

# JONNY Quest

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FIRST DRAFT

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RADAR TECH #2  
 (realizing)  
 Two-one-one? That's --

-- THE FLOOR HEAVES LIKE IT'S BEEN HIT BY AN EARTHQUAKE. Shelves TOPPLE. Monitors EXPLODE in a shower of sparks.

And as quickly as it began... it ends. The techs pick themselves off the floor. Unhurt, but shaken.

RADAR TECH #2  
 What was that?

EXT. RADAR BASE - NIGHT

A RUT CUTS THROUGH THE SNOW, like a long ditch dug in the frozen earth. It runs straight through the torn fences. Right through one of the huts, rent in two smoking halves.

It disappears over an icy ridge, where an EERIE GLOW EMANATES. Waves of light shimmer in the sky, almost like the Aurora Borealis, but... Unsettling. Unearthly.

The techs scramble up the ridge and as they crest it, we BOOM UP to REVEAL what they discover...

THE HUGE SHAPE OF A DOWNED FLYING-CRAFT

Lying in a crater of its own making. What we can see of it is like nothing we've ever seen. Sleek. Advanced. Alien.

The techs trade astonished looks, their breath coming in quick clouds of frozen fog.

RADAR TECH #1  
 Call it in. Now.

SMASH CUT TO:

KLEIG LIGHTS. ARMED GUARDS. HAZMAT CREWS. The mystery ship has been enclosed in a full-fledged military cordon.

Amid this chaos, a HELICOPTER touches down. Its only identifying mark is a tiny logo stamped on its door: "I-1".

The door opens, and... CORVIN steps out. She wears no military insignia, but she is unquestionably in charge. An old-school Cold Warrior, she's smart and shrewd and warm as this weather. She's met by her right-hand man, ROBERTS.

CORVIN  
 (curt)  
 What is it? Chinese or Russian?

ROBERTS

Neither, as far as we can tell.  
The hull seems to be one complete  
piece -- we can't find a door --  
can't get any readings inside  
either -- EM, ultrasound, X-Ray...

(nervous)

Also, ma'am, its inbound trajectory  
seems to place its point of origin  
somewhere... out of orbit.

CORVIN

You're telling me this thing is --

ROBERTS

We're not sure what it is. We're  
out of our depth.

CORVIN

(nods)

Get Quest.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARMY BASE - DAY

Ten-foot razor fences enclose a desert of white-hot sand.

SUPER:           WHITE SANDS PROVING GROUNDS.  
                  LAS CRUCES, NEW MEXICO.

INT. TEST HANGAR

DR. BENTON QUEST

Mid-40s, sporting a short red beard and a rumpled lab coat,  
stands in a huge closed hangar, before a line of M1 ABRAMS  
TANKS. This section has been set aside for a  
demonstration. An audience of MILITARY BRASS waits nearby.

Dr. Quest is -- bar none -- our country's finest scientific  
mind. When he speaks, everybody listens.

QUEST

Non-lethal weaponry -- truly non-  
lethal -- has always made sense in  
the abstract. The reality,  
however, has invariably been  
ineffective, inefficient, or both.  
So, the question remains: how do  
we provide able national defense,  
without unnecessary loss of life?

(MORE)

QUEST (CONT'D)

The answer, gentlemen, is the latest innovation from Quest labs.

One of Quest's ASSISTANTS wheels a HIGH-TECH DEVICE into the light. It is the size of a broadcast TV camera, coiled with coolant tubes and high-voltage wires.

QUEST

The Geodide Ray. Now, directed-energy weapons aren't a new concept. But, the innovation here lies not in what this weapon destroys. It lies in what it doesn't. Allow me to demonstrate.

He moves to the Ray's controls, enters an ACTIVATION CODE.

QUEST

It's secured by our proprietary 512-bit cipher. Can't be operated without it. Glasses, gentlemen?

They don DARK SAFETY GLASSES, while Quest keys-in a series of commands -- the Geodide Ray powering up, coolant pumping, its emitter swiveling toward... one of the TANKS.

A BLINDING BEAM OF ENERGY BLASTS OUT -- a constant stream that strikes the tank and instantly BURNS A TWO-FOOT DIAMETER HOLE through its armor and straight out the back.

QUEST

Metals. Minerals. Plastics. The Geodide easily destroys these. But, by exploiting a recently discovered phase difference in the valence shells of inorganic and organic compounds... Well, let me just show you.

Quest steps calmly INTO THE PATH OF THE BEAM.

The ENERGY ARCS through his body. The buttons BURN off his shirt. His glasses MELT off his face. His security tag turns to STEAM. But, the rest of him is utterly unscathed.

QUEST

Organic matter, biological material -- everything from skin to bone, hair to cotton, plants and animals -- as far as the Geodide Ray is concerned, they simply don't exist.

Quest nods to his assistant, who shuts off the beam. The generals and admirals stare, stunned by what they've seen.

QUEST

With this weapon, we could destroy  
an enemy tank, or an entire brigade  
-- all without a single casualty.  
It is the first truly non-lethal --  
and truly effective -- weapon of  
its kind.

The crowd APPLAUDS, surging forward to congratulate him.

FOUR-STAR GENERAL

Extraordinary, Quest. Astounding.  
I don't know how you do it.

QUEST

(checking his buttons)  
Well, I go through a lot of shirts.

The men laugh, peppering him with questions and  
compliments. As Quest tries to answer them all in turn...

A FIGURE melts out of the shadows, crossing the hangar.

We don't get a good look at him. All we see is a FLASH of  
MOVEMENT as he slips past Quest's distracted assistants...

... making his way to THE GEODIDE RAY. There, his fingers  
fly over its controls, and suddenly --

It POWERS UP, barrel SWIVELING -- in quick, precise  
movements -- its BEAM BLASTING OUT, sweeping over the heads  
of the generals -- who, panicked, hit the deck.

ALARMS WAIL -- GUARDS race from the perimeter --  
surrounding the intruder -- SHOUTING -- forcing him down.

Quest hurries to cut the ray's power -- re-locking it with  
his code. He pushes through the chaos, finally coming  
within sight of the perpetrator...

A twelve-year-old boy.

QUEST

Jonny?

JONNY

Hi, dad.

Meet JONNY QUEST. A blond-haired hell-raiser. His face  
pressed to the concrete, a rifle barrel digging into his  
cheek, he somehow manages to seem more cocky than afraid.

As Quest stares down at his son, we pull back to reveal the wall behind the generals, TWO GIANT LETTERS BURNED into it:

" J Q "

EXT. TEST HANGAR - DAY

Furious, Quest drags Jonny out by his arm.

JONNY

It's not like it was gonna hurt anybody. I just wanted to see what it could do.

QUEST

Where's your bodyguard? He's supposed to keep you under control.

JONNY

You mean my baby-sitter? "Agent Derek" quit. I told him his eyebrows would grow back, but --

QUEST

(wheels on him, intense)  
Jonny, you can't keep doing this. Acting out like this. You're going to hurt yourself. Or someone else.

JONNY

Just 'cause you spend your life in a boring-ass lab, you don't want me doing anything exciting. Mom never used to stifle me. Mom --

QUEST

Your mother isn't here.

JONNY

And whose fault is that?

Quest is hurt. Jonny regrets saying that, but, it's not the kind of thing you can take back. Quest ushers his son toward an army jeep waiting for them, and as they're about to get inside, the SOUND of a HELICOPTER makes them look.

The I-1 CHOPPER sets down on the tarmac nearby. Roberts climbs out, hurrying toward them. Quest recognizes him --

Instantly going alert. This has clearly occurred before.

ROBERTS

Dr. Quest --

QUEST  
What's happened?

ROBERTS  
We've found... something. We need you to examine it immediately. It's already being transferred to your lab. If you'll come with me?

Quest sends Jonny on ahead to the helicopter. As the boy sulks out of earshot...

QUEST  
I want you to get a message to your director, can you do that? Tell Corvin I need another bodyguard. She'll know what that means.

ROBERTS  
A bodyguard. Anyone specific?

QUEST  
I need someone who can handle anything. And I need him now.

As they step into the chopper, its skids lifting off, we...

SMASH CUT TO:

ROGER 'RACE' BANNON

as an UPPERCUT snaps his head back. He sits, tied to a chair, in a dark, dingy windowless room.

SUPER:               SOMEWHERE IN THE UKRAINE.

With stark white hair and more scars than skin, Race might not be the youngest agent you'll meet. Just the toughest.

RACE  
Guys, I don't wanna tell you how to do your jobs, but, have you ever heard the expression, "you get more flies with honey --"

A SLEDGE-SIZED FIST slams across his jaw. He's being interrogated by THREE EASTERN BLOC THUGS. We'll call the big one SERGEI, the giant IVAN, and the monster IGOR.

RACE  
(spits a tooth)  
Just trying to help.

SERGEI

We know who you are, Agent Bannon.  
It doesn't matter if you're CIA,  
FBI, or another of your  
government's ridiculous acronyms.

RACE

DMV? IHOP?

SERGEI

You will tell us everything you  
know of our upcoming transaction.

RACE

Transaction? You mean the two  
surplus Soviet warheads you're  
unloading on the black market? Or  
do you have a shipment of used  
Levis coming in?

Ivan HITS him. A hammer and sickle blow to the gut.

SERGEI

Do they know where the sale will  
take place? Do they know when?

Igor HITS him. Ivan HITS him. Igor. Ivan. Finally, fed  
up, Sergei whips out a handgun, jams it to Race's temple --

RACE

Alright, alright. You win. They  
know. St. Sophia Cathedral in  
Kiev. Next Tuesday. Midnight.

Sergei laughs, Igor and Ivan join in, guttural and phlegmy.

SERGEI

And you call yourselves  
intelligence agents? That's what  
we wanted you to believe. The sale  
is happening not twenty meters  
away. As we speak.

(leans in close)

Your silly little acronym doesn't  
know that, do they?

Sergei PISTOL WHIPS him -- Race's head SNAPS to the side --

And a tiny plastic nub bounces out onto the floor. A MICRO-  
EARPIECE. The thugs look from it... to him. Race shrugs.

RACE

They do now.

We can almost see the gears turning as they realize -- this entire time -- they weren't interrogating Race. He was interrogating them. But by the time they do --

Race has slipped his bonds -- moving like lightning -- and STRIKING like it too. With judo moves and vicious street boxing, he takes the three thugs down. Fast, brutal, easy.

Race retrieves his ear-piece from the floor and pops it in.

RACE

Rover-one, this is Fly Fisher. Do you copy that location? Rover-one?

STATIC. The ear-piece is busted. That means it's up to him. Again. Race grabs Sergei's gun and --

EXT. CONTAINER SHIP - NIGHT

-- BURSTS out of a 40-foot CARGO CONTAINER. One of dozens stacked on the deck of a gargantuan container ship at dock.

Moving quickly, quietly, he makes his way through the maze of containers -- his gun at the ready -- until he comes across a small circle of light, and lying sprawled in it...

BODIES. More Eastern Bloc bad guys, their guns scattered around them. Clearly dead -- but, without a mark on them.

THE SOUND OF GEARS GRINDING makes Race look up...

... where the arm of a loading crane swings a LARGE WOODEN CRATE, stenciled with Cyrillic letters, toward the railing.

He tracks it to the side of the ship, where he sees below --

A MINI-SUB

Thirty-feet of black steel, bobbing in the water. MEN IN WET-SUITS atop it. Guiding the crate in and detaching it.

Race INSTANTLY OPENS FIRE --

His shots RICOCHETING around them, sending the men scrambling for cover. He has them dead to rights, until --

BULLETS riddle his position -- Fired from further down the ship, at the base of the crane. Race ducks behind a container -- As TWO MORE WET-SUITED MEN pin him down with sub-machine-gun fire. He peeks out. Far enough to see --

A THIRD WET-SUITED MAN, fixing the crane to a SECOND CRATE.

As it LIFTS into the air, swinging overhead, Race DIVES out from cover -- FIRING at the crane's cable --

It FRAYS, SNAPS --

Sending the crate CRASHING onto the deck. The thieves flee back to the sub -- two of them VAULTING OFF THE SIDE into the black water below, but before the third one clears it --

RACE  
HOLD IT!

Race's gun is trained on his back. He freezes. Hands up.

RACE  
Turn around. NOW.

The man TURNS... We only catch a glimpse of his face in the dim light -- scarred, severe -- but, in Race's eyes, we see a glimmer of recognition.

But, before he can be sure -- A BLAST OF LIGHT BLINDS Race, a HELICOPTER soaring in, SEARCHLIGHT sweeping. He waves it off, but it's too late. The man is gone. He runs to the railing, but... the sub's gone too. Bubbles in the water.

I-1 AGENTS repel down around him. Coming to the "rescue."

RACE  
Nice timing, guys.

Pissed, he holsters his gun, while we move down... down...

INT. BLACK SEA - NIGHT

... where the mini-sub knifes through the deep, dark water.

INSIDE, we find the wet-suited thieves, gathered around their crate, using crowbars to force it open, revealing --

A SOVIET MIRV WARHEAD. One of man's most deadly creations.

The thieves stand aside so that their LEADER, the man Race held at gunpoint, can kneel before it, bowed in... prayer?

All we can see from this angle is the back of his head, and... it's unlike anything we've ever seen. SCARS, in the shape of a starburst, mar the crown of his shaved skull. A network of high-tech metallic braces crisscrosses the skin -- fixed into the flesh with pins and screws -- seemingly acting to hold the shattered bone in one piece.

It looks like the exit-wound of some high-caliber bullet.

And as this man rises into the light, we see the entry-wound. A craterous SCAR in the center of his forehead. Precisely where the mystical "Third Eye" is believed to reside. This is... KORCHEK.

He turns toward his wet-suited men. Zeroing in on one in particular, visibly shaken by his attention.

WET-SUIT

Sir, I -- I know we've failed you.

KORCHEK

What makes you believe that?

In Korchek's hand, an AUTO-PISTOL, cutting edge in every way, except for its stock -- which is made of gold, ornately carved, like the hilt of some ceremonial dagger.

WET-SUIT

The -- the second warhead --

KORCHEK

Is inconsequential. All I require is one. And the gods -- in their infinite wisdom -- have seen fit to provide it. We should thank them.

Korchek returns his weapon to its holster. The man relaxes, until -- from the gun's ornate stock -- he pulls a GLEAMING BLADE. An ancient Indian KATAR -- a punching dagger. The man gasps as it DRIVES into his chest.

KORCHEK

With a sacrifice.

Korchek squeezes the handle in a precise way, and when he withdraws the katar, its single blade has split in three.

The man slumps dead at his feet. Korchek turns his ice-cold eyes toward the next man, who hurries to blurt out --

WET-SUIT #2

Sir -- that man -- he came out of nowhere. He wasn't one of the Ukrainians.

KORCHEK

I know. His name is Bannon.

As Korchek SLAMS his crate back shut --

EXT. CONTAINER SHIP - NIGHT

A HAZMAT TEAM carefully opens the second crate. The ship has been converted into a crime scene. I-1 Agents -- local cops -- the works. Race confers with the HAZMAT LEADER.

HAZMAT LEADER

The good news is the radioactive material hasn't been compromised. Bad news: there is no radioactive material. It's got the trigger, the implosion charges, everything you need for a nuclear detonation.

RACE

Except the nuclear part?

HAZMAT LEADER

And our Geigers only register background levels, so -- my guess? Neither weapon ever had a payload. But, who'd want a bomb without the stuff that makes it go boom?

Before Race can learn anything else -- an agent waves him over, handing him what looks like a MILITARY-ISSUE iPhone.

On its screen, CORVIN'S unsmiling face.

RACE

Ma'am, I can explain --

CORVIN

Explain? How you initiated an illegal operation? Allowed yourself to be captured? And lost a nuclear warhead? Is that what you're going to explain?

RACE

(beat)  
Not exactly --

CORVIN

You're off this, Bannon, as of now.

RACE

You can't take me off. I think I recognized one of the men involved. I know this sounds crazy, but... it was Korchek.

CORVIN

Korchek's dead. Like you, if  
you're not on the next flight back.  
You've got a new assignment. A  
high-priority protection detail.

RACE

The president again?

CORVIN

Not exactly.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLORIDA KEYS - DAY

The shadow of a HELICOPTER skims across the sparkling, blue-green waters of Florida's southernmost tip.

Race sits beside the pilot, chewing Advils. Either for his jet-lag or his recent beating, take your pick. He peers out the windows as they descend toward their destination...

PALM KEY. A tiny island in the middle of nowhere. Pristine white beaches. Lush green foliage. To the untrained eye, it might look like paradise.

Race's eye, however, is anything but untrained.

EXT. HELIPAD - DAY

The chopper touches down just long enough for Race to disembark. Then, it lifts off again, circling back toward the mainland. The sound of its rotors quickly fading.

His gear slung on his back, Race takes in his surroundings.

No welcoming committee. In fact, the only sign of life...

... is the barrel of a ROBOT SENTRY GUN protruding from the bushes, servos whirring as it swivels to aim at him. A dozen other guns cover him from every conceivable angle.

RACE

Warm welcome.

He starts down a PATH into the trees. The robot guns tracking him every step of the way...

EXT. LAGOON - DAY

The path ends at a small lagoon, fed by a ten foot waterfall. Race regards it, confused. Where does he go?

A VOICE (O.S.)  
This way, Agent Bannon.

He looks -- no one's there. Then, beneath his feet, TWO PARALLEL LINES OF LIGHTS appear in the sand. Outlining a PATHWAY that leads directly... into the lagoon.

THE VOICE  
Follow the lights, please.

RACE  
You gotta be kidding me.

THE VOICE  
Follow the lights, please.

Race dips in a toe. The "water" FRITZES as his shoe touches it, then returns to normal. A HOLOGRAM.

Bewildered, he strides into the faux-lagoon, following the lights until he disappears under the surface...

INT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT - DAY

The first thing Race sees is -- A BLINDING RED LIGHT -- scanning him from head to toe. He's in a metal-panelled chamber, the size of an ATM vestibule. ROBOTIC ARMS telescope out of the walls, poking and prodding him with all manner of scanners, sniffers, and high-tech gadgets.

A mechanized eyeball maps his iris. A needle-tipped tentacle JABS him, sampling his DNA. A robotic sniffer gets a little too friendly with his crotch.

RACE  
Whoa. Down, boy.

Finally, the arms retract, the light turns GREEN, and the huge metal door before him slides open to REVEAL --

INT. QUEST LABS - DAY

A sleek, subterranean complex, bustling with scientists and uniformed staff, patrolled by a small army of armed guards.

LEAD GUARD  
You're cleared to enter, sir. We appreciate your patience.

RACE  
What, no body cavity search?

QUEST (O.S.)  
 Believe me, Agent Bannon. If you  
 were hiding something, our machines  
 would know before you did.

Benton Quest crosses the massive letter "Q" emblazoned on  
 the floor to shake Race's hand.

RACE  
 Dr. Quest, I presume?

QUEST  
 Welcome to Palm Key.

INT. QUEST LABS - HALLWAY - DAY

Quest leads Race down an impossibly long corridor. Staff  
 crosses to and fro with push-carts and clipboards.

QUEST  
 You've been briefed on your  
 assignment here, is that correct?

RACE  
 Briefly.

QUEST  
 I ask, because I haven't yet had an  
 agent last more than a month. I  
 need to know you can handle this.

RACE  
 Due respect, doc, I've protected  
 two presidents, six heads of state,  
 and myself from more than a few  
 angry ex-girlfriends. I can handle  
 anything you can throw at me.

QUEST  
 I don't doubt your qualifications,  
 but this particular job... can  
 have its own particular hazards.

-- WHOOSH! A JET of FIRE flares up -- behind an  
 observation window. Inside the lab, two scientists are  
 testing a new FIRE-SUPPRESSION GRENADE. It rolls into the  
 fire and -- POW! -- Snuffs it with a BLAST of PINK FOAM.

QUEST  
 You know who I am? What we do?

RACE

I know people say without you --  
the things you make -- we'd all be  
calling each other comrade. With  
British accents. In Chinese.

QUEST

That might be overstating it.

RACE

I said people say it, I didn't say  
I do. No offense, I'm sure you  
make some amazing gadgets here...

A three-foot JANITOR ROBOT whirs past, beeping adorably.

RACE

But, all the gadgets in the world  
can't do what one well-trained man  
with a gun can.

They round a corner, passing a set of STEEL BIO-SAFETY  
DOORS marked "RESTRICTED ACCESS." Quest's private lab. An  
assistant exits, and as the doors SLIDE open and shut --

We glimpse the mysterious flying craft inside, behind a  
glass observation window, surrounded by lab equipment.

QUEST

I have matters to attend to, so  
we'll have to keep this brief, but  
-- I agree with you. I learned  
that lesson the hard way, five  
years ago. When some well-trained  
men with guns tried to kill me.

RACE

I'm aware of your file, Dr. Quest.

Quest wheels on him, intense.

QUEST

Then you're aware that while I  
survived, my wife did not. Those  
men -- whoever sent them -- might  
still be out there. I need  
constant, vigilant protection. I  
need a man who will die -- and kill  
-- to make sure something like that  
never, ever happens again.

(quieter)

Do you understand me, Agent Bannon?

RACE

Race.

QUEST

Do you understand me, Race?

RACE

You've got nothing to worry about,  
doc. I'll keep you safe.

Quest shakes his head, exasperated.

QUEST

Not me. Jonny.

RACE

"Jonny?"

INT. JONNY'S ROOM - DAY

Decorated with dirty laundry and adolescent angst. Jonny sprawls on his bed, playing an eyeball-melting RACING GAME on his X-Box 360. BANDIT, his black and white bulldog, lies curled up beside him. Growling at the door, where...

... Quest and Race stand. Race does not look thrilled.

QUEST

Jonny? Can you turn the game off?  
There's someone I want you to meet.

JONNY

(a brief glance at Race)  
Hey. There, we met.

Quest taps a keypad beside the door. The game's power instantly cuts out. Jonny drops the controller, annoyed.

QUEST

This is Race.

JONNY

"Race?" Man, you must've got your  
butt kicked constantly.

RACE

Cute kid. Listen, doc...

He takes Quest aside, out of earshot.

RACE

Somebody got their wires crossed here, okay? I'm not the guy you want for this.

QUEST

Your room will be right next door. When I can't be here, my son and his safety will be your responsibility.

RACE

But --

QUEST

(cuts him off)

I understand being here isn't your first choice. But, I need to know my son is safe. I've reviewed every available agent, and you're the best guarantee our government can give me. Director Corvin has granted me total authority in this. So, as of now, like it or not, your job is Jonny. Is that clear?

RACE

Yes, sir.

Race isn't happy, but Quest is satisfied. He crosses to Jonny -- playing his game again -- touches his shoulder.

QUEST

I'll see you at dinner, alright?  
Be good, Jonny.

Jonny just shrugs him off. Doesn't answer. Hurt, Quest starts to go, then remembers -- to Race --

QUEST

Oh, and he's had a habit of trying to sneak off the island lately. Don't let him.

Quest leaves. Alone now, Jonny eyes Race. Appraising.

JONNY

I give you two weeks before you're begging for reassignment.

But, Race isn't easily intimidated. He GRABS the kid's game controller -- RIPS its cord clean out --

RACE

Listen to me, you little brat. I'm not here to be your friend or your baby-sitter. I'm not here to help with your homework or teach you to ride your bike like a big boy. I'm here to keep you alive. That's it.

Race sees the kid clearly taken aback. Softens, a little.

RACE

You do what I say, when I say, and we'll get along just fine. Got it?

Jonny nods, speechless. Race marches out. The second the door shuts behind him, Jonny's "fear" evaporates. He looks to his bulldog, an evil little smirk on his face.

JONNY

What do you think, Bandit? One week? Tops?

EXT. PALM KEY - SUNSET

The sun sinks behind the postcard perfect island, while...

INT. RACE'S QUARTERS

Race unpacks his stuff, wishing he were anywhere but here.

He unloads weapons, gear, passports, currency from a dozen different countries. But, nothing personal. No mementos. No photos. His life fits in one bag, and he travels light.

His stuff stowed, Race sits down on the bed. Tries to relax, but... can't. He has no off-switch.

Instead, he sits at the desk, where a high-tech TABLET COMPUTER is built into the wood. He logs onto the I-1 database and quickly calls up...

A DOSSIER

The face staring back at him is the same face he saw on the container ship. KORCHEK. Sans scars, but unmistakable.

As Race scans -- photos, newsclips, files -- we get a brief window into this man's background. "KGB"... "BLACK-OPS"... "SHINING PATH"... "ALBANIAN NATIONAL ARMY"... We see hijackings in South Africa and Sydney, bombings in Caracas and Cairo, arms sales in every nation in the world.

He "speaks fourteen languages"... Is "expert in all armed and unarmed combat"... "Obsessed with ancient history"...

And, according to this file, **he's been DEAD for TEN YEARS.**

Race stares at him, those same eyes from the ship, until --

A NOISE snaps him out of his reverie.

Race hears FOOT-STEPS in the hall. A SHORT FIGURE in a jacket FLASHES past his open door. It's gotta be Jonny.

One day on the job, and already hating it, Race shuts the screen and follows...

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Where he finds the kid trying to hide in a shadowy corner.

RACE

You think it's this easy getting  
past me? Go back to your room,  
kid, and we'll forget you were ever  
this dumb. You hear me?

He grabs Jonny's sleeve, the jacket sliding off to REVEAL --

A JANITOR ROBOT. It takes Race a split-second to realize this is a trick. A split-second too long.

A FIRE-SUPPRESSION GRENADE rolls to a stop at his feet -- KAPOW! Spot-welds him to the wall with STICKY, PINK FOAM.

Jonny melts out of shadows behind him. Smug.

JONNY

I'm supposed to do what you say,  
right? So, if you don't want me to  
leave you like this and go meet  
girls in Miami, just say so.

Race tries to speak, but the foam is acting like a gag.

JONNY

No? Thanks "Race." Don't wait up.

He grabs his jacket and dashes down the hall, while Race, pissed beyond belief, struggles to tear free of the foam.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bandit scampering at his heels, Jonny sprints down the corridor, rounds a corner and ducks through a door into --

## AN UNDERGROUND MARINA

High-tech nautical vessels bob in their berths. As Jonny hops aboard a next-gen JET-SKI, firing it up...

Race bursts in behind him, picking foam out of his hair. Just in time to see the jet-ski ZOOM BY, spraying water.

Race hurries to untie an unattended HYDROFOIL. ROCKETS after him. Chasing the kid down a concrete exit tunnel.

While Bandit dances on the dock, yipping as if to say, "Hey! You forgot me!"

## EXT. PALM KEY - NIGHT

A CLIFF WALL SLIDES OPEN and Jonny speeds out of the hidden entrance, slaloming through the jagged rocks and reefs that litter the shallow waters like a minefield.

Blasting out behind him, Race expertly pilots his hydrofoil. He GUNS the speedboat's throttle till he pulls even with Jonny. Shouting over the spray:

RACE

Cut the engine, kid! You're not going anywhere!

JONNY

Watch me, Super Nanny!

Jonny cuts a tight turn, steering toward a rocky peninsula, where -- like a black gaping mouth -- a SEA CAVE looms.

Unafraid, he speeds inside, vanishing into the darkness.

RACE

(sighs)

I hate kids.

Although it looks like a tight fit, Race zooms in after him. The narrow walls STRIPPING both sides of his hull.

## INT. SEA CAVE - NIGHT

Jonny weaves through the darkness, his headlights illuminating the hairpin twists and turns ahead. Knife-like rock-formations jut out from every angle.

Chancing a look back, he's shocked to see Race right behind him, scraping the walls with every turn. Jonny goes faster. Like some crazy game of chicken.

Race doesn't balk. He matches the boy's speed, pursuing him through the deadly maze. Rock walls blurring past.

The distance closes. It looks like Jonny can't outrun Race forever, but -- the jet-ski is smaller, more maneuverable.

Seeing a fork up ahead -- one passage large, the other frighteningly small -- Jonny knows -- this is his chance.

He speeds for the smaller side, lies flat on his ski, and -- by millimeters -- clears the ceiling and vanishes inside.

Race has no choice but to veer toward the larger passage.

Seeing the hydrofoil turn off, Jonny lets out a whoop of triumph. He's lost this loser, just like all the others. He speeds straight ahead, toward where the passage opens back out onto open water --

But, just as his jet-ski emerges from the cave --

-- RACE'S HYDROFOIL cuts across his path, having circled around from the other side. It BLASTS PAST, and as it does, he's shocked to find --

A MOORING ROPE

tossed around his waist like a LASSO. He has two seconds to realize what it is before -- IT YANKS HIM OFF HIS SEAT. Dragging him behind Race's boat like an unwilling waterskier. He skips across the water like a thrown stone.

Jonny calls out for Race to stop, but due to the water he's swallowing, his cries come out as HIGH-PITCHED GURGLES.

Once Race is convinced the kid's learned his lesson, he lets up on the throttle and hauls the boy -- SPUTTERING and soaking wet -- into the boat.

JONNY

What the... hell was... That was child endangerment, man!

RACE

That was a lesson. If it was too subtle, we can always try again.

Jonny, beaten and knowing it, shakes his head, "no".

RACE

That's what I thought. Now, let's get you home before your dad misses you. Though I can't imagine why.

JONNY

I don't wanna go back there. I hate that place!

RACE

Yeah, you only live in paradise.

JONNY

More like Alcatraz. You know what it's like? Having zero friends, except your dog? I can't go to the mall, or play sports, or -- even go to school! I used to live in a normal house. With a yard and a basketball hoop and no robot guns. Since mom died, dad treats me like a prisoner, for "my own safety". He just wants to control my life!

RACE

So take it up with him, kid. It's your dad's job to care. Not mine.

As Race fires up the boat, turning back toward Palm Key...

INT. QUEST'S LAB - NIGHT

A THERMITE TORCH flares to life, fixed to the end of a robotic arm -- SPARKS SPRAYING as it begins to cut a two-foot-diameter hole in the black hull of the alien ship.

Quest mans the torch's controls, supported by TWO ASSISTANTS. All wearing high-tech bio-containment suits. Dedicated O2, heads-up displays, vocal / video recorders.

QUEST

(on vocal recorder:)

The exterior of the vessel seems to be comprised of a unique polycarbonate alloy. Approximately ten meters in length, triangular in shape. The interior appears to be an electromagnetic black box. No readings register at any EM range.

The torch finishes its cut. Quest nods to his assistants, who move forward to attach magnetic hand-holds.

QUEST

We will now -- at 19:23, 12 seconds -- commence entry of the vessel, to determine its origin.

Carefully, they lift the torch-cut circle free. Quest moves forward, peering into the DARK OPENING... Confused.

ASSISTANT  
What is it, doctor?

At the edge of the circular cut -- a thin INSULATED WIRE dangles out, cut in half by the torch. Quest carefully extracts it. Holds it up -- his heads-up display ZOOMING IN to reveal THREE WORDS printed on it: "MADE IN TAIWAN."

ASSISTANT #2  
That doesn't make sense. The alien design. The outer-orbit trajectory. It's like someone went out of their way to make this thing appear extra-terrestrial.

We can almost see the gears turning inside Quest's head. Thinking it through. Coming to an alarming realization.

QUEST  
Hit the panic button.

His assistants balk, caught off guard --

QUEST  
HIT IT. NOW!

One of them reaches for the RED EMERGENCY BUTTON on the wall nearby, but before he touches it --

A THIN METAL TENTACLE WHIPS OUT OF THE HOLE, SNAPPING around his throat like a reticulated python. CHOKING the air out of him. Its needle-like tip INJECTS him with something that causes his body to convulse and go limp.

Quest leaps into action -- trying to pull his other assistant to safety -- but the man is frozen with fear as --

A SWARM OF SPINDLY SPIDER-ROBOTS BURSTS OUT OF THE SHIP.

Balanced on six of those deadly tentacles, their RED EYES GLOWING malevolently as they scuttle across the lab, swarming the assistant. Overwhelming and injecting him.

Quest runs for the exit. One of the spiders springs into the air -- landing between him and the door. It seizes Quest by his throat, pinning him against a console, its leg choking him like a garotte-wire. His hand flails out...

... finds the joystick for the thermite-torch. Its arm swivels around -- SLICING the spider's leg from its body.

Pulling it from his throat, Quest escapes -- sealing the glass safety door -- seconds before the spiders reach it.

Their legs tapping angrily -- and futilely -- at the glass.

He's now in the observation room -- looking into the lab --

He yanks off his mask, crosses to a second PANIC BUTTON and HITS IT. Nothing happens. It blinks: "PROTOCOL DISABLED."

Quest looks to the observation window -- horrified to see the spider-bots -- no longer chasing him -- now swarming over his computer mainframe, their wire-thin legs invading its systems. Clicking and whirring as they take control.

ON SCREEN, he watches every one of the island's defense systems shut down. One by one. Powerless to stop them.

This "alien craft" is actually an elaborate TROJAN HORSE.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Bubbles in the water... as DARK FIGURES melt out of the surf, stealing onto the sand. Clutching HIGH-TECH ASSAULT RIFLES and clad in CAMOUFLAGE SCUBA SUITS, they look more like monsters than men.

The FROGMEN move quickly up the beach and into the trees.

THE SENTRY GUNS

swivel toward them, but before they can open fire -- their barrels droop, the guns powering down.

The frogmen reach the lagoon unchallenged. One removes a SHAPE CHARGE from his bag and wades into the holo-water...

INT. QUEST LABS - FRONT GATE

THE DOOR EXPLODES IN A CONCUSSION OF SMOKE AND SHRAPNEL. The nearest guards are ripped to shreds. The rest are blown back like rag dolls. The frogmen FLOOD INSIDE, their GUNS BLAZING. Putting down the surviving guards with short, brutal bursts. Fast, efficient, and it's over.

*In case you haven't noticed, this ain't Spy Kids. This is Jonny Quest. People die. Bad guys aren't cuddly, or funny, or cute. It's never graphic, but it is dangerous.*

As the frogmen invade the complex -- dividing into two squads -- tracking muddy footprints across the "Q" logo...

INT. OBSERVATION LAB - NIGHT

Quest watches on the monitors, aghast. Hits the INTERCOM:

QUEST

Jonny, get out of the complex immediately! Do you hear me?

(no reply)

Jonny! Where are you?

INT. UNDERGROUND MARINA - NIGHT

Bandit yips excitedly as Race and Jonny return. Race coasts the hydrofoil in, hopping out to tie them off. Jonny climbs out after, still wringing out his jacket.

JONNY

Do we have to tell my dad about this? I mean, okay, I hit you with the grenade, but you almost drowned me. Can't we just call it ev--

Race CLAPS a hand over his mouth, muffling him mid-word.

RACE

Stop. Talking. You hear that?

JONNY

(muffled)

Mhat?

The POP-POP-POP of gunfire. Echoing inside the complex.

Bandit BARKS SHARPLY -- Danger! -- and Race is already reacting -- years of training and experience coming to bear as he scans for the threat -- SEEING -- BUBBLES in the water beside the dock -- he tackles Jonny flat just as --

RACE

Get down!

-- GRAPPLING LINES EXPLODE OUT, HOOKS latching onto the rafters above. THREE FROGMEN BURST OUT behind them, propelled up the lines by high-tech harnesses, FIRING --

Bullets RIP THE DOCK around them as Race pulls Jonny to cover behind a cement pylon. Covering his ears, the kid has to SHOUT over the noise. Freaking out of his mind.

JONNY

WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING?!?

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Panic in Palm Key. Staff and scientists RUN for their lives. The sounds of GUNFIRE echo nearby. Quest is here -- the calm center of this storm -- urging his people to:

QUEST

Help each other! Quickly, go, go!

Seeing two scientists still in one of the labs, he pounds on the observation window. Trying to get their attention.

QUEST

Get out of there! It's not safe!

They turn -- CUT DOWN by a spray of bullets. Quest ducks out of view as FROGMEN swarm inside the lab.

Crossing to a corner, **THEY LOAD SOMETHING THERE inside a special WATER-TIGHT CRATE.** Quest can't see what from his angle, but whatever it is, it must be what they came for.

CLICK-CLACK. A gun COCKS behind him. The second squad of frogmen surrounds him. Clearly, they came for two things.

FROGMAN

(on his radio:)

We have the doctor.

They seize Quest, hauling him to his feet, while...

BACK IN THE MARINA

Race drags Jonny to another pylon, bullets whizzing past them. Two of the Frogman detach from their lines, dropping onto the dock. Surrounding them. Angling for a shot.

They don't have much time. Race has to think quickly.

JONNY

What are we gonna do? Race? Race!

RACE

(more to himself than Jonny)

I need a gun.

JONNY

Does it matter what kind?

He points to a nearby boat, where a wicked SPEAR-GUN leans against the rail. Race shrugs. That'll do.

THUNK! A TWO-FOOT SPEAR hits a frogman square in his chest, propelling him back off the dock with a SPLASH.

Race re-cocks the gun, satisfied. Jonny hands him a spear.

THUNK! THUNK! Two more spears -- fired as fast as Race can reload -- PIN a second frogman to the side of a boat.

RACE  
(to Jonny)  
Spear. Spear.

JONNY  
There are no more spears! Who told you to use two on that guy?

But before Race can respond -- THUD! -- the third frogman, swinging on his line, lands on the deck beside them. His gun comes up, ready to fire, but --

Race BATS it away with the spear-gun, knocking both weapons out of reach.

The Frogman pulls a knife -- SLASHES at Race -- Race catches his wrist -- they struggle over it, each man trying to force the weapon toward the other.

Every muscle flexed, every tendon screaming, Race sees Jonny just watching, like this is some kind of TV show.

RACE  
Kid. His harness. His harness is still attached. HIT IT!

Realizing what Race means, Jonny grabs the guy's harness, fumbling until he finds the RETRACTION CONTROL. HITS IT --

And with a SCREAMING WHIR, the line YANKS the frogman off his feet, propelling him UP -- UP -- UP -- until his head smashes against the rafters with a sickening CRUNCH. His body goes limp. Dangling there.

JONNY  
Wow. Probably didn't think that was gonna happen when they came up with their whole grappling hook plan, huh?

RACE  
Probably not.

JONNY  
Now what do we do?

Grabbing a frogmen's rifle with one hand, Race grabs Jonny with the other, shoving him aboard a nearby boat.

RACE  
Get below deck. Stay put.

JONNY  
But --

Race silences him with a look. But, as Race sprints down the dock, back into the complex... Jonny follows. And Bandit, EMERGING from HIDING in an old dinghy, does too.

INT. QUEST LABS, FRONT GATE - NIGHT

The two squads of frogmen have linked back up, funneling in from two different corridors -- Quest and the water-tight crate in tow. They make for the exit, BLASTING another couple guards that ill-advisedly try to block their escape.

As they drag Quest toward the door --

JONNY (O.S.)  
Dad!

He turns -- seeing his son at the far end of a hall --

QUEST  
NO, JONNY! KEEP BACK!

The Frogmen's guns swing toward him --

But, RACE comes out of nowhere, pulling him back around the corner as BULLETS RAKE the spot where he was just standing.

RACE  
I told you to stay put!

JONNY  
They've got my dad!

Race peeks into the corridor, where the frogmen are laying down FIRE. Covering their escape. As the last one disappears through the door --

Race is on his feet, his gun in hand, right on their heels.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The Frogmen drag Quest down the sand, shove a dive-mask over his face, pulling him and the crate into the churning waves. While Race exchanges FIRE with their rear-guard.

Two frogmen fall, but the others pick them up. These guys are like ghosts. They don't even leave their dead behind.

They melt back beneath the waves, taking Quest and the crate with them.

But, Race won't give up that easy. He TACKLES the last frogman. Struggling in the surf, he yanks off his mask.

RACE

Who sent you? You hear me? Who took Quest? Who's behind this!?

The man just smiles at him, and shoves a high-tech INHALER into his mouth. A WHOOSH as it discharges, his body convulsing. Mouth frothing. And as Race watches...

... his TEETH DISSOLVE in his mouth. His fingertips BLISTER and BURN from the inside out, obliterating his prints. In seconds, he is dead. And unidentifiable.

JONNY (O.S.)

Why did he do that?

The boy stands behind Race, stunned by what he's seen.

RACE

So we can't ask him.

With a BARK, Bandit lopes down from the trees, excited to finally catch up to Jonny, but... recognizes the boy's mood. Something's wrong. The bulldog nuzzles his master.

Overcome, Jonny holds his dog as tight as he can. Not knowing how to comfort the kid, Race doesn't say a word.

Palm Key is a smoking wreck. Quest is gone. And they have no idea who did this or why.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTELLIGENCE ONE H.Q. - DAY

Outside, it looks like a Virginia farm house, but inside...

INT. I-1 COMMAND CENTER

It puts Langley to shame. A set of doors -- emblazoned with the agency's motto: "INTELLIGENCE ONE: SECOND TO NONE" -- burst open. Corvin, Roberts, and Race striding in. Jonny trails behind, lugging a backpack and leading Bandit, still looking shell-shocked.

CORVIN  
How could this happen? That island  
 was supposed to be secure.

RACE  
 Whoever they were, they were well-  
 funded and well-trained. Pros.

CORVIN  
 What are we? Hobbyists?

Monitors cover the walls, displaying satellite feeds.  
 Radar and sonar. Potential suspects. An army of agents,  
 crowded at computers, go quiet at the sight of Corvin.

CORVIN  
 It's been five hours, twelve  
 minutes, and eight seconds since we  
 lost the man who designed virtually  
 every aspect of our national  
 defense. Now, will somebody please  
 tell me how we get him back?

A voice pipes up behind her --

JONNY  
 I've got some ideas.

Corvin, Race, everyone turns to look. Beat.

CORVIN  
 Roberts. Kid. Now.

Roberts instantly grabs Jonny by the elbow -- "Hey!" --  
 steers him through a set of doors into a glass-enclosed  
 OFFICE. Jonny looks to Race for help, but, Race isn't even  
 looking in his direction. As soon as the kid's gone --

A NERDY AGENT raises a hand. Coke-bottle glasses and a  
 computer screen tan.

NERDY AGENT  
 Ma'am, we cross-ref'ed Agent  
 Bannon's description of the  
 "suicide device" used by the  
 captured assailant. Checked every  
 database from Canada to Katmandu,  
 looking for other instances.

CORVIN  
 And either you found one, or you're  
 purposely antagonizing me.

ON SCREEN, a WORLD MAP shifts East. To INDIA.

NERDY AGENT

Kolkata, ma'am. Or, Calcutta, as it's also known.

Another AGENT, an Indian-American on the India desk, takes over, cuing up news photos on the monitors.

INDIAN AGENT

Six weeks ago, a squad of heavily-armed men raided the University Museum there. They didn't steal anything, but they did blow something up.

A MULTI-ARMED STONE SCULPTURE. Huge, ancient, and ornate.

INDIAN AGENT

A sculpture of the Hindu god Brahma. Carbon dating places it at around 70,000 years old -- the oldest religious artifact ever discovered. The museum was preparing to unveil it as the centerpiece of a new exhibit.

CORVIN

And they destroyed it? Why?

NERDY AGENT

No clue. But, here's the kicker. One of the men was detained by local authorities. However, before he could be questioned...

RACE

His asthma starting acting up?

INDIAN AGENT

No dental records. No prints.

That's all Corvin needed to hear.

CORVIN

I want a team prepped and ready to fly in one hour. They'll coordinate with local I-1 agents on the ground and conduct a joint investigation with their office. This is the only lead we've got, people. We're gonna follow it till we find our man. Now, let's go.

The agents hop to it. Race plants himself before Corvin.

RACE

I want on that plane.

CORVIN

You lost Quest once. Why should I trust you to bring him back?

RACE

I wasn't born to baby-sit. I don't have to tell you that. But, on the ground, I'm the best you've got. I don't have to tell you that either.

Corvin studies him. He's right, but --

CORVIN

You have your assignment, Bannon. Keep the kid safe. We'll handle the rest.

Corvin goes, leaving Race staring after, steaming, while --

INT. GLASSED-IN OFFICE - DAY

-- Jonny sits, arms crossed, giving Roberts that same look.

JONNY

What do you mean I have to stay here? He's my dad. I can help.

ROBERTS

I know you're worried, Jon. Scared. But, you have to trust your government on this. We're prepping a jet and sending a team right now. We'll bring your dad home. Safe and sound.

JONNY

They're flying out now? Where are they going? Do you know?

ROBERTS

I can't tell you that --

Out of nowhere, Jonny buries his head in his hands, wracked with SOBS. Roberts awkwardly pats the boy's back.

ROBERTS

Do you... is there anything I can do? Do you need to be alone?

Jonny nods yes. Relieved, Roberts retreats to the door.

ROBERTS  
I'll be here. When you're ready.

The second he's gone --

JONNY  
What a tool.

The crying was an act. Watching through the glass, Jonny waits until Roberts and Corvin are talking, backs turned...

He dumps his backpack out on the desk, revealing a tangle of WIRES and high-tech GIZMOS.

Bandit watches, excited, as Jonny grabs a device that looks like a tricked-out PSP and connects it to Corvin's computer. Fingers flying across the controls, Jonny bypasses the security log-in and calls up info on the jet --

Flight manifest. Departure time. A shot of it fueling up.

JONNY  
Trust my government? If they're going after dad, there's no way I'm staying behind. Right, Bandit?

Having found all the info he needs about the jet, Jonny navigates through directories to one labeled: "FIRE PROTOCOL." He's just accessing it when -- Bandit BARKS!

THE DOOR OPENS, Roberts returning. He finds Jonny --

Wiping tears from his cheeks. Exactly as he left him.

ROBERTS  
Feel better, champ?

JONNY  
(sniffles)  
Much.

Roberts leads Jonny and his dog out of the office and...

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Along one of I-1's sterile halls. Halfway down, Jonny abruptly drops to one knee. His shoe untied. Roberts waits for him. Trying to hide his annoyance.

JONNY  
Sorry. Sorry, one sec.

Just as Jonny ties a perfect bow --

LIGHTS FLASH -- KLAXONS SOUND -- PLEXIGLAS EMERGENCY DOORS SHOOT out from the walls -- SLAMMING SHUT -- two inches ahead of where Jonny stopped, cutting him off from Roberts.

Roberts stares at the glass, confused, as --

FOOSH! The FIRE SPRINKLERS GO OFF on his side, drenching him with high-pressure rain. Jonny -- bone-dry -- waves.

And runs in the opposite direction, Bandit bounding after, leaving Roberts trapped. Soaked and sputtering. Furious.

EXT. INTELLIGENCE ONE H.Q. - DAY

Exiting the main building as EMERGENCY CREWS hurry in, Jonny blends into the background. Leading Bandit to...

THE I-1 HANGAR

Disguised as a big red barn. There, the I-1 JET -- a converted C17 -- sits fueling. Mechanics go through their pre-flight check. Support personnel loading equipment.

Ducking behind a luggage cart, Jonny squats beside his dog. He knows he can't take Bandit with him.

JONNY

Sorry, Bandit, but you're gonna have to stay here with these guys.

(off the dog's whine)

I know. I don't like them either. Be good, boy. But not too good.

Jonny gives him one last pat and steals up the luggage ramp into the plane's cargo hold. Ducking in the back, while --

At the front of the jet, a NERVOUS YOUNG GUARD stops a MAN attempting to board. A man with familiar stark white hair.

YOUNG GUARD

(checking his ID)

I don't see your name on the manifest, uh, "Agent Bannon?"

RACE

That's because my name isn't on the manifest.

Race tries to pass, but the Guard puts a hand on his chest.

YOUNG GUARD

If you're not on the manifest, I don't think I'm uh, supposed to...

RACE

Son, what you're doing right now -- impeding an investigation -- it could be construed as treason. Are you aware of that?

YOUNG GUARD

N-no, sir, I... I'm just trying --

RACE

To do your job. Just as I'm trying to do mine. Now, we have two choices here. I can designate you an enemy combatant. Ship your butt to Gitmo. Where -- as I understand it -- we don't *technically* torture anyone -- although we do dance around it a little -- and you can live there, the rest of your life, knitting afghans with your facial hair and brushing your teeth in the toilet. Never see your girl or your dog or your X-box again. Or, you can let me by. It's up to you.

The guard instantly stands aside, terrified.

RACE

Smart choice, son. I'll put in a good word for you. Maybe you'll just get a dishonorable discharge.

And he breezes right past, up the stairs and into the jet.

YOUNG GUARD

Th-- thank you?

INT. JET - DAY

Race climbs aboard, stowing his gear as the jet's engines RUMBLE to life. OWENS, the I-1 TEAM LEADER, is surprised to see this late addition to his team.

OWENS

Bannon. You're on this now?

RACE

No, I disobeyed a direct order and snuck on board. What do you think?

Owens chuckles. Good one. As he continues on, Race belts himself into an open seat. Thinking, "*What the hell --*

INT. CARGO HOLD

-- *am I doing?*" The same thing Jonny's thinking, as he uses cargo straps to secure himself in -- hidden behind some equipment crates. But there's no turning back now.

EXT. TARMAC - DAY

The jet lifts off, heading across the Atlantic. And hopefully, one step closer to finding...

INT. SHADOWY CELL

... Benton Quest. He SNAPS AWAKE. His beard matted with blood. His head swimming. He finds himself in a dark, windowless chamber. As he tries to shake out the cobwebs --

A VOICE (O.S.)

I was beginning to think you'd  
never wake up...

A BRIGHT LIGHT BLINDS HIM. In it, he can just make out...

The silhouette of a man, gliding into the light. His automated wheelchair whirring. This is JEREMIAH SURD.

SURD

It's been too long, old friend.

QUEST

Surd? Is... that you?

SURD

You'll forgive me if I don't get up. I assume you already know why you've been brought here. A man of your "towering intellect."

(off Quest's confusion)

No? No matter. You will soon.

Surd wheels to the door -- its ELECTROMAG LOCK CLICKS open at his touch. Quest struggles to sit up.

QUEST

My son... Jeremiah, where is he?  
Is he alright?

SURD

I wouldn't worry about your son's health right now, Benton. I'd worry very much about your own.

QUEST

What do you want with me?

Surd pauses at the door, pivots his chair.

SURD

I want you to help complete our work, old friend.

QUEST

What "work?" What do you mean?

But, Surd is already gliding out the door --

SURD

When I need you, I know where to find you...

As the door SLAMS, leaving Quest alone, in the dark, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. NETAJI SUBHASH INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

... Tires SQUEAL as the I-1 JET touches down, a world away.

SUPER: KOLKATA, INDIA.

It taxis across the runway toward a small cluster of BLACK HUMVEES and INDIAN POLICE SERVICE (I.P.S.) VEHICLES. Local I-1 AGENTS wait beside a squad of INDIAN CONSTABLES.

INT. JET

Owens eyes Race -- still strapped in at the rear -- before turning back to the COMM-DEVICE held in his hand.

Corvin's perpetually unsmiling face on its screen.

OWENS

(low)

I can confirm Bannon. The boy, I don't see. You sure he's aboard?

INTERCUT: CORVIN'S OFFICE

Where Roberts, his suit wrinkled from the sprinklers, sheepishly holds Bandit's leash. On a wall-screen behind him, SECURITY VIDEO shows Jonny slipping onto the jet.

ROBERTS

We're sure.

CORVIN

Under no circumstances are you to engage them directly. We've instructed our local agents to detain them when you disembark and place them on the next flight home. Your orders are to proceed to the museum as planned. Is that clear?

OWENS

There may be one problem, ma'am.

REVEAL... Race is GONE.

INT. CARGO HOLD

Race moves through the mass of tied-down crates, opening some. Zipping equipment and ammo into his small satchel.

The last crate he opens --

-- is the same one Jonny's sleeping behind. The kid jolts awake, and seeing Race, instantly goes still. But luckily... the agent doesn't see him, instead hurrying to the rear of the hold. To a HATCH labeled: "LANDING GEAR."

Jonny watches Race climb inside. Then -- hearing commotion from the forward cabin -- grabs his stuff and follows.

EXT. JET - DAY

As the stair-car parks beside the plane, the local I-1 agents gathering around it --

Race slips down the landing gear, using a passing luggage cart as cover, stealing quickly across the tarmac.

A beat later, Jonny follows, mimicking Race's every move.

EXT. AIRPORT, MAIN TERMINAL - DAY

Welcome to India. Population 1.136 billion. And only half of them seem to be travelling today. Jonny weaves through the crowd, trying to keep sight of Race amid a sea of travelers, porters, and drivers waving placards with names scrawled on them. Finally, they arrive at the curb --

Just as the THREE I-1 HUMVEES zoom past, escorted by IPS cruisers, motoring out the airport gate.

Race climbs into one of the countless GYPSY TAXIS waiting curbside. Jonny OVERHEARS him tell the driver:

RACE  
(Perfect Hindi)  
University Museum, please.

As Race's cab putters out into traffic, Jonny hops into the next cab in line. Tries his best to REPEAT what Race said.

The INDIAN TAXI DRIVER looks at him like he's speaking Neptunian. He tries again. Slower. Louder. No luck.

JONNY  
(frustrated)  
How do I just say, "Follow that car?"

TAXI DRIVER  
(perfect English)  
"Follow that car."

Beat. Jonny hands him a ten.

EXT. STREETS OF KOLKATA - DAY

Welcome to driving in India. It's a lot like driving on the 405. During rush hour. In the wrong direction. Cars and buses and mopeds and bicycles crowd the streets, driving fast and passing often, weaving across the center line at will. The sound-track is a symphony of horns.

The sidewalks are packed with vendors and pedestrians. Stray dogs and livestock laze in the heat or nibble weeds.

It's like nothing Jonny's ever seen. But, right now, he's focused on trying to keep sight of Race's speeding taxi.

JONNY  
You're losing him. Go. Go!

The taxi lurches to a SUDDEN STOP, throwing Jonny forward.

TAXI DRIVER  
Can't go. Cow.

JONNY  
Did you say cow?

It's true. A BRAHMAN COW, its distinctive hump unmistakable, has wandered into the middle of the street. Traffic grinds to a stop to let the animal pass.

TAXI DRIVER

The Brahman cow is sacred. It is a mortal sin to harm such an animal.

Jonny watches as it pauses to nibble at a tuft of grass.

JONNY

Is it a mortal sin to hustle up a little? Move it, Big Mac!

Finally, the cow wanders off, and as the taxi zooms on...

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF KOLKATA MUSEUM - DAY

Race's taxi pulls up before the stately structure of Kolkata's University Museum. The Humvees and ISP cars are parked outside. As he mounts the steps and heads in --

Jonny hops out of his taxi on the far side of the street.

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

In contrast to the crowds outside, the inside is deserted. Jonny crosses the rotunda, his steps echoing on the marble floor. Hearing VOICES in the RELIGIOUS RELICS WING...

He enters a dimly lit hall lined with statues. Multi-headed DEMONS carved from black basalt. ANGELS in white sandstone adorned with lotus flowers.

And at the far end --

Owens and his team. Entering a door marked: "PRIVATE."

Jonny hurries after them, but just as he reaches the door --

A MUSEUM GUARD appears from a side corridor. On patrol.

Jonny instantly veers off. Pretending to study a display of ancient flatware as the guard -- a big man, almost seven feet tall -- gives him a smile and continues on his way.

The second he's gone, Jonny opens the door and slips into --

INT. MUSEUM - BACK ROOM

Where antiquities are stored and restored. Jonny creeps through a maze of crates, hunkering down behind a bronze statue of Shiva. He peeks between her many arms to see...

The I-1 Agents meeting with the museum's CURATOR, a pudgy Indian with an English accent. Jonny eavesdrops.

CURATOR

... The piece was priceless. The earliest known rendering of the god Brahma -- the Hindu god of creation. One of the Triumti, the three ruling gods. The others being Vishnu and Shiva, of course.

When he says that last name, he points to the statue Jonny's hiding behind. Jonny ducks, hoping he isn't seen.

OWENS

So why destroy it and not steal it? What's that get them?

CURATOR

Let me show you what we've pieced together.

He leads them back to a large work table. There, every fragment of the ten-foot statue that could be salvaged from the explosion has been laid out and categorized. Like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. Jonny follows, keeping hidden.

CURATOR

We've done everything in our power to reconstitute the artifact. Regrettably, it is beyond repair. However, all the king's horses and all the king's men did find something rather unexpected amid all this debris.

(pause)

There's not enough of it. It's almost seven kilos light.

On a computer, he calls up a 3D MODEL made of digital scans of the pieces. His fingers tap the keys as he talks.

CURATOR

It wasn't until we'd scanned the bits and assembled them in the computer that we discovered this.

He subtracts the pieces from the whole to reveal a NEGATIVE SPACE in the center of the statue. Roughly two meters long and narrow, like a POLE or STAFF, but gracefully curved.

CURATOR

We don't know what it is. But, we do know that after these men so callously shattered this priceless relic, this piece either vanished into thin air...

OWENS

Or, it didn't.

The curator nods. Leads them to an exit door at the back.

CURATOR

Come. My office is this way. I'll show you what little else we've managed to "unearth," as it were...

The moment they're gone -- Jonny slips out of his hiding spot, pulling out his suped-up PSP. FLASH! He uses it to take a PICTURE of the screen. The mysterious relic piece.

He's about to move on when, A HAND GRABS HIM, SPINS HIM --

-- Face to face with Race. This is not a happy reunion.

RACE

You're in the wrong hemisphere, kid. What are you doing here?

JONNY

I'm here to find my dad. And at least I'm not disobeying orders.

RACE

What makes you think I'm disobeying orders?

JONNY

The other agents didn't leave the plane through the landing gear.

Race drags Jonny by an earlobe, toward the exit door...

JONNY

Wait, wait -- ow -- if you turn me in, you're turning yourself in, too. They'll put us both on the first flight back!

RACE

I call the aisle.

Jonny struggles, but Race throws open the door, and --

INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - DAY

-- FREEZES. The Museum Guard that Jonny saw earlier stands in the middle of the darkened corridor with two other GUARDS. SILENCED PISTOLS in their hands. The BODIES of the curator and the entire I-1 team lying at the feet.

Race YANKS Jonny back as -- the guard-assassins OPEN FIRE -- their SILENCED SHOTS RIPPING the door off its hinges --

Race pulls his gun from its holster and -- as one of the guards BURSTS INSIDE -- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! -- BLASTS him back out into the hall. Race grabs Jonny...

... TACKLES him over the work table, one second before --

The two other guards BURST INSIDE -- GUNS BLAZING --

RIDDLING the metal table with shots -- relic pieces hopping like jumping beans until -- Race EXPLODES UP from underneath the table -- HEAVES it onto the guards --

Knocking them down -- their guns sliding across the floor.

The seven-foot guard grabs a HUGE WAR-HAMMER off the wall, SWINGS it at Race -- who ducks -- SMASHING a crate to kindling, some ANTIQUE SWORDS spilling out onto the floor.

Race grabs one, YANKS it out of its scabbard and --

Winds up just holding a handle. No blade attached.

Uh-oh. Race improvises. Grips the handle like brass-knuckles and -- POW! Sends the guard sprawling with a HARD RIGHT HAND. As he and the towering hulk square off...

The other guard -- a weasly little guy -- pulls out a STUN-BATON. Stalking toward Jonny. The kid backs away --

JONNY

Whoa, easy, can't we talk about --

-- ELECTRICITY CRACKLES as the baton swipes at him --

Jonny ducks behind the Shiva statue while the guard, flailing the baton, gets tangled in its many arms --

SPARKS FLY as the bronze CONDUCTS. The baton's current shooting along the statue's arms to SHOCK the guard senseless. He collapses. Smoke wafting from his hair.

JONNY

Or that'll work, too.

Jonny snatches up the baton AND Race's dropped gun as --

-- Race SLAMS back against a stone tablet, the hulk's hands pressing on his windpipe -- the tablet starting to crack...

Race fumbles at the huge guard's face -- trying to get him to let go. In his desperation, he grabs a distinctive CHINESE MEDALLION from around the man's neck -- yanking the chain until it SNAPS. Still the man won't let go, until --

ZZT! Jonny ZAPS him with the shock-baton. But, instead of stunning him... it only makes the huge man MAD.

INT. RELIGIOUS RELICS WING - DAY

The door marked "PRIVATE" SMASHES OPEN as Race is THROWN THROUGH. Jonny hurries out after.

JONNY

Sorry! Sorry! Should've used this one instead...

He sticks the GUN in Race's hand, just as the guard stalks out behind them. Race FIRES, driving him back. They run.

EXT. MUSEUM - DAY

Out the main doors and down the steps. Race and Jonny spot the LOCAL I-1 agents, waiting with the Humvees. Jonny starts to SHOUT for them when --

One WHIPS out an UZI. OPENS FIRE. Race shoves Jonny over the railing at the side of the steps. Vaulting after him --

-- LANDING in a vendor's FRUIT STAND. The man yells obscenities as Race and Jonny leap to their feet, running --

-- into the street. Cars -- mopeds -- buses -- WHIZ PAST --

-- Missing them by inches, until -- One doesn't.

A SCREAM OF BRAKES. A BLUR of YELLOW and GREEN SKIDS to a STOP -- a few feet too late -- KNOCKING Race on his butt.

Luckily, what hit him ain't exactly a Mack Truck. It's an AUTO-RICKSHAW, one of the tiny, three-wheeled motorcars that Indians use as inner-city taxis. About half the size of a Mini Cooper with a Harley Davidson's engine.

Staggering to his feet, Race YANKS the driver out and shoves Jonny in. Gravel flies as the little car PEELS OUT.

Followed immediately by the THREE HUMVEES, the Museum Guards and Local I-1 Agents piled inside. In pursuit.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The auto-rickshaw ZIPS through the crowded avenues -- dodging bicycles, cars, camels -- while Race steers, Jonny holds on for dear life.

JONNY

Why's everybody shooting at us?!  
Those guards, the -- the other  
agents, they were --

RACE

Left behind in case we came  
looking. In case we got too close.

JONNY

Too close to what?

RACE

You wanna stop and ask 'em, I can  
let you out up here. Hold on!

WHAM! The lead Humvee RAMS them from behind, sending the rickshaw fishtailing. Race turns a corner, skidding into --

A NARROW ALLEY

The lead Humvee gives chase, while the others keep straight, speeding to head them off on the other side.

Race zips between the dumpsters, while the Humvee blasts straight through, demolishing everything in its path. One of the agents leans out the window -- SPRAYING his UZI.

JONNY

Gimmie your gun, I'll shoot back!

RACE

Yeah, okay. You're twelve.

JONNY

And I wanna live to see thirteen!  
So, either let me shoot, or --

Jonny flinches as the rear window SHATTERS.

JONNY

-- Or, you shoot. I'll drive.

RACE

Why don't I just shoot myself?

One hand on the wheel, Race leans out to FIRE back at the Humvee. But it's hard to do both and his shots miss wide.

Jonny -- seizing the moment -- swings into the front seat, (not big enough for the both of them) and grabs the wheel.

RACE

Kid, I said no.

JONNY

Just for a sec. Just so you can stop missing so bad.

Race relents. While Jonny takes over the pedals and the wheel, he leans out the side --

Squeezes off THREE QUICK SHOTS.

The Humvee's windshield spiderwebs. The driver slumps forward and the SUV VEERS SHARPLY TO ONE SIDE -- HITTING A DUMPSTER LIKE A JUMP -- IT VAULTS INTO THE AIR!

TWISTING, SPINNING SIDEWAYS, its HUGE SHADOW covering the tiny rickshaw as it TUMBLES down toward them --

-- LURCHING to a SUDDEN METAL SCREECHING STOP. WEDGED between the narrow walls. The vehicle suspended there. Stuck. Inches above the rickshaw's flimsy canvas roof.

As they zip out from under it, unscathed, Jonny looks at Race. Mouth agape.

RACE

Some of that was luck.

They speed out of the end of the alley -- back into the sunlight -- where...

The two remaining Humvees are instantly on their tail. Grills filling the rear window as they zoom up behind.

Race retakes the wheel -- steering them onto a four-lane THOROUGHFARE. Packed with traffic -- every driver driving like they're in their own personal high-speed pursuit.

JONNY

There's too many cars on this road.

RACE

What do I do? Honk harder?

JONNY

Go off road.

Jonny yanks the wheel -- swerving them off -- into --

AN OUTDOOR MARKETPLACE

laying on the horn as they speed between the vendor's stalls. Shoppers frantically diving out of their way --

RACE

What are you doing!?

JONNY

Losing them! Look!

The Humvees skid to a stop outside. They can't follow. But, their doors fly open and two agents emerge, hauling two high-tech fold-up VEHICLES out of the back. They look like a cross between a snowboard and a Segway.

We'll call them CUTTERS. The agents hop aboard, BUZZING at incredible speed into the market.

JONNY

Actually, don't look.

Grabbing the wheel back, Race pilots them down a narrow aisle -- crowds parting like the Red Sea -- fruit and jewelry and chickens flying everywhere.

But, the cutters are faster. More maneuverable. They close the gap in a blink. Pulling along either side of the rickshaw. Jonny can only watch as -- three feet to his left -- the agent aims his UZI...

JONNY

Uh, Race?

RACE

I know, I know.

The same thing's happening on his side. Both agents raise their Uzis at once, but before they can pull the trigger --

Race swerves into a SILK STAND -- tearing through the brightly colored sheets, hung like drying laundry. One of the agents -- a sari tangled over his face -- loses control of his cutter -- careens off into a WIND CHIME SHOP --

Jonny WINCES as we HEAR -- but do not see -- what happens when you crash face-first through a hundred hanging pieces of jagged metal shrapnel. One cutter down. One to go.

But, the other cutter isn't so easy to shake. The agent dogs them through a series of twists and turns, squeezing off BURSTS of FIRE that plug holes in the rickshaw's gas tank, tear up its tires, shatter the side-view mirrors --

Still the little car chugs on. But it's clear they can't outrun this thing forever. Jonny spots something ahead.

JONNY

There! We'll lose him in there!

He grabs the wheel, swerving them out of the market into --

A CONSTRUCTION SITE

The concrete skeleton of a TWO-STORY BUILDING is being erected here. The top floor is supported by a scaffold of upright BAMBOO POLES. Dozens of them arrayed throughout the interior, propping up the roof.

They instantly zip up the steps -- zooming inside -- their car too big to fit between the poles -- pinballing back and forth as they go -- toppling the supports like ten-pins --

JONNY

Maybe this was a mistake.

RACE

Stop grabbing the wheel.

Behind them, the cutter expertly slaloms through the falling poles -- closing on them -- firing off shots --

The more poles fall, the more the roof starts to buckle and tilt -- chunks of cement crumbling down as it destabilizes.

JONNY

Race, we gotta get outta here! I don't see an exit...

But, Race sees a WINDOW. The two carpenters that just put it in run for their lives as the rickshaw BLASTS THROUGH, landing outside -- and as the cutter is about to follow --

One last bamboo pole topples --

BRINGING DOWN THE ENTIRE ROOF. Burying him in two tons of concrete. As the dust clears...

Jonny and Race see the cutter's tire roll past. On fire.

JONNY

You think he's okay?

RACE

No.

JONNY

Good.

He guns the engine, speeding out the far side of the site --  
 -- where they're immediately BROADSIDED BY A SPEEDING  
 HUMVEE -- driven sideways through a plywood wall into --

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

An Indian dancing girl stops mid-hip-shake. SCREAMS.  
 Diners run for the exit as Race and Jonny -- dazed --  
 stumble out of their wrecked auto-rickshaw.

JONNY

Are we in a restaurant?

RACE

We're not staying. Come on, kid.

EXT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Race and Jonny stagger out the front door onto a small cul-  
 de-sac. Deserted aside from LOCALS gathered outside a  
 SMALL TEMPLE and some YOUNG BEGGAR BOYS plying their trade.

But, they don't make it two steps before --

The last Humvee skids to a stop at the end of the street,  
 boxing them in. The dirty agents flood out, led by the  
 hulking Museum Guard. Race checks his clip. It's EMPTY.

JONNY

Race, what do we do?

RACE

(eyeing the temple)  
 Pray for a miracle?

The assassins stalk closer. Race and Jonny back away, but  
 there's nowhere to go. It looks like all is lost, when --

JONNY

Cows!

Race turns, confused, as a HERD OF BRAHMAN COWS emerges  
 from a gate, driven out by their owner -- maybe to market,  
 or to graze -- stampeding between them and the assassins.

Everyone -- bicyclists, pedestrians -- stops for the sacred cattle, letting them pass. Everyone except the assassins. They SHOOT at the animals. Trying to get them to disperse.

The Indians outside the temple are SHOCKED by this sacrilegious display. They SHOUT furiously. Even the beggar boys seem upset. And one, a ragged street urchin of twelve years old, decides to do something about it.

This is HADJI SINGH.

HADJI

This way! Quickly! Come. Come.

He waves to Race and Jonny. With no other options -- and the assassins distracted by the cattle -- they sprint across the street -- shots kicking up dust at their feet.

They follow him through an archway into --

A HIGH-WALLED COURTYARD. Another dead-end.

But, Hadji pulls a length of ROPE out of his knapsack, tossing it up the wall, where it winds around a stone outcropping, seemingly of its own accord. In the blink of an eye, he scurries up and vanishes over the high wall.

Jonny and Race exchange a look, impressed.

JONNY

How do we know we can trust him?

RACE

We don't. Go.

Jonny darts up next. Then Race. As he scrambles over --

The assassins burst into the courtyard, locked and loaded. But, it's empty. On the hulking Museum Guard's face, his eyes burning with rage, we're...

EXT. KOLKATA - SLUMS - SUNSET

The sun sinks below the skyline. Rain patters down as Hadji leads Race and Jonny through a maze of shacks and shanties. The poorest of India's poor live here.

HADJI

Come. This way. You will be safe here.

JONNY  
 (to Race, low)  
 Why's he helping us? You think  
 he's working for them?

But, Race isn't listening. His thoughts elsewhere. Hadji  
 pulls aside a tattered curtain, revealing a small doorway.

JONNY  
 You think it's a trap?

INT. HADJI'S HOME - DAY

At the sight of the tiny hovel Hadji calls home, Jonny  
 feels awful for even thinking that. The place is decorated  
 with a ratty rug, an old stool, a small shrine to the god  
 Ganesh, and little else. Yet, despite his poverty, Hadji  
 welcomes Race and Jonny with warmth. As honored guests.

HADJI  
 Please. Make yourselves at home.  
 The men who are looking for you  
 will not find you here. Not soon.

JONNY  
 You live here?  
 (realizing how rude that was)  
 Sorry, I didn't --

HADJI  
 Do not apologize. It isn't much,  
 no, but it keeps out the rain.

A leak drizzles on Race's head.

HADJI  
 Mostly. My name is Hadji Singh.  
 You are welcome to any aid I can  
 provide you.

JONNY  
 I'm Jonny. That's Race. You  
 really saved our butts back there.

HADJI  
*Namaste*, Jonny. *Namaste*, Race. It  
 was my pleasure to help. Those  
 men, they seemed quite dangerous.

JONNY  
 So, why'd you do it? They could've  
 come after you, too.

HADJI

Karma.

(off Jonny's confused look)  
 Those men committed a grave sin  
 against our sacred Brahman. They  
 seemed intent on harming you, too.  
 I could not -- in good conscience --  
 simply stand by and let them.

Jonny's never heard a kid his age talk like that. And certainly not a kid with so little. He's impressed. Shamed. And it's clear that there's a connection between these two boys already. The beginning of friendship.

JONNY

Well... thanks.

HADJI

You're welcome. Now, what more can  
 I do? Is there anything you need?

Race finally speaks up, emptying the contents of his satchel onto the floor.

RACE

I need light. Any tools you have.  
 And whatever aluminum you can find.

INT. HADJI'S HOME - LATER

By the light of an old lantern, all of Race's electronic equipment lies spread on the floor -- sat-phone, earwig, etc. -- in various states of disassembly.

Using a butter-knife, Race pops a CHIP out of the circuit board of his palm computer. Places it inside a scrap of aluminum foil, several other chips already wrapped inside.

He picks up a cast-iron skillet and BASHES the foil flat.

RACE

(holding out a hand to Jonny)  
 Give me your bag.

JONNY

Are you kidding? I'm not letting  
 your skillet near my stuff.

RACE

We gotta go dark, kid. GPS, cellular, radio, we gotta remove and disable anything that might transmit our location. It's the first thing they'll sweep for.

Reluctantly, Jonny digs his PSP out of his backpack.

JONNY

The picture of that missing artifact's on there. So, don't --

Race grabs it out of his hand. Pops in open.

RACE

I'm just removing the transponder. It'll work, but it won't transmit.

JONNY

What does all this have to do with dad? The museum? The artifact? When we hook back up with I-1 --

RACE

We're not "hooking back up" with anyone. If our local agents are in on this -- and based on them shooting at us, I'd say that's a safe bet -- we can't be sure the entire agency isn't compromised.

JONNY

Then we're gonna have to find my dad ourselves.

RACE

"We"?

Jonny isn't backing down on this.

JONNY

If it's not safe for me at I-1, it's not safe for me anywhere. You know that. The best chance I've got is with you.

It clearly pains Race, but --

RACE

If there was any other way -- and I mean any other way.

Jonny's pumped. But, just then, the curtains open and Hadji returns with a bundle of ratty clothes.

HADJI

I was able to find some clothing.  
It may not be in the best  
condition, but it will allow you to  
blend in while you're here.

He disappears into the tiny bedroom at the back of his hut. The second he's gone, Jonny whispers to Race:

JONNY

What about him?

RACE

What about him.

JONNY

Those guys are still out there.  
Looking for us. Even if we're gone  
before they find us, they're gonna  
find him. What do you think  
they're gonna do to him when --

RACE

(cutting him off)

No. No way. We're not taking him  
with us. It's not safe.

JONNY

We can't just leave him. He saved  
our lives. If I'll be safe with  
you, he'll be, too.

RACE

What makes you think anyone would  
ever -- in a million years --  
voluntarily go anywhere with you?  
I've known you two days -- I've  
almost been killed on two  
continents.

Hadji clears his throat. Evidently, he's overheard them.

HADJI

You're trying to find your father,  
yes? He's in danger? Those men  
were involved?

JONNY

Yes.

HADJI

Then, fate has put me on your path  
for a reason. I am meant to help  
you. It would be sacrilege not to.

Jonny looks back at Race. See? Race does not look happy.

JONNY

It's settled. We're going. Now,  
we just gotta figure out where  
we're going.

From of his pocket, Race pulls out a chain. The same chain  
he yanked off the massive Museum Guard, dangling with the  
CHINESE MEDALLION. He tosses it to Jonny.

JONNY

What's this?

RACE

Where we're going.  
(off their confusion)  
It's a "life-bet."  
(off more of their confusion)  
It's a bet you place on yourself.  
Basically wagering you'll be alive,  
one year later, to collect. You  
die, they don't pay. And most of  
the time, they don't pay.

Hadji is shocked something like that even exists.

HADJI

What kind of place would accept  
such a wager?

RACE

It ain't Disneyland.

EXT. KOLKATA HARBOR - NIGHT

Race -- disguised in the clothes Hadji found, head wrapped  
in a turban -- makes his way along the docks.

A BARNACLE-CRUSTED SUPPLY SHIP is moored at the end of one  
of the piers. Race approaches a CHINESE SAILOR standing  
beside it, reading a comic book. Passes him a wad of cash.

CHINESE SAILOR

(Cantonese / subtitled)  
How many?

Race looks back at... Jonny and Hadji, carrying the gear.

RACE  
 (Cantonese / subtitled)  
 One adult. Two kids.

As the sailor nods, and the three start up the gangplank...

Race -- his army-issue iPhone in his hand -- hits a few keys. The screen flashes: TRANSMISSION COMPLETE. And Race throws it as far as he can. SPLASH.

INT. INTELLIGENCE ONE - CORVIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Corvin is on the warpath. Roberts stands by, terrified.

CORVIN  
 An entire field office gets hit!  
 Replaced by assassins! Our best  
 team wiped out! Now, we've lost  
 two Quests for the price of one!  
 And we can't find either of them?

Roberts nods. The door opens, the Nerdy Agent entering.

ROBERTS  
 God, I hope this is good news...

NERDY AGENT  
 Ma'am, we just received a flash  
 transmission from one of our  
 listening posts in Nepal. On the  
 encrypted emergency channel.

He hands her the print-out. She scans --

CORVIN  
 Bannon's alive. And the kid.

ROBERTS  
 Where are they? When are they  
 coming in?

She passes him the print-out. As Roberts reads, his face falls. He quickly ushers the Nerdy Agent out, leaving Corvin alone to brood. After a beat, she hears a WHINE...

Coming from Bandit, his leash tied to the leg of her desk.

CORVIN  
 What do you want, you little mutt?

Bandit nuzzles her hand. Despite herself, Corvin softens.

CORVIN

I know. I want to help them, too.

Moving away from her and the dog, past the busy agents...

INT. QUEST'S CELL - DAY? / NIGHT?

... we find Quest, currently trying to help himself. He crouches at his cell door. His brow knit in concentration.

A food tray lies beside him -- the food untouched -- but, the steel plate, the cup, the utensils -- they've all been bent, broken, taken apart to create...

TOOLS. SPARKS FLASH as he uses his makeshift implements to short-circuit the electromag-lock. It CLICKS open.

INT. CORRIDOR

Dripping pipes and cracked cement. Quest sneaks quietly down the hall. Rounding a corner --

He ducks back, barely avoiding being seen by TWO GUARDS, stationed before a huge steel door.

Thinking fast, he moves to a nearby FUSE BOX -- using his tools to do some quick rewiring...

AROUND THE CORNER, a LIGHT BULB -- further down the hall -- suddenly GLOWS BRIGHTER. BRIGHTER. Too much current running into it -- until it EXPLODES in a shower of sparks.

As the guards go to investigate...

Quest slips through the door into --

INT. SURD'S LAB

A laboratory to rival even Palm Key. Quest moves quickly to a bank of computers. His fingers flying over the keys.

He tries to access an outside connection, but the screen FLASHES: "ERROR: No outside connection available"...

The computers are networked, but not to the outside world.

Quest is about to move on, when he notices -- every one of these workstations is running the same program. A BRUTE-FORCE ENCRYPTION CRACKER, columns of numbers spinning like slot-machine wheels... trying to solve a 512-bit cipher.

Curious, he follows their hard-lines to...

... that same WATER-TIGHT CRATE he saw the frogmen use on Palm Key. It's open now, and inside it...

HIS GEODIDE RAY.

That's what they took from Quest's lab. That's the code they're trying to crack. Surrounding it, he finds ANCIENT FOSSILS. MAPS of South East Asia. Old SANSKRIT SCROLLS.

Before he can learn anything else -- the lab door opens...

It's SURD. Flanked by his guards. He POINTS -- SHOUTS --

SURD  
Contain him!

The guards rush toward Quest, who runs through the lab tables -- pausing to grab -- one, two chemical bottles from the shelves. He pours one bottle into the other and --

FOOSH! SMOKE ERUPTS OUT -- surrounding, engulfing Quest and the guards -- shrouding them all in a SMOKE SCREEN...

In the confusion, Quest dashes past them -- past Surd --

INT. CORRIDOR

Quest bursts back into the hall -- ALARMS WAILING behind him, he runs -- rounds a corner -- sees ahead -- a LADDER --

Hand over hand on the rusty metal rungs, Quest CLIMBS as fast as he can -- higher -- higher -- chances a look down --

THE GUARDS

are ten yards below, breathing heavy as they pursue him. One squeezes off a SHOT -- RICOCHETING off the rung near Quest's foot. Quest climbs faster -- higher -- until --

He reaches a CATWALK -- high above this dark, shadowy complex. Running along it -- he sees ahead -- A DOOR --

Stenciled on it in peeling paint: "SALIDA". "EXIT" in Spanish. Below it, the translation printed in RUSSIAN.

Quest yanks it open -- blinded by the DAYLIGHT -- he runs through... Right the barrel of an AUTO-PISTOL.

Aiming it, KORCHEK.

SMASH CUT TO:

QUEST -- thrown back into his cell -- landing hard on the cement. Korchek strides in next, with an apologetic Surd.

SURD

It was a momentary lapse. I assure you, I have him under control.

He might be caught, but Quest is hardly "under control"...

QUEST

Whatever you want with the Geodide Ray, you'll never get it. You can run your computers a hundred years, you'll never break the cipher.

KORCHEK

(to Surd)

No more half measures, doctor. Very soon, we will have everything we need. If you can't break the cipher, break him.

Korchek goes. Leaving Surd and Quest alone.

SURD

I'd hoped it wouldn't come to this, Benton. But, you've left me little choice.

TWO ASSISTANTS enter, dressed in green scrubs, wheeling a nefarious-looking TORTURE MACHINE between them. It protrudes with all manner of blades, syringes, electrodes.

SURD

Now, old friend, you will either give me that code...  
(deadly serious)  
Or I will do whatever it takes to persuade you.

As the machine wheels closer, its arms WHIRRING to life...

EXT. SOUTH CHINA SEA - NIGHT

The supply ship motors through ten-foot swells. Gripping the rail, Jonny sees a shape amid the waves. An OIL RIG.

SUPER: 13 MILES OFF THE COAST OF HONG KONG.  
JUST INSIDE INTERNATIONAL WATERS.

As the ship draws nearer, he hears the distant strains of MUSIC carrying on the wind. Music and mayhem.

INT. OIL RIG - NIGHT

Death-metal echoes. Jonny and Hadji stick close to Race. Following him along a dark, dank catwalk.

Ahead, they see a MASSIVE DOOR. But, the ASIAN BOUNCER standing next to it is even more massive. Seeing Race, his huge face splits into an even huger grin.

BOUNCER

Race Bannon...

RACE

Long time, Fung. Hong-Wei not working tonight?

BOUNCER

He was.

He nods to his left -- where two men dump a BODY over the railing. It lands in the sea below with a SPLASH. Jonny and Hadji exchange looks. The Bouncer eyes them.

BOUNCER

These two with you?

RACE

(sighs, nods)  
She already know I'm here?

The Bouncer gives him a look -- "What do you think?"

RACE

Best not keep her waiting.

The massive door creaks open, admitting them into...

INT. THE SEEDIEST BAR ON THE SEVEN SEAS

Crawling with killers, thieves, pirates, and prostitutes. They see faro games. Scorpion fights. Opium pipes. The lighting's dark enough to be dangerous. The music's loud enough to cover a scream.

HADJI

My goodness, this place is...

JONNY

... The awesomest place ever.

Race drags the kids to a corner, sets them down in stools.

RACE

I need you two to stay here. Don't talk to anyone. Don't even make eye-contact. If I'm not back in ten minutes... Well, let's hope I'm back in ten minutes.

JONNY

Who's this "she" you're meeting?  
Is that her?

A prostitute, draped in an albino python, flicks her tongue at them. Race turns Jonny's head back --

RACE

Stay here and stay outta trouble.

Race leaves. Near their stools, two bad-asses are having a drinking contest... by swigging from a CAN OF GAS. One has one drink too many and VOMITS on a guy lighting a cigar -- who BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

HADJI

(worried)  
How, precisely?

AT THE FAR SIDE OF THE BAR

Race makes his way through the crowd, to a secluded corner cloaked in shadows, where... A WOMAN sits at a table lit by candle nubs. Pitch black hair and emerald green eyes.

One look and you can just tell she knows 99 different ways to please a man. And 999 ways to kill him. This is JADE.

RACE

(terse)  
Look good, Jade. Been too long.

JADE

That's one opinion. Here's another: the day after the day you died wouldn't be "too long."

Even angry, she's nothing short of spectacular. She wears leather, and not much of it, but the most striking thing about her is that, around her neck, she sports not one, but a DOZEN life-bet medallions. Clearly, Jade is a survivor.

JADE

Let's cut the pleasantries.

RACE  
Those were pleasantries?

JADE  
What do you want?

BACK AT THE OTHER CORNER --

A ONE-EYED WAITRESS stares down Jonny and Hadji.

JONNY  
What do you mean, you "need to see  
our I.D.s?" Have you seen where  
you work?

She leaves, rolling her eye. Jonny's frustrated. Hadji,  
on the other hand, is keeping a nervous lookout for Race.

HADJI  
What do you think is keeping him?  
Perhaps we should go look?

JONNY  
No way. Every time I don't stay  
where Race tells me to, bad stuff  
happens. This time -- no matter  
what -- I am staying right here.

A GLEAMING HOOK taps his shoulder. Charles Manson's twin  
brother looms over him. Teeth filed down to knife-tips.

NIGHTMARE JOE  
You're on my stool.

BACK WITH RACE AND JADE

The giant guard's medallion lies on the table before her.

JADE  
I might know who you're looking  
for. Might even be able to take  
you to them. But there's something  
you're not telling me, isn't there?

A VOICE YELLS across the bar:

JONNY (O.S.)  
RAAAAAAAAAACE!!!

RACE  
(sighs)  
That's them now.

JONNY AND HADJI

SCREAMING -- AS THEY SOAR THROUGH THE AIR -- THROWN --

-- Jonny CRASH-LANDING in the middle of a faro game --  
twenty thousand in cash fluttering everywhere while --

-- Hadji PLUMMETS into the SCORPION FIGHT PIT -- his face  
landing two inches away from the Mike Tyson of arthropods.

It HISSES -- He SHRIEKS -- scrambling for safety as --

-- Jonny backs away from the angry gamblers, apologizing --

JONNY

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry...

-- and accidentally BUMPS a GUY playing RUSSIAN ROULETTE --

The gun he was holding to his head GOES OFF, missing him by  
inches. The guy stares at Jonny, eyes wide.

JONNY

I'm sorry.

RUSSIAN ROULETTE GUY

Don't be.

Unfortunately, the guy sitting next to him wasn't so lucky.  
SMOKE WAFTING from his chest, he slumps over. Dead.

And that's when things get bad. You've heard of bar  
fights? This is a BAR WAR. Bullets whiz. Knives. Bombs.

Jonny and Hadji -- stuck in the middle of the chaos they've  
created -- until TWO HANDS grab them... It's Race.

JONNY

This was almost not our fault.

Annoyed, Race starts to lead them out --

When NIGHTMARE JOE comes out of nowhere, his HOOK SLASHING.  
Race goes for his gun -- he's too slow, too late -- but --

THUNK! A TEN-INCH BOWIE KNIFE SPEARS JOE IN THE SHOULDER.

As Joe crumples, Jade slinks into view. She bends down and  
YANKS her Bowie knife out. Joe GROANS.

JADE

Walk it off, sissy.

And she's gone. Jonny and Hadji's chins are on the floor.

HADJI  
Who was that?

JADE (O.S.)  
You coming or not, Roger?

JONNY  
(Race?)  
Who's "Roger?"

Race gives him a look -- don't -- and they hurry off to...

EXT. OIL RIG - NIGHT

Jade leads them down a set of steps, heading for sea-level.

JADE  
My boat's this way. I can take you  
where you need to go. For a price.

RACE  
What price?

JADE  
(purrs)  
For something this big? Oh, you're  
gonna have to get your hands dirty.

CUT TO:

EXT. JADE'S JUNK - NIGHT

A rusty, dusty old ship in the Chinese tradition cuts through the waves, crisscrossed with old scars and hanging with frayed sails. But inside the ancient exterior --

INT. JADE'S JUNK - HELM

-- beats the heart of a speed demon. Decked out with a hodgepodge of the latest black market tech and nav gear, this thing has got it where it counts.

Jade steers with expert ease, alone at the wheel, while...

IN THE GALLEY BELOW DECK

... Jonny stares, slack-jawed, at the tallest, filthiest heap of DIRTY DISHES we've ever seen.

JONNY  
You've gotta be kidding me.

RACE

Jade's many things. A good  
homemaker ain't one of them.  
(rolling up his sleeves)  
Come on, I'll wash, you two dry.

They set to work. Jonny very reluctantly.

JONNY

What's the deal with you and her,  
anyway? What is she, an old  
girlfriend?

Race doesn't answer.

JONNY

Oh, Roger? Roger-dodger? Rog'?

A dish towel HITS Jonny in the face. But, Race knows he  
isn't going to get off the hook that easily.

RACE

All I'm gonna say is... sometimes  
love hurts.

He shows them an OLD, NASTY SCAR at the nape of his neck.

RACE

Sometimes love uses a paring knife.

Jonny and Hadji exchange a look -- adults are insane --  
then quietly, awkwardly return to dish drying.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - NIGHT

A BUOY bears a sign that reads: DANGER! RESTRICTED ZONE!

It bobs back and forth on the wake from Jade's junk as it  
glides silently past, toward...

MOY TU

A tiny tropical island, thick with dark forbidding jungle.

As the junk's anchor drops into the water with a SPLISH...

INT. JUNK HELM - NIGHT

Race, Jonny and Hadji stand beside Jade, her arms crossed.

JONNY

What do you mean, "this is as far  
as you take us?"

JADE

You paid for my boat and my intel.  
You can't afford my company. The  
men you're looking for, if they  
haven't moved on, they're here.

JONNY

Do you know how many dishes I --

Race puts a hand on his chest, quieting him.

RACE

One last favor, Jade. Watch these  
two while I go ashore?

JONNY

What -- no -- you're not leaving us  
here. Race, I'm going with you --

But, Race ignores him, still focused on Jade. She nods.

JADE

I've got a bathroom that could use  
a little elbow grease.

Jonny's apoplectic -- "Hey! Wait! Guys?" -- but, they  
ignore him, heading up onto deck. Jonny looks at Hadji.

JONNY

Can you believe this? We've gotta  
stay here? With her?

HADJI

(deeply smitten)

I know. I can't believe our luck.

EXT. JADE'S JUNK - ON DECK - NIGHT

Race zips up his wetsuit, checking his gear -- dive knife,  
waterproof holster, flares, walkie-talkie, etc. From the  
way he works, methodically, he's clearly done this before.

Jade studies him. Clearly, she's done that before, too.

JADE

I hate to set feminism back fifty  
years, but... be careful, alright?  
If you don't come back, I'm  
throwing the Hardy boys overboard.

RACE

Just a little moonlit swim. Little walk through the dark, scary jungle. What could go wrong?

JADE

From what I've heard about this island? A lot. It's inhabited.

RACE

That's what I'm counting on.

JADE

I don't mean the men you're looking for, Roger. Just... be careful.

He will. As she sashays back inside, he tips back over the railing and SPLASHES into the water below.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Humid ferns and hanging vines sway eerily in the breeze. Race makes his way through the overgrown underbrush, quiet as a ghost. Eyes scanning.

He spots some TRACKS in the mud. Squats to study them.

They're human, but small. Barefoot. Before he can figure out what they mean -- a SOUND makes him freeze.

A HUM. Growing nearer, louder, rising to a high-pitched whine, then lowering as it retreats. Race follows it to...

THE EDGE OF A CLEARING

Where Race pushes aside a giant fern to REVEAL --

MEN. Two dozen. European, American, it's tough to tell. Wearing work boots, coveralls. Some ARMED. Patrolling the perimeter of a BASE CAMP set at the mouth of an OLD MINE.

There seems to be activity inside. The noise of MACHINERY.

Before Race can see anything else -- the HUM -- it returns. Louder. Nearer. He has just enough time to duck flat as --

A HOVERCRAFT

zooms out of the trees. Skimming across the jungle floor, three feet off the ground. Sleek, fast, and maneuverable.

This thing's the cutting edge in next-gen transport. Some kind of anti-grav setup. TWO MEN ride inside -- one pilot, one gunner -- anonymous in high-tech night-vision headsets.

Race watches the hovercraft disappear into the mine. Its hum dissipating into the darkness. He quickly slips away.

INT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Away from the camp, Race moves fast, on his WALKIE-TALKIE:

RACE

Twenty to thirty men. And that's just outside the mine. No way to tell inside. Gear, guns -- all cutting edge. Next-gen stuff I've never even seen. Whoever's funding these guys has deep pockets.

(STATIC on the walkie)

Jade? You get that? Do you copy?

STATIC answers back. Race jiggles the thing, peeved.

RACE

They get a hovercraft, I get this piece of --

He stops, mid-word, as a RAZOR-SHARP PIECE OF OBSIDIAN, lashed to a bamboo pole, points directly at his crotch.

A SPEAR. The man holding it is four feet tall and tattooed. A PO-HO. One of the island's natives. He smiles at Race. Flanked by ten of his brothers.

RACE

-- Crap.

Race slowly -- *carefully* -- puts up his hands...

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - NIGHT

Chattering in Po-Ho-ese, the natives usher Race along a path through the jungle, stripped of his gear -- his knife, his walkie-talkie, even his gun. One keeps jabbing him with a spear, and Race just smiles back at him. Jovial.

RACE

Stick me with that thing one more time, little buddy, and I'll stick it where the sun don't shine.

The native giggles, then jabs him again. They lead Race through a grove of banyan trees, into...

## THE PO-HO VILLAGE

A small cluster of thatched huts, hung with animal skins.

The warriors force Race to his knees before the PO-HO CHIEF. A chubby native with a toothy grin. They dump his gear in the mud between them, and Race -- seeing one of his FLARES roll out of his dive bag -- seizes his chance --

He SNATCHES it, holding the flare up as the Po-Ho surround him, shouting excitedly, waving their spears.

RACE

You see this? Yeah? You watching?

He swipes the flare on the chief's throne and -- FOOSH! -- it BLAZES to life, illuminating the village with its glow. He waves it over his head majestically. His voice BOOMING.

RACE

I AM A GREAT AND POWERFUL GOD. I  
MAKE FIRE FROM NOTHING. IF YOU  
DISPLEASE ME, I SHALL STRIKE YOU --

The chief pulls a pack of MARLBOROS out of his loincloth and uses the flare to light one up.

He laughs. The Po-Ho warriors laugh. Even Race laughs.

SMASH CUT TO:

RACE, arms flailing, falling through space to land -- SPLASH! At the bottom of a TWENTY-FOOT PIT. His flare fizzles out as it sinks into the fetid muck.

He's surprised to see... Jonny, Hadji, and Jade. They've been here a while. Jonny holds up a dead flare.

JONNY

You try the god thing, too?

INT. PIT - LATER

Race and Jade square off in the mud, yelling at each other.

RACE

I told you to stay on the boat.  
Not get captured by a bunch of  
tattooed Tattoos.

JADE

I'm not alone in this pit, pal.

While they continue fighting, Jonny and Hadji are busy studying the walls. Trying to find a way out. It's a natural pit, the walls made of mud and moss-covered stone. Too slick to climb. Which Jonny finds out when he tries --

-- SPLASH! And lands butt-first back in the muck.

JONNY

There's gotta be a way outta here.

He moves along the wall. Feeling for hand-holds. Trying to find purchase. Hadji watches him, until, Jonny puts his weight on a mossy section of wall and --

-- in a blink, he abruptly DISAPPEARS.

JONNY (O.S.)

I think I found something.

At the spot where he vanished, Hadji finds... A BOY-SHAPED HOLE, overgrown with moss. A PASSAGE. Jonny pops out.

JONNY

I think it goes pretty far. Come on, it might lead out.

HADJI

Should we tell them?

But, Jonny's already gone. As Hadji ducks in after him...

RACE

-- Keep an eye on the kids, that's all you had to do. Now, tell me, how hard is that?

He notices he and Jade are alone in the pit.

JADE

You were saying?

INT. PIT - PASSAGE - NIGHT

Jonny and Hadji make their way through the narrow passage... which opens into a LARGE CAVE. The floor is covered with heaps of rock and stone, the remains of a rock slide, perhaps, and fifteen feet up the wall, LIGHT FILTERS IN from an OPENING in the rock -- A way out.

Unfortunately, there's no way to reach it. Jonny starts piling rocks, trying to make a heap high enough to climb.

JONNY  
 Help me, Hadj. If we get enough  
 rocks, we can -- UGH! -- get outta  
 here.

As Jonny struggles to lift a particularly heavy stone...

Hadji -- seeing that no one is watching him -- moves,  
 quickly and quietly, to the wall. There, he CLOSES HIS  
 EYES. Folds his hands. His brow knit in TOTAL FOCUS.

HADJI  
 (softly)  
 Sim...

Wind STIRS around him, lifting his hair.

HADJI  
 Sim sala...

His clothes ruffle in the RISING BREEZE. The mud around  
 his ankles starts to RIPPLE and RETREAT. As if by magic.

HADJI  
 Sim... sim... sala *bim*.

His feet suddenly rise off the ground. His body lifted by  
 some invisible force. One foot. Two feet. His  
 concentration profound, Hadji rises higher. Higher.

JONNY  
 You gonna help, Hadj? Hadji?

He turns... the heavy stone dropping from his hands as he  
 sees Hadji -- HOVERING -- fifteen feet in the air.

He watches, dumb, as the Hindu boy grabs hold of the ledge  
 above and casually pulls himself out.

Jonny is blown away. Hadji realizes he's been seen.

JONNY  
 How did you... Did you just...

RACE (O.S.)  
 How'd he get up there?

Race and Jade stand at the mouth of the passage. Jonny  
 sees Hadji's eyes -- begging him not to tell. He doesn't  
 understand why, but he can tell that this is a secret.

JONNY

(covering)

I -- uh -- gave him a boost. He's a good climber. The real question is: how do we get up there?

HADJI

I've found something that may help.

A ROPE UNCOILS from above. Again, Race, Jade, impressed.

JADE

Where'd he get --

JONNY

Don't ask. Just climb.

As she seizes hold of the rope...

... JONNY, the last one up, pulls himself onto the ledge, where he moves to join Race, Jade and Hadji, discovering...

This tunnel is reinforced with wooden beams. Old push-cart tracks line the ground. A rusty pickaxe lies beside an ancient lantern. The passage has led them INSIDE THE MINE.

The light they saw from below isn't sunlight... It's coming from further along the tunnel. Motioning for them to be quiet, Race leads the way. Jade follows.

Jonny holds Hadji back a second. Just out of earshot.

JONNY

How did you do that? I've never seen anything like that before.

HADJI

I've never done anything like that before, I assure you. Never that high. My grandfather, he was... a kind of priest. A guru of Hindu religion. The old ways. He could do astonishing things. Impossible things.

JONNY

More impossible than that?

HADJI

What talent I have is nothing compared to him.

(MORE)

HADJI (CONT'D)

When I was very young, and he was very ill, he chose me to pass on his "secrets," as he called them. At first, I could do some rope tricks, that's it. But, after years of practice. Study. Meditation. Discipline.

(pause)

I can't explain it, but, it's as if I could feel my grandfather, his spirit -- his atman -- guiding me. I knew, somehow, I could do that.

(urgently)

But, you must not to tell anyone, Jonny. I swore to keep grandfather's secrets secret.

Jonny looks at Hadji like he's nuts.

JONNY

Who'd believe me? But, seriously, you have gotta show me how to do that sometime.

HADJI

(small smile)

I shall try.

They catch up with Race and Jade -- where the tunnel opens into another passage, strung with FLUORESCENT LIGHTS.

CRATES lie here and there, empty, but stenciled with logos identifying them as modern mining equipment.

JONNY

This belong to those guys you saw up top? What do you think they're digging for down here?

Suddenly, a SOUND makes them spin. A HIGH-PITCHED HUM.

Race pulls the others into a dark alcove as --

A HOVERCRAFT hurtles past, zipping deeper into the mine.

RACE

Only one way to find out.

They follow it, to...

## INT. CATHEDRAL CAVERN

The tunnel opens onto a ledge, overlooking an enormous natural cave, its ceiling bristling with finespun stalactites. And far below...

They see Kleig lights. Generators. Men and machinery, busily working at the site of an ARCHEOLOGICAL DIG. At the far wall, a TOWERING STONE STRUCTURE has been partially excavated from the rock. The entrance to an ancient Hindu CAVE TEMPLE, every inch covered with intricate carvings.

The sheer scale is breathtaking. But, all they can see from here is the exterior.

RACE

Come on. Let's get a closer look.

## INT. DIG SITE - MOMENTS LATER

Using the noise of the generators to cover their approach, Race, Jonny, Jade, and Hadji steal across the cavern floor.

Skirting the edge of the light, they hide behind a cluster of stalagmites at the base of the temple.

From here, they have a much better view. An air of expectation seems to hang over the site. The workers seem to be waiting for something. And none of them wants to wait any closer to the temple than is absolutely necessary.

Even the GUARD stationed on its steps seems far more wary of the temple, than anything outside it. Which allows Race to GRAB HIM in a Judo-choke and drag him into the shadows.

Armed with his rifle, Race ushers the team up the steps -- unseen -- and through the tall, forbidding archway into...

## INT. TEMPLE

Hewn in its entirety from the cavern wall, the interior of this sacred structure is dark as a cave and quiet as a tomb. Lights have been set-up to illuminate some of the intricately carved walls. But otherwise, it is deserted.

JONNY

(hushed)

What is this place? A tomb?

He strides deeper into the darkness, through a curtain of cobwebs, to find --

## A VISION OF HORROR

A GROTESQUE MAN, with four arms and four heads, his fingers grasping. His mouths twisted in SILENT SCREAMS.

Jonny almost jumps out of his skin, until he realizes it's a RELIEF carved into the stone wall. He's stumbled into...

#### HALL OF LOST SOULS

A twisting, shadowy passage. Every inch of its walls, floor, and ceiling covered with reliefs, depicting HUNDREDS of these FIGURES. Their bodies intertwined, like some macabre version of the Kama Sutra. Faces frozen in agony and ecstasy. Eerie, in the flickering fluorescent lights.

JADE

What are they?

Race, Jonny, they don't know. But, Hadji does. Unnerved.

HADJI

*Rakshasas*. Demons born from the foot of the god Brahma. They're used for protection.

RACE

From what?

HADJI

From death. But, I've never seen so many in one place before.

Jade and Race don't seem concerned, but based on what he's witnessed recently, Jonny isn't taking this religious stuff lightly anymore. He keeps a close eye on these stone demons, as they squeeze past, emerging into...

#### THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM

The temple's inner-most chamber. A cavernous vault. Its walls covered with intricate carvings, draped in cobwebs.

To their left and right, TWO TOWERING STONE STATUES -- or *murtis* -- flank the entrance. Representations of the gods Shiva and Vishnu. And in the center sits an equally massive statue of the GOD BRAHMA, made entirely from GOLD.

His four hands, presented before him, hold three different objects: a silver lotus flower. A jeweled scepter. And a single wooden arrow. His last hand is empty.

Jonny, curious, reaches out toward the arrow, but --

HADJI  
DON'T TOUCH THAT.

Jonny yanks his hand back like he almost touched hot lava. Hadji, embarrassed by his own outburst, tries to explain.

HADJI  
You were right, Jonny. I didn't recognize it at first, but... This is a tomb. A tomb for anyone who sets foot inside it. Look, look --

He leads them to the wall, tearing down some of the cobwebs so they can see the carvings. The GODS, giant and aloof, stand surrounded by SMALLER FIGURES gathered at their feet.

HADJI  
The Vedas -- our oldest and most sacred texts -- state that long ago, the gods, the three trimuti, used to involve themselves in man's affairs. They taught him their worship. Their secrets. They gave him gifts. And the most prized of these were their weapons.

In the next carving, a god passes a BOW and ARROW to a TINY MAN. The same god as the golden statue. BRAHMA.

HADJI  
Most powerful of all was the weapon created and bestowed by Brahma.  
(a whisper)  
The Brahmastra.

The curve of the bow in the carving is identical to the curve of the piece of artifact stolen from the museum in Kolkata. Realizing this, Jonny pulls out his tricked-out PSP, calling up the image. It's an exact match.

JONNY  
That's the same shape as the piece of artifact they took from the museum. It's a bow?

HADJI  
The Vedas speak of the weapon as appearing in that form. But, this is no ordinary bow and arrow.

In the next carving, the man is shown wielding the bow, firing its arrow into the heavens. It arcs like LIGHTNING.

HADJI

It was a weapon of immense and terrible power. It is said the Brahmastra was used only once. And where it struck, there survived no plant. No animal. No man. It blackened the sky. Boiled the oceans. Plunged the world into thirty years of famine.

RACE

Every culture has made-up, hocus-pocus crap like that. Dragons. Mummies. Magic swords. What makes this any different?

Hadji pulls down the last of the webs to reveal a startling image, carved thousands of years ago, but still unmistakable: **AN ANCIENT DEPICTION OF A NUCLEAR DETONATION.**

The distinctive mushroom-shaped cloud of smoke rising. And beneath it, nothing but destruction. Devastation. Death.

HADJI

It is written that, "Where the Brahmastra struck, light shown, like lightning. Brighter than a thousand suns shining together. And from it, there arose a majestic cloud of light and dust. So big it reached to the sun and shadowed it. And where it passed, everything was destroyed and nothing survived."

JONNY

It's like some kinda ancient nuke?

HADJI

More destructive than all our nuclear weapons put together. And after being used only once, it was hidden away. Somewhere no one would ever find it. To ensure it would never be used again.

JADE

You're saying this is it? This is where that... weapon was hidden?

HADJI

(pleading)

We must leave at once.

Suddenly, SHADOWS flicker from the entrance. VOICES. Race ushers the others behind Shiva's statue, hiding there, as -- WORKERS enter, ARMED GUARDS, and striding among them...

... A MAN. His presence instantly inspiring deference -- or, more accurately, judging from the look on the work crew's faces -- fear. Wearing ceremonial robes, his head hooded, he carries a LENGTH of PETRIFIED WOOD identical in shape to the artifact piece taken from the Indian museum.

THE BOW OF BRAHMA.

As they watch, this man -- his face still hidden -- approaches the golden idol. Kneels before it. The bow held before him -- like an offering. We hear him CHANTING something in Hindi, but we can't make out the words.

JONNY  
(whispers)  
What's he doing?

HADJI  
Some sort of ritual. I've never  
seen it performed before.

SHH. Race motions for them to be quiet as...

The Man rises. Steps forward -- every step precise -- and places the bow in Brahma's outstretched palm.

The moment he does... the god's hand lowers -- like a mechanical lever clicking into place -- and a RUMBLE SHAKES THE CHAMBER -- AN EARTHQUAKE -- The golden statue starts to shake -- to shiver -- as if it's coming apart at the seams.

ITS GIANT HEAD tilts, topples off its shoulders -- landing with a BRUTAL CRUNCH on one of the workers. He has just enough time to SCREAM -- before he's buried underneath it.

Brahma's arms -- his torso -- before our eyes, the idol begins to crumble -- huge chunks of gold raining down --

And through it all, The Man doesn't move an inch. Until...

All that remains where the gold idol once stood is a simple CLAY URN. The Man carefully -- reverently -- retrieves it.

He sets it -- gently -- in a special GYRO-STABILIZED CRATE.

JONNY  
What is it? A jar?

But, Race isn't listening. He's focused, instead, on the man as -- for the first time, he turns...

Revealing his unmistakable Third-Eye scar.

JADE  
(disbelief)  
Korchek?

She recognizes him, too. And for the first time, we see her afraid. Jonny tries to get a better look at him, but --

JONNY  
Who's Korchek?

Race YANKS him back down.

RACE  
A good reason to not get caught.

Taken aback by his intensity, the boy nods.

RACE  
We're leaving. Now. I-1 has to be warned. Jade, you take point. Hadji, you follow. Jonny, you --

He stops, seeing something behind Jonny, a tiny chunk of rock, teetering on the statue's base, just about to fall.

RACE  
Don't move.

JONNY  
I'm not --

He accidentally bumps the tiny crumb of rock, it falls...

... Landing with a PLINK on the stone floor.

BULLETS STRAFE THEIR POSITION. Blasting chunks of stone shrapnel off Shiva's statue. At the center of the chamber, Korchek has his ornate auto-pistol out, FIRING IT EMPTY.

Race FIRES BACK -- drags Jonny to his feet, and all of them flee for the entrance. We hear Korchek shouting, the alarm sounding, men running, guns cocking. In short... CHAOS.

INT. CATHEDRAL CAVERN - DAY

Race, Jade, Hadji, and Jonny run for their lives. Bursting out of the temple, Race lays down a spray of cover fire with the guard's machine gun.

Workers scramble for safety, guards go for their weapons --

RACE  
Go, go! I'll cover you!

He BLASTS a bank of generators, plunging the cave into PITCH BLACKNESS, broken only by the staccato MUZZLE FLASHES of the running fire fight.

Jade leads Jonny and Hadji across the site -- stalagmites EXPLODING around them -- Race behind -- urging them into --

MINE TUNNEL

They dash down the corridor -- Race's shots forcing the guards to fall back. It looks like they might actually make it out of this alive, when --

JADE  
Look out!

-- A HOVERCRAFT ROCKETS out of a side tunnel. The pilot veering toward them. The gunner's machine-gun coming up --

Race and Jade tackle Jonny and Hadji flat, as bullets RAKE the dirt -- the hovercraft screaming past overhead -- missing them by a matter of inches.

The pilot pivots his craft, hurtling back for another pass.

The group scrambles to their feet, fleeing down the tunnel.

JONNY  
Race? What do we do?

The craft closes -- the gunner FIRES -- rocks exploding --

JONNY  
RACE!

RACE  
(snaps)  
I'm thinking!

They round the next bend, momentarily safe from the gunner, but the whine grows LOUDER -- LOUDER -- as the craft nears.

Race scans for something to save them.

Suddenly... inspiration.

The hover-pilot banks his craft around the bend, zooming --

-- right into the FLAT of a SHOVEL. SWUNG like a baseball bat, SMACKING him in the face. He topples off the back -- the craft -- pilotless -- veers down, digging its nose into the dirt and LURCHING to a stop -- catapulting the gunner out of his seat -- THUD! -- face first into a wooden post.

Race tosses down the shovel and strides over to the empty vehicle. Jonny looks amazed.

JONNY

Good thinking.

The HUM of approaching hovercraft FILLS the tunnel. Rounding the bend... Three of them. Their guns BLAZING.

RACE

Get in.

As Race mans the controls, and the hovercraft shakily starts to lift off...

INT. MINE TUNNEL - DAY

We're BLASTING through the mines, rock walls BLURRING past at incredible speed. This is our Hover Chase, ladies and gentlemen, and if there was ever a time to push IMAX 3D to its absolute friggin' limit, this is it.

Race pilots the craft for all it's worth. The rest of the team hanging on for dear life. Buffeted by screaming wind.

JONNY

How do we get outta here!?

RACE

I dunno, it's a mine. Up?

The THREE HOVERCRAFT speed behind them, their gunners FIRING. BLASTING holes in the hull inches from Hadji.

HADJI

Wherever we're going, may we go faster? Please?

The tunnel suddenly jogs left -- right -- left again. Race swerves with it, but so do their pursuers. He just can't seem to shake 'em.

RACE

Jade? Wanna get these guys off me?

CA-CHUK! She pops up with the fallen gunner's RIFLE.

JADE

Well, if you can't handle it.

She OPENS FIRE on their pursuers, ripping HOLES across the lead craft's nose. It swerves to one side, smoke billowing. Veers into another tunnel and disappears.

The other two fall back slightly, just out of Jade's range.

Ahead, the tunnel curves into a HAIRPIN TURN. Race turns with it -- a little late -- Jonny's side scraping the stone wall -- SPRAYING SPARKS and SHARDS of rock and metal.

RACE

Watch your fingers.

JONNY

Watch where you're going!

RACE

I am watching where I'm -- Uh-oh.

Appearing in their headlights -- and on them in a blink --

A COLLAPSED BEAM lies across the passage at a 45 degree angle. Race PULLS UP HARD, threading their craft through the small clearance space above it --

The instant they're through, ANOTHER BEAM LOOMS, at another angle -- this whole section is collapsed. Strewn with rocks and leaning beams.

Race DIVES under this one -- almost taking off their heads.

Up. Down. To one side. To the other. The beams keep coming, and Race keeps threading the needle. He's almost getting cocky... until he sees something up ahead that makes his face go as white as his hair.

TWO BEAMS CRISSCROSS THE PASSAGE, blocking their way like a GIANT "X." No time to stop.

RACE

Everybody hold on!

Jonny, Jade hold onto anything that's bolted down -- Hadji holds onto Jade -- Race sends them into a ROLL, aiming for a spot that looks too small...

And is. Their undercarriage GLANCES OFF the beam, obliterating the wood, rocking everybody -- struggling to ride it out -- and when the debris clears --

They're THROUGH. Alive. Intact. But Race is... gone.

HIS SEAT EMPTY.

Jonny leaps to grab the controls -- keeping them from veering into the wall -- Jade and Hadji look back, but all they see is dust settling over a heap of broken beams, swiftly receding behind them. No sign of Race Bannon.

JADE

Race!

As their hovercraft disappears around the next bend...

One of the heavy beams STIRS. A HAND fumbles out. Battered and bruised, Race struggles to pull himself free. He's still gathering his senses when --

THE TWO PURSUIT CRAFT

zoom past -- almost taking his head off.

Spotting him, one of the pilots slows and cuts a turn, while the other continues after Jonny, Jade and Hadji.

Race climbs to his feet. No gun, knowing he can't outrun them, he's at least gonna go down standing. Across the long, dark tunnel, he sees the gunner draw a bead on him --

-- But, the pilot shoves the man's gun up, causing it to DISCHARGE into the ceiling. The pilot removes his high-tech headset, revealing the Giant Guard from Kolkata, his face still bearing the evidence of his run-in with Race.

A bruise in the shape of a sword handle.

He GUNS the hovercraft's engine, speeding towards Race, who stands there like a matador facing down a bull -- while...

BACK WITH THE OTHERS

Tracer rounds buzz past the speeding hovercraft like burning bees. Jonny white-knuckles the controls, steering through a slalom of outcropping rocks.

JADE

You sure this is a good idea? You driving?

She's busy herself, exchanging FIRE with Korchek's men, the last craft twenty yards back and gaining fast.

JONNY

Don't worry about it. Race lets me drive all the time. I got this.

(to himself)

I hope.

JADE

What?

JONNY

Nothing. Just keep shooting!

(to Hadji)

See if you can figure out where we are, Hadj. We gotta circle back for Race.

Hadji has Jonny's PSP -- hooked up to the hovercraft's computer. A complex MINE BLUEPRINT on screen.

HADJI

I'm still learning to use this. How do we know if Race is even still alive?

JONNY

We don't. But he'd go back for us.

Suddenly, ahead -- HEADLIGHTS -- far down the tunnel. The missing third hovercraft. Screaming straight towards them.

JONNY

This is bad. This is really --

BACK WITH RACE

RACE

-- really bad.

The hovercraft hurtles toward him. Fifty feet. Twenty. Ten. Race doesn't move an inch as it BLASTS RIGHT OVER HIM. Plowing him underneath its grill.

The Guard laughs. His gunner laughs. Even Race laughs --

-- Surprising them as he swings up from where he's been clinging to the undercarriage -- landing a HAYMAKER to the Big Guard's jaw. Sending him tumbling out of his seat.

Race and the Gunner wrestle over the controls, the craft ricocheting off the rock walls like a pinball -- while --

JONNY, HADJI, AND JADE

race toward a head-on collision. The other craft's right behind them. Boxing them in. Bullets crisscrossing from front and rear. There are no turns. No ways out. They are going to HIT HEAD-FIRST, if they don't act RIGHT NOW.

HADJI  
Up, Jonny. Up!

JONNY  
What do you --

He shoves the PSP-MAP in his face, jabbing with his finger.

HADJI  
This is the tunnel. This is us.  
See? Now, PULL UP!

Jonny does -- the g-force pinning him in his seat as their hovercraft ROCKETS INTO A CLIMB -- missing the oncoming craft by inches -- BURSTING through the boarded-up opening of a HIDDEN MINE SHAFT. Directly overhead.

INSIDE THE SHAFT

The hovercraft goes vertical, the speed astonishing, everyone desperately trying to hang on. Beneath them, the two pursuit craft COLLIDE -- EXPLODING into FLAMES.

JONNY  
This... is... the greatest moment  
of my life!

RACE, HOWEVER

couldn't disagree more. He's fighting for his life, the Gunner trying to drive a thumb into his eye. Finally, Race jams an elbow in his throat, sending him tumbling -- painfully -- off the back. Race regains the controls --

Too late. The craft clips the wall, spinning like a top until it digs into the dirt, grinding to a dizzying stop.

Race staggers out. Thrilled to be on solid ground again. He's just getting his bearings, when --

The Giant Guard TACKLES HIM -- the two of them rolling across the dirt floor -- into...

AN OLD FREIGHT ELEVATOR

A steel cage used to transport mining gear up and down. Race SLAMS back against the controls -- the lift lurching into motion, rusty gears grinding as it starts to RISE.

TWO PICKAXES SLICE through the air -- the guard wielding one in each hand -- Race ducking, dodging -- barely avoiding the whizzing steel. As one slashes his shirt --

RACE grabs the roof of the cage -- SWINGS -- his BOOTS PILED DRIVING the big man's chest -- knocking him back into --

A DUSTY OLD BOX labeled "T.N.T." which topples...

... spilling sticks of DYNAMITE across the floor.

At the same time, one of the pickaxes flies out of his hand, bouncing into the GEARBOX at the side of the elevator -- its metal pick getting wedged in the gears -- A SHOWER of SPARKS SPRAYING from the metal on metal grinding...

Onto the T.N.T. Instantly, A DOZEN FUSES FLASH TO LIFE.

Race and the Guard look at each other. A beat.

They both SCRAMBLE out the cage door -- SCURRYING up the sides -- trying to reach the cable above and climb to safety... before the dynamite burns down and goes boom.

The Big Man makes it first -- kicking Race back -- then SWINGING the other pickaxe -- WAILING on the BRACKET that connects the steel cable to the elevator.

The bracket starts to give... metal SHEARING...

The Guard grabs hold of the cable -- grinning victoriously at Race as -- the bracket RIPS free of its housing --

-- Only now realizing that, in the excitement, his boot has gotten WEDGED in the cage roof. Stuck there. The cable breaks free, and for one brief moment, the massive Guard is still holding onto it -- tethering it to the heavy cage...

And that's all the time Race needs to SCRAMBLE up his body and SEIZE hold of the cable...

Before it YANKS out of the guard's hands, and he -- and the cage -- and the T.N.T. -- plummet into the darkness.

As the counterweight drops, and Race ROCKETS up, up, up --

A titanic EXPLOSION ignites far below.

INT. MINE TUNNEL - DAY

Somehow, somehow, Race pulls himself to safety at the top of the shaft. Way, way, way beyond exhausted.

So much so, that he barely reacts when he sees ANOTHER HOVERCRAFT barreling toward him. Luckily -- he recognizes the pilots. Jonny. Hadji. And Jade.

JONNY

Race! We been looking everywhere for you. Where've you been?

RACE

I took the elevator.

Jonny and Hadji hop out, helping him up.

In the tunnel ahead, they can see LIGHT. DAYLIGHT. They are almost there. But, before they can make it --

LASER SIGHTS crisscross the dusty air as FIFTY of KORCHEK'S MEN flood into the tunnel. Cutting off all hope of escape.

They're cornered. Weaponless. But Race, Jonny, even Hadji, they're not going down without a fight. This is it. The last stand. But, before the bullets start flying...

A SQUEAL of STATIC breaks the silence. They turn to see Jade holding the hovercraft RADIO. Her gun aimed at them.

JADE

(into radio:)

Korchek. This is Jade. Tell your men to stand down. I have a proposition for you.

Race meets her gaze. He knows what she's doing. Her finger tightens on her trigger.

JADE

Don't make me, Roger.

(into radio:)

You let me walk out of here. I give you Bannon and the two boys. Alive and intact.

JONNY

Jade, what are you doing?

JADE

Surviving.

For a moment, her eyes seem to apologize. But, only for a moment. Then, her radio SQUAWKS and we --

SMASH CUT TO:

A GUT KICK. Drives Race to his knees. Hands force Jonny and Hadji down beside him, gun barrels digging into their backs. The men stand aside as Korchek strides in, doffing his ceremonial robes. His camouflage fatigues underneath.

He looks to Jade -- still armed -- her insurance -- eyeing his men like a fox eyeing a pack of hunting dogs.

KORCHEK

You can put that away. I may not be a man of my word, but if I want you dead, that won't dissuade me.

Can't argue with that. She lowers it.

KORCHEK

You'll be escorted back to your boat. Once you're clear of the island, you'll forget you were ever here. Do that, and I will too.

Jade nods toward Race.

JADE

Can I give him something first?

KORCHEK

A farewell kiss?

She kneels before Race, grabs a fistful of his hair, leans in close and -- JAMS HER BOWIE KNIFE into his shoulder --

JADE

Something to remember me by.

She TWISTS it. Yanks it out. And then... She's gone. Marching off into the light, flanked by a pair of Korchek's guards. Korchek watches her. Wistful.

KORCHEK

Magnificent woman. I can't imagine what she sees in you.

RACE

(wincing)

A pin-cushion, apparently.

Korchek laughs. Sounds like something he doesn't do often.

KORCHEK

It's good to see you, Race. I hadn't heard you'd given up wet-work to become a wet-nurse.

RACE  
I hadn't heard you were still  
alive, Korchek.

KORCHEK  
(fingering his scar)  
Yes, well, the gods, it seems,  
still have plans for me. You must  
be disappointed?

RACE  
Actually, I'm thrilled. Now, I get  
to kill you twice.

One of the guards moves to bash Race with his rifle butt,  
but Korchek stops him. Squats before Race.

KORCHEK  
I don't hate you, Race. Do you  
know that? What you did to me...  
it set me free. You're the reason  
I've become the man you see before  
you. Reborn. Chosen. An  
instrument of the divine.

RACE  
(Re: his forehead)  
You know, you got a little  
something, right here.

Korchek smiles, disappointed, as -- he yanks his katar out  
of its gun-handle sheath. Its three blades springing open.

KORCHEK  
Shall we finish what she started?

JONNY  
Leave him alone!

His gaze shifts to Jonny... trying so hard to look tough.

RACE  
Kid, don't help.

But, Korchek's already moving toward the boy.

KORCHEK  
And this must be young Jonny? You  
know, it's rude to interrupt when  
grownups are talking. Didn't your  
mother teach you any manners?

JONNY

(ice)

Don't talk about my mother.

KORCHEK

You know how they say, "Oh, she's  
in a better place now"... It isn't  
true. I've been there. I know.  
And so -- very soon -- will you.  
And your friends. And your father.

Enraged, Jonny LAUNCHES himself at Korchek, but --

In one effortless motion -- the man grabs the boy and  
HEAVES him against the nearest wall like a sack of  
potatoes. Jonny SLAMS into the rock -- CRASHING onto his  
back, GASPING for air, the wind knocked out of him.

Restrained by the guards, there's nothing Race can do.

KORCHEK

Bring the boy. Throw Bannon and  
the Hindu down a mine shaft.

Korchek starts to leave, but...

RACE

Tell me one thing before you go,  
Korchek. You don't seriously  
believe that antique cookie jar is  
some "weapon of the gods," do you?  
Tell me you're not that dumb.

Korchek stops. Takes the bait.

KORCHEK

I believe the world is full of  
things mindless thugs like you  
can't begin to understand.

RACE

So explain it to me. Speak slow.  
Your "spiritual reawakening" -- it  
might have your men fooled, but I  
know you. You don't take a piss  
unless you see a profit in it.  
(quiet, just for Korchek)  
Level with me. Call it a last  
request. What's this really about?

Korchek leans in close. Just for Race.

KORCHEK

The world pays a fortune for  
weapons made by men. Imagine what  
they'll pay for one made by a god.

A beat. Race BURSTS OUT LAUGHING -- right in his face.

RACE

You believe that, I got a bridge to  
sell you. In Candy-Land.

-- A RIFLE-BUTT KNOCKS HIM OUT COLD.

Korchek looks down at him, red-faced. He doesn't like  
being made a fool of. He decides --

KORCHEK

Bring them. All of them.

As his men haul Jonny, Hadji, and unconscious Race away...

INT. CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Race SNAPS AWAKE, finding himself sprawled on the hard deck  
of a moving ship. His head hurts, his shoulder really  
hurts and he's handcuffed to a pipe beside Jonny and Hadji.

RACE

Tell me this is a hang-over.  
(sighs)  
Are we on a boat? To where?

HADJI

We've been locked in here since  
they brought us on board. But, we  
did hear them say one thing.

JONNY

Cuba.

Race's face darkens. That is not good news.

JONNY

Who is he, Race? "Korchek"...

RACE

Ex-black ops, for the other team.  
Arms dealer. Terrorist for hire.  
Your basic bad-guy-of-all-trades.  
But, everyone thought he was dead.  
Especially me.

HADJI

You did that to him? His scar?

Race nods.

JONNY

You should've used two bullets.

RACE

It's a mistake I won't make twice.

Silence... until -- Jonny asks what's really on his mind:

JONNY

Korchek -- that weapon -- what's  
all this have to do with my dad?

Race doesn't know. And as they huddle there, alone, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COAST - NIGHT

An uninhabited peninsula, overgrown with banana trees.

SUPER: CUBA.

And beneath the ground...

INT. KORCHEK'S COMPOUND

Which we now discover is inside an old abandoned SOVIET  
MISSILE SILO. We move down the dark, dank corridor to...

QUEST'S CELL

Where Quest shields his eyes as the door opens. Face  
sallow. Eyes sunken. He's been through hell in the last  
few days. Surd wheels in, followed by his assistants.

SURD

You've been surprisingly resilient,  
Benton. Most men would've broken  
under far less duress.

QUEST

(hoarse)

You can do what you want to me,  
Jeremiah. Kill me, I don't care.  
I will never give you the code.

SURD

Never say never, old friend...

The assistants drag Quest out the door, where he sees...

INT. CORRIDOR

JONNY led in by Korchek's men, his wrists bound in high-tech handcuffs.

QUEST

Jonny?

JONNY

Dad?

The boy's face lights up. Quest tries to go to him, but, his legs are too weak. He stumbles -- Falls.

JONNY

Dad! Let me go. Let me help him!

Coming down the hall behind, with Race and Hadji in tow, is Korchek. He nods to his men. They release Jonny. The boy sprints to his father's side. Kneels beside him. Expecting to see joy in his father's eyes. Love. Something. Instead, all he sees is anger. RAGE.

QUEST

How could you do this, Jonny... ?  
Put yourself in danger like this...  
What were you thinking?

JONNY

(taken aback)  
I was -- we were just --

Quest wheels on Race, too:

QUEST

How could you let him?

Race gives no answer. Has none.

Surd wheels closer, looming over Jonny and his father.

SURD

Your father's worried, Jonny.  
That's all. He's afraid what  
happened to your mother might  
happen to you. No one wants that.

Quest looks to Surd... He will do whatever they want.

JONNY

Dad, what's he talking about?  
What's this have to do with mom?

But Benton doesn't answer. He can't bring himself to. He lets the guards haul him to his feet, marching him and the others down the corridor --

INT. SURD'S LABORATORY - DAY

Surd's assistants swarm everywhere. Preparing for the arrival of Korchek's men -- entering with the gyro-stabilized crate. Surd leads Quest and the others through the chaos. Korchek stalks behind. The silent partner.

SURD

If he won't tell you, Jonny, I will. You deserve to know the truth. Twenty years ago, your father and I were colleagues. Spearheading our country's research in weapons of mass destruction.

As he speaks, his safety-suited assistants move in, carefully un-clamping the locks that seal the crate shut.

SURD

We were tasked with identifying any and all potential threats. We studied cutting edge weaponry, natural viruses, even the occult. And it was that which led us to the legend of the Brahmastra...

Lifting off the lid, the assistants withdraw the clay urn, holding it like it's made of uranium.

SURD

The weapon of the gods. The ultimate WMD.

The assistants hand the urn -- intricately carved -- to Surd. He carries it in his lap, wheels across the lab...

SURD

Yet where your father saw only its terrible potential for destruction, I saw something else. Possibility.

... he sets the urn into a high-tech cradle. His assistants activate an array of LASER-CUTTERS -- whirling around the urn -- shaving off the clay...

SURD

Think of it. A weapon of such magnitude, if it could be harnessed -- the way we've harnessed the atomic bomb -- it could provide the world with almost limitless power.

As the clay is removed -- millimeter by millimeter -- it reveals something within, hidden in a cloud of shavings...

SURD

Free energy. No more blood spilt for oil. It would change the world. Usher in a golden age. Man would be limited only by his imagination.

JONNY

What's that have to do with my mom?

SURD

Patience, my boy. Something I've learned a great deal about over the past two decades.

The laser-cutters power down, what's left of the urn still covered in clay shavings. Assistants move in, using tiny brushes to delicately remove the debris...

SURD

Your father and I found evidence this weapon existed. Clues pointing to a location where the last living thing touched by Brahma's arrow was secreted away. Hidden in a simple clay urn.

... inside, A **FOSSILIZED LOTUS FLOWER**. Frozen in time, locked in lifeless grey stone. Delicate and beautiful.

Surd gently retrieves it. Holds it like the Holy Grail.

SURD

Yet, the brilliant Benton Quest didn't believe in my vision. He had our project shut down.

QUEST

What I believed is what I still believe. Something so powerful can never be controlled. Harnessed. It's hubris -- madness to even try.

RACE

This guy's playing pet scientist  
for Frankenstein's monster. You  
think he's sane?

SURD

(snaps)

The difference between madness and  
genius is measured only by success.

He regains his composure, carrying the lotus flower -- his  
eyes fixed on it -- to a HIGH-TECH MICROSCOPE SET-UP. As  
he sets the fossil in place, a SUPER-MAGNIFIED VIEW of it  
appears on the monitors above. Its cells. Its structure.

SURD

Jonny? Do you know what happens to  
living things -- to biological  
matter -- after thousands of years?

JONNY

They fossilize.

SURD

Precisely. Metals, minerals, over  
time, they become indivisible parts  
of the cellular structure. If the  
secrets of this Brahmastra were  
locked inside a biological  
organism, the only way to free them  
would be to reverse this process.

ON SCREEN: the sharp crystalline structure of rock and  
metal, intertwined with more spherical biological cells.

SURD

A problem -- I admit -- I could not  
solve. Fortunately, your father --  
unwittingly -- has.

His assistants wheel THE GEODIDE RAY into view.

SURD

Which brings us to your mother,  
Jonny. I knew your father was  
developing his Geodide technology,  
and -- five years ago -- I -- we --  
regrettably grew... impatient.

Jonny looks to his father -- confused -- "Is he saying what  
I think he's saying?" Benton can't even meet his eyes.

SURD

You must believe me. We only intended to take your father -- to help us -- to finish our work. No one else was supposed to get hurt.

*A FLASH -- brief, staccato blasts of memory -- of SEVEN-YEAR-OLD JONNY -- in his home -- a warm, inviting house -- SHATTERED as ARMED MEN flood inside -- GUNS BLAZING --*

*We see DR. QUEST pulling his son to safety -- covering Jonny with his own body as -- the boy screams out for...*

*A BLONDE WOMAN -- we don't see her face, but we know it's Jonny's MOTHER -- falling -- lying still on the floor.*

*And the one thing Jonny never remembered until now...*

*A FACE -- the man who shot her -- scarred and severe --*

*... KORCHEK.*

BACK TO SCENE

Jonny reels. Unable to process this. He looks to his father -- sees tears in Quest's eyes.

SURD

We've all made sacrifices. You. Me. Your mother. But, in time, you'll come to understand. This is all for the greater good.

One of Surd's assistants forces Quest toward the Ray's control console. He enters the 512-bit encryption key.

And instantly -- the RAY POWERS UP -- A BEAM OF ENERGY arcing into the stone lotus -- on screen -- we see the mineral structures EVAPORATING. Leaving only living cells.

As Surd -- carefully -- extracts one of the cells, Quest, Jonny, Race, and Hadji are ushered through a door into...

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

A high-end control hub. Covered with consoles and video screens. Dominated by a huge OBSERVATION WINDOW, made from six-inch safety glass. Currently, it's covered with a steel screen. Quest, Jonny, Hadji and Race are forced into seats. High-tech restraints snapping shut on their wrists.

Quest looks drained. Dead.

QUEST

I'm sorry, Jonny. Your mother...  
 (barely gets the words out)  
 You were right. It was my fault.

Jonny is furious. But for the first time in five years, not at his father. He looks up. Eyes HARD.

JONNY

No, dad. It was their fault.

SURD and KORCHEK arrive -- the scientist giddy with the headiness of the moment.

QUEST

You don't have to do this, Jeremiah. There's still time --

SURD

Still time? I'm on the verge of the greatest discovery in the history of man. And you want me to simply throw it away? Why?

HADJI

What you are doing is wrong. The gods never intended this weapon to be used again.

KORCHEK

Then may they strike us down for our sacrilege.  
 (smiles)  
 See? The gods want to know what'll happen just as much as we do.

Surd hits a switch, the steel screen rising up to REVEAL...

A vault-like BIO-SAFETY LAB. The type of chamber where scientists work with the most dangerous materials our world has ever known -- Ebola virus. Anthrax. VX nerve gas.

And now... A single cell... containing the Brahmastra.

Korchek watches as Surd directs his assistants -- suited-up in fully-enclosed bio-containment suits -- via an intercom.

SURD

Initiate test alpha-one. Now.

As Surd's men leap into action -- Jonny looks to Hadji...

JONNY

This thing, this weapon -- what is  
it really, Hadji?

HADJI

(softly)

The wrath of god.

On the monitors -- we see Surd's assistants insert the cell -- contained in a tiny glass vial -- into a high-tech thermal heater. As the temperature climbs -- 65 C -- 75 --

SURD

Proceed to the activation  
temperature for subject A.

They connect the heating device to a vacuum valve on the side a plexiglas "cage," containing several scuttling COCKROACHES. Air whooshes as it twists in -- creating a perfect seal between the heater and the cage. The temperature reaches 100 C, and the heater WHOOSHES open.

At first, nothing happens.

Then, one of the cockroaches starts to tremble. Its tiny antennae twitching, as if stirring in some invisible wind.

Soon, all of the cockroaches have begun to shiver. Tiny legs trembling. The walls of the plexiglas cage flexing -- almost breathing -- in and out. Faster and faster. The plastic chamber dancing atop the lab table as it vibrates.

A SOUND -- like buzzing bees, but rolling like thunder -- it rises over the intercom... louder and louder, until THE SPEAKERS BLOWOUT, silencing it. And in that silence...

A tiny SPARK -- like a microscopic firefly -- flits around the interior of the cage... circling the roaches until --

KORCHEK

Let there be light.

IT STRIKES. Like TEN THOUSAND ARROWS MADE OF LIGHTNING.

Blindingly brilliant, moving faster than fast, it BLASTS the roaches away -- blowing them apart -- atom by atom -- striking again and again, turning them to fluttering ash.

It's beautiful and horrific all at once. And it doesn't stop there.

The light -- the Brahmastra -- seems to swell inside the plexiglas cage. Growing brighter. Faster. Throwing itself against its confines with incredible force, until --

The plexiglas BURSTS into jagged pieces -- the arrows of light SWEEPING ACROSS THE BIO-SAFETY LAB, obliterating everything in their path. Equipment melts, test tubes shatter and liquefy -- the assistants flee for the exits --

But, the Brahmastra expands like the shock-wave of a nuclear holocaust, tiny glowing arrowheads piercing their suits -- turning their bodies to ash -- still inside...

Their screams silent behind the safety glass. It all happens in one brief moment. So bright it's hard to watch, but impossible to look away. Then, a heart-beat later --

The light fades. The Brahmastra dissipates, as if it were never there, and all that's left are wafting flecks of ash.

The observation room is silent. Stunned.

KORCHEK

Congratulations, doctor. You've done it.

Surd is beside himself. Unprepared for what he witnessed.

SURD

There's still much to do. I promise you, this power -- it can be harnessed. I just need the time to study it. To, to...

A SHOT rings out. A mist of blood blossoming from Surd's breast. Confusion clouds his face -- just for a moment --

Then he collapses out of his chair. Dead.

Korchek holsters his gun. Steps over Surd to the intercom:

KORCHEK

Initiate stage two.

Outside the observation room, in the main lab, Korchek's men instantly spring into action. With QUICK BURSTS from their guns, they EXECUTE every one of Surd's assistants.

Then, Korchek's men transfer the remainder of the Brahmastra cells into a portable containment unit.

Quest looks from Surd's body to Korchek. Not surprised.

QUEST

You never intended to let him complete his research, did you? You never wanted this weapon harnessed for the "good of man."

KORCHEK

A weapon's purpose is destruction, Dr. Quest. If the gods created this, that's how they intended it to be used. I am merely a servant of their will.

RACE

Yeah, you're a regular saint.

JONNY

What are you gonna do with it?

Outside the lab, they can see Korchek's men carrying the Brahmastra to a side door -- Korchek hits a few keys and on monitors, a very familiar image appears. A MIRV warhead.

The same warhead Race let him escape with in the Ukraine.

KORCHEK

The problem with the world today isn't a lack of faith. It is a lack of fear. True fear. Of power beyond our feeble guns. Our piddling bombs. Of power divine.

Korchek's men insert the container into the weapon load of the warhead. Locking it in place. Then, a mechanical arm seizes the MIRV, transporting it down a cement tunnel to...

... An INTERCONTINENTAL BALLISTIC MISSILE.

Apparently this silo isn't as nonfunctional as it appeared.

Fuel lines run to its boosters. A haze of mist envelops the shaft -- it's prepped and ready to fly. The warhead is deposited into a mechanical elevator, which rises quickly to the top. Where its Brahmastra payload will be loaded.

Korchek shows them a REMOTE LAUNCH CONTROL.

KORCHEK

Now, I have that power.

HADJI

You plan to use it against people?

KORCHEK

Once I release the footage of that test, I won't have to. Every country in the world will empty its coffers to buy its safety. Think of it. Armed with the weapon of the gods, I will accomplish what no man ever has. I will become the world's first one-man super-power. As is my destiny. As I was chosen.

JONNY

You're nuts.

KORCHEK

Was Napoleon? Was Genghis Khan?  
Was Alexander the Great?

RACE

Yeah, they were.

KORCHEK

And yet, even they never dreamed of power like this.

SUDDENLY, WARNING LIGHTS FLASH on the control console. An alarm BEEPS, insistent. Annoyed, Korchek turns to his men.

KORCHEK

What is that?

They don't need to answer. Inside the Bio-Safety lab, he can instantly see that something is very, very, VERY wrong.

The air is stirring, CRACKLING with light, like the inside of a lightning storm, an electron buzzing around an atom...

Korchek throws one of his men aside, studying the read-outs himself. Internal pressure is rising into the RED. Korchek swivels his gun toward Quest --

KORCHEK

What's happening?

QUEST

This power, it can't be controlled.  
It can't be contained. Not by  
Surd, and certainly not by you.

The CONTAINMENT ALARM starts to WAIL -- we can see hairline cracks appearing across the safety glass. Korchek closes the steel screen -- but it begins to blossom out. Giving.

RACE

I think what he's trying to say is:  
you screwed with something you  
shouldn't have screwed with. Now,  
you're screwed.

With a concussive blast, a deafening WAIL -- the door to  
the containment lab -- leading back into the main lab --

BLASTS OFF ITS HINGES. The Brahmastra SWEEPS OUT into the  
main complex. Moving across it like death made manifest.

Striking like lightning. Howling like a thousand  
hurricanes. Korchek's men try to run, but they're blasted  
apart before our eyes -- BLOWN TO ASHES. Their guns  
clatter to the floor. Their screams lost in the howl of  
the weapon -- rushing past like a gale force wind.

Seeing this from inside the observation room, Korchek's  
face goes pale. Afraid. His gun goes to Jonny's head.

KORCHEK

(to Quest)

FIX THIS. NOW!

And that's when Race moves -- a blinding blur, his foot  
KICKING OUT -- knocking the pistol out of Korchek's hand.

Korchek's guards go for their rifles -- but, Race is too  
fast -- too good -- out of his seat, taking them down with  
vicious punches and judo throws. He jams one through a  
console, killing the siren. Wheels on Korchek -- but --

Korchek is gone... sprinting out an escape hatch. A steel  
door SLAMMING SHUT behind him. Eletromag locks sealing it.

Race moves quickly, working at Jonny's restraints first.

He uses a high-tech LOCK-PICK, small as a mailbox key, but  
bristling with attachments. And oddly, caked with dried  
rust-colored GUNK. Jonny's shackles instantly pop open.

JONNY

(amazed)

Where'd you get that?

Race pulls back his collar, shows the wound where Jade  
stabbed him. We can tell that's where he extracted it.

HADJI

From Jade?

RACE

She knew it was the only place they  
wouldn't search.

JONNY

Man, you guys have a messed up  
relationship.

RACE

Tell me about it.

He moves on to Hadji, Quest, freeing them too. Quest  
quickly moves to the door Korchek disappeared through --

HADJI

I don't suppose Jade's device will  
work on that as well?

QUEST

(shakes no)

It's magnetically locked. I opened  
one before. Took me twelve hours.

RACE

Doc, we barely have twelve seconds.

The Brahmastra swirls behind the door to the lab --  
tendrils of the light seeping through cracks in the steel.

JONNY

What do we do?

It looks like they're done for, until --

-- KORCHEK'S ESCAPE DOOR SUDDENLY UNLOCKS AND SLIDES OPEN.

SURD clings to the console, his finger on the code pad. It  
seems to be taking all his strength to hold himself steady.

Not one to look a gift-horse in the mouth, Race grabs one  
of the guard's guns. Hurries Jonny and Hadji to the door.

RACE

Come on. Go! We gotta leave now.

But, Quest is waiting for Surd. The man killed his wife,  
but, his innate goodness won't let him leave Surd behind.

QUEST

Jeremiah. Come with us. Please.

Surd shakes his head, a splotch of blood at his lips.

SURD

The door can only be sealed from the inside. It'll buy you a little more time.

QUEST

Jeremiah --

SURD

I'm sorry. I know it doesn't make up for what I've done. But... I pray you can.

Race grabs Quest's shoulder --

RACE

Doc, we don't go now, we don't go.

Quest nods. He and Race hurry through the door as Surd seals it behind them. The last thing they see -- as the door slams shut -- is the Brahmastra BURST through the safety glass. Reducing Surd's body to a cloud of ashes.

INT. KORCHEK'S COMPOUND - CORRIDOR - DAY

Jonny, Hadji, Quest and Race sprint down the shadowy hall. Behind them, the door to the observation room balloons out, steel buckling as the pressure inside continues to grow...

RACE

Korchek must have an escape route somewhere. We gotta find it fast.

JONNY

How?

Jonny rounds the corner -- just as a BARRAGE OF BULLETS ricochets off the wall near his head -- Quest and Race both pull him back, almost at the same time.

HADJI

I'd guess we go in the direction they don't want us to?

RACE

Good guess.

AROUND THE CORNER, a pair of Korchek's mercs have taken up firing positions next to a sealed door. One more step, and the Quest team would have stumbled right into a kill-zone.

Race peeks his head out -- jerking back as more SHOTS FIRE.

JONNY  
 (again)  
 How?

Deep breath -- Race bursts around the corner, his gun blazing. The mercs -- taken by surprise -- try to fire back -- but Race is too fast and too good. BLAM! BLAM! Drops them with a headshot each. Jonny is impressed.

JONNY  
 Wow.

RACE  
 Don't tell anyone, but I kinda had my eyes closed.

The team races toward the door, sliding open to reveal...

A THIRD MERC. His sidearm aimed straight at Race's face.

Race doesn't even have time to blink when --

BLAM! The merc's head jerks to the side and he collapses like a broken doll. Smoke curls from the barrel of a gun, held in the hand of... JADE.

RACE  
 You're late.

JADE  
 I'm never late. You just get in trouble too early.  
 (re: behind her)  
 Come on. Korchek went this way.

As they run, Jonny and Hadji stare at Jade, amazed looks...

JONNY  
 How'd you find us?

JADE  
 I've been shadowing Korchek's ship since Moy Tu. Handing you over was the only way to save your lives.

HADJI  
 (in love)  
 I knew you wouldn't betray us.

RACE  
 I wasn't so sure.

She runs next to Race, notes the blood on his shoulder.

JADE  
So, you found my little gift?

RACE  
Yeah. Remind me to return the  
favor, when we get outta here.

Behind them, they hear the observation room door BLAST  
OPEN. The moan of the Brahmastra shrieking into the hall.

RACE  
If we get outta here.

JADE  
What was that?

RACE  
Tell you on the way. Go!

They sprint through the door, as the tendrils of light  
close in behind them. Jade hits the button, sealing it --  
-- seconds before the Brahmastra can reach it. The metal  
instantly begins to melt and buckle and give way...

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - DAY

The Quest team hustles down another hallway, heading toward  
a set of huge double doors. The doors open to REVEAL...

INT. AN UNDERGROUND HANGAR

A massive subterranean chamber, every inch of floor-space  
covered with the latest in high-tech vehicles, in various  
states of completion. Part garage, part laboratory. This  
was where Surd perfected his inventions for Korchek.

QUEST  
Surd must have something here we  
can use to escape.

They see hovercraft prototypes, cutter precursors, and...

A HYPER-MODERN JET

Sleek. Like nothing we've seen before. Clearly this is  
the prototype / inspiration for Surd's Trojan Horse ship.

It's a VERTOL JET, VERTical Take-Off and Landing -- like a  
Harrier and -- at the moment -- it's powering up...

KORCHEK stands near the plane, hunkered over a control console. He hits a few keys as -- overhead -- a set of HUGE HANGAR DOORS starts to open.

He sees them just as they see him. Bringing his auto-pistol up, FIRING. Backing toward the jet's cargo ramp.

QUEST

That jet's our only way out.

RACE

Then we're gonna be on it. When I say run...

KA-CHUNK! Race slams in a clip -- OPENS FIRE on Korchek, pinning him down, keeping him away from the ramp.

RACE

Run.

The Quest team makes a break for it, dodging through the hangar, making their way toward the jet's access ramp...

Korchek tries to draw a bead on them, but -- A BARRAGE from Race forces him to take cover behind a helicopter chassis.

By the time he comes up to fire again -- Race has closed the gap between them. RUSHING him.

Korchek tries to get off a shot, but --

Race BROAD TACKLES him, sending their weapons skittering across the floor, out of reach.

They roll across the hangar floor -- until Korchek flips Race over his shoulder. They both regain their feet at the same time. Squaring off. Mano-a-mano.

The two men join in full-on, balls-out, one-on-one combat. No guns. No gadgets. This is a battle, up close and personal, waged by two men trained -- and born -- to kill.

WHILE, INSIDE THE JET --

Quest and Jade usher Hadji and Jonny inside. Jonny is hesitant to board.

JONNY

What about Race?

JADE

Race can take care of himself.

Quest moves toward the cockpit. Manning the controls.

QUEST

I'll have us ready for lift-off in  
one minute.

JONNY

Race better take care of himself  
quick.

A HUGE WRENCH SMASHES DOWN ON RACE'S ARM --

Raised just in time to block it from bashing his head.  
Probably broke some bones, but Race fights on, twisting the  
wrench out of Korchek's hand. Breaking a few fingers.

Behind them, the plane's engines start to power up...

JET-WASH blasting out the back, whipping their clothes and  
hair, buffeting the two men as they continue to battle.

Korchek aims a kick at Race's head -- but, Race ducks --  
GRABS his leg and SWINGS HIM, like a sack of potatoes --

WHAM! Into the side of a mini-sub. Korchek lands in a  
heap. Gasp. Wind knocked out of him.

RACE

That was for the kid.

But, Korchek climbs back up... the ICBM REMOTE in hand.

KORCHEK

Listen to me. Either you let me on  
that jet or I launch --

AN UPPERCUT SNAPS HIS HEAD BACK. Race didn't even wait for  
him to finish. The remote skips across the hangar floor...

... coming to stop next to Korchek's gun. He scrambles  
after it, hands and knees. Race is about to give chase --

JONNY

RACE!

He sees Jonny on the jet's ramp, the engines shifting down  
into VERTOL mode, the plane lifting shakily off the ground.

JONNY

Come on! There's no time!

He's right. Fissures of light are blossoming on the door  
to the hangar. The unstoppable Brahmastra BLASTING INSIDE.

Race runs -- leaps -- grabs hold of the cargo ramp just as the jet lifts off...

The blast from its engines pushing the Brahmastra back...

KORCHEK -- seeing his chance to escape soaring toward the roof -- climbs up a scaffold -- makes a desperate leap --

-- While Jonny hurries to help Race, clinging to the ramp as the jet continues to rise higher.

JONNY

Race! Here, take my hand!

Race seizes it. Hadji, Jade hurry to help pull him in...

And just as he makes it, he finds --

THE BARREL OF AN AUTO-PISTOL in his face. Korchek, gun in one hand, remote in the other. He's made it into the jet.

KORCHEK

You couldn't kill me then. You can't kill me now. I told you. I was chosen. Chosen to survive!

He places the pistol to Race's forehead. About to fire.

RACE

If you believe that, Korchek...

Race -- lightning quick -- GRABS the stock of the pistol, YANKS OUT the KATAR and -- PLUNGES it in Korchek's chest.

RACE

... Let's see you do it again.

A look of confusion comes over Korchek's face as he topples back off the ramp... Plummeting down... down... down...

... into the gathering lightning storm of the Brahmastra.

The massive, malevolent cloud seems to "catch" him in mid-air, its tendrils invading his nostrils, his eyes, the pores on his skin, devouring his body from the inside out.

As his body is consumed, the last thing that remains is HIS HAND. Still gripping the ICBM remote. Perhaps by some random muscle twitch, or perhaps by intention, his finger tightens on the trigger. The remote's light turns GREEN...

EXT. HANGAR - DAY

The jet rockets out of the hangar doors. The flames from its afterburners **BLASTING DOWN** on the escaping Brahmastra, the heat so intense it burns up the cloud, vaporizing it.

They made it, they did it, but before they can celebrate --

A CIRCULAR BUNKER OPENS from the mountainside beneath them.

**THE ICBM -- armed with the Brahmastra -- ROCKETS OUT, BLASTING PAST THEM -- heading for the blue sky above.**

INT. JET - DAY

Stunned silence, as they watch the missile's contrail streaking into the sky.

RACE

(to Quest)

This thing have a radio?

INT. INTELLIGENCE ONE H.Q. - DAY

Corvin is feeding Bandit a doggy snack, making kissy-faces, when Roberts bursts in the door. One look, and Corvin can tell this is important. She follows Roberts out into --

COMMAND CONTROL

-- Where her agents wait at their stations, eerily silent.

CORVIN

Bannon's broadcasting? What is it?

INDIAN AGENT

It's bad, ma'am.

CORVIN

How bad?

NERDY AGENT

Armageddon bad. "I am become  
Death, destroyer of worlds" bad.  
Holy crap we're all gonna die bad.  
Ma'am.

Bandit whines.

INT. JET - DAY

Race -- listening intently to the headset -- his face darkens. He pulls off the earphones. Turns to the others.

RACE

They've analyzed the ICBM's trajectory. It'll detonate over the eastern seaboard in twenty-seven minutes. They're scrambling missile defenses, but...

JONNY

They won't make it in time?

Race shakes his head. Not even close.

HADJI

There is nothing we can do?

QUEST (O.S.)

That may not be entirely true.

He looks up from the jet's control panel --

QUEST

This jet, its propulsion technology -- it's similar to what Surd used in his Trojan Horse, but... beyond even that. The potential thrust is off the charts. Jeremiah always had a brilliant mind for aeronautics.

JADE

What does all that mean?

QUEST

It means we might have a chance.

He looks to Race. Race nods.

RACE

Everyone. Strap in.

Quest's fingers fly over the controls, and as they do --

The jet starts to TRANSFORM. In mid-air, it shifts into hyper-speed mode, louvered panels sliding aside to reveal... A ROCKET WITH WINGS.

Race slips into the control seat beside Quest. Checks to make sure everybody is strapped in behind him.

RACE

Let's see what this baby can do.

A NEW THROTTLE rises out of the console. He eases it back.

EXT. JET - DAY

Blink and the JET IS GONE. Dwindling into the sky. Forget super-sonic, this thing's almost faster than light. Okay, that's hyperbole, but... it's REALLY, REALLY FAST.

INT. COCKPIT

Jonny's cheeks flap in the mind-blowing G forces...

JONNY

This. Is. Awesome!

The ICBM appears as a blip on a 3D RADAR DISPLAY, arcing through the skies. Nearing the apex of its trajectory.

QUEST

If my calculations are correct, we'll intercept the ICBM in nineteen minutes, twelve seconds. Here, on its downward trajectory, three miles off the coast.

RACE

What do we do when we intercept it?

JADE

Doesn't this thing have any weapons? Guns? Anything?

QUEST

(scanning the systems)  
Not installed.

RACE

Perfect. Then you've got...  
(checks the clock)  
... Eighteen minutes to come up with a better plan than us stopping that missile by flying into it.  
Good luck, doc.

Quest unstraps, hurries across the cabin -- vibrating with the strain of their speed -- heading toward the cargo hold.

QUEST

(to Jade)  
If you'll assist me, madam?

JADE

Finally, someone who knows how to talk to a lady.

She unstraps and follows. Only Jonny and Hadji are left.

JONNY

What should we do?

RACE

Pray.

Hadji already is.

INT. CARGO HOLD

Apparently, this was some kind of mobile workshop for Surd. Crates are stacked everywhere -- random pieces of electronics, wires, circuit boards spilling out. Jade stares at all of this -- and it's too much to even process.

JADE

Where do we even start?

But -- creating order from chaos, seeing solutions where others can't, that's Benton Quest's gift.

His eyes take in a tank of CO2. A disassembled computer. One of Surd's spider robots, lying on a worktable with its electronic innards exposed. And a half dozen other things that we can't even keep up with. Lightning quick.

QUEST

(pointing)

Get me that. That. One of those.

A soldering iron. And as much strong rope as you can find.

As Jade springs into action...

INT. COCKPIT

Quest sits with Race, talking quietly. Jonny struggles to eavesdrop. But the roar of the engines makes it difficult.

QUEST

It's dangerous. Bordering on insane.

RACE

Sounds like my kinda plan. What's the problem?

QUEST

It'll take all of us to pull it off. You, Jade, me. There'll be no one left to fly the plane.

RACE  
Autopilot?

QUEST  
Probably scheduled to go in with  
the guns.

As they contemplate -- a voice PIPES UP...

JONNY  
I can fly it.

They both turn to look at him. He's intimidated with their eyes on him, but Jonny screws up his courage.

JONNY  
You said you need someone to fly  
the jet. I'll do it. I can do it.

QUEST  
Absolutely not.

JONNY  
But dad --

QUEST  
Lives are at stake, Jonny. This  
isn't a game.

JONNY  
I know that, I --

QUEST  
No. End of discussion.

Jonny looks to Race... pleading.

RACE  
I say we give the kid a shot. What  
else have we got to lose?

QUEST  
You'd trust your life to him? The  
lives of millions? Tens of  
millions?

RACE  
Over the last few days, I've seen  
your son pilot just about  
everything that drives, floats, or  
flies. If I'm better than him,  
it's damn close. I would trust him  
without a moment's hesitation.

Quest looks from Race to Jonny. Inscrutable. Finally...

QUEST

Then show my son the controls.

He goes, placing a hand on Jonny's shoulder as he does. The look between them, it conveys a lot. Trust. Love. But, it only lasts a moment. That's all there's time for.

Quest heads to the rear and Jonny takes the driver's seat.

HADJI

What should I do?

JONNY

Pray harder, Hadji. Pray as hard as you can.

EXT. ICBM - DAY

The missile streaks through the upper atmosphere. As it reaches its apex and begins its descent, we notice something strange. Its nose cone seems to GLOW, slivers of light blossoming from the metal... forming IMAGES. FACES, like the Hindu cave carvings. Frozen in silent screams.

As the missile plummets toward the coast of Florida, the sound of its boosters becoming an eerie, unearthly HOWL...

INT. JET - DAY

Jonny can just make it out -- bright as a shooting star -- blazing across the sky. He pushes the jet for all it's worth. White-knuckling the stick.

JONNY

(into headset)

You guys ready back there? Dad?

CARGO HOLD

Sparks fly as Quest wields his soldering iron, putting the finishing touches on something we can't quite see.

QUEST

I need two minutes.

JONNY (ON RADIO)

No problem. I'll tell the missile to slow down. Race? You ready?

Jade straps Race into a harness -- one of the harnesses the frogmen used on Palm Key -- attached to a coil of ROPE.

RACE

As long as nobody reminds me what  
I'm about to do.

Quest waves Race over. The solder's still hot on the  
DEVICE he's building, but it's as ready as it'll ever be.

QUEST

I was able to splice in the  
targeting system from one of Surd's  
robots -- it should lock on, but  
you're gonna have to get it close,  
keep it steady, and fire it  
manually.

RACE

Just show me which button to push.

Quest and Jade lift the device together, strapping it to  
Race's shoulder -- an odd cluster of wires blossoming from  
the CO2 cannister. It looks unmistakable like a CANNON, a  
tiny targeting monitor soldered to the barrel.

JADE

Try not to screw this up.

RACE

(grins)  
Thanks for the pep talk.

SUDDENLY, WIND RUSHES IN as -- the REAR CARGO RAMP begins  
to OPEN, Quest manning the controls.

QUEST

(into headset)  
We're ready back here. Now, get us  
in range. You can do it, Jonny.

EXT. JET - DAY

The jet screams across the water, its afterburners cutting  
a wake through the sparkling waves.

IN THE COCKPIT

Jonny is the picture of focus, not about to let them down.  
This is the most frightening -- and exhilarating -- moment  
of his life. But, it's a lot to handle.

JONNY

Please, God, let me do this right.  
Or gods. Or, whoever's listening.

The only one there is Hadji -- his eyes shut, his hands clasped before him, his lips silently muttering... *sim... sim sala... sim sala bim...*

As he chants, a wind rises around him, stirring his clothes, surrounding him in a haze of FAINT GLOWING LIGHT.

EXT. ICBM - DAY

The missile dives toward the ocean, nosing up at the last second, screaming past above the waves, zeroing in on its target... MIAMI.

The Jet follows -- the burn from its engines as brilliant as a supernova...

JONNY

mans the stick like it's part of him. Squeezing every ounce of speed out of the aircraft...

THE JET pulls into the missile's contrail, its smoke billowing past them -- enveloping the windshield -- then --

Jonny pulls even with it. Passing it.

Now, he's leading the ICBM. Speeding low above the water, straight for the skyscraper skyline of Miami beach. Rushing closer. Closer every second.

JONNY

(into headset:)

In position! Race, you're up!

IN THE CARGO HOLD

Race stands huddled at the front of the hold, holding onto whatever he can. The ramp is now open and the rush of wind is amazing. Deafening. We can see the nose of the missile, rocketing about a hundred yards behind them --

A hand-signal from Quest. "Go!"

A brief look of "What the hell am I doing?" crosses Race's face, then he slings the makeshift cannon onto his shoulder and steps away from the wall --

The WIND instantly seizes him, pulling him toward the open ramp. Luckily --

-- THE ROPE goes TAUT, the harness around his waist keeping him from flying out the back.

Its other end is tethered near Jade, who carefully lets out slack as Race makes his way toward the end of the ramp... Step by step. While...

IN THE COCKPIT

Miami nears... you can almost see the bikinis from here.

RACE

reaches the end of his rope, his toes hanging ten off the edge of the ramp. He swings up the weapon's barrel, struggling to aim in the incredible wind.

The targeting display swims before him. He tries to put the reticle on the missile, but the display keeps flashing:

NO LOCK. NO LOCK. NO LOCK.

RACE  
(into headset)  
It's not locking on! I can't get a  
lock!

IN THE COCKPIT

They're coming up on Miami. Speeding toward the beach. Passing over yachts and sport fishing boats.

JONNY  
Try harder! We're running out of  
ocean here! Fifteen seconds out!

Behind him, Hadji HOVERS above his seat. His GLOW has intensified. Spreading across the cockpit. Jonny's too focused on flying to notice it...

CARGO HOLD

But, it's spreading here, too. Faintly. Creeping across the walls, the floor, stretching out from the front of the plane to the back... to Race...

JONNY (ON RADIO)  
Ten seconds!

Race struggles to aim. He holds the weapon as still as he can. The glow surrounds Race, almost invisible in the rushing wind and, suddenly --

JONNY (ON RADIO)  
FIVE!

LOCK! LOCK! LOCK!

RACE

I got lock!

He pulls the trigger -- KA-FOOSH! The cannon FIRES, spewing a cloud of frozen CO2 -- a PROJECTILE EXPLODES out of the barrel, arcing across the sky -- closing the gap between the ramp and the missile -- in mid-air --

BLOSSOMING WITH SIX SPINDLY METAL LEGS.

One leg LATCHES onto the ICBM's nose cone -- allowing the SPIDER-BOT to pull itself onto the speeding missile. Its thread-thin legs snaking into its circuitry, REPROGRAMMING IT -- OVERRIDING its GUIDANCE CONTROL --

RACE

Hit! HIT!

-- JONNY yanks the stick -- peeling the jet away, just as --

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - DAY

Sunbathers stare, point, as the ICBM SCREAMS toward them --

Changing course at the last possible second --

ROCKETING UP, UP, UP...

... Where it EXPLODES in the upper atmosphere.

A BLAZE OF LIGHT as BRIGHT as a thousand suns shining together. And within the cloud of smoke and coruscating dust that expands in its aftermath, we see something within it... beautiful and terrible... and undeniably unearthly.

Just for a moment, so quick, we think we might've imagined it -- we see the face of god. And then... GONE.

All that's left is the SHOCK WAVE, rippling across the sky.

INT. JET - VARIOUS - DAY

The Quest team watches through the open cargo door -- through the windshield -- Ecstatic. They did it! Jonny lets out a whoop! Hadji opens his eyes, dropping six inches back into his seat. Exhausted. But beaming.

Quest powers the ramp shut. Jade reels Race back in. She grabs his harness, yanking him in close for a kiss, when --

THE SHOCK WAVE hits them like a MACK TRUCK --

IN THE COCKPIT, WARNING ALARMS WAIL. The DIALS GO DARK. Jonny struggles with stick, but... it's not responding.

He's lost all control.

Race RUNS through the cabin -- tailed by Jade and Quest -- leaps into the copilot seat -- seizing the second stick --

JONNY

I... I can't -- it's not responding. The engines are dead --

RACE

Okay. It's okay, Jonny, I'm here.

But, it's not okay -- THEY'RE DROPPING LIKE A STONE.

Race flips switches, trying to get the engines going -- no luck. The switches are dead. Through the windshield, the ocean rushes up to meet them -- closer -- closer -- Quest hops on the console -- his fingers flying over the keys --

RACE

Doc, can you get the engines up?  
The gear?

QUEST

Not responding. The circuits are fried... wait. I can get some control restored. And airbrakes. But, that's it.

HADJI

What does that mean?

RACE

Means we're in for an interesting landing. Okay everyone, strap in. Tight as you can.

(to Jonny)

I'm gonna need your help on this, kid. Do what I say when I say --

JONNY

-- and we'll get along just fine?

Race grins. Damn it, but he likes this kid.

RACE

When I say pull up, pull up with all you've got. We're setting this sucker down in one piece.

The ocean looms closer -- blasting toward them at incredible speed -- they can see the white peaks of the waves -- the tiny islands of Florida's keys --

Knowing this might be the last chance he gets, Jonny calls:

JONNY

Dad? I'm sorry. For...  
everything. I love you.

QUEST

I love you too, Jonny.

A moment as their eyes connect -- father and son -- then --

RACE

Here we go... PULL UP. NOW!

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The jet SCREAMS out of the sky, airbrakes deployed -- shuddering as they blast through the wind -- one of the brakes SHEERS OFF -- fluttering away behind -- as the metal bird noses up -- right before it HITS THE WATER --

A MASSIVE SPLASH, as the jet skips across the waves like a thrown stone...

IN THE COCKPIT

Race wrestles the controls -- Jonny too -- the windshield SHATTERS IN -- water hitting them like a firehose -- there's little they can do now but hold on and hope.

THE JET CAREENS through the water -- clipping jagged rocks and reefs -- RIPPING GAPING HOLES in the cabin walls --

Sand SPRAYS IN as they skew sideways -- ROLLING -- end over end -- then TREES -- PALM TREES -- snapping under its weight -- and finally, after what seems like an eternity...

The fuselage grinds to a slow, shuddering STOP.

EXT. JET - DAY

RACE'S HAND appears from the hole where the windshield was. Pulls himself out. And what he sees outside...

Are white sand beaches. Lush green foliage. Paradise.

PALM KEY. They made it. They're alive. They're home.

Race looks back to make sure everyone's okay. A little worse for wear, but everyone seems fine. With one noticeable exception...

Jonny.

He's GONE. His seat empty. A GIANT HOLE GAPING beside it.

QUEST

JONNY!

EXT. PALM KEY - DAY

An I-1 HELICOPTER sets down on the helipad. Corvin and Roberts step out, followed closely by Bandit. The second the dog hits the sand, he perks up. Sensing something.

He dashes out ahead of them, hurrying toward --

THE CRASH SITE

Where Quest, Race, Hadji and Jade are climbing out of the downed craft, frantically searching for Jonny. Calling out for him. Fearing the worst.

Bandit scampers into the waves. Emerging with something clenched in his teeth...

Jonny's collar. With Jonny attached. Sputtering and soaking wet, but alive.

Quest runs to his son, grabs him in a bear hug, holding on for dear life. Jonny hugs him back. Dazed from the crash.

JONNY

I think we broke the plane, dad.

QUEST

(laughs)

Don't worry. I can fix it.

Bandit licks Jonny's face. As he wrestles with his dog, Jonny sees Hadji watching. Feeling out of place. Jonny leads his dad and his dog over to him.

JONNY

Dad? This is Hadji. Hadji, this is my dad. Hadji's gonna come stay with us, okay?

QUEST

(he bows to the boy)  
*Namaste*, Hadji. You can stay with  
 us as long as you like.

As if to make it official, Bandit leaps on the Hindu boy, licking his face. As Hadji laughs, feeling like he truly belongs. For the first time in a long time...

Race watches from the beach. Grinning, despite himself.

Jade watches him.

JADE

I never thought I'd see the day.  
 Race Bannon goes soft. And over a  
 kid, no less.

RACE

I hate kids.

She laughs. He turns. Earnest, maybe for the first time.

RACE

You know -- this probably sounds  
 crazy -- but... why couldn't we go  
 soft together? Here. We got sand.  
 Surf. Flaming wreckage. What more  
 could we want?

For a moment, she seems to be considering it, but, then...

JADE

It's tempting, I admit, but...  
 Race, the only children I could  
 stand being around would be my own.  
 (leans closer, whispers)  
 When I'm ready for that, I'll know  
 where to find you.

He pulls her into a KISS, breathtaking against the pink hue of the setting sun. Then... as they come up for air...

She turns and goes. To where, we don't know... but, we know we'll see her again. After all, Jade's a survivor.

Finally, Corvin and Roberts make their way down the beach, flanked by agents. They hurry over to Quest and Race, shaking hands, congratulating.

CORVIN

You did it, Bannon. Dr. Quest.  
The country -- the world owes you  
both a debt of gratitude.

RACE

Not just us. We had some help.

Quest couldn't agree more. Jonny and Hadji exchange a  
look. Proud. But, the congratulations are short lived.

There's something else on the agents' minds. Corvin and  
Roberts pull Quest aside. Their voices low:

ROBERTS

We realize the timing isn't ideal --

CORVIN

(brushes her lackey aside)  
Look, we've found... well, we're  
not sure what it is. But, we need  
you to examine it immediately. If  
you're up to it.

Quest considers, then nods.

QUEST

I'll need a team.

ROBERTS

You'll have the best. I-1. CIA.  
NSA. Military. Whatever you need.

As Quest looks toward Jonny, Hadji, Race, and Bandit, we...

SMASH CUT TO:

THE QUEST TEAM

strapped into the cockpit of the refurbished jet. Race  
yanks the throttle. The aircraft ROCKETS at incredible  
speed. Taking off from an underground runway, emerging --

EXT. PALM KEY - DAY

From a hangar hidden in the side of a cliff. The sleek,  
shining hull of their new QUEST JET flashing past,  
emblazoned with a giant letter "Q".

And as they skim low across the water, dwindling off into  
the sunset, we...

FADE OUT. ... For now.