is scared. Vick turns on the SHOWER and whispers:

VICK  
You shut off the spigot. Why?

GORMAN  
(pause)  
The client wants it shut down.

VICK  
Negative. We're not aborting.

GORMAN  
Too much exposure. We need to go dark for a while--

VICK  
Feds are playing catch-up, you want to give them a year to investigate?

GORMAN  
You'll be paid.

VICK  
This isn't about personal profit. Don't you get it? If we can pull this off... it's a game-changer.

Vick stares at Gorman. Calm, murderous:

VICK  
The op is moving forward.  
(re: shower)  
Leave it running.

Vick leaves. Gorman exhales, still shaking.

INT. SENATOR FISHER'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Lane sits outside her dad's office. Looks uncomfortable, like she doesn't want to be here. An ASSISTANT walks out.

ASSISTANT  
The senator will see you now.



INT. SENATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Lane sits on a leather couch across from Fisher. She is waiting for him to speak.

FISHER

You realize what you're asking?

LANE

It's important. I wouldn't have come otherwise.

FISHER

I know. But I can't intervene in a federal investigation.

LANE

Sure you can. Just pick up the phone and call your golf buddy.

(pause)

Get my partner reinstated.

FISHER

I can't do that. I'm sorry.

Lane stares hard at her father. Speaks truth:

LANE

I never made you feel guilty for all the lame shit you pulled with mom. I didn't trade on your name to get ahead and I've never asked for anything.

(pause)

I'm asking now. Will you do it?

EXT. FORT WORTH BEP - NIGHT

The West Texas wind blows across the compound.

INT. BEP BUILDING - SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

Jefferson works the late shift as a guard. He strolls the halls noting camera positions. He passes Franco who wears nerd glasses and a backpack.

STAY ON FRANCO -- who sneaks into

INT. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT

Rows of mainframe computers. Franco slips between two RACKS and wires a cell phone to a network drive... hides it behind a cluster of cables.

INT. COMPUTER LAB - FRANCO'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

ON LAPTOP --

Franco hacks the mainframe via his newly hacked back door. He downloads blueprints, security diagrams and phone lines.

INT. TREASURY OFFICES (DC) - DAY

Henry returns to work. He sees Lane across the room, gives her a nod before walking into

INT. KELSO'S OFFICE - THROUGH WINDOW - DAY

Lane watches the two men chat then shake hands. Henry is back on the task force.

INT. DOVER AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

Frost (the merc who fell to his death) is on a steel table. Henry looks over the corpse. Lane scans his military file.

LANE (O.S.)

Shane Frost. 28 years old. Ex-Marine. Two tours, Afghanistan.

(pause)

Honorable discharge, 2009. On the Northbridge payroll until last May, nothing since.

She looks up at Henry.

LANE

Let's go rattle Gorman's cage.

INT. HENRY'S CAR - IN TRAFFIC - DAY

He drives. Lane is resting her eyes. Henry checks her out, wants to say something.

HENRY  
I didn't thank you.

She opens her eyes.

LANE  
For what?

HENRY  
Reaching out to your dad. I know it  
was hard. You wanna talk about it?

LANE  
Not much to say. He was mostly  
absent unless it was a campaign  
year.

Henry stops at a light. A VAN pulls up in the next lane.

LANE  
He eventually traded my mom in on a  
newer model. New wife, new family.  
No room for the old one.  
(pause)  
At least that's how it felt.

Henry glances over at the van. His gut tells him something  
is wrong. He checks his side-view MIRROR --

-- sees a MAN rushing in, aiming a Walther P38.

HENRY  
(grabbing Lane)  
Get down!

The van door SLIDES open. A second shooter opens FIRE --

Henry jams the car in reverse -- SLAMS hard into the street-  
shooter who drops his weapon. Gunfire from the van SHATTERS  
the window.

ON HENRY gripping the wheel, eyes wide.

LANE  
*Move!*

He shoves it in drive. JAMS his foot down on the pedal. The  
car PLOWS into the van then speeds out-of-control through a  
light --

-- and gets CLIPPED by a Bronco!

The car spins across the lane and SMASHES into a lamppost. Henry looks back and sees the first shooter jump into the VAN as it speeds away.

INT. MUSEUM GALLERY - FUND-RAISER - NIGHT

Politicians mingle with wealthy supporters and lobbyists. A WAITER moves through the crowd. He WHISPERS in Gorman's ear.

Gorman excuses himself to a power couple and walks out.

INT. MUSEUM LOBBY - NIGHT

Henry and Lane are waiting. They look ragged from the shoot-out and car crash. Gorman approaches.

GORMAN

Not a good time, guys.

Henry holds up a morgue photo of Frost.

HENRY

Shane Frost. He was killed three days ago fleeing a robbery. Two Treasury agents were also killed--

GORMAN

I read about it in the Post.

HENRY

He's ex-Northbridge.

GORMAN

We employ mercenaries, ex-military conflict gangsters. These men are strictly freelance. They walk the earth looking for the next payday.

LANE

Are you saying they'd betray their own country for money?

GORMAN

For enough money.

HENRY

What's your price?

Gorman shakes his head.

GORMAN

Are we done?

HENRY

Francis Vick? Do you know him?

GORMAN

Northbridge Global did 96 billion in no-bid Defense contracts last year. I can't be expected to remember every name on the payroll.

HENRY

When did you last talk to him?

GORMAN

I don't recall.

LANE

It was six days ago. On your cell.

Lane holds up her iPhone, presses PLAY on an audio file.

GORMAN (RECORDED)

*Feds have eyes on our friend from Damascus--*

VICK (RECORDED)

*It's under control.*

EXT. VICK'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Vick sneaks across his own backyard enters a CELLAR DOOR.

INT. VICK'S BASEMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He moves up the steps. He peeks THROUGH CURTAINS and sees agents staked-out across the street.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM CLOSET - NIGHT

Vick pulls up carpet revealing a FLOOR SAFE. He opens it and pulls out multiple passports and \$20K packets of money. He also removes a locker key.

INT. SON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The boy is sleeping. Vick covers him up. He crosses to a tropical FISH TANK, rolls up his sleeve... hides the key under the rocks at the bottom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DOORWAY - NIGHT

Vick stares at the shape of his wife's body rising up and down as she sleeps. He turns and leaves.

EXT. CITY PARK - SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Crowded with parents and kids. Henry watches his son, MAX, warming up for a match. The boy sees him and runs over.

Big hug. Henry holds the boy tight. He sees ex-wife Hannah ACROSS THE FIELD watching. He forces a smile.

HENRY

You're faster than I remember.

MAX

Thanks for coming, dad. I know you're not supposed to be here.

HENRY

Go on now. It's about to start.

Max runs back ON-FIELD. That's when Henry realizes that Vick is standing right next to him.

VICK

Relax. Just want to talk.

Henry spies a .9mm Phantom inside Vick's coat.

HENRY

I'm all ears.

VICK

You read my file, right?

(Henry nods)

So if I told you I had a nested sniper on a rooftop with a scope rifle aimed at your boy's head you wouldn't call me a liar would you?

Henry glances at tall BUILDINGS near the park.

VICK

M107 .50-caliber, objective-lens daylight scope. It's accurate up to eighteen hundred meters... Max is number six, right?

HENRY

Pray your man chambers his second round fast 'cause I drop you a half-second after he drops Max.

The two men are locked in, eye-to-eye.

HENRY

Here to turn yourself in?

VICK

To offer condolences for your dead agents. I know you blame yourself.

Henry is silent.

VICK

Your condition. I've seen it in combat. You think when the moment comes you can overcome it by force of will. That's not how it works.

(pause)

I'm not looking to hurt you.

HENRY

But you will if you have to.

VICK

Goes without saying.

HENRY

How much are they paying you to betray your own country?

VICK

I'm not a mercenary.

HENRY

Then what?

VICK

Freedom is a public utility, like water or electricity. Most people have no idea what it takes to keep the lights on--

HENRY

Defender of freedom, for a price.

VICK

You need to stand down.

HENRY

I was gonna say the same thing.

VICK

You asked why I came. It was to warn you. Sit this one out.

(backing away)

Gotta go, Henry. Reach for a weapon or come after me and my man punches Max's ticket.

Vick strolls off. Leaves Henry staring daggers at the field.

INT. PARKED CAR - DAY

Alone, Vick speed-dials a number, takes a deep breath as it RINGS. His wife (Sara) picks up. STAY ON VICK throughout:

SARA

Hey, what's up?

VICK

(pause)

Cody's fish tank under the rocks, there's a key to a safety deposit box. City First Bank.

SARA

Why tell me now?

VICK

I have to leave tonight. I don't know when I'll be back.

Vick waits for her to say something.



SARA  
You're scaring me.

VICK  
No time to explain.

SARA  
Explain what? What's wrong?

VICK  
I'm sorry. I love you.

He hangs up. Reveal Vick is parked ACROSS THE STREET from

EXT. BEP BUILDING (DC) - DAY

VICK's MERCS are staked-out in cars and on foot. They have wrist-photos of the BEP EXPERTS we saw during the factory tour: Machinist. Typographer. Chemist. Engineer. Engineer.

EXT. BEP MAIN ENTRANCE -- DAY

The experts leave work to start the weekend.

Elliot's assistant (Maya) is among them. The MERCS moves into action, following the BEP experts.

**BEGIN KIDNAP MONTAGE:**

- An ENGINEER boards a city bus. Two mercs get on and sit in front and behind him.

- FROM HIS CAR Travis watches a CHEMIST pulling out of a garage. He follows her through traffic.

- SIDEWALK, a merc tasers a MACHINIST and keeps moving. An ambulance appears and EMTs (mercs) spirit the machinist away on a stretcher.

- A TYPOGRAPHER stops at a light. Vossler carjacks the man at gunpoint, forcing him to drive off.

- A MACHINIST drinks at a PUB. He goes to the toilet where two mercs inject him and walk the "drunk" out... failing to notice his dropped wallet.

- MAYA walks her trendy Penn Quarter hood. A sedan pulls up. Two mercs hop out and force her in the car.

**END MONTAGE.**

INT. COUNTERFEIT DIVISION - WAR ROOM - DAY

Task Force AGENTS are check military and intel databases:  
TSA face-scans for Francis Vick... Check Sara Vick's phone  
activity... Search for personnel who served with Vick.

A MISSING PERSONS alert pops up --

DMV photo: Jason Murray. Rockville, Maryland. It matches  
someone on the BEP expert list.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Walking fast, Lane and Jaffe brief Henry.

LANE

Jason Murray, BEP engineer. His  
wallet turned up in the bathroom of  
a DC tavern. The bartender filed a  
report with Rockville PD.

JAFFE

We confirmed the list. Six factory  
experts are MIA.  
(reading print out)  
Typographers, machinists, a chemist  
and an engineer.

LANE

Families got messages from BEP  
saying they had to work overnight  
due to an error in the factory.

HENRY

We gotta find these guys because  
whatever they're doing is going  
down right now.

INT. BEP CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Henry and Lane brief Elliot.

HENRY

He chose the weekend, when all  
Federal Buildings are closed.

LANE

Gives him two days to print and  
move the cash out of country.

ELLIOT

Christ.

LANE

One more thing. It's about your  
assistant, Maya.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING GARAGE - NIGHT

A car parks underground. Two men hustle Maya into a CARGO  
ELEVATOR and flank her as it rises. No one speaks.

INT. 8TH FLOOR OFFICES (EMPTY) - NIGHT

The men lead Maya through the dark office into a CONFERENCE  
ROOM. She sees Vick and Travis... and breathes relief.

MAYA

You didn't tell me I'd have  
escorts.

She hands Vick a thumb drive. Travis inserts it into his  
laptop. He scrolls down an endless list of serial numbers.

INT. ELLIOT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Elliot is concerned for Maya's safety.

ELLIOT

Why her? She's an assistant.

LANE

She's *your* assistant.

ELLIOT

What is that supposed to mean?

LANE

Were you having relations?

ELLIOT

Screw you, lady!

HENRY

Did she have access to your computer?

Elliot is realizing he's been played.

ELLIOT

No way. You're wrong.

LANE

We ran deep background on all BEP personnel. Maya Saslov doesn't exist. Her name is Janet Lazario. She served Special Ops under Vick in Iraq.

Elliot is stunned. He loved her.

HENRY

How long has it been going on?

ELLIOT

A year.

HENRY

You gave her clearance?

He nods.

LANE

She handed them Richmond.

Panic rising, Elliot checks his network activity.

ON SCREEN **Download, 5:45 a.m.** He opens the file and scans a list of serial numbers, the same numbers Maya gave to Vick.

LANE

What is it?

ELLIOT

Encrypted download. Serial numbers for every \$100 note in circulation.

(pause)

With these numbers Arnau can copy existing notes. The cloned bills will be untraceable.

EXT. WEST TEXAS HIGHWAY - DAY

A prison BUS drives across the desert.

INSIDE, kidnapped experts are cuffed to seats. The bus turns down a GRAVEL ROAD for a stretch until it reaches a fence.

EXT. CLOSED MILITARY BASE - DAY

A forgotten outpost with an airstrip, hangar, barracks and warehouses. The bus pulls into the compound.

INT. AIR HANGAR - DAY

The stolen plates, rag paper and ink-filled Exxon truck are stored here. Armed mercs herd the scared experts inside.

TRAVIS

On the floor!

Mercs pass out tablets with STREAMING VIDEO of the experts' families on hidden surveillance cameras: spouses and kids at home, having dinner, playing in the yard.

REVEAL VICK atop the ink truck.

VICK

Proof of life. Their safety depends on your cooperation for the next 24 hours. You cooperate by doing what you've been trained to do: print money.

(pause)

Refuse, or try to sabotage the operation and the people you love will die.

INT. MOVING CAR - NIGHT

Lane drives. Henry is on speaker-phone with Kelso.

HENRY

Janet Lazario. She was deep cover inside BEP. A river of actionable intel. You?

KELSO (RADIO)  
I got 20 agents sitting on their  
brains. Zero on the kidnappings. No  
witnesses. Nothing we can move on.

HENRY  
Anything on Vick?

KELSO  
Off the grid. Vick is a ghost. He's  
trained to disappear.

Henry's phone BEEPS. Screen reads "Yosh".

HENRY  
Hold on--  
(picks up)  
Where are you?

EXT. DIAMOND RENT-A-CAR - DAY

Yosh stands in the drop-off area.

YOSH  
Ambush vehicle. Got a hit on the  
van plates. Rented off plastic. The  
cardholder's name is Marat Gaspar.

HENRY  
Arnau's alias.

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY MONITORING CENTER - DAY

A war room with a huge map of the DC area. Henry and Lane  
stand behind a PROGRAMMER who types Arnau's license number.

PROGRAMMER  
We get feeds from every traffic and  
security camera in the District.  
Wherever you drive, cameras capture  
your plate number and feed it into  
a networked database that spits out  
photo-instances of every vehicle.

HENRY  
Go back 18 months.

He types the date range, hits enter.

ON WALL MAP photo instances of the van appear as dots on the digital map, all concentrated in a six-block area.

LANE  
The Waterfront.

EXT. SOUTHWEST WATERFRONT - DAY

Trendy warehouse condos. Six CARS stop at an intersection. Agents get out. Henry gives orders and the agents fan out canvassing the area.

EXT./INT. NEIGHBORHOOD - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

Agents knocking on doors, questioning tenants; stopping cars and talking to drivers; showing photos of Arnau.

INT. WAREHOUSE CONDO - DAY

A security GUARD shows Lane and Yosh old security footage.

ON SCREEN a white van pulls up and parks. Arnau and Frost get out and enter the building.

LANE  
Those men. Where are they going?

SECURITY GUARD  
Mr. Casper rents unit seven.

EXT. MILITARY OUTPOST - DUSK

Six 18-WHEEL TRUCKS roll out behind a Suburban. The convoy pulls onto Highway 40 past a sign: Fort Worth, 18 miles.

IN THE SUBURBAN --

Vick checks his watch... then sends a text message.

INT. FORT WORTH BEP - NIGHT

Franco is working the night shift. He receives Vick's text message: Go. He grabs his laptop, walks down the hall to a

LOCKER ROOM --

where he powers up and dials a phone number via wireless.

INT. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT

The planted cell phone VIBRATES, hacking the mainframe.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Franco sits hiding in a shower.

ON HIS LAPTOP system screens are up. Franco disables all connections to the outside world: security alarms, outgoing phone lines and servers.

Then he forwards Vick's Go text--

INT. GUARD STATION - NIGHT

Jefferson works the desk. He reads the Go text. Another guard sits with his feet up, reading a James Ellroy novel.

Jefferson opens his lunch box, pulls out a Pneu-Dart pistol and SHOOTS the other guard with a paralytic agent.

INT. PRINT ROOM FACTORY - NIGHT

Printing press, rolling bins and conveyors.

Franco sits on a steel table, typing on laptop. He POWERS UP the lights, press and support machines all come to life. He pulls up the WEST GATE system.

Perimeter Gate: **open**. Load Dock Gate: **open**.

EXT. FORT WORTH BEP - NIGHT

The gates open. Vick's TRUCK CONVOY enters the compound, rolling across the lot and disappearing into the garage.

INT. GARAGE LOADING DOCK - UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

QUICK SHOTS The trucks are backed up; mercs unloading 100-note paper on flat dollies; herding kidnapped experts inside; running a hose from the ink truck to the factory.

VICK'S SUBURBAN pulls in and he gets out, followed by Arnau. Vick surveys the operation then heads inside.



INT. WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Henry and Lane are waiting with armed agents, all wearing Kevlar vests. Kelso's sedan pulls up. He gets out.

KELSO

Which one?

HENRY

Warehouse loft. On the corner.

INT. WAREHOUSE LOFT - NIGHT

Shotgun BLASTS take out the hinges. Agents kick the door in, searching various rooms.

THEY FIND maps of the ink truck route; photos of kidnapped experts; airline tickets for Marat Gaspar; box of discarded cell phones; and an Arabic diary.

LANE finds a door with steps leading down.

LANE

Henry!

INT. WAREHOUSE CELLAR - DARKNESS - NIGHT

Agents move down the steps, flashlights on.

Lane turns on a bare light bulb. The room is empty but for a padlocked freezer. Jaffe uses bolt-cutters, SNAPS the lock.

INSIDE is a frozen corpse, shot in the head. The agent-thief from the plane heist.

HENRY

Kovitch.

EXT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING - STREET - NIGHT

Agents carry the evidence out in bags. Henry, Lane and Kelso huddle on the street. Henry doesn't look satisfied.

LANE

What?

HENRY

It's too easy. Arnau is a global counterfeiter, a high value target on everybody's shit list.

LANE

You think he's a patsy?

HENRY

If he is, then this entire op is government sanctioned.

KELSO

Come again?

HENRY

Only someone in power could have placed Janet Lazario inside BEP. Or had Stabler kill Lane's Global Ink report--

LANE

Or hired a professional hit squad for a daylight execution.

KELSO

What are you saying? That the U.S. Government is funding a counterfeit scheme in order to fund terrorism?

(pause)

To what end?

HENRY

Create an event, spark a reaction.

KELSO

You know how that sounds?

HENRY

The government is hundreds of agencies. Bureau Chiefs have operating budgets with line items in the tens-of-millions. All it takes is one crazy fucker with a big idea.

(pause)

Arnau is misdirection.

INT. BEP PRINT ROOM (FORT WORTH) - NIGHT

Experts prepare to print at gunpoint.

They load rag paper; attach the 32-note plates; calibrate the press; and pump in variable ink from the Exxon tanker.

Arnau POWERS UP the press. The conveyors start rolling out sheets as the process ramps up.

INT. TREASURY - COMPUTER LAB - NIGHT

Agents export coded messages from the cell phones. Yosh parses the text using enigma software. Analysts pore over the data.

AT A NEARBY TABLE --

Lane sifts through confiscated evidence. She unfolds a MAP of "In-Service Nuclear Reactors of Eastern United States".

A square has been drawn with Sharpee around a cluster of REACTOR PLANTS... highlighted area includes Philadelphia, New York and Washington DC.

Off Lane's reaction,

INT. TREASURY - BULLPEN - NIGHT

The map is on the table. Lane briefs the task force.

LANE

Map indicates target reactors along the Eastern seaboard. This marked area is the most densely populated.

Tense beat. The temperature in the room rises.

HENRY

What about the phones?

LANE

The chat is cryptic: "Death to the infidel"... That sort of stuff.

She writes something on a white board.

LANE

One phrase appears in a dozen  
different texts: 81 sabotage.

KELSO

What does it mean?

LANE

We ran acronyms, anagrams, wild  
searches. Nothing so far.

HENRY

(studying the board)  
10 characters. Did you map the  
letters to a standard telephone  
keypad?

Lane grabs the conference room phone, angry at herself.

LANE

8-1-7 area code.

KELSO

What city?

ELLIOT

Fort Worth.

HENRY

How do you know that?

ELLIOT

Our back-up print facility is  
located in Fort Worth--

Elliot stops. It dawns on everyone at once.

HENRY

He's taking over the factory.

INT. BEP PRINT ROOM (FORT WORTH) - NIGHT

Vick's counterfeiters are hard at work.

QUICK SHOTS 32-note sheets move along conveyors. Intaglio  
plates press rapid-dry ink. The first sheet slides onto a  
steel table.

All work stops.

Arnau uses a loupe to examine a just-printed \$100 sheet.

MAGNIFIED DETAILS: The threading near Franklin's portrait; the microprinting on his lapel; color-shifting ink on the lower-left corner "100".

Arnau tilts the sheet. The "100" shifts from green to black. He nods to Vick. Perfection.

TRAVIS (O.C.)  
Back to work.

Vick cranks up the PRINTING PRESS. Cloned 32-note sheets start rolling off the conveyor.

INT. HENRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Lane drives fast to the airport. Henry is on cell phone:

HENRY  
Have Dallas FBI secure the building  
perimeter and wait for Treasury--

INT. BEP FACTORY (FORT WORTH) - NIGHT

Experts CHOP and BUNDLE cloned \$100 bills into vacuum-wrapped blocks. Mercs dolly the cash out to the DOCK, loading it onto trucks.

EXT. MILITARY BASE - TARMAC - NIGHT

Agents carry SWAT gear to a transport jet. Henry and Lane jog out to the plane. Behind them,

Elliot speed-dials his cell phone: **Fort Worth BEP.**

INT. BEP GUARD DESK - NIGHT

Jefferson answers the phone. INTERCUT Elliot:

JEFFERSON  
Security Desk.

ELLIOT  
This is Elliot Danker, DC  
Operations Chief. How you folks  
getting on down there?

JEFFERSON  
It's quiet. Building is empty.

ELLIOT  
No alarms? Nothing strange?

JEFFERSON  
No, sir. Is there a problem?

ELLIOT  
Routine check. Can I get your name  
and employee number?

Jefferson reads from the KO'd guard's employee ID.

JEFFERSON  
James Rollins, 402419.

ELLIOT  
Thanks, James. Give us a buzz if  
anything comes up.

JEFFERSON  
Yes, sir.

He hangs up and RADIOS Vick.

JEFFERSON  
Feds are on the way.

INT. PRINT ROOM - NIGHT

The operation is HUMMING. Experts have printed nearly the  
entire paper supply. Vick shuts his cell phone.

VICK  
Shut it down!

Merks kill the machines and hustle the experts away. Vick  
kicks a PAIR OF FEET coming out from under the press.

VICK  
Time to go.

TRAVIS (O.C.)  
Fifteen seconds.

VICK  
Now.

Travis finishes and drops his tools, walks out. UNDER THE PRESS reveal C4 plastique rigged to a remote detonator.

EXT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

The loaded cash trucks roll out of the compound.

EXT. HIGHWAY - TRUCK CONVOY - NIGHT

IN THE SUBURBAN Vick speed dials "Gorman" who picks up:

GORMAN (PHONE)

Who is this?

VICK

Job's done. All that's left is transport.

INT. GORMAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Gorman is behind the wheel in a tuxedo. He's scared.

GORMAN

Well, uh... outstanding. And I'm sorry about that funding snafu--

VICK (PHONE)

Are you in your car?

GORMAN

Yes. On my way to a fund-raiser for Decker, Armed Services Committee.

INT. SUBURBAN - MOVING - NIGHT

Vick nods to Travis who presses SEND on his cell phone.

VICK

You should've turned the spigot back on.

INT. GORMAN'S CAR - NIGHT

He stops at a red light. Confused.

GORMAN

What?

EXT. GORMAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Stopped at the light... the car EXPLODES!

EXT. FORT WORTH BEP - NIGHT

The FBI and local police have it surrounded. Helicopters touch down. Henry and Lane lead armed agents inside.

INT. BEP BUILDING - TWO TEAMS - NIGHT

JAFFE's TEAM searches the building, room by room. HENRY's TEAM (with Lane) runs down a corridor to

THE FACTORY --

It's empty. Sheets left on conveyors. A few counterfeit sheets on the floor. Henry puts a hand on the press.

HENRY

Still warm.

INT. BEP ROOMS - NIGHT

Yosh and Jaffe hear muffled YELLING. They check a STORAGE VAULT and find the kidnapped experts locked inside.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The truck convoy moves down the road.

INT. SUBURBAN - LEAD CAR - NIGHT

Vick still controls BEP via laptop.

ON SCREEN Yosh and Jaffe evacuate the experts. A second window shows Henry and Lane in the factory.

Vick types a trigger sequence and presses enter.

INT. PRINT FACTORY - NIGHT

A **60 second** countdown displays on all computer monitors. Vick's voice comes over the P.A. SYSTEM.



VICK (SPEAKER)  
Henry Bishop. You have 60 seconds  
to evacuate the building.

Lane hears BEEPING and peeks under the press. She sees the  
rigged C4 explosives with attached detonator: **52 seconds.**

LANE  
*Jesus wept!*

INT. LONG CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Henry and Lane sprinting.

HENRY  
(on radio)  
Yosh! Get everyone away from the  
building! Now!

VICK (P.A. SPEAKER)  
Loading dock is your best shot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Yosh and Jaffe herd the experts away from the building.

JAFFE / YOSH  
Clear out! / Move back!

EXT. LOADING DOCK - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Henry and Lane (plus two agents) jump in a sedan and RACE  
OUT of the garage, shooting SPARKS as

THE FACTORY ERUPTS

in a fiery mushroom of brick and glass. Lane races ahead of  
the blast until the CONCUSSION catches up and SLAMS the car  
-- HURLING it into a light pole.

INT. VICK'S SUBURBAN - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

ON LAPTOP Vick watches the fire until his feed goes dead.  
He looks back and sees the blast cloud six miles behind him.

EXT. BEP PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Lane and Henry crawl from the crash as agents and rescue personnel converge. Henry grabs Yosh's radio.

HENRY

Chief?

INT. SAT WATCH ROOM (DALLAS) - NIGHT

Kelso stands over satellite grids and air-space radar as his agents watch the array of screens.

KELSO

Still breathing?

HENRY (RADIO)

Barely. Vick blew the factory.

KELSO

He's gotta be close. We're up on SAT surveillance, 30 miles every direction.

Agents scan SAT IMAGES of highways, looking for the convoy.

INT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Henry and Lane walk fast. Henry is on RADIO with Kelso:

HENRY

Check for private airports, air force bases, bodies of water big enough for a hydroplane to land--

Lane is on cell phone:

LANE

San Angelo, Abilene, Midland...  
Ground all planes: private, cargo,  
FedEx, UPS. Anything that flies!

They climb aboard a helicopter. It LIFTS off.

EXT. MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

THE TRUCKS --

pull under a camouflage tent where three DC-10 CARGO PLANES are parked. Mercs load cash on the planes with forklifts and conveyors.

INT. SAT WATCH ROOM (DALLAS) - NIGHT

Agents review time-lapse SAT video of the West Texas desert as seen from space. Kelso reads a list of military bases.

KELSO  
Laughlin.

An agent types in coordinates. The SAT VIEW ZOOMS from space -- to land patterns -- to an overhead of Laughlin base.

No movement.

KELSO  
Fort Eckland.

The view switches to another closed base. Nothing there.

KELSO  
Wolters Air Field.

Ghost town with barracks, warehouses, airstrip and hangar. Then Kelso sees something:

KELSO  
Stop! Go back... Closer.

REWIND AND ZOOM --

Kelso sees a sliver of truck bumper peeking out from under the camouflage tent, reflecting the sun.

KELSO  
Gotcha.

EXT. FBI HELICOPTERS - DAWN

Flying across the desert, SWAT teams on board. Henry and Lane are in CHOPPER ONE. Yosh and Jaffe in CHOPPER TWO.

KELSO (RADIO)  
Wolters Air Field. 18 miles west of  
Fort Worth. 25 North, 77 West.

The gunships turn sharply, changing course.

KELSO (RADIO)  
 Jets are inbound from Lackland.

EXT. LACKLAND BASE (SAN ANTONIO) - DAY

Fighter jets thunder down the runway, taking off.

EXT. WOLTERS AIRSTRIP - TARMAC - DAY

Two cash planes are loaded. PLANE ONE taxis on the tarmac, Travis piloting. He SPEEDS down the runway and LIFTS off.

PLANE TWO lines up for takeoff. Mercs seal the cargo door. Vick and Arnau jog to the plane. As Arnau climbs aboard, Vick hears a THUMPING sound --

He sees two INBOUND HELICOPTERS on the horizon. Vick climbs aboard the plane. Yells to the pilot:

VICK  
 Get us airborne.

Reveal the pilot is Maya. She nods.

EXT. SKIES NEAR AIR FIELD - DAY

FBI choppers race through the air. Henry sees VICK'S PLANE moving down the runway.

HENRY  
 Ground that plane!

The pilot banks low alongside Vick's plane. FBI SWAT agents open fire, STRAFING one side of the craft.

INT. VICK'S PLANE - CABIN - DAY

Arnau cowers as bullets RICOCHET around him. Vick reaches under a seat...pulls out a SAW: a Belgian-designed machine gun, 1500 rounds per minute. He moves to the OPEN HATCH --

EXT. FROM HENRY'S CHOPPER - DAY

ANGLE ON VICK'S PLANE He appears in the hatch and fires, strafing the FBI CHOPPER. As the pilot fights for control,

Lane loses her grip and tumbles free

-- dropping 20 feet to the tarmac. Henry watches, helpless, his SCREAMS drowned out by the chopper-blades.

EXT. VICK'S PLANE - DAY

Maya lifts off, flying away from the dogfight.

EXT. THIRD PLANE - DAY

It TAXIS onto the strip, cargo door open, mercs frantically loading cash, trying to climb on.

PILOT

Enough! We're leaving!

The plane tries to take off UNDER FIRE.

EXT. HENRY'S CHOPPER - DAY

The gunner FIRES -- Misses!

The cash plane rises up... and sinks back on the tarmac. Not enough speed. Henry barks at the FIM-92 GUNNER:

HENRY

*Again! Take it down!*

Gunner FIRES again, BULL'S-EYE! The plane EXPLODES, blowing torched counterfeit notes to the wind,

INT. VICK'S PLANE - FROM ABOVE - DAY

Vick looks down and sees one-third of his stash go up in flames... then his plane disappears into the clouds.

FADE TO WHITE:

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Henry rushes in. Jaffe and Yosh are with a DOCTOR who leads the three agents down a hall.

DOCTOR

Broken ribs, collar bone, grade II concussion. She was lucky.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Henry enters. Lane is in bed: shoulder immobilized, head bandaged, IV drip in her arm. He leans close.

HENRY

Hey.

LANE

How'd we do?

HENRY

Got one plane on the airstrip.

EXT. **FLASHBACK** - GULF OF MEXICO - DAY

Two jets BLAST the second plane out of the sky. Bogus \$100 notes rain down over the water.

HENRY (O.S.)

Jets shot a second one down over the Gulf.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Lane struggles to speak. Henry shakes his head.

HENRY

Third one never came up on radar.

LANE

Vick?

HENRY

No way of knowing.

Jaffe taps Henry on the shoulder.

JAFFE

Durbin scheduled a press thing. He wants you there.

(pause)

Go on. I'll stay with her.

EXT. FBI BUILDING (DALLAS) - FRONT STEPS - DAY

On an easel are evidence PHOTOS: the "Nuclear Reactors" map, Arnau's mug shot and Arabic diary with translated passages.

Flanked by Treasury agents, FBI and Dallas P.D., Durbin reads a statement to reporters.

DURBIN

-- taking down the largest counterfeit scheme in human history demonstrates how federal agencies are working together to protect our national currency and security.

INT. FBI BUILDING - TRAVEL OFFICE - DAY

Press conference over. Durbin is tossing stuff in his briefcase when Henry appears in the doorway.

HENRY

Got a minute?

DURBIN

I have to catch a flight. What's on your mind?

Durbin grabs his jacket. Henry follows him out.

HENRY

The third plane--

DURBIN

There were only two planes. You should know. You took them down.

HENRY

You've been misinformed.

Durbin stops.

DURBIN

What are you after?

HENRY

(running the list)

Francis Vick. The 300 billion in counterfeit notes still out there. Maybe Gorman's head on a stick--

DURBIN

Gorman is dead.

HENRY

When?

DURBIN

Last night. Car bomb. What's left of this operation is evaporating in thin air. It's over.

Durbin exits through a revolving door.

EXT. FBI BUILDING - DAY

Durbin moves down the steps. Henry pursues him.

HENRY

Vick is still airborne. On his way to the Caribbean... Grand Cayman or some other island with zero banking regulations.

Durbin stops, irritated.

DURBIN

Do you watch CNN? You're the hero who stopped a nuclear attack. You should be doing a victory lap.

HENRY

He hasn't even landed yet.

DURBIN

You want your career back, is that it? Secret Service?

Henry looks at Durbin like he's an alien.

HENRY

This isn't over because you held a press conference! The cash is tied to something--

DURBIN

Water under the bridge. And we're done talking. Good work.

He offers his hand. Henry refuses it. He gives Durbin a suspicious look.



HENRY

...Someone got to you.

DURBIN

(pause)

Pack your gear and return to DC for debriefing. That's an order. And I don't want to hear one word about any Goddamn third plane.

Durbin rides off in a taxi. Henry is left at the curb.

EXT. GRAND CAYMAN - RURAL AIRSTRIP - DAY

VICK'S PLANE LANDS --

Vick and Arnau step off, followed by Maya. Arnau watches a LOCAL CREW off-load the blocks of cash onto flatbed trucks.

Beaming, he puts a hand on Vick's shoulder.

ARNAU

Hamdellah! What we've done... will do. You have given us a weapon.

VICK

Is that right?

ARNAU

Now you are a man with no country. How do you say it? Gun for hire.

Vick shakes his head.

VICK

No.

Arnau feels Maya's .9mm behind his head.

Vick gives her a nod. She FIRES! Arnau falls dead. Crew workers load his BODY in a truck and drive off.

EXT. BUMPY JUNGLE ROAD - DAY

The trucks roll through WOODLANDS into town. The cash is covered by canvas tarps.

EXT. GEORGE TOWN (GRAND CAYMAN) - DUSK

The heart of the Cayman Islands' financial industry.

EXT. FIRST CARIBBEAN INTERNATIONAL BANK - NIGHT

The trucks pull into an alley behind the bank. A MANAGER is waiting. Clerks and locals haul the cash inside.

INT. BANK COUNTING ROOM - NIGHT

Currency Counters SHUFFLE 360 bills per minute as clerks bind \$10 thousand packets.

Vick sits in a stiff chair, watching. He yawns. He hasn't slept in days. Maya tosses him a hotel room key.

MAYA

We're booked across the square. Get some sleep. I'll text the count.

VICK

(gets up)  
Outstanding work.

MAYA

Oorah.

He exits. Behind him, the currency counters keep HUMMING.

INT. SAT WATCH ROOM (DALLAS) - NIGHT

Henry and Kelso study a DIGITAL MAP of the Gulf of Mexico.

CLOSE ON the flight pattern of the shot-down plane, crash site marked. Fuel capacity converted to miles. These variables create a ferry range of possible destinations:

Bahamas... Cuba... Guatemala... Caribbean...

Henry ZOOMS in on the CAYMAN ISLANDS.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Vick is awake in bed when his phone VIBRATES. A text from Maya: *Deposited \$146b - need ZZZs - C U 4 lunch in square.*

INT. FIRST CARIBBEAN BANK - MORNING

Vick enters. Shakes hands with the Bank Manager.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MORNING

The Manager slides a leather packet to Vick.

BANK MANAGER

The account is kinetic. It jumps  
banks, nations and currency. The  
funds divide and combine randomly.

Vick pulls out a digital fob: ten numbers, dwindling bars.

BANK MANAGER

Remote access from any SAT network.  
Ten-digit password refreshes every  
45 seconds.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - CAFE - DAY

Vick sips coffee. Glances at patrons and buildings around  
him. Something is wrong. He can feel it.

A waiter drops off a bread basket... Two seconds later the  
bread VIBRATES. A cell phone in the basket. Vick answers it  
and hears a VOICE on the other end:

HENRY (PHONE)

Who's the client?

VICK

Bishop. How did you find me?

HENRY (PHONE)

Downed plane. Its flight pattern  
plus fuel load gave a ferry range.

(pause)

Grand Cayman. George Town is the  
financial capital of the Caribbean  
...600 banks in a 20 block radius.  
Only one had lights on all night.

REVEAL HENRY behind Vick.

He sits down. They are face-to-face once again.

VICK  
You here to arrest me?

HENRY  
No. The Treasury investigation is over. We claimed victory.

VICK  
So why are you here?

HENRY  
The client? It wasn't Arnau.

VICK  
No. Arnau was a boogie man. He put the terrorism angle in play.

HENRY  
So who hired Northbridge?

VICK  
Gorman reached out to me. The rest is classified.

HENRY  
Some bureau chief hatched this from a desk inside Langley. I want him.

VICK  
You want revenge, for damages.

HENRY  
No, I want to stop the fund before it's operational--

VICK  
Too late. Already in play.

HENRY  
(pause)  
Mercenary.

Vick stares at Henry, cracks a Mona Lisa smile.

HENRY  
Something funny?

Before he can respond, Henry notices a RED DOT on Vick's forehead. As Henry lunges to protect him - **phfft!**

Sniper bullet. Vick's head SNAPS back. He slumps DEAD in his chair. Cafe patrons panic, SCREAMING and scurrying.

Henry looks to where the shots came from. He sees the glint of a rifle scope on the HOTEL ROOFTOP.

He takes off across the square --

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Henry runs through the lobby and up STAIRS. He stops on a landing... Hears FOOTSTEPS racing down. He retreats behind the fifth floor door.

He peaks through the window as the SHOOTER (in hoodie) runs past. Henry launches himself out. The door swings open and KNOCKS the shooter off his feet, hood falling away.

It's Maya.

She TUMBLES down to the landing below. Henry dives after her. She pulls her .9mm, FIRING! Henry PLOWS down on her chest, gun skating down the steps.

Maya is stunned but still a Marine.

She HEAD-BUTTS Henry who TUMBLES down the stairs and lands with a CRUNCH... motionless.

Maya descends, out of breath. She unsheathes her ComboEdge knife and rolls Henry over, going for his throat --

That's when she sees her gun in his hand. Henry JAMS the barrel under her chin and FIRES!

Maya is blown bolt upright then falls dead.

Henry searches her pockets... finds her passport and cell phone. He checks call history and sees a few recent calls from "Honeybee".

Henry speed-dials Honeybee... a man picks up.

INT. COSGROVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Leonard Cosgrove sits at his desk, cell phone to his ear.

COSGROVE

Is it done?

He hears Henry BREATHING... then only dial tone.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - POLICE SCENE - DAY

Henry spies EMTs loading Maya's body on an ambulance. He looks up at VICK'S BALCONY. Local cops are searching the room.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON LOBBY - DAY

Henry checks out. He is walking to a TAXI when a CONCIERGE runs out and hands him a gift bag.

CONCIERGE

Sir. A gift from Mr. Vick.

HENRY

When did you speak with him?

CONCIERGE

This morning.

INT. TAXI TO AIRPORT - DAY

Henry pulls an **iPhone XS** out of the bag. He touch-browses photos of Gorman, Arnau... and Leonard Cosgrove.

He stops on Cosgrove's photo.

INT. COMMERCIAL PLANE - DAY

Henry flies home. He checks Vick's iPhone and finds an audio file marked Bishop recorded the day Vick was killed.

Henry puts on AirPods and presses play.

VICK (V.O.)

Henry Bishop. I knew you'd come looking for me. I also know CIA protocol pertaining to black ops. For this reason I'm giving you a rundown on Project Honeybee.

EXT. DAMASCUS, SYRIA - DAY

A sweeping shot of the capital city.

VICK (V.O.)

In 2012 the Institute for Advanced Strategic Studies pointed to Syria as a main production source of 100-note superdollars.

NEWS FOOTAGE: The U.S.S. Cole in Yemen; London Underground, Pakistan market; and Zion Square in Jerusalem.

VICK (V.O.)

IASS claimed the bogus notes were being used to fund terrorist groups around the world, also insurgencies in Afghanistan and Iraq.

WAR FOOTAGE: Bombings in Iraq and Afghanistan, soldiers and civilians dead, mothers crying and pulling at their hair.

EXT. PAKISTAN DESERT - DAY

Opening scene: Vick's team laser-targets the terrorist camp as jets bomb the counterfeit bunker.

VICK (V.O.)

U.S. Special Forces acting on CIA intel destroyed money factories in Pakistan, Syria, and Afghanistan.

INT. CIA WAR ROOM -- DAY

Cosgrove watches satellite feeds.

VICK (V.O.)

Deputy Director, Leonard Cosgrove had executive command over these missions. He saw the capital the enemy was creating. He initiated Project Honeybee.

INT. CIA OFFICES -- DAY

Cosgrove moves past cubicles with button-down analysts on computers reading classified documents.

VICK (V.O.)

Cosgrove is a madman. He planned to use the bogus currency to fund terrorist plots like Arnau's attack on nuclear reactors in the U.S.

(pause)

His goal? A swift and overwhelming American military response.

EXT. ARLINGTON CEMETERY - SECRET MEETING - DAWN

Gorman and Vick stroll past military graves.

VICK (V.O.)

He reached out to Northbridge.

VARIOUS SHOTS:

INK TRUCK ROBBERY The 18-wheel truck smashes into the ink truck; mercs siphon ink; douse trucks with petrol; blow up the trucks.

VICK (V.O.)

Gorman brought me the mission.

PLANE HIJACKING Kovitch tasers the pilot; off-loads paper blocks; the plane exploding; parachute blocks float to the ground as mercs retrieve them.

VICK (V.O.)

Recruitment.

PLATES THEFT Travis runs the gauntlet of agent gunfire; Vick's helicopter lifts the Suburban off the road; Vick flies off with the stolen intaglio plates.

VICK (V.O.)

Operational command.

AT THE FACTORY Experts bundle cloned bills; mercs load cash on trucks; Vick's plane takes off under fire; disappears in the clouds.

VICK (V.O.)

Two years start to finish.



EXT. FIRST CARIBBEAN BANK - STORAGE VAULT - NIGHT

Clerks finish the count. In the VAULT, we get a "money shot" of the haul: A roomful of cash, six feet high.

VICK (V.O.)  
Cosgrove assumed I would betray my  
country for profit. He was wrong.

EXT. MEETING PLACE - NIGHT

Vick and his merc team meet secretly to discuss strategy.

VICK (V.O.)  
My agenda from the start was to  
hijack the fund and use it to stop  
men like Arnau before they commit  
deadly acts, to subsidize a secret  
war on terror without congressional  
approval or rules of engagement.

INT. VICK'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Alone on the eve of his death, Vick records what we just heard.

VICK  
If you're listening to this then in  
all likelihood I'm dead.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY

Vick is blasted by a sniper's bullet.

VICK (V.O.)  
Violation of mission objective and  
access to fund makes me a priority  
target.

CNN FOOTAGE --

Flag-draped coffins arrive at Dover. Photos of Francis Vick and Janet Lazario. Chyron reads: "Security workers killed in Afghan ambush".

INT. VICK HOME - DAY

Family and friends in funeral clothes. Vick's widow, Sara, excuses herself and walks back to Cody's room.

VICK (V.O.)  
I've made provisions for my family  
and the families of the agents and  
civilians killed.

She closes the door and reaches into the FISH TANK...  
retrieves the safety deposit key.

INT. COSGROVE'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

ON LAPTOP --

Cosgrove checks the fund. He enters his password from a fob  
identical to one Vick received in Grand Cayman.

VICK (V.O.)  
I made sure that no one can plunder  
the account or shut it down.

Balance: **\$1.00**. The account had been cleaned-out. Cosgrove  
is furious. He heaves his laptop across the room.

INT. SECOND CASH PLANE - OVER THE GULF - DAY

Travis flips on auto-pilot and grabs a parachute. He NEEDLE-  
DIVES from the plane minutes before jets shoot it down.

VICK (V.O.)  
I've also taken steps to insure the  
fund will be used as intended.

INT. AMTRADE INTERNATIONAL BANK (ATLANTA) - DAY

Travis hands the TELLER a phony passport ID and Vick's fob  
with ever-changing account number.

VICK (V.O.)  
To create a decentralized network  
of soldiers carrying out a  
sustained anti-terrorist campaign.

ON SCREEN "**Fund Transfer**" blinks as \$146 billion is spread  
across six Bank of Zurich accounts.

VICK (V.O.)  
An army of shadows.

Travis controls the fund. He will run Vick's secret war.

INT. VICK'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Vick is alone, exhausted, still recording.

VICK  
I have devoted my life to serving  
this nation. Defending its human  
treasure.  
(pause)  
I accept my fate knowing my actions  
will be judged in the fullness of  
time, through the lens of history.

Vick turns off the recorder.

INT. CIA BUILDING, LANGLEY - CORRIDOR - DAY

Cosgrove walks to a meeting with co-workers. His phone  
VIBRATES. Caller: **Vick**. He answers but doesn't speak.

HENRY [PHONE]  
Leonard Cosgrove?

Cosgrove slows down to afford himself some privacy.

COSGROVE  
Who is this?

HENRY (PHONE)  
(lying)  
I have the fund. Do you want it  
back?

COSGROVE  
Of course I do.

HENRY (PHONE)  
Then we need to meet.

EXT. ARLINGTON CEMETERY - DAWN

Cosgrove waits among military grave markers. Henry walks up  
with his hands in his coat pockets. No handshake.

COSGROVE

I see you're weapons-ready. Plan to use that thing?

HENRY

Nope.

COSGROVE

Okay. Now what?

HENRY

Project Honeybee.

COSGROVE

You're looking at it.

HENRY

Who else?

COSGROVE

Nobody. They're all dead.

HENRY

Who else inside Langley?

COSGROVE

Just me. It was a pet project.

Henry stares at Cosgrove, unable to mask contempt.

COSGROVE

(checks watch)

I have a budget meeting in eleven minutes. Tell me what you want?

HENRY

What I want?

COSGROVE

Give me an amount. But don't be piggish. We're on the same side.

HENRY

What side is that?

COSGROVE

Humanity. Fucking civilization.  
(pause)

COSGROVE (cont'd)

Like it or not we're engaged in a Holy War that will define how our children and grandchildren are gonna live for generations. I need the fund to win--

HENRY

I lied. I don't have it.

COSGROVE

Then why in fuck's name did you call me out here?

HENRY

Brought you the morning paper.

He hands Cosgrove a New York Times.

HENRY

Tomorrow it'll read, "CIA Linked To Global Counterfeit Scheme".

Cosgrove considers all of his secrets in print, his worst nightmare.

COSGROVE

They have it?

HENRY

Everything. Congratulations. You're about to be famous.

COSGROVE

Fucking boy scout.

Henry walks off. Cosgrove yells after him:

COSGROVE

You fool. Do you know what you've done? You've *weakened a nation*--

Henry keeps walking.

INT. COURTHOUSE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Same lawyers, same judge. Henry sits across from his ex-wife. This time he speaks for himself.

HENRY

My ex-wife, Hannah, she's doing what she thinks is best for our son. And maybe a year ago she was right. But not now.

He stares across the table at her.

HENRY

I'm not asking for custody. I just want to take Max to a ball game or the park. He needs me.

(pause)

And what's more I need him.

Henry sits back. He's done talking.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

**Superimpose: six weeks later**

Thirty freshly-minted Secret Service Agents stand ON STAGE, dressed in dark suits. Durbin is at the PODIUM addressing a crowd of family and friends.

DURBIN

Congratulations. You are now agents of Secret Service. We salute you.

APPLAUSE. Agents WHOOP it up, high-fiving and waving to their families. REVEAL LANE among the chosen few. Fully recovered, she searches the crowd until she finds

HENRY

He smiles with quiet pride, offers her a small salute.

EXT. PATIO OUTSIDE AUDITORIUM - DAY

Reception. Agents hugging and taking pictures with family. Henry weaves through the crowd, finds Lane. She steps away from a huddle to talk to Henry.

LANE

Thanks for coming.

She surprises him with a hug. Both are smiling. We sense a connection, a muted tug of sexuality.

HENRY

Have you been assigned yet?

LANE

I report in two weeks. Should be a lot of grunt work to start.

HENRY

You'll do great.

Henry is about to say something else when--

Senator Fisher appears. Lane turns, surprised to see her dad. He smiles, unsure of her reaction.

FISHER

Congratulations, Lanie.

LANE

Dad? You were inside?

FISHER

Snuck in just before it started.

(pause)

I was hoping I could take you to lunch? Help celebrate.

LANE

(nervous)

Sure. I just need a second.

She pulls Henry out of earshot.

LANE

Did you set this up?

HENRY

No. Swear it.

She nods, believes him.

LANE

Join us?

HENRY

Thanks, no. You guys have some catching up to do.

LANE

Sure?

He nods, smiles.

HENRY

Anyway, I have to be somewhere.

EXT. CONSTITUTION GARDENS - DAY

High above on the gardens. CAMERA MOVES down until it finds

HENRY AND HIS SON

having a picnic near the tree-lined pond. Lunch is over and they are stretching out... shooting the breeze. Henry looks happier than we've ever seen him.

STAY ON this auspicious tableau as we,

FADE OUT.

**THE END.**