

JODIE, THE ULTIMATE SPECIAL AGENT 2 (THE CUBAN)

by

PETER GARTNER

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INT: BEDROOM - NIGHT

Special agent JODIE PHILLIPS asleep in bed.

The phone rings, waking Jodie.

JODIE (waking)
Uh ?

She picks up the phone.

JODIE
Hello ?...hello ? Who is it ?

She hears the voice of the CUBAN on the line.

CUBAN (O.S.)
You know me...

JODIE
Nah - who is it ?

CUBAN (O.S.)
I am the Cuban.

JODIE
Good for you - look, mister, you got
a name at all ?

CUBAN (O.S.)
I am the Cuban...

JODIE
Heck, that's gonna get us a long way.

CUBAN (O.S.)
There is a bomb -

JODIE
Shit !

CUBAN (O.S.)
You listening ?

JODIE
Yeah. Sure.

CUBAN (O.S.)
There is a bomb...

JODIE
Where ?

CUBAN (O.S.)
You know...

JODIE
What ?

CUBAN (O.S.)
You know where it is...

JODIE
How could I possibly know where
it is ? I need more info.

CUBAN (O.S.)
You can see it.

JODIE
Where ? How ?

Jodie sighs.

CUT TO:

INT: PHONE BOOTH - DAY

A phone booth in a desert landscape. Jodie is continuing her conversation with the Cuban. She speaks into the phone.

JODIE
There's not many of these things
left. Why don't you use a mobile
phone ? It would be much easier.

CUBAN (O.S.)
They can be traced. No-one traces
ancient technology.

JODIE
This thing belongs in a museum.

CUBAN (O.S.)
Agent Phillips ! Can you see the
bomb ? Can you see it ?

JODIE
No. Where is it ?

CUBAN (O.S.)
Concentrate. Concentrate.

Jodie tries to concentrate and visualise the location of the bomb.

CUBAN (O.S.)
Agent Phillips, can you see where
the bomb is ?

JODIE
Yeah - I'm getting something...

CUBAN (O.S.)
You can see it - ?

JODIE
Yes. I see it...

Jodie is concentrating hard.

CUT TO:

EXT: JFK AIRPORT - DAY

Near a terminal. A Boeing 747 is being loaded with luggage. A second luggage trolley is driven to the open cargo bay area, where the ground

3.

crew load suitcases onto the 747. The passengers embark through the large metal tunnel extending from the side of the terminal building into the upper front door of the 747.

The tunnel is retracted back into the terminal building and the door is closed shut from the inside.

The cargo loaders put the final suitcases into the hold, and close shut the cargo bay doors, then drive the luggage trolleys away from the 747.

CUT TO:

INT: 747 COCKPIT - DAY

The PILOT and CO-PILOT make preparations for take-off, pressing buttons and co-ordinating with air-traffic control. The pilot speaks into the radio.

PILOT
This is flight 4703, requesting
permission for take-off.

A voice on the radio replies.

VOICE (O.S.)
Flight 4703, you are clear for take-off.

The pilot speaks to the co-pilot.

PILOT
You taxi her out. I'll do the take-off.

CO-PILOT
Okay.

The co-pilot operates the controls so that the 747 taxies towards a runway.

CUT TO:

EXT: RUNWAY - DAY

The 747 takes off and rises into the sky.

CUT TO:

INT: 747 - DAY

In the passenger cabin, stewardesses are serving drinks. In the cockpit, the pilot and co-pilot are relaxing, with the plane on auto-pilot. The altimeter reads 35000 feet. The speedometer reads 550 mph.

CUT TO:

INT: PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Jodie on the phone to the Cuban.

CUBAN (O.S.)
You see the bomb ?

JODIE
Yeah. I see it.

Her forehead frowns with concentration.

CUT TO:

INT: 747 - DAY

Cargo bay area. Inside a suitcase, a bomb is ticking down. The timer shows 2 hours 30 minutes to detonation.

CUT TO:

INT: PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Jodie on the phone to the Cuban.

CUBAN (O.S.)

You have just under two and half hours.

JODIE

Okay...

CUBAN (O.S.)

Can you do it, Agent Phillips ?

JODIE

I believe I can. Er, Why are you doing this ?

CUBAN (O.S.)

I want to see you in action.

JODIE

Why ?

CUBAN (O.S.)

Are you as good as they say you are ?

Jodie is puzzled and a little angry.

JODIE

What are you talking about, Mister Cuban ?

CUBAN (O.S.)

Your reputation. You are the famous Agent Phillips...the Ultimate Special Agent. That's what they call you, Agent Phillips ?

JODIE

How do you know that ?

CUBAN (O.S.)

The Mole, Agent Phillips, The Mole.

JODIE

Who is The Mole ?

CUBAN (O.S.)

I can't tell you that. Don't you have any suspicions, who it is ?

JODIE

No.

She hears the Cuban laughing on the phone.

This angers Jodie.

JODIE
What are you laughing at ?

CUBAN (O.S.)
You have no idea, who The Mole is ?

JODIE (flatly)
No.

CUBAN (O.S.)
Not a clue ?

JODIE
I have no idea.

She hears him sniggering for a few seconds, then he stops.

CUBAN (O.S.)
Show me what you can do, Agent
Phillips.

He suddenly hangs up.

Jodie looks frustrated. She replaces the receiver.

CUT TO:

EXT: SKY - DAY

Skies above the Atlantic Ocean.

A B52 bomber has an experimental capsule plane strapped beneath it. Jodie is inside the capsule plane.

The plane is about 30 feet long and has a large rocket engine at the back, mounted above the cockpit, with small adjusting retro-rockets and jets to the side. The plane has retractable wings.

CUT TO:

INT: CAPSULE PLANE - DAY

Jodie, in a helmet and goggles, presses a sequence of numbers into the computer, which causes the wings to be extended. She speaks into her headset.

JODIE
Okay. Let her go.

CUT TO:

INT: B52 BOMBER - DAY

Cockpit. The PILOT presses the release button.

CUT TO:

EXT: SKY - DAY

The capsule plane is released. It falls down in free fall, rapidly dropping like a stone.

It drops down well below the level of the B52's flight-path.

CUT TO:

INT: CAPSULE PLANE - DAY

Jodie watches the altimeter drop from 55000 feet to 40000 feet in less than 30 seconds.

She taps a sequence into the computer. The rocket engine fires.

CUT TO:

EXT: SKY - DAY

The capsule plane stops falling and flies forwards at accelerating velocity.

CUT TO:

INT: CAPSULE PLANE - DAY / EXT: SKY - DAY

Jodie observes the speedometer passing through 750 mph, sonic boom, past 1000, 2000, 3000 to 4000 mph in less than 30 seconds.

She taps into the computer to reduce speed to 3000 mph.

She pinpoints the 747 on the radar screen and sets an intercept course. Jodie engages the auto-pilot as the computer guides the plane to a docking with the 747.

Later: The altimeter reads 35000, the speedometer 1000 mph. Jodie taps into the computer to verify the speed of the 747 at 550 mph. The computer then reduces the capsule plane's speed to 550 mph for docking.

Jodie can see the 747 just ahead, as they pass across the skies of the Atlantic Ocean.

Jodie disengages the rocket engine and engages the jet engines to reduce fire risk. The computer shows the disengagement of the one and the activation of the other, keeping the speed steady at 550 mph.

Jodie uses the joystick to activate retro-rockets to move the capsule plane closer to the 747. She can see the doors of the cargo area of the 747 just a few feet away from her.

Using very short bursts of the retro-rockets, she brings the capsule plane within 2 feet of the cargo bay doors. She presses a button which causes two rods with suckers on their ends to be extended from the outside of the capsule plane onto the surface of the 747 cargo bay doors. The suckers attach themselves to the doors and pull the capsule plane in towards them, so that they are touching.

Jodie presses another button which causes an intense plasma-like substance, white hot, to be emitted from tubes on the side of the capsule plane onto the surface area of the cargo bay doors. The plasma cools and firmly adheres the capsule plane to the 747.

Jodie presses a button which causes a section of the capsule plane to be retracted inwards. She removes the section and then takes out a laser. She burns an oval into one of the cargo bay doors, large enough for her to climb inside.

She places a sucker on the oval and pulls it off. She can see into the cargo bay. She takes out a torch and shines it through. She pulls herself up into the cargo bay.

CUT TO:

INT: 747 - DAY

Cargo bay area. Jodie takes out a device which detects the location of the bomb. She finds the suitcase. She cuts the suitcase open using a low setting of the laser and guiding herself with an X-ray device. She exposes the bomb. The detonator says 100 seconds.

She cuts around the bomb, separating it from the rest of the suitcase. The detonator ticks down to 50 seconds. She carries the bomb back with her and lowers herself into the capsule plane. I

INT: CAPSULE PLANE - DAY Jodie presses a button which causes the retracted part of the capsule plane to return to its original position, closing off the oval she had cut through the cargo bay door. This will prevent explosive decompression in the cargo bay area of the 747.

Jodie opens a door in underside of the capsule plane. Air rushes in until the air pressure normalises. Jodie leaps out of the capsule plane holding the bomb.

CUT TO:

EXT: SKY - DAY

Jodie sky-dives through the air. She looks at the bomb. The detonator says 50 seconds. She drops the bomb and then pulls her rip-cord. Her parachute opens up.

She looks at her watch. The detonator ticks down to 10 seconds. Jodie prepares herself for the blast. The detonator ticks down: 4,3,2,1, then the bomb explodes some distance below her in mid-air. Some of the blast rises upwards and knocks against her parachute, buffeting her temporarily out-of-control.

She struggles, twisting and turning in the air, the ropes of the parachute entangled, then manages to gain control. The ropes straighten out. Jodie takes out a radio.

JODIE
Hello...this is -

The rising smoke from the bomb reaches Jodie, and she shudders and squirms.

A VOICE on the radio replies.

VOICE (O.S.)
Who is this ?

JODIE
Agent Phillips...

Jodie looks up to see that part of her parachute is on fire, caused by flames from the bomb blast.

VOICE (O.S.)
Agent Phillips, Control says, you
are not currently on assignment...

JODIE
I'm on fire...

Jodie coughs, and pulls the strings of the parachute to try to bank it

from side to side, but this only reduces the fire a little.

VOICE (O.S.)
Where are you ?

JODIE
I'm twenty thousand feet above
the Atlantic Ocean in a parachute,
and I'm on fire !

VOICE (O.S.)
You're on fire...?

JODIE (exasperated)
Yes ! My parachute is on fire !

VOICE (O.S.)
Control says, you have no current
authorisation for any mission...
You are not, on duty.

JODIE
What does that mean ?

VOICE (O.S.)
I shouldn't be talking to you...

JODIE
Well, don't, then !

VOICE (O.S.)
I could get into trouble...

JODIE
I am..in trouble !

VOICE (O.S.)
Sorry...

The radio communication is discontinued.

JODIE
I'll look after myself, then.

Jodie tries to bank her parachute against the wind to put the fire out, but it continues. The fire moves down the parachute onto the ropes, having burnt holes in the main canopy. The ropes begin to burn until Jodie can see that the harness is about to slip loose.

As the ropes holding the harness are burnt through to the final thread, she prepares for the fall. The rope burns through. The harness is released. Jodie falls down.

She free-falls towards the waves below, then decides to try to enjoy it and takes up sky-diving position. She spreads her arms wide as she descends towards the Atlantic Ocean.

She sees the surface beneath her and as she gets to within a few hundred feet, she tucks her arms in like a diver to try to minimise the force of the impact and the splash. The ocean approaches. She hits the water like a professional diver.

CUT TO:

EXT: ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

Jodie's high impact velocity carries her more than fifty feet below the surface. She holds her breath until she reaches the bottom of the dive, then releases bubbles as she rises to the surface. She emerges onto the surface of the ocean.

She hyperventilates for a while, then calms down and begins to swim. The waves are quite large and they buffet her as she makes progress, bobbing up and down in the current, but managing to swim ahead.

She swims for some time, then takes out her location device and presses the button on a life jacket. She bobs up and down in the waves, in the life jacket, with a red beacon bleeping on and off.

CUT TO:

EXT: OCEAN - NIGHT

Jodie, still awake in her life jacket. The waves are calmer. The beacon bleeps on and off.

She can hear the distant sound of a helicopter, then lights. She can see the helicopter approach. It drops down a line. She attaches herself to the harness and is winched up. The helicopter flies off towards an American aircraft carrier.

CUT TO:

INT: HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Jodie dries herself with a towel as she sees the helicopter approach the illuminated deck of the aircraft carrier, coming in to land.

CUT TO:

EXT: AIRCRAFT CARRIER - NIGHT

The helicopter lands. Jodie is escorted by Navy personnel into the main superstructure to go below decks.

CUT TO:

INT: AIRCRAFT CARRIER - NIGHT

Radio room. Jodie picks up the radio and gets through to Control at CIA headquarters.

JODIE

Hi, this is Agent Phillips -
Control, do you copy ?

A VOICE on the radio speaks.

VOICE (O.S.)

Affirmative, Agent Phillips.

JODIE

Put me through to Agent Hayes,
please.

VOICE (O.S.)

Will co...

Agent JOHN HAYES speaks on the radio.

HAYES (O.S.)
Hi, Jodie...

JODIE
Hi, John...

HAYES (O.S.)
Good to hear from you. Took a good
while for us to find you...

Jodie is puzzled by this.

JODIE
Why ?

HAYES (O.S.)
We tested the equipment. Nothing
wrong with that...it's possible there
was, interference, from someone in
the organisation...

JODIE (puzzled)
"Interference - ?"

HAYES (O.S.)
Someone deliberately delayed, or
tried to prevent us rescuing you.

JODIE
Who ?

HAYES (O.S.)
We don't know.

JODIE
Why ?

HAYES (O.S.)
We can only speculate...someone
in the organisation doesn't like
you.

JODIE
This is about national security,
not me ! I'm just an agent of the
government secret service bureau...

HAYES (O.S.)
A very special agent...Maybe, they
don't like you...maybe, they're
jealous...

JODIE
Jealous ? Of me ?

HAYES (O.S.)
That is, one possibility.

JODIE
You got any suspicion, who that
might be ?

HAYES (O.S.)
Not at the moment; but, we are
working on it. I gotta report
back to Johnson...you know, this
rescue you performed, saving the
747, was unauthorised...

JODIE
There simply wasn't the time. It
was a bomb, set to explode in less
than two hours. I had to act...

HAYES (O.S.)
...Without authorisation...

JODIE
I know that.

HAYES (O.S.)
Johnson won't be too happy with
that. You know how he enjoys the
chain of command.

JODIE
Yes, I know.

A beat.

HAYES (O.S.)
See you at Command. Agent Phillips.
Over and out.

Jodie puts the radio down.

She looks glum.

CUT TO:

INT: CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The office of Jodie's boss, CHARLES A. JOHNSON, with the file, containing
Hayes' report on Jodie's unauthorised mission.

Johnson interviewing Jodie.

JOHNSON
So ?

JODIE
Sir - ?

JOHNSON
Explain yourself, Agent Phillips...

She hesitates.

JODIE
Sir...

JOHNSON
Who gave you permission to intercept
a bomb on that 747 flight ?

JODIE
Sir, I acted without specific permission.

JOHNSON
Why ?

JODIE
Sir - it was an emergency...

JOHNSON
You acted without authorisation...

JODIE
I guess I did, sir.

JOHNSON
You've got to respect the chain of command.

JODIE
Usually, I would do that, sir. You know, I don't usually act on my own initiative...

JOHNSON
You think because you're special, you can disobey orders - ?

JODIE
No, sir.

Jodie shrugs.

JODIE
It's simply - it was a matter of time. I had to act when I did, because... if I delayed, to ask permission, to get authorisation, it would be too late. The bomb would've gone off, and killed, three hundred people.

JOHNSON
D'you want a medal, Agent Phillips ?

JODIE
No, sir.

JOHNSON
D'you want a special commendation ?

JODIE
No, sir.

JOHNSON
Well, you won't get one; not from me.

JODIE
No, sir.

JOHNSON
In some ways, your actions were

JOHNSON (cont'd)
commendable; but, you behaved like
an unattached civilian with a tip-
off. I can't have my agents doing
that on a regular basis.

JODIE
No, sir.

JOHNSON
Okay, Agent Phillips; I will give
you some praise. Well done, for
saving the lives of all the crew
and passengers on that plane; well
done.

JODIE
Thank you, sir.

JOHNSON
Please, Agent Phillips; learn to
respect the chain of command.

JODIE
Yes, sir; I will, sir.

Johnson looks down at the file again.

JOHNSON
One thing puzzles me...

JODIE
Sir ?

JOHNSON
How did you know there was a bomb
on that plane ? We had no warning,
there was a bomb.

JODIE
I got a call -

JOHNSON
Uh ?

JODIE
- from the Cuban.

JOHNSON
The Cuban ?

JODIE
He phoned me at home.

JOHNSON
How'd he get your private number ?

JODIE
I don't know.

JOHNSON
You're in the phone-book as Linda

JOHNSON (cont'd)
Roberts...How'd he know that was
you ?

Jodie shakes her head.

JODIE
I simply don't know. Another thing,
there was a delay picking me up,
from the ocean...Nothing wrong with
our equipment. Agent Hayes had it
checked out. Someone was able to
interfere, prevent them rescuing
me. Fortunately, I could survive.
Not many could. It seems, someone
in the organisation, wanted me dead.
There is a mole in our organisation.

JOHNSON
We'll look into it.

JODIE
Thank you, sir.

Jodie gets up and goes out. Johnson closes the file on his desk.

CUT TO:

INT: RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jodie and Agent JOHN HAYES, out to dinner.

JODIE
He said he'd look into it.

HAYES
I should hope so.

JODIE
He wasn't too angry.

HAYES
No - ?

JODIE
Just about the authorisation,
that's all. He treated me okay,
I guess.

HAYES
What else could you do ? Our own
intelligence nothing about the bomb -

JODIE
There was no time to alert anyone
else, ask for permission, follow
the usual procedure...I think he
understood that.

Hayes looks at her.

JODIE
Of course, he told me off; then,

JODIE (cont'd)
he relented. He told me, good job.

HAYES
Good. He appreciates you.

The WAITER arrives with their food, and lays down their plates on the tables.

JODIE
Looks good.

The waiter leaves them, and they start to eat.

Jodie smiles at Hayes. He smiles back.

CUT TO:

INT: BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Johnson briefing Jodie.

JOHNSON
So, what d'you know about the Cuban ?

JODIE
Not an awful lot.

JOHNSON
He's a menace.

JODIE
He said, he wanted to see me, in action.

JOHNSON
"In action... ?" Huh ?

JODIE
That's what he said.

JOHNSON
The Cuban is, a renegade, a rogue, a destabilising influence, in Cuba; bombs, shootings, forgery, currency fraud; and the worse thing is, our organisation, the CIA, is getting the blame for his actions. The Cuban government believes he is our agent.

JODIE
He isn't, is he ?

JOHNSON
Of course not ! He is his own man. He has his own motivations and agenda. The President of Cuba is on the phone, all the time, complaining about this terrorist, and our President assures him, it's not us; but, he doesn't believe us. So, we gotta terminate the Cuban...

Jodie looks uneasy at his use of the word "terminate". Johnson notices this and speaks again.

JOHNSON
...or, at the least, terminate his
activities...so, I want you to deal
with him...put him out ta action...

He looks at her, but she does not respond.

JOHNSON
I spoke to the President...

Jodie is surprised.

JODIE
You speak to the President...?

JOHNSON
Sometimes I get to speak to the
President...I told him, we'd sort
things out, put the Cuban back in
his box; so he could speak to the
President of Cuba, tell him we'd
taken care o' things...So, that's
your next assignment, with full
authorisation, to use any means
necessary, to bring him to book.

JODIE
You would accept him just being
put out of action ? Not being
actually dead ?

JOHNSON
I leave that to your discretion.
Now, we actually have an agent in
the Cuban's base, name o' Lewis,
sent us this.

Johnson turns his laptop so they can both see a video taken in the Cuban's encampment, by AGENT PAUL LEWIS.

He plays the video.

CUT TO:

VIDEO. EXT: CUBAN'S CAMP - DAY

The Cuban's military base on Cuba, which consists of make-shift huts near a compound containing modern military hardware and members of the Cuban's army.

CUT TO:

VIDEO. INT: LARGE WOODEN BUILDING - DAY

The Cuban is giving a lecture to converts.

CUBAN
Why do so many people die ? Women
and children, from hunger ? I'll
tell you, why...

Johnson comments on the video.

JOHNSON (O.S.)
This is dangerous Marxist nonsense.

CUBAN
They die of starvation because the capitalist countries of the world starve them to death.

JOHNSON (O.S.)
That is such, garbage !

CUBAN
The capitalist countries cause mass starvation. We must destroy global capitalism before it destroys us. The United States and the World Bank s hackles poor countries with debt, and their people starve.

JOHNSON (O.S.)
Communist propaganda...

CUBAN
We will invade America.

Applause.

JOHNSON (O.S.)
"Invade America !?" He's nuts !

CUBAN
We will destroy Wall Street and bring an end to this mad culture of money.

Applause.

CUT TO:

INT: BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Johnson turns off the video, closes his laptop, then turns to Jodie.

JODIE
Crazy !

JOHNSON
He certainly is...Have a word with Lewis before you go. Get an idea what it's like in the Cuban's camp.

JODIE
Yes, sir.

Jodie sighs.

She gets up and goes out.

Johnson looks at his desk, with the file and his laptop.

CUT TO:

INT: RADIO ROOM - DAY

Jodie picks up the radio and speaks into it.

JODIE
This is Agent Phillips, calling
Agent Lewis, do you read me, over ?

She waits a little for a reply.

CUT TO:

EXT: CUBAN'S CAMP - DAY

Open area of the Cuban's military compound. Agent Paul Lewis speaks into a pen radio.

LEWIS
Yeah. I read you...over.

Jodie's voice is heard on the pen radio.

JODIE (O.S.)
Agent Lewis, we got your video of
the Cuban's plan to strike at Wall
Street...You got any more info on
that ?

LEWIS
He ain't said much. Just about Wall
Street. Ain't said what he's gonna do.

JODIE (O.S.)
We're gonna patrol the skies above
with choppers, and the streets below
with cops.

LEWIS
That should -

The CUBAN speaks from behind Lewis, holding a gun to him to the back of his neck.

CUBAN
The pen, please.

Lewis hands the pen radio to the Cuban, who moves round to a position in front of him.

CUBAN
Who are you talking to ?

Lewis hesitates.

JODIE (O.S.)
Don't tell him...

CUBAN
Agent Phillips - I know that voice,
anywhere...

The Cuban speaks into the pen radio.

CUT TO:

INT: RADIO ROOM - DAY

Jodie on the radio.

JODIE
Okay, it's me.

The Cuban's voice is heard on the radio set.

CUBAN (O.S.)
Thank you for the information about
the helicopters.

JODIE
My pleasure.

CUBAN (O.S.)
Speaking to you is a pleasure. Now,
to business...

JODIE
What do you want ?

She looks at the radio microphone.

CUT TO:

EXT: CUBAN'S CAMP - DAY

The Cuban speaks into the pen radio.

CUBAN
You...

Jodie's voice is heard on the pen radio.

JODIE (O.S.)
What ?!

CUBAN
I want you.

JODIE (O.S.)
You want me ? You must be crazy !

CUBAN
You are, a very special person.

JODIE (O.S.)
Let me get this right - you want me ?

CUBAN
Yes. I want you...

JODIE (O.S.)
Why ?

CUBAN
I love you.

Silence.

CUT TO:

INT: RADIO ROOM - DAY

Jodie is aghast.

JODIE
Say that again.

CUBAN (O.S.)
I love you.

JODIE
You are insane.

She hears the Cuban laughing.

CUT TO:

EXT: CUBAN'S CAMP - DAY

The Cuban speaks into the pen radio.

CUBAN
I love you.

JODIE (O.S.)
No, you don't love me. You don't know what love is. You don't know what love means...You're obsessed with me, and that obsession is not healthy, not healthy at all.

CUBAN
I love you, Agent Phillips...Jodie...

JODIE (O.S.)
How dare you ! How dare you call me, "Jodie !"

CUBAN
That is your name.

JODIE (O.S.)
We are not on first name terms.

CUBAN
I wish we were...

JODIE (O.S.)
You will address me as, "Agent Phillips."

CUBAN
How will you address me ?

JODIE (O.S.)
I will address you as, "Mister Cuban."
Mister Cuban...

CUBAN
Don't you want to know my name ?

JODIE (O.S.)
No. I'm not in the slightest bit interested in who you are, your name. I know what you are...

CUBAN
What am I ?

JODIE (O.S.)
A megalomaniac, deluded, lunatic !

The Cuban laughs.

CUBAN
Agent Phillips, this is a negotiation.

JODIE (O.S.)
Is it ?

CUBAN
I have your Agent Lewis here, at my
mercy...

JODIE (O.S.)
Don't you dare hurt him.

CUBAN
I will hold him here...

JODIE (O.S.)
Please, don't hurt him.

CUBAN
I will be gentle with him.

The Cuban turns to speak to Lewis.

CUBAN
How do you turn it off ?

LEWIS
You click the top.

CUBAN
Speak to you later, Agent Phillips.

The Cuban clicks the top of the pen radio.

CUT TO:

INT: RADIO ROOM - DAY

Jodie hears the radio click off.

She puts the microphone down and replaces it on the radio set.

CUT TO:

EXT: CUBAN'S CAMP - DAY

The Cuban puts the pen radio in his pocket.

CUBAN
Useful little thing that.

LEWIS
Sure is. You gonna kill me ?

The Cuban sighs.

CUBAN
Well no, not at this moment. For now,
you are useful to me.

Lewis looks weary and disconsolate.

LEWIS
Come with me. We can talk business.

The Cuban's men surround Lewis' head and body with the tips of their rifles as he is escorted to the Cuban's living quarters, a large hut-like building at the other side of the military compound.

CUT TO:

INT: CUBAN'S LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

The Cuban sits behind a desk.

Lewis is escorted to a chair in front of the desk.

CUBAN
Please, sit down.

Lewis is nudged in the stomach and back by several rifle tips. He sits down wearily.

The Cuban dismisses most of the guard with a hand gesture, but two remain behind, their rifles pointed at Lewis' head and chest. They step back a few feet but keep their aim at Lewis.

CUBAN
Would you like a cigar ?

The Cuban opens a box of cigars and offers one to Lewis.

LEWIS
No. I don't smoke.

The Cuban takes a cigar out of the box and puts it in his mouth. He takes out a lighter and lights the cigar. He takes several puffs, blowing the smoke in Lewis' face.

CUBAN
I only smoke cigars, the best Havana cigars.

LEWIS
What do you want ?

CUBAN
I want you to help me.

LEWIS
I would never help you.

CUBAN
You will help me.

LEWIS
I'd rather die, than help you.

The Cuban smokes.

CUBAN
Believe me, you will help me.

Lewis wearily shakes his head.

CUT TO:

INT: BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jodie asleep in bed, but she turns from side to side, and clearly she is in turmoil.

She wakes up in a sweat and hyperventilates.

She looks around the bedroom, then her breathing calms down.

She sighs and leans back her head onto the pillow.

She closes her eyes and starts to sleep again.

CUT TO:

EXT: AIRFORCE BASE - NIGHT

The main compound, with military planes parked near the runways.

The Cuban's men approach furtively and see the security around the airforce base, with entrances heavily guarded.

With their faces covered in balaclavas and wearing dark military uniforms, the Cuban's men, holding Lewis as a prisoner, approach the wire at a distant part of the fence, far away from the main buildings. They cut through the wire.

As they do so, an alarm sounds and lights are turned on throughout the base. Lights above them expose their position.

The Cuban, in an armoured car, drives at the hole in the fence, smashing down part of the fence near the hole.

A number of his men get inside the armoured car. He drives it towards the runways and gets close to a Galaxy transport plane before stopping the vehicle.

His men get out and fire their sub-machine guns at the airforce personnel, many of whom are shot dead before the military police arrive to start firing back at the Cuban's men, who have taken cover behind the armoured car.

A gun battle ensues, with the Cuban's men taking some casualties, but eventually shooting dead the majority of the military police.

The Cuban's men, instructed by a hand signal from him, approach the Galaxy transport plane and board it.

CUT TO:

INT: GALAXY - NIGHT

The Cuban's men move into the main cargo section of the plane, whilst the Cuban goes into the cockpit and starts the engines.

He takes the controls and starts the Galaxy in a slow taxiing movement towards the main buildings, seen through the cockpit front windows.

CUT TO:

EXT: AIRFORCE BASE - NIGHT

Lewis is held captive by the Cuban's men. When they see the Galaxy taxiing towards the main terminal buildings, they appear to deliberately loosen their hold on Lewis, as their attention is diverted.

A knowing look from one of them signifies that when Lewis escapes, it is all part of the plan. Some of the Cuban's men follow Lewis but do not fire at him and keep their distance so that they do not get close enough to capture him.

Lewis is curious. Is he just lucky, are they incompetent, or is this some kind of set-up ? If so, what's the purpose of letting him escape ?

He approaches the main buildings. The military police fire at Lewis.

He ducks to the ground. Lewis shouts, his head against the tarmac.

LEWIS
Don't shoot !

The firing continues.

LEWIS
Don't shoot !

A hand signal from one of the military policemen and there is a cease-fire.

LEWIS
I'm CIA. I gotta get to Air Marshall Williams. There's a plot to kidnap him. Let me through.

MILITARY POLICEMAN
Okay.

Lewis stands and walks towards the military police. They let him through. Unnoticed by Lewis, who has now entered the terminal buildings, the military police also let through some of the Cuban's men, saluting them, supposing they are with Lewis and are CIA agents.

MILITARY POLICEMAN
CIA ?

CUBAN'S MAN
Yes.

MILITARY POLICEMAN
Okay.

He nods them through.

CUT TO:

INT: TERMINAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Lewis approaches a USAF MAJOR

LEWIS
I gotta speak with Air Marshall Williams. There's a plot to kidnap him.

USAF MAJOR
I'll take you to him.

The USAF major leads Lewis through. The Cuban's men follow at a distance, being let through by airforce personnel, who assume they are with Lewis.

The Galaxy transport plane is visible through the windows of the terminal building, just outside. The USAF personnel confer.

USAF PILOT
We got a Galaxy out ?

SECOND PILOT
Not that I know of.

An AIR-TRAFFIC CONTROLLER speaks.

AIR-TRAFFIC CONTROLLER
First I heard about it.

The air-traffic controller shakes his head.

CUT TO:

INT: OFFICE - NIGHT

Air Marshall GREG WILLIAMS sees Lewis and the USAF major salute him.

WILLIAMS
Okay. What's going on ?

LEWIS
There's a plot to kidnap you.

WILLIAMS
Okay. Who are you ?

LEWIS
Agent Lewis - CIA.

WILLIAMS
Okay. Who's running the plot ?

LEWIS
The Cuban.

WILLIAMS
Okay. Who's he ?

LEWIS
He's a terrorist.

WILLIAMS
Okay. So, what's the deal ?

LEWIS
Sir - ?

WILLIAMS
What's his agenda ?

LEWIS
I don't know. He wants you, for some

LEWIS (cont'd)
reason - we don't know why.

WILLIAMS
Okay. Let's look at this.

The Cuban's men rush into Williams' office.

LEWIS
Shit ! I led them straight to you.

WILLIAMS
Okay -

LEWIS
I'm sorry...sir. I'm so sorry.

WILLIAMS
Okay - so we got a situation here -

CUBAN'S MAN
Signior Lewis, you are expendable.

At this, Lewis is shot dead by multiple gunshots from the Cuban's men.
They then point their sub-machine guns at Williams.

CUBAN'S MAN
Come with us.

WILLIAMS
Okay.

USAF MAJOR
Sir -

WILLIAMS
Yes ?

USAF MAJOR
What do I do ?

WILLIAMS
Report back.

CUBAN'S MAN
Yes - report back. We are the Cuban's
men.

USAF MAJOR
Right.

WILLIAMS
Okay. Let's go.

Williams is led through the building at gun-point by the Cuban's men. The
personnel and staff keep their distance as Williams is led out of the
building.

CUBAN'S MAN
No funny stuff. Okay ?

They say nothing.

The Cuban's Man goes to a USAF MAJOR and points a gun at him.

CUBAN'S MAN
No funny stuff ? Yes - ?

USAF MAJOR
No, sir.

The Cuban's Man makes his way through the door, keeping his gun trained on the airforce personnel, until the door closes behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT: AIRFORCE BASE - NIGHT

Williams is led out at gun-point.

CUBAN'S MAN
One move and he'd dead.

Williams is led into the Galaxy. The door closes.

The Galaxy begins to increase its taxiing speed and moves towards a runway. The military police fire sub-machine guns at it and try to intercept the Galaxy.

They get into jeeps and drive ahead of the Galaxy, setting up a cordon, but the Galaxy simply busts through them and is so massive it just knocks the jeeps aside.

The military police fire hails of bullets at the enormous plane as it takes off, rising into the sky.

CUT TO:

INT: GALAXY - NIGHT

Cockpit. The Cuban flies the plane.

Later:

He sets the controls to auto-pilot and then goes into the mid-section cargo area to meet Air Marshall Williams.

CUBAN
Air Marshall -

WILLIAMS
Okay...

CUBAN
It's good to have you on board.
I'm sorry we may have been a little rough...it's just -

WILLIAMS
Okay...

CUBAN
You understand...?

WILLIAMS
Yes. I understand. What's the plan ?

CUBAN
The plan ?

WILLIAMS
You got a plan ? I'm part o' the
plan. Yes - ?

CUBAN
Air Marshall -

WILLIAMS
You want me to co-operate, okay;
so, what's your plan ?

CUBAN
Air Marshall, you are my hostage.
You are my prisoner.

WILLIAMS
I will co-operate, but I will not
betray any secrets.

CUBAN
I understand that. I would expect
no less from you.

WILLIAMS
Okay. We understand each other.

CUBAN
We do.

The Cuban leaves Williams to ponder his situation, and goes back to the
cockpit.

CUT TO:

INT: GALAXY - DAY

Early morning over Cuba skies.

The Galaxy comes in to land on a landing strip near the Cuban's base.

CUT TO:

EXT: LANDING STRIP - DAY

Near the Cuban's military compound.

On the ground, about twenty helicopters are being painted in the colors of
the New York Police Department. The Galaxy approaches the landing strip
and lands, then slows to a halt.

Later: Williams is led at gun-point past the helicopters. The Cuban points
them out to Williams.

CUBAN
Air Marshall - look.

Williams takes a brief look at the helicopters, but remains unimpressed,
or gives the Cuban the impression he is unimpressed, and says nothing.

CUBAN
What do you think ?

Williams now feels obliged to say something, as he has been directly addressed.

WILLIAMS
Okay, I guess.

CUBAN
"...Okay ?" Is much more than just,
"okay." Is, magnifique.

A beat.

CUBAN
You know what I'm going to do ?

WILLIAMS
I am your hostage. You can do to
me, whatever you want, within
reason.

CUBAN (amused)
"...Within reason...?"

WILLIAMS
You are a reasonable person...?

The Cuban laughs and speaks with a slight snarl.

CUBAN
I will do, what I want. Reason
is another animal.

This leaves Williams a little perplexed, which he tries to suppress and hide, appearing outwardly not to react much to the Cuban's sinister words.

The Cuban smiles, thinking he may have unnerved Williams a little.

CUT TO:

EXT: NEW YORK - DAY

Wall Street. A window-cleaners' van stops outside a Wall Street trading house.

Several men dressed as window cleaners get out of the van and take out their equipment.

Later:

They operate a pulley system to winch the window-cleaners' platform up the side of the building. They rise up thirty storeys, then start to clean the windows of the thirtieth floor with acid water.

CUT TO:

EXT: CENTRAL PARK - DAY

A number of NYPD police helicopters are stationed around a temporary command centre, near which Jodie is liaising with Police Lieutenant JIM REYNOLDS. Some helicopters are taking off and patrolling the skies above Wall Street.

JODIE
We gotta keep at least two choppers

JODIE (cont'd)
up there all the time.

REYNOLDS
Okay.

Reynolds looks up to the sky.

CUT TO:

EXT: SKY - DAY

The huge Galaxy transport plane circles around the top of Wall Street at about five thousand feet. The back opens to let out the twenty helicopters manned by the Cuban's men which he had painted in the colors of the NYPD.

The helicopters fly in formation and swoop down onto Wall Street.

CUT TO:

EXT: CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Jodie sees several police helicopters in flight above the command centre. Some are flying, some taking off, some landing.

She hears the fleet of the Cuban's NYPD-painted helicopters and looks up to see them swarming around the top of the trading house with the acid-weakened windows on the thirtieth floor.

She turns to Reynolds.

JODIE
You order re-inforcements ?

REYNOLDS
No.

JODIE
Look at that.

Reynolds looks up and sees the helicopters.

REYNOLDS
Heck...

JODIE
Where'd they come from ?

REYNOLDS
I don't know.

JODIE
How many we got, in total ? Count 'em.

Reynolds looks up and counts the number of helicopters, and then speaks to Jodie.

REYNOLDS
Must be fifteen, more.

JODIE
That's too many. They're not ours.

Reynolds is puzzled.

REYNOLDS
Not ours - ?

JODIE
They're painted NYPD, but they ain't
ours. The Cuban, he must've had them
painted in the colours of the NYPD.

Reynolds looks at Jodie.

JODIE
Call our choppers down, now !

Reynolds gets onto the radio.

REYNOLDS
This is Reynolds. All police helicopters
are to land, now. Do you copy ? Over.

He looks up at the helicopters in the sky.

CUT TO:

INT: POLICE HELICOPTER - DAY

The PILOT answers.

PILOT
Affirmative. We copy. Over.

The pilot takes the helicopter down towards Central Park, away from Wall
Street.

CUT TO:

EXT: CENTRAL PARK - DAY

The twelve police helicopters land in the area around the command centre.
The pilots get out and go to Jodie and Reynolds.

PILOT
What's up ?

JODIE
We got trouble.

PILOT
Huh ?

Jodie opens an arms store and tosses sub-machine guns to the pilot,
together with ammunition.

PILOT
What's this for ?

JODIE
The Cuban -

PILOT
Shit.

JODIE
Son-of-a-bitch painted his choppers
in the color o' the NYPD.

PILOT

Shit.

JODIE

Got, must be, twenty choppers
over Wall Street right now.

A SECOND PILOT comes forwards.

SECOND PILOT

What do you want us to do ?

JODIE

Blow them out ta the sky.

SECOND PILOT

You serious ?

JODIE

Sure as hell am.

The Second Pilot turns to Reynolds.

SECOND PILOT

Lieutenant - ?

REYNOLDS

That's an order.

JODIE

Shoot to kill.

A THIRD PILOT comes forwards.

JODIE

Get to it.

THIRD PILOT

That Cuban is a son-of-a-bitch.

JODIE

You gonna take him down ?

PILOT

Yes, ma'am.

The Pilot speaks the Third Pilot.

PILOT

Let's go.

The pilots get into their helicopters.

JODIE

I'll take one o' the choppers. You
coming with me ?

REYNOLDS

Sure am.

JODIE

Good. Let's go.

Jodie hands a sub-machine gun and ammunition to Reynolds. They get into a helicopter.

The fleet of twelve police helicopters rises into the sky.

CUT TO:

EXT: SKY - DAY

Skies above Wall Street. The fleet of twelve police helicopters flies in close to the NYPD-painted helicopters of the Cuban.

CUT TO:

INT: CUBAN'S HELICOPTER - DAY

The Cuban speaks into the radio.

CUBAN
Break formation.

He puts the radio down.

CUT TO:

EXT: SKY - DAY

The Cuban's helicopters break formation and fly off to the sides of the in-coming police helicopters, then turn back on them.

CUT TO:

INT: CUBAN'S HELICOPTER - DAY

The Cuban speaks into the radio.

CUBAN
Fire at will.

The cuban's CO-PILOT starts to fire his sub-machine gun from the opened window of the helicopter.

CUT TO:

EXT: SKY - DAY

The gunners (co-pilots) in the Cuban's helicopters stick their sub-machine guns out of the opened windows and doors and fire blasts of machine-gun bullets at the police helicopters, which turn and disperse.

CUT TO:

INT: JODIE'S HELICOPTER - DAY

Jodie speaks into the radio.

JODIE
Blow 'em out ta the sky !

Reynolds sticks his semi-automatic pistol out of opened door of the helicopter.

CUT TO:

EXT: SKY - DAY

The gunners (co-pilots) in the police helicopters fire off blasts of sub-machine gun bullets through their opened doors and windows at the Cuban's helicopters.

As the police and the Cuban's NYPD-painted helicopters are now out of formation and involved in individual dog-fights, the level of confusion is such that neither side's gunners can be sure who they are firing at, but they continue to fire for fear of being blown out of the sky by the helicopter they are firing at.

There is very little delay for thought for positive identification before firing. Any hesitation could be fatal.

A number of helicopters are blown up and fall to the ground as debris.

Some pilots are shot dead. Their co-pilots take over the flying of the helicopters, and being unable to fire back, are either blown up or shot dead. Any pilot-less helicopter, with both pilot and co-pilot dead, falls to the ground and blows up.

CUT TO:

INT: JODIE'S HELICOPTER - DAY

Jodie sees a helicopter in front of her, firing directly at her. She speaks to Reynolds.

JODIE
Take the controls.

Reynolds takes over flying the helicopter as Jodie leans out of the window, firing a hail of sub-machine gun bullets at the in-coming helicopter, which continues firing at her. She is shot in the arm as bullets rip across the window, but keeps firing.

JODIE
Son-of-a-bitch ! Bring me in
real close. I'm gonna ram this
gun right down his throat !

Reynolds flies the helicopter on a collision course with the in-coming helicopter. Jodie continues to fire at it. The gunner in the in-coming helicopter continues to fire at her helicopter.

JODIE
C'mon ! C'mon !

REYNOLDS
Huh ?

JODIE
I'm talking to him, that son-of-a-bitch !
C'mon ! I ain't scared o' nothing.

She fires. The gunner fires back.

JODIE
Lemme see your eyes.

She fires, and the gunner returns fire.

JODIE
Lemme see the whites of your eyes.
Then I kill ya ! C'mon !

The helicopters get closer and closer. She fires. The gunner fires back.

JODIE

C'mon !

She fires. She can see the whites of the gunner's eyes. There is a split-second of eye contact and recognition.

JODIE

C'mon !

The gunner's face suddenly shows apprehension and fear. He hesitates on the trigger. She fires.

The gunner's face and eyes are ripped open by sub-machine gun fire, his head exploding in a sea of blood.

JODIE

Gotcha !

Her adrenalin levels are so high that she continues firing. Reynolds tries to tip the helicopter down out of its collision course but it is just too close. Jodie fires like a maniac.

REYNOLDS

We're gonna hit !

JODIE

No way !

She fires an intense hail of bullets. The in-coming helicopter blows up. The blast from the explosion causes Jodie's helicopter to be blown off course. Reynolds desperately pulls on the controls. The helicopter is spiralling out of control.

REYNOLDS

Oh shit !

JODIE

Hold this.

She hands the sub-machine gun to Reynolds. She jumps into the pilot's seat, barely giving Reynolds time to get out of it. She tugs for all she's worth on the joystick. The helicopter spins and spins, then suddenly stabilises. Jodie manages to return it to normal flight.

JODIE

Okay. Take the controls.

Reynolds climbs back into the pilot's seat as Jodie moves across into the co-pilot's seat.

REYNOLDS

You got shot.

JODIE

No big deal.

REYNOLDS

You okay ?

JODIE

Sure. Fly this thing. Let's get

JODIE (cont'd)
some more o' them sons-of-bitches !

REYNOLDS
Yes, ma'am !

Jodie is suddenly caught in reflective mood. Reynolds sees this.

REYNOLDS
What's up ?

JODIE
Friendly fire.

REYNOLDS
Huh ?

JODIE
That son-of-a-bitch - the Cuban !
We must've got some friendly fire.

She picks up the radio.

JODIE
Mitchell, Briggs, Evans, Smith, Cronyn,
Jackson, Rodgers, Murphy, Hicks, Daniels,
Davis, Menday -

REYNOLDS
You know all their names...

JODIE
They're people, good people. This is
Agent Phillips, do you read me, over ?
Identify yourselves, over.

MITCHELL (O.S.)
This is Mitchell. I read you. Over.

CRONYN (O.S.)
Affirmative. This is Cronyn. I read
you. Over.

RODGERS (O.S.)
Rodgers. I read you. Over.

MURPHY (O.S.)
Murphy. I read you. Over.

DAVIS (O.S.)
Davis. I read you. Over.

MENDAY (O.S.)
Affirmative. This is Menday. I read
you. Over.

JODIE
Shit - that's six of our choppers
down. We gotta call this off.

REYNOLDS
But -

JODIE
Look, ain't worth it, fifty percent
attrition...we gotta call it off.

REYNOLDS
Okay.

JODIE
This is Agent Phillips. I'm ordering
you all down. Do you copy, over ?

POLICE PILOTS (O.S.)
Affirmative. We copy. Over.

JODIE (to Reynolds)
Take us down.

Reynolds takes the helicopter down.

CUT TO:

EXT: SKY - DAY

The police helicopters fly away from Wall Street.

The Cuban's NYPD-painted helicopters continue to circle around.

CUT TO:

INT: JODIE'S HELICOPTER - DAY

Jodie speaks to Reynolds.

JODIE
Fly over the debris.

REYNOLDS
Huh ? Why ?

JODIE
Gotta count 'em up. Work out how
many o' the Cuban's choppers we
shot down.

REYNOLDS
Okay.

Reynolds flies the helicopter over any debris, taking detours as Jodie
counts the wreckage of fourteen helicopters.

JODIE
That's fourteen.

REYNOLDS
Yeah ? Is that good or bad ?

JODIE
Six of ours are down. That makes eight
of this we shot down.

REYNOLDS
Pretty good, huh ?

Jodie nods.

JODIE
Yeah - six to eight, not bad.

REYNOLDS
We only got five down.

JODIE
Huh ?

REYNOLDS
That makes nine o' his we shot down.

She looks at him.

JODIE
How's that ?

REYNOLDS
You count 'em.

JODIE
I did. We got six down. I spoke to
our pilots; only six responded. Six
did not respond.

REYNOLDS
Count 'em.

JODIE
I don't -

REYNOLDS
We got twelve choppers. We had twelve.

JODIE
Uh-huh...

REYNOLDS
Fourteen down.

JODIE
Yeah...

REYNOLDS
We had twelve - we got six pilots affirmative...

JODIE
Yeah...

REYNOLDS
Plus me and you.

JODIE
Heck, you're right. I forgot about
us. My math is usually better than
that. I must've got carried away,
shooting down that son-of-a-bitch.

REYNOLDS
It's the adrenalin...

Jodie nods.

JODIE
You're right.

REYNOLDS
...It can take you over.

JODIE
Reynolds, you know, it was kill
or be killed. It was self-defence.

REYNOLDS
I understand.

A beat.

A sudden thought occurs to Jodie.

JODIE
Who didn't fly ?

REYNOLDS
Briggs.

JODIE
Where is he ?

REYNOLDS
The command centre.

JODIE
Why didn't he fly ?

REYNOLDS
We took his chopper.

JODIE
Of course.

REYNOLDS
You can speak to him when we land.

JODIE
Okay. Take us down.

Reynolds takes the helicopter down to land.

CUT TO:

EXT: CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Near the command centre.

The seven remaining police helicopters land.

The pilots and co-pilots (gunners), including Reynolds and Jodie, get out
and go to the command centre.

Jodie goes over to Briggs.

JODIE
Briggs, I'm sorry we took your
chopper.

Briggs shrugs, trying to hide his disappointment.

BRIGGS
That's okay.

JODIE
We shot nine of the Cuban's down.

Briggs puts on a shallow forced smile.

JODIE
We lost five.

Briggs drops his forced smile and looks serious.

BRIGGS
That's..unfortunate.

Reynolds comes forwards.

REYNOLDS
Five of ours to nine of his ! That's
good shooting.

Briggs sighs.

BRIGGS
Sure is.

Reynolds turns to speak to Jodie.

REYNOLDS
What's next.

JODIE
I'm gonna go it alone.

REYNOLDS
You think that's wise ?

JODIE
Can't afford to lose any more
men. Can't afford to lose any
more choppers.

Reynolds shrugs.

REYNOLDS
I guess you're right.

JODIE
No other way.

Reynolds turns from Jodie, to speak to the other men.

Jodie looks up at the sky.

CUT TO:

EXT: SKY - DAY

The Cuban's helicopters line up near the windows of the thirtieth floor of the Wall Street trading house with the acid-weakened windows.

The doors of the helicopters open and bolts are fired into the walls of the building above the glass. The bolts are attached to steel ropes which are attached to a device on the sides of the helicopters. The steel ropes fly after the bolts and are unravelled so that they maintain tautness.

The Cuban's men use coupling rings to attach harnesses to the steel ropes and climb inside the harnesses. They then slide across to the walls of the building and extend their legs to smash through the glass which just collapses on impact.

Once through the glass, the Cuban's men hold out their sub-machine guns and fire into the building.

Air Marshall Williams is instructed to get into a harness.

WILLIAMS

Okay, okay.

He is then pushed across to the windows, followed by some of the Cuban's men and then the Cuban himself.

Eight of the remaining eleven of the Cuban's helicopters stay in their position, near the walls with the steel ropes attached by bolts.

The three other helicopters, as instructed, fly upwards and circle around the top of the building.

CUT TO:

INT: TRADING HOUSE - DAY

Thirtieth floor. A trading room.

The traders at their desks with computers, are startled by the entrance of the Cuban's men, firing their sub-machine guns at the ceiling, but then appear to relax as they see NYPD uniforms.

One of the TRADERS leaves his desk and approaches the Cuban's men with a smile on his face.

TRADER

Boy, am I glad to see you.

The Cuban steps forwards.

CUBAN

Do you know who we are ?

TRADER

The NYPD.

CUBAN

No.

The trader's smile drops off his face.

TRADER

Who are ya ?

CUBAN

I am the Cuban. Down on the floor,
now !

The Cuban's men point their sub-machine guns at the traders, who leave their desks and lie face down on the floor.

The Cuban holds his sub-machine to the head of the trader who came forward.

CUBAN
And you, my friend.

The trader lies face down on the floor.

CUBAN
Shoot up the computers.

The Cuban's men go behind the desks and fire a hail of sub-machine gun bullets into the computer screens, causing them to blow up.

CUBAN
We'll have no more trading today.

The Cuban goes to Air Marshall Williams.

CUBAN
Down on the floor, please.

WILLIAMS
Is that really necessary.

CUBAN
Yes, it is !

WILLIAMS
Okay, okay.

Williams lies face down on the floor.

CUBAN
Thank you.

The Cuban moves to the middle of the trading floor, so that everyone can hear him.

CUBAN
You traders, with your shares,
your trades, your derivatives,
your speculation, you have made
me poor. Capitalism is a vile
abomination. It means, the rich
get richer, the poor poorer. It
makes me weep to see women and
children die, die so young, from
starvation caused by capitalism.

A trader lifts his head a little off the floor to speak.

TRADER
No...

CUBAN
What ?! I see them, in Cuba, poverty
kills them. Global capitalism makes
them poor.

TRADER
No; that's not true.

The Cuban goes to the trader and holds his sub-machine gun down at his head.

CUBAN
You...What have you got to say ?

TRADER
Capitalism creates wealth, for the whole world.

CUBAN
Only for the rich. The poor get nothing.

TRADER
Mister Cuban, I don't think you understand global capitalism.

CUBAN
I understand it, too well.

A SECOND TRADER speaks.

SECOND TRADER
What are you gonna do ?

CUBAN
That depends...

SECOND TRADER
...On what ?

CUBAN
Your President. I will ask him to order the end of all stock market trading -

TRADER
For how long ?

CUBAN
Forever.

TRADER
He'll never do that.

CUBAN
Then I will kill you one by one until he does.

The traders look apprehensive and depressed.

CUT TO:

EXT: SKY - DAY

5000 feet up, a small military transport plane circles around Wall Street.

A door opens. Jodie leaps out and sky-dives down towards the Wall Street trading house. When she gets to 2000 feet and can see the Cuban's three

helicopters patrolling, she pulls her rip-cord. Her parachute opens and she descends slowly towards the roof of the building.

As she gets down to 1000 feet she can see that the Cuban's helicopters have spotted her and are closing in to intercept. She takes out her sub-machine gun and fires at the in-coming helicopters.

The gunners in the Cuban's helicopters lean out of the opened windows and fire hails of sub-machine gun bullets at Jodie.

Her parachute is holed by a number of bullets and becomes less effective, causing her to drop more quickly, but still at a more or less safe rate.

A helicopter approaches her on a collision course. She fires at it. The gunner fires back at her. She is hit on the left shoulder. She shrugs and ignores the wound. The helicopter comes to within fifty feet of her when she intensifies firing.

The helicopter suddenly blows up. Its burning debris falls to the ground and causes another explosion on impact.

Jodie's parachute is knocked off course by the initial explosion and it takes her some time and effort to straighten it and bring it back on course for landing on the roof of the building.

Jodie spots another helicopter heading straight for her, with the gunner unleashing a hail of bullets at her. She twists and turns in her harness to dodge the bullets.

She fires back, aiming for the gunner. She looks down the sight and holds the sub-machine gun very straight. She shoots the gunner in the chest and face. He falls out of the door of the helicopter, smashing through its glass upper section, his dead body falling to the ground.

The pilot tries to turn the helicopter away from Jodie's fire, but is shot dead through the chest and face with bullets passing through the smashed-out door section. The helicopter spins out of control and crashes into the building, some storeys above the thirtieth.

CUT TO:

INT: TRADING HOUSE - DAY

Thirtieth floor trading room.

The Cuban goes to see what has caused the commotion outside and leans out. He ducks just in time to avoid the falling debris from the helicopter, then looks down as it crashes against the side of the building on its way to the ground. It lands in a heap of metal and flames.

The Cuban looks up and catches a glimpse of Jodie in her parachute banking towards the roof and the one remaining patrol helicopter heading in her direction. The Cuban then goes back to the middle of the trading floor.

CUBAN

We have company. Guard all the ways in.

A number of the Cuban's men move to positions near the windows and the elevator doors.

CUBAN

Each man take a hostage.

Each of the traders is surrounded by one of the Cuban's men with a sub-machine pointed at them.

CUBAN
You capitalists, stand...slowly.

The traders slowly rise to their feet.

CUBAN
Air Marshall Williams, stand.

WILLIAMS
Okay.

Williams stands.

CUT TO:

EXT: SKY - DAY

The remaining helicopter fires at Jodie. She fires back. The gunner aims at her parachute and rips the fabric across with a spray of bullets. The parachute is almost useless and flops down. Jodie starts to free-fall.

The parachute becomes entangled in the blades of the helicopter, threatening to haul in Jodie and shred her.

She dives at the fixed undercarriage of the helicopter and holds on with one hand. She swings and manages to get her other hand on the fixed undercarriage.

She sees the blades twisting up the parachute and churning bits of it out as flying fabric. She has a split second to unclip her harness. She puts one hand on the harness, the other holding onto the undercarriage. One clip is undone. The other holds. She bangs it with her fist. The harness suddenly flies up into the blades of the helicopter and is ripped to shreds.

The helicopter is spinning out of control as the blades are caught up with the parachute and lose their speed of revolution.

CUT TO:

INT: HELICOPTER - DAY

The pilot is struggling with the controls. The gunner is knocked against the fixed undercarriage and moves along the side towards the door. She whips out her sub-machine gun and fires at the gunner before he can turn.

CUT TO:

INT: HELICOPTER - DAY

The gunner is shot to pieces. He falls dead onto the floor. The pilot pulls hard on the joystick and manages to get the helicopter back under control.

CUT TO:

EXT: SKY - DAY

The last of the parachute is shredded and discarded by the blades which increase their speed of revolution to normal. Jodie hangs onto the door. She looks at the pilot. He looks at her, then adopts a series of manoeuvres to try to dislodge her. He banks wildly to-and-fro, makes

sudden turns and dives, turns the helicopter on its sides, and even upside down, but Jodie manages to hang on.

CUT TO:

INT: HELICOPTER - DAY

The pilot realises that he cannot dislodge her and returns to normal flight. He sees the gunner's sub-machine gun on the floor close to him, behind his seat. He stretches to get his hand to it.

CUT TO:

EXT: SKY - DAY

Jodie sees the pilot's hand stretch out. She shoots him dead through the door. She sees him flop dead in the pilot's seat and lean forward on the joystick, plunging the helicopter into a steep dive. She pulls the door open and gets inside the helicopter.

CUT TO:

INT: HELICOPTER - DAY

Jodie tosses the dead pilot out of his seat and onto the floor. She gets into the pilot's seat and tugs hard on the joystick. She grits her teeth as she sees the roof of the building approach. She pulls. Suddenly, the helicopter pulls out of the dive, and Jodie returns it to level flight.

She lands it on the roof of the Wall Street trading house.

CUT TO:

EXT: TRADING HOUSE - DAY

Roof area.

Jodie jumps out of the helicopter and drags out the body of the gunner, who was dressed in an NYPD uniform. She takes his uniform off his body, and puts it on over her combat suit.

She makes her way to the entrance. She shoots off the lock and goes down into the building.

CUT TO:

INT: TRADING HOUSE - DAY

Jodie makes her way down towards the highest storey on which the elevators operate and presses the button. She watches the storey counter on the elevator. It rises past 25 to 30.

CUT TO:

INT: THIRTIETH FLOOR - DAY

Trading floor. One of the Cuban's men watching the elevator doors notices the storey counter rising from 25 to 30.

CUBAN'S MAN
Something's happening.

CUBAN
Keep an eye on it.

The Cuban's man watches as the storey counter rises to 40, then 50, then stops at the 52nd floor.

CUT TO:

INT: FIFTY-SECOND STOREY - DAY

The storey counter reaches 52, then stops. The elevator door opens. Jodie gets in the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT: ELEVATOR - DAY

Jodie presses the button for the fortieth floor. The door closes, the elevator descends.

CUT TO:

INT: THIRTIETH FLOOR - DAY

The Cuban's man near the elevator doors watches the storey counter go down to 40, then stop.

CUBAN'S MAN

They stopped at the fortieth floor.

CUBAN

Come on, you can make it. Come and get me.

The Cuban fixes his eyes on the storey counter.

CUT TO:

INT: ELEVATOR - DAY

The storey counter has stopped at 40. Jodie moves to the side of the door. She takes out a canister of CS gas. The door opens. She points her sub-machine gun through the door as it opens. She looks.

No-one there. She relaxes. She presses the button for the thirty-fifth floor. The door closes. The elevator descends.

CUT TO:

INT: THIRTIETH FLOOR - DAY

The Cuban's man sees the storey counter stop at 35.

CUBAN'S MAN

They stopped at the thirty-fifth floor.

CUBAN

I know who this is.

CUBAN'S MAN

Who ?

CUBAN

Special Agent Jodie Phillips...

CUBAN'S MAN

How do you know it's her.

CUBAN

I have a psychic bond with her.

The Cuban's man stares at the Cuban for a second, then looks away, and then looks again at the storey counter.

CUBAN
Come to me, my dear.

The Cuban watches the storey counter.

CUT TO:

INT: ELEVATOR - DAY

The storey counter says 35.

Jodie stands to the side of the door as it opens, exposing the room to her. She crouches, holding CS gas canister and sub-machine gun. Her eyes peer out as the door opens all the way. No-one there. She relaxes. She presses the button for the thirtieth floor.

CUT TO:

INT: THIRTIETH FLOOR - DAY

The Cuban's men sees the storey counter go down, 34, 33, 32, 31, 30. He nods to the Cuban as the elevator stops at the thirtieth floor. The Cuban makes a hand gesture to his men.

They stand back from the elevator door and aim their sub-machine guns at it. The Cuban looks at the elevator door.

CUT TO:

INT: ELEVATOR - DAY

The storey counter reaches 30. The elevator stops.

Jodie watches as the door opens slightly. She sees figures and ducks to the floor, throwing in the CS gas canister and firing into the room.

CUT TO:

INT: THIRTIETH FLOOR - DAY

The Cuban's men choke and take cover behind desks. Several are shot dead by fire from the elevator. A gun battle ensues as they fire back into the opened door.

The Cuban's men drag their hostages down onto the floor. The Cuban moves Air Marshall Williams to a position behind a desk. The smoke begins to clear. The firing on both sides continues.

CUT TO:

INT: ELEVATOR - DAY

Jodie crawls along the floor of the elevator out through the door and into the thirtieth floor.

CUT TO:

INT: THIRTIETH FLOOR - DAY

Jodie crawling along the floor and firing, finds a place behind a desk and then looks around.

The smoke has now cleared. She sees the legs of the Cuban's men in positions behind desks, whilst they are firing in her direction, their heads just above desk top height.

Jodie fires at their legs, in an arc, and manages to immobilise many of them. They cry out in agony.

CUBAN
I have Air Marshall Williams here.
I will kill him.

Jodie stops firing. Silence.

CUBAN
Throw in your weapon. Come out with
your hands on your head.

Jodie throws her sub-machine gun into the middle of the room and rises from behind a desk, holding her hands on her head.

CUBAN
Come closer.

Jodie approaches the Cuban. She surveys the immobilised Cuban's men on the floor as she walks to within five feet of the Cuban.

CUBAN
Jodie, I love you.

JODIE
Do you ? Do you really, love me ?

CUBAN
You know I do.

JODIE
I know nothing of the sort. This
is a strange way to treat your lover.

CUBAN
What do you want me to do ?

JODIE
Put your guns away. Free your hostages.
Give them to me.

CUBAN
I can't do that...

JODIE
Then you don't love me.

CUBAN
I do love you.

JODIE
Then do what I say.

The Cuban half laughs, then stops and sits on a desk.

CUBAN
What are we to do, the two of us ?

JODIE
"The two of us - ?" Mister Cuban -

CUBAN
Please, call me, Ramon.

JODIE

Ramon, -

CUBAN

You called me by my name, Ramon.

JODIE

That is your name...?

CUBAN

Do you know what it means ?

JODIE

No...

CUBAN

Ramon means, "Wise Protector."
I can be your, wise protector.

JODIE

I don't need no protecting from
no-one. I protect myself.

The Cuban half laughs.

JODIE

Anyway, what sort o' protection
is that ? You're killing people !

CUBAN

Only when it's necessary...

JODIE

"...Necessary..." for what ?

CUBAN

To end world capitalism.

JODIE

You can't do that...

CUBAN

Why not ?

JODIE

World capitalism is a wealth
creator.

CUBAN

Only for the rich...and when
you make some people rich, you
make others poor.

JODIE

That is, Marxist baloney.

CUBAN

That is, the truth.

Jodie shakes her head.

The Cuban rises from the desk.

CUBAN

I will spare the lives of my hostages, if you can get the President to order all trading on the stock exchange must cease, immediately.

JODIE

He'll never agree to that.

CUBAN

Then the hostages must die.

A beat.

CUBAN

Think about it. Persuade your boss to ask the President, to agree to my demands.

JODIE

Okay, I'll try; I doubt if he'll agree...

CUBAN

Then they must die.

JODIE

I'll give it a go...

The Cuban hands the pen radio he took off Lewis to Jodie.

JODIE

Thanks.

CUBAN

Speak to them. Get them to stop all stock market trading.

Jodie speaks into the pen radio.

JODIE

Hello, Control, this is Agent Phillips, do you copy, over ?

A voice from Control answers.

VOICE (O.S.)

Affirmative Agent Phillips, this is Control; we're hearing you loud and clear.

JODIE

Put me through to Johnson, please.

VOICE (O.S.)

Putting you through...

Johnson's voice is heard on the pen radio.

JOHNSON (O.S.)

Hi, Agent Phillips -

JODIE

Sir, we got a situation here.

JOHNSON (O.S.)

Uh-huh...

JODIE

The Cuban's got fifty traders and
Air Marshall Williams hostage -

JOHNSON (O.S.)

I see...

JODIE

He says, you must speak to the President,
persuade him to stop all stock market
trading, or...

JOHNSON (O.S.)

Or, what...?

JODIE

He'll kill the hostages, one by one,
until the President agrees...

CUBAN

All activity must stop, or I kill
them, all, including Air Marshall
Williams...You speak to your President.

JOHNSON (O.S.)

I'll see what I can do.

A beat.

JODIE

Why are you doing this ?

CUBAN

To change the world.

Jodie shakes her head.

JODIE

You can't change the world like
this. Change can only come about
through persuasion; not by threats.

CUBAN

No-one listens to me.

JODIE

Are you surprised ?

CUBAN

Force is necessary.

JODIE

Force never works.

CUBAN

Sometimes, people have to die...

JODIE
No...You must put your guns down
and negotiate...

CUBAN
What ? A prison sentence !?

JODIE
I guess you would call that a plea
bargain.

CUBAN
I do not negotiate. I demand...

JODIE
...You request...

CUBAN
What ? Ask, plead, beg...?

JODIE
...Suggest...

CUBAN
What ?

JODIE
We modify, adjust, improve, world
capitalism...

CUBAN
How ?

JODIE
We moderate, world capitalism...

CUBAN
I will destroy, world capitalism.

JODIE
Your methods are too absolute.

CUBAN
I am, a moral person.

JODIE
Moral people don't murder.

CUBAN
The men I have killed, were all
sacrifices...

JODIE
"Sacrifices..." to what ?

CUBAN
To the greater good, of mankind.

JODIE
That's where you go wrong. You
cannot justify murder under any
circumstances.

CUBAN
You have killed people...

JODIE
I never murdered no-one ! Anyone
I killed, was in self-defence.

Johnson's voice is heard again on the pen radio.

JOHNSON (O.S.)
Er, Agent Phillips...

JODIE
Yes...

JOHNSON (O.S.)
I've spoken to the President...
and he says, no dice.

Jodie is shocked.

JODIE
What ?!

JOHNSON (O.S.)
The President says, go ahead, kill
them...

JODIE
Even Air Marshall Williams...?

JOHNSON (O.S.)
Even him...The President will not
give in to threats or blackmail.

JODIE
Fifty people will die.

JOHNSON (O.S.)
He says, Wall Street traders are
not too popular at the moment; so,
if some of them die at the hands
of a terrorist, not many people
will care...He will not lose too
many votes over fifty dead traders.
Much more important to keep Wall
Street open and trading, than saving
the lives of fifty very replaceable
traders.

CUBAN
Your President is, a politician.

JODIE
You can't blackmail him.

CUBAN
He thinks I am bluffing, no - ?

JOHNSON (O.S.)
He said, kill them.

CUBAN
I am not bluffing.

The Cuban takes out a pistol and aims it at Williams' head.

JODIE
No - don't do this, Ramon.

CUBAN
You called me, Ramon.

JODIE
Ramon, I'm begging you, please,
don't do this !

WILLIAMS
You're angry...

CUBAN
I am...angry.

WILLIAMS
Don't be angry with me.

CUBAN
Shut up !

The Cuban places the end of the barrel of the pistol against the side of Williams's head.

Williams tries to remain calm, but he starts to hyperventilate and shake.

CUBAN
Are you afraid.

WILLIAMS
I am, I am afraid.

CUBAN
If you keep perfectly still, I will
not kill you.

Williams tries to calm down his breathing, and to stop shaking.

CUBAN
Keep perfectly still.

Williams is motionless, and breathing slowly and deliberately.

About twenty seconds pass, then Williams shakes a little with a slight involuntary motion.

The Cuban shoots him through the head.

Williams falls down dead, with blood pouring out of his head.

JODIE
You didn't haf-ta do that.

CUBAN
He moved.

JODIE

He was bound to do that sometime.
You disgust me !

The Cuban laughs, then stops and looks at Jodie.

CUBAN

I am sorry. I did not think you
would be so upset.

JODIE

But I am, I am upset.

CUBAN

It was necessary.

JODIE

No, it was not ! I hate you !

CUBAN

You do not understand.

JODIE

I hate you, I hate you, I hate you !
You murderer !

CUBAN

Jodie, -

JODIE

He's just shot Williams dead.

CUBAN

Tell your President, I am serious.

JOHNSON (O.S.)

Okay.

CUBAN

Now, I think, I will get what I want.

JODIE

I wouldn't be too sure of that. You
made a mistake...

CUBAN

What mistake ?

JODIE

You killed the only person of any
significance. Big mistake.

CUBAN

I had to do it. Your President has
to understand, I will kill them all.

JODIE

He doesn't care about the rest.

CUBAN

Your President will -

JODIE

- Not give in to blackmail.

JOHNSON (O.S.)

Um, Agent Phillips, I've spoken to the President...he said, kill them.

CUBAN

I don't understand. You people, you capitalists, you care nothing for your people, your citizens.

JODIE

No-one is irreplaceable.

A beat.

JODIE

You gonna kill them ?

CUBAN

No. It would be futile. They can live. I believe in mercy. I do not kill without reason. Do you hate me now ?

JODIE

I appreciate your..mercy.

Cuban speaks to the traders.

CUBAN

Stand up, gentlemen.

The traders slowly and carefully get to their feet.

CUBAN (to Jodie)

Maybe, one day, you will understand me better.

The Cuban signals to his men to abandon the hostages and get into the helicopters. They strap themselves into their harnesses and slide across to the helicopters. The Cuban is the last to leave.

CUBAN

Goodbye, Jodie.

The Cuban blows Jodie a kiss, but she does not respond. She watches as he goes out of the window and slides across into a helicopter.

Jodie goes over to the window and watches through it as the Cuban's helicopters rise into the sky.

A few traders go over to Jodie.

TRADER

We owe you our lives.

Jodie does not reply.

She looks thoughtful as she ponders what the Cuban has said.

CUT TO:

INT: CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Briefing room.

Johnson and Jodie.

JODIE

He let them go. It's strange.
Maybe there's something in what
he says.

JOHNSON

That Marxist baloney - ?

She looks at him.

JOHNSON

It's a load o' crap.

JODIE

The President was willing to let
them die.

JOHNSON

Psychology, Agent Phillips, psychology.
The President knew what he was doing.
He knew the Cuban was bluffing.

JODIE

Did he ? The Cuban shot Air Marshall
Williams dead.

JOHNSON

All part of the game. Bluff and counter
bluff, poker -

JODIE

- With people's lives. High stakes game.

JOHNSON

Still a game, Agent Phillips.

JODIE

I would never gamble, with people's lives.

JOHNSON

That's why he's the President. "The buck
stops here." He was prepared for his
counter-bluff to fail. He would accept
the consequences.

Johnson points his finger at Jodie.

JODIE

You would never be able to do that.

A beat.

The intercom buzzes.

Johnson presses the button to speak into the intercom.

JOHNSON

Yeah...?

A VOICE on the intercom speaks.

VOICE (O.S.)

The Cuban is calling for Agent Phillips...

JOHNSON

Put him on.

CUBAN (O.S.)

Hello, Agent Phillips...

JODIE

Hello, Mister Cuban -

CUBAN (O.S.)

Ramon -

JODIE

Ramon...

CUBAN (O.S.)

So good to hear your voice again.

JODIE

What's the deal, Ramon ?

CUBAN (O.S.)

I have a special task for you...

JODIE

Sounds nice...

CUBAN (O.S.)

There is a bomb...

JODIE

I see. I thought you'd finished playing games...

CUBAN (O.S.)

I want to know the full extent of your powers.

JODIE

Why do you need ta know ? I don't even know that myself.

CUBAN (O.S.)

I need ta know how special you are.

JOHNSON

She's very special, more special than you could possibly imagine.

JODIE

Where's the bomb ?

The Cuban is heard chuckling on the intercom.

JODIE
Where is it ?

CUBAN (O.S.)
The bomb is on a 747...

JODIE
How original !

CUBAN (O.S.)
Oh, but this is !

JODIE
Tell me where it is.

CUBAN (O.S.)
It's inside the engine.

JODIE
You mean, the engine casing ?

CUBAN (O.S.)
No. The engine itself.

JODIE
How did you do that ?

CUBAN
You know, they take the engines
off their mountings, for maintenance;
I impersonated a maintenance man,
disassembled the engine, put my bomb
inside, reassembled the engine; and
there you have it, a bomb inside the
engine itself.

JODIE
Surely, it would blow up once the
engine got to revs, got hot.

CUBAN
It is in a heat-resistant box. It
will blow when the timer says, not
before.

JODIE
I'll have to release the engine from
its mountings in mid-flight...

CUBAN
...At thirty-seven thousand feet...?

JODIE
I guess that's possible.

JOHNSON
When an engine falls off a plane,
in the past, it destabilises, -
they crash because the weight is
on one side...

Jodie ponders this for a moment.

JODIE
I'll have to counterweight it...

JOHNSON
How ?

JODIE
I'll have to use the capsule plane as a counterweight. Plasma weld it to the wing, release the engine from the mounting, and let it fall into the sea.

JOHNSON
What about the passengers ? They will see what's happening...they might panic.

JODIE
We'll haf ta invent some kinda cover story, like it's...I don't know...refuelling in mid-air.

JOHNSON
Like the military...?

JODIE
That's what they do. They'd have ta slow the plane down to about three hundred miles per hour.

JOHNSON
They can do that. They only got seventy-five percent of the thrust with three engines.

CUBAN (O.S.)
Show me what you can do, Jodie.

JODIE
Ramon, I will do this.

CUBAN (O.S.)
Can you see the bomb ?

JODIE
Yes, I can it.

Jodie focusses on the bomb.

CUT TO:

EXT: SKY - DAY

A Boeing 747 at 37000 feet. Jodie's psychic vision closes in on the number 3 engine.

CUT TO:

INT: ENGINE - DAY

Inside the actual engine itself, a small box with a bomb inside. The detonator shows 100 minutes until it goes off.

CUT TO:

INT: COCKPIT - DAY

The PILOT and the CO-PILOT seated in front of the controls panel, with the plane on auto-pilot.

The FLIGHT ENGINEER hearing Jodie speaking into his ear-piece.

FLIGHT ENGINEER
Roger. Will co. Over and out.

The flight engineer turns to speak to the pilot.

FLIGHT ENGINEER
Captain, got a call from the CIA,
instructing us to shut down the
Number Three engine, and throttle
down to three hundred miles per hour.

PILOT
What's up ?

FLIGHT ENGINEER
There's a bomb in the Number Three
Engine...

CO-PILOT
What ?!

FLIGHT ENGINEER
There's a bomb actually inside the
engine. Someone pretended to be
a maintenance mechanic; opened
up the engine and put the bomb
inside, when it was off its mounting.
They're gonna send an agent to release
the engine during flight...

PILOT
How can they do that ? What about
the weight differential ?

FLIGHT ENGINEER
They said, they would counter-weight
it, then release the engine.

CO-PILOT
That would require split-second
timing.

FLIGHT ENGINEER
She understands the difficulties.

PILOT
There's no way we could equal out
the weight fast enough, transferring
the fuel...

FLIGHT ENGINEER
She understands that...

CO-PILOT
She ?

FLIGHT ENGINEER
Our rescuer is, a woman.

The co-pilot sighs.

FLIGHT ENGINEER
Give her a chance.

PILOT
We have no choice.

CO-PILOT
What do we tell the passengers ?

PILOT
That's a good one...

FLIGHT ENGINEER
We don't want them to panic.

PILOT
Let's hope she can do it.

The pilot looks at the co-pilot, who looks less than certain this plan will work.

CUT TO:

INT: CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Briefing room.

Johnson and Jodie.

JODIE
Sir, permission to use the capsule plane...?

JOHNSON
Permission granted.

JODIE
Sir, permission to undertake the rescue and remove the bomb ?

JOHNSON
Permission granted.

JODIE
I'd better get going.

Jodie gets up and goes to the door.

JOHNSON
Good luck, Agent Phillips.

JODIE
Thank you, sir.

Jodie goes out.

Johnson sighs.

CUT TO:

EXT: SKY - DAY A B52 bomber releases the capsule plane from its underside.

The capsule plane drops down for a few seconds and then fires up its main engine and rises into the sky, well clear of the B52 bomber.

Later:

The capsule plane is now in level flight, closing in on the 747 ahead.

CUT TO:

INT: CAPSULE PLANE - DAY

Jodie can see the 747 in front of her.

She taps into the computer to draw the capsule plane up alongside the wing of the 747. She sees the curious passengers looking out the 747's windows at her.

CUT TO:

INT: COCKPIT - DAY

The 747 cockpit.

The pilot, co-pilot and flight-engineer.

PILOT

Okay. Switch off the auto-pilot.

The co-pilot switches off the auto-pilot and the pilot takes the controls into his hands.

PILOT

Switch off Number Three engine.

The co-pilot switches off the Number Three engine, as seen on the display.

PILOT

Increase thrust on Number Four engine to ninety percent.

CO-PILOT

Increasing Number Four engine to ninety percent.

The co-pilot turns the thrust up on Number Four engine to a hundred percent.

PILOT

Reduce thrust on Number One and Number Two engines to, forty-five percent.

CO-PILOT

Reducing engines Number One and Two to, forty-five percent.

The co-pilot reduces the thrust on Number One and Number Two engines to fifty percent, as seen on the display.

The air-speed drops rapidly from 525 mph, down to 325 mph in about a minute, as shown on the speedometer.

The pilot looks at the co-pilot.

65.

PILOT
You ready for this ?

CO-PILOT
Sure...

PILOT
Let's keep her nice 'n steady.

The pilot smiles a little as he keeps the plane level, his hands on the joystick.

CUT TO:

INT: 747 - DAY

Passenger cabin.

The PASSENGERS look out of the windows and see the capsule plane closing in on the wing where the engine has been shut down.

PASSENGER
What's going on ?

SECOND PASSENGER
Hey, miss, what's that thing doing out there on the wing ?

A STEWARDESS looks out of the window.

STEWARDESS
I don't know. I'll have a word with the captain.

The stewardess walks towards the cockpit.

CUT TO:

INT: COCKPIT - DAY

The stewardess comes in and speaks to the pilot and co-pilot.

STEWARDESS
Captain, what going on ?

PILOT
We got a bomb...

STEWARDESS
What ?!

CO-PILOT
It's...in the engine...

STEWARDESS
In the engine ?! What are we gonna do ?

PILOT
That plane - it's part of the rescue plan.

CO-PILOT
They're gonna release the engine from

CO-PILOT (cont'd)
its mounting...

STEWARDESS
...In mid-air ?!

The flight-engineer interjects.

FLIGHT-ENGINEER
That's the plan.

STEWARDESS
Is it gonna work ?

PILOT
We gotta hope it will.

The stewardess shakes her head in despair.

PILOT
Go back into the cabin and tell
the passengers something...

STEWARDESS
What ?

CO-PILOT
Tell them, we're refuelling in
mid-air.

STEWARDESS
Will they believe that ?

FLIGHT-ENGINEER
Some of them might.

STEWARDESS
I doubt it...

PILOT
You can't really tell them the
truth.

CO-PILOT
They would panic...

FLIGHT-ENGINEER
...And we don't want that, do we ?

The stewardess looks doubtful of this plan.

PILOT
Tell them something...

CO-PILOT
...But not the truth.

PILOT
Do it.

STEWARDESS
Okay. Let's hope they buy it.

She goes out.

The pilot looks at the co-pilot.

PILOT

I don't want the passengers invading the cockpit when we're trying to keep the plane level.

CO-PILOT

They'd better not.

The pilot carefully holds the joystick, keeping the plane level.

CUT TO:

INT: PASSENGER CABIN - DAY

The stewardess re-enters the passenger cabin to find the passengers crowding are the windows, to get a better look at the capsule plane outside.

PASSENGER

Miss, what's happening ?

STEWARDESS

We're refuelling.

SECOND PASSENGER

In mid-air ?

STEWARDESS

Yes. We had a problem with Number Three engine. We had to shut it down; but, the fuel lines to Number Three are blocked, so we have ta refuel it in flight, in, mid-air.

THIRD PASSENGER

I know they refuel military planes in flight, like the B52 bomber... I seen that on film, but I never heard o' refuelling a civil airliner, a passenger plane, in mid-air.

STEWARDESS

This is the first time it has been done; the first time, the fuel lines to an engine got fully blocked. No panic, please...

The passenger grabs hold of the stewardess's arm and drags her towards him.

PASSENGER

You are telling us the truth, aren't you ?

STEWARDESS

Of course, I am.

She tugs her arm free.

STEWARDESS
Please, do not panic.

They look at her, but are not completely reassured, and remain anxious.
The stewardess tries to pretend things are as normal.

STEWARDESS
Now, can I get you anything ?

SECOND PASSENGER
A whiskey and soda, please.

STEWARDESS
Coming right up.

The stewardess goes to the galley.

The passengers keep crowding the windows, looking at the capsule plan.
CUT TO:

INT: CAPSULE PLANE - DAY

Jodie manoeuvres the capsule plane into a position five feet above the wing of the 747, and locks in the auto-pilot.

She puts on her goggles and helmet and straps on an oxygen mask and breathes into her helmet's face mask.

She takes out a laser and a portable X-ray device.

She takes a fibre-glass rope with her along with coupling rings and a bolt-punching device.

She straps a remote control device for operating the capsule plane to her wrist.

She presses a button to open a door on the underside of the capsule plane. There is momentary decompression, but the pressures soon stabilise. Jodie lowers herself carefully onto the wing of the 747.

CUT TO:

EXT: 747 WING - DAY

Jodie lowers herself onto the wing and crouches.

She uses the X-ray device to find places where she can punch bolts free of hydraulic and electrical lines. She takes out the bolt-puncher, feeds in coupling rings and punches in the bolts near the Number Three engine. She attaches herself to the wing by a coupling ring attached to the rope through her harness.

She stands near the Number Three engine. She is stable, held in place by the rope's tautness.

She then bolts herself onto the casing of Number Three engine, leaning herself over from the wing, down onto the side of the engine. She threads the rope through and secures herself.

She takes out the laser, and guided by the X-ray device, she locates the bolts that attach the Number Three engine to the engine mounting. She shines at the bolts, to loosen them one by one, until the engine starts

to shudder. The vibrations increase as each bolt is then loosened almost to falling off by Jodie using a large spanner.

Jodie activates the remote control device to bring the capsule plane down onto the wing. The capsule plane secretes its plasma bond which cools, and then adheres the capsule plane to the wing of the 747.

Jodie then calibrates the fuel in the capsule plane to dump some until the weight of the capsule plane is the same as that of the Number three engine.

The Number Three engine suddenly tears loose with Jodie attached to it.

The 747 judders for a moment, then goes back to level flight.

Jodie is tugged down with the engine towards the ocean below.

CUT TO:

EXT: SKY - DAY

The engine is hurtling down. Jodie is buffeted against it. She takes her army knife out a pocket in her pilot's suit.

The engine's descent is too fast for her to gain any firm position to help her to cut through the rope.

She pulls her rip-cord. Her parachute opens, and slows the engine's descent down. She holds onto the side of the engine and cuts through the rope, which is heavy going.

She sees the ocean approaching below. She gasps and takes deep breaths through her oxygen mask. The last strand of the rope holds her to the engine.

She cuts. The ocean approaches. She cuts. The rope is still attached by the thinnest thread.

Jodie sees the ocean. The engine hits the surface. Massive splash, but no explosion.

CUT TO:

EXT: OCEAN - DAY Jodie is pulled under the ocean by the weight of the sinking engine. She cuts the final thread and suddenly is released.

She rises up to the surface.

The engine sinks.

Jodie takes some deep breaths, takes off her oxygen mask and takes out her location device and sets it to transmit.

She activates her life-belt and floats in the water.

CUT TO:

EXT: BENEATH THE SURFACE - DAY

Beneath the surface of the ocean, the engine sinks into the depths.

CUT TO:

EXT - OCEAN - DAY

Jodie is floating on the ocean, bobbing up and down with the waves.

Jodie can hear the sound of a helicopter.

A little later, the helicopter appears, and Jodie turns to see it.

She waves her arms.

The helicopter hovers above her and lowers down a rope and harness.

Jodie gets into the harness and is winched up into the helicopter.

CUT TO:

INT: HELICOPTER - DAY

Jodie goes to the cockpit.

JODIE

We gotta get out ta here.

The PILOT looks at her.

JODIE

There's a bomb, about to go off,
down there, in the ocean. Take
us up and away from here.

PILOT

Okay.

He pulls the joystick up.

CUT TO:

EXT: SKY - DAY

The sky above the ocean,

The helicopter turns sharply and rises into the sky.

CUT TO:

EXT: BENEATH THE OCEAN - DAY

Deep in the ocean, the engine is about to hit the bottom. It touches the floor.

Boom ! The bomb explodes. A massive mushroom-shaped wave rises up like an ocean current and reaches it apex above the surface of the ocean, then falls back down with a huge splash, setting off a tidal wave.

CUT TO:

INT: CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Briefing room. Johnson and Jodie.

JOHNSON

I'm gonna send you, to arrest the Cuban...

JODIE

Arrest...?

JOHNSON

Bring him to trial.

Jodie looks at Johnson.

JOHNSON

If, during your apprehension of the Cuban, you happen to kill him, that is, acceptable.

JODIE

Do you want him dead ?

JOHNSON

I want him captured, incarcerated, brought back to the USA, and put on trial. Do you think you can accomplish that, Agent Phillips ?

JODIE

I believe I can, sir.

JOHNSON

He's a menace, and must be put out of action.

JODIE

Yes, sir.

Jodie gets up to go out.

JOHNSON

Agent Phillips, well done for... getting rid of that bomb.

JODIE

Thank you, sir.

Jodie goes out.

Johnson looks to the door, then back at his desk.

CUT TO:

EXT: SKY - NIGHT

Skies above Cuba.

Jodie parachutes out of a small military transport plane and lands in the undergrowth.

CUT TO:

EXT: CUBA - NIGHT

Jodie makes her way through the vegetation towards the Cuban's camp.

CUT TO:

EXT: ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Jodie lies down flat near the top of hill above the Cuban's encampment, just behind the ridge.

She sets her watch to wake her at 5.30 am and snuggles down to sleep.

Her eyes close and she sleeps.

CUT TO

EXT: ENCAMPMENT - DAY Morning.

5.30 am.

Jodie's wrist watch buzzes. She wakes.

She takes out her binoculars and surveys the Cuban's military compound. She sees little activity.

The guards are still asleep.

She picks up her mobile missile-launcher and moves down the hill. She positions herself behind some heavy shrubbery close to the military compound.

She loads the mobile missile-launcher, aims through the telescopic sight, pulls the trigger. The missile zooms onto a munitions store and explodes, detonating further explosions.

The military compound is devastated by a sequence of explosions going off without warning, as the Cuban's stores of ammunition blow up.

Jodie takes out her sub-machine and shoots dead any of the Cuban's men she sees as she walks quite calmly down the hill into the military base.

She reloads the mobile missile-launcher and fires at a truck, which blows up.

The Cuban's men don't know what's hit them as Jodie walks in like the Angel of Death. They panic. Some run away. Others reach for weapons, but Jodie sweeps her sub-machine gun in an arc, shooting them dead.

She throws hand-grenades into the buildings and blows them up.

The Cuban's men, on fire, run between the building and are shot dead by Jodie's arc of fire. By the time she is standing in the middle, it looks like a visit from an army.

One of the Cuban's men hides behind some fall debris and takes aim at Jodie. She is in the middle of his sights and about to pull the trigger.

Jodie suddenly senses this and furrows her brow.

The man is hypnotised and lets the gun drop. He walks out, under Jodie's control.

As he is harmless, Jodie does not shoot.

Jodie calmly walks towards the remains of the largest building and walks inside.

CUT TO:

INT: CUBAN'S QUARTERS - DAY

The Cuban is alive, but buried under fallen rafters. Jodie lifts them up.

JODIE

You okay ?

CUBAN

My ribs -

JODIE

Okay. Take it easy. Breathe real slow.

CUBAN

What are you gonna do with me ?

JODIE

You're going to jail for acts of international terrorism.

CUBAN

I do not like jail.

JODIE

You will be incarcerated until it is safe for you to be released.

CUBAN

When will that be ?

JODIE

Longer than your lifetime. You might be sent to jail for nine hundred and ninety-nine years...

CUBAN

I will die in jail.

JODIE

It's what you deserve, for your crimes.

CUBAN

I did what I did, to free the world from the oppression, of capitalism. Is that against the law ?

JODIE

You murdered a number of people, including our agent, Paul Lewis, and, Air Marshall Williams.

CUBAN

They..got in the way. You yourself have killed many of my men.

JODIE

I was authorised. I am not a murderer.

CUBAN

You're as bad as me in your own way.

JODIE

I most certainly am not !

CUBAN

We use the same methods. We kill people.

JODIE

I kill when it's necessary, and, justified.

CUBAN

You're no better than me.

JODIE
I'm much better than you. I'm one
of the good guys. You're one of the
bad guys.

CUBAN
I love you, Jodie.

JODIE
I don't even like you, Mister Cuban...

CUBAN
Ramon...

JODIE
Ramon.

CUBAN
But you don't hate me...?

JODIE
Not any more.

CUBAN
Why is that ?

JODIE
You're no longer a threat to the
security of my nation, the United
States.

CUBAN
I love you.

JODIE
You're just obsessed with me. You'll
get over it, in time.

Jodie goes round to the back of the Cuban and handcuffs him.

Then, she goes round to the front of him.

CUBAN
Kill me...

JODIE
No way. You're going to jail.

The Cuban sighs.

JODIE
Get up.

The Cuban slowly gets to his feet.

She puts her gun in his back.

JODIE
Out !

Jodie pushes the Cuban forwards as they go out of the building.

CUT TO:

EXT: MILITARY COMPOUND - DAY

Jodie pushes the injured Cuban at gunpoint into the helicopter. It takes off.

CUT TO:

INT: HELICOPTER - DAY

The Cuban handcuffed. Jodie next to him. He looks at her. She looks at him, then turns away.

CUBAN

We could have..made it, together.

Jodie shakes her head.

JODIE

No.

CUBAN

Why not ?

JODIE

You're not my type.

The Cuban looks depressed.

Jodie looks ahead, and not at him.

CUT TO:

INT: APARTMENT - DAY

Jodie's apartment.

Living room.

Jodie and Hayes, seated.

JODIE

He was never in love with me.
No way. He was playing a game
with me. He never loved me.

A beat.

HAYES

Jodie, I think I have some feelings
for you.

JODIE

I hope not.

She gets up and walks a little, to sit down on another chair, a little further away from him.

JODIE

I have no time for any romantic
entanglements. I'm strictly here
as an operative of national security.
You understand that, I hope - ?

Hayes sighs.

HAYES
I guess I do. I have to.

He looks a little despondent.

Jodie looks detached and professional.

CUT TO:

INT: CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Briefing room.

Johnson and Jodie.

JOHNSON
You done well, Agent Phillips.

JODIE
Thank you, sir.

JOHNSON
The Cuban is now, well and truly,
out of action, but not dead.

JODIE
Better for him to stand trial than
getting out of it by being dead.

JOHNSON
You're absolutely right, there.

A beat.

JODIE
One thing I'd like to know, sir...

He looks at her.

JODIE
Who is, The Mole ?

JOHNSON
We're looking into that.

JODIE
You got any suspicion, who it
might be ?

JOHNSON
Someone who likes to embarrass
us; someone who wants us to fail.
Someone with a grudge against me,
who wants to sabotage our missions.

JODIE
Who is he ?

JOHNSON
That's another story, and, perhaps,
another mission for you to undertake.

Jodie sighs.

JODIE
You have an idea...?

JOHNSON
Sure, I do.

JODIE
Please, tell me.

JOHNSON
This is not the time. You will know
when you are assigned to, interview
him..investigate him...get him to
admit, he is the Mole. But, not now.

JODIE
When ?

JOHNSON
At the appropriate time, Agent Phillips,
not before.

Jodie looks disappointed.

CUT TO:

EXT: CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Outside the main building.

Jodie and Hayes, talking, standing near his car.

JODIE
He won't tell me who the Mole is,
until, the "appropriate time."

HAYES
He knows -

JODIE
He must do, but he won't tell.

HAYES
You'll just haf ta wait.

JODIE
I guess so.

HAYES
Let's go home.

Hayes gets into the car, followed by Jodie.

The car drives off.

THE END

