

White House Down

by

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FADE IN ON:

A snow globe.

Sitting on a little girl's desk. Inside it, among the water and glitter, is a model of THE WHITE HOUSE.

The flakes swirl and gleam in the reflection of a night light. Framed pictures on the desk. A little girl in front of the Capitol. The Lincoln Memorial. We are in

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cramped. EMILY CALE (10) slumbers. A stack of magazines by her bed. *US Weekly*. *Teen People*. *The Economist*.

We hear a cell phone BOOP. Emily stirs. Checks her battered first gen iPhone. An email notification. The screen reads:

*President's Treaty With Iran Draws
Criticism at G8 Summit.*

Emily goes to the CNN app. Pulls the covers over her head. A kid sneaking TV, except in this case, it's not cartoons, it's Wolf Blitzer:

WOLF BLITZER

...The proposed treaty with the newly elected moderate President of Iran, Mehrak Al-Said, is drawing huge criticism for the Sawyer administration. The President was booed when he took the stage to speak in Geneva over the weekend...

Drowned out by a LOW RUMBLING. Windows rattling. Emily's bed begins SHAKING. Earthquake? Emily leaps up, huge smile on her face. Throws the window open and looks up to see

A COLUMN OF HELICOPTERS thundering overhead! Three dark green VH-3D Sea King choppers, each with *United States of America* emblazoned on the side...

MARINE ONE

Leads the Presidential Motorcade of the sky. Emily looks up in wonder as Marine One and her two thundering companions bank East towards the dawn...

INT. MARINE ONE (FLYING) - NIGHT

The cabin holds ten. Nine men in suits. One woman in the front jump seat. Secret Service AGENT CAROL FINNERTY (30's). Smart pant suit, gun on her hip. She keys her wrist mic:

FINNERTY

Castle, this is Hummingbird, we are inbound from Andy, three minutes out--

AGENT GRIGGS

Carol?

Finnerty looks up to see Agent BRIAN GRIGGS across from her.

AGENT GRIGGS (CONT'D)

He wants to do the thing.

Finnerty sighs.

FINNERTY

Really?

AGENT GRIGGS

Really.

FINNERTY

Mr. President, it's not a good idea to deviate from the flight plan...

She's now looking into the smiling face of PRESIDENT JAMES SAWYER, the 46th Chief Executive of the United States. Handsome, 40's, African-American.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Come on, Carol, pretty please? Leader of the free world here, saying 'pretty please' here. Oughta count for something.

A beat. Finnerty keys her radio mic.

FINNERTY

Captain Joffrey, this is Agent Finnerty? The President would like to do the thing.

The others grin as the helicopter banks left...

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - NIGHT

Beautifully illuminated. A JOGGER and his dog, huffing and puffing by when

MARINE ONE sweeps in low overhead, coming down 23rd Street. The two escort choppers playing follow-the-leader behind it, circling the Memorial, saying hello to Mr. Lincoln.

The column of choppers turns East, flying out over the reflecting pool! An air tour of the sights...

INT. MARINE ONE (FLYING) - NIGHT

President Sawyer smiles in his seat as he watches Lincoln recede. As they make a wide arc around the Washington Monument, their destination comes into view --

THE WHITE HOUSE. All lit up. Spectacular.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Be it ever so humble...

FINNERTY

(into wrist walkie)

Castle, this is Hummingbird, we are one minute out, I need a go/no go.

INT. WHITE HOUSE GUARD HOUSE - NIGHT

A structure on the North side of the White House Grounds, on Pennsylvania Avenue. Inside, packed with electronics.

The GUARD sits hunched over a monitor system that shows dozens of traffic camera feeds from the streets around the complex.

GATE GUARD

Hummingbird, this is Castle Ground, you are clear.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Low lit. Two dress MARINES sit in the outer office. A NAVY RADAR TECH watches his screen sweep for nearby air traffic.

RADAR TECH

Hummingbird, this is Castle Sky, you are clear.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - NIGHT

High atop the famous columned central building, a black clad SNIPER TEAM scans the night sky with their rifle-scopes, checking surrounding buildings for movement.

LEAD SNIPER
Hummingbird, this is Castle Keep,
you are- Hold.

THROUGH HIS NIGHTSCOPE - We see movement on the eighth floor balcony of a building a half mile away. He frowns. Enhances magnification. The suspicious behavior comes into focus...

A couple having sex on their balcony. The Lead Sniper grins.

LEAD SNIPER (CONT'D)
Hummingbird, this is Castle Keep,
you are clear.

The column of helicopters swoops in, circling the South Lawn. The Lead Chopper pulls a slow turn, coming in for a landing. A pair of MARINES in dress blues come out to meet it.

The door does not open. The Chopper sits there for a good twenty seconds as the snipers continue to scan. Then:

FINNERTY (O.S.)
(through radio)
Castle Keep?

LEAD SNIPER
Nothing.

FINNERTY (O.S.)
(through radio)
All right, Decoy up, Marine One in.

The chopper on the ground rises up and the second helicopter - the real Marine One - swoops in for a landing on

EXT. WHITE HOUSE SOUTH LAWN - NIGHT

The MARINES open the door and President Sawyer steps off the bird, flanked by Finnerty, Dawson, and aides. Sawyer snaps the Marines a salute as they head for the White House.

PRESIDENT SAWYER
It's really not a bad way to travel,
is it?

FINNERTY
It beats Dupont Circle, sir.

PRESIDENT SAWYER
When's my wife back?

FINNERTY
Not until tonight.

PRESIDENT SAWYER
I'm gonna get some shut-eye. Wake
me if we need to attack anything.

In front of him, more Marines hold open the door to the West
colonnade. As the President passes them, walking inside:

MARINE GUARD
Welcome home, sir.

Finnerty looks back at Marine One as it lifts off the South
Lawn. An incredible sight. Griggs smiles next to her.

AGENT GRIGGS
Tell me we don't have the best job
in the world.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Two other Secret Service Agents stand a very different detail.
Guarding a broken down row house in Georgetown. The first
is handsome, close cropped hair. This is JOHN CALE (30's).

A HORRIBLE COUGHING comes from inside. Wheezy and phlegmy,
like a grown man trying to hack up a furball.

RAPHELSON (O.S.)
Oh, God...

The coughing resumes. Awful. The agents wince. Then:

RAPHELSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Is there any kleenex out there?

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Clutching a box of kleenex, Cale raps on the bathroom door.
It opens and ELI RAPHELSON (70) sticks his head out. Clad
in a ratty bathrobe, still wheezing.

RAPHELSON

Thank you, John. When I'm done in here, I'll make you some coffee.

CALE

I'm fine, Mr. Speaker-

RAPHELSON

I insist.

INT. RAPHELSON'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Raphelson stands at the stove, mixing what looks to be the world's worst cup of instant coffee. A TV tuned to CNN replays the President's Geneva Speech:

PRESIDENT SAWYER

(on TV)

...There are those who will say we are foolish, those who treat every opportunity for peace as a show of weakness. To them I say I have found a friend in President Al-Said. And together, we will prove that the pen truly is mightier than the sword.

Applause mixed with boos. Raphelson adds way too much cream to the coffee. Looks to Cale.

RAPHELSON

What do you think of all this?

CALE

I don't know, sir. It's good to have less enemies.

RAPHELSON

All he's doing is legitimizing them. Geopolitics is chess, not checkers; you have to see the whole board. The President is very naive sometimes.

CALE

Why didn't you run against him?

RAPHELSON

Because that is the one job I never wanted. I like my constituents, I like being a thorn in the side of the administration. Not all of us are looking to move up.

(MORE)

RAPHELSON (CONT'D)

(casual)

You have your interview today?

Cale looks at him, surprised.

RAPHELSON (CONT'D)

I know you want to be on the President's detail. Are you not pleased with your life of excitement and adventure here?

CALE

Sir, I- I appreciate everything you've done for me, but-

RAPHELSON

It's all right, son. It's good to have ambition. I'll be sorry to see you go is all. This may not be the White House, but there's coffee.

He slides a mug over to Cale. Cale takes a sip. Awful. Hides it well. He likes the old guy. Raphelson nods, happy.

RAPHELSON (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get a shower.

EXT. RAPHELSON'S HOUSE - DAWN

Now in a suit, Raphelson climbs behind the wheel of his battered Toyota Camry and fires it up. Cale slides into the SUV idling behind him - the follow car. Into his wrist:

CALE

Pinball is rolling, we are enroute to Punchbowl.

As they roll out after Raphelson, we pan around to see their destination in the distance, what "Punchbowl" really is

THE U.S. CAPITOL DOME. Silhouetted against the rising sun...

INT. DARKENED BEDROOM - DAWN

McLean, Virginia. An alarm clocks wails. The lone figure wakes. This is MARTIN BISHOP (late 50's). Fit, trim. He sits a moment. Alone in a house for two. Then rises.

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS - Bishop showers, shaves. Pulls on pants, a button down shirt. Selects a tie. Withdraws a GLOCK. Checks the load. Straps it into his shoulder holster.

A small silver cross hangs from his mirror. He takes it. Slips it around his neck. Looks at himself.

He stands there for a long time.

Bishop takes the cross off. Hangs it back on the mirror. Pulls on his suit coat and is out the door.

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - DAWN

Cale and Dunleavy shadow a briskly walking Raphelson as he climbs the famous steps. Cale, scanning passersby for any sign of potential threat. Everything okay until he spies

A long haired FIDGETY GUY. He keeps scratching his beard and eyeing the Speaker. Cale, about to say something when the Fidgety Guy suddenly reaches into his coat and --

TIME SLOWS DOWN. Cale pivots to block Raphelson, his own hand drifts to the holster on his hip, about to pull, but Fidgety Guy's faster and his gun hand emerges brandishing

A banana. Fidgety Guy's breakfast. Cale exhales.

DUNLEAVY

You okay there, Tex? Too much coffee?

Cale doesn't respond. They head up the steps and inside.

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - MORNING

Raphelson walks the halls, saying hello to various Congressmen as they arrive for work. Stepping into a big office where AGENTS KELLERMAN and BRIGHT stands guard. Cale steps up.

CALE

He watched Jeopardy, went to bed to at 8:00, got up to pee twice, and is still having that allergy thing. We need to start keeping kleenex in the downstairs bathroom. He's all yours.

AGENT KELLERMAN

I'll try not to die of excitement.

Cale smiles. Heads down the hall to an even bigger office...

INT. OFFICE OF THE VICE PRESIDENT - MORNING

Hustle and bustle. An assistant sits at the front desk, rolling calls. JENNA (30's), sweet and flirty.

JENNA

Office of the Vice President. Hold please.

She sees Cale and flashes him her best smile.

CALE

Did you get them?

JENNA

What do I get if I did?

CALE

What do you want?

JENNA

Dinner, candlelight, and a sincere promise that you'll try to get to second base.

CALE

Done.

She hands him an envelope and a card with her phone number on it. Cale looks inside the envelope.

CALE (CONT'D)

She's gonna love these, Jenna.
Thanks!

He kisses her on the cheek and is out the door...

INT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT - MORNING

Emily sits at the kitchen table, sullenly picking at her cereal. Her mother MELANIE (30's, hard), mixes vodka from the freezer in with her morning OJ. The former Mrs. Cale.

A knock on the door. Melanie opens it. Cale.

MELANIE

You're late. She thought you weren't coming.

CALE

Of course I was coming. Emily, get your stuff.

Emily grabs her bag and heads out the door. As she passes Cale he tries to kiss her on the forehead, but she dodges. Melanie smiles at this. A small victory for her side.

MELANIE
You missed her talent show.

CALE
When was her talent show?

MELANIE
Thursday.

CALE
What did she do?

MELANIE
She was a flag twirler.

CALE
That's a talent?

MELANIE
She practiced for like six weeks and
her own father can't be bothered to
show up...

INT. CALE'S CAR - MORNING

Emily, sitting in the car, listening to her parents fight.
Old news. She slips on her headphones...

INT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT - MORNING

Cale nods to the vodka bottle.

CALE
Getting an early start, I see.

MELANIE
Why not? It's my day off.

Cale has a retort, but swallows it. Instead:

CALE
Listen, I wanted to talk about custody-

MELANIE
I'm sure you do. That way you don't
have to cut me that check every month-

CALE
You really think this is about the
checks, Mel?

He stares at her drink. She shifts her weight from one foot to the other, then shakes her head and chuckles.

MELANIE

Jesus, John. She doesn't even like you.

That lands. Hard.

CALE

You have a good day.

INT. CALE'S CAR - MORNING

Cale gets into the driver's seat. Emily listening to music, checking the Drudge Report on her phone. Cale looks at her.

CALE

You pissed at me?

She doesn't even look up at him. Hell hath no fury.

CALE (CONT'D)

You gonna be on that thing all day?

She's texting now. After a moment, Cale's own phone chimes. He checks it. Text from Emily - Yes.

CALE (CONT'D)

I'm so glad I got you that phone.
(sighs)
Well, I guess you won't be wanting these then...

He puts the envelope from Jenna on the dash. A beat.

EMILY

Lame.

CALE

You don't even know what it is.

EMILY

Do you really think that's going to work? We're both adults here, John.

CALE

Speak for yourself. Open the envelope.

EMILY

What is it?

CALE

A pony. Just open it.

Dubious, Emily opens the envelope. Her face lights up.

EMILY

Are you serious? I didn't think they even gave White House tours anymore!

CALE

They don't. It's a six month waiting list unless you know people. I thought a budding policy wonk like you might want to see where the most powerful man in the world lives.

She looks up at him. Genuinely happy.

EMILY

This is really cool, John.

CALE

(starting the car)

We're really sticking with the John thing, huh?

As Emily nods, they pull out into traffic...

INT. CALE'S CAR (MOVING) - MORNING

Cale drives as Emily surfs her phone.

CALE

Listen, when we get there I have to go to a quick meeting, okay? Then we can go on the tour.

EMILY

(reading off her phone)

Did you know that 1.5 million people visit the White House every year?

CALE

I did not.

EMILY

That works out to about 5000 people a day.

CALE

Fascinating.

(MORE)

CALE (CONT'D)

(pause)

I'm sorry I missed your talent show.

EMILY

I'm not. Did you know the White House was originally called the Presidential Palace?

CALE

I'm serious. I wish I'd been there.

EMILY

No you, don't. All I did was twirl a flag, it was stupid.

Cale looks at her.

CALE

You don't have to do that, you know.

EMILY

What?

CALE

Have a thick skin. You're ten.

Emily doesn't respond. A beat.

CALE (CONT'D)

Did you really think I wasn't coming?

But Emily's not looking at him, she's looking at...

EMILY

Oh, wow...

THE WHITE HOUSE. Approaching from the South Side, with the fountain blasting. Enough to take Emily's breath away. Cale smiles at her reaction, driving up to

EXT. WHITE HOUSE GUARD HOUSE - MORNING

Cale pulls up to the massive guard gate. The Officer in Charge leans out of the structure.

GATE GUARD

Morning folks! Gonna need some photo ID!

Cale hands it over. Instantly two other guards appear from nowhere, each holding long mirrors at the end of poles.

They sweep the bottom of the car for explosives.

One guard checks the trunk while the other roots through the back seat. Emily takes a picture of him with her phone.

EMILY

What are you guys looking for?

GATE GUARD 2

Explosives.

EMILY

This is awesome.

GATE GUARD

(handing ID's back)

Park up on the left and you're going to the East Lobby. Have a good one.

Cale drives on.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE PARKING LOT - MORNING

Cale pulls to a halt next to a parked SOUNDTEK van. A HUGE MAN with a SHAVED HEAD is pulling a large speaker box out of the back onto a dolly. Cale, watching him...

EMILY

Did you know the President travels in an eight ton military armored modified Cadillac CTS, built to withstand gas, chemical, and missile attacks?

CALE

That's on the internet?

EMILY

Wikipedia. You guys are doing a bang-up job with the secrecy thing.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST LOBBY - MORNING

Honey wood panelling. A GUARD DESK to the right, by set of metal detectors. Beyond, two more security checkpoints. X-ray, body scan, bag search, facial rec. Serious stuff.

On the walls hang Presidential Portraits. Roosevelt. Eisenhower. They lived here. Emily stares at them as Cale loads their stuff into the x-ray machine.

SECURITY OFFICER

Welcome to the White House! We're going to take you through three levels of security today. First, I'm going to need to empty your pockets - all metal objects in the tray please. Cell phones and cameras are permitted on the premises, but need to be examined by the agents first!

OVERALLED WORKMEN lay tools on the x-ray belt. Photo ID's checked against internet records. Cale, to the officer:

CALE

I'm Secret Service, off duty, I'm carrying.

SECURITY OFFICER

You're going to have to check your weapon, sir.

The officer produces a LOCKBOX. Cale unholsters his Glock and places it inside. The officer locks it and hands it to an AGENT. As Cale and Emily continue through security...

CAMERA FOLLOWS the Agent carrying the lockbox, as he takes it down into the bowels of the White House. Down a

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST WING - BACK STAIRCASE - MORNING

Concrete stairs, dimly lit. Past another agent into

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST WING BASEMENT - MORNING

A dark carpeted hallway. Down the corridor, round a corner...

INT. WHITE HOUSE ARMORY - MORNING

A WEAPONS CAGE. The Armory Master looks up briefly as the Agent logs in Cale's lockbox. Pan off this to the countless ASSAULT RIFLES and SHOTGUNS locked behind steel mesh...

INT. BACK OFFICES - MORNING

Cale and Emily sit, waiting. Awkward silence again. Emily on her phone, surfing. After a beat:

CALE

How's school?

EMILY

School blows.

CALE

I'm glad we can have these talks.

The outer office door opens and Finnerty enters.

CALE (CONT'D)

(whispering to Emily)

Do me a favor, for the next twenty seconds pretend you don't hate me.

FINNERTY

John Cale? I'm Carol Finnerty, I run the President's detail.

CALE

(rising)

This is my daughter Emily.

EMILY

My father is a very special man.

FINNERTY

That's... good to know. If you'll follow me?

INT. FINNERTY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Finnerty settles in behind her desk as Cale takes a seat.

FINNERTY

You often bring small children to job interviews?

CALE

Diversionsary tactic. While I'm in here, she's out there stealing everything that's not nailed down.

(no response)

Sorry, that was a joke.

FINNERTY

All evidence to the contrary.

CALE

Sorry?

FINNERTY

Mr. Cale, I'm going on seventeen hours of no sleep, so let's just get through this, okay?

She opens the file sitting in front of her and reads.

FINNERTY (CONT'D)

John Cale, born 1983, Columbus, Ohio, public school, track and field, and then one single solitary semester at San Diego State University. Married your childhood sweetheart five months later, bounced from job to job. Mechanic, limo driver, construction-

CALE

Is my credit score in there too?

FINNERTY

Yes, and you should be ashamed of yourself. You finally landed in the Army Reserve. Enlisted for the bonus.

CALE

Is that a crime?

FINNERTY

We tend to prefer God and Country to "in it for the paycheck". Did two tours in Afghanistan, was wounded in the Kunar Province, received the Purple Heart. A Lance Corporal Brian Dawson put you up for a Silver Star, but you did not receive it.

CALE

It's an honor just to be nominated.

FINNERTY

You pulled Corporal Dawson from a burning Humvee. Why?

CALE

I was somewhat concerned he was getting too warm in there.

She looks at him.

FINNERTY

It's funny to me that you think glib is the way to go here.

CALE

There was an IED attack, the Humvee flipped, and we were taking fire. Everyone else bolted, I grabbed him.

FINNERTY

Why?

CALE

Because we don't leave men behind.

(pause)

And he owed me money.

FINNERTY

Corporal Dawson happens to be the nephew of the Speaker of the House. And when you were discharged from the Army, the Speaker urged you to go into the Secret Service.

CALE

He was kind enough to recommend me for a job.

FINNERTY

You're on the Speaker's detail now. He did you a favor.

CALE

You could say that.

FINNERTY

I did. Why do you want to be on the President's detail?

CALE

Nothing against the Speaker, but no one's ever going to take a shot at him. This is the big leagues.

She studies him.

FINNERTY

Look, I appreciate your service, but this is clearly the record of a man who's slid by mostly on looks, charm, and favors-

CALE

Mostly on the looks, actually-

FINNERTY

-And as you say, this is the big leagues.

CALE

I know I've bounced around, but this is something I can do. Giving yourself up for something greater than you... that's what I need.

FINNERTY

I'm sorry, but the Secret Service is not somewhere to find yourself. Thanks for coming in.

She rises and offers her hand. Cale blinks. Surprised it's over. Rises too. Shakes and turns to the door.

INT. BACK OFFICES - MORNING

Emily looks up as Cale emerges.

EMILY

How'd it go?

Cale's face says it all...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - WEST LOBBY - MORNING

Finnerty strides through the lobby, passing the Photo Office and Homeland Security. Keycards through another door into

INT. OFFICE OF SECRET SERVICE - MORNING

The on-site security hub of the White House.

40 odd agents, some in uniform, some in suit and tie, stand, drinking coffee, talking with each other. Shift change coming up, but before that, the morning briefing.

Finnerty slides into the back of the room as MARTIN BISHOP walks to the front. Head of the Secret Service. The Boss.

BISHOP

All right, listen up. First and most importantly, who owes me money on the Wizards?

Grumbling throughout the agents, some come forward and hand him cash.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

That's right. Thank you. I hope you've all learned a valuable lesson here. Okay, light day.

(MORE)

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Eagle is not leaving the Castle.
Phone calls with the leadership
staring at nine, photo spray with
the Duke women's lacrosse team at
noon, lunch with the Vice President,
and then the First Lady is back
tonight. Ted?

AGENT TED HOPE (40's), prematurely balding speaks up.

AGENT HOPE

Empress is wheels down at 18:45.
They're supposed to have dinner of
the residence but...

He spreads his hands - "You know how they are".

BISHOP

Assuming they call an audible on
going out, we need to have advance
on Dino, Obelisk, and Marcel's.

AGENT HOPE

What if she wants sushi?

From the back of the room, Finnerty speaks up:

FINNERTY

No, she's off sushi, she had that
thing on the Japan trip.

BISHOP

Jesus, Carol, how are you still awake?

FINNERTY

Five Hour Energy Drink and patriotism,
sir.

BISHOP

You have a Threat Matrix for us?

FINNERTY

Homeland says a guy they were sitting
on in Toronto went missing 36 hours
ago, they think he might have crossed.

BISHOP

This guy a lone nut or well financed
horseman of the apocalypse?

FINNERTY

College student with a blog, thinks
the WTO caused 9/11.

BISHOP

He's onto us. Okay, distribute the
photo. Visitors today?

AGENT HOPE

We have Representatives Fiske, Holden,
Rafferty, and Senators Simon and
Truesdale coming in for a budget
meeting at 15:00, plus Soundtek is
here again today.

FINNERTY

Soundtek?

AGENT HOPE

AV guys, they're replacing the
surround system in the movie theater.
Eagle wants it ready for football on
Sunday. From all accounts, they are
teeth rattlingly loud.

FINNERTY

The First Lady should be thrilled.

BISHOP

All right, that's game. Grab an
Order of the Day and let's get to
work.

The Agents grab top-sheets from a stack by the coffee. As
they file out Finnerty approaches Bishop.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

For the love of all that is holy, go
get some sleep.

FINNERTY

I'm going.
(as he watches the
Agents file out)
You know you're going to miss this.

BISHOP

I'm not, actually.

FINNERTY

I can tell when you're lying, you
know. We're gonna miss you, too.

Bishop smiles at her. A little sad.

BISHOP

All that time in Switzerland, it would have killed you to bring Muriel back a cuckoo clock?

FINNERTY

On your desk.
(she turns to go)
Twenty bucks says they pick Marcel's tonight.

BISHOP

I wouldn't bet against you.

Bishop, watching her go. Something eating at him...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST LOBBY - MORNING

Cale and Emily stand with a tour group of ten. At the front stands DONNIE THE TOUR GUIDE (40's). Way too chipper.

DONNIE THE GUIDE

I'm Donnie and I'm going to be your guide today as we take a walk through American History! First I want to give you a big Washington DC welcome to the White House, where we get millions of guests a year from all corners of the globe!

(to Cale)

Where are you folks from?

CALE

Washington DC.

DONNIE THE GUIDE

Okay, bad choice.
(to a Fat Woman)
How about you, ma'am?

FAT WOMAN

I'm from North Carolina.

DONNIE THE GUIDE

And what brings you to the White House today?

FAT WOMAN

I wanna see the tunnels where JFK snuck Marilyn Monroe in.

DONNIE THE GUIDE

Unfortunately, those don't exist.

(the Fat Woman is
crestfallen)

But we do have some other really
exciting sights to show you! If
you'll follow me?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST WING - GARDEN ROOM - DAY

A beautiful solarium with a corner windows looking out onto
the South Lawn of the White House. Bright and sunny. As
Donnie talks he leads them through.

DONNIE THE GUIDE

Does anyone want to guess how old
the White House is?

(sees Emily raising
her hand)

Young lady?

EMILY

221 years old.

DONNIE THE GUIDE

That's... very accurate. Construction
was begun in 1792 on what was then
called the President's House. Article
One, Section Eight of the US
Constitution set forth that a district
of not more than ten miles square
should house the new seat of
government. Does anyone know why?

EMILY

So no one state could claim the
President's House.

DONNIE THE GUIDE

Right again. The founders were
crafty. They figured if the President
lived in one state then he would be
 beholden to that state above all
others. But if he lived in a district
separate from all of them, then he
and his government could serve all
the United States equally and fairly.
In many ways, the entire city of
Washington, the whole District of
Columbia, was built from the ground
up in order to hold this one house.

As they step into

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST COLONNADE - MORNING

A long white corridor with a red brick floor wall of windows looking out to the South Lawn.

DONNIE THE GUIDE

The White House is actually three buildings; the East Wing, where you came in, the West Wing, which houses the Oval and Executive offices of the President, and the Residence, which is the big famous building in the center. These three buildings are connected by two long hallways called colonnades; we're in the East Colonnade right now. The colonnades were originally built by Thomas Jefferson to house horses, but now function to connect the complex together. And trust me, it needs connecting - the White House is *big*. Including below ground levels, the White House is six stories tall, with 132 rooms, 412 doors, 147 windows, 28 fireplaces, 8 staircases, 3 elevators and 35 bathrooms. The grounds contain a tennis court, a basketball court, a putting green, a jogging track, and a swimming pool.

They pass an open door, hearing hammering and drilling.

FAT WOMAN

What's in there?

DONNIE THE GUIDE

The President's home theater.

(smiles)

Membership has it's privileges.

Cale glances inside, as seven burly SOUNDTEK WORKMEN drills holes into the walls of the theater...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING CORRIDORS - MORNING

Another part of the building. PRESIDENT SAWYER sweeps down the hallway, the Chief of Staff and Bishop at his side. Walking through an open door into

INT. OVAL OFFICE - OUTER OFFICE - MORNING

The PRESIDENT'S ASSISTANTS sit at three desks and the door to the Oval proper is guarded by a DRESS MARINE holding an M-16. To the Marine:

PRESIDENT SAWYER
Morning, Kenny.

DRESS MARINE
Morning, sir.

PRESIDENT SAWYER
The New York Times called my treaty a boondoggle this morning. You read the New York Times, Kenny?

DRESS MARINE
I'm more of a Daily News man, sir.

PRESIDENT SAWYER
Bill, we need to talk to the Secretary of the Navy about getting Kenny a raise. Margaret, can you get me the Speaker of the House please? I sense a lecture in my future...

As the President steps into the Oval Office itself...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - VISITORS' FOYER - MORNING

Cale, Emily, and the rest of the tour exit the Colonnade into the Visitor's Foyer as Donnie continues.

DONNIE THE GUIDE
Besides being a national landmark, the White House also happens to be a technological marvel. Underneath the West Wing is the Situation Room, the most sophisticated military command center in the history of warfare. And underneath the East Wing is the PEOC or Presidential Emergency Operations Center, the single most secure room on the planet. It's a vault built behind ten feet of concrete and steel capable of surviving a thermonuclear blast and equipped so the President and his staff could run the country from inside for six months without leaving.

CALE

So where's the bowling alley?

DONNIE THE GUIDE

(completely serious)

Next to the Vault.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE GUARD HOUSE - MORNING

Finnerty, leaving the complex on foot. The kindly old Gate Guard smiles at her as she goes.

GATE GUARD

See you tomorrow, Carol!

Finnerty turns west onto Pennsylvania Avenue...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CENTER HALL - GROUND FLOOR - MORNING

A long hallway with dramatically vaulted arched ceilings that runs length of the Residence Building.

DONNIE THE GUIDE

We're now entering the Center Hall of the Residence. The President and First Lady live on the second and third floors, the Ground Floor and State Floor are dedicated to public rooms. To your left is the Library and to your right is the Vermeil Room, which houses the portraits of several of the most prominent First Lady's who have lived here. Pictures are actually permitted, so snap away.

Emily goes to take pictures of the Vermeil Room. Cale watches how happy she is.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Yours?

CALE

Nah, I found her sulking around outside, thought if I brought her it'd make me look smart.

The woman smiles. Cute. Maybe the day isn't a total loss. She sees one of the paintings on the wall. One of a blackened White House. Donnie comes over.

DONNIE THE GUIDE

Watercolor by George Munger. It's to commemorate the burning of the White House by the British in 1814.

CALE

The White House burned down?

DONNIE THE GUIDE

In the war of 1812. It practically had to be rebuilt from the ground up.

A tugging on Cale's arm.

EMILY

I think I need to avail myself of one of the 35 bathrooms in here.

DONNIE THE GUIDE

There's a ladies room upstairs, but I can't take the tour up there for another fifteen minutes.

CALE

I'll take her. Where?

EMILY

I can go by myself, John. I'm not a little girl.

Cale looks at her. Sighs. Deciding.

CALE

Okay, but don't touch anything, don't wander off, and don't talk to anyone you're not supposed to.

EMILY

I make no promises.

She goes. Cale steps into the Vermeil Room to look around...

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - SPEAKER'S OFFICE - MORNING

The Speaker's ASSISTANT pokes her head in.

SPEAKER'S ASSISTANT

Mr. Speaker, I have the President calling for you.

Raphelson snatches up his phone.

RAPHELSON

Mr. President! I'm impressed with
all your treaty signings you find
time for little old me!

INTERCUT with the Oval Office:

PRESIDENT SAWYER

You do Jewish Mother's guilt very
well, Eli.

RAPHELSON

I just find it interesting that you
would announce the signing of a major
treaty with a sworn enemy of our
country before, you know, mentioning
it to anyone in Congress.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

It's the right thing to do, Eli.
We're never gonna get a better chance
at progress with Iran than right
now.

RAPHELSON

Which would be wonderful if I didn't
just have to take your word for it...

We PAN out of the office and into the hall...

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING CORRIDORS - MORNING

...Where we pick up the FIDGETY GUY from earlier walking
past. Moving with purpose. On his way to

INT. CAPITOL DOME - MORNING

The corridor opens into the enormous room beneath the famed
CAPITOL ROTUNDA. Sunlight streams in. Various STATUES.
Lincoln. Martin Luther King. Tourists snap photos.

The Fidgety Man stops in front of one particular bronze
statue. Looks at the name on the base. *George Washington*.
The Fidgety Man checks his watch.

It is 9:17 a.m.

The man leans down and begins to untie his shoes. Then he
removes them. Places them carefully on the floor. Then his
socks. A GUARD notices. This guy is undressing.

CAPITOL SECURITY GUARD

Uh, sir?

The Man is now unbuttoning his shirt. Muttering to himself.

CAPITOL SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Sir, you can't do that-

The Guard stops. The man has unbuttoned his shirt. He is wearing a VEST OF PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES beneath it.

The Guard stares at him, numb. The Fidgety Man raises his hand. Detonator in it. Exhales. Their eyes meet...

And then the air is filled with fire.

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - SPEAKER'S OFFICE - MORNING

A muffled WHOOMP! The whole building ROCKS. Raphelson is thrown sideways against his desk, still clutching the phone.

RAPHELSON

Jesus!

PRESIDENT SAWYER

(through phone)

Eli, are you all right?

RAPHELSON

I'm fine, I- sir, I think there may have been an explosion here-

He opens his door to the outer office - CHAOS. Glass and debris everywhere. Smoke pouring in from the hallway...

RAPHELSON (CONT'D)

Oh, God.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - MORNING

Finnerty hears the explosion before she sees it. Car alarms going off. In the distance - Smoke is rising from the Capitol Rotunda. Finnerty begins to run towards it...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

PRESIDENT SAWYER

(into phone)

Eli?

Bishop getting information from his earpiece:

BISHOP

Mr. President, there's been an explosion at that Capitol, you need to hang up the phone.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

What?

BISHOP

(into wrist)

We are crashing the White House, repeat, the White House is crashed.

Bishop takes the phone from Sawyer and hangs it up as the door opens and THREE AGENTS with SHOTGUNS suddenly come into the room. The DRESS MARINE behind him, wielding his M-16.

The Marine bolts the door to the Oval Office as a KLAXON sounds throughout the complex...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - VERMEIL ROOM - MORNING

Cale looks up at the siren as a SECRET SERVICE AGENT steps into the room, blocking the exit.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Everybody please stay where you are. We're briefly restricting movement through the facility, shouldn't be more than a few minutes-

CALE

(tries to move past)

My daughter's upstairs-

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

I'm sorry, sir, no one moves until they lift the crash.

CALE

I'm an agent on the Speaker's detail-

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Then you understand the protocol - *nobody moves.*

Cale stares at him. A couple from Tennessee snaps his picture. This is very exciting.

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - SPEAKER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Raphelson hangs up the phone and looks to his Secret Service Agent, who's talking on his own phone.

AGENT KELLERMAN
The White House is crashed, sir!

RAPHELSON
Where's the Vice President?

AGENT KELLERMAN
In his office, I think-

RAPHELSON
(to his Assistant)
Get him on the phone, tell him he
needs to institute Continuity of
Government-

SPEAKER'S ASSISTANT
What's-

RAPHELSON
In the event of an attack, all
principals in the line of succession
are moved to Secondary Locations and
a new communications band is put
online-

SPEAKER'S ASSISTANT
I have the Vice President's Office,
sir!
(listens; then)
He can't come to the phone, he was
cut by some glass.

RAPHELSON
Glass? Tell him he needs to institute
COG-

ANOTHER EXPLOSION throws them sideways. Agent Kellerman
looks out the window.

AGENT KELLERMAN
Jesus Christ, the building's on
fire...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - PRESIDENTIAL THEATER - MORNING

A YOUNG SECRET SERVICE AGENT stands in the doorway to the
theater among the Soundtek Workmen, enforcing the crash.

YOUNG AGENT

Don't worry, they do drills like
this every other week.

(smiles)

Picked the wrong day to come to work
here, huh?

The man with the shaved head, STENZ, smiles back. Not nice.

STENZ

Guess so.

And he raises a NAIL GUN and buries three bolts into the
Agent's chest!

The others move fast, professionals. They strip the man of
his weapon and hand the gun to Stenz. Syncing their watches --

STENZ (CONT'D)

Armory, sixty seconds, go!

-- And they spring out of the Theater into

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST COLONNADE - MORNING

Running full tilt for the East Lobby. The Security Officer
at the end of the Colonnade looks up.

SECURITY OFFICER

We're in a crash, you can't-

BLAM-BLAM! Stenz shoots him twice in the head! His partner
raises his walkie to his lips, screaming:

SECURITY OFFICER 2

Shots fired! Code Black, Code-

BLAM! He goes down too as Stenz's right hand man HUMPHRIES
scoops their weapons and they KICK through the side door to
the back stairs...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WOMEN'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Emily looks up at the shots...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - VERMEIL ROOM - MORNING

Cale automatically reaches for his hip to find his holster
EMPTY. The Agent with Cale's tour shouting into his wrist:

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Repeat, please repeat!

CALE
 (incredulous)
 He said shots fired, it's an AOP!

He moves for the door but the Agent draws his weapon.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
 Stay back!

CALE
 Goddammit, you need to get out there!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - ARMORY - MORNING

The Armory Master pulls a SHOTGUN from the wall and racks it, spinning just in time for the door to be kicked open!

Stenz comes in low, firing three rounds into the Armory Master's legs! The man crumples. Humphries hefts the ARC-WELDER and goes to work on the cage door. SPARKS FLY.

STENZ
 Thirty seconds!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - VERMEIL ROOM - MORNING

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
 I have to wait for orders! We don't
 know what's happening-

More GUNFIRE from upstairs. The Agent turns, distracted --

And suddenly Cale is moving, bringing his fist up and taking the Agent down with a right cross! Grabs the Agent's gun. Checks the magazine, looking to Donnie:

CALE
My daughter, where'd you send her?

DONNIE
 Upstairs, across the Hall second
 door on the left-

CALE
 Stay here!

He bolts from the room...

INT. WHITE HOUSE ARMORY - MORNING

The Armory Cage door clanks the ground, and STENZ'S TEAM pours into the armory.

Quick cuts of them loading up - M-16's, MP-5's, shotguns, flash grenades...

STENZ

Positions in two minutes, go!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST STAIRWELL - MORNING

Cale, bounding up the stairs two at a time...

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - SPEAKER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Agent Kellerman looks to Raphelson as he hears the news:

AGENT KELLERMAN

We have gunfire in the White House, sir!

Raphelson scoops up the phone and dials. Into it:

RAPHELSON

This is Speaker of the House Eli Raphelson, on behalf of the President of the United States I am instituting Continuity of Government...

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - MORNING

A bright shiny day. ROTORS spinning up.

The Navy pilot tosses his pre-flight check and yanks back on the stick as MARINE ONE rises into the air...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

Agent Hope looks up to Bishop and the President.

AGENT HOPE

Marine One is three minutes out-

BISHOP

No, we have to get him to the PEOC!

AGENT HOPE

They're in the damn building, we need to exfil-

BISHOP

Mr. President, we don't know if they have surface to air missile capability, they could blow us out

(MORE)

BISHOP (CONT'D)
of the sky! We get you to the Vault
and their game is over!

President Sawyer stares at for him a moment, then gives him a nod. The agents rack their shotguns. Bishop checks his Glock, safety off. Like a posse headed out for the OK Corral.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
All right everyone - stay low, stay
close, shoot first, got it? On me!

He kicks the Oval Office door open and he and his team plunge out into the West Wing corridors...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - STATE FLOOR - CENTER HALL - MORNING

A STAMPEDE of people pouring out the Main Entrance onto the North Portico. Cale reaches the top of the stairs, pushing through them, scanning their faces for his daughter.

CALE
Emily! Emily!

He spies the bathroom door. Shoulders through it...

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Cale bursts in. No one. Checks the stalls. Nothing. She must have run. Shit. He barrels back out --

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CENTER HALL - MORNING

Cale pushes out the door when -- MACHINE GUNFIRE nearly takes his head off!

One of Stenz's men on the far side of the hall! The rest of the onlookers scream and scatter as Cale dives back inside!

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Cale ducks to the floor as bullets punch through the bathroom! Ripping through the tiles, splintering the porcelain! Water sprays from busted pipes in the sink.

Slowly the ruined door is kicked open and Stenz's man RITTER enters, holding an MP-5. Cale cowers on the floor.

CALE
Please, please don't kill me! I'm
just with the tour!

RITTER

You had a gun.

CALE

I didn't! I didn't have a gun!
Please, I have a daughter, I-

He raises the gun and shoots Ritter TWICE in the chest!

Ritter pitches forward, pulling the trigger on his machine gun as he dies, and Cale manages to roll away through the bloody water as sinks and mirrors explode!

CALE (CONT'D)

Jesus!

Cale scoops up Ritter's rifle and stumbles for the door...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING CORRIDORS - MORNING

Bishop and his team hustle the President through the West Wing offices, screaming:

BISHOP

Move, move, make a hole!

People dive out of the way as they come. Passing Secretaries wiping hard drives, pouring water on keyboards, in some cases taking FIRE AXES to their computers in attempt to data-dump...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - GUARD HOUSE - MORNING

The Gate Guard, on the phone with the police as visitors pour out of the building across the South Lawn.

GATE GUARD

(into phone)

No, send all available units now!

The CLICK of pistol cocking behind him. He turns. Stenz, holding the Glock to his head.

STENZ

One chance. Open the gate.

GATE GUARD

I can't-

BLAM! Stenz steps over the man's body and keys in the code. The huge iron gate rumbles open and

TWO SEMI-TRUCKS hauling TRAILERS rumble through the gates and up the South Drive...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - MORNING

The Sniper Team sees the trucks rolling up the drive. Sighting the lead driver, tapping his throat-mic:

LEAD SNIPER

This is Castle Keep, we have a breach at the North Entrance-

The roof door bangs open behind him and they turn --

As Stenz's man MULCAHY bursts through, opening fire, OBLITERATING the White House Sniper Team in a hail of bullets!

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NORTH PORTICO - MORNING

The trucks rumble up the North Drive unimpeded and pull to a halt in front of the North Portico. The DRIVERS leap out and open up the back of the trailers where

DOZENS of heavily armed MERCENARIES in body armor pour out and swarm up the steps and into the White House...

Behind them, a lone THIN MAN IN GLASSES steps out of the truck. Sucks on an inhaler and surveys the scene...

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - SPEAKER'S OFFICE - MORNING

AGENT KELLERMAN

There's a firefight on the roof of the White House and the North Entrance has been breached!

RAPHELSON

Holy God...

SPEAKER'S ASSISTANT

(hanging up phone)

Mr. Speaker, we have to go! The Capitol Rotunda's on fire!

Off Raphelson's look of disbelief...

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - MORNING

Finnerty sprinting flat-out. Holding her phone to her ear. Ahead of her we see the unthinkable --

THE CAPITOL DOME is ENGULFED IN FLAMES. Windows explode outwards from the heat of the inferno within.

FINNERTY
(into phone)
Do you have the Vice President?

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - MORNING

AGENT MARCUS GRAHAM (30's) on the other end, as he hustles Jenna and VICE PRESIDENT ALVIN HAMMOND (60's) into a waiting SUV. INTERCUT:

AGENT GRAHAM
We're putting him in the car now!

FINNERTY
You don't stop for red lights, for police, and if something gets in your way, you drive through it!

AGENT GRAHAM
Is the President dead?

Finnerty takes a breath.

FINNERTY
We do not have his 20!

Graham turns to the Driver.

AGENT GRAHAM
Go!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CENTER HALL - GROUND FLOOR

Bishop and his team race the President through the now mostly empty Center Hall of the Residence.

BISHOP
(into radio)
Eagle is thirty seconds from the Vault, we are coming in hot!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - PRESIDENTIAL EMERGENCY OPERATIONS CENTER

THE VAULT - the most secure room in the world.

A ridiculously hi-tech room two floors below the East Wing. Chrome, glass, and LCD screens. The Watch Commander on the hard-line to Bishop:

WATCH COMMANDER
 Sir, we cannot open the door without
 authentication-

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CENTER HALL - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

As they run --

BISHOP
 We're under attack, goddammit, open
 the door!

WATCH COMMANDER (O.S.)
 (through radio)
 You know the rules, we need voice
 and retinal authentication from the
 President!

Cale, coming down the stairs, seeing the President's Team...

CALE
 Hey!

The MARINE turns, seeing a Cale hefting the machine gun. He
 OPENS UP with his M-16!

Cale dives across the hall into the CHINA ROOM as four
 generations of White House China is obliterated around him!

CALE (CONT'D)
Goddammit, I'm on your side!

But the President's already gone, down the East Colonnade...

EXT. MARINE ONE (FLYING) - MORNING

Coming up on DC, smoke from the Capitol rising into the sky...

MARINE ONE PILOT
 Holy shit...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST WING - BASEMENT LEVEL

Bishop and team hustle the President out of the back stairs...

BISHOP
 They're right behind us, open the
 Vault!

Around a corner, coming up on the HUGE VAULT DOOR...

WATCH COMMANDER (O.S.)
We still need authentication-

PRESIDENT SAWYER
(grabs the radio)
Open the goddamn door, Commander!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - PRESIDENTIAL EMERGENCY OPERATIONS CENTER

The Commander and his Lieutenant exchange a look. Definitely the President. The men turn their keys together and...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST WING - BASEMENT LEVEL - MORNING

We hear HUGE TUMBLERS moving. As they clunk into place, the three foot thick steel door rumbles open revealing

The P.E.O.C. Bishop stares at it, as the others rush past him inside. Hope looks at him, strangely.

AGENT HOPE
We need to seal the Vault!

BISHOP
I'm sorry, Ted.

And then Bishop raises his Sig-Sauer and shoots his friend in the chest! Holy shit!

The other two Agents and the Marine raise their weapons, but Bishop has the drop on them and takes them out too! Kills the Watch Commander and his Lieutenant as well!

Swings his gun back around to the President when -- BULLETS Rip into the wall just above Bishop's head!

CALE (O.S.)
Run, Mr. President!

Cale at the end of the hall, MP-5 blazing! Giving the President cover fire! Sawyer books down the hall to him! Cale grabs his wrist and drags him around a corner.

CALE (CONT'D)
Come on!

As they run:

PRESIDENT SAWYER
Who are you?

CALE
 Don't worry, I'm Secret Service,
 you're safe--*oh shit!*

As Stenz emerges from the stairwell and OPENS FIRE! Cale
 yanks Sawyer back the way they came!

CALE (CONT'D)
 Elevator!

PRESIDENT SAWYER
 What?!

CALE
Where's an elevator?

The President pulls Cale into a nook where an ELEVATOR DOOR
 sits. Stabbing the button relentlessly. Bishop coming down
 one side of the hallway, Stenz the other. Boxed in...

The elevator OPENS and -- Cale and Sawyer leap in, stabbing
 the door close button as Stenz sprints towards them, firing...
 The doors slide shut.

STENZ
Shit!

BISHOP
 It only goes up one floor!

Bishop and Stenz sprint back down the corridor to

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST WING - BACK STAIRCASE - MORNING

Taking the stairs two at a time and we TRACK with them running
 as they burst out into

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST LOBBY - MORNING

Running flat out to the elevator doors, weapons up... They
 stop. Doors don't open. Bishop puts his ear to the door.

BISHOP
 They're going back down!

Still tracking with them as they haul ass back to the

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST WING - BASEMENT LEVEL - MORNING

Bishop and Stenz, booking back to the elevator...

Too late. The elevator doors are open, the car empty. Cale and the President are gone. Stenz punches the wall.

STENZ

Shit!

BISHOP

It doesn't matter.

(off his look)

He got us into the PEOC, that's what counts. Button up the building and send out patrols, we *will* find him. As long as we fortify in the next five minutes they won't be able to get in here-

Cut off by the sound of a CHOPPER approaching...

STENZ

What's that?

BISHOP

Marine One.

(into radio)

Mulachy?

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - MORNING

Mulachy, drilling the last section of the base of a .50 CAL CANNON into the roof. The rotor blades growing louder...

MULACHY

(into radio)

We're on it!

Mulachy grins and moves behind the trigger of the .50 Cal...

EXT. MARINE ONE (FLYING) - MORNING

Coming in low over Pennsylvania Avenue, only fifty feet above the deck. We hear their radio chatter:

MARINE ONE PILOT (O.S.)

Castle, this is Marine One, we are coming in for exfil on the South Lawn, coming in now, over!

No response.

MARINE ONE PILOT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Castle, I say again we-

As .50 CAL TRACERS streak from the Mulachy's roof cannon, tattooing the side of the Presidential Helicopter!

MARINE ONE PILOT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Break left, break left!

The chopper screams high and to the left as BULLETS ZANG off it's armored body!

MARINE ONE PILOT (CONT'D)
*This is Marine One, we are taking
 fire from Castle, repeat, we are
 taking fire from Castle!*

Smoke pours from the helicopter as it soars high above the

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

In all it's glory below. Now occupied by new residents.

MARINE ONE PILOT (O.S.)
*Castle has fallen, repeat, Castle
 has fallen. The White House is down.*

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - MORNING

Finnerty sprints the last half-block to the ruined Capitol, dodging fire trucks, still on the phone with Graham.

FINNERTY
 Where are you?

INT. VICE PRESIDENT'S SUV (MOVING) - MORNING

Sirens screaming, the VICE PRESIDENT'S MOTORCADE is flying through Washington surface streets at 70 MPH! Graham has to shout to be heard:

AGENT GRAHAM
 We're two miles away from Andrews,
 the Vice President is secure!

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - MORNING

AGENT KELLERMAN (O.S.)
 Carol!

Finnerty turns to see Kellerman loading Speaker Raphelson into a limousine. Kellerman motions her over.

AGENT KELLERMAN (CONT'D)
 Get in!

Finnerty goes and slides into the front seat of the car...

INT. VICE PRESIDENT'S SUV (MOVING) - MORNING

FINNERTY (O.S.)
I'm with the Speaker, we're going to
the Secondary Location!

AGENT KELLERMAN
(into phone)
Roger that!

LEAD CAR DRIVER (O.S.)
Sir, there's a road blockage up ahead!

INT. LEAD SUV (MOVING) - MORNING

The Driver grips the wheel of the lead car of the Motorcade.
Five blocks up - AN AMBULANCE is stopped across the
intersection. Lights flashing.

LEAD CAR DRIVER
They're emergency vehicles!

AGENT GRAHAM (O.S.)
(through radio)
Agent, if they do not move, you drive
through them!

Four blocks away now...

LEAD CAR DRIVER
But, sir-

AGENT GRAHAM (O.S.)
We may have already lost the
President, this could be another
attempt! *You do not stop!*

Three blocks away. The Driver swallows.

LEAD CAR DRIVER
Roger that.

Two blocks away. The Driver leans on the horn. He doesn't
decrease speed. The Ambulance stays where it is...

LEAD CAR DRIVER (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Move, please move, please...

One block. He's not moving. The Driver grips the wheel and closes his eyes. For God and country...

EXT. WASHINGTON STREETS - MORNING

WHAM! The Lead SUV strikes the Ambulance doing 70! Both vehicles, ripped and twisted by the impact, flying off the pavement sideways and smashing into a STOREFRONT!

Creating a HOLE in the intersection that the rest of the Vice President's Motorcade ROARS through!

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - MORNING

The security gate opens as the Motorcade tears through and out onto the TARMAC. Screeching to a halt next to

AIR FORCE ONE

Gleaming in the sun. All polished up and ready to go.

Secret Service leaps out of the cars, scanning for threats. Weapon out, Graham hustles the Vice President up the gangway.

AGENT GRAHAM

Move, sir, move!

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - MORNING

Graham, the Vice President Jenna and the rest scramble aboard the aircraft as we hear the engines powering up. As they buckle in, over the INTERCOM:

CAPTAIN DIX (O.S.)

Mr. Vice President, my name is Captain Leo Dix and I apologize in advance, but this is gonna be the hardest take-off you've ever felt. We're going to put this bird at 30,000 feet in 15 seconds, so do not be alarmed if you lose consciousness - Mikey, hit it.

And the plane shoots forward at FULL THROTTLE!

The passengers pinned back in their seats as the engines roar and Air Force One takes flight...

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - MORNING

Air Force One climbs up and away at a 55 DEGREE ANGLE from the ground, becoming a speck in seconds...

INT. RAPHELSON'S MOTORCADE (MOVING) - MORNING

Roaring through the streets of DC. CNN plays on a small TV. We see a horrible sight - the CAPITOL DOME COLLAPSES INWARDS on itself from the heat inside. Flames rise from it.

CNN NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
Oh, My God... Oh, my God, I don't
have the words...

Raphelson swallows. Finnerty pulls a pistol from her hip. Checks the load, offers it to Raphelson.

FINNERTY
You know how to use one of these?
(off his look)
We don't know where they might hit
next and this country needs need you
alive, sir. Take it.

Raphelson does. The limo takes a hard right, heading for...

EXT. PENTAGON - MORNING

Establishing. Dozens of MARINES in full body armor with assault rifles guard the gates. MILITARY TANKS rolling onto the lawn to establish a hard perimeter.

Raphelson's Motorcade roars through the gates into an

INT. PENTAGON - UNDERGROUND GARAGE - MORNING

The cars pull to a halt and Raphelson, Finnerty, Kellerman, and the rest spring out, heading for the front doors.

RAPHELSON
We need the Head of the FAA to ground
all air traffic over the Continental
US and we need to close the borders--
Where's the director of Homeland
Security?

SPEAKER'S ASSISTANT
He was at the White House.

RAPHELSON
Who's the Assistant Director?

SPEAKER'S ASSISTANT
Wyck Halsey. Also at the White House.

RAPHELSON

Jesus.

FINNERTY

I'm on with Agent Graham!

RAPHELSON

How are they doing?

FINNERTY

(listens; then)

The VP just puked on Air Force One.

As the Two Marines in front of them open the doors wide...

COLONEL JANOWITZ

Mr. Speaker, welcome to the Pentagon.
I'm Colonel Janowitz, I'll be taking
you down to the bunker. Are these
people with you?

RAPHELSON

Yes, Colonel.

COLONEL JANOWITZ

Follow me.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CENTER HALL - GROUND FLOOR

Emily peeks around a corner to see a GROUP OF HOSTAGES herded
into the Center Hall. Some weeping and crying. HUMPHRIES
and several Mercenaries standing guard. She backs away when

A HAND grabs her by the hair! STENZ. He drags her kicking
and screaming out from her hiding place!

EMILY

Get off me, asshole!

BISHOP (O.S.)

That's not necessary.

Bishop steps out from the East Wing. Stenz deposits Emily
with the others, glaring at her. Bishop addresses them.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, I apologize,
but this will not take long. If you
bear with us and do what we say, you
will not be harmed.

(MORE)

BISHOP (CONT'D)

(to Humphries)

Get a count, bring it to me. Search all of them then move them to the Situation Room. Any of my agents separate out, I don't want them causing dissent.

HUMPHRIES

You want me to...

BISHOP

I want you to tie them up and lock them in a closet and that's all. When you're done I want patrols organized, we need to do a room to room search of the complex.

HUMPHRIES

Why, are we missing something?

Stenz gives him a look - not the time. Humphries nods and his men begin the count.

STENZ

Where do you want to set up command?

BISHOP

Where do you think?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING CORRIDORS - MORNING

Small fires are being extinguished by mercenaries. Bishop and Stenz stride through until they reach

THE OVAL OFFICE

Bishop steps inside. A moment. Takes it all in.

BISHOP

This'll do. Where's Tyler?

STENZ

Still getting set up.

Bishop grabs a radio. Into it:

BISHOP

Mr. Tyler, we have a time frame yet?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - P.E.O.C. - MORNING

TYLER, the man in glasses from the truck, supervises several Mercenaries as they unpack huge crates of computer equipment and jack them in to the mainframe in the PEOC.

TYLER

(into radio)

We're still plugging in power-bars down here, it's gonna be a little bit.

BISHOP (O.S.)

(through radio)

Call me when you have a timeline.

Tyler puts down the radio and takes a seat at the central computer surveys the room. He smiles, deposits a JAR OF LOLLIPOPS next to the keyboard, and begins typing...

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Colonel Janowitz swipes his keycard and leads Raphelson and the others into the PENTAGON BUNKER, a bustling hi-tech Emergency Command Center.

RAPHELSON

What do we know?

COLONEL JANOWITZ

At 9:17 a.m. an explosive device was detonated in the Capitol. We now believe this to have been a diversion, allowing a paramilitary team to seize control of the White House. They hold an unknown number of hostages, who may or may not include the President of the United States. We do not know their numbers, their capabilities, or their intentions.

RAPHELSON

So we know nothing.

FINNERTY

We know we're down one Capitol and one White House.

Raphelson shoots her a look. A LIEUTENANT looks up.

LIEUENENANT GAINES

Sir, I have the Vice President from
Air Force One.

RAPHELSON

Alvin, are you okay?

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - CONFERENCE ROOM (FLYING) - MORNING

VICE PRESIDENT ALVIN HAMMOND (60's, grey) stands with his
chief aide WALLACE (30's, oily) and several others. INTERCUT:

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND

I'm fine, we're just a little shaken
up. Do we know what happened yet?

RAPHELSON

We're just getting briefed now.
(to Colonel Janowitz)
Who's in command on the ground?

COLONEL JANOWITZ

Permission to speak freely?
(off his nod)
It's a shitshow. DC police is on
scene, but FBI is trying to run it,
plus Secret Service feels it should
be their show since it was their
building that got took.

FINNERTY

It was.
(into speaker)
Carol Finnerty, Secret Service, sir.
We need one single command structure
here.

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND

What we need is to send in the Army
to retake the White House.

COLONEL JANOWITZ

You can't do that, sir.
(off their looks)
Posse Comitatus makes it illegal to
deploy American troops on American
soil.

RAPHELSON

What about federalizing the National
Guard?

COLONEL JANOWITZ
Goes against a 200 year old law known
as the Insurrection Act, plus the
Vice President can't order it.

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND
Why not?

RAPHELSON
(getting it)
Because he's the Vice President.

COLONEL JANOWITZ
You do not hold the power of the
Presidency, that is correct, sir.
Make no mistake, we are in a
Constitutional crisis - we have never
lost a Chief Executive before. If
the President were dead, that would
be one thing, but missing? There's
no constitutional remedy for that.

Hammond's young aide WALLACE speaks up.

WALLACE
Yes, there is. We need to talk about
invoking the 25th Amendment.

FINNERTY
You want to remove the President
from power?

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND
I don't want to do anything-

COLONEL JANOWITZ
(shaking his head)
There are some practical issues with
that, sir - The 25th would require a
majority of the Cabinet to vote that
President Sawyer was unfit to hold
office in absentia - something that
a). They may not do, and b). May
not be possible, considering we do
not have eyes on the Secretaries of
State, Energy, Transportation,
Education, and Homeland Security.

RAPHELSON
You're saying a third of the
President's cabinet may be dead?

COLONEL JANOWITZ
That's exactly what I'm saying, sir.

WALLACE
We should get a head count of who's left.

RAPHELSON
Sir-

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND
We can't be hamstrung by legalities, Eli. Delta Force is out of North Carolina, correct?

COLONEL JANOWITZ
Fayetteville, yes, sir.

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND
How long would it take to get them to DC?

COLONEL JANOWITZ
We can have them on the ground here in forty minutes.

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND
Then do it. We're going to take back what's ours.

Wallace nods to him, happy with this play.

RAPHELSON
There's another consideration...

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND
Which is?

RAPHELSON
We don't know what they want yet.

WALLACE
You want to negotiate with them?

RAPHELSON
I want to find out what they're after before we send a trident missile through the front door-

FINNERTY
We've called them, right?

They turn to look at her.

COLONEL JANOWITZ

Who?

FINNERTY

Whoever did this. We've tried them
on the phone by now, haven't we?

Janowitz's look says it all. Finnerty goes and snatches up
the nearest phone.

COLONEL JANOWITZ

What are you doing?

FINNERTY

Calling the White House.

INT. WEST WING - BASEMENT CORRIDORS - MORNING

The hostages are led down the stairs, through a low lit
carpeted hallway to the SITUATION ROOM. Emily walks next to
Donnie the Tour Guide, who is entranced.

DONNIE

Wow...

EMILY

What?

DONNIE

They never let us in here on the
tour.

Emily stares at him. He's having a ball...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

Bishop sits behind the President's desk. Stenz comes over.

STENZ

Hostage count is seventy-one.
Humphries has them secure in the
SitRoom.

Bishop nods as he picks up his radio.

BISHOP

Good.

(into radio)

Tyler, where are you?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - P.E.O.C. - MORNING

Tyler chewing on a lollipop, hands flying over his keyboard. One of the others holds the radio to his mouth as he speaks:

TYLER

It's getting a little gnarly down here... Without the President's Passcode, we're looking at about 45 more minutes.

BISHOP (O.S.)

(through radio)

45 minutes I can handle, call me when you're close.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

Bishop puts the radio back down.

STENZ

Switchboard says they have an incoming call. One of yours.

BISHOP

It's about time.

He looks down at the phone. Line one lit up. He answers.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Hello?

INTERCUT:

FINNERTY

This Agent Carol Finnerty, to whom am I speaking?

BISHOP

It's me, Carol.

FINNERTY

Martin! Are you okay?

BISHOP

I'm fine. You should have called already, we've had the building for fifteen minutes.

A beat.

FINNERTY

We?

BISHOP

I'm assuming you're recording this, so I'll make it easy for you - my name is Martin James Bishop and my men currently control the White House and 71 hostages within. The following political prisoners are to be released - Gerry Burke, Gregory Aoki, Sadaam Al-Hafra, Vikram Govindan, Michael Mayer-

FINNERTY

Will, what are you-

BISHOP

-I'm not going through these names again, Carol - Efrem Krieger, Arneau Galezowski, and Saadi Soudavar. You have one hour to effect these releases or we begin killing hostages, it's that simple.

Finnerty takes a breath.

FINNERTY

Why are you doing this?

BISHOP

Not your concern. Clock's ticking.

About to hang up the phone when:

FINNERTY

Is the President alive?

BISHOP

Yes.

FINNERTY

I want proof of life.

Stenz raises an eyebrow at Bishop.

BISHOP

One hour, or I execute him in front of cameras on the South Lawn.

He hangs up the phone.

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Raphelson and the others stare at Finnerty lowers the phone, reeling. Takes a breath. Centers herself and

FINNERTY

We need all of Bishop's financial and medical records immediately, he's got a wife Muriel and three kids in Georgetown, I want them brought here now.

Agent Kellerman nods and goes.

RAPHELSON

You okay?

FINNERTY

I have Thanksgiving at their house every year.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

Bishop looks up at Stenz.

BISHOP

Find the President.

INT. WHITE HOUSE RESIDENCE - THIRD FLOOR - MORNING

The First Family's personal quarters. Far away from the chaos going on two floors below.

Cale steps into the room, gun up. Scanning. Tasteful decorations. Thick carpet, plush furniture. And empty.

CALE

We're clear.

President Sawyer enters behind him.

CALE (CONT'D)

Right now they're getting situated, but that won't last. They'll be coming for us.

(checks his clip)

Shit.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

What?

CALE

We only have three bullets. Do you keep any weapons in here?

PRESIDENT SAWYER

There are usually two dress marines with M-16's standing outside that door, so no, I didn't see the need.

CALE

What about knives in the kitchen?

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Through there.

The President points to a door. Cale raises the gun.

CALE

Stay behind me.

INT. WHITE HOUSE RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Pristine. Pot racks and expensive ranges. Warming drawers. A beautiful kitchen. Cale enters. No one there.

CALE

Clear.

Sawyer comes in behind him and goes for the knife block on the island.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

How long have you been in the Secret Service?

CALE

Six months.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Are you kidding me?

CALE

Well, technically six months Tuesday.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

But you've done this before?

CALE

Oh, sure, this is like my third White House terrorist take-over attack this month.

Cale spies the phone on the wall. Goes to pick it up...

PRESIDENT SAWYER

What are you doing?

CALE

Not that I don't like our chances with three bullets and a kitchen knife, but I thought you might want to call your good friends at Seal Team Six and see if they wanted to swing by and help.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

You pick up that line, anyone at the switchboard will know we're up here.

CALE

Good point. Do you have a cell phone?

PRESIDENT SAWYER

I have a better idea.

INT. WHITE HOUSE RESIDENCE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

The President opens up his bedside drawer and withdraws a sleek SATELLITE PHONE.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Satphone with a built in alpha-scrambler. No one can tap in.

CALE

Why do you have this next to your bed?

PRESIDENT SAWYER

So I can make private calls to the man I'm seeing.

Cale blinks.

PRESIDENT SAWYER (CONT'D)

Kidding. Sheryl wanted to be able to call her mother without the NSA listening in. So, who do we call?

CALE

You don't know?

PRESIDENT SAWYER
I haven't placed a phone call for
myself in over two years.

CALE
They didn't give you like a special
Presidential dial-in number in case
of emergencies?

PRESIDENT SAWYER
(dry)
No, they told me my Secret Service
protection would handle that.

Touche. Cale stares at the phone. Has an idea. Fishes out
a card from his pocket...

CALE
I know who we're calling.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE (FLYING) - MORNING

Cruising altitude. Shaken, Jenna sits in her seat watching
the VICE PRESIDENT and others walk down the aisle to the
CONFERENCE ROOM down the hall.

Jenna raises a soda to her mouth with a shaky hand... Her
cell phone rings. She jumps, spilling the soda. Answers.

JENNA
Hello?

INT. WHITE HOUSE RESIDENCE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Cale with the satphone. INTERCUT:

CALE
Jenna, it's John Cale, I'm with the
Pres-

JENNA
This *really* isn't a good time.

And she HANGS UP. Cale stares at the phone in disbelief.

PRESIDENT SAWYER
Close friend?

INT. AIR FORCE ONE (FLYING) - MORNING

Jenna, about to take another sip when the phone RINGS AGAIN.
She spills again. Answers, about to yell at him but:

CALE

Jenna, don't hang up! I'm calling from inside the White House, I have the President with me!

JENNA

That's not funny, John.

CALE

Jenna, I'm not kid-

Sawyer takes the phone from Cale.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Jenna, hi, this is James Sawyer, listen, I've just spent the last ten minutes getting shot at, so if you could connect me to whatever command and control structure we have left in this country, I would *really* appreciate it.

JENNA

(flustered)

Sir! Yes, sir, I- uh, hold on!

She bolts from her seat...

INT. WHITE HOUSE RESIDENCE - MASTER BEDROOM

A beat. The President looks to Cale.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

We're on hold.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - CONFERENCE ROOM (FLYING) - MORNING

The Vice President, getting a quiet pep-talk from his Chief of Staff.

WALLACE

This is your moment, sir. The country is looking for a leader. It's your time to step up-

Interrupted as Jenna bursts in, out of breath!

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND

I told you we weren't to be disturbed-

JENNA
 (holds up her phone)
 The President of the United States
 just called my cell.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

Bishop's radio crackles. It's EVERETT, the head of one of the sweep teams:

EVERETT (O.S.)
 We just finished a sweep of the State
 Floor, no sign of them.

Bishop thinks. Into the radio:

BISHOP
 If someone broke into your house,
 where would you run and hide?
 (realizes)
 They're in the Residence. Go.

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Raphelson and Finnerty gather around the viewscreen as Jenna puts the call through.

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND
 Hello? Mr. President?

INTERCUT:

PRESIDENT SAWYER
 I'm here, Alvin. We're okay.

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND
 We?

PRESIDENT SAWYER
 I'm with a Secret Service Agent, I'm
 going to put him on the line.

Handing the phone over to

CALE
 Hello, this is Agent John Cale.

FINNERTY
 Cale?

CALE
 Miss Finnerty?

RAPHELSON

John, what are you doing in there?

CALE

Long story, sir. They've taken the building and are holding hostages. We evaded them so far, but that won't last, so not to put too fine a point on it, but this is the part where you come in here and save us.

FINNERTY

We're working on several different scenarios, but in the meantime, you need to get the President out. Can you get to the basement?

Cale looks to Sawyer, who nods.

CALE

Yes.

FINNERTY

Good. There's a series of tunnels that lead out to the street. JFK used them to sneak Marilyn in.

CALE

I thought those were a myth.

FINNERTY

Actually, they're not.

CALE

Donnie's gonna be pissed...

FINNERTY

You get to the basement, and I'll lead you to the tunnels.

CALE

And when I get him out, you're gonna come in and get the hostages, right?

Finnerty and Raphelson exchange a look.

CALE (CONT'D)

They have my daughter. Tell me you have a plan to save her.

Finnerty takes a breath.

FINNERTY

We will get to her, but you have to get the President to safety. This is the most important thing you will ever do.

CALE

You want me to leave my child?

FINNERTY

I want you to do your sworn duty and protect the President of the United States!

DING! The Elevator ARRIVING on the Third Floor! Sawyer's eyes go wide as he motions to the hallway - *they're coming.*

Cale hangs up on her.

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER

FINNERTY

Cale? *Cale!*

She's just met with static.

INT. WHITE HOUSE RESIDENCE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

The door creaks open and CHEN and EVERETT creep into the room, rifles up. They scan the room - seemingly empty.

EVERETT

Mr. President?

No response.

EVERETT (CONT'D)

We have no desire to harm you or your companion. Please come quietly.

Chen points to the bed - Cale's blood spattered SHOE poking out from the far side. He gives Everett a hand signal, *you go right, I go left.*

EVERETT (CONT'D)

The sooner you come with us, the sooner this will be over.

He springs around the bed weapon up to find...

Just the shoe sitting there. Everett blinks. A decoy. And then the wardrobe door flies open behind him and

CALE leaps out, knife in hand, stabbing him in the back!
 Everett screams and pulls the trigger and the room is filled
 with GUNFIRE! Chen goes down, riddled with bullets!

Everett charges backwards, trying to throw Cale off! Smashing
 him back through the door, charging across the West Sitting
 Hall and into

INT. WHITE HOUSE RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Everett slams Cale back against the island and rips the knife
 out of his back, spinning to face him!

Cale grabs a pan and hurls it at Everett's head, who ducks
 and slashes, catching Cale across the forearm!

EVERETT

Ranger choke-hold? You one of those
 Army pussies?

He slashes again as Cale hurls a pot at him!

EVERETT (CONT'D)

We used to use faggots like you for
 target practice!

Cale jumps up and brings the whole fucking pot rack down on
 Everett's head! Everett reeling, Cale grabs a cutting board
 and whacks Everett across the face!

Everett drops the knife and they grapple, but Everett's
 getting the upper hand...

PRESIDENT SAWYER (O.S.)

Freeze!

They both look - in the doorway, the President of the United
 States, holding the gun on them.

Everett doesn't freeze. In fact, he smiles and continues to
 beat the ever loving shit out of Cale. Sawyer, trying to
 get a clear line of sight...

PRESIDENT SAWYER (CONT'D)

What- what do you want me to do?

CALE

Shoot him!

Sawyer's finger tightens on the trigger, but Everett gets
 his arm around Cale's neck and hauls him in front of him,
 using him like a human shield...

CALE (CONT'D)

Wait not, now! Don't shoot now!

Sawyer moving the gun around, trying to get a clear shot...
Cale rams his head back into Everett's nose - SNAP! Everett screams and Cale dives clear.

CALE (CONT'D)

Now!

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! Sawyer shoots and Everett is blown backwards off his feet! He lands in a heap, dead.

Cale collapses against the counter, gasping. Sawyer lowers the gun. Breathing hard. Numb. They both sink to the floor.

Water sprays up from the sink, where a bullet struck it. Silence.

CALE (CONT'D)

Three bullets...?

Sawyer looks over at him.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

What?

CALE

You had to use all three bullets?

PRESIDENT SAWYER

I saved your life and you're giving me *notes*?

Cale pulls himself to his feet.

CALE

We have to conserve ammo...

PRESIDENT SAWYER

I was trying to conserve *people*.
You're welcome, by the way.

Cale kneels down next to Everett's body, dialing the satphone.

CALE

(into satphone)

We have two dead bad guys up here.

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Raphelson and the others look up as Cale's voice comes through the speaker. Finnerty rushes to grab the phone.

FINNERTY

Describe them.

INT. WHITE HOUSE RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Cale rolls Everett's body over, searching him.

CALE

Both Americans, well trained,
proficient with small arms, hand to
hand combat and... oh, shit.

He's rolled up Everett's sleeve to expose a tattoo of a
Screaming Eagle.

FINNERTY (O.S.)

Cale?

But Cale HANGS UP the phone, severing the connection. Looks
at the President, quietly. Concerned.

CALE

Sir, this is a Special Forces tattoo.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

The army's doing this?

CALE

Maybe. They were taking orders from
your Head of Secret Service, right?

PRESIDENT SAWYER

It's a coup de'tat...

Cale games it out in his head...

CALE

No. If they wanted you dead, you'd
be dead. This is something else.

Sawyer nods. Looking at him.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

I didn't know they had your daughter.
(MORE)

PRESIDENT SAWYER (CONT'D)

(pause)

If I thought turning myself over to them would save her, I'd do it. But we both know that's not how these people work.

Cale stops, noticing BLOOD on Sawyer's shirt. Alarmed, he leans down and begins patting him down.

CALE

Are you hit?

PRESIDENT SAWYER

What?

CALE

(searching for a wound)

Have you been shot, sir?

PRESIDENT SAWYER

(pushes him away)

No! No, it's the other guy's blood from the bedroom- I got splattered.

Cale steps back, relieved. Looks at Sawyer. The President of the United States, in his care.

CALE

I'm going to get you out of here.

He extends a hand to Sawyer and pulls him to his feet. Grabs Everett's MP-5 and checks the load.

CALE (CONT'D)

We have to get to the basement.

They head for the West Sitting Hall...

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Finnerty, talking to the Communications Officer.

FINNERTY

Get him back on the line!

Agent Kellerman re-enters the Bunker and pulls her aside.

AGENT KELLERMAN

Muriel Bishop left the country four days ago, bought a one way ticket to Venezuela. Non-extradition.

FINNERTY

Pull phone records, see if the Venezuelan government was in contact with either of them in the last two years. Loop in NSA, they might have had a tap on Bishop's phone.

AGENT KELLERMAN

There's something else.

He hands her a sheet of paper. Finnerty scans it, then takes a deep breath. Turns to address the room and the viewscreens.

FINNERTY

Mr. Vice President, Mr. Speaker, we have a problem.

RAPHELSON

Another one?

FINNERTY

The list of prisoners Bishop wants released; they're not all in the US. Gerry Burke is former Sein Fein and is being held in London, Galezowski is a Basque separatist, he's in France-

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND

Well, I'm sure all these countries would cooperate if-

FINNERTY

Samir Al-Hafra's being held in Iran. State Department's already reached out, but they won't let him go.

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND

What did Al-Hafra do?

FINNERTY

Tried to assassinate their President.

RAPHELSON

There's a lot of that going around.

FINNERTY

It doesn't make sense. Why *these* prisoners? What do they have in common? A Basque separatist, an Irish revolutionary--what's Krieger?

AGENT KELLERMAN
Former MOSAAD.

FINNERTY
None of these guys are high value targets, we've got bigger names sitting in Guantanamo right now.

RAPHELSON
You think it's a diversion.

FINNERTY
I think it's something.

RAPHELSON
Tell State to try again. Linked or not, we either need to release these people or kick in the door in the next 43 minutes, otherwise Bishop's going to start executing hostages on national TV.

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND
If the Iranians won't give up Al-Hafra, maybe we go get him.

They look to the VP's viewscreen.

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND (CONT'D)
The Nimitz is in the Gulf, they have a detachment of SEALS onboard.

RAPHELSON
If we send men into Iran to get Al-Hafra, we're committing an act of war. Do you really want that on our plate this morning too?

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND
You don't think we're at war? Take a look around you. Come on Eli, Iran's our enemy, you said it yourself-

RAPHELSON
Just because I don't want to sign a treaty with them doesn't mean I think it's a good idea to invade! We need to hold this together.

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND
Colonel, I want the SEALS briefed
and prepped for an assault on the
prison if we give the word.

COLONEL JANOWITZ
Respectfully, sir, only the President
can give that order-

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND
The President is behind enemy lines
and compromised. I'm assembling the
cabinet now to invoke the 25th.

Raphelson stares at him, in shock.

RAPHELSON
The President's still alive... You
won't get the votes...

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND
Wallace assures me I will. We've
already done the head count.
(to Colonel Janowitz)
It'll take about ten more minutes to
get everyone together. How long
till Delta Force arrives?

COLONEL JANOWITZ
They'll be here in fifteen minutes.

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND
By the time they land, I'll be able
to give them the go order.
(to Raphelson)
Get onboard, Eli.

He cuts the connection. Raphelson looks to Finnerty. Not
good...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - P.E.O.C. - MORNING

Tyler's radio crackles:

BISHOP (O.S.)
How's it coming, Mr. Tyler?

Tyler, fingers flying on the keyboard. He curses, spits out
his lollipop and grabs the walkie. INTERCUT:

TYLER
I'm having a firewall problem...

BISHOP

Meaning?

TYLER

You know what happens when they catch you trying to hack the government? They hire you. I'm working against the best black-hats of the last twenty years-

BISHOP

I'm going to need you to come to the point here.

TYLER

I'm going to need more time, another two hours at least-

BISHOP

Shit.

Tyler takes a deep breath.

TYLER

It would be a lot easier if you brought me that passcode.

BISHOP

So noted. Everett, did you find anything in the residence? Everett?

No response. Bishop frowns. Tyler, seeing something on his monitor. One of the elevators is MOVING.

TYLER

I have movement. Central elevator, coming down from the residence-

BISHOP

It's them. Can you stop it between floors?

TYLER

(typing)
Absolutely. Halted between two and three.

BISHOP

Lock it up, then send a team to-- actually scratch that. Stenz, would you be so kind as to bring me the President of the United States?

Stenz hefts his M4 rifle with a grin and heads for the door...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - STATE FLOOR - CENTER HALL - MORNING

Stenz leads a team of three men towards the elevator bank.

STENZ

(into radio)

We're in the central lobby. Bring
it down.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - P.E.O.C. - MORNING

Tyler punches in a few more keystrokes and onscreen the elevator begins moving again...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - STATE FLOOR - CENTER HALL - MORNING

Stenz hears the machinery moving and the elevator car comes to a halt on their floor. Weapons up, ready to for a firefight. The doors ding and slide open to reveal...

The car is empty. Stenz keys his radio:

STENZ

It's a decoy! They're still upstairs!

He books for the stairwell, his team following. As they bound upstairs...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CENTRAL ELEVATOR SHAFT - MORNING

Grimy and disgusting. Everything covered with grease. Cale and Sawyer are shimmying down a narrow service ladder to the base of the shaft.

CALE

I'm surprised nobody put this on the
tour.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

I'll look into it.

They reach the recessed bottom of the shaft. Standing among the elevator machinery, the bottom floor of the White House at their chin level. Cale dials Finnerty...

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Finnerty snatches up the phone. INTERCUT:

FINNERTY

Are you okay?

CALE

Relatively. We're at the base of the elevator shaft.

FINNERTY

You mean in the elevator?

CALE

Not so much, no.

Finnerty checks the blueprints.

FINNERTY

Okay. Okay, you need to pry the doors open and get across the hall to the stairwell - that'll lead you down to the catacombs.

CALE

How are we going to open the door?

The President holds up a butcher knife from upstairs. Cale smiles and takes it. Pries open the elevator doors a crack.

He STOPS. Footsteps on the hall. Someone rushing past pushing a dolly loaded with wooden crates. The stamp on the side says "SURFACE TO AIR"...

PRESIDENT SAWYER

That can't be good.

Cale waits for the sound to recede, then slides open the doors the rest of the way. Climbing out into the

INT. WHITE HOUSE BASEMENT - CORRIDOR - MORNING

A low lit hall, filled with boxes. This is the Storage Level. Cale, covered in grease. He pulls the similarly filthy President up and they move across the hallway to the stairs...

INT. WHITE HOUSE RESIDENCE - THIRD FLOOR - MORNING

Stenz and his team sprint into the Main Room. Nothing. They find Chen dead in the bedroom and Everett down in the kitchen. Stenz looks back to the elevator. Realizing:

STENZ

Goddammit, they're in the shaft!

(MORE)

STENZ (CONT'D)
(runs for the door)
Whoever this guy is, he's starting
to piss me off...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - STORAGE STAIRWELL - MORNING

Cale and the President descend a spiral staircase.

CALE
Did you know about this?

PRESIDENT SAWYER
I just knew about the tunnel from
the pool house that leads back to
the Residence. Truman put it in
because he didn't want to be
photographed in his swim trunks
walking back to the house.

They reach a door at the bottom of the stairs.

CALE
(into satphone)
We're at the bottom of the stairs.

FINNERTY (O.S.)
That's the entrance to the catacombs.
Take the second tunnel on your right,
follow it all the way out. We'll be
waiting.

Cale takes the pistol out and hands it to the President.

CALE
I'm not going with you.

PRESIDENT SAWYER
What?

CALE
I can't leave her. You get out, you
send the Marines back in to get me
and my daughter.

PRESIDENT SAWYER
You have my word.

They shake. The President pushes through the door...

INT. WHITE HOUSE CATACOMBS - MORNING

Dingy, clearly built during the bomb-shelter era. The President steps forward to a chickenwire gate that leads to the tunnels. About to open when he notices --

PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES wired to the gate door. Beeping transmitters and wires everywhere. He stares at it.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Cale!

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Finnerty snatches up the ringing phone.

FINNERTY

You on your way?

INTERCUT with Cale and the President staring at the bomb:

CALE

The entrance to the tunnel has been wired with explosives.

FINNERTY

What's it look like?

CALE

Like a shit-ton of explosives. Here.

He snaps a photo of it with the satphone and sends it. An image of the device pops up on Finnerty's viewscreen.

FINNERTY

Oh, yeah, don't touch that.

(to Colonel Janowitz)

I need an explosives expert in here now!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - MAIN STAIRWELL - MORNING

Stenz and his team, racing back down the stairs...

INT. WHITE HOUSE CATACOMBS - MORNING

Cale and the President hear the footsteps approaching.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

They're coming...

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Finnerty, desperately flipping through White House blueprints.
INTERCUT:

CALE

We have to move, where are we going?

FINNERTY

Hold on-

CALE

I can't hold on, which way!

FINNERTY

I don't know, I- Just run!

Cale and the President BOLT back into the stairwell...

INT. WHITE HOUSE BASEMENT - CORRIDOR - MORNING

They burst out of the stairwell into the low-lit corridor...

FINNERTY

Central staircase should be fifty
yards in front of you. Delta's
inbound, ten minutes!

CALE

They'll have us by then! We need a
location!

The President grabs his arm. Says one word.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Stagecoach.

CALE

(into radio)

I know where we're going, Finnerty.
We're getting out of here.

They reach the central staircase, as behind them, the elevator
DINGS open...

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER

Raphelson leans over to her.

RAPHELSON

The cabinet's assembling right now...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - MAIN STAIRWELL - MORNING

As they sprint up the stairs:

FINNERTY (O.S.)
 (through satphone)
 Cale, if you don't get him out of
 there in the next five minutes, he
 may not be the President anymore.

CALE
 We're doing the best we can, but
 thanks for the added pressure!

Sawyer pulls him to the left as a BURST OF GUNFIRE comes
 from below! Stenz, coming for them. Cale and the President
 bolt off the stairs onto the STATE FLOOR Stenz keys his radio:

STENZ
 Contact in the Main Stairwell, they're
 on the State Floor headed East!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

BISHOP
 East? Why would they-
 (realizing)
 Roland, they're coming to you!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - STATE FLOOR CORRIDOR

Bishop's man ROLAND, guarding a door.

ROLAND
 (into radio)
 Roger that, I'll be-

Bullets punch through him! Cale and the President! They
 leap over his body and shoulder through the door into

INT. WHITE HOUSE - MOTOR POOL - MORNING

The PRESIDENT'S FULL MOTORCADE parked under the building.
 Row upon row of black Yukons and Escalades. Cale and the
 President bolt the door shut!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

Bishop, hearing Roland go down.

BISHOP

Shit! All sweep teams, converge on
the Motor Pool!

He grabs his own weapon and races out the door...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - MOTOR POOL - MORNING

Bullets rip through the Motor Pool door - Stenz on the other
side, trying to get through!

CALE

Where are the keys?

PRESIDENT SAWYER

In the cage!

Sawyer begins tossing furniture in front of the door as Cale
races for the metal cage on the far side of the garage. He
finds a padlock on it and shoots it off! Rushing inside.

Dozens of keychains hang from hooks. Cale, about to ask the
President which one he should grab when he sees it --

A keychain with the Presidential Seal on it and these words -
Ground Force One. Cale smiles and snatches it up.

CALE

Got them!

The President abandons the door and they both run to the far
side of the garage where in all its glory sits

STAGECOACH - AKA "THE BEAST"

The Presidential Limousine. An eight ton military armored
modified Cadillac CTS, sitting on a Chevy Topkick wheelbase.
Each door weighs as much as a cabin door on a 747.

A hermetic HISS and CA-CHUNK as the doors UNLOCK. Cale gets
in the driver's side and the President runs for the rear.

CALE (CONT'D)

What the hell are you getting in the
back for?!

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Sorry, force of habit!

He slides into the passenger seat, and they closed the car
doors as the Motor Pool door crashes inwards!

Stenz, running at them, EMPTYING a FULL CLIP into the five-inch thick BALLISTIC GLASS in front of Cale's face! The bullets just zang off! Cale points to his ear making the universal "I can't hear you" gesture.

As Stenz reloads, Cale slams the keys into the ignition and the Beast roars to life...

PRESIDENT SAWYER (CONT'D)

How do we open the garage door-

Cale hits the gas. The Beast peels out, SMASHING THROUGH the closed Motor Pool doors out onto the East Entrance drive!

Bishop sprints into the Motor Pool just in time to see them peel out!

BISHOP

We're going after them!

They grab keys and climb into the Yukon XL's to give chase...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS - EAST DRIVE - MORNING

The Beast screeches around a corner, roaring up the East Drive for the South Gate as the Yukons peel out of the garage! Sawyer, seeing them coming.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Shit, they're in the heavy-weapon follow cars!

CALE

What do you mean 'heavy weapon'?

On cue, the Lead Yukon's sunroof retracts and manned .30 caliber M-134D DILLAN ROTATING MINI-GUN rises up out of the car! (*Seriously, these cars really exist*).

The Gunner pulls the trigger and the cannon springs to life, bullets tearing chunks out of pavement around the Beast!

CALE (CONT'D)

Are you kidding me?!

Cale yanks the wheel to the left, taking the chase off-road, and ONTO THE SOUTH LAWN!

INT. AIR FORCE ONE (FLYING) - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

The Vice President sits, addressing the assembled members of the CABINET on viewscreen.

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND
Ladies and Gentlemen of the cabinet,
thank you for joining me today. It
with a heavy heart that-

Wallace enters, interrupting him.

WALLACE
Sir, you need to see this...

He grabs a remote, clicking the TV on to CNN --

LIVE FEED of The Beast tearing across the South Lawn of the
White House, being pursued by three Black SUVs follow cars
each with roof mounted machine gun cannons...

INT. THE BEAST (MOVING) - MORNING

Cale tears through the Kennedy Garden, swerving...

CALE
Can we crash the fence?

PRESIDENT SAWYER
It's dual hardened steel and twelve
feet high, so no!

Until they have an exit, they're trapped on the White House
Grounds...

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Raphelson and the others, watching the whole thing on TV
slack-jawed.

FINNERTY
We'll get a welding crew out there-

INT. THE BEAST (MOVING) - MORNING

PRESIDENT SAWYER
There's no time for that!

Cale swerves to dodge another hail of bullets and SMASHES
through the President's daughter's SWINGSET!

CALE
Get someone to blow a hole in it!

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - MORNING

Three blocks up from the White House. TWO DC PATROLMEN sit in their huge ARMORED RIOT-CONTROL VEHICLE on crowd control. Watching with the rest of the world.

PATROLMAN

They're trapped in there...

His partner looks at him. They know what they have to do.

PATROLMAN (CONT'D)

Let's put some of this goddamn
Homeland Security budget to use!

He fires up the siren and the Riot Vehicle lurches forward, tearing across the sidewalk towards the White House...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NORTH GATE - MORNING

The roar of an engine. The Guard looks up, then raises his M4 to fire, but the Riot-Control Vehicle SMASHES THROUGH the Gate and Guard House, FLATTENING HIM!

The cops whoop, victorious!

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - SOUTH LAWN - MORNING

Fist-sized CHUNKS OF CONCRETE are blown out of the White House Fountain, as the Beast roars past it, being pounded by the MINI-GUNS!

INT. THE BEAST (MOVING) - MORNING

FINNERTY (O.S.)

(through the radio)

*There's a breach at the North Gate!
Go!*

Cale yanks the wheel right, the car catching air as it decimates the White House PUTTING GREEN...

INT. LEAD SUV (MOVING) - MORNING

BISHOP

Stay with him!

INT. THE BEAST (MOVING) - MORNING

Cale, trying to shake Bishop and figure out a way to the North Side of the grounds.

CALE

What's the quickest way to the North Gate?

The President points. Dead ahead, the White House TENNIS COURT. Cale hits the gas...

They chunk down onto the clay surface of the Tennis Court, tearing across it, snapping through the net at center court.

Up a grass embankment on the other side, catching air, slamming back down in time to smash through several sets of PICNIC TABLES! Cale swerves left around a grove of trees, the SUVs following, MINI-GUNS obliterating the foliage!

Up a hill, catching air again, then screeching onto the President's BASKETBALL COURT, barely missing the basket, which the Second SUV slams into, flipping over...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - MORNING

Mulachy, sighting the destruction at the North Entrance through his scope...

MULACHY

(into radio)

They're going to make it to the Gate.

INT. LEAD SUV (MOVING) - MORNING

BISHOP

Use the ATR.

INT. ARMORED RIOT VEHICLE - MORNING

The Patrolmen seeing the Beast coming towards them:

PATROLMAN

Come on, you can make it! Come on-

WHOOMP! An ANTI-TANK ROUND goes through the windshield, obliterating the Patrolmen, BLOWING THE VEHICLE APART!

INT. THE BEAST (MOVING) - MORNING

CALE

Jesus!

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - MORNING

Mulachy retracts the huge gun on The Beast and PULLS THE TRIGGER...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS - MORNING

Cale swerves in time and the First Lady's vegetable garden is blown to smithereens! Cale zigs again as another anti-tank round UPROOTS A TREE! Total destruction!

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - MORNING

Mulcahy sights them one last time...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS - MORNING

The anti-tank round SLAMS into the Beast's left rear axle, blasting the tire off and LIFTING the car INTO THE AIR. It hangs there for a heart-stopping moment, before FALLING.

Coming down on its roof with an enormous splash into the WHITE HOUSE SWIMMING POOL!

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Horrified gasps. Onscreen, the President's Limo sinking...

INT. THE BEAST (SINKING) - MORNING

Upside down. Through the windshield, we see the bottom of the pool. Cale lies on the roof. The President hangs above him, still buckled in. Smoke filling the cabin...

CALE

Wikipedia lies.

Sawyer releases his seatbelt and tumbles down onto the roof beside him.

CALE (CONT'D)

You okay?

The President nods, coughing. Looks at him.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

You can't let them take me alive. A sitting President cannot become aa hostage... you understand?

Cale nods. Checks his pistol. Grasps the door handle.

CALE

Deep breath!

They both take one and Cale opens the door - WATER RUSHING in to the car...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE POOL - MORNING

Cale and Sawyer surface sputtering in the shallow end. Dragging each other out of the water as the SUV's pull to a halt. Bishop, Stenz, and the others stepping out.

BISHOP

Freeze!

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Watching the LIVE FEED from CNN - a helicopter shot. Bishop's men have the President and Cale dead to rights.

FINNERTY

Oh, my God. Oh, my God.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE POOL - MORNING

Cale and the President stand dripping in the morning sun. Bishop holds his gun on them. Shouts across to Cale:

BISHOP

Who are you!

Cale looks up. Breathing hard. Shouts back:

CALE

I was on the tour!

Bishop bursts out laughing. Too much. Then:

BISHOP

Put the guns down! There's nowhere else to run!

Cale and the President look at each other. A moment between them. Butch and Sundance. And then Cale raises his gun and OPENS FIRE.

Suddenly everyone is firing, and Cale and the President run to the POOLHOUSE behind them as one of Bishop's men jumps on the MINI-GUN and --

BISHOP (CONT'D)

No!

-- PULLS THE TRIGGER, the thing spinning to life, GRINDING BULLETS through the poolhouse, and Bishop screams at him to stop, as the structure is ripped to swiss cheese and there must be a gasline in there because as Bishop runs towards it

The Poolhouse ERUPTS INTO a FIREBALL. The whole building consumed the explosion, Bishop blown backwards off his feet!

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

FINNERTY

No!

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - TIMES SQUARE - MORNING

People gathered below the giant screen watch in horror as the structure the President ran into becomes an inferno.

Some weeping. Others embrace. A terrible moment...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE POOL - MORNING

Bishop, streaked with ash. He slowly gets to his feet, staring at the burning wreckage. Nothing could have survived.

BISHOP

Get me Finnerty.

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Finnerty pushing back tears herself when

AGENT KELLERMAN

Bishop's on the line for you.

She swallows and takes the phone.

FINNERTY

You son of a bitch. You swore to protect him-

EXT. WHITE HOUSE POOL - MORNING

BISHOP

The President of the United States is dead. You have 22 minutes.

He hangs up.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE (FLYING) - CONFERENCE ROOM

Silence. The Vice President stares at the shocked faces of the cabinet onscreen. Everyone shaken. He speaks softly:

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND
Ladies and Gentlemen... considering
what we just witnessed, I don't think
a vote is necessary, do you?

Heads are shaken. Several murmured "no's". Wallace turns
to Jenna, who is also crying.

WALLACE
Jenna, could you please find us a
bible?

TIMECUT TO - Hammond's palm being placed on a bible. As we
hear his voice, we begin CUTTING AROUND the country to images
of people watching the destruction at the WHITE HOUSE:

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND (V.O.)
I, Alvin Hammond, do solemnly swear
that I will faithfully execute the
Office of President of the United
States...

EXT. PENTAGON - MORNING

Three sleek BLACKHAWK HELICOPTERS cutting through the
restricted airspace, coming in for a landing on the roof of
the Pentagon...

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND (V.O.)
And will to the best of my ability,
preserve, protect, and defend the
Constitution of the United States...

The choppers touch down and COMMANDER PAUL CAMERON (handsome,
30's) steps off, in full battle armor, flanked by Lieutenants.

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...So help me God.

As Cameron and his men descend into the building

CNN NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
*Word coming now that Vice President
Alvin Hammond has been sworn in as
the 47th President of the United
States...*

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Kellerman slaps down a medical file on the table.

AGENT KELLERMAN

Medical records from Bishop's doctor in McLean. He's got a tumor in his head the size of a golf ball. Diagnosed six weeks ago, inoperable. (off their looks) There's more. Forensic accounting found this. 50 million was transferred into Muriel Bishop's account 12 hours ago.

They stare at each other.

RAPHELSON

That kind of money means this is state sponsored. China, North Korea, Iran-

FINNERTY

How does it benefit another country to destabilize a nuclear superpower?

AGENT KELLERMAN

Maybe they weren't thinking that far ahead.

Colonel Janowitz hangs up the phone.

COLONEL JANOWITZ

Delta's here.

The doors to the Bunker open and CAMERON AND HIS LIEUTENANTS stride in, snapping off a salute to Raphelson.

COMMANDER CAMERON

Mr. Speaker, I'm Commander Paul Cameron, Delta Force - I'm ready to brief on the incursion plan?

RAPHELSON

Is this something you threw together in the last half hour?

COMMANDER CAMERON

No, sir, this is long standing. We've run drills on this.

FINNERTY

You've run drills on assaulting the White House?

COMMANDER CAMERON

Ma'am, we've run drills on everything. Initially we thought we'd go in through the tunnels, but you say they've been wired?

A VOICE from behind them speaks up:

TED (O.S.)

Yes, but I-I-I- may have a solution to that.

They all turn to see a SHORT BESPECTACLED MAN in schlumpy attire clutching a raft of papers standing there. Nervous.

FINNERTY

Who are you?

TED

I'm Ted.

FINNERTY

Ted?

TED

Theodore Lasky. I- I- you said you needed an explosives expert in here?
(off their looks)
I'm from Homeland, I come up with different ways to blow things up.

FINNERTY

How do you get a job like that, Ted?

TED

You really don't want to know. But I think the devices in the tunnels can be defeated.

COMMANDER CAMERON

You *think*.

TED

Hypothetically, yes.

COMMANDER CAMERON

Hypothetical doesn't cut it. Bishop's going to start executing hostages in 18 minutes, so we're going to go in over the top.

(MORE)

COMMANDER CAMERON (CONT'D)

(points to blueprints)

We're going to land two Blackhawks on the North and South Lawn here and here, make them have to defend both sides. Our guess is Command and Control is located somewhere in the West Wing, so we make that the choke point.

RAPHELSON

What about the approach?

COMMANDER CAMERON

Satellite shows they only have anti-tank capabilities on the roof, no surface to air missiles, nothing that can lock on to an aircraft. We go in fast and hard, hose down the roof, then make it a ground war.

From the Communications Desk:

COLONEL JANOWITZ

I have the President of the United States on the line?

They all look up at this, surprised. Then the VICE PRESIDENT's image pops up on the viewscreen.

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND

Commander.

COMMANDER CAMERON

Mr. President.

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND

I'd first like to take a moment of silence for President Sawyer. He was a true patriot and a good friend-

RAPHELSON

With all due respect, sir, we don't have time for a moment of silence.

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND

Then let me ask this; why is this option better than scrambling a couple of F-15s out of Andrews and putting a few sidewinders up Bishop's ass?

Raphelson blinks.

RAPHELSON

You want to call in an air strike on the White House?

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND

I want an option that doesn't risk the lives of American fighting men and women.

FINNERTY

And what about the hostages, sir? What are they, collateral damage?

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND

They're dead anyway if this fails. We level the White House with an air strike, not only will we end this, but we will show the world that we will go to any lengths to combat terrorism, both foreign and domestic.

WALLACE

You would be sending a very clear message, sir...

RAPHELSON

Alvy, please, don't do this-

WALLACE

Mr. Speaker, you are addressing the President of the United States.

COMMANDER CAMERON

Mr. President? This is Commander Cameron.

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND

Yes, Commander?

COMMANDER CAMERON

I don't want to write off any Americans in there just yet. Trust me, sir. We'll get your house back for you.

Silence as Hammond considers this.

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND

Mission's a go, Commander.

COMMANDER CAMERON

Thank you, sir.

Cameron races out of the room, Finnerty following...

VICE PRESIDENT HAMMOND
Colonel, get on the phone to Andrews,
I want three F-15s fueled and ready
to launch if this goes wrong.

EXT. PENTAGON ROOF - MORNING

Finnerty follows Cameron to his chopper as the rotor blades spin up. Cameron, to his men:

COMMANDER CAMERON
Assault on Castle is a go, flight
time to the target is six minutes!

He looks at Finnerty, questioning. She struggles with it.

FINNERTY
I know Martin Bishop!

COMMANDER CAMERON
And?

FINNERTY
He'll be in the Oval Office! You
get close enough, mini-gun should be
able to cut through the glass! Good
luck!

She offers Cameron a hand and he shakes it. She steps back as the Blackhawks lift up into the air...

INT. WHITE HOUSE CATACOMBS - MORNING

Dark and musty. Deep beneath the earth.

Two figures come into view. Cale, supporting a limping President Sawyer. Both very much alive.

CALE
Tunnel under the pool house. God
bless Harry Truman.

The President chuckles. It turns into a cough.

CALE (CONT'D)
Any chance this leads out of here?

PRESIDENT SAWYER
I think just back to the Residence...
I gotta stop for a sec.

Cale lowers the President down into a sitting position. Sawyer coughs again into his fist. Looks at his hand. Blood.

PRESIDENT SAWYER (CONT'D)

That's not good, is it?

Cale opens Sawyer's jacket, searching in. Finds the source of the problem - a hunk of SHRAPNEL the size of a large pencil sticks out of the President's side.

CALE

Shit. We're gonna have to take that out.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

You go to medical school in the last ten minutes and forget to tell me?

Cale kneels down next to him.

CALE

It's not near a major artery, but if it gets infected you'll die, and that would look really bad on my resume. I'm gonna remove it and clean the wound, okay?

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Okay.
(pause)
I'm scared.

CALE

Under the circumstances, I'd say that's the correct response.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Your bedside manner sucks, you know that?

CALE

Relax, I've done this before.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Where?

CALE

Afghanistan.

The President looks at him.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

I'm sorry.

CALE

I'm not. You ready?

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Tell me when you're gonna pull it out, okay?

CALE

Okay.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Wait, no don't. I don't want to know.

CALE

So you just want me to do it.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

No. No, tell me.

CALE

All right, I'm gonna pull it out on the count of three. One...

He yanks out the shrapnel. Blood. Sawyer SCREAMS.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Goddammit! You're fired! You are so goddamn fired! SHIT!

CALE

I have to clean it now. Don't pass out.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Why not?

CALE

Okay, solid point.

His hands dip below frame and he begins to clean the wound.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Talk to me, okay? Take my mind off it...

CALE

What do you want to hear?

PRESIDENT SAWYER
Baseball scores, I don't know,
anything, your daughter, tell me
about your daughter.

CALE
Her name is Emily. She's ten. She
loves you. A lot. She begged me to
vote for you.

PRESIDENT SAWYER
You didn't vote for me?

Oops.

CALE
Well, you know, you wanted to raise
taxes-

PRESIDENT SAWYER
Only on the richest one percent of
the--goddammit, you didn't vote for
me?

CALE
What can I say? She's smarter than
I am.

PRESIDENT SAWYER
Clearly.

CALE
Yeah, I don't know when that happened.
Half the time it makes me proud, the
other half it drives me nuts. But
she's smarter. And she hates me.

PRESIDENT SAWYER
I'm sure she doesn't.

CALE
I'm sure she does. She thinks I
left her. When I went overseas.
She's right. I did. She was six
years old and then poof! No Dad.

PRESIDENT SAWYER
You did what you had to.

CALE
People say that. Doesn't change
anything, though, does it?

(MORE)

CALE (CONT'D)

(pause)

And if she makes it out and we don't,
the last thing she's gonna see of me
is video of trying to get you out.
Leaving her behind. Again.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

That's not how this ends.

He means it. Cale smiles.

CALE

When they're young, they run up to
you and hug you, and shout "Daddy!"
And then one day it just stops. No
one tells you that. I'd give anything
to have that hug one more time.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

You know what my daughter Paula wants
for her fifteenth birthday? A belly
button ring. Who the hell is equipped
to deal with that?

Cale laughs. Looking at Sawyer.

CALE

Daughters.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Yeah...

Cale leans back, work finished.

CALE

How are you feeling?

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Surprisingly okay.

CALE

Told you I knew what I was doing.
(digs out satphone)
I'm gonna call in, let them know
we're not dead.

He dials the phone.

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Finnerty looks up at the ringing phone in disbelief. Looks at the caller ID. Could only be one person. Answering it:

FINNERTY

Cale?

INTERCUT:

CALE

Alive and kicking. We're in the tunnels under the pool house.

FINNERTY

And the President?

CALE

He's hurt, but he'll be okay.

Cheering in the Pentagon Bunker.

FINNERTY

That great news! Stay put, the cavalry's coming!

CALE

Delta?

FINNERTY

They're in the air, should be hitting the Residence in four minutes.

Cale smiles fades.

CALE

In the air? No, no, it's gotta be a ground assault- Bishop's got surface to air missiles, if they come in by air, it'll be a turkey shoot!

FINNERTY

Satellite showed the roof was clear-

CALE

He's keeping them in the basement so you can't see- you have to call them off!

EXT. BLACKHAWK HELICOPTERS (FLYING) - MORNING

A COLUMN of BLACKHAWKS sweep across the Potomac. Through the open doors we see the soldiers checking their weapons, going through pre-battle rituals. Land coming up...

COMMANDER CAMERON

All right, hug the deck, we go in low and quiet!

The Blackhawks drop down to fifty feet above the ground rushing past below, swooping between buildings...

COMMANDER CAMERON (CONT'D)

Time to target is three minutes!

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Finnerty curses and throws aside the radio.

FINNERTY

They've gone dark for the assault, there's no way to raise them!

INT. WHITE HOUSE CATACOMBS - MORNING

FINNERTY (O.S.)

(through phone)

There's nothing we can do!

Cale, realizing those men are going to die. He looks to the President.

CALE

Sir...?

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Go.

Cale grabs his assault rifle and RUNS. Booking down the tunnel, back towards the White House...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

Bishop re-entering, talking into his radio to his men:

BISHOP

They'll be coming now, so move the SAMS to the roof. Mulchay, be ready.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - MORNING

Mulchay, scanning the horizon with his scope...

MULACHY

Roger that.

INT. WHITE HOUSE CORRIDORS - MORNING

Bishop's men roll DOLLIES stacked with SURFACE-TO-AIR MISSILE crates onto elevators. Men rush to their assigned posts. Like a submarine preparing for battle...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SITUATION ROOM - MORNING

The Guards checking their weapons. Emily hears the commotion in the corridors. Whispering to Donnie:

EMILY

What's going on?

He shakes his head, no idea.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You think it's my Dad?

INT. WHITE HOUSE CATACOMBS - MORNING

Cale, the Dad in question, running flat-out. Screaming into the cell-phone:

CALE

If I can get to the roof before they fire the missiles, I might be able to stop them!

Coming up to the chicken-wire gate with the EXPLOSIVES wired to it! He can't go through without setting it off!

CALE (CONT'D)

Shit! I'm gonna need some help here with the bomb!

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Finnerty spins around, scanning the room.

FINNERTY

Ted? Ted!

No sign of him.

FINNERTY (CONT'D)

Where's Ted?

AGENT KELLERMAN

I think he went to the bathroom...

FINNERTY

Now?!

EXT. BLACKHAWK HELICOPTERS (FLYING) - MORNING

Weaving through the streets of DC...

COMMANDER CAMERON

Two minutes to Castle...

INT. PENTAGON - MEN'S ROOM - MORNING

Empty, save for a man sitting in the far stall. We hear pages turning. Whistling. Serenity.

Suddenly, Kellerman bursts in. Kicks in the stall door revealing TED, pants around his ankles, reading a copy of *In Touch* magazine. He grabs Ted and hauls him out...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - MORNING

Stenz emerges onto the roof with the crates of SAMs. Mulcahy raises a crowbar and cracks the first box open, revealing a SHOULDER-MOUNT LAUNCHER...

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Finnerty hustles Ted into a chair and hands him an earpiece to speak to Cale with. INTERCUT:

TED

John Cale? This is Ted Lasky, I work at Homeland Security-

FINNERTY

He doesn't care where you work, Ted!

TED

Okay, there are three possible ways for you to disarm this particular device. Do you by any chance have an engineering degree?

CALE

No.

TED
Okay, two possible ways for you to disarm this particular device. Do you see the yellow wire?

CALE
(reaches for it)
Yes.

TED
Don't touch it. It's the decoy. What about the green wire?

Cale looks.

CALE
There are six green wires.

TED
Are some of them a lighter green than others?

CALE
There are *six green wires*.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - MORNING

The sound of helicopters approaching. As Stenz loads a missile into Mulcahy's launcher...

INT. WHITE HOUSE CATACOMBS - MORNING

TED
Okay, you need to pull the green wires sequentially, starting from the left, moving to the right. Don't let more than two seconds pass between pulling each one. Are you ready?

Cale exhales. Puts his hand over the first green wire.

CALE
Ready.

TED
Go. Wait.

Cale pulls his hand away.

CALE
Jesus Christ, what?

TED
Is there writing on the side of the
device? A company name?

CALE
(reading)
"Snyder".

TED
This is Snyder? That changes
everything...

CALE
What do I do, Ted?

TED
Well, don't touch the green wires,
that's for sure.

INT. BLACKHAWK HELICOPTERS (FLYING) - MORNING

One minute out. Cameron pops in a stick of gum and crosses
himself...

INT. WHITE HOUSE CATACOMBS - MORNING

TED
Do you see a power source, like a
battery?

Cale squints.

CALE
I think so.

TED
Unplug it. A bomb is like any other
electrical device, if you deprive it
of its power source, it ceases to
function.

CALE
And it won't explode?

TED
Probably not.

FINNERTY
What if you're wrong?

CALE

Then hopefully the sound of me being
blown into a million pieces will
distract them. Finnerty, if I die?

She knows before he even asks.

FINNERTY

I'll get her out.

Cale swallows. Good enough for him. He reaches forward,
grabs the battery wire, and yanks it out...

No explosion. Cale pulls the bomb off the door, stuffs it
in his satchel, and is through the gate, running for the
stairs...

EXT. BLACKHAWK HELICOPTERS (FLYING) - MORNING

Thundering down Constitution Avenue, turning North towards
the White House...

COMMANDER CAMERON

Twenty seconds!

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - MORNING

Mulchay, hefting the launcher...

MULACHY

Come to Papa...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - MAIN STAIRWELL - MORNING

Cale, shooting two guards on the First Floor landing!
Bounding up the stairs, racing for the roof...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - MORNING

As the Blackhawks crest into view, charging straight at the
Residence. The Launcher BEEPS...

MULACHY

We have missile lock.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

BISHOP

Fire.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - MORNING

As the choppers come in over 15th Street, Humphries FIRES.

A MISSILE streaks out of the launcher, screams through the air across the length of the South Lawn and enters the Lead Blackhawk's cockpit at 150 MPH!

The AIRCRAFT BLOWS APART spectacularly, the burning husk of the cabin smashing down into the White House Fountain, cracking the concrete and obliterating the water feature!

INT. SECOND BLACKHAWK (FLYING) - MORNING

COMMANDER CAMERON

Holy shit, break left, break left!

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - MORNING

The pilots yank hard on the sticks and the Second and Third Blackhawks split apart, going left and right respectively!

Stenz slides another missile into Mulachy's launcher, as he tracks the Second Blackhawk across the sky...

INT. SECOND BLACKHAWK (FLYING) - MORNING

The cockpit's instrument panel goes red and an ALARM SOUNDS:

BLACKHAWK PILOT

They've got missile lock!

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - MORNING

Mulchay pulls the trigger and the missile fires! The Blackhawk Pilot tries to take evasive action, but the missile SLAMS into rear rotor, ripping the whole tail section off!

INT. SECOND BLACKHAWK (FLYING) - MORNING

COMMANDER CAMERON

Auto-rotate, auto-rotate, we are going dow-

WHAM! The chopper slams nose-first into the South Lawn, crushing the cockpit and pilots!

ROTOR BLADES WHIPPING into the dirt, SHEERING OFF, sending razor sharp debris slicing through the White House fence and into the buildings across the street!

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - MORNING

Stenz reloads Humphries as the Last Blackhawk breaks high and right over the White House...

The launcher BEEPS. They have tone. Missile lock. About to pull the trigger. The roof door bangs open. They look.

John Cale! He FIRES A BURST through Mulcahy's chest, blowing him off his feet! The sniper crumples, dropping the launcher!

Cale pivots and looses a burst at Stenz, who is already running away, SHOOTING BACK at him...

INT. THIRD BLACKHAWK (FLYING) - MORNING

Swinging back around towards the White House...

BLACKHAWK PILOT

(to Gunner)

Take them out!

The Gunner jumps on the deck mounted .50 cal and pulls the trigger and UNLOADS on the roof!

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - MORNING

Cale dives away from the door as it's ripped to swiss-cheese! Trying to take cover as the Gunner VENTILATES THE ROOF! Bullets punching through everything!

The Blackhawk swings in high, the remaining Delta members, getting ready to fast-rope down. The Gunner pauses for them to get into position, giving Cale time to glance up and see

STENZ. Hoisting the fallen launcher, angling it straight up at the belly of the chopper and

CALE

No!

Stenz fires. The missile flies and the last Blackhawk BLOWS APART directly above them! Cale and Stenz both roll away, trying to dodge the sizzling chunks of debris that rain down!

The FLAMING TAIL SECTION crunches down through the Third Floor Roof into the Master Bedroom! The cockpit misses the building completely and smashes down onto the concrete drive in front of the North Portico four stories below.

And finally, blessed silence.

Cale's eyes blink open. Amazed to be alive. Covered in soot, grease, and oil. He tries to get to his feet...

WHAM! A bloody fist crashes into his face! Stenz. Alive. Pissed. He smashes Cale's head into the gravel rooftop...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - SOUTH LAWN - MORNING

Cameron pulls himself and several of his men from the wreckage of the Second Blackhawk on the South Lawn. All of them ragged and bloody. He tries to rally them.

COMMANDER CAMERON

*We're kicking in the front door!
Come on!*

The others bellow back at him in the affirmative and what remains of the Delta Force charges up the South Lawn towards the entrance to the West Wing...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

Bishop stares out the window. Watching the Last Charge of the Delta Force. He raises the radio to his lips.

BISHOP

Finish it.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - SOUTH LAWN - MORNING

Four of Bishop's men step out onto the South Portico Balcony and level their weapons at Delta. A raised firing position. The high ground. They unload.

And the Rose Garden becomes a killing field.

Cameron watches his men to the left and right of him fall in slow-mo. Bullets rip through him. Still he pushes forward. Trying to make it to the man in the window of the Oval Office.

Cordite and rose petals swirl in the air around him. He falls to his knees. Pistol in hand. Firing at Bishop. The bullets barely nick the glass in front of his face.

They hold each other's gaze for a moment more...

Fresh gunfire from above finishes it. Cameron goes face down among the roses.

Dead ten feet from the White House.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE ROOF - MORNING

Four stories above, Stenz hurls Cale into the side of a chimney! Beating the shit out of him! Cale, gasping, picks up a chunk of brick as Stenz lumbers towards him...

Cale turns and swings, connecting with his shoulder! Stenz screams and Cale tackles him, catching him off balance, sending both men careening over the side of the roof and

INT. WHITE HOUSE - THIRD FLOOR GREENHOUSE - MORNING

A GLASSED-IN GREENHOUSE on the Third Floor Promenade, just to the right of the North Portico. Connected to the Residence, it's where the First Lady grows her herbs.

Cale and Stenz tumble down onto the GREENHOUSE ROOF. Squeaking and sliding on the glass, as they struggle --

The glass begins to SPIDER-WEB with cracks. They freeze. Looking at one another. The glass, stretching, groaning...

BOOM. It shatters. Cale and Stenz plummet into the greenhouse proper, smashing down onto herb beds! Cale is up first, grabbing a piece of glass and slashing at Stenz!

On him, punching him, finally getting the upper hand!

CALE

You like that?

Stenz crashes Cale back into a shelf of pots, as the door flies open and Bishop's Man MOTTS opens fire and Cale screams as a bullet tears a chunk out of his shoulder!

STENZ

Give it to me!

Stenz grabs the rifle and wheels around to finish Cale, who seeing no other option HURLS HIMSELF THROUGH THE GLASS!

Cale smashes outwards into space, legs kicking as he leaps OFF THE THIRD FLOOR BALCONY!

Stenz screams in frustration and runs to the edge, FIRING DOWN into the foliage below! But it's no use.

Cale is gone.

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

The TVs still playing the horrible aftermath of the Blackhawk attack. Finnerty snatches up a ringing phone.

FINNERTY

Are you okay?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

Bishop, on the other end. Pissed.

BISHOP

That was stupid.

INTERCUT - Finnerty taken aback, not who she expected.

FINNERTY

Martin-

BISHOP

You knew I'd be ready for an attack but you sent them in anyway. You made me kill them-

FINNERTY

I didn't make you do anything. I know about the cancer.

That stops him for a moment.

FINNERTY (CONT'D)

Nobody else had to die, Martin.

He looks at the bodies in the Rose Garden...

BISHOP

I didn't want them too. But because of you, now I have to do this.

FINNERTY

Do what?

BISHOP

Retaliate.

Hr hangs up the phone and grabs the walkie.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Tyler, do you have his location?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - P.E.O.C. - MORNING

Lollipop in mouth, fingers flying, INTERCUT:

TYLER

Locked in.

BISHOP

Bring him down.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLORADO SPRINGS - MORNING

A beautiful mountain range. Sun shines. Birds chirp.

SUPERIMPOSE - NORAD - North American Aerospace Air Defense Center, Cheyenne Mountain.

INT. NORAD - CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN - OPERATIONS CENTER - MORNING

The whole Operations Center carved into the mountainside. Dozens of TECHS man terminals. One Tech blinks in disbelief. To his WATCH COMMANDER:

NORAD TECHNICIAN

Sir, my weapons system is coming online! It's being accessed remotely, I can't- Jesus Christ, it's targeting!

WATCH COMMANDER

(sprinting over)
What?

NORAD TECHNICIAN

It's firing!

EXT. OHIO COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING

THREE BALLISTIC MISSILES roar out of a mountaintop silo and climb into the sky...

INT. NORAD - CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN - OPERATIONS CENTER - MORNING

The whole place in an uproar.

NORAD TECHNICIAN

We have three away! Non-nuclear ballistic missiles-

WATCH COMMANDER

What's the target?

NORAD TECHNICIAN

Uhhhhh, aircraft over Ohio, looks to
be a modified 747 Heavy-
(realizing)
Oh my God...

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE (FLYING) - MORNING

Soaring over Ohio, accompanied by fighter escorts...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE (FLYING) - COCKPIT - MORNING

Captain Dix looks up as KLAXONS SOUND!

CO-PILOT

Holy shit, we have incoming! Three
missiles, out of the southeast going
super-sonic-

CAPTAIN DIX

I have the stick!

He grabs the stick as the plane bucks out of auto-pilot!

INT. AIR FORCE ONE (FLYING) - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

The Vice President and others thrown to the floor as Dix
puts the aircraft into a dive!

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Raphelson and the others, seeing the chaos on screen...

INT. F-15 FIGHTER ESCORT (FLYING) - MORNING

F-15 PILOT

*They're going for heat signatures,
we're going to try and draw them
off!*

He and the other pilot break off as the missiles streak in!
One missile pulls away from the others, following the heat
signature of the F-15!

The pilot climbing as fast as he can, pulling 3G's, but --

THOOM! The F-15 FIREBALLS!

INT. AIR FORCE ONE (FLYING) - COCKPIT - MORNING

CAPTAIN DIX

Two left! Deploying chaff!

He stabs a button and...

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE (FLYING) - MORNING

A hatch on the tail opens and METALIZED GLASS fibers SPEW out of the back of the plane! Spitting tons of the stuff, hoping to distract the missile guidance system.

And it works! One of the missiles streaks left past the plane and out over Lake Abram!

INT. AIR FORCE ONE (FLYING) - COCKPIT

CO-PILOT

One to go!

CAPTAIN DIX

We're gonna out-climb the son of a bitch!

He hauls back on the stick, taking the plane to a seventy degree climb...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE (FLYING) - CABIN - MORNING

People tumble through the cabin like dice, screaming and crying as they try and claw their way to their seats!

Jenna weeping as she buckles herself in, her eyes finding Agent Graham across from her...

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE (FLYING) - MORNING

The final missile zeroing in on them, as they tear into the upper atmosphere, the missile's nose cone icing over...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE (FLYING) - COCKPIT

CAPTAIN DIX

We dive and hit the chaff, he flies right past!

He slams the stick forward, levelling the plane, smashes down the chaff button and

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE (FLYING) - MORNING

Chaff blasts out of the back as the plane goes into a CRASH-DIVE! The missile miraculously keeps climbing!

INT. AIR FORCE ONE (FLYING) - COCKPIT

CO-PILOT

You did it!

He pumps his fist as Captain Dix whoops for joy!

EXT. OHIO COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING

FIVE MORE MISSILES streak out of the silo into the air...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE (FLYING) - COCKPIT - MORNING

The Co-pilot stares at the radar in disbelief. Five more coming. No way out.

CO-PILOT

Oh, God.

CAPTAIN DIX

(into intercom)

Ladies and Gentlemen, I'm so sorry...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE (FLYING) - CABIN - MORNING

People screaming, confused. Jenna looks at Graham. Knows this is it. Her hand finds his. Their fingers entwined...

Fire blossoms as the first missile strikes Air Force One.

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Raphelson, Finnerty, and the others staring at the Vice President's viewscreen. No image. Just STATIC. Colonel Janowitz speaks into a phone and then hangs up.

COLONEL JANOWITZ

(softly)

We have confirmation of ground impact.

Silence. Raphelson turns away. Finnerty looks for something to punch. No one knows what to say.

Finally:

FINNERTY

We're going to need to swear you in,
sir.

It takes Raphelson a moment to realize she's looking at him.

RAPHELSON

No. If President Sawyer's still
alive in there-

FINNERTY

It doesn't matter. Executive power
passed to the Vice President when he
was sworn in, which means... the
office now passes to you.

RAPHELSON

Jesus Christ...

The phone rings. Finnerty punches it through on speaker.

BISHOP

Did you get my message?

FINNERTY

You son of a bitch.

BISHOP

Name calling aside, our timetable
still stands. You have...

(checks his watch)

Six minutes to our deadline.

FINNERTY

What do you want these prisoners
for?

BISHOP

Not your concern-

FINNERTY

Why are you doing this?

Raphelson puts a hand on her shoulder.

RAPHELSON

We need more time, Mr. Bishop. We
can't release all the prisoners in
six minutes, one them's in Iran, for
Chrissakes!

BISHOP

Well, then you better go get him.

RAPHELSON

It's not that simple-

BISHOP

It is exactly that simple. In fact, let me show you how simple it is - you're originally from Denver, Colorado, is that right Mr. Speaker?

A beat.

RAPHELSON

Yes.

BISHOP

If I don't have confirmation in the next six minutes that you are liberating Sadaam Al-Hafra from his prison, in addition to executing hostages here, I will fire a missile on downtown Denver. Sound fair?

Raphelson clenching his fists so hard they're shaking...

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Six minutes, sir.

Bishop breaks the connection.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

Interrupted as STENZ strides into the Oval, cut and bloody.

STENZ

He's still alive.

BISHOP

Who?

STENZ

The tourist. He killed Mulchay and Konner on the roof.

BISHOP

Alone?

Stenz nods. Bishop thinks for a moment.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Maybe he's not. Who comes on a tour alone?

A beat. Bishop grabs the walkie.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Tyler, can you stream me video of everyone who came in for the tour this morning?

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Silence. Raphelson exhales. Looks up at the others.

RAPHELSON

I know what it looks like. But I swear to you, we're not beaten yet. Colonel, get me the base commander at Andrews.

Finnerty looks up, surprised.

FINNERTY

Sir?

COLONEL JANOWITZ

General Pierce is on the line, sir.

RAPHELSON

General, this is Eli Raphelson. The Vice President had instructed you to fuel three fully loaded F-15s with a target package for the White House, is that correct?

GENERAL PIECRE

Yes, sir.

RAPHELSON

I want you to launch those planes, General.

GENERAL PIECRE

Roger that, sir. Tower, you are clear to launch.

We hear him giving more orders as Finnerty looks at Raphelson, stunned.

FINNERTY

Mr. Speaker-

RAPHELSON

We have to end this, Carol. We give him more time, who knows how many more weapons systems they can control?

FINNERTY
And the White House?

RAPHELSON
Look what we've already been through
today.
(hand on her shoulder)
Our country is stronger than one
house.

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - MORNING

THREE F-15's fire up their thrusters and streak off from the
tarmac into the morning air, headed towards Washington DC...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

Bishop and Stenz, scrolling through security footage...

STENZ
There.

Bishop stops it - the IMAGE OF CALE AND EMILY coming in,
Emily shrugging off Cale's embrace. Father and daughter.

STENZ (CONT'D)
I know her. We have her in the
SitRoom.

BISHOP
Bring her here.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - MORNING

Emily sits with the Tour Guide. A small commotion near the
front of the room. Emily looks up to see Stenz standing in
the doorway. He points to her.

STENZ
Come on pretty, we got a date.

The others shrink away from him.

DONNIE THE GUIDE
What are you going to do to her?

Stenz ignores this. Moves for Emily. Donnie steps between
them, using every last bit of courage he has.

DONNIE THE GUIDE (CONT'D)
You're going to have to go through
me.

Stenz pauses. Seems to consider this for a moment. Then pulls out his pistol and SHOTS Donnie in the stomach!

Emily screams. Donnie falls. Stenz grabs Emily and drags her from the room...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING CORRIDORS - MORNING

Deserted hallways. Stenz pulls Emily along, on their way to the Oval Office.

EMILY

You're going to go to jail for that.

STENZ

Yeah? Who's gonna make me?

Emily looks at him.

EMILY

Who did that to your face?

Pissed, Stenz pushes her along...

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

COLONEL JANOWITZ

Birds are in the air, sir! Time to target is 15 minutes!

He sets the wall clock to count it down...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

Bishop's watch beeps. The deadline up. He picks up the phone. INTERCUT with the Pentagon:

BISHOP

Your time is up, gentlemen.

Finnerty slides Raphelson a note "NEED TO BUY TIME". Raphelson takes a deep breath.

RAPHELSON

We'll give you what you want.

(to Colonel Janowitz)

Tell the SEAL Commander the Iranian incursion is a go.

As he says this, he shakes his head at Janowitz - *don't do it*. Finnerty, playing along:

FINNERTY

But sir, the Peace Accord-

RAPHELSON

That's an order!

Bishop smiles.

BISHOP

Very good. We'll wait for confirmation the prisoners have been freed.

RAPHELSON

And then?

BISHOP

Then you will receive further instructions. You made the right choice, Mr. President.

They hear Bishop break the connection. Pan up to the airstrike countdown clock on the wall. 14 MINUTES...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

As Bishop hangs up, Stenz enters with Emily. She looks around. The actual Oval Office. And a man sitting behind the Resolute Desk. Not the President. He smiles at her.

BISHOP

Hi there, sweetie. Let's have a conversation about you and your Dad...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - FLOWER SHOP - MORNING

The room in the basement where all of the floral arrangements are put together. Deserted. Flowers lay strewn about the different tables. The sound of GLASS breaking.

Cale slides in through a window. Cradling his machine gun. Torn and bloody. He limps over to one of the tables. Finds a roll of packing tape. Tries to wrap it around the bullet wound in his shoulder. Stifles a scream as he does so.

He takes a breath. Gathering himself. Moves to the door. Looks out into the hall. The stairwell down to the catacombs down to the left. He moves for it...

The White house PUBLIC ADDRESS system crackles on:

BISHOP (O.S.)
 Good morning, Mr. Cale!

His voice echoes throughout the complex. Cale blinks - *Bishop knows his name.*

BISHOP (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You've proved to be a quite a nuisance
 this morning, so I wanted to let you
 know that I'm sitting here with
 someone who wants to say hello. Say
 hello, Sweetie!

EMILY (O.S.)
 Hello.

Cale's face - *Oh, Jesus, no.*

BISHOP (O.S.)
 Would you like to tell your father
 what I'm holding in my hand?

EMILY (O.S.)
 A gun.

Oh God. Cale begins to sprint-limp through the hallway.
 Doesn't even know where he's going, just trying to get to
 the source of the voices...

BISHOP (O.S.)
 Is there anything you'd like to say
 to him before we do this?

EMILY (O.S.)
 They're holding forty of us in the
 Situation Room-

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

Bishop claps a hand over Emily's mouth. Gives her a smile.

BISHOP
 Not like that.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BASEMENT HALL - MORNING

Cale looking at his cheap White House Map, desperately
 scanning it for the location to the Situation Room...

INTERCUT:

BISHOP

Mr. Cale, I'm going to count to three. Wherever you are, I advise you to start trying to signal one of my men, because if they don't have you in their custody by the time I reach three, I'm going to shoot your little girl in the stomach. One...

Cale can't believe it, it's all happening too fast...

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Two...

Cale opens his mouth to scream, but

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, over here! Here!

Footsteps go running towards the voice - *what the hell?*

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

BISHOP

...Three.

A beat. Bishop looks Emily in the eye.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Guess Daddy doesn't love you after all.

Stenz raises his weapon when the radio squawks:

MOTTS (O.S.)

(through radio)

We have him, sir.

BISHOP

(into radio)

Cale?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CENTER HALL - GROUND FLOOR - MORNING

MOTTS

No, sir. The President.

Motts and another man stand with PRESIDENT SAWYER who has just surrendered himself. INTERCUT:

BISHOP

Well, that changes things. Get him up here.

They march Sawyer up the center stairs. Cale watches from around the corner. He could shoot, but what if he hit Sawyer? What if that made them kill Emily? He watches them go, powerless. Curses. Pulls out the satphone...

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Finnerty snatches up the phone. INTERCUT:

CALE

They have the President.

FINNERTY

Cale, you have to get out of there. Help's not coming.

CALE

Didn't you hear what I said-

FINNERTY

They killed the Vice President. An air strike's been called in on the White House.

CALE

No-

FINNERTY

Yes. You have to go.

Cale takes a breath.

CALE

They still have hostages. They still have Emily.

FINNERTY

Then you have 12 minutes to figure out a way to get them out.

Cale doesn't respond. He's staring across the hall at the painting of the White House in 1814...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

Motts leads President Sawyer into his own Oval Office. He stops in the door to see Bishop sitting behind his desk.

Emily sits in the corner, guarded by Stenz. Motts offers up a pistol to Bishop.

MOTTS

He had this on him.

Bishop takes the gun, tsk-tsking him.

BISHOP

Whatever happened to the pen is mightier than the sword?

Sawyer looks at him.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

As President of the United States, I want you to know that this comes with the full weight, power, and authority of my office - Fuck you.

Bishop smiles. President Sawyer looks to Emily.

PRESIDENT SAWYER (CONT'D)

You okay?

She gives him a tight nod.

BISHOP

I made sure your family wasn't here for this. So now I want you to do something for me. Sit.

Sawyer doesn't move. Motts kicks him in the back of the knee, driving Sawyer into a chair.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Each President is given a twelve digit passcode, it changes every three months. I need yours.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

It won't get you access to the weapons systems-

BISHOP

It's not the weapons systems I'm after, sir.

Sawyer stares at him. Realizing:

PRESIDENT SAWYER

You're data-farming? *That's* what this is all about?

BISHOP

You say that like it's some minor goal. This building contains more critical information onsite than any other structure in the world. Defense allocations, national security protocols, troop locations and movements in three separate ongoing wars. Do you even comprehend what those secrets are worth? We'll open the bidding at 100 billion. I think the Chinese will ultimately take it, but the Russians will give them a run for their money.

(off his look)

What? Did you think we were here for you? Now. The passcode.

The President can't believe it.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

You're did all this for *money*?

BISHOP

I have a tumor in my head that's supposed to kill me before Arbor Day. Who's going to take care of my family, Mr. President? You?

PRESIDENT SAWYER

And your solution is to throw away decades of service to this country?

BISHOP

Maybe spending the last twenty-five years seeing what vain petty people you are all helped. This country's sole operating principal for the last two hundred years has been "Get as much as you can for yourself and screw the other guy." So after twenty-five years, that's what I'm doing, Mr. President. I'm getting mine. The American Way.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

What about your kids? What will they think when you're gone?

BISHOP
 Money's the most important thing in
 this country, right? Well, they're
 about to have a lot of it.
 (levels the gun)
 Now. The passcode.

PRESIDENT SAWYER
 You know I can't.

Bishop sighs and points the gun at Emily.

BISHOP
 Do we really have to do this again?

PRESIDENT SAWYER
 If I give it to you, our enemies
 will know everything.

BISHOP
 Just the ones who can pay.

PRESIDENT SAWYER
 Our country will be over.

BISHOP
 There comes a day when all empires
 must fall, Mr. President.
 (cocks the gun)
 I'm going to count to three...

PRESIDENT SAWYER
 (to Emily)
 I can't give it to him, you understand-

WHAP! Stenz pistol-whips the President in the mouth! He
 spits blood. Emily looks at him. Locks eyes.

EMILY
 I understand.

BISHOP
 One...

PRESIDENT SAWYER
 (to Emily)
 I'm sorry.

BISHOP
 Two...

Emily closes her eyes...

A KLAXON goes off. Sounding throughout the complex.

STENZ
What the hell?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - P.E.O.C. - MORNING

Tyler, staring at his screen in disbelief. Into the radio:

TYLER
I have thermal alarms going off in two- wait, no, three different locations! Third floor kitchen, second floor hall, second floor East Bedroom-

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

EMILY
(to President Sawyer)
What does that mean?

BISHOP
It means your father just set fire to the White House.
(into radio)
Send teams to put them out, we can't let the building go up yet-

STENZ
We don't have teams anymore, sir!

BISHOP
Then peel men off the Situation Room, this building's a two hundred year old tinderbox!

A new alarm wails.

TYLER (O.S.)
(through radio)
Fourth Alarm! Fire in the Lincoln Bedroom!

As if on cue, the SPRINKLERS go off above them! Drenching everyone in the Oval Office.

Bishop, furious, tosses Stenz and M4 rifle.

BISHOP
Kill him.

STENZ

With pleasure.

He turns and bolts for the room. Bishop, into the walkie:

BISHOP

Shut those off!

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Colonel Janowitz, in contact with the F-15's...

COLONEL JANOWITZ

Six minutes to target, sir!

AGENT KELLERMAN

Sir, you need to see this...

He turns the sound up on CNN - which now shows smoke pouring out of the Second and Third floor of the White House!

CNN NEWSCASTER

Smoke began pouring from the structure minutes ago, leading us to believe that the upper floors of the White House are in fact on fire...

Finnerty looks to Raphelson.

FINNERTY

It's Cale.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - BASEMENT CORRIDORS - MORNING

The door to the Situation Room opens and TWO MEN barrel out of it, running to the stairs, turning the corner to find

Cale, who opens up with the machine gun! The men fall! Cale races towards the Sit Room door. Humphries steps out FIRING, and Cale dives to the ground, spraying back!

A waterford crystal vase explodes in the hallway as Cale rolls sideways, strafing the door! Humphries goes down screaming, bullets punching through his legs! Cale is up and runs into

INT. SITUATION ROOM - MORNING

He pushes through the hostages, finding the wounded Tour Guide being tended to on the floor.

CALE

Where is she?

DONNIE THE GUIDE

They took her to the Oval Office!

Cale looks around to the others.

CALE

There's an air strike coming! Get everyone out of here now!

Total panic now. People screaming, pushing through doors! Cale running with them...

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER

Raphelson, eyes glued to the television.

FINNERTY

Something's happening in there! We have to give him more time!

COLONEL JANOWITZ

Four minutes, sir!

EXT. VIRGINIA SKIES - MORNING

The F-15'S STREAK towards Washington...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - BASEMENT CORRIDORS - MORNING

As people pour out of the SitRoom, Cale runs for the West stairs, bounding up them, to the First Floor. Rounding a corner into

WHAM! A bloody fist to the face again!

Stenz. Cale's gun goes sprawling. Stenz sends another rib-cracking punch to his gut, sending him hurtling back into the Press Room!

STENZ

I'm gonna enjoy this...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

Bishop raises his gun and BLAM! SHOOTS the President in the leg! Sawyer screams, doubling over!

BISHOP

That's the femoral artery. Unless I stop it, you're going to bleed out in that chair. What's the code?

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

ON CNN - The hostages now STREAMING out of the building across the North and South Lawns!

COLONEL JANOWITZ

Three minutes, sir!

FINNERTY

(to Raphelson)

Give the man a chance!

EXT. WEST COLONNADE - MORNING

SMASH! Cale is HURLED through the double glass doors by the Briefing Room out onto the Colonnade! Landing in a bloody heap. Stenz, advancing on him...

STENZ

Your daughter says you're going to take me to jail. So are you?

Stenz KICKS HIM. Cale grunts as the force of it propels him into a column. Stenz pulls a knife.

STENZ (CONT'D)

I'm gonna carve my fucking name into your chest.

He leans down as Cale rolls and smashes both feet into Stenz's left knee! The knee BUCKLES and Stenz screams, falling!

Cale yanks something from his satchel and slams it into Stenz's chest. Stenz looks - it's the BOMB from the tunnels. His eyes lock with Cale.

CALE

No jail for you.

He pulls all six green wires and RUNS. Stenz screams a second before he BLOWS APART...

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

ON CNN - the ENTIRE WEST COLONNADE EXPLODES! Chunks of pillar and roof are blasted out as far as the street!

CNN NEWSCASTER

Holy shit!

Inside the Bunker, Finnerty gasps. Behind her is Ted.

TED

Looks like somebody touched the green wire...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

Bishop, Sawyer, and Emily are thrown to the ground as the building rocks on its foundations!

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Emily, run!

The little girl bolts for the door! Motts smacks her in the back of the head with his pistol, sending her sprawling! He raises it to kill --

PRESIDENT SAWYER (CONT'D)

No! Wait! I'll give you the code!

Motts looks at Bishop, who goes to his laptop.

BISHOP

Now, or she dies.

The President takes a breath and begins.

PRESIDENT SAWYER

7. 3. 5. 4...

INT. WHITE HOUSE RESIDENCE - FIRST FLOOR - MORNING

Cale stares at the twisted flaming destruction between him and the West Wing - no way to get to Emily now. All he's got left is his pistol. Pops the clip. Looks.

CALE

Three bullets.

Snaps it back. Mind racing.

CALE (CONT'D)

Think, goddammit, think!

His eyes fall onto a very particular doorway that he went through once before in the film...

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER

FINNERTY

For the love of God, sir, you have
to stop this!

He looks at her.

RAPHELSON

What if it's a trick?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

PRESIDENT SAWYER

3. 9. 4...

He doubles over as a coughing fit overtakes him. Spitting
up more blood.

BISHOP

What's the last number! Tell me!

The President tries to speak, but all that comes out is a
wheeze. Bishop curses and runs over to him. Kneeling down
next to him.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

The last number. Now.

Sawyer mumbling something...

BISHOP (CONT'D)

What?

He leans down, putting his ear to the President's mouth...

PRESIDENT SAWYER

I said, I'm sticking with the pen.

And he pulls the treaty signing PEN from his coat and STABS
BISHOP in the neck with it!

Bishop screams, rearing back against the Resolute Desk clawing
at his neck. As Motts levels his gun to kill Emily and the
President both, we hear an ENGINE ROAR. Motts looks up in
time to see

A BLACK SUV - Ripping through the Rose Garden, coming straight
for them. Cale at the wheel.

We barely has time to process what's about to happen before

The SUV smashes THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW and INTO THE OVAL OFFICE! Bishop diving out of the way, the desk obliterated as it slams into Motts and drives him into the far wall, crushing him!

Water gushes from burst pipes and sparks shoot from sockets! Part of the roof collapses onto the SUV!

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER

The whole room, screaming at Raphelson:

COLONEL JANOWITZ
45 seconds to target! Pilots are
removing firing triggers!

FINNERTY
*Somebody just drove a goddamn car
into the Oval Office, don't do this!*

COLONEL JANOWITZ
Sir, I need a go/no go for payload
delivery!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

Bishop tears the pen from his neck and swings his arms out wildly, grabbing Emily up as Cale collapses out of the vehicle into the ruined office of the Chief Executive!

Bishop presses the gun to Emily's head, as Cale brings his own pistol up, training it on him!

Silence. Mexican stand-off. Neither man moving. In the distance, the roar of jet engines approaching...

Bishop opens his mouth.

BISHOP
I'm going to count to-

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! Cale pulls the trigger. Bishop pitches back over, holes in his chest.

CALE
Three.

Cale falls to his knees as Emily runs to him. Wrapping her arms around him.

EMILY
Daddy!

Cale hugs her tight right back...

EXT. F-15'S (FLYING) - MORNING

Roaring over the Potomac, coming up on the White House...

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

COLONEL JANOWITZ
10 seconds, go/no go!

Raphelson closes his eyes. God forgive him.

RAPHELSON
Go.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

Cale turns to the hole in the wall to see the jets approaching. Shoving Emily towards it. Too weak to follow.

CALE
Run, honey!

She looks back at him.

CALE (CONT'D)
Go, I'm right behind you!

Emily looks up at the jets, and suddenly knows what's about to happen. She scoops up the fallen American Flag on the office floor and RUNS.

Cale collapses to the floor. Watching her go. At least she'll be safe...

INT. F-15 COCKPIT (FLYING) - MORNING

The PILOT arming the weapons systems, finger moving to the trigger...

PILOT
Dropping in 5, 4, 3...

He squints as he sees

A LITTLE GIRL on the White House lawn. Twirling, doing a flag girl routine. Red, white, and blue fluttering in the breeze.

PILOT (CONT'D)
Abort, abort, abort!

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

The F-15's break formation, screaming over the structure!
Weapons intact.

INT. PENTAGON - BUNKER COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

COLONEL JANOWITZ

We have negative impact, repeat, no
weapons released on target.

Raphelson opens his eyes.

RAPHELSON

What?

Janowitz listening to the phone, then:

COLONEL JANOWITZ

Sir, we are getting multiple reports
in now that the hostages have reached
the police barricades and are saying
that Castle has been retaken. I...

(pause; listens)

The White House is secure.

The entire room BURSTS INTO CHEERS! Hugs and tears!
Raphelson, stunned. Finnerty squeezes his hand. It's over.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

Emily steps back into the wreckage of the Oval to find her
father propped up against the remains of the desk. He smiles
at her. She shrugs, a little self conscious.

EMILY

You wanted to see my flag twirling...

CALE

You were beautiful, baby. You saved
us.

EMILY

You came back for me.

CALE

Always.

She hugs him again. Coughing from the other side of the
room. They look. Sawyer, watching them. Smiling. Coughs.

PRESIDENT SAWYER
Did you drive a car through my office?

CALE
Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT SAWYER
We have doors, you know.

CALE
A lot more now.

The President laughs.

PRESIDENT SAWYER
Gonna take awhile to fix this place
up.

EMILY
You can come stay with us.

CALE
(looking at her)
Us?

EMILY
Yeah.

He hugs her close. Outside on the lawn, various emergency vehicles gather and choppers land.

CALE
Medic! We need a medic in here!

A MEDICAL TEAM rushes in. Cale and Emily step back as they swarm the President. Tasking his vitals, starting an IV...

Cale takes an offered blanket and wraps it around Emily's shoulders and they step out onto

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - ROSE GARDEN - MORNING

Fire helicopters hover, dousing the top two floors of the White House with fire-retardent foam. Dozens of news choppers circle. Marines set a perimeter around the building.

Cale and Emily walk through the fray, almost forgotten.
Until

FINNERTY (O.S.)
Cale!

Cale turns to see Finnerty step off a helicopter. Their eyes meet. So different than they were a few hours ago. Smiling as she approaches.

For a moment they don't even know what to say. Then Finnerty steps forward and hugs him. Places a small kiss on his cheek.

EMILY

So, does he have the job?

Finnerty looks over to the gurney carrying the President out of the Oval, then smiles.

FINNERTY

That depends. Does he have any references?

Behind her, Cale sees Raphelson step off a chopper. Flanked by MILITARY AIDES, he marches grim faced towards the White House.

CALE

What's going on?

FINNERTY

He could have turned back the air strike and didn't. He's taking it hard. And...

She hesitates.

CALE

And what?

FINNERTY

We just found out the fifty million in Bishop's account came from an Iranian cut-out. This was state sponsored terrorism.

Cale watches Raphelson step through the ruined facade into what's left of the Oval Office.

CALE

What's he going to do?

FINNERTY

Retaliate.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING CORRIDORS - MORNING

Raphelson marches through the ruined halls. Stepping through glass and debris, over fallen bodies.

RAPHELSON
Somebody clean those up.

Headed for...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Empty, now that the terrorists are gone. Raphelson steps over Humphries body as he enters. Exhales.

RAPHELSON
God forgive us for what we are about
to do.

He looks to the NAVAL AIDE carrying the Nuclear Football.

RAPHELSON (CONT'D)
Open it.

NAVAL AIDE
Sir?

RAPHELSON
Our country has been attacked by a
rogue nuclear state, I have discussed
it with my advisors and this is going
to be our course of response; my
Presidential Authorization Code is
9983452776301, now open the football.

The Naval Aide programs the code into the keypad lock. The tumblers click. Opens. Inside the Nuclear Football, a manilla envelope, a phone handset with a red light, and a small thumb-pad.

NAVAL AIDE
Place your finger on the pad, sir.

Raphelson does. A pin-prick draws a drop of blood.

NAVAL AIDE (CONT'D)
DNA verification, shouldn't take
more than a few seconds.

The light on the handset turns green. The Naval Aide picks up the phone and hands it to Raphelson.

NAVAL AIDE (CONT'D)

This is a direct line to CentCom -
would you please read the target
package into the phone, sir?

The Aide opens the manilla folder for him and Raphelson reads.

RAPHELSON

This is the President. Target package
is as follows - the cities of Tehran,
Mashhad, Isfahan, and Tabriz.

From the football:

CENTCOM COMMANDER (O.S.)

Target package is confirmed, sir.
The release of nuclear weapons falls
under the two man rule - the Secretary
of Defense must confirm your orders
in order to launch.

RAPHELSON

The Secretary of Defense went down
on Air Force One. I am here with
the Assistant Secretary who was held
hostage in the White House. Mr.
Secretary?

He offers the phone to a SHORT BALDING MAN who looks
terrified. A beat. The Assistant Secretary takes it.

CENTCOM COMMANDER (O.S.)

Mr. Secretary, do you confirm the
President's orders?

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

I do, sir.

CENTCOM COMMANDER (O.S.)

Will you please read me your
corresponding launch codes
alphanumerically?

Raphelson cracks open a plastic laminated card - "The Biscuit" -
which contains the launch codes. Reading.

RAPHELSON

Bravo Victor Tango Seven Niner Zulu
Charlie.

CENTCOM COMMANDER (O.S.)

Mr. Secretary?

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
 Bravo Victor Tango Seven Niner Zulu
 Charlie. I concur, sir.

CENTCOM COMMANDER (O.S.)
 Mr. President, you are authorizing
 the release of strategic thermonuclear
 weapons on the country of Iran. Do
 you so confirm these orders?

RAPHELSON
 I do.

CENTCOM COMMANDER (O.S.)
 Missiles are being spun up. We will
 need final launch confirmation in
 two minutes-

CALE (O.S.)
 Sir?

This voice from the door. John Cale. Raphelson blinks.

RAPHELSON
 John. Jesus. Ladies and Gentleman,
 this is John Cale, the hero of the
 day.

CALE
 I need a moment alone with the
 Speaker.

RAPHELSON
 Can it wait?
 (gestures to the
 football)
 We're a little busy here-

CALE
 Bishop had help, sir. Someone on
 the outside.

Raphelson looks at him.

RAPHELSON
 Give us the room.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
 (uncomfortable)
 Sir-

RAPHELSON
He's my Secret Service, for
Chrissakes.

Fair enough. The others file out. Leaving the two men alone.
Nuclear football on the table between them.

RAPHELSON (CONT'D)
Emily okay?

Cale eyes the blinking football.

CALE
Nuclear holocaust in the Middle East?

RAPHELSON
You think it makes me happy? They
tried to destroy our country today.

CALE
Did they?

He slowly moves around the table.

CALE (CONT'D)
See the whole board, isn't that what
you told me?

On Raphaelson. Doesn't like his tone.

RAPHELSON
John, I'm going to have to ask you
to come to the point-

CALE
How do you assassinate a President
without making it look like an
assassination?

Raphaelson stares at him.

CALE (CONT'D)
You pay a man who's got nothing to
lose. You send in a team of
terrorists with ridiculous demands,
you shoot down Air Force One, you
make it about everything *but*
assassination, so when the smoke
clears, no one realizes that you've
cleared the line of succession and
ascended to throne.

Raphelson has gone very still.

RAPHELSON

That's quite a story.

CALE

Do me a favor and don't deny it.

RAPHELSON

What about Iran?

CALE

You never wanted the Peace Accord.
You paid Bishop, you told him this
was about data-farming. You made it
look like the money came from Iran.
You framed him to get your war.

RAPHELSON

This war was coming no matter what.
This way we save 10 years in the
desert and thousands of American
lives. We end it with one shot.

CALE

You committed treason.

RAPHELSON

You think I *hurt* this country?

Raphelson picks up the TV remote and clicks it on. CNN shows people gathering all over the country. Candlelight vigils. People coming together, comforting one another.

RAPHELSON (CONT'D)

This unified them. One nation,
indivisible once more. United behind
a common goal. Today made us stronger
than ever.

CALE

Under you, right? Let me guess, the
President's going to mysteriously
succumb to his wounds at Bethesda.

RAPHELSON

You're looking at the President,
son.

CALE

You're under arrest.

RAPHELSON

I don't think so.

The Football squawks:

CENTCOM COMMANDER (O.S.)

Sir, we need final codeword
conformation for launch.

Raphelson reaches for the handset. Cale draws his gun.

RAPHELSON

What are you gonna do? Shoot the
President? There are a thousand
Marines outside that door and no one
will believe you.

CALE

Why not?

RAPHELSON

Because you're nobody. Despite your
heroics today, in the end you're
just a shell shocked little shit and
I'm the President of the United
States!

PRESIDENT SAWYER (O.S.)

No, you're not.

Raphelson turns to see Finnerty wheeling a very much awake
Sawyer in a wheelchair. He looks at Cale in disbelief.

President Sawyer picks up the handset for the football.

PRESIDENT SAWYER (CONT'D)

This is President Sawyer, cancel all
launch preparations and return us to
DEFCON 2.

CENTCOM COMMANDER (O.S.)

Roger that, sir.

RAPHELSON

But- but, you can't! I'm the
President now!

PRESIDENT SAWYER

Then consider this a coup de'tat.
Take him onto custody.

Finnerty moves to him when Raphelson screams, pulling the gun she gave him from his pocket, levelling it at the President...

BLAM! Cale fires once. The bullet rips through Raphelson's left thigh. He goes down screaming.

PRESIDENT SAWYER (CONT'D)
Hurts, doesn't it?

The doors fly open as everyone else rushes in at the sound of the shot. Sawyer nods to Raphelson.

PRESIDENT SAWYER (CONT'D)
Please place the Speaker of the House under arrest.

RAPHELSON
(moaning)
I need a hospital...

PRESIDENT SAWYER
Prisons have hospitals, don't they?

FINNERTY
Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT SAWYER
All right, then. Take him away.
(to Cale)
And you. Isn't this your day off?

CALE
Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT SAWYER
Then what are you still doing here?
Go take your daughter to lunch.

Cale smiles.

CALE
Thank you, sir.

He turns to the door. We depart with him, leaving the President giving orders, back in charge:

PRESIDENT SAWYER
General, get me the President of Iran on the phone...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

Cale and Finnerty step out through the ruined Oval Office and walk across the wreckage strewn South Lawn with Emily.

FINNERTY
I've been thinking.

CALE
Yeah?

FINNERTY
You're the worst Secret Service Agent ever.

CALE
How do you figure?

FINNERTY
The President was shot once in your care, you just shot another President in the leg, and although I can't prove it conclusively, I'm pretty sure you set fire to the White House.

CALE
Well when you say it all out loud like that...

Finnerty laughs. The three of them walk on.

All of Washington DC laid out in front of them. Smoke rising, but already a sense of community. People pulling together, a city rebuilding. Emily grasps her father's hand.

EMILY
Let's go home.

We begin to pull up and back. The building behind them looks different. Battered, missing some pieces.

But it's still the White House.

A pair of F-15s ROAR OVERHEAD, flying Combat Air Patrol over Our Nation's Capital. Safe once more.

ROLL CREDITS

FADE OUT