

THREAT MATRIX
"Telemarketing Terrorists"

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TEASER

BLACK SCREEN

KILMER (O.S.)
Talk to me, Lark!. I need your
eyes.

Phone wire/satellite space thing.

KILMER, JELANI, and MO run flat out.

Satellite image. Thick woods. Three red dots.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

KILMER, JELANI and MO in Seal gear sprint agilely through the
thick underbrush.

LARK (O.S.)
I got you.

Satellite image of the forest. Three red dots move through
the trees. They're pursued by a mass of white dots.

INT. THE VAULT

LARK'S fingers fly as she adjusts the satellite feed. FRANKIE
watches the feed over her shoulder.

LARK
Bringing in tighter.

The mass of white dots separate into individual MEN. The men
split up into groups and begin to surround Kilmer, Jelani and
Mo.

FRANKIE
If you don't want to be seen in the
woods at night, don't wear a white
sheet.

Lark smiles.

LARK
Kilmer, I got five on your nine,
two on your four and...seven on
your six. Closing fast.

EXT. FOREST

Kilmer, Jelani and Mo keep running straight.

MO
You got a twenty on the Wizard?

LARK (O.S.)
On your nine. He's falling behind.
There's a clearing coming up. Veer
to eleven for ten then back to
nine. You'll trap them in the open.

They immediately switch course.

Five men in Ku Klux Klan robes shoot by them and out into the clearing.

Kilmer ducks behind a tree. Jelani and Mo crouch in bushes to watch.

EXT. CLEARING

The Klansmen look around confused.

KLANSMAN #1
Where'd they go.

KLANSMAN #2
Can't just up and dis'peer like
'at.

The IMPERIAL WIZARD looks around as nine more KLANSMEN appear in the clearing breathing heavily. One heavy set guy sits down in the grass, panting.

IMPERIAL WIZARD
They 'round here. Shush now!

EXT. FOREST

Kilmer does a quick head count.

KILMER
I got a visual on fourteen.
Confirm?

LARK (O.S.)
Affirmative. No stragglers.

JELANI
Dibs on the Wizard.

Mo displays his freshly swollen eye.

MO
Oh no you don't.

KILMER
Ladies. The Wizard's mine.

Kilmer starts to step out of hiding when a cell phone RINGS, shattering the silence.

EXT. CLEARING

The Klansmen all look at each other confused.

IMPERIAL WIZARD
Who has that confounded
thingamacallit on their person?

EXT. FOREST

Kilmer grabs his ringing phone off his belt. Jelani and Mo meld back into the shadows.

KILMER
Go.

TELEMARKETER (O.S.)
(unaccented American
English)
Good evening, sir. I'm from the
Child's Affair Charitable
Organization and I...

EXT. CLEARING

The Klansmen look in the direction of the men's hiding place. They start heading straight for them.

EXT. FOREST

Jelani and Mo give Kilmer incredulous looks as he slams the phone shut. They brace themselves for the inevitable combat.

Phone wires, chips, computer satellite.

INT. TELEMARKETING OFFICE

Smiling Arab MEN fill the room lined with desks, computers and phones. All wear phone headset and speak unaccented American English.

ARAB #1
...Yes ma'am. I understand.

ARAB #2
...the large donation, sir.

ARAB #3
...appreciate your help.

ARAB #4
Thank you, anyway...

JANAHI BIN MUHAIREEN BIN SHAMAT EL MEHKASHIN, a tall,
immaculate Arab Man in traditional dress, looks around the
room with a satisfied smile.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. THE VAULT

Mo joins Jelani, Lark, Holly and Frankie around one of the monitors.

LARK

Hey there, sport. Like the new look.

Mo sheepishly touches the corner of his black eye.

FRANKIE

You guys were lucky. This time.

Jelani and Mo exchange guilty looks.

HOLLY

(signing)

I hope you learned something from all this.

LARK

Translates.

JELANI

You guys are missing the bright side.

MO

We stopped them from bombing 127 Synagogues, Mosques and Black Churches.

JELANI

Doesn't that count for something?

FRANKIE

Oh it does. I just want to make sure you guys understand that just because you can apply for the KKK online doesn't mean you should.

Jelani and Mo look contrite for a moment. They work at keeping a straight face.

MO

We're just trying to keep the Homeland secure...

JELANI

Wait. Is this our official dressing down or will Kilmer do it after his meeting with Atkins?

MO

'Cause we have a prepared statement.

Frankie levels a hostile glare at both of them. She turns her back to them before her uncontrollable smile erupts on her lips.

INT. ATKINS' OFFICE

Atkins sits across his desk from CHOUDARY BIN TACOOB BIN JAVID AL FOLATHI, a charmingly handsome Arab man with an easy smile.

ATKINS

What you're doing will go a long way towards establishing peace in the Middle East.

CHOUDHARY

(slight accent)

I only hope to be of some assistance.

They both look towards the door as someone knocks.

ATKINS

Come in.

Kilmer opens the door. He stops when he sees Choudhary.

KILMER

I'm not interrupting anything?

Atkins and Choudhary stand to welcome him.

ATKINS

Not at all. Join us.

Kilmer closes the door. Atkins begins the introductions.

ATKINS (CONT'D)

John Kilmer I'd like you to meet Choudhary bin Tacoob bin Javid Al Folathi. He'll be your counterpart in the Middle East.

Kilmer and Choudhary shake hands and share a smile.

CHOUDHARY

Although I appreciate Roger's ability to remember my full name, I understand it is a mouthful. Please. Call me Choudhary. It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance.

KILMER

Likewise, Choudhary.

Atkins gestures for them to sit. He hands them both folders marked TOP SECRET: THREAT MATRIX.

CHOUDHARY

I understand your team recently took down a Ku Klux Klan Order?. Congratulations.

KILMER

Thank you. Homeland Security is keeping America safe from enemies. Foreign and domestic.

Atkins and Kilmer exchanged amused smiles.

ATKINS

I trust your team members have been reprimanded properly for their...poor judgement.

KILMER

Frankie's on it.

ATKINS

Couldn't keep a straight face, huh?

Kilmer shakes his head.

ATKINS (CONT'D)

Page four.

Kilmer and Choudhary open their folders to reveal a grainy photo of...

ATKINS (CONT'D)

Janahi bin Muhajireen bin Shamat El Mehkashin. Suspected leader of the "Little Son" Terrorist Cell. He has never claimed responsibility for any terrorist act, but there has been evidence linking him to several bombings peppered throughout Asia and Europe.

(MORE)

ATKINS (CONT'D)

In each, no more than five casualties were reported.

KILMER

No more than five?

ATKINS

He's a tactical man. Each hit was a surgical strike. He specialized in taking out key people who oppose his views.

KILMER

His view being?

CHOUDHARY

Anything contrary to Allah and the Islamic way of life. Infidels.

KILMER

And you suspect he's targeting someone here.

ATKINS

Yes. He's been under CIA surveillance for the past five years. Recently, he's slipped below their radar.

KILMER

And you think he's here?

ATKINS

And up to something. We need to find out what it is.

CHOUDHARY

I have only heard rumors of this man. From what I understand, he is not to be underestimated. No target is too small.

INT. ATKINS' OUTER OFFICE

Kilmer and Choudhary shake hands with Atkins as they leave.

ATKINS

I'll see you before you leave on the fifteenth. You're doing our country a great service.

CHOUDHARY

Thank you, sir. I hope to not disappoint you.

Kilmer shakes Atkins' hand then walks out with Choudhary.

KILMER
How soon do you leave?

INT. HALLWAY

They close Atkins' door behind them and fall into step.

CHOUDHARY
In four days. I have spent the past
month enduring briefing after
briefing after briefing. I am eager
to stop talking and start doing.

KILMER
I understand. I'm not much for the
talking either.

CHOUDHARY
It seems we have much in common,
John Kilmer.

KILMER
That we do, Choudhary bin Tacoob
bin Javid Al Folathi.

Choudhary gives him a surprised smile as they slow to a halt
near the exit.

CHOUDHARY
I look forward to seeing you again.

KILMER
I, too. Have a safe, successful
trip.

They shake hands. A camera FLASHES catching their attention.

A few feet away, an ARAB MAN lowers his disposable camera
with a frown.

Kilmer studies him shrewdly. Trying to decide if he's friend
or foe. He starts to approach the man.

The man motions for them to step aside a little. He takes
another picture of the seal behind Kilmer and Choudhary.

Kilmer relaxes a tiny bit.

The man moves away with a smile.

INT. THE VAULT

Kilmer hurries in.

KILMER
We got a new player.

The team gathers around.

KILMER (CONT'D)
His name is Janahi El Mehkashin.
Intel suggests he's up to
something. We need to find him and
spoil his plans. Lark, I need
everything you can get on his
financials and what you can't.

Lark sits at her computer and logs into the Department of Justice.

LARK
Already on it.

KILMER
Holly. I need prints and anything
else Interpol has on him including
Aliases.

Holly nods and starts typing away.

KILMER (CONT'D)
Serrano, get with the DEA. I want
to know if this guy has even so
much as looked at an illegal
substance.

He turns to Jelani and Mo.

KILMER (CONT'D)
You two. Get on Echelon. Jelani,
monitor domestic telecommunication.
Mo you take international. You're
listening for anything to do with a
cell call "Little Son." I want
movements, their dinner menus,
everything.

Jelani and Mo head into the listening chamber.

Kilmer holds up a stack of CDs to Frankie. He raises a seductive eyebrow.

KILMER (CONT'D)
You and me get some alone time with
these CIA files.

INT. KILMER'S OFFICE

He and Frankie divide up the CDs and sit at computer
terminals. They load the data.

KILMER
Everything good with the boys?

FRANKIE
This is why we never had kids. You
always make me be the heavy.

Kilmer gives her a charming smile.

KILMER
Only because you're so good at it.
She gives him a fear inducing glare.

KILMER (CONT'D)
See?

FRANKIE
I haven't even started with you.
Why was your cell phone on?

KILMER
It wasn't my personal one. Only you
guys and Atkins have the number. I
just thought...

FRANKIE
You know how easy it is for
telemarketers to get any phone
number.

KILMER
So noted. Can we do this later?

FRANKIE
You're lucky there is a later as
careless as you were.

He sinks in his chair, properly chastised. After a moment,
she smiles.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Now everything's good with the
boys.

Jelani pokes his head in.

JELANI

Hey guys. Come listen to this.

INT. LISTENING CHAMBER

Jelani adjusts the knobs and different voices fill the air. All have Arab accents. The text of the voices fill a huge screen. Different colors code different voices.

VOICE #1

All is in place. Praise Allah.

VOICE #2

Delivery will happen....

VOICE #3

...welcome you my friend.

VOICE #4

Allah is with us. The infidels will be made to suffer His wrath.

VOICE #5

...the fuel as you wished.

Jelani turns the volume down and looks at Kilmer.

JELANI

I don't know what to make of it.
Echelon's never pulled in so many
hits at once.

FRANKIE

Something big in the works?

Kilmer listens to more of the voices with a thoughtful frown.

KILMER

Isolate and trace a random sample
of the calls.

MO

What about email?

JELANI

Those are still at a normal level.
It's the phone activity that's
skyrocketing.

KILMER

Let me know what you get with the trace. Where are they? Are they talking to each other? And so on.

Jelani expertly flips a switch or two and begins the traces.

INT. THE VAULT

Still deep in thought, Kilmer leaves the listening chamber. Frankie follows, studying him with shrewd eyes.

FRANKIE

You think the increased traffic is a sign?

KILMER

Not sure. They're too bold, though. Almost cocky. But they have to know we're listening.

Lark hurries to them. She hands Kilmer a large printout.

LARK

El Mehkashin's financials. He's a very savvy businessman. Through investments, he's amassed a sizeable amount of wealth.

FRANKIE

How sizeable?

LARK

Upwards of 500 billion. That's dollars.

Kilmer and Frankie look at her astonished.

KILMER

How much is liquid?

LARK

Little over 75%.

FRANKIE

Liquid?

KILMER

So the guy's got nearly bottomless pockets. Anybody he owes?

Lark shakes her head.

LARK
They all owe him.

Mo sticks his head out of the listening chamber.

MO
Guys. We got something.

INT. LISTENING CHAMBER

Kilmer, Frankie and Lark join Mo and Jelani in the chamber.

VOICE #6
Janahi has been chosen by Allah.

VOICE #7
His plan to make the Infidels pay
is Allah-inspired.

VOICE #6
They will soon all know the wrath
of Allah.

KILMER
Are you tracing this?

Jelani spins in his chair. He hands Kilmer a piece of paper.

JELANI
Here're the coordinates. Sixty-five
percent of the earlier calls also
originated from that area as well.

Kilmer looks at the paper and smiles.

KILMER
Great work, guys. Gear up.

EXT. BRODY FARM - NIGHT

A white two story house sits near the back of the farm. A long gravel driveway connects it to the rural highway. A big red barn sits a little further behind the house.

EXT. SOUTH SOYBEAN FIELD

Kilmer carefully eyes the dark house through night vision goggles. He looks to the edge of another soybean field perpendicular.

EXT. EAST SOYBEAN FIELD

Frankie, in her night vision goggles, nods at Kilmer. She signals "clear" to Kilmer.

EXT. BRODY FARM

Kilmer gives the "go" signal. Kilmer darts out into the open. A group of MEN and WOMEN rise into view from the soybeans and follow him to the house.

Frankie steals into the open. Her own TEAM rises to a crouch. They all quickly, and noiselessly surround the barn.

EXT. BACK PORCH

Kilmer gives another signal. Serrano quietly hops up on the back porch. He crouches at the door and deftly picks the lock. The door opens noiselessly.

Kilmer signals "go" to Frankie.

EXT. BARN

Frankie nods then leads her team quickly, but silently inside.

INT. BRODY KITCHEN

Kilmer pushes the door open and looks around the tidy kitchen. In a low crouch, he leads the group inside. They stealthily climb up the staircase lined with family photos.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Rifles ready, Kilmer and team creep up the stairs. At the top, Kilmer signals Jelani to take a back bedroom.

Jelani nods and silently takes his position. Two other team members follow him.

Kilmer signals Mo to take the next to last bedroom. He signals Serrano to take the close bedroom.

Mo and Serrano quickly take position. Two additional men each back them up.

Kilmer and two more men take position outside another bedroom. Kilmer gives the signal.

Simultaneously they quietly sneak in each bedroom.

INT. TOM'S ROOM

TOM (16) turn over groggily and half opens his eyes. He snuggles back down into his bed and goes back to sleep.

Jelani, rifle raised, backs down a tiny bit.

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM

JASON (12) snores soundly, a raggedy teddy bear clutched in his arms.

Mo sighs and lowers his rifle.

INT. DOTTY'S BEDROOM

DOTTY (6) smiles and sighs contentedly in her sleep.

Serrano blinks in surprise and dismay. He quickly hides his rifle from her still sleeping view.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Kilmer trains his rifle on BRENDA and MATT BRODY where they snuggle together in their bed. He lowers his gun and frantically signals retreat.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. BRODY FARM

Kilmer and gang rushes to meet Frankie and her team between the barn and the house.

FRANKIE

We got nothing. You?

KILMER

A family. I can't believe they're sleepers. How sure are you on your trace?

JELANI

Positive. I got the latitude and longitude of the origin.

FRANKIE

Did they know you were there?

Kilmer gives her an incredulous look. Come on you know me.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

We don't have a warrant. Without probable cause they can hang us.

KILMER

We have probable cause.

FRANKIE

And we just blew it.

KILMER

They don't know that. Can you work some of your magic for me.

Frankie gives him a long considering look. She sighs and unzips her Ops suit. She gestures to Kilmer, Serrano, Mo and Jelani.

FRANKIE

You guys can't go in looking like that.

INT. BRODY LIVING ROOM

A sleepy Brenda holds Dotty on her lap. Matt sits next to her on the couch. The boys stand behind them eyeing Serrano, Mo and Jelani, now in civies, who lounge casually around the room.

Frankie and Kilmer sit in armchairs across from the family. Frankie smiles disarmingly.

FRANKIE
We're really sorry to disturb you folks. I hope you can help...

MATT
Where did you say you're from again?

FRANKIE
Homeland Security.

MATT
What does that have to do with us?

FRANKIE
What can you tell us about Janahi El Mehkashin?

BRENDA
Janel Who?

MATT
We've never heard of this person. I think it's time for you all to take your games and get out of my house.

KILMER
Sir, this isn't a game. We have highly reliable intel possibly linking you to terrorist activity.

BRENDA
Terrorist activity?

She turns frightened eyes on Matt and hugs Dotty closer.

MATT
What right do you have coming in here in the middle of the night? Terrifying my family like this.

Jelani and Mo ease slightly more to attention. Kilmer holds up a hand telling them to back off.

KILMER
Calm down, sir.

MATT
Don't you tell me to calm down. You get to explaining what you're doing here.

FRANKIE

We have highly reliable intel
indicating that some phone calls
were made from your telephone.

KILMER

Phone calls relating to terrorist
activity.

Brenda blinks in surprise. She and Matt exchange shocked
looks.

BRENDA

You seriously think we're
terrorists?

KILMER

We're just looking at all the
possibilities, ma'am.

MATT

Well let me tell you. Ain't nair
one of us got anything to do with
them Ladens or whatever they
calling themselves.

Kilmer grits his teeth. Frankie puts a calming hand on his
arm without looking at him.

KILMER

Eight phone calls were placed from
your home number over the last
thirty-six hours.

MATT

That's funny. Our phone's been dead
as beaver hat since day 'fore last.

FRANKIE

Excuse me?

BRENDA

Heck of a thunderstorm came through
here. Took out all the phones in
the county.

Frankie and Kilmer exchange looks.

JELANI

May I?

He gestures to the phone. Matt nods. Jelani picks it up and
listens to the silence. He shakes his head.

KILMER
You've talked to no one since then?

MATT
Didn't say that. You city folk
ain't the only ones who's heard of
cellular technology.

Kilmer studies all of them. They stare back at him. Even
Dotty gives him a you're-an-idiot look.

KILMER
May I see your cell phones?

INT. THE VAULT

Lark and Holly give the team sympathetic looks as they file
in dejected.

LARK
It was a bust, huh?

SERRANO
If you consider nearly scarring a
six year old girl for life a bust,
then yes I'd have to say it was.

He flops in a chair with a sigh.

FRANKIE
I don't understand how this could
happen.

JELANI
The intel was accurate.

KILMER
No one's blaming you.

JELANI
I'm just saying how can it be
accurate and wrong at the same
time?

KILMER
That's what we have to figure out.
We're back to square one.

Jelani and Mo go back to the listening chamber.

Holly snaps her fingers to get Kilmer's attention.

HOLLY

Maybe not completely to square one.
Look at this.

She pulls up data and puts it on the monitor.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Interpol created a psychological
profile for El Mehkashin. He's a
shrewd strategist who doesn't care
much for the spotlight.

KILMER

That makes sense.

HOLLY

And he's not given to grand
gestures, so...

FRANKIE

So maybe we're looking for
something too big.

KILMER

We can't see the forest for the
trees.

INT. LISTENING CHAMBER

Jelani frowns as he listens and adjusts Echelon's settings.
He taps Mo.

JELANI

Are you getting a lot of traffic
over there?

MO

Yeah. I thought I didn't set the
filter well enough.

JELANI

No. It's not just the...

Jelani's cell phone RINGS. He holds up a finger to Mo and
answers it.

JELANI (CONT'D)

Jelani.

TELEMARKETER

Good evening, sir. I'm calling from
the Child's Affair Charitable
Organization...

JELANI
Please hold.

Jelani rolls his eyes and sets the phone down without hanging up. Mo gives him a questioning look.

JELANI (CONT'D)
As long as the telemarketer holds on, he can't bother anyone else. I've got hits on faxes and email, too.

MO
Me, too. I'll keep monitoring, you initiate the traces.

JELANI
Deal.

INT. THE VAULT

Holly shows Frankie some data on her screen.

Kilmer confers with Lark at a computer terminal.

LARK
This is the FBI's Hackers Watch List. Mehkashin is #4.

KILMER
He's a hacker?

LARK
More technological genius than just a hacker.

KILMER
In what way?

LARK
As in anything that has a computer, he can control. From anywhere.

KILMER
Illegal activity? That why he's on the list?

LARK
No. He's on there as a potential. His name was added two years ago when he disappeared into an AQ training facility in Malaysia.

KILMER
And that's why he's under CIA
surveillance.

Mo sticks his head out of the listening chamber.

MO
Guys. We got something.

INT. LISTENING CHAMBER

The cacophony is near deafening.

KILMER
What's going on?

MO
I set the filter for two things.
Event and Date.

FRANKIE
And you're still getting all these
hits?

MO
It's worse. I only set one date.
October 15. When I take out the
event...

Mo deftly sets the filter again. The voices slow down
slightly. The remaining voices repeat over and over.

VOICES
October 15. October 15.

KILMER
That's tomorrow. And we still don't
know details.

FRANKIE
We're running out of time.

KILMER
How are the traces coming? Do we
have a location?

JELANI
No. The calls originate from all
across the country.

LARK
How is that possible? There's no
concentrated cell?

JELANI

Not so far. They're not as random as you'd expect with a computer generated router. All I've got is a slightly higher percent from the Bay area.

KILMER

Holly. I need a list of possible targets. Events, visitors, etc. on the West Coast, emphasis San Francisco.

Holly nods and hurries away.

KILMER (CONT'D)

I don't like the random locations. Lark, you run the rest of the country.

LARK

Already on it.

KILMER

Frankie, you and Serrano get passenger lists for every flight that will be in US airspace tomorrow. Both origination and destination.

Frankie and Serrano leave.

SERRANO

You want domestic?

KILMER

You guys stay on Echelon. It's still our best source of information. I'll warn the president.

INT. KILMER'S OFFICE

Kilmer dials the phone.

ATKINS (O.S.)

Atkins.

KILMER

We've got a situation here sir.

ATKINS

We're getting reports from all over the Intelligence Community.

(MORE)

ATKINS (CONT'D)

Everybody's getting the same date and nothing else.

KILMER

Tomorrow. Something huge is going down. According to our Intel, this isn't Mehkashin's style. We'll keep working to find out what he is up to.

ATKINS

Negative. The President wants all available resources analyzing data relevant to tomorrow. We'll have to come back to Mehkashin.

KILMER

I disagree. It's too much of a coincidence that he ditches the CIA and 48 hours later we've got credible intel on a imminent attack.

ATKINS

You said yourself. This isn't his style. The President ordered you to concentrate on tomorrow's threat.

KILMER

My gut tells me that Mehkashin is responsible for tomorrow's threat.

ATKINS

You have your orders.

INT. THE VAULT

Holly types furiously on a keyboard. Lark pulls up charts and lists. Serrano sit at separate terminals. Printers by either spew passenger lists.

KILMER

How's the list of targets coming?

LARK

I've got nothing big enough to warrant attack.

HOLLY

Me, either.

Kilmer thinks for a moment.

KILMER
El Mehkashin likes small ripples.
Despite...

Jelani rushes into the room.

JELANI
We've got a huge problem.

Kilmer and gang scamper back into the listening chamber.

INT. LISTENING CHAMBER

Mo frantically turns dials and types on the keyboard. Lights flash. Data flies across the screen at top speed. A rainbow of colors flash.

KILMER
What's happening?

JELANI
The volume is becoming too much for
Echelon to process.

MO
I've got it on it's tightest filter
and still...

KILMER
Can you do anything? We need
Echelon.

Jelani tries typed commands on his end.

JELANI
Nothing. It's not responding.

The voices become a deafening roar. The colors streak by too fast to even try to read the text. Indicator lights flash erratically all over the equipment. They all blaze up then go off. The screen goes solid white, then black. The room becomes eerily silent.

KILMER
What happened?

Mo and Jelani furiously type commands. Nothing happens. Jelani sighs. SYSTEM BUSY flashes on the screen. Jelani turns to look at Kilmer with a heavy sigh.

JELANI
We just lost Echelon.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. LISTENING CHAMBER

Everyone looks at Jelani in stunned silence for a long moment.

FRANKIE

How is that possible?

Kilmer's cell phone RINGS. He steps a little away to answer it.

LARK

I didn't think it was possible.

SERRANO

Maybe we just lost our connection.

KILMER

Go.

ATKINS

Can you access Echelon?

KILMER

No. Are you saying that this is a widespread problem?

The team turns to look at him.

ATKINS

Echelon has officially crashed and burned.

KILMER

Fantastic timing? What do we do now? It was our best lead in the time window we were given.

ATKINS

You'll think of something.

Kilmer hangs up with a sigh.

KILMER

Okay. Bottom line. We need Echelon. How do we get it back?

Jelani holds up a printout. It's absolutely huge. More sits on his desk.

JELANI
It's been completely flooded. Well
over capacity.

MO
So how do we get the volume down?

JELANI
We find the people making the calls
and shut them up.

KILMER
Good start. Are those the traces?

JELANI
Yeah.

KILMER
Good. Everybody grab a foot or so
and start analyzing.

INT. THE VAULT

The team grab the printouts and spread out using every
available space.

LARK
Talk about a needle in a haystack.

JELANI
Wait a minute. This can't be right.

Kilmer hurries to him.

KILMER
What'd you find?

JELANI
According to this, I made 168
filtered calls in the last half
hour.

LARK
Is there something you want to tell
us, Jelani.

He gives her a half smile and rolls his eyes.

SERRANO
Hey Kilmer, isn't your unlisted
cell number 202-555-4987?

Kilmer hurries to him and looks over his shoulder.

KILMER

Yeah. Why?

SERRANO

According to this I have 5,192
filtered calls from your number.

FRANKIE

What's going on?

LARK

Could whoever is behind this be
cloning cell numbers?

MO

Except Kilmer and Jelani's numbers
aren't clonable.

HOLLY

And what about the Brody's? We
traced the calls to their home
number. Not cells.

KILMER

But their phones were down. The
last call they got was from a
telemarketer soliciting donations.

LARK

Are you thinking that telemarketers
are actually terrorists?

KILMER

Did you get a call from a
telemarketer on that phone,
recently?

Jalani and Mo exchange startled looks.

JELANI

About an hour ago.

FRANKIE

Son of a...That's how they're doing
it. Once the connection's been
established they can hack into your
line.

SERRANO

Oh come on. You know how hard that
is? You'd have to be some kind of
a...

LARK

Technological genius. Like El Mehkashin.

FRANKIE

If we're right, isn't this a little big for him? He crashed a global spy network.

KILMER

He could've changed methods in the camp. How would they get their point across without a little statement?

LARK

So we know what happened. What are we going to do about it?

Kilmer picks up a huge printout and begins flipping through it.

FRANKIE

Echelon has to be crucial to whatever they're planning. Otherwise, why bother to shut it down?

LARK

You think they wanted it offline to coordinate the real plan?

KILMER

So we gotta get it back up. I know exactly how.

INT. ATKINS' OFFICE

Roger stares at Kilmer dispassionately.

ATKINS

You don't even know it'll work.

KILMER

It's the most logical solution. El Mehkashin shut us down by flooding the phone lines with false intel. If we take some of those lines away from him, we'll get it back up.

ATKINS

I thought I specifically told you to leave El Mehkashin alone today.

KILMER

You told me to concentrate on tomorrow. He's behind whatever's going down tomorrow.

Atkins studies Kilmer's urgent expression for a long moment then sighs.

ATKINS

You really think if we shut down Verizon, we can get Echelon back up.

KILMER

Verizon is the biggest operator in the country with the largest coverage area. And the majority of these phony calls have been made on their network.

ATKINS

You really want us to leave millions of people without phone service for the next 36 hours?

KILMER

It's a small sacrifice if we can stop thousands, or even millions from dying tomorrow.

Atkins stares at Kilmer, still reluctant. Finally, he stands.

ATKINS

I'll have the President make the call.

INT. VERIZON HQ - CEO'S OFFICE

IVAN SEIDENBERG (56) leans back in his chair. His expression tolerantly amused.

SEIDENBERG

I'm sorry...Mr...President. There are over 137 access lines in 67 of the top 100 U.S. markets. I just can't shut them down. It's a little more complicated than flicking a switch.

PRESIDENT (O.S.)

Make it that simple. Millions of lives are at stake.

SEIDENBERG

Look. I'm a very busy man. Whoever you are, I really don't have the time to...

His ASSISTANT pokes her head in. She gives him a nervous look.

PRESIDENT (O.S.)

I assure you, this is a matter of national security. I'm finished asking. If you force us to, we will shut you down ourselves and charge you with obstruction of justice, conspiracy to commit murder and whatever else we can think to throw at you.

Seidenberg rolls his eyes. He swirls his finger at his temple indicating the caller is crazy.

His assistant hurries to his side. Whispers in his ear.

ASSISTANT

The trace is complete. It's coming from the oval office.

Seidenberg's face goes pasty white. He snaps to attention.

SEIDENBERG

Of course, sir. What exactly do you need me to do?

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A BUSINESSMAN repeatedly jabs the already lit elevator button. He shifts his briefcase to his right hand and looks at his watch on his left wrist. He adjusts the headset on his ear in the same motion.

BUSINESSMAN

That's unacceptable. I'm on my way.

The elevator doors open. He hurries inside and punches the Lobby button.

INT. ELEVATOR

The doors slide closed. He checks his watch again.

BUSINESSMAN

I'll be there in a hour. In the meantime...I need to have this happen. Ready?

He frowns and taps the headset.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)
Hello? Can you hear me now?

He checks the phone's display. It reads CALL LOST. NO SERVICE.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)
Darn elevator.

EXT. 5TH AVENUE

A WOMAN strolls importantly from a boutique. Three MEN loaded down with packages and shopping bags follow her. She daintily holds a cell phone to her ear.

WOMAN
Don't be daft. I haven't the time.
I'm very busy, indeed. All I ask
is...

She looks at her phone in disbelief.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Hello? Hello! She hung up. And I
was really trying not to fire
anyone today.

INT. BUICK SKYLARK - DRIVING

An elderly WOMAN drives the car. She swerves in and out of traffic on the curvy two lane highway with NASCAR precision using one hand. She holds a cell phone to her ear with the other.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Doris. Doris! Calm down. I'll be
along shortly. Surely you can keep
Betty busy for a few more minutes.
Honestly, you'd think the world was
ending.

She listens for a long moment. Speeds up and swerves around a car full of joyriding TEENS.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)
Darn kids. Move it or lose it. No
not you Doris. Doris? Hello? Doris?

She shrugs and tosses the phone in the passenger seat. It lands on top of several BAKE SALE posters.

EXT. PALACE OF FINE ARTS - DAY

A young MAN strolls through the ground, cell phone to his ear.

YOUNG MAN
No. I love you more.

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)
(filtered)
I love you more, sweetie.

He rounds some trees and smiles.

The young WOMAN stands with her back to him holding the phone lovingly to her ear.

YOUNG MAN
I love you more, snookums.

YOUNG WOMAN
I love you more.

YOUNG MAN
I lov...Honey? Hello?

YOUNG WOMAN
Can you hear me now?

She turns around. Her slight frown disappears as she sees the man. Phones forgotten, she runs and jumps in his arms.

INT. THE VAULT - LISTENING CHAMBER

Echelon BEEPS and GROANS back to life. Jelani runs to his chair and dons his headset. Mo close on his heels.

JELANI
We're back.

INT. THE VAULT - ROUND TABLE

Kilmer jumps to his feet. Pauses at the edge of the listening chamber.

KILMER
Good. Filter for the specified numbers. Every call, I want the text. Frankie, take Lark and Serrano. Prepare to mobilize. I want to be ready to move the moment we have something.

Frankie nods. She hurries from the table, grabbing Lard and Serrano on the way.

Kilmer turns to face Holly.

KILMER (CONT'D)
Holly, run the GPS positioning on the filtered numbers. I want to know exactly where these people are on the planet. To the inch.

She nods and hurries to her station.

INT. THE VAULT - LISTENING CHAMBER

Jelani and Mo sit tensely. They listen intently to the still silent head phones. Kilmer leans stiffly against the doorjamb.

A clock hangs on the wall behind him. The hands slowly tick off the passing minutes.

INT. THE VAULT - GEAR ROOM

Frankie scans over a gear inventory list on a clipboard.

Lark tests and replaces batteries in handheld dangerous substance detectors.

Serrano double checks ammunition clips and reloads them into the weapons.

LARK
It's official. I hate the hurry up and wait.

Frankie gives her a tense smile. She glances towards the listening chamber and Kilmer. Frankie hangs the clipboard by the door as she walks out of the room.

INT. THE VAULT - LISTENING CHAMBER

Jelani and Mo pay attention to random burst of muffled voices.

Kilmer tiredly rubs the bridge of his nose. Frankie taps him on the shoulder. Nods for him to follow her.

INT. KILMER'S OFFICE

Kilmer follows Frankie inside. He scrubs his hands over his face in frustration.

KILMER

What if I was wrong. We're wasting time. Sitting around waiting for a terrorist to tell us their next move.

FRANKIE

What are your instincts telling you?

KILMER

That we're on the right track. But also that we're playing their game. By their rules.

FRANKIE

Maybe for now. When the time comes, we'll turn the tables on them. We always do.

He gives her a grateful smile.

KILMER

How did I manage to let you get away?

FRANKIE

You had...

A BEEP from the outer room snags their attention. They hurry from the office.

INT. THE VAULT

Lark and Serrano stand with Holly. Her fingers fly over the keyboard. Satellite photos flash on the overhead monitor. With each photo, they push in tighter.

The world. The U.S. Texas. Houston. An industrial area. A warehouse.

KILMER

What's this?

Serrano scrambles to another computer.

LARK

Holly's traces finally came back on the telemarketers. This is their HQ.

KILMER

Good work, Holly.

HOLLY

Thank you.

Kilmer studies the photos thoughtfully.

KILMER

Anything interesting happening in
Houston today?

Serrano scan through some scrolling information. He shakes
his head.

SERRANO

Negative. Only local events and
very few at that.

KILMER

No visiting dignitaries,
conventions?

SERRANO

Not a one.

KILMER

Frankie, get the local FBI office n
this warehouse. Tell them to
proceed with caution. We don't know
what kind of surprises they left
behind.

Frankie nods and hurries to the phone.

SERRANO

You think something bigger is going
down?

KILMER

Mehkashin's gone to an awful lot of
trouble to strike a small city. Not
when New York, Los Angeles, Chicago
or Washington, D.C. are still
viable targets.

EXT. HOUSTON WAREHOUSE

FBI AGENTS swarm urgently around the building. In tactical
teams, they breach the warehouse.

INT. TELEMARKETING OFFICE

Agents carefully sweep the empty office. All the equipment
still line the desks. Other than the agents, there's no sign
of life in the darkened interior.

AGENT BOYLE, the lead agent, lowers his firearm.

AGENT BOYLE
All clear.

He flips the light on. The rest of the agents scatter in an organized chaos throughout the building. They photograph the scene, dust for fingerprints and boot up computers.

Another AGENT sticks his head out of the back office.

AGENT 1
Hey Boss. Take a look.

Boyle nods and finishes giving direction to another agent before heading towards the office.

INT. HOUSTON WAREHOUSE - BACK OFFICE

Boyle joins several more AGENTS already methodically going through the office. The agent who beckoned him over shows him a thick sheaf of papers covered in Arabic writing.

AGENT 1
We got anyone who can translate?

AGENT BOYLE
Not in the field, no.

AGENT 1
Ship it to the office?

Boyle looks around. His gaze lands on a fax machine. He pulls out his cell phone and starts dialing.

AGENT BOYLE
I don't think we have time for that.
(into phone)
This is Special Agent Boyle. I need you to patch me through to Frankie Kilmer at Homeland Security.

INT. THE VAULT

Frankie holds the phone to her ear. She hurries to the fax machine. She quickly hits a couple buttons sending the information into the computer system.

FRANKIE
It's coming through. Thanks.

She hangs up and goes to a computer.

KILMER
What've ya got?

FRANKIE
The FBI cleared the warehouse. They thought we could translate the files they found faster than they could.

SERRANO
You think they just left their plans lying around for us to find?

FRANKIE
No. But I think we'll get a lead from what's not here. Help me run the translation program.

Serrano nods. He jumps in.

INT. THE VAULT - LISTENING CHAMBER

Echelon starts to go crazy again. Mo and Jelani jump. They scrutinize the info the computer spits out. Kilmer hurries in.

KILMER
We got a lead?

Mo and Jelani scan the info hopefully. They run traces.

JELANI
Someone faxing us?

KILMER
Houston, FBI. Holly found the telemarketing HQ. They're faxing the files discovered on the premises.

MO
Whatever is in those files, must be gold. It's sending Echelon off the charts.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. THE VAULT

Frankie and Serrano rapidly run the translation program.

Kilmer hurries over to them.

KILMER

What've you guys got out here?

FRANKIE

Random threats. Mostly for past dates.

KILMER

Lark, Holly, help on the analyzing end. I want any and all patterns that emerge. Frankie, you and Serrano translate only. I'll call the FBI and ask them to feed us faster.

Lark and Holly spring into action.

Kilmer picks up the phone to dial.

INT. THE VAULT - LISTENING CHAMBER

Jelani sits up straight with a frown. He taps Mo. Signals for him to patch into his feed. Mo does. He listens for a moment; nods to Jelani.

Jelani rips his headset off. Bolts for the door.

INT. THE VAULT

Kilmer shoves his fingers through his hair.

KILMER

Don't worry about us. Feed the files through as many fax machines as you can find. Our equipment can handle it. Thanks.

Kilmer hangs up just as Jelani hurries into the room.

JELANI

We're getting a hit on Echelon. Today's date. "The countdown has begun."

Kilmer nods. He hurriedly follows Jelani back to the listening chamber.

INT. THE VAULT - LISTENING CHAMBER

Mo flips through a new pile of printouts. Jelani and Kilmer enter. Mo shoots them a worried look.

MO
We got a lot of celebratory tones.

KILMER
Celebrating what?

MO
The imminent execution of Allah's plan.

KILMER
Imminent. But not yet. Execution could be a euphemism for assassination.

Jelani and Mo exchange looks.

JELANI
We just don't have enough solid intel.

KILMER
What about a location?

JELANI
Negative.

Kilmer leans out the door.

KILMER
Lark. Any consistent locations emerging?

INT. THE VAULT

Lark signs the question to Holly who signs back.

LARK
Holly and I both have one consistently missing.

KILMER
Which?

LARK
Washington, D.C.

INT. THE VAULT - LISTENING CHAMBER

Kilmer grits his teeth.

KILMER
Any hits on Washington?

MO
Negative.

Jelani pales as he listens more closely. He flips a switch, putting what he's hearing on the speakers. An eerie, soft-spoken voice fills the room.

JELANI
Guys.

MEHKASHIN
(arabic)
Sever the head. The body will die.

MO
(translates)
Sever the head. The body will die.

Kilmer grabs a phone on the wall. He punches a speed dial button.

JELANI
Tell me the President isn't in D.C.
right now.

Mo only looks at him silently.

KILMER
Atkins, I need you to clear us for
entry to the White House. We're
taking over the protection detail
from the Secret Service.

INT. WASHINGTON POST - FOLDING ROOM

Papers are mass folded and packed off to individual news CARRIERS. One MAN grabs a crate of papers. He pauses to smile at a small ARAB BOY who comes in wearing an empty knapsack.

MAN
Hey kid. Be careful out there
today. Watch for strangers.

BOY
Yes sir.

The man grins proudly and keeps walking.

The boy guilelessly fills his knapsack with papers.

INT. WHITE HOUSE

Kilmer, Frankie, Serrano and Jelani, dressed in tailored suits, stride quickly down the corridor.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT MARC DAVIES falls into step beside Kilmer. Still on the move, the men shake hands.

AGENT DAVIES

Agent Kilmer? Marc Davies, Secret Service. Mr. Atkins apprised up of the situation. You have our full cooperation.

KILMER

Good. I'd like to speak with the president while my people sweep the building.

Davies nods his agreement. At the corridor, the team splits up. Davies and Kilmer continue together.

EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET

The Arab boy rides a bike along the street. He tosses his newspapers with unerring precision at his customers' doors.

He stops at a traffic light. While waiting for the light to change, he pulls a tiny metal box with a spring in the middle from his pocket. The boy squeezes it gently until a tiny red light pops on.

Without letting go, he carefully stuffs the box inside one of his folded and tied papers. He presses it out of site.

The traffic light changes to green. The boy continues across the street and down the sidewalk on his bike.

INT. WHITE HOUSE

With barely contained frustration, Frankie, Jelani and Serrano meet up with Kilmer and Davies.

KILMER

Gimme the good news.

FRANKIE

Nothing. Gas levels are well within normal range.

JELANI

Same for flammable liquids.

SERRANO

All explosives are confined to
service revolvers.

Kilmer paces away in thought. Everyone else looks at him expectantly.

EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET

The boy delivers his modified paper to a house, not changing his pace in the least.

EXT. GEORGETOWN PORCH

The front door opens. Still in his bathrobe, Choudhary looks off down the street after the boy with a proud smile on his face. He picks up the newspaper and goes back inside the house.

INT. WHITE HOUSE

Kilmer gets on the radio.

KILMER

Lark. How's the infrared?

LARK (O.S.)

All normal. Nothing out of the
ordinary.

INT. CHOUDHARY'S DINING ROOM

The newspaper sits on the table next to a cup of coffee. Choudhary comes in with a plate of scrambled eggs and toast.

He sits at the table and picks up the paper. He slides the string off and snaps the paper open.

The explosion rattles the windows, but doesn't break them. Choudhary flies backward; the plate and coffee fly the opposite direction.

Choudhary's body lays in a mangled mess on the floor. A pool of blood spreads beneath him. Ugly holes pepper his chest and neck.

INT. THE VAULT

Lark studies the monitors.

LARK

I've scanned the entire capitol
area. The infrared has...whoa!

A huge intense red dot flashes on the map of D.C.

KILMER (O.S.)
What've ya got, Lark?

LARK
Not sure. Sudden blast of intense
heat in Georgetown.

She does a couple keystrokes focusing on the red dot.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WHITE HOUSE

The team stands nervously awaiting her response.

KILMER
Explosion intense?

Lark concentrates on pinpointing the source.

Mo runs from the listening chamber.

MO
You talking to Kilmer?

LARK
They're live now.

MO
Kilmer. Is the president safe?

Kilmer looks around startled at the question.

KILMER
Yeah, why?

MO
I'm getting phone calls. All
cheering and congratulating the
followers on a job well done.

KILMER
Tell me something good guys.

LARK
I'm getting the data. The infrared
flash was only slightly more
intense than a shotgun blast. Not
significant enough to be an
explosion.

Kilmer paces.

KILMER

What's that address? We'll check it out.

LARK

It's a residence. 675 West ??
Street. Emergency personnel are
already en-route.

Kilmer leads the team at a brisk jog towards the exit.

KILMER

Hold them off. No one enters before
we get there. Do we know who the
occupants are?

LARK

According to the lease, the
occupant is Choudhary Al Folathi.

Kilmer stumbles to a halt.

KILMER

Cut off the head...

Kilmer looks like he's about to punch the nearest wall. He
reigns in his temper with much difficulty. Frankie, Serrano
and Jelani all stare at him with puzzled expressions.

After a long moment, Kilmer hangs his head and continues
stalking towards the exit. The team follow.

EXT. CEMETARY

Kilmer stands slightly away from the crowd of MOURNERS
gathered around a casket.

Slowly the people disperse, leaving Kilmer alone. Atkins
makes his way towards Kilmer. They stand together silently
for a long moment.

ATKINS

You couldn't have known.

KILMER

I was looking forward to calling
him a friend.

ATKINS

I think he would've liked that.

Silence falls over them again.

KILMER
The world is no longer safe for El
Mehkashin.

Atkins opens his mouth then closes it in resignation. Kilmer
turns and walks slowly away.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END