

EXT. CIA TRAINING GROUNDS, LANGLEY VA -- DAY

Our movie opens in a wooded area. Two figures in military fatigues can both be seen running through forest. The camerawork is fast paced and frantic. This game of cat and mouse ends when one of the combatants, BENJIMAN HATCHER lands hard in the brush. lining up the scope on his rifle, he seems to be looking for his target. Through the lens of scope, we see what Hatcher is looking at. What appears to be something metal is reflecting light. He lines up his shot and prepares to pull the trigger.

HATCHER:

I got you now, Kane.

Just as Hatcher is about to pull the trigger, a large hunting knife slides stealthly under his chin. He stiffens up, then his expressions changes to one of disgust. He's been "killed."

NILES KANE:

You aint got nuthin.

Hatcher roles around to see NILES JORDAN KANE towering above him. He is tall, black, muscular build; very intimidating in appearance. he offers his hand to help Hatcher up, but doesn't smile. From a bincoluar shot, we see the two start off, An older man, LEM HUNTER looks on as his two students approach him.

EXT. CIA TRAINING GROUNDS, 10:00AM

A few hours after the exercise. Kane and Hatcher are sitting on a log. Hunter is a adressing them both.

LEM HUNTER:

Alright men, listen up. We have a situation. I'm sure you both are aware of the siutation in <AFRICAN COUNTRY>. Well, as of 0400 hours yesterday, we have taken control of the capital. In a few days we will be inserting a new leader. This is something you have both been training for. Hatcher?

Hatcher stands, fully expecting to be appointed. Kane stays sitting, sharpening his knife.

HATCHER:

Yes, Sir?

LEM HUNTER:

Get your gear. There is an uprising in one of the breakaway soviet states; we need you to go in and neutralize the leader of the resitance.

(MORE)

LEM HUNTER: (CONT'D)
 You leave in four hours. Kane.
 Pack your bags.

NILES KANE:
 Sir?

LEM HUNTER:
 You're about to get a promotion,
 Prime Minister.

Kane is stunned, but he stands and salutes Hunter, then gives Hatcher a quick look and walks off to prepare. Hatcher stands firm, but its obvious he'd like to snap Hunter in half. Hunter senses this.

LEM HUNTER: (CONT'D)
 We have The President's blessing on
 this, Ben. He's the better choice.

HATCHER:
 With all, due respect "sir," what
 does he know about politics? He's
 never run a country.

LEM HUNTER:
 Niether has the president. Kane has
 the temperment and the skills to win
 the people over. The last thing we
 need is more violence in that area;
 at least for now. You are unstable,
 son. You need to balance your temper.
 You were careless in the field and
 it cost you.

HATCHER:
 I'll show you careless you son of
 a...

LEM HUNTER:
 Watch your attitude, Agent! You are
 dismissed.

Hatcher hesitates for a moment, then salutes Hunter and walks off. He passes Kane, who is packing his gear.

HATCHER:
 It's probably cuz your black.

NILES KANE:
 Shit not only am I bigger, better
 and blacker but more beautiful.

HATCHER:
 This isn't over between us, Kane.

NILES KANE:
 Don't you have a plane to catch boy?

<OPENING CREDITS AND MONTAGE>

INT. OLYMPIC HOTEL LOBBY -- DAY 10 YEARS LATER

<DESCRIPTION OF HOTEL LOBBY> Sitting at the front desk of the hotel lobby, is a naturally beautiful women in her early twenties SARA HUNTER. She is checking people into the hotel, doing her routine, but just the way she does it, with a grace and style of a beauty queen, we have a hard time keeping a focus on anything else in the scene. At the bar, and young man around Sara's age is just as transfixed as the audience; BRAD NEILL's voiceover proclaims what we all feel as he is filling glasses with water for hungry patrons.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)

There she is. Sara Berton. Now's your chance Brad. Just walk up to her, flash her a smile and ask her out. You can do this. Wait, who am I kidding? Asking a girl like that out is like farting in church. She's a receptionist, and what am I? A lowly barback. The bartender with the bad haricut has a better chance than me. C'mon. Pull yourself together, You won't know unless you try.

As Brad contines his inner monolouge argument with himself, a young woman rounds the corne and sees him.

CARLY JANSSEN:

BRAD!

The camera switches back to Brad, whom is completely soaked from the waist down, thanks to the glass of water he started to fill up and then just got caught up in the moment watching Sara and proceeded to over fill the glass, and cover himself in water. Snapping back to reality, he realizes what has happened and sighs an "oh no, not again" sigh.

CARLY JANSSEN: (CONT'D)

Take these glasses over to Table 6 for Angie. Then go dry off!

Brad complies. This is the first chance we get to see Brad in full frame. His looks are average, but even with the apron and white shirt, we can see that he keeps in shape. is posture is a little slouch, but we get the feeling its the job that's doing it. He delivers the water, and gets a quick smile from one of the patrons, but he doesn't see it and heads towards the kitchen to dry off. Just as he is about to enter the kitchen, he stops to pick up some glasses from an empty table. When he straightens back up, Sara is standing there. Brad is beside himself.

SARA BERTON

Hi Brad.

BRAD NIELL

Sara! How are.. what are you doing...
I'm.. uh...

SARA BERTON

Are you alright? You look a little..
soaked.

BRAD NIELL

I was... distracted.

SARA BERTON

I believe it. With the Senator's
visit tonight, and security being as
tight as it is, everyone's a little
on edge. Are you working the dinner
tonight?

BRAD NIELL

I hope so, I really need the money.
I mean, I'm not poor or anything, I
just like the work... I mean, I've
got nothing to do. It's not like I
don't have a social life.. I'm...
Yes.

SARA BERTON

Great! My father is one of the
dignitaries here tonight, so I've
asked to work the floor serving so I
can be closer to him. It's going to
get busy, so lets meet up early and
see if we can work together. We
gotta watch each other's back.

Brad is about to pass out. One of the other receptionists
calls out to Sara to get back so her post. The moment between
the two is shattered back into reality. Sara cheerfully
waves at Brad and goes back to the desk. Brad, on a cloud,
walks backwards into the kitchen, the dirty dishes still on
his tray.

INT. OLYMPIC HOTEL KITCHEN -- DAY

Brad backs up against the wall and closes his eyes, still
basking in his moment with Sara. The mere thought of actually
getting to work within less than 10 feet of her makes this
crappy job worth it. Taking a deep breathe, and with renewed
vigor, he strides around the corner... and smashes directly
into Carly, covering her in contents of the his tray.

CARLY JANSSEN:

In my office Brad... Now.

INT. CARLY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Carly is seated behind her desk, using a towel to clean up
what remains on her blouse.

Brad is seated across from her, knowing full well what is coming.

CARLY JANSSEN:

Brad, how long have you worked here?

Brad tries to answer, but Carly interrupts and begins monologing. Brad barely pays attention; he knows what the end of it's going to be

CARLY JANSSEN: (CONT'D)

8 months.. 8 months! When you came here you had such promise. You were such a hard worker! But the day dreams, the lack of attention to your work is causing you to fall behind. A chain is only as strong as what Brad?

BRAD NIELL (barely paying attention;
he's heard it before)

It's weakest link.

CARLY JANSSEN:

It's weakest link. A good team is made up of winners.. people who can rise to the occasion when called upon and do great things. I can't afford any "weak links" Brad. Especially not with the Senator's visit tonight.

Brad suddenly realizes that if he loses his job, his chance to mingle with Sara is also gone.

BRAD NIELL

Carly, please... Just one more night.. I promise I'll do better.

CARLY JANSSEN:

I'm sorry Brad. You can finish your shift after your lunch, but today is your last day.

Brad opens his mouth, but realizes it's useless.. He's fired. Dejected, he walks out of the office, tossing his apron on the floor as he goes to lunch.

INT. "FOOD COURT" -- DAY

A food court somewhere near the hotel. Brad is sitting with his lunch, his face buried in a book; he causally reaches around and grabs some fries as he reads. From the other end of the food court, a figure in a cableman's outfit strolls towards him. Collapsing in the chair next to him with a deliberate thump, NICK BLAKELY has made his entrance. Propping his legs up table, he helps himself to a large portion of Brad's french fries.

NICK BLAKELY

You got fired, didn't you.

Brad doesn't look up from his book, obviously ignoring Nick.

NICK BLAKELY (CONT'D)

You DID! Ha! I knew it. I could tell the moment I saw you. It's the plain as the nose on your face... you gonna eat that?

Nick pushes his plate towards Nick, still buried in the book.

NICK BLAKELY (CONT'D)

So the great Brad Neil has joined the ranks of the recently unemployed... again. What is that the 3rd job this year? What's with you man? Can't you keep a job? Maybe it's your appearance.. you gotta take care of your self man.. keep your body like a temple.

Brad pulls the book down past his eyes just enough to give Nick an "look who's talking" glance, who during this whole session has slobbered food on his uniform, is slumping in his chair and has his boots kicked up on the table. Nick just belches, which causes Brad to crack a smile, breaking the ice.

NICK BLAKELY (CONT'D)

C'mon man. Seriously, what happened. You can tell me.

BRAD NIELL

I got fired. I screwed up and got canned. that's all there is to it. I don't want to talk about it.

Brad goes back to his book, the ice forming again. Nick looks at him hard.

NICK BLAKELY

Was she really worth getting fired over Brad?

BRAD NIELL

Dammit Nick...

NICK BLAKELY

Oh c'mon Brad. You've been going on about this girl ever since she got a job at the hotel. Why don't you just ask her out?

BRAD NIELL

It's.. complicated.

(MORE)

BRAD NIELL (CONT'D)

She's... she's like some crazy goddess
and I'm a silly little mortal with
dreams too big for me to handle..
It's not even possible. Guys like
me just don't get girls like her.

NICK BLAKELY

"Crazy goddess??! Silly mortal?!"
Holy shit Brad, what has gotten into
you? I'm talking about asking a
girl out on a date, and you are
channeling William fucking
Shakespeare... I can't.. wait.. what
are you reading?

BRAD NIELL

It's a book on Greek Mythology..
Gods and Mortals... stuff like that.
A far cry from you reading list Mr.
Lone Gunman... How many shooters
were there on that grassy knoll?

Nick's posture suddenly straightens. He plant's he feet
firmly on the ground. Nick the free spirit has left the
building. Nick the conspiracy theorist has taken his place.

NICK BLAKELY

<INSERTS SOME RECENT TIDBIT ON THE
WAR ON TERROR AND THE MEDIA> Why do
you think security's so tight for
Senator Brennan's speech tonight?
The Terror Report is gonna bust open
some pretty wide doors.

BRAD NIELL

Nick? How am I supposed to take any
of this seriously? You've been running
on and on about this ever since we
were in grade school. You claim
there is worldwide conspiracy between
the media and the government to "spoon
feed" the public... and you WORK
FOR THE FREAKING CABLE COMPANY!!!!
How do you justify that?

NICK BLAKELY (rising to his feet
patriotically)

Because cable TV is every American's
god given right.

Brad rolls his eyes and rises, cleaning up his lunch and
getting ready to leave. He leaves his keys, and his security
pass on the table.

NICK BLAKELY

Where are you going?

BRAD NIELL

Back to work. I have to count out the bar cash drawer and then bring the deposit up to the safe.

NICK BLAKELY

Brad. They fired you. Why go back?

BRAD NIELL

I need the money Nick. Every cent I can get. <insert line that gives Nick the robbery idea> You still giving me a ride tonight?

NICK BLAKELY

Sure thing, bro.

BRAD NIELL

Cool. See you tonight.

NICK BLAKELY

Don't forget your keys.

Brad takes his keys and walks away, leaving Nick. Something in Nick's eyes tells us he's up to something.

INT. HOTEL FRONT DESK -- NIGHT

Sara is manning the front desk. A man enters the hotel, walking towards her. All we see is his back.

SARA BERTON

Good evening sir. Welcome to the Olympic. Do you have a reservation?

The camera swings around to reveal a familiar face; BEN HATCHER hands her his reservation.

HATCHER

Yes ma'am.

As Sara is processing his reservation, Hatcher looks her once over. It's obvious he finds her attractive.

HATCHER:

It's huge, you know.

SARA BERTON

Excuse me?

HATCHER:

My gun. It's one of the biggest made. In Texas, everything is large.

Hatcher reveals a gun hidden under his jacket. He smiles at Sara's shocked reaction. Her shock turns to disgust.

SARA BERTON

Nice line, slick. Why don't you try it on one of the waitresses tonight. Here is your room key. Have a safe visit. Oh, and you can check your "weapon" with security.

Sara walks away as a security guard approaches, unknowingly giving Hatcher a chance at a second look at her. He gives a cocky smile, gives up his weapon, winks at security and walks to find his room.

EXT. AIRPORT -- NIGHT

Private jet lands. SENATOR BRENNON exits and is greeted by BOB BERTON.

BERTON

Senator Brennan, welcome. I trust your flight went smoothly. My name is Robert Berton, i'm the chief of the DSS division here. It's a pleasure to meet you.

BRENNAN

The pleasure's mine, Mr. Berton. And call me Gil.

Cage comes out from terminal and approaches Brennan and Berton. He addresses both me formally.

CAGE SPEEDMAN

Everything's secured chief. Senator, your car is waiting.

BERTON

Thank you Cage. Senator, let me introduce Cage Speedman, one of the top acadamey graduates this year. He will be your shadow for the evening. If anything goes wrong, he's your man.

BRENNAN

There shouldn't be any trouble, but it is good to know we have the best and brightest watching our backside.

CAGE SPEEDMAN

Sir, the Prime Minister of <AFRICAN NATION> is requesting to see you right away.

BERTON

Of course. Senator, follow me please.

The three men enter the terminal and walk towards a group of agents.

A large black man, well dressed in suit, but with traditional african headwear has his back turned to the camera.

BERTON (CONT'D)

Prime Minister King, welcome to America.

The prime minister turns. It's Niles Kane, but he is now known as Prime Minister Sinclair King. He smiles at Berton. His voice is thick and booming with an African accent.

KING

Thank you. It's a pleasure to be here for such a historical event. Senetor Brennan, your report is most interesting.

BRENNAN (shaking King's hand)

Prime Minister, the honor is mine. Your country is a perfect model of democracy in action.

BERTON

I trust your trip was uneventful?

KING

Yes, yes. However, I am anxious to get to my room and rest before the dinner tonight.

BERTON

Of course. Right this way, gentlemen.

Berton and Speedman escort the dignitaries to the waiting car.

INT. DOJO -- NIGHT

A crowd has gathered to watch a kick boxing tournament. We are introduced to a very menacing looking fighter, then to his opponent... Brad. It's the same Brad from the hotel, but something is different. He seems more confident, more in his element. The bell rings and the match begins. Brad opponent towers over him, but he's keeping his own. He starts to get the upper hand, when out of the corner of his eye he sees a girl cheering the "might" be Sara. it distracts him long enough for the opponent to land a KO. When Brad comes to, Nick is standing over him, smug look and all.

NICK BLAKELY

Nice block Rocky.

BRAD NIELL

This can't be heaven. You're far too ugly for an angel.

NICK BLAKELY

Get in the showers ninja boy. Drinks
are on me.

INT. SPORTS BAR -- NIGHT

Typical sports bar. Music on the juke box, (maybe a live band) and drinks a plenty. The camera follows one of the waitresses, but stops short at the table where Brad and Nick are seated. By the looks of the bottles on the table, there on round 2. There is a classified ads paper on the table that Nick is half going over.

NICK BLAKELY (toasting Brad)

Here's to Brad, the only guy I know
who can lose both his job and a muay
tai match in a single day,. Bottoms
up you sorry son of a bitch.

They both laugh and Nick sits down. It's obvious the alcohol is starting to take effect.

BRAD NIELL

Not to mention blowing in the process
my only chance to get to know Sara.
This has to be the mother of all
screw ups for me.

NICK BLAKELY

Huh? Wha.. Oh, are you STILL going
on about that Sara chick? Don't
sweat her Brad; some girls are a
dime a dozen, and some girls take a
dozen dimes to get. Sara's the
latter. She'll date across and up,
never down. She'll make some
overweight white haired Republican
fat cat a nice trophy wife someday.

BRAD NIELL

That's not true Nick. You don't
know her. If I could just find a
higher paying job, maybe I could...

NICK BLAKELY

Doing what Brad? No job you could
get would make you even show up as a
blip on her radar. If you want to
get this girl, you'll need a quick
influx of cash. And nothing in that
paper is going to do it.

that "look" in Nick's eyes is back. Brad notices it immediately.

BRAD NIELL

You have that look, Nick.

NICK BLAKELY

What look?

BRAD NIELL

That look that tells me either I'm going to be bailing you out of jail with money I don't have, or rescuing you from some drunken frat boy which I don't have the strength for. However, because this has been the worse night of my life, watching you make an ass of yourself might be worth it. What's up.

NICK BLAKELY (smiling)

How much cash would you say is in the Olympic Hotel's vault?

BRAD NIELL

I dunno. Depends on who's visiting. Cash could be upwards of about 20,000 not to mention any valuables important guests might have there.

NICK BLAKELY

Important guests like US senators and foreign leaders?

BRAD NIELL

Sure. I guess. What are you getting at Nick?

The "look" get's bigger. Brad is puzzled, but then Nick's idea hits him... HARD.

BRAD NIELL (CONT'D)

NO. ABSOLUTELY NOT.

NICK BLAKELY

Keep your voice down!

BRAD NIELL

Are you crazy Nick? Steal from the Olympic?

NICK BLAKELY

Why not? you still have your key card for access to the safe right?

BRAD NIELL

Ya? So?

NICK BLAKELY

So, they probably will terminate your card's access at midnight tonight.

(MORE)

NICK BLAKELY (CONT'D)

All we need to do is sneak in during the commotion of the dinner tonight, get into the safe, get the loot, and get out.

BRAD NIELL

Ya, and get past the security cams, two separate guards, not to mention avoiding Carly, and get out before anyone notices its gone?

NICK BLAKELY

The security cams wont be a problem, The company I work for set up the whole close circuit system. We can bypass the cams, loop them, and give us at least 5 minutes to get done what we need to. Thing's will be so hectic that anyone who would notice you will be too busy to even care.

Brad seems to be waning. Nick pushes the right button.

NICK BLAKELY (CONT'D)

You could spend the next however long it takes trying to find another dead end humdrum job, or you could take the opportunity to screw the company that screwed you. C'mon, Brad. You are one security card away from your financial freedom.

BRAD NIELL

Ya, and one mistake away from spending my mornings in prison running from a guy named Molly that wants to "dance with me." I'm not going to risk jail time for the slim chance off a payoff.

NICK BLAKELY

What do you have to lose Brad? You've already lost your job and your shot at your dream girl.

Nick folds. Downing his beer, he looks right a Nick.

BRAD NIELL

Alright. I'm in. How do we do it?

INT. GARAGE OF HOTEL

Speedman is getting his gear ready. Flack jacket, checking his guns (muscles and mechanical) testing earpiece. Looks ready to invade a small country.

SPEEDMAN

I'm all set, sir.

BERTON

Not yet. Put this on.

hands Speedman a tux in dry-cleaning plastic. Speedman looks confused, then scared. He looks around and starts for the exit.

BERTON (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

CAGE SPEEDMAN

To find a bathroom.

BERTON

There's noone down her but us, and there is no time. Now quit being a baby and put that thing on so we can get to work.

Cage starts undressing, but he drops one of the cuff links. Berton bends down to get it. As he is getting up, Sara comes out of the elevator and sneaks up on Speedman and Berton. Acting like security guard she uses a different voice.

SARA

GENTLEMAN I WOULD APPRECIATE IT IF YOU KEEP YOUR SEXUAL ACTS AT LEAST CONTAINED YOUR ROOM.

Cage and Berton both turn around like, 'man this looks bad'. When Burton turns around, he recognizes Sara immediatley as his daughter.

BERTON

I didn't even hear you come in. That's my girl. Speedman, let me introduce my daughter, Sara.

Cage goes to shake her hand.

BERTON (CONT'D)

For god's sake son. Pull up your pants before you shake my daughter's hand.

Cage pulls his pants up in embarrasment.

SARA

As interesting as this situation looks, I'm afraid I have to get back to work. I just came down to say a quick hi, daddy. It was nice to meet you Cage.

Sara starts to walk off. Berton notices Cage's attraction to his daughter, and decides to have a little fun with him.

BERTON

Cage, that's my daughter you're oggling. Be careful.

Sara stops and blushes a bit, but not before giving her dad a hard look. Cage is literally caught with his pants down. She leaves.

SPEEDMAN

Why did you have to do that? I'm already nervous as hell.

BERTON

Just easin' the tension son.

SPEEDMAN

Ease it on someone else for a while

BERTON

You've got to be ready for anything, even if you're caught with your pants down. Finish up. We've got a job to do.

EXT. OLYMPIC HOTEL -- NIGHT

Nick and Brad emerge from the darkness of the parking lot. Brad is wearing what he wore at the bar, Nick is dressed up in his cableman outfit. They are standing at a back entrance to the hotel.

NICK BLAKELY

Ok, behind that door is the circuit breaker that controls the video cameras. All I need to do is hack it, loop the feed and you are good to go.

BRAD NIELL

Is this like the time in high school you tried to wire all the close circuit TVs to show the playboy channel during President Bush's State of the Union speech and ended up blowing the entire grid?

NICK BLAKELY

No, because this is going to work. Go get into position.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM

A mix of dignitaries from all over the world have gathered for Brennan's speech.

Cage and his team are running security, while BERTON has taken more of a master of ceremonies position. He is mingling and joking with the guests. The camera focuses in on HATCHER, who seems less interested with the guests, and more interested in surveying the area. Then he sees something that catches his attention. SINCLAIR KING is in the corner of the room, chatting up some other guests. Hatcher zeros in and walks towards him. KING feels his eyes on the back of his head, excuses himself from his conversation and faces HATCHER.

HATCHER

Good evening Prime Minister. How are things in <AFRICAN NATION>? I bet running your own country has some perks.

KING

It has its rewards. Sure there are the cars and the wives, but I represent the population of a very proud and diverse people.

HATCHER

Wives and cars, huh? Both plural. You lucky bastard. I just wanted to congratulate you on a fine job you've done as the prime minister. (shaking his hand he brings him in close and whispers in his ear) You son of a bitch you know I deserved that job.

KING (WHISPERS BACK WITH NO ACCENT)

You know damn well that wasn't my decision. And if you ever call my mother a bitch again, I'll stick my size 12 african slipper up your ass. (with accent and no longer whispering) It was nice to meet you Mr. Hatcher, but if you'll excuse me I must adjourn to my seat.

Once King leaves Hatcher before the speech Hatcher talks to one of the waiters.

HATCHER

Stick close to King, he will be the most difficult to deal with.

He notices King looking at him across the room

HATCHER (CONT'D)

What do you mean you don't have any beer?! I'm not drinking any of this fruity wine crap! Go find me a beer.

King gets suspicious. King is watching hatcher and notices that he keeps talking to waiters. King turns and looks at a waiter that is near him.

The waiter is was already looking at him. King looks at him like what the fuck?

HENCHMAN #1

Can I get you anything, sir?

KING

Huh? Oh yes, can I get some more water?

HENCHMAN #1

Certainly, sir.

As the waiter walks away King can see a bulge in the back of his outfit that looks a lot like a gun.

The speech is about to start. King notices Hatcher duck out.

INT. HALLWAY

Hatcher rounds the corner, cigar in mouth, taking off his jacket. He meets a group of men decked out in assorted military and checkered shemagh (Arabic headwear) covering their faces. Looks like classic terrorist types. But, Hatcher knows them. They are armed with a variety of small arms. He gestures at the nearby security camera

HATCHER

smile for the cameras, boys.

SPEECH TIME

Senator Brennan gives a rousing speech. We get a clear picture of his political position, what the terror report means. Establish Brennan as well-read, erudite, patriotic, likeable and atypical. Sinclair King watches, nods, and applauds. At some point, Sara enters the room to watch the speech. Her father sees her, and she sees him.

When King sees Hatcher return and all the exits are blocked with waiters, he conceals a steak knife and fixes his eye on Hatcher waiting for a signal.

Hatcher gives the signal. Guns are drawn, people are killed. Berton goes for his weapon. There is a struggle, and as Sara is running to her father, he is gunned down. King goes for his steak knife, but holds off when he sees the sheer amount of men Hatcher has brought. He decides to keep in concealed. Through the coralling of the part members, he makes it close enough to Brennan.

EXT. OLYMPIC HOTEL PARKING LOT.

Brad emerges from the hotel, carrying the silver briefcase along with the bag he was going to use to use to stash the money. He looks around for Nick, who appears suddenly and startles him.

NICK BLAKELY

Did you get it?? C'mon lets go!

Brad tries to answer, but Nick is too anxious and just motions for them to get out of there. Brad takes a few steps towards the car, then hears gunfire coming from within the hotel. He and Nick both look back startled.

NICK BLAKELY (CONT'D)

What the hell? Did you hear...

BRAD NIELL

Sara!

Brad drops the case and starts to head back into the hotel. Nick looks on, half in the car.

NICK BLAKELY

Brad! Brad! God dammit get back here!

Brad's not listening. Nick swears under his breath and follows Brad in, picking up the silver briefcase.

INT. OLYMPIC HOTEL BACK ENTERANCE -- NIGHT

Brad and Nick have made there way back into the hotel lobby. Brad peeks around the corner to see ARMED MEN escorting hostages into areas they have secured. Brad is trying his best to stay quiet and out of sight; Nick pokes his head around the corner suddenly, shattering the tension.

NICK BLAKELY

What's goin on? Nick, we gotta to get back to.. Holy shit!

Nick's gets ready to emit a startled scream, but Brad cups his hand over Nick's mouth and drags him back behind the corner.

BRAD NIELL

Be quiet, Nick. We need to stay out of sight.

NICK BLAKELY

Who are those guys? What are they doing here? What was that shot we heard? Jesus Christ Brad, we have to get out of here. What the hell is going on..

Nick is clearly freaking out. Brad grabs him and they both go into a nearby room. A little noise is made. One of the TERRORISTS is looks over at the corner where they were. Drawing his gun, he advances towards them.

BRAD NIELL

Pull it together, Nick. We need to stay hidden. As far as they know, we don't even exist..

As Brad talks, the terrorist has round the corner, gun drawn. Brad peeks through the door and sees him.

BRAD NIELL (CONT'D)

Shit...

NICK BLAKELY

Shit? What do you mean shit?

Nick pushes Brad out of the way, peeking through the door. The terrorist seems to turn right towards him.

NICK BLAKELY (CONT'D)

SHIT!

Nick's words are loud enough to startle the terrorist and give up their location. He advances towards the room with purpose now.

BRAD NIELL

Hide!

The terrorist approaches the door slowly. With his free hand he tries the door, but finds it locked. Bracing himself, he kicks the door open with a loud crash to discover a seemingly empty room, except for a silver briefcase lying on a table. As he reaches for it, Brad appears and they struggle with the gun. The struggle ends when Nick finally comes out of hiding and strikes the terrorist on the back of the head with the case. He is out cold. Brad grabs the gun and checks the clip.

BRAD NIELL (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Nick and Brad start to exit, but then Nick turns around suddenly and gets the case. As they advance, Nick sees a exit to the outside. Brad passes it up and continues to walk.

NICK BLAKELY

Brad? Hello? Exit is that-a-way.

BRAD NIELL

We're not leaving Nick.

NICK BLAKELY

What?! Are you crazy?! Did you see that guy? It's a miracle we got out of that room alive. This guys are for real, Brad. C'mon man, don't get your self killed trying to save some chick...

BRAD NIELL

This isn't just about Sara, Nick.

NICK BLAKELY

Oh isn't it? What do you expect to do against these guys, "Rambo"?! This is none of our business. Let's take whatever is in this case, call the police, or the army, or whatever, and then lets get the fuck out of Dodge.

BRAD NIELL

No. You can leave if you want Nick. I'm staying.

Nick stops walking. Brad doesn't seem to notice. Nick pauses for a moment, then walks towards the exit. As he gets opens the door to go out, he sees a police cruiser pulling up. Obivously, he can't just waltz out of the hotel now that the cops have been alerted, especially with the loot from the safe. He hurries to catch up with Brad.

BRAD NIELL (CONT'D)

I thought you were leaving.

NICK BLAKELY

Uh... I can't let you have all the fun can I? What's the next move?

BRAD NIELL

We need to find a secure place and think of a plan.

NICK BLAKELY

These guys are everywhere. Where could we go.

Brad glances at his security card, then an idea pops in his head.

BRAD NIELL

Follow me.

INT. SECURITY CONTORL ROOM

Hatcher has made his way to the security room of the hotel, where he has set up a makeshift base of operations. From the security cams, we see people being led into rooms by his henchmen. Everything is clean, precise, and very military. One of Hatcher's terrorists approaches him.

TERRORIST

All levels secured, sir.

HATCHER:

Take your men to the basement and ready phase two. I'll be monitoring your progress from here.

The terrorist salutes. We get the feeling there is more Pentagon about these men than Pakistan. Another group of terrorists enters the room, with KING and BRENNAN. Hatcher turns to greet them.

HATCHER: (CONT'D)

Senator Brennan! Prime Minister... King was it? Welcome to my little 9/11.

Hatcher gestures to the security cams. We zoom in on a security cam of Carly and Sara being led into one of the rooms. Sara hesitates and is struck hard across the face, then shoved into the room.

BRENNAN

My God...

HATCHER:

God? He won't help you here, Senator. This is my show. Your "terror report" has made some very important people very angry. After tonight, the world will once again be glued to their TVs as yet another tragedy takes place on their own soil. Of course this time, we had a little hand in it.

KING

Whatever you do to us or these people, you'll do nothing more than prove his point.

BRENNAN

People are smart enough to see through this little act. You'll be uncovered.

HATCHER:

I'm not much for poetry, Senator. However, in my years doing my work - and I do it well - I've always lived by this mantra. Dead men tell no tales. As soon as everything is place, this hotel will be reduced to nothing more than pure rubble; a "breaking news alert" for those boys in the newsroom. I hope Fox News makes a nice logo for it.

BRENNAN:

So you're going to kill us all in a fiery explosion?

HATCHER:

Not everyone. An example will have to be made. Someone will have to be sacrificed to let the "American infidels" we mean business. Your death will be in front of millions.

KING

An what is to happen to me?

HATCHER:

Well, "Prime Minister", your death is one of those fringe benefits of the job. Power over life and death, stuff like that.

Hatcher leans in. Close.

HATCHER: (CONT'D)

And make no mistake that I have all the power this time. Everything I want is now mine for the taking.

Hatcher leans back, clearly impressed with himself. He grabs his coat and prepares to leave.

HATCHER: (CONT'D)

If you two will excuse me. I have to make a speech of my own.

(to this men)

Prepare Brennan for the newscast.

TERRORIST

What about him?

HATCHER:

Kill him.

Hatcher exits, and the men advance on King. As they go for him, he easily disarms and beats the first couple of henchmen, then has a nice fight with the head henchman (mini-boss). He doesn't kill all of them though. This fight should show off King's training has not gone soft. Clean, quick, and precise. Brennan and King run to the elevator. Half conscious henchman radios down to tell them they are in the elevator. The Elevator shuts down with them in it. King rips the camera out of the wall and tries to open the door. Then gets into the panel and tries to hot wire it.

BRENNAN

Who the hell are you?

KING (ACCENT DROPPED)

Right now the only thing you need to know is that I'm a friend. And that we need to get you out of here.

INT. OLYMPIC HOTEL SUITE -- NIGHT

Sara, Carly, and other HOSTAGES are holed up inside one of the larger hotel rooms. Two terrorists guard the door. Sara is visibly upset from the death of her father, but is still doing her best to maintain some sort of calmness and order with the other hostages. Carly however is a wreck. She has used her manager keys to open the mini bar and has helped herself to lots of mini drinks, which she is not sharing. The mini bottles are scattered all over the table. Sara walks up with a cup of coffee.

SARA BERTON

Drink this, Carly.

CARLY JANSSEN (Downing a miniature bottle of Jack Daniels):

No thank you Sara; Mr. Daniels and I are doing just fine.

Sara cracks a slight smile at her inebriated boss, then sits down next to her.

CARLY JANSSEN

This was not supposed to happen tonight! Everything was going according to plan! How could this happen?! My father always told me be prepared, but how could anyone be prepared for THIS?! I...

The mention of Sara's father has driven a wave of grief over her. Carly sobers up enough to console her.

CARLY JANSSEN (CONT'D)

Oh Sara, i'm so sorry.. I didn't mean to..

SARA BERTON

It's ok Carly. There will be time to mourn him later. The important thing now is that everyone is safe.

The door to the room opens suddenly. Hatcher walks in, flanked by some more TERRORISTS. Sara makes the connection that Hatcher is involved. Enraged, she advances towards him.

SARA BERTON (CONT'D)

You son of a bitch!

She gets in a good slap across the face before two terrorists knock her to the ground. One pulls his weapon and prepares to kill her, but Hatcher intervenes.

HATCHER:

Stand down men... I like a woman with a little fire.

SARA BERTON

You bastard, you killed my father.

HATCHER:

I've killed alot of people, You are going to have to refresh my memory. Ladies and Gentlemen, I am your host for the remainder of the evening. Do as your told, and no will be hurt. Any acts of herosim will be met with extreme predijustice. Stay calm, and I promise. No harm will come to you.

One of the Terrorists assigned to King and Brennan stumbles into the room. He looks beaten and bloodied Hatcher. walks over to him.

HATCHER

Where's Senator Brennan?...

The man is speechless, almost losing consciousness

HATCHER (CONT'D)

Where the fuck is Brennan!?!

The terrorist slumps over. He is dead.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

God damnit!

Hatcher gets in the face of one of the henchman.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

What was the main objective of this mission?

Henchman doesn't say anything just looks down because he knows he's screwed up.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

Check the security cameras and find them. When you do shut this place down! Elevators, phone lines, the works! I want that weak-kneed liberal motherfucker right now!

Hatcher now knows that he needs to form a backup plan. Taking a minute to go settle back into "Bond Villan" mode. Smiling, he turns around to face the hostages again.

HATCHER:

Well now. There's been a change of plans. I'm going to need some volunteers.

SARA BERTON

What makes you think any of us would want to help you with anything?! We have people here who are sick and injured. We need...

HATCHER:

And we have our first volunteer! The rest if you cooperate with my men.

Hatcher pulls one of his men aside.

HATCHER: (CONT'D)

Find me a muppet.

Hatcher turns his attention back to Sara.

HATCHER: (CONT'D)

Smile pretty, sweetheart. You're going to be a star.

INT. OLYMPIC HOTEL MASTER SUITE -- NIGHT

One of the state rooms at the Olympic. Large comfortable beds, plenty of room. Large windows that overlook the front area of the hotel. The door is accessible only by a security key. The light on the knob blinks from red to green and the door opens. Nick and Brad enter, looking behind them as they close the door. Nick flops down on the bed and bounces up and down.

BRAD NIELL

These rooms are accessible only with the security cards. They are usually reserved for high end visitors. The cards make sure that only they and the help can get in and out. Before working at the restaurant I used to be on the cleaning service. I guess my card still works.

Nick gets off the bed and peers out of the window. More cop cars have arrived; it's obvious now the outside knows what's going on.

NICK BLAKELY

The cops are here... I think I see a news van too. Looks like the word is out.

BRAD NIELL

We need to get to the ball room. That's where the most people will be. From there we can use the stairwells to get people out. We will need to move in small groups, but if we do it quickly and quietly...

NICK BLAKELY

What are you talking about Brad? We need to get a hold of the police downstairs, let them know what we know, then we need to stay here until they come in and take care of business.

Nick goes to one of the phones and picks it up, to find that it's dead. Trying his best to stay calm, he spies the cabinet that holds the TV.

NICK BLAKELY (CONT'D)

Hey! Let's see whats on TV.

Nick turn on the TV and the first thing he sees is a Special Report on the hostage situation at the hotel. Quickly turning off the TV, he looks for something else to keep occupied. he spies the brief case.

NICK BLAKELY (CONT'D)

Well, we might as well see what we got out of the safe.

Nick goes over and clicks the locks on the briefcase. He slowly opens up the case (think about the idol at the beginning of Raiders of The Lost Ark). His face turns from one of excitement to one of utter dissapointment and then fear. All that is in the briefcase is some documents, and a leather folder.

NICK BLAKELY (CONT'D)

Wonderful! Just wonderful! We risk out necks to break into this hotel, and what does boy genius grab? Not the money, some guys FUCKING LUGGAGE!

BRAD NIELL

I'm sorry Nick. There wasn't time to grab much else.

NICK BLAKELY

Don't start with me right now Brad. It was your fucking idea to come back in here; I wouldn't be as upset if we found this out in the comfort of my basement, but now we are in the middle of WORLD WAR THREE because you wanted to get laid!

Nick pushes the briefcase off the bed. It lands with a loud thump.

BRAD NIELL

Will you calm down?! We don't know who else is around here.

NICK BLAKELY

Fine! let them come! We're dead anyway. I'm going to die in a hotel killed by terrorists while caught trying to steal some guys business reports... Well, I may as well see whose briefcase I had the pleasure of stealing.

Nick grabs the breifcase by its sides and starts to put in on the bed. His hands seems to grasp something. Pushing harder, a loud "click" is heard, and a hidden compartment is found. Opening it up, Nick is suddenly silenced. Brad notices this, and comes over to investigate.

BRAD NIELL

Nick, whats the matter, you suddenly...

Brad then sees what silenced Nick. Hidden within the case is a stacks of 100 dollar bills; there has to be at least a few million. Brad is visibly shocked; Nick's confidence has returned. Elated, he stands up and does a little victory dance.

BRAD NIELL (CONT'D)

There has to be at least a few million here. Look. Here's a letter. "Here is your down payment. You'll get the rest when Brennan is nuetralized. We are all counting on you Hatcher." It's signed T.S.

<NICK IS SHOCKED AND EXPLAINS TO BRAD THAT THOSE INITIALS ARE SYNONOMOUS WITH ALOT OF GOVERNMENT BLACK OPS DOCUMENTS THAT NICK AS LEARNED ABOUT THROUGH HIS READING.>

NICK BLAKELY

That means if TS is invloved, this is bigger than just some random terrorist attack... It's true... it's all true. Oh my god, I can't beleive it! I mean, I always hoped, but this is for real!

Brad continues to dig around, and produces a cylindrical shaped device with a button on the top.

BRAD NIELL

What's this?

INT ELEVATOR

Brennan and Sinclair are in the elevator. They both get up, King grabs the camera and rips it out of the ceiling.

INT SECURITY ROOM

Hatcher and a henchman are looking at the security monitors showing all the main characters.

HENCHMAN

Look elevator B's camera is out.

HATCHER

King... Cut the power to the elevators.

INT ELEVATOR

The elevator comes to a halt and the over head lights blink off. The only illumination now comes from a red warning light above them, and some side panels. The phone rings in the elevator

HATCHER ANSWERS THE PHONE

HATCHER

I know where you are at... Kane. (as he's putting the phone down) Cut the phone li<click>

KING(no accent)

Shit... shit, shit, shit! (as he's slamming the phone into the wall/buttons/whatever's close) We have to get out of here.

King rips open the panel and starts messing with the wires.

BRENNAN

What happened to your accent? What's going on? Who are you, really?

KING (still messing with the wires)

I'm a CIA operative. I trained with that loud mouth Texan Hatcher. He seems to be running the show. Remember in 1991 when African XX nation had a military coup that ousted the head of state?

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Yes, yes. I do remember that. Isn't that when you became the prime minister (trailing off as he realizes what actually happened)

KING

Yeah, that was all CIA.

BRENNAN (bewildered)

Wow, that explains a lot.

KING

Grab a hold of that door let's see
if we can pry this thing open.

INT., HOTEL BALLROOM, NIGHT

The room is empty except for a few dead bodies. We close in on one of them. He wakes up: Cage Speedman! He appears to have been knocked out when the bullet hit his ballistic vest. He checks it, sees the bullet embedded but no blood. Hurts like hell, though, maybe even a broken rib. Sees that he has no weapon, and no earpiece/communicator.

He hears some people returning to the room, Cage sticks his hand in Berton's pool of blood and wipes it on his chest and mouth. He takes a deep breath and holds it. He keeps his eyes open and trains them on a specific spot on the ceiling. Terrorists are walking through the room right past him.

TERRORIST #1 (no accent?)

Which floors are secure?

TERRORIST #2

One through five for sure. A couple of men were sent up stairs to retrieve someone out of the elevator.

SPEEDMAN (ding!)

Basement's clear

Speedman gets up checks the elevators. Locked down. Checks the stairwell, sees bad guys on a couple of levels down. He proceeds to sneak up on the two and take both of them out with out making a sound. Sort of. There is a little commotion. Cage sees the door start to open, he hides behind it.

THIRD TERRORIST

What the...?

Almost a split screen with the door being the divider. Speedman can hear the guy going for his walkie talkie. Speedman slams the door on his face! No, his hand knocking the walkie talkie out of his hand. Alright, a little one on one! Fight Fight fight! Speedman wins!

Speedman sees what these guys have on them (die hard) one of them wake up.

DAZED TERRORIST

Who are you?

SPEEDMAN

I should say something funny, but I won't.

PUNCH!!

Cage knocks this guy out. He drags them into a nearby closet.

INT. OLYMPIC HOTEL SAFE ROOM. -- NIGHT

Carly, and Sara enter, followed by Hatcher and some of his thugs. He pushes Carly towards the safe.

HATCHER:

Open it.

Carly hesitates, then complies.

SARA BERTON

Is this all this about? The money
in the safe?

HATCHER:

You silly little girl. There are
things going on here that you can't
possibly understand.

Carly opens the safe. Hatcher pushes her aside, and looks inside. After a moment, his head appears. He is not happy.

HATCHER: (CONT'D)

Where is it?

CARLY JANSSEN

What? I don't know what you...

Hatcher slaps Carly hard enough for her to hit the ground.

HATCHER:

My case. The one I gave you this
afternoon. Tell me where you put
it.

CARLY JANSSEN

I put it in here. I promise.

HATCHER:

Don't lie to me you little bitch!
Tell where where my briefcase is.
NOW!

Hatcher winds up for another slap, but Carly throws her hands up in defense.

CARLY JANSSEN

Wait! Stop. I put it in here, I
swear to you. But I'm not the only
one who has access. There is a
program on my computer that tracks
all the last time the safe was
accessed.

Carly sits down at her computer. She pulls up the program.

CARLY JANSSEN (CONT'D)

According to the log, the last person to access was... Brad Niell, 2 hours ago... but I fired Brad because..

SARA BERTON

You fired Brad?!

HATCHER:

Alright, enough of this. I need that breifcase. Now you find it for me, or I start killing hostages.

CARLY JANSSEN

Well, according to this, the only person that could have it is...

A noise is heard from behind them. Hatcher's thugs go to investigate. They bring back the man that attacked Brad and Nick in the beginning. He is conscious, but still a little groggy...

EXT. OLYMPIC HOTEL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Nick and Brad emerge from the state room, carrying the breifcase. Nick has the gun they took off the terrorist and the briefcase, but Brad is in the lead.

BRAD NIELL

Alright. Let's get up to the ballroom and see what we can do about getting these people out.

As they continue down the hall, Something startles Nick. Waving the gun around, he seems very nervous.

NICK BLAKELY

What was that?

BRAD NIELL

Calm down. Maybe you should let me hold the gun.

NICK BLAKELY

No. You're the kickboxer. I can't fend off terrorists with my good looks and charm. I need something.

BRAD NIELL

Just keep it pointed away from me alright?

NICK BLAKELY (casually waving it around):)

I'm not gonna shoot you, dude.

BRAD NIELL

Nick, give me the gun.

NICK BLAKELY

No!

Nick and Brad continue to argue, almost forgetting there trying to be silent. SPEEDMAN appears around the corner startling them both.

CAGE SPEEDMAN

Everyone freeze. Hands up.

Brad starts to comply, but Nick, still with gun, points it at Cage.

NICK BLAKELY

Who the hell are you? Let me uh... see your hands. Stick 'em up.

CAGE SPEEDMAN

Listen.. you need to calm down. I'm not a terrorist. I'm...

NICK BLAKELY

Stop talking!

By this time, Cage knows that talking with Nick is useless, and at the first opportunity, attempts to take the gun from Nick using martial arts. Brad jumps in and counters the attack. A fight ensues between Brad and Cage. Each fighters are impressive, but niether one can see to get the upper hand. Finally, Brad lands a blow that knocks Cage back. His ID spills out, identifying him as a DSS agent.

BRAD NIELL (stopping to help him up)

You're a government agent.

CAGE SPEEDMAN

Nice of you to notice.

NICK BLAKELY

Why didn't you say anything?

CAGE SPEEDMAN

I was trying, but someone wasn't listening.

Brad and Cage both stare hard and Nick, who gives them a "who me?" shrug.

BRAD NIELL

We're trying to get to the ballroom on the top floor.

CAGE SPEEDMAN

Everyone's been scattered around. The ballroom's been cleared.

BRAD NIELL

So where is everyone?

CAGE SPEEDMAN

I'm not sure. What I do know is if I'm going to have any chance of finding anyone, I'm going to need more equipment. My gears in the basement garage.

BRAD NIELL

We need to find the hostages first.

CAGE SPEEDMAN

Who do you think you are? I'm not going to take orders from some kid.

BRAD NIELL

I'm not a "kid." My name's Brad.

Cage looks Brad up and down for a moment, impressed with his confidence and attitude. He gingerly holds his jaw where Brad hit him. He smiles quickly.

CAGE SPEEDMAN

Speedman. My name is Cage Speedman.

There is a truce that is formed between the three men. For now.

CAGE SPEEDMAN (CONT'D)

I have everything we need in the garage. Follow me, then we'll rescue everyone.

INT. OLYMPIC HOTEL SAFE ROOM -- NIGHT

Sara and Carly are holed up in the safe room being guarded by the same terrorist that Nick and Brad fought. They are the only 3 in the room. From the looks on their faces, it's obvious they are trying to hatch a plan to get out of there. The terrorist is standing straight, but his head still hurts from the knock on the head he got earlier.

SARA BERTON

You know, you might need medical attention. Let me look at your head.

TERRORIST

Shut your mouth. Stay right where you are. Hatcher said not to move.

Carly and Sara exchange a quick look. A plan has been hatched. After a few moments, Carly doubles over in "pain."

TERRORIST (CONT'D)

What? What's the matter with her?

CARLY JANSSEN

I hurt.

TERRORIST

Huh? What do you mean.

CARLY JANSSEN

I've got really bad cramps.

SARA BERTON

Oh you poor dear.

TERRORIST

What? What's going going on?

SARA BERTON

Men. Can I get you anything?

CARLY JANSSEN

I need some Tylenol.

SARA BERTON

I don't have any on me. But there is some in the womens bathroom.

TERRORIST

Noone is leaving this room.

CARLY JANSSEN

Listen. I'm having a "feminine emergency", so unless you want a raging bitch on your hands, I suggest you let us go.

SARA BERTON

I've seen it. It's not pretty

The Terrorist looks over Carly and Sara, then decides not to chance it.

TERRORIST

Alright. WE go to the bathroom. ONLY the bathroom. You two stay in front of me.

They exit the room and make there way towards the womens restroom.

CARLY JANSSEN

It's right this way...

They walk down the hallway, Carly and Sara in the lead with the Terrorist behind them. They pass a fire extinguisher on the wall. There is some quick eye contact between Carly and Sara. Suddenly, Carly drops to the floor in an over the top whine.

CARLY JANSSEN (CONT'D)

Owwwwwww! It hurts!

TERRORIST

What's the matter?

SARA BERTON

Don't you get it?! I swear you men
are all alike. Well, go on! Help
her up!

The terrorist reluctantly agrees, and drops his guard to help Carly up. Sara sneaks off to the side and when his back is to her, take the fire extinguisher off the wall. The hose clinks against the metal, alerting him.

TERRORIST

Hey!

There is a loud THUMP as metal hits skull, sending the terrorist flying. The plan has worked. Sara helps Carly up.

SARA BERTON

C'mon. Lets get out of here.

Just as they say that, two more terrorists appear around the corner. Seeing there comrade out cold, and Sara holding the fire extinguisher, they put two and two together.

CARLY JANSSEN

Run!

The start to run, but Sara trips and falls. Carly makes it to the door way and sees Sara fallen.

CAGE SPEEDMAN

Sara!

SARA BERTON

Go! Get out of here.

Carly hesitates, but eventually dissapears down the hallway.

INT. OLYMPIC HOTEL GARAGE -- NIGHT

Brad, Nick, and Speedman have made it to the door leading to the basement garage. Cage is in the lead, followed closley by Brad. Nick is in the rear, holding the one gun they have.

CAGE SPEEDMAN

Alright. We don't know what lies
beyond this door, so be prepared for
anything. Whatever happens, don't
leave group.

BRAD NIELL

Right.

NICK BLAKELY

Ok.

CAGE SPEEDMAN

Alright. On three we open the door.
One... Two... Three!

The boys swing open the door, ready to fight. What they find are Senator Brennan, and Sinclair King right behind the door. King has already taken some weapons from the van, and after recognizing Cage, tosses him a weapon.

SINCLAIR KING

Not a very stealthy entrance, rookie.

CAGE SPEEDMAN

Senator! Prime Minister King. What are you doing down here?

SINCLAIR KING

I've got to get you up to speed.
You see...

Nick, whom has not yet appeared from the door, now comes in, waving his gun around in the air, emitting a blood curdling battle cry. Everyone is startled except Brad.

SINCLAIR KING (CONT'D)

Who the hell is this?

CAGE SPEEDMAN

Noone. What do you mean "get me up to speed?"

CARLY enters from another door across the garage. She is still running from her pursuers when they see the group.

BRAD NIELL

Carly?

CARLY JANSSEN

Nick?!

Gunfire is heard. Carly and Sara run for cover on the other side of the garage. HEAVILY ARMED TERRORISTS appear, and have opened fired on the group. King and Cage make it back to the van, but are pinned down. Seneator Brennan and Nick are pinned down behind a vehicle a few cars down. Brad is solo, but has managed to put himself closer to Carly and Sara.

SINCLAIR KING (returning fire)

We've got to get back upstairs. I think Hatcher goings to blow the ballroom.

CAGE SPEEDMAN

What? Alright I'm going with you.

Brad is peeking in and out of cars, trying desparateley to get to the girls, who are doing the same.

They get within a few car lengths of each other.

CARLY JANSSEN
Brad?! What are you doing here?!

BRAD NIELL
Where's Sara.

CARLY JANSSEN
They've got her.

BRAD NIELL
What?!

CARLY JANSSEN
We got split up!

Brad has a moment of fear as to the whereabouts of Sara. He focus back on the situation.

BRAD NIELL
Carly, listen. You are going to have to get to me. Wait for an opening then go for it.

The terrorists stop to reload. Brad sees an opening.

BRAD NIELL (CONT'D)
NOW!

Carly runs very girly, to where Brad is covered. They start making there way through the parked cars, Brad holding onto Carly's hand, tugging her forward. They get to where Nick and Brennan are.

BRAD NIELL (CONT'D)
Stay here.

CARLY JANSSEN
Where are you going?!

BRAD NIELL
To find Sara.

Brad runs back into the fray, trying to make it back to the door Carly entered. Brennan, Nick, and Carly are somewhat safe, but still under fire. Carly sits down next to Nick, who is strangley quiet, just looking at her.

NICK BLAKELY
Hi.

A rain of gunfire starts at there position. Carly notices the weapon in Nick's possession.

CARLY JANSSEN
Nice piece.

NICK BLAKELY (Not thinking of the
weapon)

Uh... thanks.

Carly rolls her eyes. Men.

CARLY JANSSEN

The GUN. USE it to FIGHT BACK!

NICK BLAKELY

Oh! right... RIGHT!

Nick waits for a reload moment, then completely jumps out from behind his cover and unloads a few rounds in the direction of the terrorists.

NICK BLAKELY (CONT'D)

Not bad, eh?

BANG! Nick is shot somewhere in the groin area. He yelps and hits the ground. King and Sinclair react. Carly and Seneator Brennan drag him back to cover. Nick is bleeding.

NICK BLAKELY (CONT'D)

I've been shot!! Oh my God I've
been shot!

Looks to where it is.

NICK BLAKELY (CONT'D)

OH MY GOD I'VE BEEN SHOT!

Checks the groin area to see everything is OK

NICK BLAKELY (CONT'D)

Oh thank god.

He realizes he still is shot, just not THERE.

NICK BLAKELY (CONT'D)

OH MY GO...

BRENNAN

Let's have a look at it son.

Brennan looks at his wound. Carly looks over his shoulder, half looking at the wound, but half looking for something else.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

You'll be ok. We just need to stop
the bleeding.

Carly rips off some fabric from her clothes and they use it as a tourniquet. There is a moment between Carly and Nick. King and Speedman have slowly made there way back to the group to check on Nick.

CAGE SPEEDMAN

You ok?

NICK BLAKELY

It could have been a whole lot worse.

KING

Where's the other kid?

CARLY JANSSEN

He said he was going after Sara.

CAGE SPEEDMAN

Dammit! I told him to stay with the group!

KING

We don't have time to look for him.
Hatcher's going to make his move.
We have to get to back upstairs.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Hatcher has been watching the fire fight from the security cameras. He spies Brennan and King. Smiling, he gets on the walkie talkies.

HATCHER

Team 3, this is Leader. Finish it.

INT. GARAGE

Back in the action, one of the terrorists with a walkie responds and motions at two of the terrorists, who produces an RPG from the van and readies it. King pops his head up and sees what's about to happen.

KING

RPG!

Cage looks and sees them almost ready to fire right on there location. He checks his gun. Empty. He see's Nicks gun on the ground a lifetime away. In slow motion we see Cage run into oncoming fire, dive, grab the gun and shoot the terrorist holding the RPG just as he clicks fire. The shot is enough to make the grenade change course, but it is still too close.

CAGE SPEEDMAN

EVERYONE GET DOWN!

Cage jumps behind the nearest cover as the Grenade explodes.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

From the control room monitors, Hatcher sees the explosion. He is obviously pleased. Sara cries out.

INT. GARAGE

Carnage. A good section of the garage has been damaged. Debris is spread everywhere and we fear the worse. Suddenly some movement. Cage Speedman appears from the rubble. He is shaken, but alright. One by one, others appear.

KING
Everyone alright?

BRENNAN
I think so.

CAGE SPEEDMAN
Where is Nick and the other girl?

We scan around and find Nick and Carly huddled up in what could be seen as a romantic embrace. They quickly realize it and Carly gets up and walks over to the group. King and Cage help Nick to his feet. During the course of this dialouge, King and Cage are suiting up with gear found in the van.

CAGE SPEEDMAN (CONT'D)
Alright. Hatcher's going to blow this place sky high any minute. We need to buy some time.

KING
I don't see how we can get to him. He's got control security cameras. He'll see us coming a mile away.

CAGE SPEEDMAN
Maybe that's exactly what we want.

KING
Huh?

CAGE SPEEDMAN
If Hatcher's plan was to kill the Senator, he has to think he's done it after that explosion. We can draw him out using Brennan as bait.

KING
How do suppose we do that.

Cage looks around. The camera zooms in on Nick's work badge.

CAGE SPEEDMAN
I have an idea.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Hatcher is standing in the center of the control room. on the vid screens. groups of terrorists can be seen combing the hotel.

HATCHER

It's a silver breifcase. Find it
and bring it to the control room.

Hatcher looks back at Sara who has broken down crying after watching the episode in the garage.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

Cheer up sweetheart. If it's any
consolation, i'm sure they died
quickly.

Hatcher just grins. He is more cocky, now that he thinks the hard part of his mission is over. There is a knock at the door. Two terrorists enter the room, with a prisoner; Brad Niel. He is handcuffed. One of the terrorists is holding the silver breifcase.

TERRORIST #1

I found him walking around the hotel.
He didn't put up a fight.

Hatcher takes the briefcase. Opening it quickly, he smiles. Picking up the detenator, he puts it in his pocket.

HATCHER

So.. you're the little asshole that
took my money?

BRAD NIELL

You have what you need. Let the
girl go and get out of here.

HATCHER

Well, aren't we the valiant one?

Hatcher closes the breifcase and throws it on the ground.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

I suppose I should thank you, kid.
You just made this job a whole lot
easier. I tell you what. I'll make
your deaths quick and painless.
Gentlemen?

Nick and Sara and shoved to the center of the room.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

Get a hold of our ride boys. We'll
be leaving soon. Sara my dear, I'm
afraid things are just not going to
work out between us. I'm sorry. As
soon as I'm gone. Kill them.

Hatcher starts to exit. Then, one of the vid screens that was snowly comes to life. one of the terrorists spots it.

TERRORIST

Sir, we have unidentified movement
in elevator shaft B.

HATCHER

What?

Hatcher walks over. A closeup of the screen shows Brennen and King riding up the elevator together.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

How the hell...

Hatcher loses it. In a fit of rage he throws the contents of the table to the floor. Grabbing one of his men, he takes there walkie talkie and throws the terrorist down.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

All units this is Team Leader. Take
positions above level 23. The target
is in shaft B heading for level 23.

Hatcher takes out his pistol. Putting on his jacket, he starts to leave.

HATCHER (CONT'D)

As soon as you are finished with
these two pack up and meet me on the
roof.

Hatcher exits. One of the terrorists produces a pistol from his holster.

TERRORIST

On your knees...

Both Sara and Brad are forced to there knees.

SARA BERTON

Brad...

BRAD NIELL

It's ok Sara. Everything's going to
be alright.

SARA BERTON

How can you say that?

BRAD NIELL

Remember the handcuffs I had on?

SARA BERTON

Yes?

Brad just smiles, then turn around and hits the terrorist holding the gun with his freshly picked cuffs. He quickly dispatches of the two other terrorists and helps Sara up.

BRAD NIELL

Let's go.

He starts to leave, but grabs pulls him back into an embrace. She looks at him and smiles.

SARA BERTON

Ok. Let's go.

INT. MULTIPLE HALLWAYS

The remaining terrorists start to flood the upper levels, prying open the doors to get a clear shot of the elevator as soon as it comes up. The camera switches back and forth from Hatcher running towards the elevator, his men getting ready, and the vid screen of King and Brennan in the elevator. The tension is broken when the elevator stops on Hatcher's level with a subtle "ding." Hatcher readies his weapon and points it at the doors, telling all units to standby. He slide open to reveal... nothing! There is noone in the elevator. We then see Carly and Nick back at the spot where Nick first hacked the security. They've succeeded in tricking Hatcher. Bewildered, Hatcher steps back, wondering whats going on. suddenly he goes stiff. A knife comes under his throat, mirroring the move from the beginning of the movie.

HATCHER

You got me, Kane. I surrender.

KING

Don't think you're going to get off that easily, you son of a bitch.

Hatcher suddenly pulls a knife and attempts to run King through, but King, as usual is faster, he slits the side of Hatcher's throat which sends him reeling towards the open elevator. He tries to shoot, but King beats him to the punch once again, shooting him twice in the chest. He falls back into the elevator and collapses. Dead. The elevator behind him dings. Opening up, Senator Brennan walks out. King takes a walkie talkie out and contacts Nick.

KING (CONT'D)

Nice work, kid. Were on our way back.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT.

Hatchers thugs are still waiting for orders. They peer down at the stopped elevator.

TERRORIST #1

Think we should open fire?

TERRORIST #2

Hatcher said to wait.

A sound is heard above them.

TERRORIST #1

What was...

Cage slides down on a pully shooting as he goes, taking out one of the terrorists. The second one dodges and when Cage is close enough, jumps on him. They both tumble on top of the elevator and start to fight. Cage wins. Hopping back up to the floor, he runs back into the hotel.

INT. BALLROOM.

Cage appears at the ballroom door. breaking it open, he sees the faces of very grateful hostages. He radios back to the group.

CAGE SPEEDMAN

This is Speedman. We're all clear.

KING (somewhere in the hotel)

Good work Cage. Nick? Meet me in the lobby and we'll get you to a hospital. Nick? Nick, do you copy.

The camera switches to Nick and Carly, whom are in an embrace.

EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING -- ONE MONTH LATER

A press conference is being held. Reporters and cameramen are waiting outside for what looks like a speech. Brennan appears from the building, flanked by some other government officials. Speeman is also there, as is King. Brad, Nick, Sara, and Carly are in the audience. Nick is dressed a little differently. His clothes look a lot more expensive.

BRENNAN

At three o'clock today, The Terror Report will go before the Senate Judiciary committee. I cannot express enough my grattiude to the men and women that were involved in the tragic events at the Olympic Hotel last month. With any luck, what is done today will in someway make up for there sacrifice.

Applause. Reporters then descend on Brennan, asking him questions. Nick and Brad are off to the side as Carly and Sara run up to greet Cage and King.

BRAD NIELL

What's with the suit?

NICK BLAKELY

Oh, this old thing. Well, I had to do something.

BRAD NIELL

I thought we agreed not to splurge.
We were lucky enough to get out of
there alive; don't blow it by
flaunting our "newly found fortune".

NICK BLAKELY

Hey, I'm not the one that took the
breifcase out of the hotel. That
was you my friend.

Nick smiles, and agrees. They both walk up to meet Cage and King.

CAGE SPEEDMAN

Brad! I talked to the Director of
the DSS training. I pulled some
strings, but you can start training
in the fall.

BRAD NIELL

Thank you, Cage.

CAGE SPEEDMAN

Don't thank me yet, kid. You owe me
a rematch.

There is some playful banter, then Brennan sees the group and starts to walk towards them. BANG! A shot is heard and Brennan is hit in the chest. Cage immediatley pulls his weapon and starts chatting on his communicator. Brad, Nick, Carly and Sara, run to take cover while King looks around and points upwards. A sniper can be seen ontop of one of the buildings.

CAGE SPEEDMAN (CONT'D)

All units! He's on the top of the
Bank!

The camera focuses in on Brennan, whom is obviously going to die.

INT. AN OFFICE.

Brennans assasiantion is being shown on a television in an office somewhere. The camera pulls back to reveal a man sitting in a large leather chair, with his back to the camera. All we see is his hand on the remote. He turns off the TV and the camera pans down to a note written on the mans desk. The contents of the letter is not important, what is important is the initials T.S. that have signed it. The letter is placed in an envelope. As it is sealed, so is our movie.

THE END.