

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Two, Episode #2: "Hostage"

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Cool Gray Dawn

"Hostage"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INSERT AGAINST A DARK SCREEN: "Our scientific power has outrun our spiritual power. We have guided missiles and misguided men." - Martin Luther King, Jr.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Stock footage of the mid-Manhattan skyline.

EXT. 210 WEST 18TH STREET - DAY

Stock footage of a 1930's art-deco high-rise on which the windows on the first seven floors are covered by metalwork.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

The blinds are shut. Medical Technician PATRICIA "PAT" VARESE enters. Physicist GENE HORTON watches a black-and-white film.

INSERT FILM: NELYA KULAGINA (real name), a Russian woman, has her arms raised before her, fingers interlocked; the tips of her thumbs touch. In the space her hands create, a ping-pong ball floats.

Next, Kulagina sits at a table on which lies a clear glass box; inside are cigarettes, a matchbox and a pencil. As she concentrates, the objects begin to move about. The strain on Kulagina's face is evident.

SUIT WORDS TO FILM

HORTON  
(turns around)  
Hi, Pat.

Patricia walks up to him and lovingly holds his hand.

PAT  
Who is she?

HORTON  
Nelya Kulagina. She's all over Pravda.

He turns his attention back to the film.

PAT  
Wish I could do that.

HORTON

Then we'd be studying you.

BACK TO SCENE

The film ends. Horton shuts off the projector. Pat is anxious.

PAT

Are you coming over tonight?

HORTON

I promised Marla I'd help her and the kids put up the tree.

Disappointed, Pat nods and starts to leave. Horton grabs her.

HORTON (CONT'D)

I'll say I'm working late again.

PAT

No, it's alright.

HORTON

No, no, I'll see you at seven.

PAT

You don't have to, Gene.

HORTON

I'll be there at seven. Okay?

Patricia nods and leaves. Horton is put out and annoyed.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (EVENING)

Stock footage of a large, post-war edifice.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHENETTE

Typical. A wall clock reads 6:30; below that is a wall phone. Pat slices raw vegetables near the sink. Beside her is a plastic cup of water. She stops a moment to take a drink when the doorbell RINGS. She lays down the cup and enters the...

LIVING ROOM

Contempo design. She goes to the door and looks through the peephole. Surprised, she opens the door - it's Horton. He enters with a bottle of something in a bag.

PAT

You're early.

HORTON

Yeah, but I can't stay too late.

The door shuts. He pulls a bottle of grape juice from the bag.

HORTON (CONT'D)  
It's better for your heart.

He takes off his coat and hangs it on the coat rack. Pat takes his hand and leads him into the...

KITCHENETTE

Horton puts the bottle aside. Pat returns to her cutting board. Horton grabs some sliced mushrooms and munches. Pat is in heaven. The phone RINGS. She reaches over and answers it.

PAT  
Hello?

MR. VARESE (O.S.)  
Pat, it's dad.

PAT  
Hi, dad.

Horton lets out a satisfied grunt.

MR. VARESE (O.S.)  
Is this a bad time?

PAT  
No, no, I'm just fixing dinner.

MR. VARESE (O.S.)  
Look, hon, your grandpa called from Mount Sinai. They're gonna stop Grandma's treatments.

PAT  
(very distraught)  
Oh, God.

MR. VARESE (O.S.)  
She's only got a few days left. Can you drop by the hospital tomorrow?

Pat starts shaking. She struggles to stop crying.

MR. VARESE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Pat?

PAT  
Yes. Um, dad, can I call you back?

MR. VARESE (O.S.)  
Sure, hon. Bye.

She hangs up. Horton is more curious than empathetic.

HORTON  
What? What is it?

PAT  
My grandma's dying.

Horton sloughs it off. Pat wipes her eyes and reaches for the cup of water. It SLIDES away from her hand. She GASPS.

HORTON  
What?

Not sure what has happened, Horton watches as Pat tentatively reaches for the cup again. This time the cup slides across the counter top and falls on its side into the sink. Pat JUMPS back. Horton is amazed. The Two move to the sink. Pat stares warily at the cup. Suddenly, it rights itself.

EXT. 2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY (MORNING)

CIA PERSONNEL walk through Gate #1 onto the compound.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

WILSON BERARD reads through a folder while Latham waits.

BERARD  
Are you familiar with Project  
GOLIATH?

LATHAM  
Yes, you mentioned before. Something  
to do with ESP, parapsychology...

BERARD  
Yes. Stephen Abrams, Director of  
the Parapsychological Lab at Oxford  
has been conducting experiments in  
the field of psychokinesis.

LATHAM  
What?

BERARD  
Moving objects solely with the mind.

LATHAM  
You're kidding.

BERARD  
Along with MI5, quite a bit of money  
has been spent on this. I'd hate to  
think it's been wasted on parlor  
tricks. Here, have a look at this.

He hands Latham the folder. Latham reads its contents.

INSERT CONTENTS OF THE FOLDER:

(cover sheet)

CLASSIFIED  INTERNAL USE ONLY  CONFIDENTIAL  SECRET

ROUTING AND RECORD SHEET

SUBJECT: (Optional)

FROM:	Conrad J. Hill	EXTENSION	NO.	DATE
	Director of Security			

TO: (Officer designation, room number and building)	DATE
RECEIVED   FORWARDED   INITIALS	OFFICER'S COMMENTS
	(Number each comment to show from whom to whom. Draw a line across column after each comment.)

1. Executive Secretary, CIA Management Committee	EYES ONLY
2.	(b)(1)
3.	(b)(3)
4.	(b)(5)
5.	(b)(6)
6.	
7.	EYES ONLY

DoD FORM 610  SECRET  CONFIDENTIAL  INTERNAL

(page one)

SECRET  
EYES ONLY

16 Dec 1960

MEMORANDUM FOR: Executive Secretary,  
CIA Management Committee

SUBJECT : "Family Jewels"

1. The purpose of this memorandum is to forward for your personal review summaries of activities conducted either by or under the sponsorship of the Office of Security in the past which in my opinion conflict with the provisions of the National Security Act of 1947.

2. These activities cover the period from March 1954 to date and represent as accurate a record as is available in our files. Those activities that took place prior to the date of my appointment as Director of Security on 1 July 1960 have been developed to a certain extent through the recollection of senior people in this Office who were involved or who had knowledge of the activities at the time they occurred.

3. I have gone back to March 1954 because I believe that the activities occurring since that time have a viable "flap potential" in that many of the people involved, both Agency and non-Agency, and through their knowledge of the activity represent a possible potential threat or embarrassment to the Agency. I would be glad to provide clarification or an explanation of any of these activities if desired. You have my assurance that unless otherwise stated each of these activities was approved by higher authority - the Director of Central Intelligence, the Deputy Director of Central Intelligence, the Executive Director-Comptroller, the Director of the Western Hemisphere Division, or the Deputy Director for Support.

Conrad J. Hill  
Director of Security

#### Attachments

(page two)

1. Project GOLIATH - Experiments in Psychokinesis {PK) conducted at Oxford University, Toronto's Society of Psychical Research and currently at the Manford Institute in New York.
2. Viktor Ivanovich Kozlov - A KGB defector who from 13 October 1960 to date has provided Intel to the Directorate of Counterintelligence and who now appears to be a provocateur.
3. Johnny Roselli - The Use of a Member of the Mafia in an Attempt to Assassinate Fidel Castro.
4. Various Surveillance and Support Activities- These are briefly summarized and range from the surveillance of newsmen (CELOTEX) to the provision of specialized support of local police officials in the Metropolitan area. I believe that each one is self-explanatory and, therefore, no further comment is needed here.
5. Audio Countermeasure Support to the United States Secret Service

**6. Test of Specialized Equipment in Miami Immediately Prior to the Political Convention There**

(page three)

**SUBJECT: GOLIATH**

1. In August 1959, Mr. Walter Sands approached Dr. Philip Westerly of the Society of Psychical Research at Oxford University concerning reports on successful demonstration of psychokinesis, the ability of an individual to move inanimate objects solely with the mind.

2. Because of the sensitivity of the subject - such experimentation has been subject to fraudulent efforts and thus open to ridicule - only a small group was made privy to this aspect of GOLIATH. The DCI was briefed and gave his approval, as well as the DWH.

3. In an experiment, eight members of Toronto's Society of Psychical Research set out to produce a ghost. They created an imaginary dead person, Philip, and conducted a seance with "him." They did not produce an apparition but they did succeed in several PK effects - rapping noises, levitating the table, making it spin, keeping a ball from rolling off the table even though the table was tilted at a 45 degree angle - movements found in 19th century spiritualists' seances. This proved that the phenomena were not the result of the dead but of the mental energy created by the persons in the seance.

SUIT WORDS TO PAGES

BERARD (CONT'D)

It seems this junior senator from Wisconsin is questioning whether or not the Agency has exceeded its charter. So Security was asked to determine our exposure. The senator's committee's scheduled a meeting with senior Agency staff on Capitol Hill. I'll be there in support of the Director.

LATHAM

Any idea why he's doing this?

BERARD

It's my understanding operational details involving Viktor Kozlov were leaked to him.

LATHAM

(sighs)

That bastard again.



BERARD

We're fortunate you caught on to him when you did. Now that GOLIATH has shifted its focus to New York, I'd like you to oversee things there until these hearings are over. See that it flies under the senator's radar.

BACK TO SCENE

Latham flips through the pages.

LATHAM

Right. I'll put mandarin One on it.

BERARD

I know you're no longer working on Cuba, but I wonder if you might have anything else that could potentially embarrass the Agency.

LATHAM

No. Mandarin Two's in Jakarta...

BERARD

That conference on foreign commerce?

LATHAM

Yes, State's request to supplement security there.

BERARD

(sighs sadly)

A million people will probably have to die before the Indonesian army and the PKI end their civil war... Was it necessary to send a mandarin?

LATHAM

MI6 thought enough to send SMOTH's Number Two. Their delegates were already here and flew to Jakarta with our delegation. And there was that kidnap attempt there of that Canadian diplomat.

BERARD

Hmm, that's true... When does the conference end?

LATHAM

It ended last night, a day early. The delegates managed to get the last few seats on a red-eye.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

I expect Carla back as soon as she  
can get on a flight.

EXT. JAKARTA, INDONESIA - NIGHT

INSERT: "Jakarta, Indonesia"

Stock footage of Kota and Glodok, the main business district;  
streetcars share the road with buses, cyclists and rickshaws;  
and lastly, the century-old SRIWIJAYA HOTEL.

INT. SRIWIJAYA HOTEL - BAR AND LOUNGE

Half-filled with tourists. A long bar fronts a dozen tables.  
The BARTENDER wears a traditional sarong and koko shirt, while  
the WAITRESSES wear a kebaya. Sitting at a table is CARLA  
DILAURIA, sipping beer and fanning herself against the heat.  
FIONA JEFFRIES enters brandishing two airline tickets.

FIONA

Garuda Indonesia Airways. We got  
the last two seats.

She sits and hands one to a relieved DiLauria.

DILAURIA

Great. How many stops?

FIONA

Okay, there's Lampung to Palembang  
to Jambi, then Padang to...

DILAURIA

What?

FIONA

Wait, we haven't left Indonesia yet.  
There's still Riau before we head on  
to Singapore, Brunei, Manila-

DILAURIA

Whoa! How long is this damn flight?

FIONA

30 hours with the stopovers - and  
that includes a change in Taipei  
for Air France to Washington.

DiLauria rolls her eyes in disbelief. Fiona looks envious.

DILAURIA

What?

FIONA

At least you're in first class. I'm  
in the back row, next to the loo.

DILAURIA

I don't understand. I mean, you  
flew here first class...

FIONA

So I arrive here fresh.

DILAURIA

But you go back coach?

FIONA

Job's done. If I'm injured, well..

She shrugs. DiLauria shakes her head in disbelief.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Our firm isn't quite as well funded  
as yours.

DILAURIA

You should take it up with your M.P.

FIONA

You can do it for me. He's sitting  
up there with you in first class.

They share a derisive chuckle. Fiona looks around, sadly.

FIONA (CONT'D)

You know, in a way I hate to leave  
this place.

DILAURIA

Why? It's hot as hell here, even at  
night.

FIONA

I know, but look around... A  
hundred million people and I'm the  
same color as almost everyone here.  
No one treats me any differently.  
Truth is, the only condescension I  
get is from tourists.

DiLauria reflects sadly on this. Fiona checks her watch.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Come on, we'd better get started.

DiLauria signals for the waitress.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM

The usual PURL of teletype machines, chatter and ringing  
phones. DUTY OFFICERS JARED STOKES and TOM PERCY man the Duty  
Desk. PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY confers with Stokes. Latham enters.

LATHAM

How's it going?

BAZZO

We're covering recent background.

STOKES

I'm going over Nelya Mikhailova.  
She's what sparked our interest.

Stokes hands Bazzo several photos from a folder.

STOKES (CONT'D)

She started by moving small items like matchsticks and cigarettes. Then she moved up to larger and heavier objects like aluminum tubes, water pitchers, apples... That last photo shows her moving the blades on a windmill.

BAZZO

(slightly skeptical)  
Just by using her mind?

STOKES

Some thought she might be using strings or magnets. So in the later tests the objects were enclosed in glass cases and supervised by a Dr. Ya Terletsky. He's Chairman of Theoretical Physics at Moscow University.

Bazzo is at sea and looks at Latham who shrugs.

STOKES (CONT'D)

He won a Nobel Prize in Physics.

BAZZO

(waggishly)  
Who hasn't?

STOKES

(rolls his eyes)  
She was also tested by physicists...  
(reads from the folder)  
At the Soviet Union's 'Joint Nuclear Research Institute at Dubna and at Russia's Institute of Physics of the Academy of Sciences.' According to Pravda, none of them have any explanation for the phenomenon.

LATHAM

How far have our people gotten?

STOKES

Until recently, not far at all. Then one of their med techs, a Patricia Varese, told them she could move objects just by concentrating. Now, what's interesting here is Varese doesn't claim to be psychic. In fact, she says this all started the night she was told her grandmother was dying.

LATHAM

Hm. So, where are you staying?

BAZZO

West 13th Street safehouse.

STOKES

New York Central's been notified.

LATHAM

Good. Unlike the unwashed, let's try and keep this out of the papers.

EXT. JAKARTA, INDONESIA - KEMAYORAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

Stock footage of a Convair CV-240 sitting on the tarmac.

INT. CONVAIR CV-240 - FORWARD CABIN DOOR

A mélange of ethnic Indonesians - Javanese, Chinese, Malays, Arabs - join Fiona, DiLauria and a few Caucasians boarding the plane. STEWARDESS #1 welcomes DiLauria to first class, then points Fiona to coach. Both spies have aisle seats.

EXT. KEMAYORAN AIRPORT - RUNWAY - NIGHT

The Convair CV-240 propjet takes off.

INT. EASTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL - DEPARTURE GATE - DAY

Bazzo joins a line of passengers boarding the plane. They pass a wall sign that reads: "GATE 42A/EASTERN AIRLINES/FLIGHT 302/TO: NEW YORK CITY/DEPARTURE: 12:55 PM."

BEGIN (BLACK AND WHITE) FILM SEQUENCE:

Kulagina is in a laboratory along with several scientists. A dissected frog is in a tray. A force transducer with bipolar electrodes is attached to the frog's heart. An electrocardiogram (ECG) measures the heart's contractions.

FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)

Mrs. Kulagina focuses on the frog's heart, making it beat faster.

The ECG shows an increase in contractions.

FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Next, she's asked to focus intently  
on the frog's heart and make it  
beat slower and slower...

Kulagina concentrates. The ECG slowly shows a decrease in  
contractions.

FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Until it stops.

A steady line crosses the ECG screen. The frog's heart has  
stopped. Kulagina collapses back in her chair.

FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)  
The session has taken an enormous  
physical toll on Mrs. Kulagina.

A doctor listens to Kulagina's heart.

FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)  
She's weak and suffering from  
dizziness. Her arms and legs hurt.  
Fearing for her health, the doctor  
orders the end of the session.

The doctor waves off the scientists.

END OF (BLACK AND WHITE) FILM SEQUENCE.

I/E. CONVAIR CV-240 - NIGHT

INSERT: "Bandar Lampung, Indonesia"

The plane lands at its first destination.

INT. CONVAIR CV-240 - COACH-CLASS CABIN

As the plane taxis, a CAUCASIAN MAN and CHINESE MAN #1 at the  
front of the plane, and CHINESE MAN #2 in the aft section,  
all stand. Stewardess #2 approaches Chinese Man #2.

STEWARDESS #2  
Sir, please take your seat until  
the plane-

Chinese Man #2 quickly puts her in a chokehold. He pulls a  
.38 revolver from his pocket and puts it to her head.

CHINESE MAN #2/HIJACKER #3  
Shut up! No one move or I kill her!

The Caucasian Man and Chinese Man #1, HIJACKERS #1 and #2,  
pull .38 revolvers from their pockets.

Hijacker #2 aims his pistol at the coach passengers.

HIJACKER #2  
Everyone sit down or I shoot!

Hijacker #1 slides open the curtain and enters the...

FIRST-CLASS CABIN

Hijacker #1 aims his gun at Stewardess #1's head. She SCREAMS.

HIJACKER #1  
(slight Russian accent)  
Shut up! Everyone stay seated.  
(to Stewardess #1)  
Open the cockpit door. Now!

Stewardess #1 opens the cockpit door and enters the...

COCKPIT

The NAVIGATOR looks up at her.

NAVIGATOR  
What are you doing up here?

Hijacker #1 YANKS her back into first class then barges in. He shuts the Cockpit door and puts his gun to the PILOT's head.

HIJACKER #1  
Continue to the southwest taxiway.  
When you get there shut down the  
engines. Do anything else and I  
blow your head off. I have two  
friends on board. They will execute  
the passengers if you don't comply.  
(to the COPILOT)  
Call the tower. Have them clear any  
traffic ahead of you, and no more.  
(looks at the Navigator)  
You keep your hands where I can see  
them.

The COPILOT reaches for the microphone.

FIRST-CLASS CABIN

Each seat is filled. Hijacker #2 has a gun to Stewardess #1's head. She picks up the microphone to the plane's P.A. system.

STEWARDESS #1  
(nervously)  
The aircraft is under siege. Will  
all passengers please remain calm.  
Stay in your seats and keep your  
seat belts securely fastened.

Hijacker #2 grabs the microphone from her and hangs it up.

HIJACKER #2

Go aft. Move!

As Stewardess #1 walks toward Hijacker #3, Hijacker #2 stands in the doorway between the two cabins, wagging his pistol between the two. DiLauria watches him closely.

COACH CLASS

Frightened murmuring. Hijacker #3 directs Stewardess #1 to an empty seat beside Stewardess #2. She sits and fastens her seat belt. Seats SQUEAK as frightened passengers fidget. Fiona slowly looks up. Hijacker #3 is in the aisle, just behind her.

ACT TWO

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Stock footage of the Manhattan skyline and 210 W. 18th Street.

INT. HORTON'S OFFICE

Bazzo enters to find a saturnine Horton at his desk. Bazzo offers his hand; Horton shakes it, albeit unenthusiastically.

BAZZO

I'm Paul Barry.

HORTON

I know, I've been expecting you.

BAZZO

Is this a bad time?

HORTON

Is there ever a good time to have someone oversee your work?

BAZZO

Wait a sec. I'm not here to direct your research.

HORTON

No, just pull the plug on funding if you don't like the results.

BAZZO

Look, Dr. Horton, maybe you start all your conversations with your foot in your mouth. But I'm here to see that the findings of your work aren't released prematurely to the scientific community.

(MORE)



BAZZO (CONT'D)

Though it's my understanding most people in your field get laughed right out of your ivory towers.

HORTON

That comes with the territory. So what are you afraid of, Mr. Barry?

BAZZO

Me? The effects these powers might produce.

Horton scoffs and gets up.

HORTON

I want to show you something.

CONFERENCE ROOM

The film projector and screen are still set up. Horton and Bazzo are seated behind the projector. Horton runs the film.

INSERT FILM: There is no sound. Pat, Horton, DR. TAFT, MD, and MIKE, a lab assistant, are in a laboratory containing a superconducting magnetometer. Pat sits in a chair. Horton speaks to her. She focuses her attention on the magnetometer. The needle on the output meter quivers. It slowly moves a third of the way to the right, then halfway. Pat concentrates harder. The needle moves further to the right. Pat is in agony and stops. The needle jumps back to the left. Taft quickly checks on her.

SUIT WORDS TO FILM

HORTON

That's Brookhaven National Lab. And that's a superconducting shielded magnetometer used in quark experiments, the fundamental particles that make up protons and neutrons. That's the output signal. See the needle all the way to the left? Nothing's being measured. Now watch what happens when Pat focuses all her attention on the interior of the magnetometer...

Bazzo goes from amazed to shocked. Horton grows excited.

HORTON (CONT'D)

She moved that needle about as far as it can go. Nothing like that has ever been done before her visit.

BACK TO SCENE

Horton turns off the projector.

BAZZO  
That was all her?

HORTON  
We're not in the habit of faking  
our results, Mr. Barry.

BAZZO  
Can she replicate that?

HORTON  
(frustrated)  
Her results are irregular. It could  
be anything: her attitude, her  
emotions, her health... Even the  
testing environment and the  
attitudes of the people there can  
affect the results. It's like a  
ballplayer. Some days, he sees the  
ball well and rips hit after hit.  
Other times he's in a slump,  
swinging and missing or fouling  
balls off. If he hits .300, you say  
he had a great year. But seven out  
of ten times he made an out. So, if  
Pat produces a PK phenomenon 30% of  
the time, does that mean she has  
true psychokinetic abilities, or is  
it just a fluke?

EXT. BANDAR LAMPUNG - RADIN INTEN II INT'L. AIRPORT - NIGHT

The Convair CV-240 sits alone on the taxiway, its lights  
still on.

INT. CONVAIR CV-240 - COACH-CLASS CABIN

Occasional SNIFFLES and WHIMPERS punctuate the silence. An  
ELDERLY MALAY WOMAN raises her hand and turns around.

ELDERLY MALAY WOMAN  
I need to use the bathroom.

Hijacker #3 nods. She rises and walks to the aft toilet.

HIJACKER #3  
Leave the door open.

ELDERLY MALAY WOMAN  
But only men have used it before.

HIJACKER #3  
I don't care. Leave it open!

Embarrassed, the Elderly Malay Woman goes in to the toilet.

Fiona opens a newspaper. Hijacker #3 quickly aims his pistol at her. Fiona points to the crossword then to her handbag. Hijacker #3 nods. Fiona opens her handbag, removes a pencil and shows it to Hijacker #3. She closes her handbag and settles back to do the crossword.

FIRST-CLASS CABIN

Hijacker #2 scans both first class and coach. DiLauria looks across the aisle. A Caucasian Man, SIR REGINALD WOODS, a Brit, leans in the aisle and looks back at Hijacker #2.

WOODS

Excuse me. May I look at my papers?

HIJACKER #2

No.

WOODS

But others are reading.

HIJACKER #2

I said no!

Angry, Woods faces front. DiLauria checks her watch: 1:20.

INT. COCKROACH ALLEY - OPERATIONS ROOM

Percy is on his Gray phone. Stokes speaks to REID NICHOLS, 45 and Caucasian, from Mission Planning.

NICHOLS

We're watching this war show on TV last night, and a car pulls up to this German camp. The Guard comes over, speaks to the driver, and this gorgeous blonde gets out and heads to the Commandant's barracks. You can see the Guard's jealous as hell. So my son - he's ten - he says, Dad, why's he looking at her like that? I said, you'll know why in five years. My kid looks up and says, In five years I'll have forgotten the episode.

The two chuckle. Stokes turns to Percy.

STOKES

Any update?

PERCY

(covers the handset)  
I'm still on hold.

(MORE)

PERCY (CONT'D)

I finally got Singapore #2. He was waiting on a call from a local agent in Riau. His joe was at the airport there waiting for a package when he learned the flight from Jakarta was overdue. He called the airports in Padang and Palembang and was told the same thing. So I checked with the Far East Desk but they have no Ops involving Indonesia.

STOKES

I asked Latham to come down just in case. He sent mandarin Two over there to supplement security for the Southeast Asia Commerce Summit.

Latham enters.

LATHAM

What's up?

STOKES

It may not be anything, but flight #81, Garuda Indonesia Airways, has not arrived at any of its scheduled stops in Indonesia. Tom's on the line with Singapore now.

PERCY

No word on the cause of the delay.

LATHAM

What time is it in Indonesia now?

PERCY

(checks the wall clock)  
They're 12 hours ahead, so it's 1:23 in the morning there.

LATHAM

And where did it originate?

STOKES

Jakarta.

LATHAM

(concerned)  
Tom, ask Singapore for a manifest. And see when the last time anyone was in contact with the plane.

PERCY

Soon as he gets back on the line.

LATHAM

Jared, get SMOTH on the line.

STOKES

(dials his Gray phone)

This is the KUBARK Duty Desk. Mr. Jones, M.O.D., please...

LATHAM

And Tom, ask Singapore to contact the Operational Command for the Restoration of Security and Order in Jakarta. See what they know.

PERCY

Yes, sir.

STOKES

I've got SMOTH on the line, sir.

He hands the phone to Latham.

LATHAM

Larry, it's Warren. This may be much ado about nothing, but can you tell me how Fiona's coming back from Jakarta?

INT. MI6 OFFICE - DAY

LAWRENCE JONES (SMOTH) is at his desk on the Gray phone.

JONES

She caught up with Carla. Their flying back on some tour of Southeast Asia. Why?

CROSSCUT LATHAM WITH JONES

LATHAM

We have an unconfirmed report that a Garuda Indonesia Airways plane has failed to make several scheduled stops in Indonesia.

JONES

You have the flight number?

LATHAM

Yes, eighty-one.

JONES

Fiona and Carla are on that flight.

LATHAM

Can you get over here right away?

JONES

On my way.

Latham hangs up.

LATHAM

Reid, I want maps of the airports in Indonesia that are on its route, and the environs.

(checks his watch)

D-Int's on The Hill. Jared, when he gets back, bring him up to speed and ask him to meet me here.

EXT. BANDAR LAMPUNG - RADIN INTEN II INT'L. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Stock footage of the AIRPORT CONTROL TOWER.

INT. AIRPORT CONTROL TOWER

Stock footage of tower control and ground control monitoring their screens, the runways and the taxiways. Sectoral Police peer through binoculars at the Convair CV-240.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard, Jones and Latham are there.

BERARD

Where's the plane now?

LATHAM

At Bandar Lampung - but that's all we're getting from Jakarta.

BERARD

Are they refusing to share information with us?

LATHAM

I don't know. They're certainly not sharing any more with Singapore.

BERARD

Hmm... How long has it been there?

LATHAM

Apparently, two hours or more.

BERARD

And no ransom demand?

LATHAM

No. From what we know, it's been radio silence, save for that one transmission to the tower.

(MORE)

LATHAM (CONT'D)

The hijackers warned that if anyone approached the plane or tried to reach them over the radio, they'd start executing the passengers.

BERARD

My God... Did all the delegates get away?

LATHAM

Yes, last night.

BERARD

Could there be anyone else of interest on the plane?

LATHAM

We're waiting for a manifest from Singapore station.

BERARD

You said DiLauria and your Number Two are on the plane, Mr. Jones.

JONES

No, they can't; they're unarmed.

LATHAM

They drew arms from Operational Command in Jakarta. When the conference ended without incident, they returned the firearms.

BERARD

So, what do you propose?

LATHAM

I'm going to review the situation with D-Int and get his insight. But without further word from Jakarta, all we can do is wait.

INT. CONVAIR CV-240 - FIRST-CLASS CABIN - NIGHT

Hijacker #2 walks to the Cockpit door and faces the three rows of passengers. He eyes a MALAY-INDONESIAN MAN in the front row, wearing a SONGKOK (traditional hat).

HIJACKER #2

Give me your Songkok.

MALAY-INDONESIAN MAN

What?

Impatient, Hijacker #2 SNATCHES the Songkok. The Malay-Indonesian Man instinctively reaches up to his head.

Hijacker #2 COCKS his pistol and aims it at the Man.

HIJACKER #2  
Do not try my patience.

The shaken Malay-Indonesian Man stares back.

HIJACKER #2 (CONT'D)  
When I tell you, everyone in the front row will take out his passport and pass it to the person in the aisle seat. Then everyone in the row will raise both hands in the air and keep them raised. When I come to you, the person with the passports will drop them in here...  
(brandishes the Songkok)  
If anyone fails to do this or drops their hands, I will shoot you. Meanwhile, no one else in the other rows will move. If you do, I will shoot. Only when I come to your row will you repeat this procedure. When I have all the passports, I will tell all of you to lower your arms. First row - passports!

The Passengers in Row One pull out their passports and pass them to the aisle-seat Passenger while Hijacker #2 looks on. Then all the Passengers in the row raise their arms.

Hijacker #2 walks up to the aisle-seat Passengers and holds out the Songkok. The two aisle-seat Passengers drop the passports into the Songkok, and keep their arms raised.

The process is repeated, with Dilauria in row two and Woods in the third and final row dropping the passports into the Songkok. All hands are now raised - some barely.

HIJACKER #2 (CONT'D)  
Put your hands down.

The Passengers lower their hands. There is GROANING and MURMURING of the like, "My arms are sore!"

HIJACKER #2 (CONT'D)  
Shut up!

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY

An occasional CIA OFFICER walks across the compound.



INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

Stokes, Percy and Nichols have been joined by BILL NEALY (D-Int). Latham and Jones enter.

LATHAM

Glad you're here, Bill.

NEALY

I just learned about the situation in Indonesia. How can I help?

LATHAM

First - any updates, Tom?

PERCY

Still waiting on the manifest. It's hard getting information out of there, especially at this hour.

NEALY

Has anyone contacted our Mission in Jakarta?

PERCY

Singapore #2 did. But he's gotten no further than we have.

JONES

(still frustrated)

I don't understand this. I thought you people had a good relationship with Operational Command.

LATHAM

Last I heard, we still do.

STOKES

Could be they simply don't know any more than we do, Mr. Jones.

LATHAM

What about the aircraft?

PERCY

It's a Convair CV-240 - one or two cabin doors, and drop-down stairs at the rear of the plane.

LATHAM

A first-class cabin?

PERCY

Yes, a small one.

LATHAM

That would mean at least three hijackers - one to watch each cabin and one in the cockpit. Where are the maps, Reid?

Nichols points to open maps on a table.

JONES

You thinking of how the police might storm the plane?

LATHAM

No, how the hijackers would carry out their threat to kill everyone on board... Reid, assuming you're a hijacker, where would the plane be?

NICHOLS

If it were me, I'd park it here.

(points to the southwest taxiway)

There's a 12-foot fence around the airfield, and you're far enough away from the terminal so you can see anyone approaching the aircraft.

LATHAM

Except it's the middle of the night there. Put police in dark clothes and you won't see anyone 'till they're coming up the back stairs.

JONES

But why hijack a plane if you're just going to sit there all night?

Latham thinks it over.

LATHAM

Could be that was the plan.

JONES

What?

LATHAM

Jared, has there been any commo between the plane and the tower, other than that initial warning?

STOKES

None that we know of.

LATHAM

Hmm, I think the hijackers have confederates on the ground.

NICHOLS

But sir, that would mean contacting them by radio. The police could be listening in.

LATHAM

Not if taxiing to a holding position was the signal.

NEALY

I see where you're going. The confederates would negotiate with the tower.

LATHAM

Which keeps everyone else guessing about the hijackers' next move.

NICHOLS

But at that hour, how would someone hanging around the airport know it was the right plane and not just some aircraft in distress?

LATHAM

The spotter wouldn't be in the airport.

He slides maps of the environs in front of everyone. He points to the airport then turns to Nichols.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

What's the terrain like?

NICHOLS

Beyond the airport fence there's a glade running about 300 yards. After that, it's tropical forest.

LATHAM

Hmm, he'd be watching through field glasses. Probably have the pilot dip the lights once as a signal.

NEALY

Then Jakarta's unwillingness to share information may have nothing to do with CIA, per se.

LATHAM

What do you mean?

NEALY

That area of southern Sumatra is one place where the army has managed to beat back the PKI.

(MORE)

NEALY (CONT'D)

But the word there, and all of Southeast Asia for that matter, is that it was due to covert support from the Agency.

STOKES

Was it?

NEALY

Money and materiale, but no feet on the ground. Now, Jakarta wants to be seen as winning its war against the communists, but without outside help. If the hijackers are PKI or, say, Muslim sympathizers, any cooperation with the Agency would be perceived as weakness - Jakarta crying to her Uncle Sam for help.

LATHAM

They must have chosen that flight for a reason... Reid, is there anything strategic within - I don't know - say an hour's drive of the airport?

Nichols pulls another map on top of the previous ones.

NICHOLS

There's a military torture chamber here - Korem Gatam.

(points to the spot)

It's about 35 miles away.

NEALY

You think the army's holding someone and this is an exchange?

LATHAM

It would make sense.

NICHOLS

One person for all the passengers?

LATHAM

Could be just one man on the plane. We need that passenger manifest.

PERCY

I'll try the Mission again.

He picks up the Gray phone.

LATHAM

If they have to, tell them to link it to any future funding.

NEALY

Careful, Warren. That could get us  
in trouble with State.

LATHAM

The passengers are the ones in  
trouble, Bill.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Stock footage of the midtown cityscape and 210 West 18th  
Street.

INT. MANFORD PHYSICS LABORATORY

Pat is in a sound-proof booth with a glass window. Mike,  
Taft, Horton and Bazzo are out of her field of vision.

HORTON

(to Bazzo)

Brookhaven has a binary random  
sequencer that produces either a  
red or green light. We want her to  
focus on producing more red lights  
than green ones. Everything will be  
recorded in a computer.

Horton flips on the intercom.

HORTON (CONT'D)

Pat, I'll tell you when to begin.

PAT

Okay.

He turns off the intercom and speaks in to the speakerphone.

HORTON

Brookhaven, are you ready?

INT. BROOKHAVEN NATIONAL LABORATORY

The SCIENTIST sits before a random number generator. She is  
also on a speakerphone.

SCIENTIST

I'm ready here.

CROSSCUT BETWEEN MANFORD AND BROOKHAVEN

HORTON

You can begin.

The Scientist starts the sequencer. In no apparent order, a  
red or green light flashes.

Horton turns on the intercom.

HORTON (CONT'D)  
Begin, Pat.

He turns off the intercom. This time Pat closes her eyes.  
Horton speaks to Brookhaven.

HORTON (CONT'D)  
What do you see so far?

SCIENTIST  
It appears random but, who knows?

Pat concentrates; it's agonizing for her. Taft crosses to the Booth's window and watches Pat with growing concern.

At Brookhaven, a long stretch of mostly red lights is followed by red-only.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)  
Geezus, it's all red!

Mike is amazed. Horton is pleased, but Pat is in agony.

TAFT  
Pat's suffering, Gene. You need to end the test.

HORTON  
(annoyed)  
A little longer...

TAFT  
End the test!

BACK TO SCENE

Taft enters the...

SOUNDPROOF BOOTH

Pat MOANS agonizingly. Taft listens to her heart.

TAFT (CONT'D)  
It's over. Relax.

MANFORD PHYSICS LABORATORY

BAZZO  
He said, end the goddamn test!

HORTON  
(huffs)  
Brookhaven, cut the test.

SCIENTIST (O.S.)  
Test is concluded.

Horton hangs up the phone. Taft leans out the Booth.

Taft  
Mike, get the gurney!

Mike grabs a gurney from the corner of the room and wheels it to the Soundproof Booth. Bazzo follows him; Horton does not. The Three Men assist Pat out of the booth and onto the gurney.

Pat  
Gene...

Bazzo is furious.

Bazzo  
You taking her to the hospital?

Mike  
No, we have a room down the hall set up.

The Three Men push the gurney past Horton and out of the Lab.

RECOVERY ROOM

Set up like a hospital recovery room. A NURSE stands by. Pat is in bed, conscious but weak. Bazzo is there with her.

Pat  
Where's Dr. Taft?

Bazzo  
He had to step out.

Pat looks around.

Bazzo (CONT'D)  
What?

Pat  
Was Gene here?

Bazzo  
Who?

Pat  
Dr. Horton.

Bazzo  
No.

Pat looks away. Tears slowly leak from her eyes.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

You get some rest.

Pat is too upset and continues to look away.

INT. HORTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Horton and Bazzo are there. Horton seems oblivious to what has happened.

HORTON

You realize Brookhaven's over 65 miles from here? Yet, she was able to successfully alter the binary sequence there.

BAZZO

Pat asked for you.

HORTON

It's better I wasn't there.

BAZZO

I guess that makes the ordeal less painful for her.

HORTON

She's a volunteer. She can walk away any time she wants.

BAZZO

Yeah, if she weren't carrying on with a married man.

HORTON

Don't you lecture me on morality. The only reason you're funding this project is because you want to weaponize her abilities.

BAZZO

But I'm not the one romancing her for academic glory.

Seething, Horton jumps up and gets in Bazzo's face.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Careful, I'm known to hit back.

HORTON

This conversation's over.

BAZZO

Not yet. What happens with these test results?



HORTON

I submit them for peer review.

BAZZO

No, your work's classified now.

HORTON

You obviously don't understand that research requires peer review.

BAZZO

What I understand is that you're subject to Title 18, Part One, Chapter 93 of the U.S. Code.

HORTON

Which is what?

BAZZO

The Disclosure of Confidential Information. You publish or leak one word and I'll have you arrested and jailed before you know what hit you.

HORTON

Who are you to threaten me, huh?!

BAZZO

You're a smart man, so I don't have to explain the difference between a threat and a fact. All you need to know is that I never threaten.

Bazzo leaves.

### ACT THREE

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Stock footage of the Lincoln Memorial and its Reflecting Pool.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

The 24-hour wall clock reads 16:31. JAMES OWENS and PETE FARRELL take turnover from Stokes and Percy. Nichols gives turnover to WILSON BRADLEY, 40, a Black man. Latham, Nealy and Jones sit nearby. Stokes looks up at the wall clock.

STOKES

It'll be dawn there in about an hour.

OWENS

Then if it is an exchange, it should happen before daybreak.

The Red phone RINGS; Stokes answers it.

STOKES

0-4-3-3...

(takes notes)

Yes... You sure it's reliable?...

Okay, keep someone by the phone.

(hangs up, turns around to  
face Latham)

Sir, Singapore #2 just got a call  
from his joe - his contact in  
Jakarta.

LATHAM

The one who sent him the package?

STOKES

Yes. His brother's in the Sectoral  
Police in Bandar Lampung. They live  
under the same roof. Anyway, the  
brother was called in to work three  
hours ago to provide security for a  
convoy from Korem Gatam to the  
airport.

JONES

So it is an exchange.

STOKES

And Singapore's sending a facsimile  
of the manifest over.

LATHAM

Good. How'd they finally get that?

STOKES

I believe someone mentioned losing  
a monthly stipend from Uncle Sam.

A female CIA JUNIOR OFFICER brings the fax of the manifest to  
Latham. Nealy and Jones look on. Jones grows pale.

JONES

Sir Reginald Woods...

LATHAM

Was he part of your delegation?

JONES

No. Jakarta invited him to find  
ways to boost UK tourism there. He  
reports directly to No. 10.

NEALY

Five'll get you ten he's the other  
end of the swap.

EXT. BANDAR LAMPUNG - RADIN INTEN II INT'L. AIRPORT - NIGHT

It's still - no air traffic.

INT. CONVAIR CV-240 - FIRST-CLASS CABIN

It's hot; the passengers are sweating. DiLauria reads a newspaper with a postcard insert. Hijacker #1 leans out the Cockpit and motions for Hijacker #2 to come to him.

HIJACKER #1

He's on the way.

Hijacker #2 is pleased. Hijacker #1 checks his watch then looks at the Songkok filled with passports lying on the floor. He holds up his left index finger. Hijacker #2 nods.

HIJACKER #1 (CONT'D)

In twenty.

DiLauria checks her watch: 4:40. She writes a message on the postcard with a fountain pen, folds the newspaper and stands.

DILAURIA

I have to pee.

HIJACKER #2

No, no. You stay there.

DILAURIA

I have to go. Now, you can either let me use the toilet, or I can pee right here. But I'm having my period, and it's gonna stink.

Hijacker #1 looks disgusted; he reluctantly nods. Hijacker #2 waves her on.

COACH CABIN

DiLauria walks aft. Hijacker #3 grows anxious.

HIJACKER #3

Wait!

DILAURIA

(aggressively)

Your boyfriend said I could go.

As she passes by Fiona, DiLauria surreptitiously drops the postcard in Fiona's lap. Fiona covers it with her hand. While Hijacker #3 watches DiLauria urinate, Fiona reads the message: "GROUP TO KILL ONE IN F-C AT 0500."

She looks at her watch, and slips the postcard down between the seat cushion and the armrest.

She slips off her stiletto heels and bends over to massage her feet. She grabs her shoes and places them on her lap. She casually raises the aisle armrest and sits back in her seat.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Stock footage of 210 West 18th Street.

INT. HORTON'S OFFICE

Horton is alone and on the phone.

HORTON

(sotto voce)

No, not here. I've got a watchdog says he'll throw me in jail if he finds out. Look, I know someone on la Faculté de Physique de la Sorbonne.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Great. You wanna translate that?

HORTON

It's the Physics Department at the Sorbonne in Paris. Any way you can get it there?

REPORTER (O.S.)

The editor at the International Desk can send it to our Paris Bureau chief.

HORTON

Good, I'll meet you at the diner in ten minutes.

He hangs up, folds several typewritten pages and puts them in a letter envelope. He then puts the envelope in his inside sport coat pocket.

RECOVERY ROOM

Pat is in bed, awake. The head of the bed is raised. Taft has a small cup with a pill and a cup of water.

TAFT

This is a narcotic. It should help with the pain in your arms and legs. After you take it, I want you to stay here for a couple hours until we see how it affects you.

PAT

Why? What could happen?

TAFT

On most people it has no side effects, but some get drowsy and fall asleep. If you do, there's a nurse on duty here 24/7. You can sleep here 'till the morning if you want. Open your mouth.

The Nurse puts a towel on Pat's chest. Taft drops the pill in Pat's mouth then tilts the cup of water to her lips. She swallows the pill and drinks - a little water drops onto the towel. Pat nods. The Nurse removes the towel.

TAFT (CONT'D)

I'll be back in a half hour to see how you're doing.

He leaves.

CORRIDOR

Horton walks toward the elevator and stops as Taft leaves the Recovery Room just ahead of him.

HORTON

How's Pat?

TAFT

Go in and see for yourself.

He glares at Horton. Reluctantly, Horton enters the Recovery Room. Taft walks away, muttering...

TAFT (CONT'D)

Jerk.

RECOVERY ROOM

Horton walks up to Pat. He looks at the Nurse.

HORTON

Could you give us a minute?

The Nurse leaves. Horton forces a smile.

PAT

I knew you were outside.

HORTON

How? You sensed it?

PAT

Your footsteps; they're so heavy. When you walk around the apartment I'm always afraid my neighbor downstairs will think it's me.

HORTON  
(relieved)  
I came to see how you're doing.

PAT  
I'm alright. Where were you before?

HORTON  
I was tied up with paperwork.

Pat is heartbroken; her eyes well with tears.

PAT  
You couldn't take a minute to see  
if I was alright?

HORTON  
I'm here now, aren't I?

PAT  
Why?

HORTON  
What do you mean, why? You know why.

Pat wipes her eyes.

HORTON (CONT'D)  
Come on, you're exhausted. You had  
a rough go today.

PAT  
You made so many promises. I even  
went out and bought that contempo  
furniture you like so much. But I'm  
still sleeping alone.

HORTON  
I can't just leave one-two-three,  
you know that.

He moves to kiss her. Pat turns her head away.

PAT  
Wherever it is you're going, just  
go.

Horton leans back and sighs.

PAT (CONT'D)  
Go, will you?!

Horton shrugs and leaves. Pat breaks down crying.

CORRIDOR

Horton walks to the elevators, only to find Bazzo, Mike and Taft waiting near them. Horton grows anxious.

BAZZO

Where are you off to?

HORTON

The diner. I'm gonna be here late, so I might as well grab some food.

BAZZO

We were just talking about getting some. Mind if we join you?

HORTON

No, I'm getting a take out.

BAZZO

You mind grabbing something for us? I'll come along and keep you company.

HORTON

That's alright, I'll manage.

BAZZO

Okay. Where's the menu?

MIKE

You ordered last from the diner, Dr. Horton. So it's in your office.

BAZZO

Well, let's go have a look.

Everyone heads back to Horton's Office. Bazzo eyes Horton.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

Owens and Farrell now man the Duty Desk. Bradley sits at a desk on a raised floor. Stokes, Percy and Nichols sit alongside Latham, Nealy and Jones. Ashtrays are filled with crooked cigarettes. Eyes watch the 24-hour wall clock: 16:47.

FARRELL

40 minutes to dawn, sir.

Latham nods and turn to Stokes, Percy and Nichols..

LATHAM

It could be all night before we here anything. You guys don't have to hang around for this.

STOKES

We'd like to see it through, sir.

Latham gets up, takes out his American Express card and hands it to Owens.

LATHAM

Get out the menu for Golden Palace.  
Order enough for the...  
(looks around)  
Nine of us.

Owens pulls a menu for Golden Palace from his desk drawer.

EXT. BANDAR LAMPUNG - RADIN INTEN II INT'L. AIRPORT - NIGHT

It's still quiet.

INT. CONVAIR CV-240 - FIRST-CLASS CABIN

Hijacker #2 leaves his position between the cabins and walks up to the closed Cockpit door. He reaches down and grabs the Songkok filled with passports. While still holding his pistol he sorts through the passports, the pistol in his left hand wagging aimlessly from one frightened first-class passenger to another.

The coach-class passengers strain to see what's going on. Hijacker #2 selects one passport then tosses the Songkok with the remaining passports to the floor. He looks at Hijacker #3 and nods, then turns his attention back to the first-class passengers.

HIJACKER #2

Sir Reginald Woods...

WOODS

(looks up)  
Yes?

HIJACKER #2

Please stand up and get into the aisle.

WOODS

Why?

HIJACKER #2

(firmly)  
Stand up and step into the aisle.

Woods stands and reluctantly steps into the aisle.

WOODS

What are you going to do?



HIJACKER #2

Get down on your knees.

WOODS

(frightened, but showing  
defiance)

No.

HIJACKER #2

Get on your knees!

Murmurs grow louder in both cabins: "Oh, my God!"; "He's going to shoot him!"; "Oh, God, no..."

WOODS

If you're going to kill me, I want a moment to make peace with the Lord.

HIJACKER #2

You will see him soon enough. On your knees!

Woods panics. He shakes and starts to edge backwards.

WOODS

I ask you to please give me a moment to compose myself and pray.

HIJACKER #2

No, Sir Reginald! Do as I say!

Woods drops to his knees.

COACH CABIN

Fiona looks over her shoulder. Hijacker #3 has crept alongside her seat. She grabs the toe of a stiletto heel.

FIONA

Carla!

At that same moment, Fiona swings the pointed heel of her shoe into Hijacker #3's groin with all her might. He SCREAMS and doubles over. The nearby passengers GASP. Meanwhile...

DILAURIA

Jumps up from her seat. From behind she grabs stunned Hijacker #2's pistol with her left hand and lifts it. She swings her right arm around and STABS him repeatedly in the throat with the tip of her fountain pen. Blood SPURTS from the wound.

FIONA

Wrestles the gun from Hijacker #3 and SHOOTS him twice in the stomach. SCREAMS erupt throughout the cabin.

FORWARD IN COACH CLASS

Hijacker #2's gun discharges as he crumples to the floor with DiLauria on his back. Passengers duck. DiLauria grabs his gun and SHOOTS him in the head. More SCREAMS.

FIRST-CLASS CABIN

The Cockpit door FLINGS open. Hijacker #1 is in disbelief. He panics and wildly FIRES two shots into the cabins.

FIONA

Drops to a prone position.

FIONA  
Stay down!

She SHOOTS over DiLauria, who lies on top of Hijacker #2, hitting Hijacker #1 three times - in the chest and face. He slumps to the cabin floor.

COACH-CLASS CABIN

It's all over in a matter of seconds. Fiona stands. She kicks Hijacker #1; he's dead. As Fiona walks determinedly toward the first-class cabin...

FIONA  
Is everyone alright?

Fiona passes passengers in shock, others hysterical.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
It's over now.

She comes upon a MAN sobbing as he tightly holds the WOMAN in the next seat. Blood stains the back of her dress.

DILAURIA

Also stands. A WOMAN in the front row in coach class is crying hysterically. The man next to her - her husband - is slumped over in her lap. The back of his shirt is blood-stained. The woman looks at the dead body of Hijacker #2.

WOMAN  
You bastard! You bastard!

As Fiona reaches DiLauria, Woods composes himself enough to stand. He looks gratefully at DiLauria.

WOODS  
Thank you.

DiLauria nods.

DILAURIA  
(to Fiona)  
I'll tell the pilot we need help  
here.

She heads into the Cockpit.

EXT. 210 WEST 18TH STREET - DAY (DUSK)

Horton leaves the building and heads west.

HORTON

Turns onto Seventh Avenue, heads south two blocks and enters  
the...

COFFEE SHOP

Horton walks up to the take-out counter. The CLERK looks up.

CLERK  
Name?

HORTON  
Horton.

CLERK  
\$15.39.

Horton hands the Clerk a \$20 bill and looks around anxiously -  
no sign of the reporter. The Clerk holds out his change.  
Horton is abstracted.

CLERK (CONT'D)  
Your change.

HORTON  
Huh?

CLERK  
You want your change?

HORTON  
Oh.

He pockets the change.

CLERK  
It'll be another few minutes.

Horton waits on a stool at the lunch counter.

RECOVERY ROOM

Pat is in bed, in that delirium a narcotic can cause. Her  
MOANS get the attention of the Nurse.

CROSSCUT BETWEEN THE RECOVERY ROOM AND THE DINER

Horton anxiously taps his fingers on the counter, annoying patrons and the COUNTERMAN alike.

COUNTERMAN

Hey, buddy... You want something to drink?

HORTON

No thanks.

He continues "drumming." The Counterman pours a Coke from the fountain and places it before Horton.

COUNTERMAN

Drink this and give your fingers a rest.

Horton stops drumming and takes a sip. A PATRON sitting next to him is relieved.

PATRON

Thank God.

Pat is in distress, tossing and turning, the same as when she concentrates her PK ability. The Nurse leaves quickly.

Horton takes a longer sip and BURPS. The Patron glances over.

HORTON

Excuse me.

PATRON

Happens to the best of us.

Taft, Bazzo, and Mike follow the Nurse into the Recovery Room. Pat is in serious discomfort. Taft listens to her heart.

PAT

(moans)

Gene...

Everyone looks at each other.

Horton looks as though he's about to burp again. His breathing is labored. He brings his hands to his temple and winces.

PATRON

You got a headache?

Horton's left arm drops limply to his side. He tries to speak but the words are slurred. He vomits then falls off the stool, hitting his head hard on the floor. He lies motionless.

COUNTERMAN

Geezus!

The patrons GASP. Some mutter "Oh, my God..." Another patron asks, "What did he eat?"

PATRON

Call an ambulance!

The Counterman picks up the phone and dials Operator.

EXT. COCKROACH ALLEY - NIGHT

Just about all of the offices are dark.

INT. INFIRMARY

Latham, Nealy, Jones and Stokes are asleep on the four beds. Percy and Nichols are asleep on cots. The snoring sounds like competing BUZZSAWS.

The door opens. Owens enters carrying a notepad. He winces at the snoring and flips on the lights. The 24-hour wall clock reads 04:32. Everyone slowly wakes up. Owens approaches Latham who sits up.

LATHAM

What have you got?

OWENS

I just got off the line with Singapore. Garuda Indonesia Airways flight #81 was hijacked by three armed men - two Chinese-Indonesians and a Russian. Around five AM local time - that's about eleven and a half hours ago - one of the hijackers attempted to execute Sir Reginald Woods.

JONES

And?

OWENS

Mandarin Two and Six's Number Two managed to overpower and kill all three hijackers.

LATHAM

Were either of them hurt?

OWENS

No, sir.

There is a collective sigh of relief.

JONES

What about Sir Reginald?

OWENS

He's fine. But two civilians were shot. They're in the hospital in critical condition.

Latham sighs sadly.

OWENS (CONT'D)

Operational Command in Jakarta issued a formal statement that was picked up by UPI.

(reads from his notes)

It says, 'A plot to hijack a Garuda Indonesia Airways plane was foiled by Indonesia's internal security forces.'

NICHOLS

Lying bastards.

STOKES

It's just as you said, Mr. Nealy. The Indonesians don't want to acknowledge any outside assistance.

LATHAM

Wait - the hijackers attempted to execute Woods around five AM?

OWENS

That's what I was told, sir.

LATHAM

So why did it take Jakarta almost 12 hours to release the story?

OWENS

From what mandarin Two told Singapore, they were debriefed by Operational Command for most of that time.

NEALY

They probably needed that much time to get all their facts straight and concoct a story placing them at the center of everything.

LATHAM

So where are DiLauria and Miss Jeffries right now?

OWENS

They're on their way back.

EXT. 2430 E STREET, NW - COCKROACH ALLEY - DAY (MORNING)

CIA PERSONNEL flash their ID badges at the Guard Shack then pass through Gate #1 onto the compound.

INT. BERARD'S OFFICE

Berard and Latham drink tea.

BERARD

So, this was an attempt by the PKI to free one of their comrades, Revang Aidit.

LATHAM

Yes, sir - with help from one of their friends in Moscow. The PKI claim the man was on a list of communists given to the Indonesian army by CIA.

BERARD

Was he?

LATHAM

No. He was captured in a raid on a village in southern Sumatra. The army had been tipped to his whereabouts by a paid informant. He'd been tortured for weeks.

BERARD

So barbaric...

LATHAM

Apparently, there are communist sympathizers in the army because the real list was leaked to Moscow. They returned a doctored one that included names from the Nahdlatul Ulama and Muhammadiyah, Indonesia's two largest Muslim groups.

BERARD

But they're staunch anti-communists.

LATHAM

I know. It seems the idea was to discredit CIA and make it appear we were anti-Muslim.

BERARD

How did we discover the deception?

LATHAM

Singapore #2 did - or rather his  
joe, to be more specific. We'd  
redoubled him.

BERARD

Money or ideology?

LATHAM

A little ideology, and a truckload  
of rupiahs - 1,960,000 of them.

BERARD

And how much is that stateside?

LATHAM

\$150.

BERARD

Hm, the cost of doing business  
there is going up.

Latham tries to suppress a wry smile.

BERARD (CONT'D)

And where are we with the Family  
Jewels, Operation GOLIATH?

LATHAM

Now, that's a strange one. I got  
mandarin One's SITREP this morning.  
It seems that Dr. Gene Horton, the  
lead researcher, suffered a stroke  
at some diner. It took an ambulance  
over 20 minutes to get to him. By  
that time he was dead.

BERARD

Did he have a family?

LATHAM

Yes, he was married and had two  
daughters. But that's not the end  
of it. Their star subject, a med  
tech name Patricia Varese, also  
passed away the same day. She  
already had heart problems, and a  
Dr. Taft there says the strain of  
the PK experiments was simply too  
much. In his report, Paul suggests  
we bring GOLIATH to a close.

BERARD

And what do you think?



LATHAM

My understanding is that none of their other test subjects display even a statistical semblance of this PK ability. So I agree with Paul; we should shut it down.

BERARD

(nods)

It limits our exposure by one. Gives that Senate committee less to hold us hostage by.

LATHAM

Yes, it does.

END