

FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

AERIAL VIEW travelling north up the Potomac River towards the familiar sights and landmarks of our nation's capital and focusing on the many bridges leading into the city. A freight train crosses the Long Bridge and passes right by the Jefferson Memorial. In the distant b.g. we see the Washington Monument and White House and in the immediate b.g. a Metro subway train on the Arland Williams Bridge and cars on the George Mason Bridge. A little further up river more cars cross on the Memorial, Roosevelt Island, Key and Chain bridges. We then approach a complex of buildings bristling with satellite dishes and listening equipment in a wooded area. "CIA Langley, Virginia - One Year Ago" appears on screen. We HEAR the GARBLED SOUNDS OF A SCRAMBLED CONVERSATION as we ZOOM IN on the dishes.

EXT. MOLDOVA - DAY - CONTINUING

"Moldova: A poppy farm near the Ukraine border" appears on screen. A concerned CIA AGENT talks on a secure satellite phone while a poor hardscrabble FARMER and his WIFE wait patiently nearby. Their CHILDREN LAUGH as they chase a PUPPY around a pair of rusting old-fashioned milk jug type canisters with faded radiation symbols on them. CLOSE UP canisters.

AGENT

They're here, two of them.
Gamma Ears is here. Geiger's
flippin'. Check it out.

The agent points his phone at the canisters as we HEAR AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE. AL QAEDA COMMANDOS charge the group firing mercilessly. In an instant the CIA Agent, the Farmer, his Wife and their Children are all killed. Then silence, broken only by the Puppy's plaintive YELPING. A Commando shoots the Puppy. CU phone. We HEAR "HELLO ... HELLO?" and the Commando shoots the satellite phone.

EXT. CIA, LANGLEY, VA - THAT NIGHT

Establishing shot CIA.

INT. CIA CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUING

Deputy Department Director RICHARD -- "DICK" -- ASHCROFT addresses a table full of mostly obedient SUBORDINATES.

Ashcroft is a balding middle-aged career bureaucrat with an ambitious sanctimonious air.

ASHCROFT

We have NO proof these canisters were part of project Gamma Ears. Understood?

All but one of the Subordinates nods in agreement.

DISSENTING AGENT

With all due respect Director Ashcroft, they fit the description perfectly and we know the Soviets used Moldova extensively for radiation testing during project Gamma Ears. Not to mention the gun fire before we lost contact.

ASHCROFT

(irritated)

Did you see the canisters? Did you actually see, with your own eyes, the canisters?

DISSENTING AGENT

Almost, the link was ... the implications are huge, sir. Those canisters could be full of highly radioactive Cesium 137. We're getting a lot of chatter about a massive dirty bomb and if those canisters ever made it into this ...

ASHCROFT

(cutting off, angry)

That agent could've turned for all we know. We have NO bodies, NO canisters, which in short means we have NO, repeat NO actionable intel! That's a fact. You want to advance through the ranks you better remember the golden rule around here: it's not CIA -- it's C - Y - A!

The Subordinates nod in dutiful agreement.

EXT. PORT OF BALTIMORE, MD - DAY

"Three Months Ago" appears on screen. Stacks of containers and container ships b.g. A truck pulls out of the security gates hauling a container. A van full of high-fiving AL QAEDA TERRORISTS driven by cell leader OSAMA EL ZARAQI, a dark figure in every sense of the word, quickly comes up behind it. Osama talks excitedly on his cell phone.

CU TRUCK DRIVER, also of Middle Eastern descent, talking on his cell phone and smiling.

TRUCK DRIVER

I got the twins, no problems!

The truck and van follow an exit marked "Washington, D.C."

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - JACK'S BOATHOUSE - A SUMMER DAY

"Present Day" appears on screen. Just below Key Bridge in Georgetown on the banks of the Potomac River sits a ramshackle wooden boathouse and dock. At the end of the old dock sits a gleaming Cigarette boat. Walking towards it are FBI Special Agent DEREK CUTTER, or "DC" as he's called around the bureau for his "damn cocky" bad ass attitude and his DATE, a young bikini clad blonde. DC is handsome, thirty-something, well built and moves with a confident swagger.

DATE

(impressed)

That's a lot of boat for an FBI agent.

DC

Fastest boat on the river, darlin'. Buddy of mine at the DEA hooked me up. It's mine 'til the end of summer.

DATE

Going fast like TOTALLY so turns me on, DC.

DC

Me too, what a coincidence, sweet cheeks.

DC gives his Date a playful smack on her butt and smiles knowingly. She reflexively smiles back but the innuendo is lost on her. Beauty, not brains are her chief asset.

DC's lascivious grin says it all: this player's got his game on.

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

AERIAL SHOT of DC and his Date speeding south on the Potomac passing under the Long Bridge as a freight train crosses into the city. We PULL BACK and the city's iconographic buildings unfold before us; The Jefferson, Lincoln and Washington Memorials; the Kennedy Center; the White House; the US Capitol Building; the Pentagon.

As they pass East Potomac Park DC's display pager goes off. He looks at the text then pulls the throttle back all the way and sharply turns the boat up the Washington Channel towards the city. DC's Date FLIES OFF THE BACK END INTO THE WATER. DC doesn't notice. The look on his face is serious. His Date, b.g., flips him off as he speeds away.

INT. D.C. METRO SUBWAY CENTER - RUSH HOUR - CONTINUING

COMMUTERS pack the station. Al Qaeda cell leader Osama El Zaraq, in business attire, pulls a carry-on bag past one of the station's secret WMD monitoring devices hidden in an innocuous looking sign as he enters. CU top of the sign post as an LED light changes from green to red.

INT. D.C. METRO SUBWAY COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUING

METRO POLICE OFFICERS scan banks of closed circuit monitors. A RED LIGHT FLASHES AND AN ALARM SOUNDS under one of the monitors drawing everyone's attention.

OFFICER #1

(urgent)

Main Platform, Metro Center!
Somebody's got something hot.

OFFICER #2

(anxious)

Where'd our other perp go?!

OFFICER #3

We lost him on the [red] line.
We'll have to wait until he gets off the train to track him again.

OFFICER #2

That's assuming he gets off before he ...

OFFICER #1
(pointing at monitor)

Look!

A CLOSE UP of another monitor shows Osama El Zaraqhi going down an escalator.

OFFICER #2
(into radio, tense)
Lower platform, dark blue
pinstripes, wheeled carry-on
bag. Don't spook him!

INT. D.C. METRO CENTER - LOWER PLATFORM - CONTINUING

UNDERCOVER AND UNIFORMED METRO POLICE race down the escalator and as they get to the bottom the subway is pulling away.

On board the subway Osama sees the scrum of anxious Metro Police Officers standing there looking intently around and smiles as he turns away.

INT. D.C. METRO SUBWAY COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUING

OFFICER #1
(reacting to monitor)

Shit!

OFFICER #3
I say we stop all the trains
and evacuate.

OFFICER #2
We'd cause a panic and tip our
hand to the perps. And then
for sure it's over. Okay, he's
[orange eastbound] which means
he's probably going for ...

The Officers look at a large map on the wall.

OFFICER #1
Pentagon City Station!

OFFICER #2
(distracted)
Where the hell are my FBI
guys?!

EXT. D.C.- A TRAFFIC CHOKED STREET - DAY - CONTINUING

Rush hour on the streets of Washington D.C. means one thing -- gridlock. A black Chevy Suburban with blacked out windows screeches to a halt behind a wall of cars. There's only one reasonably clear path -- the sidewalk. The driver wastes no time as he jumps the curb and races down the sidewalk with lights flashing, SIREN WAILING and FRIGHTENED PEDESTRIANS leaping out of the way.

INT. CHEVY SUBURBAN - RUSH HOUR - CONTINUING

DC is driving. With him are FBI field agents Meadows and Sparks. Julie Meadows, early 30's and pretty in an unfussy way, rides shotgun. She has a love-hate relationship with DC -- she loves to hate his womanizing ways, though the loaded sexual banter between them hints at more than just mere contempt. Mark Sparr -- "Sparks" -- mid-thirties, African American, is a communications specialist.

MEADOWS

(reacting to driving)

Now I know why they call you
DC -- it's not for Derek
Cutter or "damn cocky" -- it's
for DAMN CRAZY!

DC

(coy)

Does my driving bother you,
Meadows?

A LEAPING PEDESTRIAN'S BRIEFCASE RICOCHETS OFF THE WINDSHIELD.

MEADOWS

Look out, DC!

DC

One less lawyer in this town
would be like a stealing a
teaspoon of sand from the
Sahara. Who's gonna notice?

DC PLOWS THE SUBURBAN THROUGH A HOT DOG PUSHCART SENDING THE CONTENTS FLYING OVER THE HOOD. He reaches out and grabs a hot dog and presents it to Meadows.

DC (CONT'D)

Wiener?

MEADOWS

YOU'RE a wiener, DC.

DC

No, actually I'm more of a
kielbasa, Meadows.

DC takes a bite of the hot dog and grins. Meadows rolls her eyes. She's been down this road with DC before.

SPARKS

(on phone)

Chief Hamdi says perp #1
dropped his luggage at
Pentagon City and disappeared
into the rush hour crowd.

CLOSE UP on the computer Sparks is using. We see a wheeled carry-on bag sitting next to the dead form of their al Qaeda Terrorist on an otherwise deserted subway platform.

SPARKS (CONT'D)

Our guy wasn't so lucky. Left
us a little somethin'
somethin' at South Capitol
Station. What's our e.t.a.?

DC

Two minutes, Sparks.

DC floors the Suburban and Meadows and Sparks hold on for dear life. DC revels in their fearful looks.

EXT. SOUTH CAPITOL METRO SUBWAY STATION - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

On the southeast side of the Capitol Building sits a bank of escalators to the subway station. The area is cordoned off and we see numerous METRO, CAPITOL HILL, and D.C. UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS, the BOMB SQUAD, and the FIRE DEPT. A HAZMAT (Hazardous Materials) TEAM erects decontamination showers. The black Suburban screeches to a halt and DC, Sparks and Meadows jump out and head for the escalators as a MAN in a bomb proof suit emerges and the dead terrorist is carried off the escalator.

DC

(flashing badge)

Special Agent Cutter, FBI.
What are we looking at?

MAN

About 20 pounds of C4 and an unknown quantity of some type of radioactive material.

DC

What's your plan?

MAN

To live to see retirement! Let the robot handle this one.

The bomb squad Man joins the rest of his Bomb Squad Crew. DC looks at Sparks, who wears a telephone headset.

DC

What's Chief Hamdi say?

INTERCUT with FBI DEPT. CHIEF HAMDI on his radio inside the Pentagon City Subway Station. Chief Hamdi, late 40's, Pakistani, paces while the Bomb Squad b.g. sets up to defuse the bomb left on the station platform. A remote controlled vehicle inspects the bomb.

CHIEF HAMDI

Looks like enough radioactive material to contaminate the station but not much else.

SPARKS

(to DC and Meadows)

Bomb's dirty but not nuclear. Same as ours. Bomb squad's going to attempt to disarm it then relay the intel here.

DC

(irritated)

So now what, we send out for pizza and wait?!

SPARKS

(reacting to headphone)

Chief says make sure and get him one with anchovies.

MEADOWS

Do they know what kind of fissile material we're dealing with?

CHIEF HAMDI

Negative, but the readings are extraordinarily high. Nobody cooked this up in a mud hut. This is big time government bucks here -- North Korea; Russia; maybe Iran.

DC

How's the bomb detonated?

SPARKS

Looks like a cell phone.

CHIEF HAMDI

You guys sit tight and ...

THE BOMB EXPLODES and Chief Hamdi and the Bomb Squad VANISH IN A HUGE FIREBALL that consumes the Pentagon City Station.

SPARKS

(removing headset)

Damn!

MEADOWS

What happened?

DC

The chief's bomb, that's what!

DC grabs an inflatable pool from the HAZMAT site and runs down the escalator with it. Sparks and Meadows look at each other with disbelief.

SPARKS

He's not, tell me he's not.

MEADOWS

DC really is DAMN CRAZY!

Meadows and Sparks take off down the escalator after DC.

INT. SOUTH CAPITOL SUBWAY STATION - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

DC approaches the bomb with the inflatable pool as Sparks and Meadows look cautiously around a corner at him.

SPARKS

He's not damn crazy -- he's a damn fool!

MEADOWS

You have a death wish DC?!

DC

If you can't take the heat go
back up to the kitchen, MISS
Meadows.

MEADOWS

In the immortal words of Vice
President Cheney to Senator
Leahy -- go fuck yourself!

(then)

You know, I really do feel
better, Sparks.

DC

Maybe later, but right now
I've got a bomb to defuse.
Make yourself useful and find
me some water.

Sparks points to the wall and Meadows removes a fire hose
and pulls it over to DC, who places the bomb in the center
of the inflatable pool. Sparks turns on the water and the
pool starts fill up.

MEADOWS

You really are crazy, DC.

DC

(sarcastic)

If that's true then what does
that make you standing next to
a crazy man with 20 pounds of
C4 and god knows what else?

MEADOWS

Adventurous?

DC

Does that mean you're going to
stick around and learn
something from the master?

MEADOWS

To the bitter end, DC.

DC starts to examine the submersed bomb. He looks at
Meadows and smiles knowingly.

DC

Lesson numero uno -- cell
phones typically don't work
under water.

DC removes and holds out a dripping cell phone which
Meadows places in an evidence bag.

MEADOWS

I was wrong about you DC,
you're not so damn crazy after
all.

DC

Thanks for the vote of
confidence, Meadows.
(full of innuendo)
Maybe you'd like to stay after
school and clap my erasers?

MEADOWS

(playing along)
Full of chalk dust are they?

DC

Terribly.

MEADOWS

(deadpan)
Probably from too much use!

EXT. SOUTH CAPITOL METRO STATION - GOLDEN HOUR

DC and Meadows shower in separate stalls next to each
other in the portable decontamination unit.

DC

You know, I was wrong about
you too, Meadows. You showed a
lot of cajungas down there.

MEADOWS

Thanks, I think. So did you,
actually.

DC presses his body into the plastic wall separating them
and his naked form is clearly silhouetted. Meadows starts
to look then turns away shaking her head in amusement. DC
starts to writhe against the wall sexually.

DC

(sexy and cocky)

Yeah, but everyone knows I got
brass balls. You can't fool me
Meadows, you know you want
some. No woman can resist my
charm and certain other ...
endowments.

Meadows chucks her bar of soap towards the aforementioned
area of DC's silhouette and he recoils in pain.

DC (O.S.)

Ouch! Low blow, Meadows.

MEADOWS

(laughing)

Quit playing with yourself in
there!

EXT. COLUMBIA ISLAND MARINA - DAY

FOUR UNIFORMED CHAUFFEURS from our al Qaeda terrorist cell
sit at a picnic table ostensibly playing cards. Their
black Cadillac limousines are b.g. as Chauffeur #1 closes
his cell phone.

CHAUFFEUR #1

Osama says to proceed.

CHAUFFEUR #2

May the will of Allah be done.

CHAUFFEUR #3

(smiling)

The infidels are already
confused.

CHAUFFEUR #4

God is great. We shall join
our martyred brothers soon.

We PULL BACK and as we do so the Pentagon comes clearly
into view across the small lagoon at the marina.

EXT. FBI BUILDING WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY - CONTINUING

Establishing shot.

INT. FBI BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - CONTINUING

DC, his old nemesis CIA Deputy Director Ashcroft, Meadows, Sparks and other high ranking GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS plus a simpering DHS BUREAUCRAT sit at a large conference table.

DC

(angry)

Chief's dead and al Qaeda
mastermind Osama El Zaraq and
his operatives are riding
around town with dirty bombs
like tourists! Anybody besides
me got a problem with that?

DC throws subway surveillance photos across the table.

POLICE CHIEF

We can't lock down the whole
city, Cutter.

DHS BUREAUCRAT

The Department of Homeland
Security, for one, isn't
taking this lying down!

(reading)

"Although we lack specific
knowledge about time, place
and method of attack we are
actively working to gain that
knowledge. And in an abundance
of caution and based on all
currently available
intelligence, we are raising
the threat level from yellow,
or elevated, to orange, or
high." Goes out to the media
tomorrow. DHS isn't going to
be caught flat-footed on this!

DC

(sarcastic)

Well, THAT'LL show 'em!

MEADOWS

A small quantity of Cesium 137
was found in both bombs.
Really just enough to
contaminate the immediate
blast areas. Any ideas why?

ASHCROFT

The CIA interprets that as a sign of the limited access the terrorists have to radioactive material. It's what I call a bluster bomb -- a big bomb with an even bigger bluster.

DC

Speaking of bluster, DICK, does the CIA have any idea where Osama El Zaraqhi might have obtained Cesium 137?!

ASHCROFT

We're working on it.

DC

Or when or how Zaraqhi and the rest of his cell entered the country, DICK?

ASHCROFT

They're here, that's domestic, that's YOU, pal. Not CIA!

DC

So, DICK, the CIA has no idea where ZARAQI, his men or the Cesium 137 came from? You're battin' a thousand as usual.

ASHCROFT

Cutter, when I get actionable intel you'll get actionable intel!

EXT. PENTAGON - DAY - CONTINUING

FOUR NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL DEPUTIES exit the building and climb into their respective waiting limousines -- four black Cadillacs.

As the limousines pull away we see they are driven by the Four Chauffeurs from the Columbia Island Marina meeting earlier.

INT. LIMOUSINE #1 - DAY - CONTINUING

Deputy #1 impatiently scans the index section of a thick book then closes it quickly in disgust.

DEPUTY #1

Nine hundred pages and I'm
mentioned in the goddamned
thing one time! Fat bastard!

Chauffeur #1 nods sympathetically and brings his left
wrist up to his face and rests his elbow on the door. CU
on his wrist. We see a plastic oxygen tube extending out
of his cuff. He inhales deeply. CU on the front seat.
Chauffeur #1 twists the knob on a small gas canister.

As the four limousines exit the Pentagon lot we see all
Four Chauffeurs with their elbows on the door and left
wrists to their noses.

INT. FBI - DAY - CONFERENCE ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

DC, Meadows, Sparks, Ashcroft, the Government Officials
and the simpering DHS Bureaucrat continue their meeting as
a secretary enters and slips a message to DC. He reads it
and looks troubled.

SPARKS

(distracted by DC)

Designated emergency
frequencies are ... what's up,
DC?

DC

Four NSC deputies never made
it to a cabinet meeting at the
White House this afternoon.

BUREAUCRAT

Jesus!

DC

They left the Pentagon in
their limos and disappeared.
Sparks, can you get me any
intel on the vehicles?

SPARKS

(typing on laptop)

You want VINS, service
records, help me out.

DC

(handing message)

Yeah, here's the quartet.

The Government Officials in the room start dialing their cell phones. The simpering Bureaucrat from the Department of Homeland Security looks sick.

BUREAUCRAT

(to himself)

God, I hope we don't have to go from orange to red. We've NEVER done red before!

MEADOWS

(scrolling on cell)

NSC uses DOD Cadillacs. I think.

SPARKS

(looking at laptop)

Cadillac Sedan DeVilles, give that woman a round of applause.

DC

And your point is?

Meadows dials the speaker phone in front of her with a knowing smile. We HEAR a OPERATOR'S disembodied voice over the speaker phone.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Thank you for calling ONSTAR, this is Brenda, how may I assist you?

DC smiles broadly then kisses Meadows on the lips.

DC

Meadows, if you had bigger tits I might just marry you!

Meadows rolls her eyes -- leave it to DC to spoil her big moment with a crass and insensitive comment.

DC (CONT'D)

(into speaker phone)

Brenda sweetheart, this is Special Agent Cutter with the FBI, I need your help locating four big Caddy's.

INT. HELICOPTER #1 - DAY - A LITTLE LATER

DC and the PILOT fly over the countryside.

DC

(pointing)

It's gotta be that warehouse
over there. Drop me on the
other side of it.

INT. HELICOPTER #2 - DAY - CONTINUING

Meadows is in the front seat, Sparks the back seat. DC's
helicopter is just ahead of them.

SPARKS

We got a live one down there.

CU on Sparks' computer which shows an INFRARED IMAGE of a
man running towards the door of the warehouse.

MEADOWS

(into radio)

Careful DC, there's activity.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUING

As DC's helicopter flies over the warehouse an al Qaeda
Terrorist runs out and aims a shoulder-fired missile at
it.

INT. HELICOPTER #1 - DAY - CONTINUING

DC spots the terrorist on the ground with the missile.

DC

Abort, abort! Incoming!

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUING

The Terrorist FIRES THE MISSILE AT THE HELICOPTER AND IT
FLIES UP AND HITS THE ENGINE COMPARTMENT AND EXPLODES.

INT. HELICOPTER #2 - DAY - CONTINUING

Meadows and Sparks watch with horror as DC's helicopter
crashes out of control into a lake.

MEADOWS

(mortified)

Cutter!

An assault helicopter swoops down and rakes the ground with RAPID GUNFIRE obliterating the Terrorist.

Meadows and Sparks look at one another with shock as their chopper approaches the smoldering wreckage of DC's helicopter. Nobody could've survived this crash. Could they?

EXT. DARPA HOSPITAL - DAY - DAYS LATER

Establishing shot of ARMED GUARDS with DOGS patrolling the grounds of a nondescript building in a bucolic setting.

A sign out front reads "Defense Advanced Research Projects Administration - Healthcare Division."

INT. DARPA HOSPITAL - DC'S ROOM - DAY - CONTINUING

DC's fuzzy POV as he regains consciousness and sees numerous lab-coated DOCTORS surrounding his bed. Back to STANDARD SHOT.

DOCTOR #1

Agent Cutter, can you hear me?

We see DC from his bandaged neck up. He appears miraculously unscathed as he comes to.

DOCTOR #1 (CONT'D)

Agent Cutter you've been in a bad accident. We had to perform a radical surgical procedure to save your life.

DC

Long as I can still get it up!

DOCTOR #2

Agent Cutter, you're going to notice a few ... changes. Keep in mind this is only temporary.

DC lifts the sheet on his bed and looks under it. The Doctors brace themselves for his reaction.

EXT. DARPA HOSPITAL - DAY - CONTINUING

DC (O.S.)

(blood curdling)

AAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The Guards and Dogs look at the building as a WINDOW SHATTERS. One Guard grabs his radio while another anxiously draws his gun.

INT. DARPA HOSPITAL - DC'S ROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

DC, in a hospital gown, stares with obvious alarm as he inspects his new curvy female body in a big mirror.

DOCTOR #1

It was either that or death.

DC

(furious)

You made the wrong choice!

DC, in a sudden burst of newfound modesty, pulls his hospital gown tightly closed around him.

DOCTOR #2

Agent Cutter, I understand your distress.

DC

(sarcastic)

Really, Doc? So you've woken up with boobs and a ...

DC feels his crotch and visibly dies a thousand deaths.

DOCTOR #1

Agent Cutter, this body is only temporary. We're repairing the damage to your old body but it will take some time. The tissue and organ damage from the crash was quite extensive.

DC

How much time?!

DOCTOR #1

A couple of weeks. Maybe more.

DC

(apoplectic)

A couple of weeks?! This is the best you could come up with?!

DOCTOR #2

We only had one suitable match
on hand.

DOCTOR #3

Do you realize what a medical
miracle you are, Agent Cutter?

DC

You mean medical FREAK!

DOCTOR #1

You're lucky to be alive.

DC storms into the bathroom and angrily slams the door
behind him. The Doctors stand there looking at one another
for a beat.

DC (O.S.)

(losing it)

AAAHHHHHHHH!

The big MIRROR SHATTERS.

DOCTOR #1

I think he's taking it rather
well, don't you?

DOCTOR #2

Indeed.

INT. DARPA HOSPITAL - DC'S ROOM - DAY - LATER

A piece of plastic covers the shattered window. A NURSE
leads Meadows and Sparks into the room. DC sees them and
protectively yanks his bed sheet up over his body.

NURSE

Agent Cutter, you've got some
visitors here to see you.

DC notices his breasts bulging out and draws his knees up
to his chest so he is now a human ball.

DC

(defensive)

Yeah, I know what you're
thinkin', go on, say it!

MEADOWS

Thank god you're alive, DC.

SPARKS

Yeah, we thought you were
toast, buddy.

DC

(taken aback)

Oh ... well ... yeah. Thanks.

SPARKS

How long you gotta hang here?

DC

Another day or two. Any word
from the kidnapppers?

MEADOWS

They want half a billion cash
and jails emptied from Baghdad
to Karachi.

DC

Any connection to our dirty
bombers?

MEADOWS

We're not sure yet.

The Doctors enter with FBI DIRECTOR CAVANAUGH, an old man
as gray and bland as his suit. Meadows and Sparks
immediately stiffen up.

CAVANAUGH

As you were everyone.

DC

Director Cavanaugh, what an
unexpected ... surprise.

CAVANAUGH

Agent Cutter, on behalf of the
FBI I would like to present
you with the Distinguished
Service Medal.

DC

Thank you, sir.

Cavanaugh holds out the medal to pin on DC's chest. DC
reluctantly unballs then uncovers himself to receive the
honor. He is clearly dreading every agonizing moment.
Cavanaugh's eyes bug out when he sees DC's ample cleavage.

Cavanaugh tries to act nonchalant but he's clearly thrown for a loop.

CAVANAUGH

Ah ... ah ... you're a brave
ah ... MAN ... Cutter and ...

Cavanaugh fumbles nervously trying to pin the medal on a no less awkward DC's very healthy chest.

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

For duty above and beyond ...
WELL beyond the call ... OH!

Cavanaugh drops the medal and grabs his chest. The Doctors rush over.

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

It's nothing, I just need my
nitroglycerin pills. (beat)
And maybe some oxygen.

Doctor #3 helps the stricken Cavanaugh exit the room.

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

(to Doctor #3)
I haven't seen a rack like
that since my army days!

DC pulls the sheet back up in embarrassment.

DOCTOR #1

Agent Cutter, I don't think I
have to tell you that these
are difficult times for our
country.

DC

(unsympathetic)
For ALL of us, Doc!

DOCTOR #1

Your expertise is needed now
more than it ever has been.
We'd like to clear you
medically so you can rejoin
the Bureau. And we'll offer
you all the support we can to
help you ... acclimate.

DC

What, like you got some old
"Policewoman" tapes I can
watch?!

(depressed)

I always wanted to DO Angie
Dickinson, not BE Angie
Dickinson.

DOCTOR #2

We've arranged for someone to
work with you one on one to
help you adjust to your new --
albeit temporary -- lifestyle.

DC

Yeah, who?

The Doctors turn and look at Meadows. She smiles encouragingly. DC pulls the sheet up over his head.

A SEQUENCE OF SHOTS in DC's hospital room:

-- Meadows brings DC a big blonde wig and he shakes his head no emphatically.

-- Meadows brings DC a red wig and he reluctantly tries it on and looks in the mirror. Meadows shakes her head then adjusts the wig. DC has put it on backwards. DC looks in the mirror then angrily chucks the wig across the room.

-- Meadows brings DC a short blunt cut wig and he tries it on and looks in the mirror. DC is only slightly less aggravated but Meadows gives it her approval.

-- Meadows carefully applies makeup to DC's face. He looks like a baby trying to avoid another awful spoonful of strained carrots. Meadows applies the finishing touch with a flourish and holds up a mirror for the now transformed and transgendered DC to see. His look is one of horror as he desperately tries to rub off the makeup with a towel.

-- Meadows holds out a garment bag and DC reluctantly takes it.

-- DC exits the bathroom wearing a big terry cloth robe. DC takes off the robe and we see he has multiple layers of clothing on -- he has put on the many different outfits Meadows brought him all at once. She gives him a disapproving look and he skulks back into the bathroom.

-- DC exits the bathroom wearing a clingy knit dress which he self-consciously tugs at. Clearly he is uncomfortable with his new curvy shape. Meadows gives him a sympathetic look. DC puffs his chest out and admires his new breasts in the form fitting outfit. Meadows smiles encouragingly. The reality of the situation suddenly hits DC and he slumps back into the bathroom a defeated "man."

-- DC, in full drag and heels, walks across his hospital room floor. His movement is Cro-Magnon-like and Meadows tries to demonstrate a more feminine walk for him. DC chucks a high-heeled pump at her in frustration.

INT. DARPA HOSPITAL - THE WOMEN'S SPA - NIGHT

Putting his newfound femininity to use DC has snuck into what looks like a Roman bath. We see DC relaxing luxuriantly in the pool with a big smile and as we PULL BACK we see GORGEOUS BATHING BEAUTIES in various stages of undress, one of who approaches DC with a drink.

BATHING BEAUTY

Lemonade, Darlene?

DC

(falsetto voice)

I always say if you get lemons
make lemonade.

DC, nay Darlene, smiles lasciviously at his new friend and she laughs congenially. Once a player always a player.

EXT. FBI BUILDING, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. FBI BUILDING - A CUBICLE FILLED ROOM - DAY -
CONTINUING

FBI AGENTS turn and fall silent as DC -- in full makeup and dress -- and Meadows cross the floor. From a distance DC looks quite passable as a woman. Shapely. Pretty even.

AGENT #1

(smitten)

Who's the hottie with Meadows?

AGENT #2

(smitten)

Look at that ass!

AGENT #3
 (smitten)
 Look at those ta-tas!

AGENT #4
 (knowing)
 You know who that is?

AGENT #1
 (smitten)
 The woman of my dreams?

AGENT #4
 I hope not -- that's DC!

The Agents stand there slack-jawed for a beat staring in disbelief. DC turns around, sees their gawking, and flips them off.

AGENT #1
 (lost in thought)
 DAMN, DC is hot!

The other Agents stare at him incredulously for a beat. Agent #1 snaps out of his trance-like state and notices their curious looks and wilts with embarrassment.

AGENT #1 (CONT'D)
 (very uncomfortable)
 I'm ... gonna call my wife.

Agent #1 slinks shamefully back to his cubicle.

DC and Meadows stand at the door to the conference room. Meadows draws a deep breath for courage.

MEADOWS
 That wasn't so bad, was it? I mean, if you can walk through a gauntlet like that you're pretty much prepared for anything, wouldn't you say?

DC gives Meadows a highly suspicious look as they enter the conference room.

INT. FBI BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - CONTINUING

DC and Meadows enter and are greeted by old nemesis CIA Deputy Director Ashcroft, who is momentarily stunned by DC's new gender-bending appearance.

ASHCROFT
 (surprised)
 What the fuuuuu ...?

DC
 My sentiments exactly.

ASHCROFT
 (recovering)
 Welcome back, Cutter.

Ashcroft gives DC an uncomfortably close going over, much to DC's obvious annoyance.

DC
 Signed 8 by 10 glossies are available in the lobby on your WAY OUT, DICK. Don't let the door hit you too hard.

ASHCROFT
 (sarcastic)
 Guess you didn't hear the good news, Cutter. Maybe you were under a hair dryer or something.

DC
 (more sarcastic)
 You finally found a hemorrhoid preparation that works?

ASHCROFT
 (glaring at DC)
 Yes, well I've certainly had my share of pains in the ass over the years, haven't I?
 (then)
 With FBI Chief Hamdi's passing it was decided to fold your department into the CIA's counterterrorism operations for more (smiles) seamless efficiency.

DC
 (knowing and sarcastic)
 I wonder whose fiefdom-building bright idea that was.

ASHCROFT

Let's cut to the chase, Agent Cutter. Or rather, let's cut you OUT of the chase. Assignments come through ME now. I'm running the show and the last thing I want is you out in the field embarrassing the Agency. MY Agency.

DC

Guess all that ass kissing finally paid off, huh, DICK?

ASHCROFT

Speaking of asses, if I get word you're out in the field I'll have that shapely new one of yours in a sling! From here on out you two LADIES are assigned to research and analysis. That's a desk job, PERIOD.

DC

Is that so, DICK?

DC

I always heard they called you "DC" because of your damn cocky attitude -- guess now it's 'cause you're a D cup!

DC

(angry)
You son of a bitch.

ASHCROFT

(trumping)
Well Cutter, I'd rather come from one than be one.

Ashcroft smiles smugly and DC drops him with a punch.

MEADOWS

Nice uppercut.

DC

(nonchalant)
Thanks. Lunch?

MEADOWS

I was thinking maybe we'd do
lunch AFTER we hit the
unemployment office.

INT. ABANDONED RAILROAD YARD WAREHOUSE - DAY

A lone tanker car sits on a rail spur. The top hatch opens and an al Qaeda Terrorist pops up and ignites his blow torch. Other Terrorists, directed by Osama, hoist a Cesium 137 filled canister up to the open hatch. CU the other canister sitting nearby on top of a box marked "C4 Military Explosives."

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN SITUATION ROOM - DAY - CONTINUING

MILITARY TOP BRASS, the simpering DHS Bureaucrat and Government Officials sit at a large conference table watching a video monitor. CIA Deputy Director Ashcroft stands at the head of the table. INTERCUT with CU on monitor. We see Osama El Zaraq and his hooded cohorts standing with swords at the ready over the heads of the blindfolded and kneeling NSC Deputies they kidnapped.

OSAMA

You know who I am so you know
I'm not fucking around. I will
kill these infidels and many
more if our demands are not
met.

BUREAUCRAT

(cynical)

They're probably already dead.

OSAMA

You see as of this date
they're all still alive.
(holds up newspaper)
But your delaying tactics are
as predictable and boring as
they are dangerous and deadly.

A hooded terrorist raises his sword over the head of one of the orange jumpsuit clad hostages.

OSAMA (CONT'D)

(smiling)

So you must be taught a memorable lesson for your delinquent ways.

We HEAR STRUGGLING NOISES, SCREAMING AND THEN GURGLING as the assembled government officials react with varying degrees of disgust to the beheading they are watching on the monitor.

DHS BUREAUCRAT

(reacting to monitor)

No he didn't! Tell me that's fake! Oh, the inside of my stomach. I'm going to be sick!

OSAMA

You will meet our demands or you condemn the rest of these men and many others to their certain deaths.

CIA Deputy Ashcroft turns off the monitor. He now sports quite the shiner thanks to DC's well-placed uppercut.

ASHCROFT

The terrorist is Osama el Zaraq, a known al Qaeda mastermind. The newspaper he held up was yesterday's edition of the Charleston Courier-Dispatch.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL #1

Charleston, West Virginia?

ASHCROFT

Charleston, South Carolina.

MILITARY BRASS #1

How the hell did a Qaeda mastermind and the rest of those yahoos get to South Carolina?!

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL #2

Border Patrol and Immigration are still waiting for congress to release the funds, General.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL #23

If Zaraqı and his men are
already here on US territory
that's the FBI, right?

ASHCROFT

(dripping with contempt)
Domestic counterterrorism
operations, normally handled
by the FBI, are now under my
purview at the CIA and I
GUARANTEE I'll be looking into
that very question.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL #1

Wasn't Zaraqı the terrorist
who dirty bombed the subway
the other week?

ASHCROFT

He was. Apparently that was an
attention-getting prelude to
these kidnappings.
Unfortunately, Metro police
let him escape. Something the
CIA will NOT let happen again.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL #1

So you don't think there's any
other reason why he dirty
bombed the subway first?

ASHCROFT

These evil doers crave
attention. To make a
statement: "look at me!"
aren't you scared? Well, I'll
tell you something, he's the
one who should be scared. I've
got a wet team down there now
and they're not going to be
reading the Geneva Convention.

DHS BUREAUCRAT

Do you think Homeland Security
should elevate from code
orange to code red? Just to,
you know, scare people into
action so we're covered if
something bad does go down?

MILITARY BRASS #2

We're already at DEFCON two, what you civilians do isn't going to effect us. We're ready to pull the trigger.

ASHCROFT

All key branches of the service are vectoring into South Carolina now. As far as the public is concerned I think the less they know the better off we all are in the long run. Agreed?

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL #2

Dick's right. If this thing blows up in our face and the public's in on it heads are gonna roll. I got 18 months and two pay grades 'til retirement. I ain't stickin' my neck out.

Everyone nods in full agreement and understanding.

DHS BUREAUCRAT

What if word does leak out to the media? We don't want to be caught with our pants down. You know this town. People talk.

ASHCROFT

Put everything you do on a "need to know" basis and use the cover of a national security emergency. Then get the word out -- ANYBODY gets out of line and our friends over at the Justice Department will have 'em locked up in Guantanamo faster than you can say enemy combatant!

Everyone laughs knowingly.

EXT. FBI BUILDING - DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. FBI BUILDING - A DINGY OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUING

DC and Meadows are poring over documents in a dank and crummy basement office as Sparks enters.

SPARKS

Damn, who'd you piss off to end up down here?

MEADOWS

Our new fearless leader.

DC

They don't call him DICK for nothing, Sparks. What's shakin' on the outside world?

SPARKS

Something big, real big. We're moving half our equipment down to South Carolina.

MEADOWS

Any idea why?

SPARKS

They're expecting world war three down there. You didn't hear about the videotape?

DC

The only thing we hear down here is the toilet flushing.

SPARKS

Osama El Zaraqí was behind that NSC kidnapping. He sent us a tape demonstrating the al Qaeda cure for headaches. Then Zaraqí holds up a newspaper from Charleston to show it was all recent-like. Deputy Pearlwitz's body turned up just outside the city limits. His head in the middle of the Spiletto Festival.

MEADOWS

Charleston as in South Carolina, that makes sense.

DC

But a smart guy like Osama el Zaraqī painting a target on his back? THAT doesn't make any sense.

SPARKS

I'm with you on that one, DC.

DC

It's got to be a diversion.

MEADOWS

So why are they all falling for it?

DC

'Cause Ashcroft is a puss ...
(catching himself)
Because Ashcroft's guiding principle is cover your ass.

MEADOWS

I don't get it.

DC

The newspaper's a clue, right? A big fat totally obvious clue. Ashcroft and the rest of those gutless wonders can say "hey look, we found this clue and we followed it to South Carolina and you can't fault us for that!" no matter what the hell happens.

MEADOWS

(getting it)

The old CYA mentality.

DC

Exactly, only these aren't cover your ass times, they're get your ass in gear times 'cause something huge is in the works!

SPARKS

Speaking of which, I gotta run before my ass is grass.

DC

Can you get me a copy of that
tape, Sparks?

Sparks types on DC's computer for a beat.

SPARKS

Downloaded and ready, chief.
You two need anything else
just give me a holler -- on my
private line, please. With
Ashcroft breathing fire down
my neck I don't want to draw
that old dragon's attention.

DC

No problem. Thanks, Sparks.

Sparks exits and Meadows looks at DC with a sense of
growing admiration. She is seeing him in a new light. DC
is completely lost in thought.

DC

Osama El Zaraqí goes to all
the trouble of shutting down
our subway system with a
couple of dirty bombs and then
leaves town with four
kidnapped NSC deputies. Why?

MEADOWS

And then he practically
advertises his whereabouts
with that newspaper.

DC

He's up to something big and
it not about ransom and some
prisoner release program. He's
drawing resources down there
for a reason.

MEADOWS

But what's down there? You
think he's after [xyz navy
base/port?]

DC

I think the important thing about down there is that it's NOT up here, you follow? And here is what's he's after. The question is what.

MEADOWS

Very impressive, DC, VERY impressive.

Meadows looks at DC with admiration.

DC

Go on, say it. You know you want to. Get it out of your system, Meadows. I can tell, it's killing you.

MEADOWS

What do you mean?

DC gives Meadows a knowing look and she starts to smile.

MEADOWS (CONT'D)

Well, okay -- you go, girl!

DC rolls his eyes as Meadows hugs him.

INT. ABANDONED RAILROAD WAREHOUSE - DUSK

Osama El Zaraqhi and several other al Qaeda Terrorists climb into the tanker car they were rigging with the Cesium 137 canisters and another Terrorist closes and seals the hatch after them. He then uses a pickup truck equipped with special rims to pull the tanker car slowly out of the warehouse.

EXT. RAILROAD YARD - DUSK - CONTINUING

The pickup pulling the tanker car emerges from the warehouse and joins what appears to be an endless array of other tanker and railroad cars in the huge train yard. As we PULL BACK the deadly tanker car virtually disappears into the crowded rail yard.

EXT. FBI BUILDING - DAWN

Establishing shot.

INT. FBI BUILDING - A DINGY OFFICE - DAWN - CONTINUING

As the many styrofoam cups littering their cramped office can attest DC and Meadows have worked through the night. Meadows suddenly looks up from her computer excited.

MEADOWS

I think I found the link to the Cesium 137 found in the subway bombs!

DC

Chief Hamdi said it was what, Iran or North Korea or ...?

MEADOWS

Russia! Check this out.

(reading)

Throughout the 1970's scientists in the former Soviet Union developed scores of small radioactive devices and sent them to the countryside to simulate farming conditions after a nuclear war.

DC

And people worry about "frankenfood" TODAY?

MEADOWS

(reading)

The size of antique milk jugs these canisters were filled with a particularly high radioactive powdered form of ...?

DC

Cesium 137?

MEADOWS

Bingo!

DC

Sounds like you're on the right track so far, Meadows.

MEADOWS

(reading)

As part of top secret project Gamma Ears scientists sent these portable nuclear devices from Moldova to Uzbekistan, buried them on farms and then after the collapse of the Soviet Union everyone just forgot about them.

DC

The border in those regions are so porous you could smuggle Dick Ashcroft's huge ego across it and nobody would notice. Got any pictures of these things?

Meadows types on her computer and a CU of the screen shows the familiar looking canisters with the radiation symbols on them.

MEADOWS

Just ONE of these things has enough radioactive material to contaminate an entire city.

INT. RAILROAD TANKER CAR - DAWN - CONTINUING

We see the two Cesium 137 filled canisters welded to the wall and surrounded by plastic explosives and a cell phone detonating device. As we PULL BACK we see Zaraqi and the other Terrorists bowing on their prayer rugs.

EXT. RAILROAD YARD - DAWN - CONTINUING

The deadly tanker car is linked onto the back of an identical looking tanker car and other similar tanker cars are being positioned behind it.

INT. FBI BUILDING - DINGY OFFICE - DAWN - CONTINUING

DC

So let's say Zaraqi and his men got hold of one of these things, there was maybe a total of a teaspoon of Cesium between both bombs. Right?

MEADOWS

Right.

DC

So the question is, what are they going to do with the rest of the Cesium?

MEADOWS

Well, if they have even one of these devices they could shut down more than just our subway system, that's for sure. Under the right conditions they could contaminate a whole city with radiation for the next thirty years.

DC

Much as I love Charleston I kind of doubt Zaraq's going to waste Cesium 137 on that charming old southern city. New York, Los Angeles or D.C., that's where the smart money is going. But how?!

DC gives Meadows a look of concern and frustration.

EXT. SOUTH CAROLINA - DAY

Ashcroft steps off his deluxe Mobile Command Center bus to yell at a group of Agents.

ASHCROFT

SOMEBODY needs to move my goddamn office away from the goddamn railroad tracks or I'm not gonna be able to get any goddamn sleep tonight!

The Agents stand there stunned while a freight train noisily starts passing by. We PAN to follow the train. CU deadly tanker car.

INT. RAILROAD TANKER CAR - DAY - CONTINUING

We HEAR the SOUND OF THE TANKER CAR MOVING ON THE TRACKS and Zaraq and his men smile at each other.

INT. FBI BUILDING - A DINGY OFFICE - DAY

DC is working at his computer when he suddenly stops, looks up and smiles.

DC

Well, now here's a shocker. The CIA had an agent killed in Moldova about a year ago. Seems he was tracking some Qaeda operatives looking to get their hands on WMD. Unfortunately, most of the case file was sealed by our old pal DICK Ashcroft under a "National Security Order" and what was left was highly redacted. However, the agent assigned to the case made a final notation that two canisters containing Cesium 137 from Soviet project Gamma Ears were believed to be the intended target of the terrorists.

MEADOWS

How the hell did you find that?!

DC

I didn't, the ACLU did through the Freedom of Information Act when Dick fired the agent and he sued for wrongful termination. Thankfully, Ashcroft's a DICK and an ASSHOLE!

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