

He snaps out of it. The footage skids quickly by. Banjo slows it to normal speed again as a team of rescue workers rush Gunnar away. Then Fathi.

BROOKE

Wait. Pause it. Back it up a little.

Banjo complies.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

There. Look. That cop takes something out of the bomber's pocket. Right... there!

BANJO

Dang!

It's hard to see, but it looks like the Cop's hand *could* be darting into Fathi's pants pocket.

COOTER

Oh... oh my God... There. Right there. On the grassy knoll! A second gunman! Morons.

BROOKE

That -- is a cop -- with his hands literally down the pants of a terrorist. He's planting evidence. Or taking evidence, or doing something else super sketch.

COOTER

No... that is crazy talk.
(re: Gunnar's gurney)
But THAT is a dyed in the wool all-American Tom Cruise hero aka a sure thing. How about we report the news instead of rile up the crazies.

BROOKE

We can't let this slide--

COOTER

The story is the fireman, and the fireman's at the hospital.

As he slides into the front seat, BROOKE FUMES. OFF her:

INT. PHILADELPHIA FBI - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 1

Darwin sips a cup of water. His jacket is draped over his chair. He stands when Matt enters.

MATT

Special Agent in Charge Matt Monroe.

Poor Richard's Almanack - MATT

sc1

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DARWIN

Darwin Fischer. Where's my sister?

MATT

She's fine. I just spoke with her. Wanted a Coke. She's got a real bee in her bonnet about this attack.

DARWIN

She told you about the new Red October, I see.

MATT

Wiretaps, data-mining, surveillance. We look more like Russia in the 1980's than Russia does. Maybe she's onto something.

DARWIN

Maybe she is. Comrade.

Their geniality is undercut by the steeliness in their eyes-- these guys are obviously sizing each other up.

MATT

I'm sure she appreciates a brother who visits so often.

DARWIN

Every week. Like clockwork.

MATT

I'm the same way. Get back to Atlanta to visit my old pappy often as I can. Shame what happened down there, too.

Darwin looks up, his surprise genuine.

MATT (CONT'D)

Hasn't gone public yet. Bomb went off at a government building.

DARWIN

Which one?

MATT


My bosses' bosses don't even know yet. But they think the link between the attacks is an insider.

DARWIN

And here I am on a surprise trip to Philadelphia. My sister had her first psychotic episode after 9/11. Thought I'd be a mensch and spare her from living in the same city as the sequel for a little while.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



DARWIN (CONT'D)

(then)

Plus... I'm only an analyst.

MATT

You're a good brother. And you weren't born an analyst.

DARWIN

Silly me, I thought that was classified.

MATT

The file on your work in Bosnia makes an amazing read. I hope they gave you one of those special CIA medals you can never talk about or show anybody.

DARWIN

You're kind. Say, and don't take this the wrong way because there's a compliment here somewhere, but shouldn't the FBI ace in charge of the Butchery of Brotherly Love be doing something more important?

MATT

My best lead is on an operating table right now and since we had to bring you in, I thought it might be less insulting if I handled the questioning.

DARWIN

You haven't asked many questions.

Touché. Matt changes tack.

MATT

Are you bitter?

DARWIN

Pretty much.

MATT

Who do you think's behind the attack?

DARWIN

Radical Islam.

MATT

But...?

DARWIN

Proxy wars are the only wars.

MATT

So it was the Russians.

3/6

DARWIN

Or the Chinese. Or the French. Or the NSA or the CIA or Carlos Slim or Lockheed Martin or anybody with a vested interest in tanking the US and enough money to buy a few radicals.

MATT

I follow that money, I end up in your pocket?

DARWIN

Nope.

Matt studies him. Darwin's face is a blank slate.

MATT

They make me ask that last one.

He stands, Darwin follows suit.

MATT (CONT'D)

Thanks for your time.

Their handshake is clearly for formality's sake. OFF Matt, his face suddenly begins to MORPH. As with Darwin before, the WORLD of the PRESENT MELTS AWAY and we find ourselves:

end

15 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FUTURE - DAY

15

Matt, like Darwin, AGES 15 YEARS before our eyes.

He sits in the stamped-out remains of a clear-cut forest, camouflaged and dug-in behind a stump. He casually studies a WOMAN on the side of the road, who cradles her BLOODY, LIMP 15-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER. Matt munches a candy-bar, dispassionate to her SOBS.

He perks up as A SMALL CONVOY - two cop cars and a Mack Truck - ROAR around the bend. The woman runs into the street, waving her hands wildly. From Matt's POV:

WOMAN

STOP! Please! Please, we need help!

COP

(through PA)

Step aside.

WOMAN

My daughter... we were attacked. They came out of the stumps, took our car.

The Mack truck BLASTS its AIRHORN, but the woman doesn't move. The lead car tries to pull around her. She again blocks their path. It's very Tiananmen Square.

(CONTINUED)

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DARWIN

You're an incredible human being.

Gunnar tears the sleeve off his shirt, biting down on the rolled up cloth.

He lays his index finger across the door jamb, so that it's resting against the outside wall. He takes a couple breaths to get psyched up, then gives Darwin a nod.

Darwin throws all his weight into the HEAVY DOOR, SLAMMING it with sickening THUD. then does his best not to vomit.

On the other side of the door, Gunnar retracts his now four-fingered hand to his chest, SCREAMING through clenched teeth. As his eye squeezes shut in pain, the world MORPHS. The prison fades away, Gunnar's face starts to change-- the scars fade, the eye patch vanishes and we're back in:

INT. HOSPITAL, ROOM - PHILADELPHIA - DAY 2

37

Gunnar, still comatose, lies peacefully on his hospital bed. Penny stands over him, checking his blood pressure. She's very pretty when she doesn't have all of her shields up.

She doesn't see Matt approach.

MATT

How's the hero?

Here come the shields.

PENNY

Aside from two broken arms, a crushed vertebrae and second degree burns on two-thirds of his body? He's got smallpox.

MATT

They found a few guys in suicide belts in Boston because of you.

PENNY

Wonder what the liberals are gonna say when they find out torture works. My bad... enhanced interrogation.

MATT

That it was a fluke. You don't feel bad?

PENNY

He suffered a little and it saved a bunch of lives.

Matt can tell she's trying to convince herself.

5/6

SC 2

PENNY (CONT'D)

(re: Gunnar)

Not half as bad-- not even a tenth as bad as what this guy is going through for saving him. Or what that little kid's parents are going through. I can't wait to do it again.

MATT

Guess revenge is a bowl of cherries.

PENNY

Long as they're served cold, the metaphor still works.

He smiles softly. She looks away.

MATT

Don't beat yourself up too much.

The best she's got is a wry smile. Off her, watching him go:

38 EXT. JOHN HANCOCK TOWER - BOSTON - DAY 2 38

Establishing. The morning sun shines hopefully. It's a good day for a win. The serenity yields to the CLAMOR OF SIRENS as the CAMERA FOLLOWS a fire-truck to a high-rise.

39 INT. JOHN HANCOCK TOWER - BOSTON - DAY 2 39

The lobby swarms with SWAT OFFICERS, BOMB SQUADS and FEDS. A wave of excitement parts the crowd when MATT MONROE, leading a handcuffed TERRORIST, pushes toward the lobby doors. More FBI GUYS follow behind him, each escorting a PRISONER. A ROAR of APPLAUSE fills the lobby as our heroes hand their bad guys off to the waiting MARSHALS.

This is what it feels like to save the world.

Backslapping, handshaking, smiles... but NOT FOR MATT. This is too easy. He sees one of the would-be bombers studying the building across the street. All's quiet over there... which seems to placate the terrorist -- and scare the hell out of Matt.

A fellow AGENT comes in for a handshake but Matt pushes past him. He starts running toward the exit, toward the building across the street --

BA-BOOM-KSHHHH!

The THREE STORY WINDOWS of the lobby shatter in the deafening CLAP of an EXPLOSION, throwing Matt backwards faster than he was running forwards. Everybody standing is KNOCKED off their feet. SHARDS of GLASS slice people to ribbons.

6/6