

DIE: Deadly Invisible Enemies
AN ORIGINAL TECHNO-THRILLER/DRAMA SERIES

PILOT

DREAMS DASHED

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PILOT

EXT. COUNTRY HILLTOP - NIGHT

JULIA ALBRIGHT, 30ish, dishevelled, peers down into a gravel pit to see STEELIE walk in front of an SUV's headlights.

He's less than thirty yards away. Tall, with shoulder length blond hair, but, it's his shark-like eyes caught in the headlights.

She recoils in horror.

An owl HOOTS startling her. She back steps, loses her balance and grabs a branch. It SNAPS off. She tumbles to the ground.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - SAME TIME

Steelie motions COLOMBIA, AKA RODRIGUEZ GARCIA toward the hilltop. He looks seven feet tall, there must be three-hundred pounds of killing muscle hiding under his Guatemalan features.

STEELIE
Colombia, check it out.

Colombia nods to his partner MARINO DIGGS, a man who could snap a man's femur in half with a tap, but beside Colombia he looks like a dwarf.

COLOMBIA
Come on Diggs. Time for a little workout.

EXT. COUNTRY HILLTOP - CONTINUOUS

Julia scrambles to her feet. Her high heels SNAP off.

JULIA
Shit.

She kicks her shoes off and charges for the road.

EXT. COUNTRY HILLTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Colombia lumbers over the crest, spots Julia and takes chase.

EXT. COUNTRY HILLSIDE - SAME TIME

Julia glances back to see Colombia charging toward her like a raging bull.

Her blue eyes widen making her premature crow's-feet visible.

She stumbles, then falls.

Julia's body goes limp as she surrenders to Colombia.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SAME TIME

KEVIN ALBRIGHT sprints to his deserted Sportster XT. The black flecks in his green eyes glisten. Out of breath, he yanks his iPod ear buds out and scans the area for signs of Julia.

He tries the driver's door of the XT, it opens. He freezes. The interior light comes on and shines on the empty passenger seat.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - MOMENTS LATER

Colombia approaches Steelie, proudly displaying his prize catch: Julia. Diggs trails behind. He GASPS for air. Steelie motions to Colombia.

STEELIE
You know the drill.

FBI Special Agent ERIC MURRAY, impulsive and insecure, looks at Julia.

SA MURRAY
Can't we just --

Steelie's stare stops FBI SA Murray cold.

Murray turns to FBI Special Agent DARREL JENSEN, a man who visibly wears his life's resentments. The look of disappointment forces him to look at the ground.

Colombia draws his Magnum.

Julia stares into Colombia's eyes. Colombia hesitates.

Steelie glances at Julia, then fixates on Colombia.

EXT. COUNTRY HILLSIDE - SAME TIME

Kevin hears VOICES. He runs, stumbles and picks himself up.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - CONTINUOUS

Steelie looks at Colombia and then draws his Heckler handgun.

EXT. COUNTRY HILLTOP - CONTINUOUS

Kevin peers into the gravel pit. Its pitch black, except for a small area lit by headlights. He sees Steelie, armed, in the headlights. Then spots a DARKENED FIGURE (Julia) in the shadows.

Anxious, as he can't make out the figures in the darkness, Kevin scrambles for a better view. He sees Diggs and Colombia cross in front of the headlights and dives to the ground.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - CONTINUOUS

Steelie, stone-cold, takes aim at Julia. She grabs her stomach. Her diamond ring flashes in Steelie's eye. She struggles to speak.

JULIA
Please don't... I'm...

SUPER: SEVERAL DAYS EARLIER

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. SKYLINE - NIGHT

Power oozes from the night-lights and familiar landmarks: the Capitol Building, J. Edgar Hoover Building, Supreme Court Building; and across the Potomac -- the Pentagon.

INT. EAST COAST POWER CORP - BOARDROOM - NIGHT

An electronic wall map of the "WASHINGTON D.C. POWER GRID" is lit up like a Christmas tree. Hundreds of solid green lights suggest everything is normal.

A finger PUNCHES "SEND" on a smartphone.

SMARTPHONE SCREEN flashes back: "ALBRIGHT NETWORK PACK OPERATIONAL - Shut Down of D.C. Grid Switches Activated."

Like a dynamite fuse an electronic line darts across the wall map. One-by-one it turns the green lights red.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. SKYLINE - SAME TIME

Blocks of a brightly lit skyline sequentially go black.

EXT. EAST COAST POWER CORP - SAME TIME

Offices instantly dark.

BOARD CHAIR (V.O.)
That's... that's impossible!

KEVIN (V.O.)
The only way to prove it was to
actually take a few grid
substations out.

INT. EAST COAST POWER CORP - BOARDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dark. Silent. Emergency generator starts. Lights flicker on.

BOARD CHAIR, a man who thought he's seen it all, pours a glass of water.

CRACK of ice cubes dancing in a glass.

BOARD CHAIR
Wish this was scotch.

Kevin whips around, looks at the glass and swallows hard, an alcoholic's reflex his genius mind cannot mask.

KEVIN
Now you understand why I had to
call the National Infrastructure
Protection Center -- that's why
NIPC Agent Matt Arnett is here.

BOARD CHAIR
He didn't even use a computer.

Kevin waves his smartphone at the shaken BOARD MEMBERS. He's young to be a "global computer security expert." The skate blade like scar on his cheek suggests it's been a hard life.

KEVIN
This is the new weapon of choice --
I can access and hijack anyone's
smartphone, computer or network.
Some call it cyber phishing. I
prefer to call it bait and switch.
Just send an email and wait for
someone to open it.

Kevin glances over at WAYNE HELMES, his business partner. He's a seasoned professional who eats computer bugs for breakfast.

WAYNE

In East Coast Power's case an employee just opens the email, we're past the firewall and it launches a remote access tool program --

KEVIN

A digital RAT.

WAYNE

The RAT searches for your power grid switches.

KEVIN

Using 21st century technology ...
(holds up his smartphone)
... we take control of the power grid and turn your innocent looking 1960's infrastructure into a cyber weapon.

BOARD CHAIR

1980's retrofitted substations!

WAYNE

1960's, 1980's, hell 1990's retrofit -- it doesn't matter. Those power control switches were never designed with Internet connectivity or security in mind. It didn't exist!

KEVIN

That's your weakest link gentlemen, people who can't resist opening an email -- or do it on purpose, and, connecting the switches that control power distribution to the Internet.

MATT ARNETT, NIPC Agent, a CIA Agent who quit to use his tech savvy in cyber warfare, has had little sleep in weeks.

MATT

And that's how the entire east coast power grid is managed -- security, if any, is basic, usually just a three-letter password that everyone on shift knows.

WAYNE

That's if they change the default password, otherwise, anyone can look up the default password in the user manuals on the Internet.

BOARD CHAIR

Nine million...
 (off Kevin)
 ... that's the number of people
 you'd hit in under nine minutes
 with your cell phone at our New
 York center.

KEVIN

Smartphone! And try nine million
 in nanoseconds. The real kicker is
 the grid's security is so basic we
 have no way of knowing who did it
 and if it wasn't for the fact the
 lights went out tonight you
 wouldn't even know you were hit.

Matt waves his smartphone in the air.

MATT

In the wrong hands these are
 weapons firing invisible bullets.

BOARD CHAIR

(stares at his cell)
 Jesus, I bought my six-year-old
 grandson one of these, he uses it
 to play video games.

KEVIN

(nods to Wayne)
 His wife thinks their two-year old
 needed one to keep track him at the
 mall!

Some nervously LAUGH.

Kevin turns deadly serious.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Personally, knowing that deadly
 invisible enemies inhabit these ...
 (holds up smartphone)
 ... I'd never give them one.
 (off Board Chair)
 I only use it for demonstration
 purposes.

EXT. ALMATY RESERVE KAZAKHSTAN - NIGHT

The WHINE of an aircraft engine grows louder. A series of
 ground lights flash. The aircraft's landing lights appear,
 it's on final approach.

I MAN (O.S.)
They're still looking for a major
air attack.

BIG D (V.O.)
But power grid's?

A blast of light reveals a dirt strip and I MAN, a tall Chinese mercenary in military khakis, the devil in human flesh. The cold air turns his breath to vapor as he watches the aircraft approach.

He's on a cell phone.

I MAN
Ever go duck hunting?

BIG D (V.O.)
Whenever I can.

I MAN
Then you know if you're gonna be
successful you need lots of decoys.

The aircraft drops to the ground, bounces on the strip and comes to abrupt stop.

Two covered vans appear from behind the sand barchans.

INT. INTERNATIONAL ANTIQUES - BIG D'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

BIG D, aka Brian Dempster, an insidious drug baron turned International Antiques business owner, is on the phone. He's overweight for the suit he wears.

Ancient swords, knives and other weapons of war are displayed everywhere.

I MAN (V.O.)
Scrap the Middle East order. Let's
focus on the North American matter
we discussed.

BIG D
We've found a way in to their data,
through the company's production
and pipeline control switches.
(CHUCKLES)
They're connected to the mainframe.

EXT. ALMATY RESERVE KAZAKHSTAN - CONTINUOUS

Nine WEATHER-BEATEN MEN in military uniforms load crates into vans. One CRASHES to the ground spilling out a mainframe computer.

The I Man flicks his right shoulder and snaps a Chinese made QBZ-95 assault rifle up to his waist and pulls the trigger. A three round BURST drops three men to the ground.

I MAN
Get it loaded. In one piece.

I Man turns back to his cell.

I MAN (CONT'D)
Time to go hunting.

BIG D (V.O.)
See you in Fort McMurray.

I Man jumps through the freight doors of a moving aircraft. He tosses his cell to the ground. The doors SLAM shut as the aircraft disappears into darkness and the strip goes black.

EXT. QUIET D.C. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A black SUV rolls to a stop.

Less than ten feet away a MAN wrestles with one-hundred pounds of muscled "PIT BULL" on a leash. He nervously glances back at the SUV. He edges away, then starts to run.

Steelie steps out of the shadows. He whips his shoulder length blond hair out of his face. Emotionless, he points a Heckler and Koch USP Custom Compact handgun at the Man. Two SHOTS ring out.

Steelie pauses to watch the blood spurt from the dog's wound with each heartbeat. He steps over to a lifeless body. Blood oozes from single bullet between the eyes. He yanks the dog leash out of the man's hand and pulls off a wedding band.

EXT. GLOBE COM SERVICES BUILDING D.C. - NIGHT

FBI Special Agent Darrel Jensen and his partner, Special Agent Eric Murray, hastily exit through a side door. Murray carries a hard drive.

INT. SUV - SAME TIME

Steelie watches a TV news broadcast on a rear seat screen.

NEWS ANCHOR

The Attorney General stormed out of a scheduled briefing on the National Infrastructure Protection Center Initiative today, as reporters continued to press him on problems with the Witness Protection Program.

He glances up to see --

EXT. GLOBE COM SERVICES BUILDING D.C. - NIGHT

FBI cars and vans SQUEAL to a stop at the front entrance.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Meanwhile Capitol Hill insiders are questioning the President's continued support of Attorney General Waters' leadership of the initiative referred to as NIPC.

A DOZEN FBI AGENTS leap out of their vehicles.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

The President's support, and denial that technology has leapfrogged the country's ability to secure critical assets, raises questions about national security.

FBI Agents storm the premises.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

He's not backing down claiming the NIPC Initiative, and the push to modernize private sector infrastructure, are the boldest cyber measures ever launched to secure critical assets.

Uptight, Murray glances down the block at a parked black SUV.

EXT. GLOBE COM SERVICES BUILDING D.C. - LATER

FBI Agents load vans with file boxes and computer equipment.

INT. SUV - SAME TIME

Steelie observes Agents as he dials cell. A phone RINGS, then:

BIG D (V.O.)

Dempster.

STEELIE

Big D, we need a new ISP. Agents
just cleaned out the place.

BIG D (V.O.)

Hazze's working on it.

Steelie starts to speak. The line goes dead.

EXT. U.S. JUSTICE BUILDING - DAY

A Statute of Lady Justice, a woman wearing a toga with one breast revealed and arms raised, welcomes visitors. A YOUNG FAMILY stands at the statute.

YOUNG MAN

Look. I thought Lady Justice was
blindfolded.

YOUNG WOMAN

I thought she carried those scales,
you know, the scales of justice.

JOE MARTELLI, 30's, the Attorney General's Executive assist
brushes by a visitor, not stopping to apologize.

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL - ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

There's a sense of crisis in the air. Phones RING and STAFF
scurry about the most powerful law office of the land.

Joe glances at his watch as he marches past a sign: "OFFICE
OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL."

He carries his stuffed black leather folio and calendar book
like tools of a power broker. Everything and everyone must
come through him.

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL - WATERS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Photos of the President, and other distinguished officials,
are strategically placed. A newspaper lays on a coffee
table. The headline: "WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM CASUALTIES
ON RISE."

ROBERT WATERS, U.S. Attorney General, and man in the photos,
sips a coffee as he stares out the window at the Supreme
Court Building. He catches his reflection in the window.
He's grayer and less patient these days as political
ambitions are replaced by survival.

Justice Department SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR (SI) ROGER PALMER
concludes his briefing. He's seasoned, impersonal and
anxious to wrap the current assignment.

SI GLEN BURGESS eagerly scribbles notes. He looks up and smiles like he's just finished his first college exam.

SI PALMER
 Marshal's Department was not particularly happy to have the Special Investigations Unit on their turf.

Waters spins his chair around.

ROBERT WATERS
 We're on the verge of wrapping the Stilleto drug case. A key witness is gunned down and they deny the problem is in their court.

SI BURGESS
 They say Wilson's been moved again and his witness protection cover's been changed.

Quick KNOCK. Joe enters and freezes. A meeting without him.

Waters sips a coffee as he waits for Joe to catch his breath. Joe flips a briefing on Waters' desk.

JOE
 Still got one confidential informant... Donald Wilson. Married... no kids. His witness protection cover is Jack Spitz.

Waters jerks cup from his mouth. Coffee spills on his slacks. He SLAMS cup down on his desk sending a saucer into orbit.

ROBERT WATERS
 Tell me something I don't already know!

Joe notices Waters has found today's newspaper headline: "WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM CASUALTIES ON RISE."

JOE
 They're fishing... they don't have the facts to back it up.

ROBERT WATERS
 Facts!

Waters bounces out of his chair.

ROBERT WATERS (CONT'D)
 I spend the first term protecting criminals: who turn in criminals.
 (MORE)

ROBERT WATERS (CONT'D)
 The second term, I've got innocent witnesses who need protection... only, they're dying!

SI PALMER
 Someone's leaking information, or stealing it. It sure as hell isn't coincidence, and we haven't ruled out the Bureau.

JOE
 The Director insists there's no security breach at the Bureau --

ROBERT WATERS
 Damn it! We're trying to build trust with witnesses... they feel betrayed.

SI PALMER
 That's exactly what the wife of one of our dead protectees said when I interviewed her.

SI BURGESS
 Maybe NIPC should look at the Wit Pro's computer systems?

JOE
 Pretty extreme!

Waters nods toward the President's photo.

ROBERT WATERS
 The President wants NIPC to focus on threats to critical infrastructure: foreign governments... terrorists.

Waters glances at the door signaling Palmer and Burgess to exit. As they leave Joe motions to them to wait outside.

Joe fumbles through his paperwork and pulls out a briefing.

JOE
 The power outage --

ROBERT WATERS
 What about it?

JOE
 It was a test. NIPC was involved.

Joe, more apprehensive, hunts through his folio as Waters grows impatient. He finds another briefing. It's not good.

JOE (CONT'D)
 Bureau Agents raided another
 Internet Service Provider last
 night.

ROBERT WATERS
 Good news I hope!

Joe stares at the briefing and shakes his head.

JOE
 Globe Com knew the FBI was
 coming... hard drive with client
 accounts and traffic logs was gone.
 But the Director believes --

ROBERT WATERS
 That's it! The Bureau's had their
 chance. First witness protection
 leaks, now Globe Com.

He fumes and stares at Joe.

ROBERT WATERS (CONT'D)
 I don't care how we do it, but we
 need to get some new eyes on these
 cases -- catch those bastards at
 their own game.

Joe keys in on these words, then smiles to himself.

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Joe approaches Palmer and Burgess.

SI BURGESS
 I think we should talk to NIPC
 about the witness protection
 computer systems.

JOE
 Forget it! You heard Waters.
 Leave it with me. I'll see what I
 can do.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. HOTEL CONFERENCE CENTER - DAY

Kevin addresses fifteen hundred youth delegates under the age
 of twenty at the "Twenty-Second International Youth
 Conference on Global Security."

KEVIN

Time and again, we have been lulled into a false sense of security and in the twenty-first century, this has never been more true. Today, the virtual reality is that computer and telecommunications technology has leapfrogged the globe's ability to protect critical assets and information.

Kevin stops speaking and steps out from behind the podium and walks to the edge of the stage.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Think about that for one moment. Right now, no country, no government, no business and no individual who use something as basic as a computer or telephone are able to guarantee their communications are not being compromised. I am willing to bet that while you are here today, at a security conference, in Washington D.C., discussing cyber security, many of you have let your guard down -- been lulled into a false sense of security.

Kevin pauses and scans the audience, many just scoff.

INT. ALEXANDRIA COURTROOM - DAY

ANTHONY STILLETTO, 60's, "The Drug-lord," sits stone-faced with his DEFENSE LAWYER. No one crosses him and lives to talk about it.

A female PROSECUTING ATTORNEY addresses the jury.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

Based on Donald Wilson's testimony, Mr. Stilleto all but drew the syringe and injected these kids. In the absence of the death penalty, this demands incarceration for the remainder of his life.

Steelie enjoys Stilleto's defiant attitude from his back row vantage point, but he's distracted by the silk blouse outline of the Prosecuting Attorney's erect nipples as her wool suit jacket opens.

INT. ALEXANDRIA COURTROOM - LATER

Steelie notices a door ajar and spots SA Jensen smiling through a door opening. A gavel POUNDS. SA Jensen closes the door.

Steelie watches as Stilleto is lead out.

Stilleto grabs his throat in a gesture to his henchmen, FRANKLIN STONE and TONY MILES. These guys are straight out of the "Sopranos."

Franklin nods.

EXT. ALEXANDRIA COURTHOUSE - DAY

Steelie exits. He is walking fast to catch Franklin and Tony. A courthouse video camera's visible in the background.

STEELIE

Gentlemen.

They ignore Steelie.

STEELIE (CONT'D)

Maybe we can do some business?

Franklin turns his head.

FRANKLIN

I don't think so.

They continue to walk.

STEELIE

I would've thought you'd have some business with Mr. Wilson.

They stop walking. Steelie saunters up.

TONY

What's it to you?

STEELIE

Well let's just say that I work for an organization that is in the information business.

FRANKLIN

What's that got to do with Wilson?

STEELIE

Do you know where he is?

TONY

We're working on it.

STEELIE
He's under Federal protection.

Steelie patiently waits for Franklin to respond.

FRANKLIN
What you gonna do? Steal the
government's witness protection
files!

Tony and Franklin LAUGH.

STEELIE
Just make an electronic copy.

TONY
Hackers?

STEELIE
Big D prefers information
brokers... we buy and sell
information... information that has
intrinsic value to particular
buyers.

TONY
Big D? Brian Dempster!

FRANKLIN
You've got some nerve. The guy
screwed Stilleto over.

TONY
I thought he was --

STEELIE
Dead! Big D!? He's gotta a new
business and... well... he feels
bad about how things went down with
Mr. Stilleto.

Steelie relishes the moment.

STEELIE (CONT'D)
That's why he had me personally
take care of one Mr. Stilleto's
witnesses.

FRANKLIN
Big D's behind that hit?

Steelie nods. He reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out a
ring and flips it to Franklin.

STEELIE
A little souvenir for Mr. Stilleto.

Franklin looks at Tony and shrugs.

FRANKLIN
What's it going to cost?

STEELIE
How much do you think Mr. Stilleto would pay for information about the guy who has just put him away for three hundred and fifty-seven years?

TONY
A few hundred grand.

STEELIE
A thousand dollars for every year served! Gentlemen... in your business you can shop around for the best deal, in my business we're the only business that can give you what you need -- what Stilleto wants!

Tony and Franklin wait for the other shoe to drop.

STEELIE (CONT'D)
I would think Mr. Stilleto would want to get the message out to people, "don't fuck with me," and that thirty-thousand a year would be a good investment.

TONY
That's... that's --

FRANKLIN
Ten Mil.

STEELIE
Gentlemen to show you how bad Big D feels about how things ended with Mr. Stilleto he's prepared to waive the fee.

FRANKLIN
We'll tell Mr. Stilleto.

Steelie begins to walk away.

TONY
I want to take care of Mr. Wilson personally.

Steelie waves a hand, he understands, and continues to walk.

EXT. FAIRFAX COUNTY BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

Home to high-tech companies and rooftop warfare. The HUM of power lines, transformers -- a skyline of satellite dishes and transmitters in a digital feeding frenzy.

Tinted glass windows turn the sun's rays into laser beams.

INT. ALBRIGHT AND HELMES - ATRIUM - SAME TIME

A spiral staircase leads to a walkway and the MURMUR of a conversation and rhythmic keyboard CLICKS. A gold lettered sign: "ALBRIGHT AND HELMES" glows in the atrium morning sunlight.

INT. ALBRIGHT AND HELMES - KEVIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Original paintings and decor suggest a woman's touch, well bankrolled. The family photo of Kevin, Julia and a Golden Retriever and a framed verse: "The actions of others are meant to make you stronger, if you search for the true meaning. Jewels" confirm it.

A burst of keyboard CLICKS. A computer monitor SNAPS black, then instantly flashes:

ON SCREEN: "HackPack installed. Run generator."

An index finger hits the "ENTER" key. It belongs to Kevin. On the wall behind him an honors MIT Computer Science Degree.

Wayne watches on as a series of computer screens flash letters and numbers -- snap black -- then light up like a downtown Las Vegas strip, and respond:

ON SCREEN: "Justice Firewall By-passed. Trial Witness List Application opened."

Kevin motions to Joe to look at the computer screen, as Wayne tries to contain his "we told you" face.

JOE
What's that mean?

KEVIN
Think of it as a bank having the best security cameras and safe vault in the world.

Joe flashes an all-knowing "this is good smile."

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Now imagine that the thieves are invisible to the cameras and they have the combination to the safe.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

They can open it anytime they want,
take anything they want, and
because the contents are digital,
no one will know.

JOE

No one? That's impossible.

KEVIN

No one. It's possible!

WAYNE

No fingerprints, no evidence...
all the money or in this case your
digital information, remains in
tact --

KEVIN

Or changed, if they want.

WAYNE

And now they have an original
version, perfect in every way, not
like counterfeit.

JOE

We're using special government
encryption software. They'll never
be able to read it.

Wayne rolls his eyes.

KEVIN

Mr. Martelli, I think you'd better
tell your boss he has some security
problems in his own back yard.

JOE

Let's just get on with it!

WAYNE

We've been doing some forensics
work with the Bureau --

JOE

More failed ISP raids. The
Attorney General told me to handle
it.

KEVIN

What about NIPC? Wayne and I --

JOE

Terrorists? I'm in charge.

KEVIN

And I'm one click away from stealing information on the Justice Department trial witnesses.

JOE

This is the Attorney General you're dealing with.

KEVIN

Why Mr. Martelli, Wayne and I thought we were dealing with you?

JOE

You are, and I get my orders from the Attorney General.

Kevin and Wayne exchange a glance, Joe's not backing down.

WAYNE

What my partner is trying to tell you is that firewalls and encryption won't fix your security problem.

INT. ALBRIGHT HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Julia, takes a tag off a new Giorgio Armani suit. She picks up a card from the dresser, titled: "SERENITY PRAYER." She flips it over to reveal a handwritten note.

INSERT - THE NOTE DATED JULY 4:

"Kevin - my friend, lover and soul mate, on your one year milestone. I am so proud of you. Love Jewels and Sebastian." A partial paw print signature follows.

BACK TO SCENE

She places the card in suit jacket pocket and lays it on the bed.

She rubs her stomach and stares out into space. A dreamy smile appears, making premature crow's-feet visible as they fall away from her blue eyes. They're a permanent reminder she's fought hard to keep the dream of a family alive.

SEBASTIAN, the family golden retriever, BOUNDS in to end moment.

INT. ALBRIGHT AND HELMES - KEVIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin's cell phone BEEPS. He glances over at the cell screen to read message: "I HAVE A SPECIAL 10th ANN GIFT. LV JEWELS."

KEVIN
Now if you'll excuse me Mr.
Martelli, I have some very
important business to attend to.

Joe SLAMS his briefcase shut and exits.

INT. RUSSIAN APARTMENT - NIGHT

A sparsely decorated room lit by a computer monitor. A logo: "BLACKSTONE WARE CO." is visible on the monitor along with rows of indiscernible letters, numbers and symbols.

Hacker DARKSIDE, 20's, long hair, unshaven, jeans and plaid shirt, is glued to computer monitor. He's chatting hands free.

INT. INTERNATIONAL ANTIQUES - HACKER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

An early 20's cyber warrior for hire, HAZZE, stares at his monitor. It displays same logo: "BLACKSTONE WARE CO." and he's chatting on a bluetooth headset with Darkside.

INTERCUT - DARKSIDE AND HAZZE

DARKSIDE
This is too damn easy.

Hazze's eyes scan the screen.

HAZZE
They didn't change the default
password.

DARKSIDE
We've got Blackstone's encryption
code --

HAZZE
Big D's gonna love this -- big
bucks for you, big bucks for us.

Darkside's fingers dance across the keys.

HAZZE (CONT'D)
Sharing their security
vulnerability with our colleagues?

DARKSIDE
Turning their security into
insecurity.

They both LAUGH.

ON DARKSIDE'S SCREEN - Internet browser displays: "The Cracker's Home Page - Exploited Information."

Darkside's eyes are fixed on the monitor, as the keyboard CLICKS.

ON DARKSIDE'S SCREEN: "Blackstone Ware Co. Firewall Hole. Just Use Default Security Parameters. Darkside."

System responds:

ON HAZZE'S SCREEN: "Exploit Alert Logged."

DARKSIDE (CONT'D)
I'll zap the encryption code to
you.

They hang up. Hazze grins as he sits back in his chair.

EXT. HELMES COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

Moonlight glistens on the swimming pool surface. More than FIFTY GUESTS celebrate. Some dance to "top ten driving" TUNES.

Like newlyweds Kevin and Julia make the rounds. They chat with the guests and join them in LAUGHTER.

INT. INTERNATIONAL ANTIQUES - HACKER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hazze's eyes are glued to a monitor as his fingers race across the keys. He pauses to study the monitor.

ON SCREEN: "To EricMurray@fbi Subject: Enhanced antique product line attached. International Antiques Mail Orders."

He PUNCHES "ENTER."

INT. FBI D.C. FIELD OFFICE - MURRAY'S DESK - SAME TIME

Murray anxiously sorts paperwork. His computer BEEPS.

ON MURRAY'S SCREEN: "New Mail From International Antiques"

He instantly CLICKS his computer mouse to open the email.

ON MURRAY'S SCREEN: "WARNING. Communication is from an outside source and may contain a virus. Do not open unless you know the sender."

Murray CLICKS his mouse to activate the "OPEN" button.

INTERCUT - HACKER'S OFFICE AND MURRAY'S DESK

Hazze watches his monitor blow out a stream of letters, then:

ON HAZZE'S SCREEN: "Connection established"

HAZZE
Firewall's neutered.

Hazze's fingers fly on the keyboard. His monitor flashes up "INSTALLING BLACKSTONE ENCRYPT SOURCE CODE," then responds:

ON HAZZE'S SCREEN: "Install complete"

Hazze grins. His fingers fly across the keys.

ON HAZZE'S SCREEN: "List matches for Wilson"

Monitor flashes up "SEARCHING," goes black and responds:

ON HAZZE'S SCREEN - "1 match"

Hazze's fingers jump back on the keys.

Murray's uneasy. He leans in to watch his mouse pointer magically move on the monitor. It stops at a folder labeled: "PENDING OUTSIDE U.S. PLACEMENTS." The file is ACTIVATED.

ON MURRAY'S SCREEN: "Wilson Profile"

Cursor pulses. Response appears:

ON MURRAY'S SCREEN: "Wilson, Donald alias Spitz, Jack Final Placement Location CANADA EMPLOYER Crandahl Construction. Interim post-trial placement 1635 Speller Drive, host city."

Hazze looks at same information on his monitor.

HAZZE (CONT'D)
Gotcha.

Murray jams a USB flash drive into the side of his computer.

His screen flashes up: "Trash Compactor Operational."

In less than ten seconds his screen flashes up: "International Antiques Destroyed." He pulls the USB out and stuffs it in his pocket.

INT. INTERNATIONAL ANTIQUES - HACKER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Hazze's fingers dance across the keyboard:

ON SCREEN: "To Tony: Antique product info secured. Delivery details to follow. Hazze."

Big D pokes his head in the door.

BIG D
Is our FBI link operational again?

Hazze, all smiles, nods.

BIG D (CONT'D)
Confirmed the Wilson transaction
with Stilleto's crew yet?

Hazze nods.

INT. HELMES COUNTRY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julia leads Kevin in by his tie.

JULIA
Let me...

Julia playfully starts to undo Kevin's tie.

JULIA (CONT'D)
I'm good at it... untying ties,
that is.

KEVIN
I know you're good at it... and I
don't mean the ties.

Kevin's cell RINGS. He pulls it out of his jacket, glances at the display to see: JOE MARTELLI."

JULIA
Who's that?

KEVIN
Just a guy who can't take no for an
answer.

Julia grabs the cell and tosses it across the room. A perfect three point shot into the garbage.

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL - MARTELLI'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Joe SLAMS phone down. He looks around his scaled down version of the Attorney General's Office. He zero's in on a photo of the U.S.

President, Waters and himself on the golf course. A smile slowly appears. He grabs the phone and dials.

MAN IN CAR (V.O.)
Yes Mr. Martelli.

JOE
I want to meet Albright tonight.
You know what needs to be done.

Joe hangs the phone up.

EXT. FBI D.C. FIELD OFFICE - SAME TIME

Jensen exits past a sign: "FBI WASHINGTON D.C. FIELD OFFICE - FIDELITY, BRAVERY, INTEGRITY" to the street. Murray paces near their car.

SA MURRAY
Got the Middle East INTEL?

Jensen flips a USB flash drive to Murray.

SA JENSEN
Put it in the briefcase for Big D.

Murray stares at the flash drive.

SA JENSEN (CONT'D)
Now, so you don't lose it.

Murray runs to the trunk. He pulls out a black briefcase and tosses the flash drive inside.

INT. HELMES COUNTRY HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Julia fondles Kevin's tie as he discretely reaches into a pocket, pulls out an object and hides it in his hand.

KEVIN
Close your eyes.

Julia closes her eyes, then sneaks a peek. Kevin notices.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Work with me, Jewels.

She squeezes her eyes closed. Making love to her hand Kevin slides a diamond ring on next to a plain wedding band. As she opens her eyes to look at the ring he gently kisses her.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
I think it's time.

JULIA
It's time? Really!

KEVIN
Well, our tenth wedding anniversary... nearly three years without a drink and the only craving I have... is you.

Kevin gently takes her left hand and clasps it in his.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
For as long as I can remember I've wanted a family... a chance to be a better father than my --

Julia touches his lips. He wipes a tear from her eye.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
That is, if you still want to.

She vaults up on Kevin, locks her legs around his waist and kisses him. They lose their balance, fall on the bed and make intense eye contact. Julia's mischievous smile emerges.

JULIA
While we're here, maybe we should...

KEVIN
You'll have to do my tie again.

JULIA
Do you, do your tie. All right.

Julia GIGGLES as she undoes Kevin's belt.

EXT. HELMES COUNTRY HOUSE - LATER

Kevin beams as he surveys the party and chats with Wayne.

WAYNE
Martelli's persistent.

KEVIN
Like an elk in rutting season -- screwing anyone to satisfy his appetite.

WAYNE
A potential, no, wait, a "small potential systems problem, right?"

KEVIN
Screw the Bureau.

WAYNE

Screw NIPC. Matt's got his work cut out for him.

KEVIN

We're in the middle of a war to secure and protect cyberspace and these guys are worried about job security -- getting re-elected, not the country's cyber security problems.

WAYNE

Firewall breaches? They don't have a clue about how big the problem is... how many systems have been compromised.

KEVIN

They sure as hell don't want anyone else to know either.

WAYNE

So why would the Attorney General --

KEVIN

You mean Martelli? I don't even think his boss knows what he's up to.

WAYNE

And if he does?

KEVIN

It would even be worse.

WAYNE

Guys like Martelli twist things one way, yet they're something completely different --

KEVIN

I think they call that political spin.

WAYNE

Knowing Martelli I'd say it's more like deceit. Whatever it takes to advance his agenda.

Kevin exchanges a look of concern with Wayne -- then grins.

KEVIN

That's why I got into the business ... someone's gotta keep them honest.

WAYNE
No secrets, right Kev?

KEVIN
No secrets, and if there are, I'll
do my damn best to expose them.

Kevin and Wayne join their wives.

EXT. HELMES COUNTRY HOUSE - LATER

Kevin and Julia playfully feed each other the first bite of anniversary cake to the APPLAUSE of the crowd. She pauses, then pans the guests until her eyes land on Wayne and CHRISTY, his wife, who is very pregnant. Tears well up.

INT. ALBRIGHT CAR - LATER

Kevin twists the key and the Sportster XT RUMBLES as Julia seductively undoes the buttons on her blouse. She clears her throat.

JULIA
Kevi?

Kevin's eyes drift to the undone buttons.

KEVIN
Again?

Julia seductively runs her tongue over her lips.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Now?

She bats her eyelids.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

XT stops at a temporary barricade and lit up sign: "DETOUR."

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

XT sits at a temporary barricade and a lit up sign: "DETOUR."

KEVIN (V.O.)
Must've just put it up.

JULIA (V.O.)
(playfully giggles)
Good. Ignore it. We've got the
road to ourselves.

KEVIN (V.O.)
Hey, no lipstick on the collar.

The XT drives around barricade.

INT. ALBRIGHT CAR - LATER

Julia unravels the knot in Kevin's tie and pulls it off.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SAME TIME

The engine goes silent and the XT rolls to a stop.

KEVIN (O.S.)
Ah shit.

INT. ALBRIGHT CAR - CONTINUOUS

Julia nibbles on Kevin's ear, then realizes car has stopped.

JULIA
Hey, I didn't mean we needed to re-enact everything.

Kevin opens his door.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Hey Kevi, remember that fifty-seven Chev? This time we've got technology on our side, right?

Kevin looks at Julia in a quizzical fashion.

Julia motions to the dash.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Bet you're glad we have Navigator now?

Kevin points to a dark dash.

KEVIN
All the electronics are dead.

JULIA
Call Wayne to pick us up.

KEVIN
Great idea, but I seem to recall someone taking care of that option.

Kevin slowly begins to smile.

JULIA

No. I don't want to flip for it.

Kevin opens the glove box and pulls out his iPod.

EXT. ALBRIGHT CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin shuffles down a gravel road. Julia chases after him. He turns and she French kisses him. He weakly fights to escape.

JULIA

Hurry back.

(winks)

I have something very important to share with you.

His eyes roam up Julia's body. He winks back and struts off.

Julia rubs her stomach as she takes in the calmness, then realizes it's a very dark night -- no moon and few stars.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - LATER

A dark blue late model Crown Victoria crosses a dark lunar-like surface to face off against a black SUV.

Colombia steps out of the SUV. He carries a brown briefcase.

Diggs, the SUV driver, pushes the steering wheel toward the windshield, with the force that would snap a man's femur in half, to exit.

Murray, sweat glands in overdrive, fumbles with the keys as he unlocks the Crown Victoria trunk.

Jensen exits the car. He inconspicuously adjusts something under his jacket and strolls toward Colombia and Diggs.

Steelie steps out of the SUV. His face hardens as he finishes a cell phone call. He strolls up between Diggs and Colombia and stops in Jensen's face.

STEELIE

I was beginning to wonder if the Bureau's unblemished record of incompetence was in jeopardy.

Murray steps up beside Jensen and hands him a black briefcase.

SA JENSEN

Saved your bacon...

(raises briefcase)

...

(MORE)

SA JENSEN (CONT'D)
 Globe Com's client account hard
 drive... Middle East INTEL. This
 package is worth a little delay.

STEELIE
 Big D's no longer interested in any
 Middle East INTEL. We'll take the
 hard drive.

Steelie motions Colombia and he attempts to exchange his
 briefcase with Jensen. Jensen hesitates.

SA JENSEN
 First we need to discuss an
 increase in our service premium.
 We got Donald Wilson's information.

Steelie motions to Colombia to put the briefcase down.

STEELIE
 I don't negotiate.

SA JENSEN
 My partner put his job on the line.
 He enabled your "hackers" to access
 sensitive information. That
 demands a premium.

SA MURRAY
 Come on Darrel, take the briefcase.
 Let's go.

Colombia pulls out his Magnum 45 and grins as he runs his
 hand down the gun barrel, and then points it at Jensen.

Jensen calmly puts the briefcase down.

COLOMBIA
 Steelie, let's give him what he's
 demanding...
 (to Jensen)
 ... a lead premium.

Steelie nods at the brown briefcase.

STEELIE
 What will it be Jensen, Unleaded?
 (nods to Colombia)
 Or leaded?

EXT. REMOTE ROAD - SAME TIME

Kevin hands the cell back to the Man in Car.

KEVIN

Thanks, I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't come along.

MAN IN CAR

Sure you don't need a lift?

Kevin breathes in the night air.

KEVIN

Think I'll walk.

As Kevin walks away, the Man in Car tosses the cell phone. It barely hits the floor when a smartphone on the passenger seat RINGS. He looks at the display: "JOE MARTELLI," and immediately answers.

JOE (V.O.)

Where the hell is Albright?

Kevin turns back to check on the phone call.

KEVIN

Is that Wayne Helmes, by any chance?

MAN IN CAR

No. Are you sure you don't want a lift?

Kevin waves "he's OK" as he puts his iPod ear buds in and walks down the road.

MAN IN CAR (CONT'D)

Barricade was up, he should've been heading your way, but --

JOE (V.O.)

What?

MAN IN CAR

He ignored the barricade. You killed his car on some back road that no one uses, except maybe teenagers looking for a place to party.

JOE (V.O.)

Damn it.

MAN IN CAR

You got an hour or so, if you want to play the "Good Samaritan" card.

JOE (V.O.)

Get rid of the barricade.

The line goes dead before the Man can say anything.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Julia punts a fresh mushroom. POOF. BANG. Julia ducks.

EXT. COUNTRY HILLSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Julia inches toward the VOICES.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - CONTINUOUS

Jensen jumps up. He reaches for his gun. Steelie motions to Colombia to holster his gun. Jensen dusts off his jacket.

EXT. COUNTRY HILLTOP - CONTINUOUS

Julia peers down into the gravel pit to see Steelie walk in front of the headlights. He's less than thirty yards away.

An owl HOOTS startling Julia. She back steps, loses her balance and grabs a branch. It SNAPS off. She tumbles to the ground.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - SAME TIME

Steelie motions Colombia toward the hilltop.

STEELIE
Colombia, check it out.

Colombia nods to his partner, Diggs.

COLOMBIA
Come on Diggs, time for a little workout.

EXT. COUNTRY HILLTOP - CONTINUOUS

Julia scrambles to her feet. Her high heel's snapped off.

JULIA
Shit.

She kicks her shoes off and charges for the road.

EXT. COUNTRY HILLTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Colombia lumbers over the crest, spots Julia and takes chase.

EXT. COUNTRY HILLSIDE - SAME TIME

Julia glances back to see Colombia charging toward her like a raging bull.

Her eyes widen making her premature crow's-feet visible.

She stumbles, then falls.

EXT. COUNTRY HILLSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Julia's body goes limp as she surrenders to Colombia.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SAME TIME

Kevin sprints to the deserted XT. Out of breath, he yanks the iPod ear buds out and scans the area for signs of Julia.

He tries the driver's door, it opens. He freezes. The interior light comes on and shines on the empty passenger seat.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - MOMENTS LATER

Colombia approaches Steelie, proudly displaying his prize catch - Julia. Diggs trails behind. He GASPS for air.

Steelie motions to Colombia.

STEELIE
You know the drill.

Murray looks at Julia.

SA MURRAY
Can't we just --

Steelie's stare stops Murray cold. Murray turns to Jensen, whose look of disappointment forces him to look at the ground.

Colombia draws his Magnum. Julia stares into Colombia's eyes. Colombia hesitates.

Steelie glances at Julia. Then he fixates on Colombia.

EXT. COUNTRY HILLSIDE - SAME TIME

Kevin hears VOICES. He runs, stumbles and picks himself up.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - CONTINUOUS

Steelie looks at Colombia and draws his Heckler handgun.

EXT. COUNTRY HILLTOP - CONTINUOUS

Kevin peers into the gravel pit. Its pitch black, except for a small area lit by headlights. He sees Steelie with his Heckler handgun in the headlights. Then he spots a DARKENED FIGURE (Julia) in the shadows.

Anxious, as he can't make out the figures in the darkness, Kevin scrambles for a better view. He sees Diggs and Colombia cross in front of the headlights and dives to the ground.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - CONTINUOUS

Steelie, stone-cold, takes aim at Julia.

She grabs her stomach. Her diamond ring flashes in Steelie's eye. She struggles to speak.

JULIA
Please don't... I'm...

EXT. COUNTRY HILLTOP - CONTINUOUS

Kevin leaps to his feet. A gun barrel flashes, a CLAP echoes. Kevin freezes. As if shot, he waits for the pain to set in.

Another flash. CLAP. Darkened Figure (Julia) drops to the ground.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - CONTINUOUS

Steelie wipes the blood spatters from his face and holsters his Heckler.

He steps over Julia's body. Her diamond ring catches his eye.

He stops to remove her rings and then steps directly in Jensen's face.

STEELIE
I'll take the briefcase.

SA JENSEN
For Donald Wilson's information
we'll take the premium... or,
perhaps we should meet with Big D.

Steelie looks at Colombia and motions at Jensen.

Colombia pulls his Magnum 45, smiles, aims at Jensen's head.

STEELIE
Leaded, right Jensen?

Spooked, Jensen backs into the headlights.

With a quick glance at Steelie, Colombia adjusts his aim to Jensen's foot. BANG.

Jensen SCREAMS as he falls to the ground.

Murray pulls his gun.

Steelie KNOCKS Murray down. He grabs Jensen's briefcase -- kicks the brown briefcase to Jensen.

STEELIE (CONT'D)
I believe we're square.

Steelie strolls toward the SUV. Colombia and Diggs trail behind, guns drawn, protecting his back.

EXT. COUNTRY HILLTOP - CONTINUOUS

Kevin desperately scours the darkness for signs of Julia.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - CONTINUOUS

Jensen struggles to sit up. He grabs his gun and FIRES.

EXT. COUNTRY HILLTOP - SAME TIME

A gun barrel flash. BANG. Kevin recoils. Figure SCREAMS.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - CONTINUOUS

Colombia, the Figure, drops as Jensen FIRES another round.

EXT. COUNTRY HILLTOP - SAME TIME

Kevin flinches as he sees SECOND FIGURE grab their arm.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - CONTINUOUS

Diggs, Second Figure, holds his arm.

Steelie, instantly, gun in hand, whips around and FIRES.

A bullet hits Jensen in the chest and drives him to the ground.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A vehicle appears over the crest of a hill.

EXT. COUNTRY HILLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Kevin spots the headlights and bolts for the road.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - CONTINUOUS

Steelie saunters up to Murray and puts a gun to his head. Murray tosses his gun. Steelie pulls the trigger. CLICK.

STEELIE
It's your lucky day...

Steelie holsters his gun.

STEELIE (CONT'D)
...Special Agent Murray. Now give me your badge.

Murray fumbles for his badge. Steelie snatches it out of Murray's hand and motions Diggs toward Jensen.

STEELIE (CONT'D)
Grab his badge. He won't need it.

Steelie ambles toward the SUV.

Diggs rifles through Jensen's jacket pocket, grabs his FBI badge and scrambles to catch up to Steelie.

DIGGS
What about Colombia?

Steelie momentarily stares at Colombia, then turns to Diggs.

STEELIE
The price of the American dream.

Steelie points to the passenger side.

STEELIE (CONT'D)
I'll drive.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Unfazed by his bloodied arm, Diggs turns to Steelie.

DIGGS
Shooting Jensen. D'ill be pissed.

STEELIE
Incompetence has its rewards.

DIGGS
Yeah, but --

The wild glare in Steelie's shark eyes stops Diggs instantly.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - CONTINUOUS

The SUV vanishes in a cloud of dust as Murray attends to Jensen. Jensen's eyes pop open. Murray's head snaps back.

SA MURRAY
Jesus!

SA JENSEN
Rule number one, trust no one.

Jensen grins through the pain, as he points at his vest.

SA JENSEN (CONT'D)
Rule number two, never forget rule number one.

SA MURRAY
What the hell were you thinking?

Jensen motions to Colombia.

SA JENSEN
Check him.

Murray scurries over to Colombia and checks his vitals.

SA MURRAY
I think he's dead.

SA JENSEN
Good.
(points at his foot)
Someone had to pay for this.

Murray scrambles to Julia's body and searches for a pulse.

SA MURRAY
Shit Darrel. She's still alive.

SA JENSEN
Don't just stand there.

Jensen motions to their care.

SA JENSEN (CONT'D)
You know the drill.

SA MURRAY
Drugs? We're fucked.

SA JENSEN
Just grab the damn bag and zip it.

Murray hustles to their car and opens the trunk. He pulls out a duffel bag and tosses it near Colombia.

He starts toward Jensen, notices his glare and returns to the duffel bag opens it. He pulls out two pair of driving gloves.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SAME TIME

Kevin jumps in front of car and flags it down. Before Wayne can get out the car --

KEVIN
Is Julia with you?

Wayne shakes his head no.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - CONTINUOUS

Murray slips his gloves on as Jensen points to Colombia.

SA JENSEN
Get his gun.

Murray grabs the gun and flips it to Jensen. Jensen immediately points it at Julia and pulls the trigger. CLICK. CLICK. He throws the gun at Colombia's lifeless body.

The ROAR of a car engines grows louder as it approaches.

SA JENSEN (CONT'D)
Quick, give me a hand.

SA MURRAY
What about the woman?

SA JENSEN
Lets hope she dies.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - MOMENTS LATER

The agent's Crown Vic disappears into the darkness.

Wayne's car emerges through the dust. They take chase only to catch Julia's lifeless body in the headlights.

Kevin leaps out of the car before it stops, running to Julia.

END OF PILOT