

BRAKE

Written By

Timothy Mannion

Revisions by

Gabe Torres & Andrew Hilton

Director:
Gabe Torres

Producers:
Nathan West
James Walker
Gabe Torres

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Archive Entertainment
1875 Century Park East,
Suite 700
Century City, CA 90067

FADE IN:

Blood-red numbers. Counting down. Seconds dwindling away.

03:11... 03:10... 03:09...

1 INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - PATCH OF RED LIGHT - DAY 1

As our eyes adjust to the dim red glow from the numbers, something becomes visible...

A MAN. Asleep on his back. He's lean, scruffy, unshaven.

His name is JEREMY REINS (30s).

Jeremy stirs and opens his eyes. GROANS. Feels his head. A bad hangover? *

JEREMY *

What the hell...? *

Where is he? A hotel? His bedroom?

Jeremy notices the DIGITAL TIMER overhead, barely 18 inches from his face.

And the seconds keep falling.

02:32... 02:31... 02:30...

Disoriented, he moves left, smacks into a wall. He rolls back to the right... SMACK! Hits another wall.

Jeremy shakes the sleep from his body and sits up. CRACK! He slams his forehead on something, grabs it in pain.

JEREMY *

Shit! *

Jeremy reaches in every direction, shifts his body to explore the space and quickly discovers... he's trapped!

He glances down, moves his feet in the darkness. Feels like a box. Like a damn sardine can. *

JEREMY

What the fuck?

It sinks in. He's really trapped. He makes another attempt to free himself, crashes from side to side... *

Jeremy kicks, elbows, pounds the "walls."

JEREMY

Hey, can anybody hear me?!

*

Pounding at the walls does nothing. Screams only reach
obscurity.

His face bounces in and out of the red light. He squirms,
looking for a way out.

2

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - PATCH OF RED LIGHT - DAY

2

Jeremy contorts himself to press against the ceiling.

He tries to force the top. No give. Not an inch...

He's not going anywhere.

Exhausted and beaten, Jeremy flops back. His desperate eyes
lock onto those numbers overhead:

01:23...01:22...01:21

He reaches to touch them, but it's impossible. They are
behind a clear wall of some sort.

*

He freezes a moment, searching his brain for an explanation.

*

JEREMY

What is this?

(a desperate thought)

Morgan? Morgan if this is you, I
have your damn money. I swear I
do. I have it!

*

*

Jeremy kicks his feet up to the ceiling. Attempts to use
sheer leg force to pry open the top.

JEREMY

You hear me Morgan! I'm telling
you, I've got your money!

The top beats him.

He tries to find a comfortable position. Not happening. The
cramped space is taking its toll.

*

Cascades of sweat pour from his neck. His exertion has
heated up the small space.

*

*

He closes his eyes...

JEREMY

Relax... Relax. Breathe Jeremy.
Breathe. Ten, nine, eight, seven,
six...

Controlled breathing. An attempt to lower his heart rate.

Jeremy opens his eyes. The red numbers dropping away.
Matching his personal countdown.

00:03...00:02...00:01

Labored breaths as the clock runs down to:

00:00.

Then... A MAN'S VOICE. Somewhere inside the room.

MAN (O.S)

(distraught)

Hello! Is anybody there?! If you
can hear me... please help me!

*

The fear-stricken voice trails off to a faint echo. Jeremy
sits up as best he can. He scours the enveloping darkness to
find the man.

MAN (O.S.)

Somebody... anybody... please.

JEREMY

I'm here! I'm right here! Can you
hear me?!

*

*

The man starts to CRY. Absolutely defeated.

Jeremy lies flat on his back and curls into the fetal
position. He grips the floor and slides to the far end of
the room, trying to get closer to the man's voice.

3

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - PATCH OF RED LIGHT - DAY

3

Jeremy feels around trying to find a latch, door knob.
Anything.

Finally he grabs onto something. It CLATTERS across the hard
surface as he slides back to the red light and we see he has
a grip on...

A weathered Motorola CB radio. He turns one of the knobs.
STATIC comes through louder now.

JEREMY
 (into radio)
 Hey, can you hear me? *

MAN (V.O.) *
 Yes! Yes! Thank, God! *

JEREMY *
 Who is this? *

A long beat. No response. Then a BEEP.

MAN (V.O) *
 Please, you have to help me... I'm *
 trapped somewhere. I don't know what *
 to do. I'm scared... Please, I'm so *
 scared! *

The frail voice trembles.

JEREMY
 (calm)
 Take it easy. Tell me your name. *

MAN (V.O)
 Henry. Henry Shaw.

JEREMY
 Okay, Henry. You have any idea
 where you are?

HENRY (V.O) *
 I have no idea. It's dark. I *
 can't see a thing. *

Jeremy looks at his own surroundings. Same situation on his *
 end. *

HENRY (V.O)
 I can't sit up, there's barely
 enough room to move around. I
 can't breathe... I'm having trouble
 breathing.

Jeremy runs his hand against the side wall.

JEREMY
 Are the walls smooth?

HENRY (V.O)
 Yeah. Slick like glass.

JEREMY
 What about the ceiling?

Each question seems more difficult for Henry to answer.

HENRY (V.O)
There are these numbers.

The numbers have started counting down again:

02:31...02:30...02:29

JEREMY
Are they counting down?

HENRY (V.O)
Yeah they're counting down. What
does it mean? What's going to
happen?
(stricken)
Oh God, is it some kind --

JEREMY
Just read the numbers to me!

HENRY (V.O)
Okay, okay... Two twenty-two... two
twenty-one... two twenty.

02:22...02:21...02:20

Jeremy watches his own numbers count down. They're in sync
with Henry's.

HENRY (V.O)
Please... can you help me get out
of here?

JEREMY
Wish I could, pal. But it looks
like you and me are in the same
boat.

HENRY (V.O.)
Jesus Christ! You're trapped too?!

JEREMY
Yep, tight space, pitch black,
numbers... We're a matched-fucking
set.

HENRY (V.O)
What is this?! Why are we here?!
Who's doing this to us?!

Jeremy feels around him, continuing to assess his situation.

JEREMY

The walls and top are sturdy.
Definitely reinforced. Somebody
put some time and effort into this.
Money too.

*
*

HENRY (V.O)

I tried as hard as I could to break
out. Banged myself up pretty bad.
Please, you have to get me out of
here. The numbers are still going
down!

*
*
*
*

JEREMY

Don't think about that right now.
I'll try to get you out of there,
but I need information.

*
*
*
*

HENRY

How the Hell are you going to help
me! You're trapped too.

*
*
*

JEREMY

I need information to help us both
out. You a gambler, Henry?

*
*
*

HENRY

Um... A little sometimes. Atlantic
City. I play some Keno.

*
*
*

JEREMY

(amused)

Keno?! At least lose your shirt on
a real man's game.

*
*
*
*

HENRY

And what's a real man's game?

*
*

JEREMY

Cards, Henry. A real man screws up
playing cards.

*
*
*

HENRY

That's what you think this is
about? Gambling debts? I don't
owe anyone anything.

*
*
*
*

Jeremy's confused. Thought he had this figured out.

*

JEREMY

You know a man named Dietrich
Morgan?

*
*

HENRY (V.O)
No. No I don't think so.

JEREMY
You're sure? Dietrich Morgan?
Have you ever heard that name
before? Think hard. It's
important.

HENRY (V.O)
No. No I don't know anyone by that
name. I'm positive.

Jeremy sits still for a beat. Nothing makes sense. *

Henry develops a HACKING COUGH.

HENRY (V.O)
I don't know how much longer I can
last in here.

JEREMY
Try to relax, Henry. Slow your
breathing. This radio's old so the
frequency can't travel very far.
We must be close to each other. *

A KNOCK from somewhere. Jeremy twists his head, tries to
locate the sound.

HENRY (V.O)
Why is this happening?

MUFFLED VOICES. Are they real or just imagined?

JEREMY
Shhh! Be quiet for a second. I hear
someone. *

HENRY (V.O)
Where are they...?

JEREMY
Quiet!

THE MUFFLED VOICES return. They are real. And very close.

Jeremy pounds on the walls, desperate to be heard.

JEREMY
Hello! Can you hear me! Somebody!
Anybody?! I'm trapped. Please,
tell me you can you hear me!

No answer.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
 Fuck! Can't anybody hear me?

*

He rolls onto his back, defeated.

Jeremy tries to calm himself as he rubs his hands over his eye sockets. His mind is racing.

JEREMY
 Keep it together, Jer. Keep it together and think. Think this shit through. Figure it out.

*

*

Then a VOICE.

HENRY
 Hello? You still there?

*

Jeremy opens his eyes -- the red numbers burn his retinas.

00:03...00:02...00:01

The unmistakable sound of a car door SLAMMING SHUT. Followed by ANOTHER. Then...

An ENGINE FIRES UP. It revs, full throttle.

Jeremy finally realizes where he is:

4 INT. CAR TRUNK - MOVING - DAY

4

We begin to move. Slow at first -- like we're pulling out of a garage. Then a rocking turn.

The numbers on the ceiling blink back to their pre-set:

04:00...03:59...03:58

Jeremy searches for the radio near his shoulder.

JEREMY
 Henry, what's going on?

HENRY (V.O)
 I'm moving. What the hell --

*

JEREMY
 We're inside vehicles. Judging by the space I have and the sound of the engine, I'd wager I'm in the trunk of a car.

*

*

*

HENRY (V.O.)

What! This can't be happening.
Please don't let this be happening.

JEREMY

Listen to me. Listen. Do you
remember anything? Anything about
where you were before you woke up?

*

HENRY (V.O)

I was in New York. Manhattan. The
Clarion hotel on Madison Avenue.

Jeremy registers the new information with concern.

JEREMY

What were you doing in New York?

HENRY (V.O)

It was a business trip.

JEREMY

Help me out here. What kind of
business? You a cabbie, a broker,
a pimp?

*
*
*

HENRY (V.O)

Just business.

JEREMY

C'mon, Henry, stop fucking stone-
walling. We're on the same team
here --

*
*
*

A bump in the road SLAMS Jeremy upwards. He ricochets off
the top and crashes back.

He moans in agony, reaches for his nose. It's broken.

*

HENRY

All right, all right... I work for
the State Department. I'm a
Foreign Service Officer assigned to
the NSC in the White House Ops
Center.

*

Jeremy doesn't hear Henry. He's still dazed, bleeding...

He smears blood from his nose onto his shirt, clears his
nostrils, shakes off the pain.

FRANTIC DRIVING CONTINUES

An URGENT BEEP from a passing car, as the vehicle Jeremy is in, jerks from lane to lane.

Jeremy death grips the sides for dear life. His arms and legs spread out, straining to hold him in place.

JEREMY

Hey, slow it down, asshole!!!

*

Brakes SQUEAK and SQUIRM as the car downshifts. Is the driver listening?

Jeremy jack-hammers up and down, like the car is speeding on a cobbled road. The radio slips from his grasp.

Finally... The car comes to a DEAD STOP.

5 INT. CAR TRUNK - STOPPED - DAY

5

An eerie silence follows.

Jeremy relaxes his grip and lays motionless. Waits for sound. Sweat covers his face.

Doors OPEN. SLAM SHUT.

Jeremy shifts, recovers the radio.

JEREMY

(whispering)

Henry, you stopped?

*

HENRY (V.O)

Yes.

MUFFLED VOICES. More than two distinct voices outside.

JEREMY

I need you to turn off the radio
for 10 seconds and start yelling as
loud as you can. I want to see if
I can hear you.

*

*

*

HENRY (V.O)

Okay. Here goes.

*

A long beat. Jeremy listens intently for any sound.

*

He glances at the numbers:

*

00:29...00:28...00:27

Nothing. No sound. Dead silence.

*

Then... RADIO STATIC. Henry's back. *

JEREMY
Did you yell?

HENRY (V.O.)
(out of breath)
Yes! You didn't hear me?!

Jeremy doesn't answer. He focuses on....

The numbers as they hit:

00:00.

Then... BLINDING LIGHT. *

A framework of little LED lights now reveal the space that
Jeremy is trapped in. *

As his eyes adjust, he gets a good look at his "prison."
He's encased inside a box -- inside the trunk. *

A clear rectangle of 1-inch thick PLEXIGLASS, its corners
bolted together with reinforced steel. *

Stunned, Jeremy turns over, trying to figure a way out. *
Henry's terrified voice blares over the CB radio, but Jeremy
doesn't respond. *

HENRY (V.O.) *
Oh God! Oh my God, what is this? *
Help me please. There's lights *
and... and wires. I'm in a box! *
I'm in a damn plastic box! There's *
no way out of here. *

Jeremy studies the lights, the elaborate twist of tubes and *
wires running above him, the mounted timer in the roof of the *
trunk and the emergency trunk release he can't touch. *

HENRY (V.O.) *
What is this?!

Jeremy finally picks up the radio. *

JEREMY *
Somebody wants to fuck with us. *
That's what this is. *

HENRY (V.O.) *
Why? *

JEREMY

That's what I plan to find out.

A CLICK. A new sound from somewhere. Jeremy sits up.
Follows the sound to his knees.

A shaft of bright light from the outside spills through...

A SMALL HOLE. As big around as a softball.

It's connected to a plexi tube. Where does it lead? The back
seat?

Jeremy glimpses something stuck half way down the tube.
CLICK again and the outside light is abruptly cut off.

Jeremy contorts his body and slides across the floor to get
to the area. He extends his arm into the tube

Jeremy squeezes his hand into the tube as best he can. He
furiously pulls at whatever's in the tube and... YANKS IT
OUT.

It's a photo. No, a postcard.

THE WHITE HOUSE

in all its beauty. Home of the President. Plush green lawn,
high arching American flag.

Jeremy flips the postcard over. There's writing, but...

The LED lights all go off. He's thrown into darkness again.

JEREMY

You gotta be kidding.
(to whomever's listening)
You having fun yet?!

CLICK. Light from the tube. Something slides in and drops
to the floor. CLICK. The outside light is sucked away.

Ransom fishes around on the floor and comes up with a medium-
sized MAGLITE. He holds it to the postcard and flips it
over.

On the back in black marker.

Give us the location of Black Rock.

BACK ON Jeremy. He begins to hyperventilate. Flips the card
over two more times to make sure he's reading it right.

JEREMY
 (to himself)
 No...

Jeremy's in shock. Frozen. Doesn't move an inch.

Then a VOICE.

HENRY (V.O)
 Jeremy?

Jeremy shines the light on the radio. Still stunned, his hand shakes as he picks it up and presses "talk."

JEREMY
 How do you know my name? I never
 gave you my name. *

Jeremy speaks softly and directly.

HENRY (V.O)
 I just got a piece of paper. It
 says the man in the other car has
 the answer to a question. It says
 your name is "Jeremy". *

JEREMY
 Henry, listen to me. I can't
 answer that question.

HENRY (V.O)
 You can't or you won't?

JEREMY
 It doesn't matter. I can't say
 anything.

HENRY (V.O)
 Please, I'm begging you, Jeremy...
 If this can get us out of here... *

Henry breaks down. Sobbing and whimpering. He's a mess.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 Please just tell them. I've got a
 family... a wife and two kids. *

For the first time Jeremy shows his strength.

JEREMY
 How do I know you're not the one
 who put me in here? How do I know
 you're not the one driving the car?

HENRY (V.O)

No, no, no... please, Jeremy!
Please. I didn't put you in there
and I'm not driving the car, I
swear. I'm stuck in a trunk too,
remember? I'm not the bad guy
here. You have to believe me.

*
*
*

JEREMY

Sorry, pal. I can't trust anyone
or anything right now.

*
*

HENRY (V.O)

Please wa--

Henry's voice trails off as Jeremy turns the volume down.

Jeremy's breath quickens. He's thinking.

01:30...01:29...01:28

He shines the light on the numbers. It's an alarm clock
lodged behind the Plexiglas.

Jeremy shines the light around the trunk.

The Plexiglas makes it impossible to reach the brightly
colored, trunk release handle or even a backseat escape.

He brings the postcard to his face. Flips it over several
times. Reads those sinister words again:

Give us the location of Black Rock.

Sweat builds around his chest and armpit area. He chokes a
bit. The heat is unbearably thick.

Jeremy takes the light and shines it down his body. For the
first time we get a good look at the whole man.

He sports jeans and a bloodied T-shirt. Brawny shoulders,
thick wrists. The kind of physique you don't mess with.

*

He wrestles his fingers into his pants pockets, searching.
Nothing. He turns his body to the side and goes through his
back pockets. Nothing there either.

00:14...00:13...00:12

Jeremy's eyes lock on the numbers. Pondering.

JEREMY
 (to himself and quiet)
 What the hell is this?

6 INT. CAR TRUNK - MOVING - DAY

6

THE ENGINE FIRES UP AGAIN and we are moving again. Down the cobbled road, Jeremy bounces inside the box. Each and every bump agonizing.

The clock resets again:

04:00...03:59...03:58

Then a sound.

ROCK AND ROLL. Faintly in the background.

Jeremy searches for the sound. The speakers must be nearby.

JEREMY
 (re: music)
 You serious with this shit?

*

The car makes a turn... Then a quick stop.

It must be a yield sign -- car brakes slightly then rolls forward... Accelerates rapidly...

Faster and faster, picking up speed. Constant lane changing. CAR HORNS rip into Jeremy's eardrums. SCREECHING TIRES! Near collisions for sure.

WE ARE ON THE HIGHWAY

Eighteen wheelers are heard in passing. Their engines roar, sending shock waves through their tires.

Jeremy takes this familiar sound and runs with it. *An idea.*

He grabs the radio. Fidgets with the channel knob, testing different frequencies. Settles on Channel 19.

JEREMY
 Is anyone out there? Can anyone
 hear me on this frequency?

A long beat. Just STATIC.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
 Please if anyone can hear me, I
 need help..

TRUCKER (V.O)

You got Big Bob outta Wichita. You
okay there, buddy?

*
*

Jeremy adjusts himself in shock. Is this real?

JEREMY

You can hear me!

*
*

The TRUCKER speaks with a southern twang. Comforting.

TRUCKER

Loud and clear. What's your name?

*
*

JEREMY

Jeremy! My name's Jeremy!

*

TRUCKER

You sound a little agitated, son.
What's shakin'?

*
*
*

JEREMY

This is gonna sound nuts, but you
gotta believe me. You gotta help
me. Someone's locked me in the
trunk of a car and I must be close
to you if you can pick up my
signal.

*
*
*
*
*
*

Jeremy speaks fast, the words barely out of his mouth.

*

TRUCKER (V.O)

Whoa, slow it down, son. I heard
some crazy-ass shit in my time, but
you want to run that by me again?

*
*
*

JEREMY

I'm being held captive in the trunk
of a car. And I'm in some serious
shit here. You gotta help me get
out of hear.

*
*
*
*

TRUCKER (V.O)

Okay, okay... now you have any clue
what kind of car you're in?

*

JEREMY

No. I just woke up in here.
Please, I might not have a lot of
time... I think I might be involved
in something. Could be anything.
Maybe even some kind of terrorist
attack.

*
*
*
*

TRUCKER (V.O)
 Now hold up, fella. If this is a
 joke, it ain't funny. I lost a
 brother-in-law in the South Tower
 on 911.

JEREMY
 (pleading)
 No! Please! I'm not messing with
 you. This is real, I swear on my
 life!

The line goes silent. Then...

TRUCKER (V.O)
 What do you need me to do?

JEREMY
 Blast your horn three times. I
 need to see how close you are.

TRUCKER (V.O)
 A'right. Here she blows. *

A beat. Jeremy on edge...

THREE LOUD HONKS! Not far behind him. *There's hope!*

JEREMY
 I heard you! But you're behind me. *
 Speed up, get closer! *

TRUCKER (V.O)
 Copy that. Movin' outta the slow *
 lane. Headin' your way. *

JEREMY
 Tell me what cars you see. *
 Anything with a large trunk, big *
 cylinder engine. Write down the *
 plates. *

TRUCKER (V.O.) *
 I'm driving a big-rig, son. I *
 can't write down shit. *

JEREMY *
 Well, what are you seeing? What's *
 on the road? *

TRUCKER (V.O)
 Directly in front of me a ways up I
 gotta red Hyundai... I think a
 green Saab...

JEREMY

No! Something with more horses.
See anything American?

*
*
*

Jeremy's CAR ACCELERATES -- into a higher gear.

He feels it happening. Fear spreads across his face. The driver is wise to what's happening, tries to lose his tail.

TRUCKER (V.O)

I got a Crown Vic a hundred yards
ahead --

*
*

JEREMY

That's gotta be it! Speed up!
They're trying to shake you!

*

TRUCKER (V.O)

I'm trying kid. I'm --

*

The signal is lost. Just STATIC.

JEREMY

No! Damn it! Can you hear me?!
Please hear me!

A sharp turn sends Jeremy hard into the left wall. The flashlight and radio slide out of reach.

*

The sounds of the highway swoop away in the distance now, as the car floats down what feels like an exit ramp.

A slight brake and a right turn. Then hard acceleration sends the car right back to a steady highway speed.

It is dark now. Shallow breathing. No more music.

Light flashes from under Jeremy's bruised body. He rolls over, as the flashlight reveals the face of a beaten man.

00:02...00:01...00:00

BLINDING LIGHT AGAIN as the LED's flicker to life. Jeremy shields his eyes.

*
*

Then a sound.

7

INT. CAR TRUNK - MOVING - DAY

7

DIAL TONE. From a Bluetooth speakerphone.

The sound travels all around the trunk.

RING. RING. RING. RING. RING.

WOMAN (V.O)

Hello?

The WOMAN sounds half asleep.

JEREMY

(confused)

Hello?

WOMAN (V.O)

Jeremy? Is that you?

Jeremy's face freezes. His eyes narrow, skin color pales.
This can't be happening...

JEREMY

Molly?

MOLLY (V.O)

Now you call me? Just like that!
Do you have any idea what time it
is? Good night, Jeremy. I'm
hanging up now.

*
*
*
*

JEREMY

Molly, wait! Wait! Listen to me,
this is going to sound crazy but
I'm locked in the trunk of a car.
You gotta believe me. I need your
help.

*
*

Molly bypasses the comment. She knows him too well.

MOLLY (V.O)

Why am I not surprised the first
time we talk in two months and you
drunk-dial me.

JEREMY

No, no, no! Molly, I'm not drunk.
I swear to you.

Jeremy begins to break down.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I'm not lying... Someone dialed
your number and you're on
speakerphone somehow. Don't hang
up on me! Please!

Molly's tone goes from annoyed to pissed-off.

*

MOLLY (V.O)

Shit... it's Morgan. Damn it,
Jeremy, I told you not to get
involved with that guy!

*

JEREMY

It's not Morgan. He wouldn't go
this far. Listen, I need you to
get that number I gave you if
something ever happened. Remember?
It was on that card from the spouse
workshop.

*

*

*

Molly can be heard RIFLING through drawers. Panicked.

*

MOLLY (V.O)

It's Mel's cell number, right? He
would always know where to find you
in an emergency. Jeremy, what's
going on?

*

*

JEREMY

I'm trying to figure that out.
Just *please* get the number and call
it. Tell Mel what's happened to me
and that they need to secure POTUS.
Say just those words and only those
words. Do you understand me?

*

MOLLY (V.O)

Yes, yes...

A CRASH on the other end of the phone. What sounds like
shuffled papers and drawers being overturned.

MOLLY (V.O)

Where is it?!!

JEREMY

It was in the top drawer of the
computer desk. In a folder.

MOLLY (V.O)

I emptied the desk drawers when you
moved out. I don't know, Jeremy...

JEREMY

Come on, Molly. I don't have much
time. You need to find that number.

A long beat. Molly is silent.

JEREMY

Molly did you find it?

Silence. Then the sound of frightened BREATHING.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Molly, you still there? Molly?

MOLLY (V.O)
(whispers in terror)
There's someone at my window.

CLICK!

The line goes dead. She's gone.

JEREMY
Molly? Molly!!! No!!!

Jeremy pounds his fists against the top.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Let me outta here! LEAVE HER
ALONE!!! You hear me?! You want me?
I'm right here!

Knuckles rain up on the Plexiglas.

THE LIGHTS GO OUT. The trunk is once again plunged into
darkness. *

*
*

8 INT. CAR TRUNK - MOVING - DAY

8

THE NUMBERS RESET: 04:00...03:59...03:58

Jeremy presses his feet against the far wall and bombards it
with swift kicks. Again, again, again...

Nothing budes. And the car keeps driving.

Jeremy lowers his legs. He can't keep up the kicking.
Besides, it's no use and he knows it. He looks beaten.

It's quiet, except for the RUMBLING OF TIRES.

A long beat.

Then a sound. STATIC.

Jeremy turns his head to stare at the RADIO. They're baiting
him. But he doesn't move. Refuses to play their game.

03:03...03:02...03:01

Eventually, he breaks. He grabs the radio, hits "talk":

JEREMY

You want to say something?

Silence. No more static.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Talk. I'm listening.

MAN (V.O)

Tell us what we want to know.

A voice. A MAN. Deep tone. No accent. American. *

JEREMY

Ahh, so you must be my mystery pen-
pal. *

MAN (V.O.) *

You know what we want. *

I may know what you're talking
about, but I can't really think in
here. Can't even breathe. Just
pull the car over and let's talk.
You want information, I want out of
here. Let's deal, okay. *

MAN (V.O)

(laughs)

You don't control this situation. *

I do. Tell us what we want to know
or Molly will suffer for your lack
of cooperation. *

This hits Jeremy hard. He talks with a sense of urgency.

JEREMY

No, no, no. Look... look, you
don't even want to be involved in
this. We can just stop now. Even
if I told you... *

MAN (V.O)

I want the location of Black Rock!

JEREMY

Listen to me! Just pull the car
over. We can talk...

The car ACCELERATES!

Jeremy death-grips the sides for dear life. Unreal speed.

01:30...01:29...01:28

Passing CARS ARE A BLUR OF SOUND. The engine revs to full speed. A violent gear shift, then another. A sharp turn...

01:00...00:59...00:58

Tires SQUEAL. Harder ACCELERATION...

A massive bump sends Jeremy upwards. His hands catch the top, as he braces himself to the floor.

They're trying to instill fear.

Jeremy forces his eyes closed. Arms and legs convulse...

...a crash is imminent.

9 INT. CAR TRUNK - MOVING - DAY

9

BRAKES!

as the car slows up. Down-shifts.

Jeremy opens his eyes. Breathes again.

00:15...00:14...00:13

The last ten seconds disappear to...

00:00

THE LIGHTS COME ON.

*

A CLINK. Past his knees. The small opening.

Jeremy looks toward the backseat hole.

*

A faint HUMMING-sound encroaches.

Panicked breaths. Ripples of sweat slide down Jeremy's forehead. He waits for what is behind this noise.

The HUM turns to BUZZING.

It finally hits the spectrum of light. What is it?

A flying insect. Then another. And another...

A SWARM OF BEES!

JEREMY

Oh shit...

Bees explode into the enclosed space. Hundreds of them. *

JEREMY
No, this isn't happening. This is
not fucking happening!

THE LIGHTS GO OUT AGAIN!!! *

CLOSE ON THE HOLE

The light from the backseat disappears as a piece of metal is placed over the hole.

Jeremy's breathing intensifies. He fumbles for the
FLASHLIGHT. *

THE FLASHLIGHT rolls around, giving us tiny glimpses of Jeremy battling the BUZZING BEES. The air is thick with them and they STING Jeremy from head to toe.

Jeremy swats. Crushes a few against the Plexiglass.

He rolls, kicks, SCREAMS...

JEREMY
Please, stop this!

Jeremy turns onto his side, curls his feet into his stomach.

In the chaos, he grabs the flashlight and we can see red sting-marks on his cheek.

Jeremy uses the light to locate the radio. Grabs it...

JEREMY
Is anybody there? Please... is
anybody listening?

Jeremy's voice cracks.

JEREMY
Please, if you can hear this I...
need your help...

A familiar VOICE.

HENRY (V.O)
Jeremy it's me, Henry.

Jeremy shakes uncontrollably. Fighting his own body

JEREMY
(barely)
Henry... Henry...
(MORE)

JEREMY (cont'd)

I'm in serious trouble here. They released bees into my trunk...

*
*

HENRY

They're African Killer Bees! They told me what they were going to do! And they said I'm next! Please, Jeremy!

*
*
*

JEREMY

You don't understand, I'm going to go into anaphylactic shock...

*

Jeremy sucks for air. Nasal passages are closing rapidly. There isn't much time left and he knows it.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

...If I don't get a shot of epinephrine in the next couple of minutes...

Henry ignores Jeremy's call for help.

HENRY (V.O)

I know the answer to the question. The question you were asked earlier, I think I know the answer.

Jeremy fights for air. Is he actually hearing this?

JEREMY

No, Henry! You couldn't know the answer! It's not possible.

*
*

HENRY (V.O)

Please Jeremy, they just called my family! My wife and kids! I have to give them something!

*
*

JEREMY

Henry, listen to me. Listen to me... you keep your mouth shut. You don't give them anything. You understand me? You don't give them a fucking thing!

*
*
*

HENRY (V.O)

No. No, I don't understand that at all. If we give them something then maybe they'll let us go.

JEREMY

No! That won't happen, Henry.

Jeremy begins to CHOKE. His eyes roll back as he fights the reaction. His body spasms, sending him into a seizure.

He collapses onto the flashlight...

DARKNESS

FADE IN:

10 INT. CAR TRUNK / BACK SEAT - MOVING - DAY 10

RUMBLES from somewhere close. The sound of tires as they collide with asphalt. We're still moving.

Jeremy awakens slowly. Confused.

Is he dead? No. He's still in that damn trunk.

He turns onto his back, the flashlight rolls out from underneath him. Reaching to his face, he wipes sweat from his brow.

The bees are gone now -- a distant memory -- or so he thought.

Using the light he turns his vision to the ground beneath him -- scattered bees strewn about. All dead.

He aims the light at his legs. His pants are pulled down some, revealing his boxer shorts. There's a tiny, red incision point on his skin. He rubs his finger against it.

JEREMY
(re: incision)
What the--

Jeremy shines the light at the hole. Nothing. He keeps it there for a moment, taking in the current situation.

Thinking fast, he makes a move, curling his feet to his chest and attempting to turn 180 degrees.

Contorting his head and shoulders, he swings his feet around his body, turning in the confined space.

He pulls himself to the hole, lining his eye up to look through.

Jeremy'S P.O.V. --

into the backseat. He can make out the right elbow of the driver. Glimpses the back of his head.

Sound of a RADIO... A POLICE RADIO! Just loud enough to make out...

JEREMY

Hey! Hey!

The DRIVER turns his head slightly. It's a MAN. But we can't see his face.

Jeremy reaches a hand into the hole and feels around...

SOMETHING GRABS HIM!

And he SCREAMS in agony.

After the longest five seconds of his life, he yanks his hand back into the trunk, grips it in pain.

Using the flashlight he inspects his hand...

A nasty burn, seared into the flesh. The same shape as a cigarette lighter.

With renewed anger, he peers into the hole again. Desperate for some answers.

JEREMY

What is this?!

A FIGURE from the left (the backseat) swoops in and blocks the view. A single eye is visible.

FIGURE

You should say "thank you."

This is a different MAN than the one from the radio.

JEREMY

(confused)

What?

FIGURE

We saved your life. You're welcome.

JEREMY

You gave me the shot? I was dead. Why save me? Why all of this?

FIGURE

Agent Reins. Agent Jeremy Reins.

JEREMY

I don't know what the hell you're talking about...

FIGURE

Don't play dumb. We know who you are. We know who you work for. We couldn't afford to lose you. You're a valuable asset.

JEREMY

If you already know me that well, then you know I'm not telling you anything.

FIGURE

No, Agent Reins, you will give us the location of Black Rock. How much you suffer before that, is ultimately up to you.

JEREMY

I can't help you. I don't know what a Black Rock is. Sounds like a craft beer to me, what is that some kind of stout?

*
*
*

FIGURE

I'm glad you still have your sense of humor, but I'm on a schedule Agent Reins... and soon my patience will run out.

The Figure slides the metal cover into place.

11 INT. CAR TRUNK - MOVING - DAY

11

DARKNESS RETURNS

Jeremy rolls onto his back. Beaten yet again.

Then a noise. A CRACKLE in the darkness.

Jeremy lifts his chin to his chest, uses the flashlight to observe the radio at the far end of the trunk.

Using his right foot like a hand he steps on the radio and drags it across the floor to his knees. He grabs it, fidgets with the volume:

JEREMY

Henry? You still with me?

A beat. The car picks up SPEED.

HENRY (V.O)

Jeremy, is that you? I thought you were gone.

JEREMY

No, I'm still here. They gave me a shot of epinephrine, saved my life.

HENRY

Why would--

JEREMY

If we're going to figure any of this out, I need to know everything you know.

HENRY (V.O)

All I know is that this has something to do with Black Rock.

JEREMY

But you don't know anything about Black Rock!

HENRY (V.O)

It's the code name for the PEOC, the Presidential Emergency Operations Center. I just know it's an underground bunker where the President is taken in the event of a terrorist attack on the White House. They relocated it after 9-11.

Jeremy props himself up. Completely shocked. It's written all over his face.

JEREMY

How do you know that? How can you possibly know that?

HENRY (V.O)

I told you earlier, I'm with the State Department. I'm assigned to the NSC in the Ops Center. I work in the White House. I was in New York for a briefing at the U.N.

JEREMY

You never said anything about this.

HENRY (V.O)
 I tried to tell you earlier but you cut me off. You didn't trust anything I said, remember?

Jeremy isn't convinced.

JEREMY
 Okay... Is Dave Lowry still the senior NSA rep. in the ops center?

HENRY (V.O.)
 What? You're quizzing me? Dave Lowry went to the Pentagon two years ago, Secretary of Defense's office. Brian Nolan replaced him in the Ops Center.

JEREMY
 If you work in the Ops Center, then tell me what paintings are hanging in the conference room? *

HENRY (V.O.)
 It's a trick question. There are no paintings in there. Jeremy, please, I'm just a state department attache'! I'm not cut out for this! I'm just trying to stay alive and keep my family safe!

JEREMY
 Trust me, the best thing we can do right now is be quiet. *

HENRY (V.O)
 (scared)
 They know where my family lives! You think I'm going to lay here in this trunk and give up?! No way, no *fucking* way.

JEREMY
 Henry, think! It's your duty to keep your mouth shut. When you joined state, you took an oath, don't you forget that!

A long beat.

Jeremy waits, on edge, to see if Henry responds. He could be giving up for all he knows.

Then a voice. Frail and weathered...

HENRY (V.O)
Do you have kids, Jeremy?

Jeremy wipes the sweat from his face. Takes in this question. Thinks about it.

JEREMY
No. I'm separated from my wife.
Kids were in the game plan though.
We were just starting to try.

HENRY (V.O)
Sorry.

JEREMY
Me too. I was trying to work things
out with us. I made some bad
choices. That's why I was in New
York, to try and straighten things
out with a guy I owed money to.
(changing the subject)
How many kids you got, Henry?

HENRY (V.O)
I have two. Seven and nine. Boys.
We're supposed to go on vacation in
a few weeks. Disney World. My boys
love the Rock'n'Roller Coaster. I
can't stand roller coasters. But
right now all I can think about is
making it out of here in one piece,
so I can ride that roller coaster
with them. You understand?

JEREMY
I do. And I hope you get that
chance, Henry. I really do.

High pitched WAILING sounds faintly in the distance. Jeremy
turns his head to the side: The road behind him.

POLICE SIRENS encroaching.

JEREMY
Henry, do you hear sirens?

HENRY (V.O)
Yeah. It sounds like they just
passed me.

Jeremy is all ears...

SIRENS close in rapidly

as the car starts to decelerate. It teeters to the side -- like they're getting pulled over.

The sirens are close now. The hair on Jeremy's neck stands straight up. *He can hear freedom.*

12

INT. CAR TRUNK - STOPPED - DAY

12

THE CAR COMES TO A FULL STOP.

PASSING CARS from the street continue to zoom past.

Jeremy waits patiently. Ears perked.

MUFFLED VOICES

People up front ARGUING with each other. This is the biggest interaction heard between them yet.

Then a sound. The hole leading to the backseat. The metal cover slides away...

Jeremy peers into the hole as best as he can. A single eye appears...

FIGURE

You so much as sneeze, we cut your wife's head off and mail it to her parents. Not a fucking sound.

The sound of a car door being SLAMMED SHUT is heard behind him. The cop getting out of his car.

Jeremy fidgets, looking back and forth -- cop car and the backseat. There is a sense of hope...

...if he speaks up that is.

ROCK MUSIC plays on the car stereo. Obvious cover up.

Jeremy looks into the hole. Darkness.

The radio is turned down...

PEOPLE TALKING

Jeremy breathes steadily. Waits. Contemplating.

The faint sound of a POLICE RADIO as it moves past Jeremy's feet. The cop appears to be walking back to his car...

Jeremy looks into the hole again. Darkness.

The cover slides slowly again. The Figure lowers his head down. His single eye appears.

FIGURE

Remember: not a peep or she dies.

The eye disappears as the Figure blocks the hole. DARKNESS once again...

Jeremy rolls onto his back, almost a panic attack. He stares straight at the dark ceiling. Something building inside.

Then...

POW! POW! POW!

He pummels the top with fists. SCREAMS as loud as he can.

He's going to get out of here... No matter what.

JEREMY

(while pounding)

I'm in here! Help me! Help! Get me out of here!

Everything happens so fast.

PEOPLE YELL up front.

The sound of a door RIPPED OPEN.

POP! POP! POP! GUNSHOTS

Glass SHATTERS... The back window.

A loud FLOPPING sound is heard near Jeremy's right ear...

A body crumpling...

POP! POP! POP! More GUNSHOTS.

A bullet RIPS into the trunk. A shaft of DAYLIGHT floods in.

Jeremy SCREAMS FOR FREEDOM.

VRRRRROOM!

13

INT. CAR TRUNK - MOVING - DAY

13

THE CAR PEELS AWAY -- moving incredibly fast. SIRENS fading in the distance...

Passing cars, HONKING HORNS. The speed is unreal.

Jeremy is tossed around the trunk harder than ever.

Pain seers from his left leg. Shoots up his arm. He reaches down to put pressure on it and in that frail moment...

...the car turns HARD RIGHT. Jeremy's head SLAMS violently into the side wall.

His soft temple SMACKS the Plexiglas.

He's out cold.

DARKNESS

FADE IN:

14

INT. CAR TRUNK - STOPPED - DAY

14

Silence. The car is still. So is Jeremy.

Then... A small GROAN.

Barely alive, Jeremy opens his eyes, takes in the silence.

He brings his hand to the back of his head, checking to make sure his brains aren't spilling out. They're still intact.

Jeremy moves slightly. Reacts with pain. He struggles to reach the flashlight, shines it on his lower left leg...

CLOSE ON HIS JEANS

Blood soaked denim. Jeremy's leg convulses until he pins it down with his hand.

A pool of dark sanguine has flooded the floor. It's still runny, not yet caked. Fresh.

Jeremy eyes the wound then shines the light to the plexiglass wall. Not 3 inches from his kneecap, there's a shattered, spider-web pattern in the thick plexiglass.

DAYLIGHT

Shines through the bullet hole in the trunk lid. The free world just a couple feet from his face.

Jeremy puts the flashlight on the floor. Using most of his strength he tears at his t-shirt, ripping off a long strip of tattered material.

In the flashlight beam, he examines his wound. Cautiously, he rips away the denim...

It's not a bullet. It's shrapnel, from the plexiglas. He digs his fingers into the wound, removes a large chunk.

Blood gushes. He GRIMACES in brutal pain.

JEREMY
(re: wound)
Oh shit...

Several other small pieces remain in his leg.

He ties the strip of t-shirt to form a tourniquet, gingerly placing it around the wound...

...counts to 3 in his head.

Then tightens the sides to seal the wound.

He SHRIEKS. Fights for a breath.

15 INT. CAR TRUNK / BACK SEAT - STOPPED - DAY

15

A PHONE RINGS. Classic Nokia ring-tone. Somewhere close.

He hunts for this new sound. Where is it? He follows it with his ear. Near his shoulder...

...in the hole. The backseat.

Jeremy'S P.O.V.

Through the hole, a tiny blue screen blinks rapidly. Someone is sprawled out in the backseat... This is their phone.

Jeremy squeezes his hand through the hole opening, grimacing from the pain of his leg wound.

WE FOLLOW HIS HAND

to the backseat. He tries again and again to reach the fallen phone.

Finally, Jeremy gets a grip and pulls the phone into the trunk with him...

CLOSE ON: THE PHONE

A beat-up candy bar shaped Nokia. Battery life is at one bar. Reception fluctuates between one and zero bars.

The number reads: *RESTRICTED*.

Jeremy hits the green "Call" button. Raises it to his ear...

MAN (V.O)

Marco?

It is the same voice from an earlier conversation on the CB radio. Deep tone. No accent. American.

Jeremy doesn't answer. Doesn't even breathe...

MAN (V.O)

Marco, where are you? I need an update. Give me a goddamn answer!

JEREMY

Sorry, shithead. Marco can't come to the phone right now. *

MAN (V.O)

Who is this?

JEREMY

You first.

MAN (V.O)

Who is this?! *

JEREMY

Mother-fuckin' Santa Claus. Who the fuck is this? *

MAN (V.O) *

(amused)

Ah, Agent Reins. I don't know how you got hold of this phone, but I'm glad you could join us. Molly sends you her love.

CLICK!

The man hangs up.

Jeremy frantically pulls the phone from his ear. He dials a number from memory. It rings and rings...

JEREMY

Come on, come on...

The line continues to ring...

Then, finally, a voice mail greeting:

MOLLY (V.O)

Hi you've reached Molly, I'm not available to take your call so please leave a message. *

JEREMY
 (frantic)
 Molly, it's me! You need to call
 this number... As soon as you
 can... It's Jeremy... Fuck..!

The words trail off as Jeremy ends the call. Desperation all over his face.

The time on the phone: 9:55 AM. It's morning. Somewhere.

Thinking fast Jeremy tries another number. It rings.

16 INT. CAR TRUNK - STOPPED - DAY

16

A HURRIED MALE VOICE ANSWERS.

MALE VOICE
 Duty Desk, please hold.

JEREMY
 No, wait!

*

Too late, Jeremy's on hold.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
 Shit!

*

*

He hits redial, this time gets a recording.

FEMALE VOICE
 You have reached the United States
 Secret Service, Washington Field
 Office. At anytime you may press
 zero...

He hangs up, quickly dials 911.

A FEMALE 911 OPERATOR answers.

911 OPERATOR (V.O)
 911, what is your emergency?

JEREMY
 Yes you have to help me, I'm being
 held captive in the trunk of a car.

*

*

911 OPERATOR (V.O)
 Okay sir, just try to remain calm.
 Tell me your name.

JEREMY

Jeremy. Special Agent Jeremy Reins with the United States Secret Service. I'm on protection detail for the National Security Advisor at the White House. This is not a joke.

*
*
*
*
*

911 OPERATOR (V.O)

Okay Jeremy, I'm going to help you out. Just stay with me. Are you injured?

JEREMY

Yeah, but that's not important right now. I don't have much power on this phone and I can't get through to my office, so you need to call, tell them what's happening.

*
*
*
*
*

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Do you know here were you when you were put in the trunk?

*

JEREMY

I was in New York City, but listen to me. You need to call...

*

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Did you say New York City, sir?

JEREMY

Yes, where are you? New Jersey?

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

No sir, this is the Baltimore County Central Communications center in Towson, Maryland. You're calling from inside our response zone.

Jeremy sits up a bit, jumpy. A look of fear spreads across his face.

JEREMY

Baltimore? Where the hell am I then? You need to find out exactly where I am...right now. Right now!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Sir, I need you to try and stay calm. Can you tell me what kind of phone you're calling on?

Jeremy brings the phone away from his ear and gives it a once over. It's pretty beat-up, barely together.

JEREMY

It's an old Nokia. Fuckin' ancient. *

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Your phone doesn't have GPS capability, so we're going to have to triangulate your position through the cell towers to pinpoint your location. *

JEREMY

How close can you get?

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Depending on the signal strength, a three to six mile radius.

JEREMY

Oh for Christ's-- Three to six miles? I could be in fucking Kansas for all you know!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

We're doing the best we can, sir. Just stay on the line with me and keep talking. *

17 INT./EXT. CAR TRUNK - STOPPED / ALLEYWAY - DAY

17

A DOG BARKS! SOMEWHERE CLOSE BY.

Jeremy shines the light on the bullet hole. It's a few feet away. He'll have to shift his position to look through it.

A long beat.

Deep breaths. Contemplating...

Then he makes his move. This time, he tries something different. On his back, he brings his knees to his chest. Sweat drips down his face as his whole body shakes.

He puts the phone on the floor and contorts his body, folding himself in half to turn around. His injured leg presses into the wall. It seeps blood. Jeremy contorts himself into a tortuous position to turn around. *

ARGH! Jeremy YELPS in pain as his injured knee bangs against the sides. He swallows the pain.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
 Sir, are you alright? Jeremy, you
 still with me?

A couple more inches. He slips on the bloody floor.

911 OPERATOR (CONT'D)
 Jeremy?

Finally, Jeremy turns himself around. Recovers from the
 pain. He pulls himself to the bullet hole.

Jeremy'S P.O.V.

Through the bullet hole in the trunk:

Jeremy can see an ALLEYWAY. Nothing but dumpsters and
 flickering streetlights in the dark morning sky.

In the distance: A DOG. Rummaging through trash on the
 ground. Jeremy fights to get the cell phone...

JEREMY
 Listen, I'm parked in an alleyway
 behind a row of abandoned buildings.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
 How do you know that?

JEREMY
 I can see it through the bullet
 hole.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
 Did you say "bullet hole?"

JEREMY
 The car I'm trapped in was pulled
 over by the police. There was a
 shoot-out. *

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
 You said you were injured. Are you
 in need of medical attention? *

JEREMY
 I've lost a decent amount of blood,
 but I've tied it off. I should be
 okay--

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
 Jeremy, do you see an emergency
 trunk latch or any way you might be
 able to escape into the backseat?

Jeremy looks at the plexiglass walls... *Fat chance.*

*

JEREMY

I wish. I don't even know where to begin on that.

The 911 Operator talks to someone on her end.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Okay, Jeremy, I have good news. We've triangulated your position.

JEREMY

Where am I?

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

You're in Severn, Maryland. I am sending out police units to the general area...

JEREMY

(interrupting)

Wait, wait! Did you say Severn? Severn, Maryland?

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Yes, that's correct.

JEREMY

Listen to me. Listen, you need to call the Anne Arundel County Police and get them to 22 Greentree Court. Do you understand me? 22 Greentree Court. Get them there now!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

What's at that address, sir?

JEREMY

My wife. I think whoever's behind this is holding her. You should have this number, call me back when you have that done.

*

*

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Sir, don't hang--

Jeremy hits the red "End" button and quickly dials another number.... Endless RINGING, then... A voice mail greeting.

MOLLY (V.O.)

Hi you've reached Molly--

Jeremy ends the call.

JEREMY

Damn it!

Jeremy reaches across the floor and grips the flashlight. Using it like a hammer, he strikes the spot where the bullet shattered the plexiglas.

JEREMY

Let me outta here! Somebody! Can anybody hear me?! Help!

A few more STRIKES. The shattered plexi gives way, opening only a small hole in the wall. Exhaustion takes over. The flashlight falls from Jeremy's hand.

He covers his face. A complete breakdown. Frustration and desperation all in one.

JEREMY

(barely)
I need somebody to help me.
Please...

A sound. A VOICE. A MAN. Somewhere close.

GOOD SAMARITAN (O.S)
Hey, Bud! Get away from that!

*

Jeremy raises his eyes. There's hope. Fights to get a look.

18 INT./EXT. CAR TRUNK - STOPPED / ALLEYWAY - DAY

18

20 yards away, a MAN whistles to his dog.

GOOD SAMARITAN (CONT'D)
Come on, Bud! Get over here.

*

JEREMY

Hey! Hey! Can you hear me?! Help!
I'm in the trunk!

*

The Good Samaritan looks over. Like he actually sees Jeremy. Takes a step forward, then hurries over...

JEREMY

Yes, I'm in here! In the trunk!
Help! Please help me!

Closer and closer, with each step we lose sight of the Good Samaritan's face. He reaches the trunk. His legs stand directly in Jeremy's eye-line.

JEREMY

Please. Can you get me out of
here?

*

The Good Samaritan bends down and peers into the hole. His eye appears, mere inches from Jeremy's face.

GOOD SAMARITAN

How the hell did you get in there?
This some kind of fraternity prank?

*

*

JEREMY

Please, just let me out. There's
gotta be a trunk release up
front...

*

The Good Samaritan says nothing as his eye disappears from sight. His legs move out of sight as well, and all that remains is his black Labrador.

The dog sticks its nose near the hole. Jeremy reaches a finger out as it gently licks him. He laughs, high spirits.

The sound of a CAR DOOR opening. Jeremy looks stoic. Seconds away from freedom...

CLICK!

The latch releases...

The trunk pops up an inch...

All Jeremy needs is for it to be opened...

Jeremy follows with his ears, as the Good Samaritan walks back. Puts his fingers under the trunk to lift it up...

A door SWINGS OPEN. Somewhere close. PEOPLE YELL.

POP! POP! POP! GUNSHOTS...

The dog BARKS!

FLOP! Jeremy looks into the bullet hole as the Good Samaritan's body falls flat... Right onto the trunk.

The trunk CLOSES SHUT!

JEREMY

No! Let me outta here! Let me
outta here!

Jeremy bangs on the side frantically, this can't be happening to him. He was so close to freedom.

Dog continues to BARK...

POP! More gunfire!

The barking stops.

Jeremy peers into the hole again. Tears in his eyes. The Good Samaritan's body makes a THUD as it slides off the trunk and drops to the ground.

JEREMY

(stricken)

Nooooo! Please...just let him
go... Let him go... Please!

VOICES. Muffled at best.

The Good Samaritan's corpse is dragged away. Jeremy's obstructed view doesn't even allow him to see his face.

A long beat. Jeremy's whimpers slowly fade as he watches two pairs of legs walk past the hole...

The killer has help!

A piece of material is placed over the bullet hole...

19

INT. CAR TRUNK / BACK SEAT - STOPPED - DAY

19

DARKNESS.

ZOOM! ZOOM! A drill screws the trunk shut.

Jeremy sucks down PANIC BREATHS. Sweat cascades down his neck, as the light of day completely disappears.

The sound of a CAR DOOR, opening...

Jeremy hears this noise and slides across the floor to the backseat hole. Grimacing in pain, he strains to put his eye up to the hole.

Jeremy'S P.O.V.: INTO THE BACKSEAT

The lifeless body is dragged out of the car and dropped into the alleyway. We never see his face. Nor his injuries.

The door is SLAMMED SHUT.

A split-second later, the ENGINE FIRES UP.

Jeremy closes his eyes. Knows what is happening.

The car begins to move again. Slowly at first, it takes a turn, then rapidly accelerates...

All Jeremy can do is push away from the hole and slide back the other way. Where he awoke at the beginning.

The numbers have started again:

29:38...29:37...29:36

20

INT. CAR TRUNK - MOVING - DAY

20

THE NOKIA RINGS.

Jeremy brings the phone up. Lightning quick.

JEREMY

Hello!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Jeremy?

JEREMY

Did they get to my house? What happened? Tell me!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

We sent a unit to the address you gave me. I'm sorry, but there wasn't anyone there.

JEREMY

Did they check everywhere? You tell them to check again, you hear me? Check again!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

They searched the entire property. She wasn't there.

JEREMY

They found something! Didn't they? What is it you're not telling me?! Please, just fucking tell me!

*
*

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Sir, we're doing everything we can for you and your wife.

Jeremy is at a sheer panic now.

JEREMY

Damn it, tell me what you found!

The Operator's voice goes flat.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
A note on the doorway. It said
you'll get her back in one piece if
you cooperate.

Jeremy's face goes ill. His eyes lost in his skull.

911 OPERATOR (CONT'D)
Jeremy...? We've dispatched units to
your area. They're checking parked
cars. We're going to locate you.

JEREMY
(to himself)
I'm already gone.

Jeremy ends the call. His eyes lock on those red numbers.

21 INT. CAR TRUNK - MOVING - DAY

21

A VOICE. FAINT.

HENRY (V.O)
Jeremy?

Jeremy reaches for the radio, turns up the volume. He holds
the mic to his mouth:

JEREMY
I'm here. *

HENRY (V.O)
I've been trying to reach you. The
numbers are back.

Henry sounds defeated. Coughs out his words.

JEREMY
I know. Mine too. They're timing
everything to a tee, keeping us
mobile. There's a complex plan at
work here, but I think it got knocked
off schedule when we were pulled over.
We're moving again. *

HENRY (V.O)
I don't have much time. Something's
going to happen soon. I feel it.

JEREMY

What do you mean you don't have much time? Henry?

HENRY (V.O)

The countdown started at fifteen. Fifteen minutes.

JEREMY

Read your numbers to me.

HENRY (V.O)

Thirteen forty-five...thirteen forty-four...thirteen forty-three.

Jeremy looks up to his red numbers:

28:45...28:44...28:43.

15 minutes apart.

JEREMY

(dread)

Henry...the President was traveling back to Washington today. *

HENRY (V.O)

That's right, Air Force One was touching down at Andrews at 9:40 AM. I'm sure of the time because I was joining the National Security Advisor this morning to brief the President prior to his East Europe trip. I'm an area specialist on the Baltics. *

Jeremy only hears 9:40 AM. He brings the cell phone to his face. Hits a button. The fluorescent blue screen lights up:

TIME: 10:07 A.M. *

JEREMY

It's just after ten. *

HENRY (V.O)

How do you know that?

JEREMY

I got hold of a cell phone. Don't ask me how.

HENRY (V.O)

Jeremy please... I'm begging you. Call my wife.

(MORE)

HENRY (V.O) (cont'd)
 Please, I need to make sure she and
 my boys are okay. I don't know
 what's going to happen to me...
 You've gotta do this for me.
 Please...

Jeremy thinks for a moment. After a beat...

JEREMY
 Give me the number.

HENRY (V.O)
 It's 757-555-4211. That's 757-555-
 4211. Tell them I love them.
 Please, hurry.

Jeremy dials the number. Waits for it to ring once, then
 abruptly hits "end"...

He quickly dials another number. Reaches VOICE MAIL:

MAN (V.O)
 You've reached Agent Poole, U.S
 Secret Service, Protection Detail.
 I'm not available at this time. If
 this is urgent, please push zero
 and you'll be connected...

Jeremy ends the call. Dials another number.

JEREMY
 Come on, come on.

Again, VOICE MAIL:

ANOTHER MAN (V.O)
 You've reached Agent Meyers, U.S.
 Secret Service. I'm not available
 at this time. If this is urgent...

*

Jeremy ends the call. Stunned silence. Dials one more
 number... VOICE MAIL:

FINAL MAN (V.O)
 You've reached Special Agent Zuck.
 I'm not available...

Jeremy ends the call. His face hardens. Gears turning.

JEREMY
 Where the hell is everybody?

He brings the phone to his chest. Thinks...

Sound drifts in from the car's interior. It's the STEREO.
No music this time.

22 INT. CAR TRUNK - MOVING - DAY

22

A NEWS REPORT:

NEWSCASTER (V.O)

...And this is just unfolding... AP and local sources confirming two separate explosions outside the CIA Headquarters in the Langely suburb of Mclean. The two blasts occurred within minutes of each other...

The Radio is TURNED UP. Jeremy is all-ears. *

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

...One explosion at the National Highway Administration Testing Center which adjoins the CIA Headquarters. The second, larger explosion has collapsed a portion of the George Washington Memorial Highway which runs directly along the CIA's location.... there are unconfirmed reports that these were car bombings... but we don't want to speculate yet... *

The radio is turned down. Jeremy digests what he's heard. Sweat builds on his forehead...

SIRENS outside. Dozens of them. Police, fire, paramedics...

Jeremy reaches for the CB radio. Changes the dial. A different frequency. VOICES are heard.

MAN #1 (V.O)

We need that entire area cleared!
No one within three blocks. A full perimeter!

SIRENS and SCREAMS echo through the radio.

MAN #2 (V.O)

Ambulances on your six. You gotta let them through! Jimmy, let them through! We need triage set up.

ZOOM! The car ACCELERATES. Travels around twists and turns, like they're dodging cars in the streets...

Jeremy switches the radio for the cell phone and DIALS another number...

JEREMY
Come on, pick up, pick up, pick up! *

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)
(tense)
Agent Johnson... *

Jeremy's voice trembles. Words escape rapidly...

JEREMY
Mel, it's Jeremy! Where the hell
is everybody? I've been calling... *

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)
Jeremy?! Oh Christ, not you
too... *

JEREMY
What?! What do you know Mel?! *

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)
Don't tell me you're inside the
trunk of a car?

JEREMY
How do you know that? How could
you possibly--

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)
(interrupting)
You're not the only one. Six
others, four secret service, two
FBI, even the White House Chief
Usher. Maybe more. We've had
several 911 calls. We're trying to
locate their positions now. One
just detonated outside Langley. *
Jeremy, I have to go. We're
evacuating the building -- we could
get hit next. *

JEREMY
(frantic)
Wait! Mel! Mel! "Detonated"?!
What the hell-- *

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)
Bombs. Car bombs. And you're
lying inside one!

JEREMY *
What the --? *

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O.) *
I'm sorry, Jeremy, I have to go. *
I'll call you back at this number. *

JEREMY
Mel! Mel!

The line disconnects, leaving Jeremy to his nerves. His hand shakes uncontrollably, as he lowers the phone to his chest.

23:01...23:00...22:59

His BREATHING SPIKES. *

JEREMY *
No, no, no, no. This is not *
happening! *

The car slows down. Stops. SIRENS blare in the distance.

The car begins to roll again. Picks up to a constant speed. *

23 INT. CAR TRUNK - MOVING - DAY 23

NOKIA RING TONE. Jeremy brings the phone to his face. His eyes scroll over the number: 702-555-8063. He recognizes the number, answers the call... *

JEREMY
Molly?!

Her TERRIFIED VOICE on the other end:

MOLLY (V.O)
Jeremy!

Jeremy tears up, hangs on her every word.

MOLLY (V.O) *
Jeremy, oh my God!!! I'm in the *
trunk of a car... It's moving. *
I'm so scared. I don't know what *
to do. Please... Jeremy... *

JEREMY *
No! No you can't be! You can't *
be! No! *

Molly begins to CRY. Her breathing staggers. Jeremy tries to keep it together. Soothing her as best he can.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Stay with me, baby. Stay with me.
Think with me for a second. Did
you see who put you in there?

*

MOLLY (V.O)

(barely)

I don't know. It all happened so
fast. I can't breathe... I'm
having trouble breathing.

JEREMY

Just relax... try and relax. Take
deep breaths. Sweetheart, did you
call that number?

*

*

MOLLY (V.O)

No. No, I couldn't find it... it
all happened so fast.

Molly's cries start to slur over her words. Inconsolable.

JEREMY

It's okay. Everything's going to
be okay...

His words are unconvincing.

MOLLY (V.O)

(weak)

Why is this happening to us? What
do they want?

JEREMY

It's all part of a terrorist
attack. I have information about
the President's bunker and they're
trying to get it out of me.

*

*

*

*

MOLLY (V.O)

My God.

*

JEREMY

Don't worry, baby. We're going to
get out of this. I promise you.

*

*

MOLLY (V.O)

But, Jeremy, I'm so scared...

*

JEREMY

Molly, listen to me. I need to tell
you something. Something I've been
meaning to say for a long time. I'm
sorry.

*

(MORE)

JEREMY (cont'd)
 For the business with Morgan. For
 not being there...
 (beat)
 For everything.

MOLLY (V.O)
 Why are you saying this now? *

JEREMY
 If anything happens, if I don't...
 I just want you to know I never
 meant to hurt -- *

BEEPS from the phone. Reception fades out.

MOLLY (V.O)
 Jeremy -- *

JEREMY
 Molly. Molly!

Jeremy takes the phone from his ear. Brings it to his face.
 Service is at zero bars.

JEREMY
 No!!

24 INT. CAR TRUNK - MOVING - DAY

24

THEN A VOICE...

HENRY (V.O)
 Jeremy? You still there? Please
 answer me if you're still there...

Jeremy looks at the phone. Then reaches for the radio.

JEREMY
 I'm still here. *

HENRY (V.O)
 Did you call my family? Please,
 what's happened to them?

JEREMY
 I haven't called them.

HENRY (V.O)
 I'm begging you. Please. I need
 to know what's happening... I don't
 have much time.

Jeremy glances at the phone again. Battery life "LOW" is now blinking. Contemplates...

JEREMY
(to himself)
Fuck.

Brings the radio back to his mouth.

JEREMY
I'm calling them now.

HENRY (V.O)
Oh thank you... thank you.

He hits the green button. Scrolls to the number. Finger hits "send." RING. RING. RING...

A MAN answers. Deep voice. Spanish accent. Someone new.

TERRORIST (V.O)
Who is this?

JEREMY
I'm trying to reach, Mrs. Shaw.

TERRORIST (V.O)
And who the fuck are you?

JEREMY
Just put her on the goddamn phone!

SCREAMING in the b.g. Several people. KIDS. A WOMAN.

The SCREAMS get louder, as if the terrorist has grabbed someone from the group...

WOMAN (O.S)
No! Noooo! Let him go! Please
let him go--

TERRORIST (V.O)
Now you talk!

Jeremy's face goes blank. Waits for someone to speak. Finally, a BOY speaks. His voice TREMBLING...

BOY (V.O)
They said they're going to kill my
dad... They're going to kill us
all... Please --

*

Jeremy fights back tears. Says nothing. The boy SCREAMS, sounds of him being dragged away...

TERRORIST (V.O)

Now you listen to me, Agent Reins.
Give me the location of Black Rock,
or I start executing these people.
One by one. Do you understand me?

A long beat. Jeremy stares at those fucking red numbers:

16:30...16:29...16:28

He closes his eyes. A second later, they snap open...

JEREMY

(strong)

No.

Jeremy clicks "end." His face is stoic, emotionless.

His hand shakes, as he drops the phone and fights back tears.
He contemplates his decision, prays no one died as a result.

A long beat. Feels like forever. Only the sound of tires
chewing up asphalt...

HENRY (V.O)

Jeremy!

Jeremy lifts the radio:

JEREMY

What's wrong?! What's going on?

HENRY (V.O)

The trunk is filling with liquid!

JEREMY

What?! "Liquid"? Did you say
"liquid"?! *

Henry GURGLES, COUGHS. *

HENRY (V.O)

(struggling) *

It's filling up! I'm going to
drown! *

JEREMY

Henry! Henry! Keep talking to me!
Don't stop! *

Henry struggles for words. For air. For life.

HENRY (V.O)

There's less than a minute left on
the clock! What's gonna happen,
Jeremy?! Are they really gonna let
me drown?!

*
*
*
*

Jeremy looks to his own numbers:

*

15:48...15:47...15:46

*

Jeremy's face is broken. Tears in his eyes.

HENRY (V.O)

Jeremy please... Just give them
what they want... This is my life,
man! Just tell them... TELL THEM!

Henry's voice trails off...

JEREMY

I'm sorry, Henry. So sorry.

15:29...15:28...15:27

HENRY (V.O)

(barely)

Our Father, Who art in heaven
Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy kingdom
come, Thy will be done...

Jeremy listens closely to Henry's soft voice. His prayer
fades in and out...

15:14...15:13...15:12

HENRY (V.O)

...On Earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
and forgive us our trespasses...

Tears roll down Jeremy's cheeks. Eyes bludgeon the numbers.
Seconds drop away.

*

HENRY (V.O.)

...As we forgive those who trespass
against us; and lead us not into
temptation, but deliver us from
evil. Amen.

*

15:02...15:01...15:00...

KA-BOOM!

*

A huge EXPLOSION erupts somewhere outside. CAR HORNS blast Jeremy's eardrums. *

He's tossed around the trunk as the car SWERVES, accelerates, engine red-lined... *

60mph, 70mph, 80mph...

Jeremy's left leg hits the side wall. He SCREAMS bloody murder. *

Passerby's SHRIEKS are drowned-out by tires scraping against the road. SIRENS in every direction.

A hard turn and the SIRENS and HORNS fade in the distance...

The only sound left:

STATIC. From the CB Radio.

Jeremy brings it to his mouth. Clicks "talk."

JEREMY

Henry? Henry, you there?

STATIC. *Henry is gone.*

JEREMY

Henry...? Fuck.

Jeremy throws down the radio in disgust. Lost.

He grabs the dying cell phone, dials Molly's number.

No dial tone. What's going on? Jeremy checks the phone to see if it's dialing. Back to his ear...

Finally, a WOMAN. But it isn't Molly.

OPERATOR (V.O)

We are experiencing an unusually high call volume. Please try your call again later.

The phone CLICKS. The call dropped.

JEREMY

Shit!

Again, the radio is TURNED UP: *

A LOUD SERIES OF GRATING TONES... It's the Emergency Broadcast System.

25 INT. CAR TRUNK - MOVING - DAY

25

A NEWS REPORT:

ANNOUNCER (V.O)

*This is not a test. This station,
in cooperation with State and
Federal authorities, has activated
the Emergency Broadcast System.
Please do not use your telephones.
Stay tuned to this station for news
and official information. I
repeat, this is not a test.*

The Newscaster takes over. His voice shaky.

NEWSCASTER

*... We are standing-by for an
announcement from the President...
With the additional bombings at
Andrews Air Force Base and other
locations around the Capital, it is
clear that we are under attack. The
President and First Family have been
taken to a secure location. Air
Force One touched down at Andrews
minutes before three bombs exploded
there. Smoke can be seen for miles
all around Washington. More
explosions may be imminent.
Please... stay off the highways and
roads. Emergency vehicles need to
get through... Stay in your homes....
We are awaiting word from the
President...*

The radio is turned down, plunging Jeremy into silence.
Alone once more with his thoughts. And they aren't pretty.

13:47...13:46...13:45

26 INT. CAR TRUNK - MOVING - DAY

26

NOKIA RING TONE.

Startled by the sound, Jeremy lifts the phone. The number:
RESTRICTED.

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)

Jeremy, it's Mel. You there?

JEREMY

(frantic)

I'm here. Talk to me. What's going on?

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)

Car bombs are going off all over the place. We can't locate them before they detonate. They're a step ahead of us every time.

JEREMY

Mel, they have Molly! She's in the trunk of car. I talked to her.

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O.)

Jesus, Jeremy. I'm sorry.

JEREMY

Mel, listen to me. They're targeting the President--

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)

I'm getting this second hand, but the Vice President's safe. I don't know about POTUS and the First Family. They're keeping everything underground. No one can get any answers and I'm out of the loop these days since I moved to Recruitment...

Light bulb goes off in Jeremy's head. Eyes open wide.

JEREMY

That's what the terrorists want: Everything to go underground!

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)

What are you talking about?

JEREMY

How many bombings have there been?

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)

Four confirmed. Langley, a toll station on 395, Reagan National, now Andrews, and a failed attempt at the 14th Street Bridge. That's a huge mess now. The city's paralyzed.

*
*
*

JEREMY

They're taking away all the resources, all the avenues. They're trying to contain the city, so no one can go anywhere. Including the President.

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)

Then he's certainly been secured --

*

JEREMY

At Black Rock. And that's what they're trying to get from me: They want the location of Black Rock!

*

*

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)

Jeremy, they may already have that from one of the other captives. We have to warn the protection detail --

*

*

JEREMY

You won't be able to. He's in the bunker. He's off the grid.

*

AGENT JOHNSON

Jeremy, we still have to get to them. There's an imminent threat that his location's been compromised. I'll go myself. Just tell me where!

*

*

JEREMY

(concerned)

Mel, why are you asking me that? You know I can't tell you. They're probably listening.

*

AGENT JOHNSON

What about Molly, you never told her --

*

JEREMY

No! Never! She doesn't know anything! The bastards are just using her as leverage against me!

*

*

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)

Jeremy, trust me on this. We're tracking this cell number. We will find you.

*

*

JEREMY

You need to locate Molly first. Trace her cell and find her!

*

(MORE)

JEREMY (cont'd)
 Don't even think of coming for me.
 Please do this for me. I'm begging
 you. Find Molly!

Agent Johnson YELLS to somebody. Chaos in the background.

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)
 Jeremy, is there anything else you
 can tell me? Anything at all...

Jeremy's pupils meet those numbers.

JEREMY
 You're running out of time.

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)
 We're doing what we can as fast as
 we can. Now listen, you're going
 to have a hard time reaching me *
 because we're on the move. But
 I'll call you back. I promise...

Jeremy says nothing. Lays on his back. Silent.

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)
 Hang in there. *

The phone disconnects. Jeremy stares into space.

The car slows down, then ACCELERATES hard.

BEEP!!! *

The driver brakes, swerves, barely avoids a collision.

11:39...11:38...11:37

Jeremy hears passing CARS, people SCREAMING...

Then a VOICE. Inside the trunk. Blue-tooth speakerphone.

MALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O)
 Hello? Are you still with us? Can
 you hear me?

JEREMY
 Who the hell is this?!

MALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O)
 WJLA ABC 7 News. Are we speaking
 with the group responsible for the
 bombings?

JEREMY

What the fu-- Hang up the phone!
Do you hear me?! Hang up the damn
phone!

MALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O)

Can you confirm what is taking
place? Are you one of them? *

JEREMY

Hang up the phone! This is exactly
what they want!

MALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O)

You're live on the air, sir.

JEREMY

I don't give a shit! Do you have
any idea what--

MALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O)

I will repeat for our listeners,
can you confirm whether or not you
are involved with this?

JEREMY

I am not a terrorist!

MALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O)

Are you a hostage? We have reports
they've taken host--

JEREMY

Who is this? What's your name?

MALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O)

This is Jack Stern, anchor for ABC
7's "On Your Side News."

JEREMY

Jack, listen to me. Listen. For
everyone's sake please... please
just disconnect this call. You're
playing into their plan. They want
to instill fear! They want panic
and paranoia! You have to believe
me, you are *helping* the bad guys!!! *

SIRENS draw near. The car ACCELERATES rapidly.

Jeremy twists and turns, but he can't see anything. No way
to look out. But he can hear the SIRENS close by... *

MALE ANCHOR (V.O)

Can you tell us anything? Anything
at all about this attack?

JEREMY

OK, asshole, how bad do I have to
curse before you take this off the
air? *

BOOM! Something CRASHES into the back of the car. Jeremy
slides toward the backseat, bounces off the Plexiglas.

The car ACCELERATES. SIRENS howling at the back bumper.

27 INT./EXT. CAR TRUNK / STREET POV - MOVING FAST - DAY 27

IT'S A HIGH SPEED CHASE: *

The car takes a tight turn doing 80mph... All eight
cylinders pumping, firing... The driver speed-shifting,
forcing the car to its limit... *

A pothole jolts the chassis and Jeremy is slammed around.

BOOM!

Another crash into the back bumper and...

...The trunk opens slightly!

Jeremy'S P.O.V.: red and blue lights flood the tight space
with a kaleidoscope of color.

Deafening SIRENS blast Jeremy's eardrums.

An ENGINE ROARS. Another IMPACT. Harder this time.

The trunk opens wider!

For the first time, daylight pours into the entire trunk.

Jeremy shields his eyes, blinded by the light... *

He braces himself inside the box, as the car makes a sudden
turn. The POLICE CAR stays right on its tail, swerving
around other vehicles... *

Jeremy tries to identify his location, but all he can see is
a blur of apartment buildings. A hard right sends him
sliding to his feet, causing severe pain in his wounded knee.

The POLICE CAR pulls right up to the trunk, inches from
Jeremy's terrified face.

Then it happens:

The POLICE CAR veers left of the speeding car, then cuts right, slamming into the rear end...

A "P.I.T. MANEUVER"

*

Which sends Jeremy's car into a tailspin. It spins 360 degrees, TIRES SCREAMING in protest...

Jeremy is tossed around the box like a rag doll, dazed and confused, unsure which way is up...

But the Driver of his car is skilled. He straightens out, slams his way through the gear box, and pulling ahead of the pursuing police car, loses it in a series of sharp turns, ROCKETS UP an incline and swerves around tight walls...

28

INT. CAR TRUNK / PARKING GARAGE - STOPPED - DAY

28

Jeremy presses his hands against the top of the box, desperate to break the seal. He's too weak...

All of a sudden, the car stops on a dime and the engine shuts off...

And just like that, it's completely silent. Eerily so.

Then a car door OPENS. Driver's side.

Jeremy waits. No idea what's next.

He hears footsteps... moving towards the back of the car...

Then a MAN appears. It's the DRIVER. He stands over the trunk, looks Jeremy right in the eye.

It's dark, but his facial features are visible. Dark hair, glasses, medium height. NORMAL LOOKING.

JEREMY

Why are you doing this?!

Jeremy's scream is violent, but defeated.

THE DRIVER

Give us what we want.

Jeremy recognizes the driver's voice, stares at him in shock. Although his tone is different, his identity is obvious...

It's HENRY.

JEREMY

Henry...

THE DRIVER

(sadistic smile)

Where is it, Jeremy?

*

JEREMY

Go fuck yourself.

Henry stands stoic. Raises his hand up and closes the trunk. Once more, Jeremy is...

29

INT. CAR TRUNK - MOVING - DAY

29

PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS.

JEREMY

No! Henry! Please...

Jeremy RAINS PUNCHES on the Plexiglas. Summons a primordial SCREAM from his guts...

JEREMY

HENRY!!!

Tears roll down his face faster now. He breaks down.

JEREMY

I'll tell you. I'll tell you!

*

The ENGINE FIRES UP. The car begins to back up.

JEREMY

Do you hear me?! I'll tell you!
Just let me out of here!

No answer from the front. The car shifts into drive and rolls forward. We are on the move again.

Jeremy reluctantly looks up at those Godforsaken numbers...

06:12...06:11...06:10

The car heads down, out of the parking garage, onto the street... And rolls to a stop.

STATIC from the radio.

Jeremy uses his feet to locate the radio and drag it within reach. He grimaces in pain. Blood seeping from his wound...

Finally, he gets a hold of it, brings the mic to his mouth.
Pauses a moment. Hesitant...

He presses "talk." Waits. *

JEREMY

Henry?

THE DRIVER (V.O.)

My name isn't Henry.

Jeremy's face floods with betrayal, an emotional pain evoked
by the bond he thought he shared with a fellow captive.

JEREMY

You're American. Why are you doing
this?

The car rolls forward. It takes a slight turn, bottoms out,
and picks up speed...

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Answer me! Why are you doing this? *

THE DRIVER (V.O.)

Give us what we want.

JEREMY

You give me what I want! Why are
you doing this!?

THE DRIVER (V.O.)

Just tell us where Black Rock is,
or this conversation is over! *

JEREMY

(indignant)

No! You need me, remember? You
need me! Not the other way around! *

A long beat. Jeremy seething. Furious.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I'm not telling you shit! You
failed! You hear me, asshole? You
failed!

Jeremy emits a maniacal LAUGH. Over-tired, over-stressed...

He glances at the red numbers. Laughs again.

05:03...05:02...05:01

He presses "Talk."

JEREMY
Five minutes 'til what? Huh? Five
minutes--

THE DRIVER (V.O)
(interrupting)
Until you die. Goodbye, Jeremy...

*

STATIC from the other end.

JEREMY
NO! I say when we're done. You
don't turn ME off! I turn YOU off!
You hear me?!

*

In the distance... SIRENS... Utter CHAOS...

JEREMY
(throws Radio)
Fuck!

The car slows down, accelerates... Metal groans, tires
scream, and the ENGINE is once more pushed to its limit...

Jeremy rolls onto his side, searches for the cell phone,
grabs it...

In the dim blue light from the phone, Jeremy scrolls through
several numbers...

Battery life is still blinking. Not dead, but damn close.

He hits "Send."

RING. RING. RING...

Feels like forever.

OPERATOR (V.O)
We are experiencing an unusually
high call volume. Please try your
call again later.

Jeremy shuts his eyes. Abruptly ends the call.

*

Almost immediately: A NOKIA RINGTONE.

Jeremy frantically puts the phone to his ear...

JEREMY
Molly?!!

MOLLY (V.O)
 (desperate)
 Jeremy! Thank God, I've been *
 trying to reach you... What's *
 going on?! Where are you now?!

JEREMY
 The Emergency Broadcast System is
 in effect. I haven't been able to
 get through. Are you okay?

MOLLY (V.O)
 Jeremy, I think I know where I am! *
 I think I'm in an ambulance! *

JEREMY
 An ambulance?!

MOLLY (V.O)
 I can hear the siren. Sounds like
 it's right on top of me.

At that moment, the car slows down and comes to a stop. *
 Jeremy goes silent...

MOLLY (V.O)
 Jeremy?

JEREMY
 Ssshhh. Hold on. Something's
 happening.

MUFFLED VOICES are heard. WHISTLES, PEOPLE YELLING. The car
 inches forward...

JEREMY
 We're stuck in traffic.

04:12...04:11...04:10

JEREMY
 Molly, are you moving?

MOLLY (V.O)
 Barely. Please, Jeremy, do *
 something! Get us out of this--

JEREMY
 I'm trying. They're searching for *
 you. They'll find you! I promise.

An instant later, SIRENS ERUPT. So close to Jeremy's ears.
 Perhaps the next car over, maybe even closer.

Then Jeremy realizes something, where he is... *

HE'S IN A POLICE CAR!

JEREMY
Holy shit! Bastards -- *

MOLLY (V.O.)
What?! What's wrong?! *

JEREMY
They're using emergency vehicles!
You're in an ambulance, I'm in the
back of a fucking police car! *

The Driver slowly pulls the car onto the shoulder. Jeremy hears other cars thunder past...

MUFFLED VOICES talk to The Driver. Before Jeremy can say anything, the car is doing 40mph again...

Everything outside sounds like STREAKING BLURS, whipping past Jeremy's head...

The car picks up speed, siren wailing... It drowns Jeremy and Molly's conversation.

JEREMY
Molly! Molly!

MOLLY (V.O)
Jeremy!

Despite the high speed, we can make out two distinctively different sirens. The HI-LO POLICE SIREN and the wail of an AMBULANCE. They're in motion, perhaps side by side...

JEREMY
Molly can you hear me?! Molly!

No signal. Jeremy lowers the phone...

A sharp turn sends Jeremy crashing into the side of the box.

Finally, both SIRENS stop.

30 INT. CAR TRUNK - STOPPED - DAY

30

THE CAR SLOWS DOWN AND STOPS. *

02:56...02:55...02:54

Jeremy sucks in the pain. Grips the sides of his left leg, near the wound. *

He doesn't even have time to blink before..

CLINK!

Something drops through the backseat hole... *

Jeremy raises his head and looks to see what it could possibly be. He MOANS IN AGONY as he brings his knees up, bending them so he can slide across the blood-covered floor. *

Every tiny movement triggers excruciating pain. Yet he inches himself closer to the hole, feels around, and grabs something...

Jeremy brings it to the light pouring through the bullet hole... *

He holds up:

A DIAMOND WEDDING ring. *

Stunned silence. Until...

That familiar NOKIA RINGTONE. Jeremy scrambles to find the phone... *

JEREMY

Hold on! Hold on!

He finds it, hits the green button...

YELLING on the other end. Then a voice: *

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)

Jeremy, it's Mel! We've located Molly! We're on our way! *

JEREMY

Where is she?!

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)

Dupont Circle.

A wave of shock floods Jeremy's face. Eyes wide, stunned.

JEREMY

Dupont Circle? That's less than a mile from the White House! *

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)
I know, I know. We're working as
fast as we can --

JEREMY
Work faster!

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)
We're trying! The roads are grid-
locked. I don't even know how
they're transporting her.

JEREMY
They've got her in an ambulance!
And I'm in a police car! We're
together. That's how they're
getting through the traffic.

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)
Mother of --!

Agent Johnson YELLS to somebody else about ambulances and
police cars...

JEREMY
I'm not moving right now. And as
far as I can tell, neither is Molly.
But we don't have a lot of time.

Jeremy fights to get back under the red numbers. Precious
seconds tick away...

01:32...01:31...01:30

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)
How much time?

Jeremy is deep in thought. His mind racing, deciding...

JEREMY
You've got one minute. You need to
clear the area, but don't move any
of the roadblocks. Do you hear me?
Don't let any cars through. Not
even emergency vehicles!

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)
I'll do what I can.

JEREMY
No! Promise me you won't let
anything through!

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)
I can't prom--

BEEP from the phone. Mel's voice is lost.

JEREMY
Mel! Mel!!!

*

The screen fades in and out. Battery life blinks.

JEREMY
Shit!

00:57...00:56...00:55

NOKIA RINGTONE. UNKNOWN number. Jeremy hits "Talk."

THE DRIVER (V.O)
(pissed)
One last chance, Jeremy. Give us
the location of Black Rock.

*

JEREMY
I'm never going to give you
anything! Not a goddamn thing!

THE DRIVER (V.O)
Then good luck to you, Agent Reins.
I'll say goodbye to Molly for you.

*

JEREMY
You lay a hand on her! I swear to
God I will kill--

*

*

The call ends. Only Jeremy's SCREAMS are left.

Twitching with anger, he scrolls for Molly's number. DIALS.

It RINGS forever.

00:41...00:40...00:39

JEREMY
Come on, come on. Pick up!
Please, pick up!

*

MOLLY(V.O)
Jeremy!

JEREMY
Thank god! Are you okay?

*

MOLLY (V.O)
I'm moving again.

And just like that...

*

31 INT. CAR TRUNK - MOVING - DAY

31

...THE ENGINE FIRES UP.

*

Jeremy moves again as well. Slowly at first. A short BLIP from the siren...

*

JEREMY

No! No! Dammit! I told them to keep the roadblocks in place!

*

MOLLY (V.O)

What roadblocks?! Jeremy, what's going on?! What's happening?!

JEREMY

Do you trust me?

MOLLY (V.O)

Jeremy...

JEREMY

Do you trust me?

MOLLY (V.O)

Yes, I trust you.

JEREMY

We're together. Right next to each other. We're at Dupont Circle.

*

MOLLY (V.O)

Why?! What's happening?

JEREMY

We're headed for the White House.

*

MOLLY (V.O)

What?! Did you tell them what they wanted to know?!

JEREMY

No. No, I can't. I can't possibly do that. I took an oath.

MOLLY (V.O)

Jeremy please...! I don't wanna die today... Please...! Just give them what they want...!

*

*

*

The car PICKS UP SPEED. Swerves, dodges several VOICES.

CAR HORNS in the distance. More SIRENS...

MOLLY (V.O)
Please... For me...

Jeremy looks to the numbers. Tears fill his eyes.

00:15...00:14...00:13

JEREMY
 Molly I've never wanted to let you
 down. Ever. I swear on my life.
 I've made mistakes, mistakes that
 hurt you...

00:12...00:11...00:10.

Molly begins to CRY.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
 And I've regretted those mistakes
 every single day. But I can't do
 anything about them now... So
 please... Please accept me.
 Accept me for who I am.

A beat. Jeremy awaits a response. On edge. Finally...

MOLLY (V.O.)
 I accept you. I love you.

00:04...00:03..00:02

The words roll off her tongue, like a beautiful disaster. He
 closes his eyes. A half smile, half cry...

00:01

JEREMY
 I love you so much.

00:00

32 INT. CAR TRUNK - MOVING - DAY

32

The sound of RUSHING LIQUID...

JEREMY (CONT'D)
 Molly! Molly!

Jeremy looks up to see LIQUID pouring in through two tubes at
 the back of the plexiglass box...

*
 *
 *

The call disconnects so he lowers the phone.

JEREMY

Molly!!!

Jeremy covers his nose in pain. It stinks. Definitely not water. A chemical of some kind...

The LED LIGHTS flicker on-and-off, malfunctioning. A frenzied strobe of blinding lights!

Jeremy lifts his knees out of the liquid, MOANS IN AGONY.

LIQUID POURS IN FASTER.

As the car PICKS UP SPEED, the SIREN screams like a banshee.

THE AMBULANCE SIREN right behind.

Red numbers revert back to counting...

00:45...00:44...00:43

Jeremy sucks in air, struggling to keep himself above the rising liquid...

NOKIA RINGTONE. He brings the phone to his face. It's Agent Johnson...

JEREMY

(beyond panicked)

Christ, Mel, you gotta hurry!
They're filling the trunk with some
sort of liquid...

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)

It's a binary explosive. A liquid
bomb.

Mel's voice is deadpan. Like this doesn't affect him at all.

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)

And you're dead either way. But I
can save Molly. So tell us what we
want to know...

(beat)

Give us the location of Black Rock.

Jeremy reacts with shock. *His friend is involved???*

00:30...00:29...00:28

JEREMY

You?! You're a part of this!

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)
It's just business, my friend.

*

JEREMY
Terrorism isn't business. You're a
goddamn traitor! A fucking coward.
You hear me!?

AGENT JOHNSON (V.O)
Enough! Just give us Black Rock!

Jeremy grits his teeth, Hulk-level anger...

He drops the phone into the liquid.

00:14...00:13...00:12

SIRENS WAIL. PEOPLE SCREAM. LIQUID GUSHES. Jeremy SUCKS
FOR AIR, PANICKED GASPS...

Then:

The liquid changes color. ORANGE now. It rises above his
chin. His mouth. Covers his head...

*

SILENCE

His last breath escapes his body. Drowned in the liquid.

00:07...00:06...00:05

The engine ACCELERATES one last time...

BOOM!

It crashes through something... The BRAKES LOCK and the car
skids to a dead stop.

*

00:04...00:03...00:02...00:01

MUFFLED SCREAMS. Jeremy's last moment on Earth passes...

*

00:00

33 EXT./INT. CAR TRUNK - STOPPED / UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY 33

THE TRUNK OPENS...

Daylight blasts in.

*

Jeremy'S P.O.V.: THREE OR FOUR SILHOUETTED FIGURES

*

They surround the trunk, quickly attack the Plexiglass box with POWER-DRILLS... *

Completely submerged, Jeremy pushes against the lid, desperate not to drown...

The top FLIES OFF and Jeremy explodes from his liquid grave, sucks fresh air into his lungs...

34 EXT. CAR / OPEN AREA - DAY 34

Jeremy ignores his injured leg, as he keels over the side and falls to the ground. *

Disoriented, he leans against the car to gain stability. He hacks, spits out fluid... *

MALE VOICE *

Breathe, Jeremy. Try to relax.
Take a moment.

Jeremy makes out FOUR MEN surrounding him. He wipes fluid from his eyes, squints at the face of the closest man... *

It's Henry. He reaches to help Jeremy to his feet. *

In a blur of motion, Jeremy grabs Henry's arm and pulls himself up. With a PRIMAL SCREAM, he draws a 9mm from Henry's shoulder-holster and aims it between his eyes! *

HENRY (CONT'D) *

Whoa, whoa, easy, Jeremy! *

Caught off-guard, the other men back-off and hold up their hands in submission. *

HENRY (CONT'D) *

Easy, Jeremy, you're gonna be fine now. It's over. *

But Jeremy's far from fine. He's a hair away from blowing Henry's brains out. *

MOLLY (O.S.) *

Jeremy!!! *

Confused, disoriented, Jeremy turns to see Molly standing just a few feet away. *

She's there. Real. Alive. *

JEREMY *

Molly... *

With the gun still locked on Henry, Jeremy scans the faces of
uniformed men around him. All tense. Eyes on him. What is
this? *

He looks into Molly's eyes for the answer, but finds only her
warm, reassuring smile. For the moment, that's enough. *

A government sedan pulls up. AGENT MEL JOHNSON (50's) steps
out of the passenger side. Clean shaven, black jacket,
earpiece... *

JEREMY

Mel...?

Johnson steps up to him. He reaches up and wraps his hand
around the gun, slowly pushing it down. Jeremy releases the
weapon and Johnson takes it away, passing it off. *

AGENT JOHNSON

You did good, Jeremy. *

HENRY

(laughing)

You kidding, boss? He did great. *

This guy's hard core.

Jeremy spins on Henry and... POP! ...punches him. Henry
hits the ground HARD, a bloody mess.

Two men attempt to hold Jeremy back. As Henry moves away,
Agent Johnson gets in Jeremy's face. *

AGENT JOHNSON

Jeremy! Stop! It's over!

JEREMY

What?!! What's fucking over?!! *

AGENT JOHNSON

(calmly)

The exercise.

Jeremy looks at Johnson, still confused. All eyes are on
Jeremy as he finally takes in his surroundings.

It's a sprawling, urban-warfare training complex. Roadways,
city buildings, scattered vehicles... a mock-city.

Nowhere near downtown D.C. or the White House.

Nearby, Jeremy sees the GOOD SAMARITAN, alive, walking his
dog on a leash in the simulated neighborhood.

The man actually waves.

AGENT JOHNSON (CONT'D)
 You passed, Jeremy. Passed with
 flying colors.

JEREMY
 I don't understand.

AGENT JOHNSON
 I didn't transfer to Recruitment
 last year. I'm a Protection Detail
 Training Coordinator. You're at
 Beltsville. This is the AOP
 training ground

*
 *
 *
 *

JEREMY
 You did all this...? Why?

AGENT JOHNSON
 We've been doing these kind of
 stress tests since after 9-11.
 Hell of lot more effective than a
 polygraph.
 (beat)
 It was important, Jeremy. Crucial
 for your transfer to the Presidential
 Detail. You start next month with
 the Asia trip. Congratulations,
 Jeremy.

*
 *
 *
 *
 *
 *

Mel extends a hand. Jeremy weakly shakes it, still not sure
 this is all real. He looks to Molly. She's real.

*

SPONTANEOUS APPLAUSE breaks out from all around him. Jeremy
 turns in different directions, seeing more people now.

There's a FIELD TENT with an elaborate communications center.
 Lap-tops, agents seated at a bank of video monitors and sound
 equipment. A BOY at one mic, fidgets, playing his DS.

JEREMY
 (to himself)
 Henry's son...

*

Fellow agents crowd Jeremy, pat him on the back. A female
 agent gives him a sexy smile.

FEMALE AGENT
 "911, what's your emergency?" My
 alter ego. Great job, Agent Reins.

*

JEREMY
 You... That was...?

A hardy pat on the back and then a familiar voice with a southern accent. The trucker. It's a RETIRED AGENT, 60's.

RETIRED AGENT

(winks)

"What's shaking, Jeremy?"

(No Southern accent now)

Agent Daniel Wade, retired. Great job. Man, if they'd pulled this shit on me when I was coming up...

JEREMY

Big Bob? The trucker? Damn...

RETIRED AGENT

Mel gets me back for these things a couple times a year. Keeps me in the game. I enjoy it.

Still digesting all that's happened, Jeremy turns to Molly.

JEREMY

How--?

MOLLY

(smiles)

I had to channel my inner-actress, from my high school drama days.

AGENT JOHNSON

After I explained how important this exercise was, Molly agreed to help us.

Jeremy smiles for the first time. But he doesn't take his eyes off Molly. Not for a second.

JEREMY

I'm so sorry...

Jeremy's weakened from the blood loss. As the adrenaline leaves his body, Jeremy's left knee buckles. He passes out, collapses to the ground.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Jeremy!

Johnson catches him. Jeremy tries to shake it off.

AGENT JOHNSON

I got you! You lost a lot of blood, Jeremy. Let's get you patched up. That leg's pretty bad.

Johnson nods to a nearby agent. The agent speaks into his collar. Seconds later, an ambulance pulls up from around the corner. *

JEREMY *

Hurt's like a son-of-a-bitch. *

Thought you said "simulation"? *

Johnson and Molly start to guide Jeremy toward the ambulance. Jeremy's pretty out of it. *

AGENT JOHNSON *

Yeah, sorry about that. The hot load simulation may have been too much. *

Didn't anticipate it shattering the plexi like that. We may need to revisit for the next exercise. *

JEREMY *

You think? *

AGENT JOHNSON *

I'll meet you at the hospital for more debrief. *

Jeremy leans on Molly as they stop short of the ambulance. *

A paramedic starts to help Jeremy inside, but he stops, takes one last look back at the car. *

JEREMY *

You really had me, Mel. *

AGENT JOHNSON *

That was the whole idea. *

Jeremy's roll back. His world spins away. *

SMASH CUT TO:

35 INT. AMBULANCE REAR COMPARTMENT - MOVING - DAY

35

Darkness.

Close metal walls. Jeremy stirs and opens his eyes. He struggles to breathe, gasps for air. As if jolted from a nightmare.

JEREMY
 (panicked)
 No!

A hand grabs his shoulder. A reassuring gesture.

MOLLY
 Jeremy, it's okay. I'm right here.

JEREMY
 (groggy)
 Where are we?

Jeremy looks around, sees the line in his arm and an IV bag swinging above him.

MOLLY
 You're in the ambulance. You
 passed out. They gave you a
 sedative in the IV.

*
 *
 *

Jeremy tries to shake off the affect.

JEREMY
 Wow, that's strong. How long...

*

MOLLY
 About half an hour.

A small doorway to the forward cab slides open. The
 PARAMEDIC in the passenger seat calls through.

PARAMEDIC
 Be pulling into Walter Reed in
 about fifteen minutes.

MOLLY
 Thank you.

The door slides shut.

Jeremy looks to Molly, shakes his head.

JEREMY
 How did they ever get you to go
 along with this?

MOLLY
 Simple. They paid me. I didn't
 take 'em to the cleaners, but I got
 what I needed.

JEREMY
 (surprised)
 Seriously?

She looks at him tenderly now.

MOLLY
 Yeah... I paid off Morgan for you.

JEREMY
 What?

MOLLY
 Clean slate. You're done with him.

JEREMY
 You know that's all behind me now.
 I haven't placed a bet in the two
 months since we...

MOLLY
 I know, the bastard told me he'd
 lost his best client.

JEREMY
 Does anyone else know?

MOLLY
 Just Mel and his team. He knows
 you're done with it too. He's the
 one who cleared you for the
 Presidential Detail. *

JEREMY
 That crazy son of bitch.

Jeremy suddenly remembers something. He fishes into his
 jeans pocket, pulls out Molly's wedding ring...

He takes her hand, slips the ring back onto her finger.

JEREMY
 (goofy from the sedative)
 Marry me?

MOLLY
 We are married, silly.

JEREMY
 Well marry me again. I just got a
 big-ass promotion. *

He smiles a goofy smile at her. She laughs at him. Finally at peace, Jeremy lays back, holding Molly's hand and looking out the window.

He sees the Washington D.C. Skyline near sunset. Prominent is the Washington Monument. Jeremy LAUGHS to himself...

MOLLY
What's so funny?

JEREMY
Nothing.

Molly leans over him and looks out the window. She sees Jeremy's gaze is fixed on the Washington Monument.

MOLLY
No. That's it? The Washington Monument, that's where it is?

JEREMY
Forget it. It's not important now.

He holds her hand a little tighter.

36

INT. AMBULANCE FORWARD CAB - MOVING - DAY

36

The Paramedic in the passenger seat has his finger pressed to an EAR-PIECE. We see him from behind. He's listening to every word...

JEREMY (O.S.)
This really is a new start for us.

MOLLY (O.S.)
I love you.

The Paramedic speaks into his collar mic, we see now that the paramedic IS REALLY HENRY.

HENRY
Did you get that, sir?

AGENT JOHNSON (O.S.)
Washington Monument. We have our answer. Abort plan C and dismantle the ER. We'll rendezvous at the appointed location. Everyone reset on my mark... standby.

*

Henry's finger hovers over a small DIGITAL TIMER fixed to the dash.

AGENT JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Mark.

Henry presses the timer. It BEEPS and the red glowing numbers begin counting down...

30:00....29:59....29:58

HENRY

And the subjects, sir?

AGENT JOHNSON (O.S.)

They've done a great service for their country.

(beat)

Eliminate them.

37 INT. AMBULANCE REAR COMPARTMENT - MOVING - DAY

37

Jeremy watches out the window as the Washington Monument slips from view. He sits up with a start, eyes wide, a sudden, panicked thought.

JEREMY

(stricken)

No...

MOLLY

What? What is it?

JEREMY

If we were heading to Walter Reed right now... we wouldn't be able to see the Washington Monument.

Before she can process this, the window to the front cab slides violently open. A silenced 9mm thrusts into the rear compartment.

PFFFT! PFFFT!

Two quick head shots. Clean. Final.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. ARLINGTON MEMORIAL BRIDGE - SUNSET

38

The ambulance merges into rush hour traffic. As it does, the lights and SIREN come on and it speeds ahead, cutting into traffic across the Potomac River.

Soon the pulsing lights grow tiny and the siren fades away. The ambulance is just a tiny spec lost in the distance, leaving behind a twinkling view of Washington D.C.

THE END