

Payload
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. RAILROAD BED -- NORTH GEORGIA-- NIGHT

The moonless night sky is ablaze with stars.

Pine trees dance in the breeze.

An owl HOOTS its presence. An animal SCREECHES in a death grip of a predator.

Fireflies' green-tinged lights blink among the dense pine trees lining the rail bed.

Five of the green-tinged lights begin to move simultaneously.

The lights, attached to shadows, emerge from the trees.

The shadows morph into five men dressed in night camouflage who descend soundlessly from the trees onto the railroad track bed.

They wear military helmets with night vision scopes attached. Their faces are smeared with night camouflage paint. No insignia adorns their uniforms.

Four men carry long steel pry bars.

The LEADER hand signals the men. Silently, the four men move and stand next to a rail.

The four place the pry bars under the bolts holding down the ends of the rail. The leader stands at mid-rail with the men watching him.

The Leader looks at his watch. A TRAIN HORN is heard in the distance.

EXT. TRAIN -- CONTINUOUS

A freight train is approaching a small town and moving steady.

INT. TRAIN CAB -- CONTINUOUS

The ENGINEER looks at the speed gauges. He checks his watch.

The BRAKEMAN sees a signal light pass.

BRAKEMAN

'Bout a mile out.

The engineer pulls the throttle.

The speedometer needle slowly moves from forty miles per hour to thirty.

He reaches up and presses the horn button.

EXT. RAILROAD BED -- CONTINUOUS

The train horn BLARES again.

The Leader holds out his right hand. He holds up three fingers. The men adjust the pry bars.

The Leader holds up one finger. Two fingers. Three fingers.

All four men press down on the pry bars. Metal spikes screech. The men stop.

The train horn BLARES, sounding closer.

EXT. TRAIN CAB -- CONTINUOUS

The engineer releases the horn button.

ENGINEER

You think we're wakin' up anybody?

BRAKEMAN

Maybe. But there isn't much happening in Burton 'round this time of night.

EXT. RAILROAD BED -- CONTINUOUS

The Leader checks his watch. He holds up three fingers and wags them rapidly. The men nod silently.

The Leader holds up one finger. Two fingers. Three fingers.

The men press down again. Three of the bolts slowly pull out of the ties. They make a SOUND like a cork being pulled out of a bottle. The fourth bolt SCREECHES but doesn't come out.

The train horn BLARES.

The Leader points to one of the men and signals. A second team member goes over and places his pry bar under the pry bar of the team member standing there.

The train horn BLARES, loud and close.

The train's headlight is seen as it comes around the bend.

The Leader shakes off the men. He signals. They rapidly climb the railroad bank and melt back into the trees.

The Leader picks up the free end of the rail and swings it perpendicular to the rail.

He climbs the railroad bank and disappears into the trees. The tiny lights disappear.

EXT. BURTON CROSSING -- CONTINUOUS

The railroad crossing lights begin to blink. The warning bell starts dinging. The gates on each side of the crossing slowly lower across the road.

Only a stray dog is walking near the tracks.

The train rushes by the crossing, horn blaring. The dog jumps at the horn blast and runs off.

EXT. TRAIN CAB -- CONTINUOUS

The engineer and brakeman are laughing.

ENGINEER

That mutt really hauled ass!

BRAKEMAN

Bet he's still running!!

The brakeman leans out his window looks down the track.

There is no traffic. Something glints in the headlight of the train farther down the track.

BRAKEMAN (CONT'D)

There's something near the track.
Can't tell what.

The train is moving steady.

The engineer reaches down, picks up a large flashlight and hands it to the brakeman. He places his hand on the controls.

The brakemen leans out the window and shines the light down the track.

EXT. RAILROAD BED -- CONTINUOUS

A spot of light hits the rail bed past the loose rail. It slowly moves away down the track.

The train horn BLARES. The train keeps coming.

The light stops and slowly moves back toward the loose rail. The light moves to the left of the loose rail and stops. The light slowly moves back to the right.

Suddenly, it stops on the loose rail.

EXT. TRAIN CAB -- CONTINUOUS

The brakeman jerks back inside.

BRAKEMAN

The rail's out!

The engineer reaches up, slams the throttle to zero, and throws the brake.

EXT. TRAIN -- CONTINUOUS

The train's wheels are locked, squealing, but still sliding forward, sending sparks flying.

The train is slowing fast but hits the empty space left by the loose rail.

The engine lurches to the right. The wheels dig into the gravel bed, spewing up fountains of gravel.

The engine slams into the bank and bounces back to the left. It flips on its side sliding and slowly comes to rest down the rail.

The car behind the engine lurches to the left and bounces up the bank and slams into the trees.

The next car hits the open rail and flips over the rail line blocking it.

The rest of the cars slam into the car.

Chaos! Cars fly in different directions.

The railroad crossing is destroyed by the rail cars.

The train slowly grinds to a stop.

Dust and smoke fill the air. Quiet settles over the wreck.

Down the track the rest of the train remains upright and still.

A siren is heard in the distance, quickly approaching.

INT. NATIONAL RESPONSE CENTER -- NIGHT

The room is large and open. On the walls are large flat screen monitors showing maps of the regional rail systems across the country. Different symbols blink different colors on the maps.

The night shift watches the monitors. Muted conversations are heard.

One of the crew stretches and looks at her watch. It's two o'clock in the morning.

Suddenly a light flashes red on the rail map in north Georgia.

An ALARM sounds at the crew members's flat screen terminal monitoring the southeastern traffic. The phone rings at the station.

The CREW MEMBER picks it up.

CREW MEMBER 1
NRC. Burton, Georgia. SXL Line
forty-four confirmed. I'll alert
the field investigator.

The SUPERVISOR walks up to the crew member. He is carrying a tablet device.

CREW MEMBER 1 (CONT'D)
We have a derailment in Burton. The
sheriff's department says that no
locals were hurt. The rail personnel
suffered minor injuries. Who is on
call in Georgia?

The Supervisor swipes the tablet screen several times bringing up the field investigator roster. He runs his finger down the screen and stops at a name. He makes a face. He looks up.

SUPERVISOR
Guess who?

CREW MEMBER 1
Who?

The crew member looks at the supervisor's face. Her face registers recognition. She grins.

CREW MEMBER 1 (CONT'D)
Oh, He's going to be pissed! You know
why?

SUPERVISOR
Yeah. The fishing tournament.

EXT. LAKE LANIER GEORGIA -- NIGHT

The lake waters are still. The stars reflect off the water like a dark mirror. Lights from houses across the lake shine through the trees.

EXT. HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The lake house is small but neat. A large deck juts out of the back towards the lake.

The deck has outdoor furniture and a stainless steel grill on it. Glass sliding doors form part of the outside wall.

INT. HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The room off the deck is a large open living area. The furniture and decorations are tasteful but masculine.

There is a wall covered with photos.

An old black and white shot of a older man and a young boy standing next to a train. The man is wearing a train engineer's uniform. The boy is looking up at the older man.

A group shot of several young people sitting around a table in a bar. The couple in the center are sitting close and smiling.

A group shot of several men running with blue T-shirts with FBI stenciled on them. The young man of the bar photo is leading the group.

A shot of the young man and young woman from the bar photo feeding each other wedding cake.

A shot of the young woman and two young children.

Several shots of the family in different vacation spots.

A shot of the man getting a medal. He is wearing a sling on his left arm.

A framed citation that reads "J. EDGAR HOOVER MEDAL OF VALOR awarded to NATHANIEL EDWARD CROW..."

There are empty spots where pictures have been but were taken down.

A desk is under the wall of pictures.

A laptop is on the desk. The laptop is turned on with FEDERAL RAILROAD ADMINISTRATION and FRA logo as the screen wallpaper.

A badge that says FEDERAL RAILWAY ADMINISTRATION across the top and INSPECTOR across the bottom sits on the desk.

An empty gun holster sits next to the badge.

The silence is broken by the RINGING of a smartphone.

INT. BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The smartphone keeps ringing.

The covers on the bed move. A hand reaches out for the phone.

NATE CROW, 40's, tanned and fit with a little gray around the temples grabs the smartphone and sits up. He is the man in the photos, but older. He speaks with a slight Southern accent.

NATE
Crow speaking.

He rubs his face. He stops and looks up sharply.

NATE (CONT'D)

Hello Harry. There goes the weekend.
Damage? That's good. Any preliminary
reports. As usual.

He looks at his fishing gear in the corner and shakes his head.

NATE (CONT'D)

OK. Tell them I'm on the way. See
ya', Harry. Oh and next time could
you have it derail after the
tournament?

He hangs up the phone. He gets up and walks towards the bathroom.

EXT. BURTON CROSSING -- DAY

Nate walks through woods. He pushes his way through the underbrush.

Voices and noises of machinery are heard beyond the trees in front of him.

Nate pushes aside a large bush and looks out at the railway bed.

The train engine lays on its side like a dead dinosaur. A group of men are standing around the engine.

Nate walks down the embankment. He is dressed casually in jeans and a dark blue t-shirt. He wears a light weight windbreaker that has FRA across the back.

The men hear him and turn toward him. SHERIFF DON BAKER walks rapidly toward him.

SHERIFF DON BAKER

What in the hell do you think you're
doing? This ain't no damn sightseeing
tour!

Nate keeps walking towards the train. The sheriff cuts him off before he reaches it.

SHERIFF DON BAKER (CONT'D)

Are you deaf, son? I said hold it!

Nate walks right up to the sheriff. Sheriff Baker backs up and puts his hand on his gun.

Nate smiles. He slowly opens his jacket. The FRA inspector logo is on his chest over his heart. His FRA badge is on his waist.

The sheriff takes his hand away from the gun.

SHERIFF DON BAKER (CONT'D)

Why in the hell didn't ja say so,
son!

NATE

Just getting the lay of the land,
Sheriff. And, I'm not your son.

The sheriff rocks back on his heels and pushes his hat back.

A man walks up just as the Sheriff opens his mouth.

MAYOR GEORGE TIDWELL

Excuse the Sheriff, Mister...?

Nate looks at the Mayor.

NATE

Crow. Inspector Nate Crow. Federal
Railway Administration.

Nate holds out his hand. The Mayor shakes his hand.

MAYOR NATE TIDSWELL

Pleased to meet you, Inspector Crow.

NATE

Nate.

MAYOR GEORGE TIDWELL

Nate. I'm George Tidwell. I'm the
mayor of Burton. Thanks for getting
here so fast. Did you have to travel
far?

NATE

North of Atlanta. Why?

Mayor Tidwell looks down the track toward the crossing.

MAYOR GEORGE TIDWELL

That's where the FBI came from, too.

Nate looks down the track.

NATE

FBI?

EXT. RAILROAD BED -- DAY

Nate is crawling over one of the derailed cars. The car is
stacked on top of another one. He climbs down until he is
on the gravel.

He walks under the stacked cars, like going under a bridge.
He squats and looks down. There is a rail missing.

He looks at the railroad tie. The tie has four holes in it. Around three of the holes the wood is slightly buckled.

On the fourth, the wood is ripped and mangled. Nate takes a small digital camera out of his pocket and snaps several pictures.

Nate hears someone climbing down from the car.

A pair of legs, wearing jeans, land next to the car. Nate sees them through the opening. The legs bend at the knees. The person walks bent over till they reach Nate.

BRIDGET MOORE, late 30's, athletically trim, raven black hair cut short, squats down next to Nate. She meets Nate's inquisitive look directly with a serious look on her face. Then she smiles.

Slowly, Nate smiles back.

BRIDGET

Inspector Crow. I was beginning to think you were avoiding us.

Nate slowly stands up. Bridget follows. Bridget opens her Jacket and shows Nate the FBI badge at her waist. Nate's smile fades.

NATE

I'm afraid you have me at a disadvantage, Agent ... ?

Bridget holds out her hand.

BRIDGET

SSA Moore. Bridget Moore.

Nate slowly takes her hand and firmly shakes it.

NATE

Nate Crow. But you already know that. And who is ... us?

Bridget smiles.

BRIDGET

Why, the FBI, Nate Crow. That's an interesting name. Native American?

Nate slowly smiles in return.

NATE

Just American. Why is the FBI here?

Bridget pulls out a smartphone and dials a number.

She holds out the phone to Nate.

BRIDGET

I'll let Director Kelly tell you.
It'll save time.

Nate reaches out and takes the phone. His face deadpan, his jaw twitching.

NATE

Director Kelly? It's Nate. Thank you, sir. Yes, she's here. Work together? Well, I'll have to ... He is?

Nate looks at Bridget.

NATE (CONT'D)

Yes, sir. Full cooperation. Tell Director Waters I understand. Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

Nate disconnects the call and hands the smartphone back to Bridget.

He looks at her and takes a deep breath. He finally smiles slightly.

NATE (CONT'D)

OK. I'm impressed. Not everyone calls Kelly directly. Plus the boss was there. Interesting.

Bridget squats back down and looks up at Nate.

BRIDGET

So, in the spirit of cooperation, what were you looking at?

Nate squats down and faces her.

NATE

I'll tell you what. You tell me why the FBI is here and I'll tell you what I've found.

Bridget looks at Nate closely, nods her head and smiles.

BRIDGET

Deal.

EXT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - NORTH GEORGIA -- DAY

A luxury SUV drives up a gravel road to a large cabin, part of a two-hundred acre compound.

The large cabin, surrounded by woods is interconnected to several structures via enclosed breezeways, including barracks.

The SUV kicks up dust as it drives towards the cabin. The SUV stops quickly.

The doors open. JESSE, 30's, lean, longish hair, dressed in jeans and t-shirt, and GEORGE, 50's, dressed in khakis, blue button down shirt and glasses, exit the car.

They wait until the dust clears.

They approach the cabin.

Suddenly, two camouflaged men silently emerge from the woods on both sides of the cabin holding assault rifles.

Jesse and George stop.

The two men raise the rifles to cover Jesse and George, who raise their hands.

The front door of the cabin opens.

DAVID SCHMIDT, retired general Army, disillusioned patriot, 50's, graying buzz cut hair, muscular physique, marches out. He is dressed in clean, pressed camouflage. He stands ramrod straight.

Jesse and George lower their hands and slowly approach the cabin.

DAVID

You're late.

George and Jesse stop. Jesse turns and looks at George, then back at David.

JESSE

Yeah, well, we made sure that no one followed.

DAVID

You mean you got lost.

Jesse grins sheepishly.

JESSE

Well, maybe a little. Anyway, we're here. This is the guy I told you about. He's ...

David strides forward and leans over the rail.

DAVID

Not out here!

Jesse jerks and clamps his mouth closed.

DAVID (CONT'D)
We'll discuss this inside.

He turns abruptly and marches back inside.

Jesse and George move forward quickly up the steps and follow inside.

INT. TOWN DINER -- DAY

Bridget and Nate are sitting in a booth eating lunch. The diner is crowded with the local lunch crowd.

Nate watches Bridget as she eats her food with obvious pleasure.

BRIDGET
What? Do I have something on my
face?

Nate smiles.

NATE
Just enjoyment. It's nice to see
someone who enjoys food. So, why
are you here?

Bridget swallows, takes a drink and wipes her face while staring at Nate.

BRIDGET
I think you know more than you let
on.

Nate leans forward and opens his mouth to speak. Bridget holds up her hand.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
But, in the spirit of cooperation,
I'll share.

Nate sits back and folds his arms.

Bridget moves her plates over to one side and then wipes off the table in front of her.

She sits back, picks up her drink and takes a drink looking over the glass rim at Nate.

Nate slowly unfolds his arms and smiles.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
That's better. As you know, there
have been a series of alleged
unrelated acts of vandalism on the
rail lines, mainly in the southeast
region.

Nate picks up his drink and takes a swallow, keeping his face neutral.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

We believe, and so do you, that they're not random or unrelated. We're not completely sure why. But, I think you do. Your turn.

Nate leans back and puts one arm on the back of the booth.

He looks around at the people closest to him. Most are eating and talking.

Nate looks at a scraggly looking bearded man with thick glasses sitting at a table across the aisle from them.

Nate looks at Bridget. He reaches in his pocket and puts money on the table.

Bridget cuts her eyes toward the man.

They both stand up. The man concentrates on his food.

Bridget and Nate walk out the front door.

NATE

Let's walk.

They head down the sidewalk.

INT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - MAIN CABIN CONFERENCE ROOM-- DAY

The large cabin is divided into several rooms including a large conference room. The interior of the conference is brightly lit.

All windows have metal shutters that cover them.

There is a U.S. Map on one wall with a small bookcase, two small plastic containers laying on the top shelf.

There are red pins placed on the map at several locations in the South.

On either side of the map are flags.

One is the Stars and Stripes.

The other has a dark blue field with a white hand clinched into a fist holding three red lightning bolts.

In the middle of the room there is a large conference table with chairs around it.

At the head of the table sits David. Next to David is a laptop computer.

A VOIP speaker phone is attached to the computer.

David is reviewing information on the laptop.

Jesse and George are sitting side by side at the table.

Jesse fidgets. George sits still.

George takes out a handkerchief and wipes beads of sweat from his forehead.

David looks up at them from the laptop screen.

DAVID

Very interesting, George. Are you sure this will work?

George nervously nods his head.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Excellent.

George smiles weakly and wipes his forehead.

GEORGE

I've done numerous experiments that support my findings. I will be glad to perform an experiment to validate my report.

David smiles hard at George.

DAVID

And you will. I will review this with the leadership council. Then we will let you perform your experiment.

David stands up. His men in the background come to attention. Jesse and George stand up.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You've done well, Jesse.

Jesse straightens up.

JESSE

Thank you, sir.

DAVID

I'll let you entertain George while I speak to the council.

George wipes his forehead. Jesse looks at George then back at David.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We'll put George up in one of the cabins. I'm sure he'll feel much safer with us looking after him. And Jesse, get a haircut.

Jesse jerks and stands rigid.

JESSE

Yes, sir!

Two armed men walk up on either side of George and escort him out a door in the back wall.

Jesse follows pulling at his hair hanging over his ears.

EXT. TOWN CENTER PARK -- DAY

Nate and Bridget are sitting on a bench near a war memorial.

People are walking by or sitting in the grass of the small park.

No one is near Nate and Bridget.

NATE

I didn't think we should talk in the diner.

BRIDGET

One of your famous hunches?

NATE

Been doing research, I see.

Nate looks around at the people in the park. He faces Bridget.

NATE (CONT'D)

You were sharing. What else?

BRIDGET

We've uncovered information that indicates that a domestic terrorist group is planning to strike within the U.S.

NATE

And you think that the strike involves the rail system?

Bridget nods her head.

BRIDGET

It's one of the scenarios, especially in the light of your reports.

Nate smiles at Bridget.

NATE
Great late night reading.

Nate turns and leans back on the bench.

NATE (CONT'D)
I guess we need to compare info.
Why don't we head back? I can give
you a ride.

BRIDGET
Sounds good to me.

They stand up and begin walking out of the park.

EXT. TOWN CENTER PARK -- CONTINUOUS

The MAN FROM THE DINER, 40's, stylish hair cut, without a beard or glasses, sits in a parked car and watches Nate and Bridget leave. He reaches in his pocket and pulls out a smartphone. He dials.

MAN FROM DINER
They're leaving. Yes, sir.

He taps the smartphone to end the call then he slowly drives away.

INT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - MAIN CABIN - CONFERENCE ROOM --
EVENING

David is alone, seated at the conference table.

The laptop with the VOIP speakerphone attached is next to him. He is working on the laptop.

The back door opens. Three men walk in. Two are dressed in camouflage. EUGENE SMITH, 50's, close cut gray hair, is dressed in an expensive business suit and carrying a tablet device in a portfolio case.

They all three sit down at the table. David looks up from the laptop.

DAVID
I appreciate your promptness, Eugene.
I know how busy you are.

EUGENE
Hopefully, this won't take long.

He looks at the tablet as he taps the screen to activate a screen for taking notes.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

And I can't afford to be compromised.

David nods his head, slowly.

He looks at his watch.

He activates the speakerphone and hits a single key.

Dial tones come from the speaker. The phone rings one time.

VOICE FROM PHONE (O.S.)

Hello, David.

David adjusts the volume on the speakerphone. The voice is electronically ALTERED.

DAVID

Everyone is here. We're on a secure line.

VOICE FROM PHONE (O.S.)

Good. I understand that your test went well. Is that correct?

David and Eugene look at one another. Eugene shrugs.

DAVID

I agree the goal was achieved but the method did not prove out.

Silence from the phone. David resumes quickly.

DAVID (CONT'D)

However, we have a new solution. If it proves out, it will be perfect.

VOICE FROM PHONE (O.S.)

(irritated)

Another test then?

David rubs his face.

DAVID

Yes. We'll need your assistance in procuring the material.

VOICE FROM PHONE (O.S.)

What is it?

DAVID

Liquid nitrogen. Hand held canister.

VOICE FROM PHONE (O.S.)

Interesting. By when?

David breaths deep, silently.

DAVID

Two weeks. We have another site targeted. We need some additional reconnaissance.

VOICE FROM PHONE (O.S.)

You'll have it within the next few days.

David and the men lean back in their chairs.

David reaches forward to disconnect the call.

VOICE FROM PHONE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And, David ...

David's hand freezes.

VOICE FROM PHONE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Make this the last test.

DAVID

Agreed.

David hits the speakerphone button.

EUGENE

David. When do we meet this benevolent benefactor? It's tiresome dealing with just a voice.

David leans forward.

DAVID

When we've proven ourselves. Mr. Wynn needs to know that we're not just a bunch of rednecks playing soldier.

David stands up and walks over to the U.S. map. He picks up a red pin from one of the plastic containers on the top shelf of the bookcase under the map.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And that will be soon.

He jabs the red pin into the map, pinpointing a small town in north Georgia -- McKay.

EXT. ATLANTA FEDERAL CENTER -- EVENING

The traffic has thinned out.

The exterior lights shine on the building.

People leave the building sporadically.

INT. FEDERAL RAILROAD ADMINISTRATION OFFICES -- CONTINUOUS

Nate and Bridget are standing in front of a U.S. Map in a "war" room.

There are six colored pins stuck in the map.

Two blue in Alabama, two green in South Carolina, and two red in Georgia.

There are two laptops, some file folders and empty coffee cups on a conference table.

BRIDGET

So, you've suspected that it's more than vandalism ?

Nate walks closer to Bridget. He touches the map.

NATE

Yes. The acts appeared random since different methods were used. But they still were coordinated.

He places a finger on the red pins.

NATE (CONT'D)

The last two in Georgia were even more organized. Almost military precision.

He walks to the table and picks up a red pin from a box.

He walks back to the map.

NATE (CONT'D)

Until now.

He places the pin in the map at Burton.

BRIDGET

What's changed you're mind?

Nate turns and looks into Bridget's eyes. She looks back. She finally turns to the map.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

We're discussing your hunch.

Bridget turns back to Nate. He smiles.

He walks back to the table, picks up a folder and returns.

He opens the folder and removes a photo.

It's a PHOTO of the missing rail.

He hands the photo to Bridget.

NATE

The rail had been partially removed.
When the train hit, it ripped it
completely out.

He points at the photo.

NATE (CONT'D)

They were timing the removal with
the train's arrival. To make sure
it couldn't stop. They just didn't
finish completely. But it didn't
matter. They achieved their goal.

Bridget looks from the photo to Nate's face.

BRIDGET

Wouldn't it take heavy equipment to
remove a rail?

NATE

No. Some strong men. Pry bars.
And a weak cross tie.

Bridget looks at the map then back at Nate. Excitement lights
up her face.

Bridget puts her hands on Nate's arms.

BRIDGET

Which means they scouted for a spot.

NATE

Yes. Now we're talking coordinated
and organized. Structured
reconnaissance. Para-military.
Dangerous.

Nate and Bridget stare into each others eyes.

Bridget awkwardly looks down at her hands and steps back.

BRIDGET

Sorry. I guess I got caught up in
the moment.

NATE

Nothing to be sorry for.

Bridget walks to the table with her back to Nate. She looks
at her watch and turns around.

BRIDGET

It's later than I thought.
(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Maybe we should call it a day and
start back tomorrow.

Nate walks to the head of the table and begins gathering up
the folders.

He stops and looks at Bridget.

NATE

OK. But, since we have to eat, how
about some dinner? There's a nice
steak place on the way back to your
hotel.

Bridget looks at Nate, then down. She begins collecting her
things.

BRIDGET

That's nice of you to ask but no. I
have a few phone calls to make, then
I'll take a cab.

Nate looks confused but then he smiles.

NATE

OK. Then I guess I'll see you in
the morning. Eight o'clock?

Bridget nods yes.

NATE (CONT'D)

OK. Good night, Bridget. It's been
a pleasure working with you.

Nate smiles and walks towards the door.

Bridget watches as he exits the room.

BRIDGET

Good night, Nate.

EXT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND -- DAWN

The sun peaks over the horizon casting long shadows.

A shadow detaches from some bushes. A man emerges from the
trees dressed in night camouflage.

The front door opens and a six man squad dressed in green
camouflage exit and descend the steps.

Five more men dressed similarly emerge from different areas
of the woods.

The six men dressed in black head up the steps.

The six men dressed in green split up and melt into the woods.

INT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND -- CONTINUOUS

David stands in the conference room.

Two long work tables have been set up.

One table has a large square wooden crate sitting on it.
The other table has several metal pry bars.

David walks over to the table with the crate.

One of the back doors leading out of the conference room
opens.

Two armed men in camouflage fatigues walk through escorting
George.

George looks around quickly and wipes his face with his
handkerchief.

Out of the door, following George, walks Jesse, hair military
short, wearing a sharply pressed camouflage uniform.

He marches rigidly up to David. He snaps to attention.

JESSE

Sergeant Jesse Riggs, reporting as
ordered, sir!

David slightly smiles.

DAVID

At ease, Sergeant.

David nods at the two men.

They sling their weapons, go to the table with the pry bars,
pick them up and walk to the crate.

They methodically attack the crate with the pry bars, removing
the top.

Once the top is removed, they lay down the pry bars on the
table, and step back taking their weapons in hand.

David approaches the crate. He removes a thick styrofoam
slab and sets it aside.

He reaches in and removes a small metal canister about
eighteen inches long. The canister has a thin nozzle about
12 inches long and a trigger device.

He walks to the other table. He turns to George.

DAVID (CONT'D)

OK. George. Show me.

He holds out the canister.

George walks over and takes the canister.

The two men raise their guns and step forward.

David holds up his hand.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's OK. George is a patriot. Right, George?

George looks at the guns and back at David.

GEORGE

Ye..ye..yes, sir!

David waves George forward.

George walks over to the table.

He picks up a pry bar.

He points the canister at one end, careful not to get near his hands.

He pulls the trigger. The canister SPRAYS out a WHITE MIST onto the bar away from George. The mist quickly dissipates.

The bar looks like it's covered in frost.

George looks at David. David raises his eyebrow.

George takes the bar and taps it against the floor.

The end shatters into pieces.

George looks up and nervously smiles.

DAVID

Incredible. I assume this will work on thicker steel with the same result?

George sets down the rest of the bar and wipes his forehead.

GEORGE

Yes, sir. It will handle a steel rail with no problem.

David looks sharply at Jesse. Jesse stands rigidly.

DAVID

That's good to know George. You've been most helpful to our cause.

George smiles nervously. David holds out his hand.

DAVID (CONT'D)

May I try?

George hands David the canister.

David looks down at the device then back at George.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I imagine this would be deadly if
used against a human?

George opens his mouth to respond.

Striking like a snake, David points the canister at George's upper body and pulls the trigger.

George's upper torso turns FROSTY WHITE. George stands completely rigid.

David walks over to George.

He reaches out and pushes George.

George topples over. He hits the floor. His upper torso smashes into several blood-red edged pieces.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I guess that's a yes.

David strides over to Jesse. Jesse is stone faced.

David stands nose to nose.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You're trying my patience!

He leans back and holds up the canister.

DAVID (CONT'D)

A good soldier is vigilant ...and
silent!

He strides back over to the crate and places the canister back in.

He turns back to Jesse.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Is that understood?

JESSE

Yes, sir!

David points at the floor.

DAVID

Now clean up this mess before George
thaws out.

David whirls and walks toward one of the doors.

INT. FEDERAL RAILROAD ADMINISTRATION OFFICES -- DAY

Several people wait for the elevator in the receptionist
area of the FRA offices.

The door opens and several people get off. Nate walks out
last.

He walks through the receptionist area speaking to several
people along the way.

He stops by his office and looks in. It's empty. He looks
at his watch and moves down the hall.

He stops in front of a secretary, SHARON. She looks up at
Nate and smiles brightly.

SHARON

Hello, Nate.

NATE

Good morning, Sharon.

SHARON

They're waiting for you.

NATE

You mean the Boss and Agent Moore.

SHARON

Yes. And Director Kelly.

NATE

Full house.

He walks toward the door, knocks and enters.

INT. DIRECTOR WATERS' OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Nate enters. DIRECTOR ROBERT WATERS, 60's, gray haired,
DIRECTOR BRAD KELLY, early 40's, FBI Corporate, and Bridget
sit around a small conference table.

The fourth chair is empty.

Coffee cups are at each place. A coffee carafe sits in the
middle of the table.

Director Kelly stands up and walks toward Nate.

They stop in front of each other. Brad grins.

BRAD

Nate, it's great to see you. I hope Robert hasn't been working you too hard!

Nate extends his hand and they shake.

NATE

No, sir. Not too hard. This a social call?

They walk back to the table and sit down.

ROBERT

I was just asking Brad that. Help yourself to the coffee while he answers.

Nate pours himself some coffee.

He looks at Bridget and smiles.

He lifts the carafe in her direction. She nods.

Nate pours her some coffee.

BRAD

Bridget filled me in last night. I think it's time to formalize our task force.

Robert looks at Nate. Nate takes a sip of coffee.

ROBERT

A special task force? I didn't think we had enough evidence. Do you concur with Brad, Nate?

Nate leans back in the chair drinking coffee.

NATE

We could escalate the investigation. Get a few more resources. But it still could be nothing more than vandalism.

Brad looks at Bridget then Nate.

Bridget frowns.

Nate drinks more coffee.

BRIDGET

I'm confused. Last night you seemed sure that it was organized. Now it's back to vandals?

Nate leans forward and sits down the coffee cup. He looks at Bridget.

NATE

Brad, What's really going on.
Don't you think we can handle it?

Brad frowns and leans back.

Robert and Brad look at one another. Brad slightly smiles.

BRAD

You know how things work. We have
to maintain a tight lid on this.

Nate's jaw twitches.

Bridget looks at her hands.

NATE

Yeah, I know how things work. My
recommendation will be to slightly
escalate. Unless you come clean.

Brad takes a deep breath and lets it out.

BRAD

Fine. Sorry about the smoke screen,
Robert.

Robert nods his head and waves his hand.

BRAD (CONT'D)

We have strong evidence that there's
definitely a domestic terrorist or
militia group behind this. We've
haven't developed a target scenario,
yet.

ROBERT

Militia? Meaning some kind of planned
attack?

BRIDGET

Yes. And it appears they have help.
Unfortunately, we don't who.

Brad and Bridget look at Nate.

NATE

Then let's find out.

INT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - MAIN CABIN CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

David sits at the conference table working on his laptop.

The secure VOIP phone attached to the laptop rings.

David stares at the phone.

He presses a key on the laptop.

VOICE FROM PHONE (O.S.)
Ahh, David. Good of you to answer.

The voice is electronically disguised.

DAVID
I wasn't expecting a call from you.

VOICE FROM PHONE (O.S.)
Even more impressive don't you think?

David frowns. He looks around the room.

VOICE FROM PHONE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Don't waste your time, David.

David stops looking around and stares at the phone.

VOICE FROM PHONE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We are moving the timetable up. You
need to finish your test.

David stands up.

DAVID
That's not pos...

VOICE FROM PHONE
Now.

David is trembling.

He puts a fist in his hand.

He closes his eyes and breaths deep. He opens his eyes.

DAVID
We will complete it tomorrow night.

VOICE FROM PHONE
Excellent. I will call in two days.

Dial tone comes out of the VOIP speakerphone. David punches a key on the laptop turning off the VOIP speakerphone.

He slowly stands up staring at the VOIP speakerphone.

He reaches down, picks up the VOIP speakerphone and yanks out the cord from the laptop.

He throws the VOIP speakerphone across the room.

He slowly turns and walks across the room towards a door.

EXT. RAILROAD OVERPASS -- NIGHT

A dark shadow leans over the concrete wall of a railroad overpass. A yellow flame from a lighter flares up. A rough, scraggly face of a homeless man is briefly illuminated.

Farther down the railroad bed a small white light comes on at the top of the railroad embankment.

The light slowly moves down the embankment to the rails.

The shadow on the overpass moves, walking to the edge of the overpass and then climbs down the bank to the railroad bed.

A red light, the end of a cigarette, flares moving toward the white light.

The white light goes out. The red light flares.

A quiet THRUPPT is heard. A groan and then the SOUND of a body hitting the ground is heard.

A train horn BLARES in the distance.

The white light comes back on.

The scraggly face is illuminated with slightly bleeding hole in the forehead.

The light moves to the rail. A black gloved hand points a canister at the rail. White mist SPRAYS out of the canister on rail.

The black gloved hand holds a tack hammer and sharply hits the edge of the rail.

Cracks form in the rail, a small piece breaks off.

The white light quickly climbs up the embankment and then is shut off.

The train horn BLARES closer.

The train headlight shines in the distance.

The light approaches and passes over the homeless man's body, lying on the rails.

The train horn BLARES three times.

The train slams on the brakes.

Sparks fly from the wheels.

The train hits the body and the frozen rail.

The rail disintegrates into pieces.

The train engine lurches, off the rails and slams into the embankment.

EXT. MCKAY -- DAY

The train is strewn all along the rail bed.

Police keep people back behind a barricade.

Nate and Bridget are squatting beside the rail bed between two train cars. Nate takes a couple pictures of the rail bed.

The rail is gone. The bolts are still in place. Nate looks at Bridget.

NATE

Looks like they finally figured it out.

Nate stands up.

Bridget touches the bolts with a rubber gloved hand. She stands up.

BRIDGET

Now it's our turn.

They walk away from the rail to where the CORONER is loading a bagged body onto a gurney. Nate and Bridget walk up.

NATE

Do you know the victim?

CORONER

No. Just some homeless soul.

NATE

What was he doing on the track? Was he asleep?

CORONER

I'm not sure. He suffered significant damage. His face is obliterated. I won't know till I finish the autopsy.

He puts his hand on the zipper.

CORONER (CONT'D)

Do you need to see?

Nate looks down at the body bag. He looks up at Bridget.

NATE

No. Just get us a copy of your report quickly. Thanks for waiting. You can take him.

The coroner nods his head. He motions for the attendants to move the gurney.

Nate and Bridget begin walking along the rail bed.

Nate stops.

Nate leans down and picks up a small piece of metal. He holds it up. Light reflects off the surface.

NATE (CONT'D)

They've drawn the line. Now we cross it.

He tosses the metal into the air. It lands in his open hand.

INT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - MAIN CABIN CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

A piece of metal lays in an open hand.

David picks it up with his other hand and looks closer.

David sits at the conference table with Eugene and his two colonels.

DAVID

Isn't technology amazing?

He laughs harshly. The VOIP phone rings. David turns on the speakerphone.

VOICE FROM PHONE (O.S.)

Congratulations.

David smiles smugly. He puts the piece of metal on the table.

DAVID

Thank you, sir. I think this proves our strike capability and our commitment.

INT. PLUSH OFFICE - HONG KONG -- CONTINUOUS

The office has a glass wall overlooking Hong Kong harbor. The decor is contemporary. The furniture is mahogany and dark teak.

WEN TU SUN, 40's, jet black hair, trim, elegantly dressed, sits behind the desk facing the glass wall. He turns around.

His laptop is on the desk showing the mountain compound conference room via a hidden Webcam. David is seen leaning back in his chair.

WEN TU SUN

Yes, David. You have gained my confidence.

Wen Tu Sun looks up as his office door silently opens and a beautiful young Chinese woman silently approaches carrying several folders.

She stops and bows. She hands him the folders. Wen nods his head. He watches as she leaves.

WEN TU SUN (CONT'D)

It's time to meet and discuss the complete plan. I will be there in two days. Be prepared.

On the laptop screen David leans forward.

DAVID (O.S.)

We're ready.

WEN TU SUN

I'll be the judge of that. Two days.

Wen leans forward and punches a key on his laptop ending the call.

EXT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - MAIN CABIN CONFERENCE ROOM --
CONTINUOUS

The phone emits loud dial tone. David presses a key on the laptop shutting off the phone.

EUGENE

I'm looking forward to meeting that arrogant snake!

David leans back in his chair. He looks at Eugene and smiles hard.

DAVID

Yes, he's a snake, but he's our snake. And when I finish with him, I'll cut his head off.

EXT. FEDERAL RAILROAD ADMINISTRATION OFFICES -- DAY

Nate walks along the sidewalk towards the entrance.

The Man From The Diner, dressed as moustached businessman wearing sunglasses, watches Nate.

Nate stops and turns.

The Man From The Diner ducks behind a car pretending to pick something up.

Nate looks around, shakes his head slightly, then enters the building.

INT. OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Nate walks in with a cup of coffee. He turns on a desk lamp.

He walks to the window and looks out.

The phone rings. Nate walks to the desk and picks up phone.

NATE

Crow speaking. Hello, Doc. You do?
Great. Can you scan it and send it
to me? Thanks. Good-bye.

There is a knock on the door and it opens. Bridget walks in.

Nate smiles brightly.

NATE (CONT'D)

I was just thinking about you.

BRIDGET

Really? What about?

Nate looks down at his hands.

NATE

The coroner just called. He's
scanning the report then emailing it
to me. I thought we could review it
before we go to the lab.

Nate looks up.

NATE (CONT'D)

I was thinking ... hoping that you
would get here early.

Bridget looks at Nate and slowly smiles.

BRIDGET

You know the Chinese proverb: Be
careful what you wish for, you might
get it.

Nate stands up and walks around the desk. He walks up to Bridget.

NATE

I never wish for something I don't
want.

Nate's laptop DINGS with an incoming email.

NATE (CONT'D)

And there it is.

They walk over to Nate's desk. Nate sits down while Bridget leans over his shoulder.

EXT. FRA PARKING DECK -- CONTINUOUS

Nate and Bridget approach Nate's car. Bridget carries a tablet device in a portfolio case. Nate unlocks the car remotely.

They get in and drive off.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Nate's car exits the parking deck and turns into the street.

A older model sedan moves away from the curb and follows at a distance.

INT. NATE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Bridget reads the coroner's report as Nate drives.

She suddenly looks up at Nate.

NATE

What?

BRIDGET

He was dead before the train hit him.

NATE

So?

BRIDGET

He was shot in the forehead.

Nate looks sharply at Bridget.

NATE

He saw something.

Bridget slowly closes the report and puts it into her portfolio case.

NATE (CONT'D)

They figured the train would destroy the body. Could be a break.

Bridget looks at Nate.

BRIDGET

Some break.

NATE

Yeah, well, he may..

BRIDGET

His name was Brian. Brian Able. He was staying at a shelter.

NATE

Brian has given us a break. We know they'll stop at nothing to protect themselves. Let's find them and put them down.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Nate's car moves with traffic. Several cars back the older model sedan follows.

EXT. FBI REGIONAL HQ -- CONTINUOUS

Nate and Bridget walk into main entrance.

Man From Diner watches from parked car.

INT. LAB -- CONTINUOUS

Several technicians are working at tables.

Nate and Bridget come through sliding doors.

WALLY MCALEER, 50's, kind face, looks up from his work.

Nate sees Wally and nods. They walk toward Wally.

Wally walks toward Nate and Bridget.

Wally and Nate stop facing each other. Then both smile broadly and give each other a bear hug.

NATE

Wally! How the hell are you! Jez, it's been years.

WALLY

Nate, you old son-of-a...

Wally stops and looks at Bridget.

WALLY (CONT'D)

Sorry, ma'am.

Wally holds out his hand.

WALLY (CONT'D)

You must be Agent Moore.

Bridget takes his hand and shakes it warmly.

BRIDGET

Ma'am? It's Bridget. Old friend of
Nate's?

Wally smiles and puts his hand on Nate's shoulder.

WALLY

Yes, ma'...Bridget. We worked on
several cases when Nate was at the
Bureau ...

Wally stops smiling and takes his hand down. He looks at
his hands. He looks up at Nate.

WALLY (CONT'D)

Sorry, Nate. I just got carried
away.

NATE

It's OK, Wally. I'm OK, Wally.

Nate smiles and Wally takes a deep breath.

WALLY

That's great.

He looks at Bridget and then Nate. He smiles.

WALLY (CONT'D)

Great! I guess you want to review
the report. Let's go in my office.

They walk toward the end of the lab where several offices
line the wall.

INT. WALLY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

The piece of metal Nate found at the crash site sits in a
Petri dish on Wally's desk. Wally watches as Nate and Bridget
read a summary.

They look up from the report at each other then at Wally.

Nate closes his eyes and rubs his face. He looks at Wally.

NATE

Let me get this straight. The metal
was frozen? And that caused it to
disintegrate?

Wally picks up the Petri dish. He looks at the metal.

WALLY

The only reason you found any sizable
pieces is because the liquid nitrogen
wasn't applied evenly.

Bridget looks down at the report and then back at Wally.

BRIDGET
Doesn't liquid nitrogen require
special equipment?

Wally smiles. He reaches down and picks up a brown paper bag. He sets it on the table.

He opens the bag and reaches in.

He pulls out a small canister with a long thin nozzle and a handle with trigger.

He places it on his desk near Nate and Bridget.

The canister has block letters spelling out ZEON, CORP. In smaller letters LIQUID NITROGEN is printed near the bottom of the canister.

NATE
Damn.

EXT. FBI REGIONAL HQ -- EVENING

Nate and Bridget walk out of main entrance.

Nate stops and looks around. Bridget watches him closely.

BRIDGET
Something wrong?

Nate looks at Bridget.

NATE
I don't know. I think I'm getting
paranoid. I've got a feeling...

BRIDGET
A feeling? About what?

Nate turns and faces Bridget. He looks into her eyes.

NATE
Like we're being followed.

He looks around again and then back to Bridget. He smiles at her.

NATE (CONT'D)
Maybe I'm just hungry. Why don't we
get some dinner?

Bridget looks back at Nate intently. She slowly smiles.

BRIDGET
I would like that.

They turn and walk toward the parking deck.

EXT. FBI REGIONAL HQ -- CONTINUOUS

The Man From The Diner moves from behind a column. He watches Nate and Bridget as they walk away.

He reaches in his jacket and removes a smartphone. He turns it on and pushes one button.

MAN FROM DINER

They're leaving. Looks like for the day. Right.

He turns and walks away in the opposite direction.

INT. DOWNTOWN RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Nate and Bridget talk while they drink some wine. The waiter walks up and they give him their order. He leaves.

Nate pours more wine. Bridget watches him closely.

Nate sips his wine. He looks at Bridget.

NATE

I don't know which is better, the wine or the company.

Bridget smiles.

BRIDGET

Thanks. I think.

Nate laughs.

NATE

Definitely the company.

They both laugh.

INT. DOWNTOWN RESTAURANT - ANOTHER TABLE -- CONTINUOUS

EMILY, an attractive blonde, hears the laughter and looks at Nate and Bridget. She frowns, then slowly smiles.

She says something to the two women sitting with her. They laugh.

She gets up and walks toward Nate. She is wearing a mini skirt, a tight low cut blouse and she fills out both.

Men watch her as she makes her way to the table.

INT. DOWNTOWN RESTAURANT -- CONTINUOUS

Bridget looks at Nate with a slight smile.

BRIDGET

Nate, can I ask you a personal question?

Nate sips his wine, holds it in his mouth, then swallows.

NATE

Sure. Ask away.

BRIDGET

Why did you leave?

Nate sets down the wine. He leans forward.

NATE

It was time. I'd lost faith in Bureau's purpose. Politics ran the Bureau, not justice.

Bridget brushes her hair behind her ear.

BRIDGET

Things have changed. Yes, there's still politics but the Director is moving the Bureau back to its roots... to protect the people. I believe this, I live this.

Nate sits back and looks intently at Bridget.

NATE

Are you recruiting me?

BRIDGET

No. Maybe.

Bridget smiles. Nate slowly smiles.

NATE

I'm flattered but no. I am content where I am.

Bridget shakes her head.

BRIDGET

Just think about it.

Emily has made it to the table. Nate looks up. Bridget looks up with a frown.

NATE

Hello, Emily.

Emily leans down and kisses Nate.

Nate looks surprised. He looks across at Bridget.

EMILY

Hi. Where have you been? I haven't heard from you.

She looks at Bridget and gives her a vicious smile.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I guess you've been busy.

Nate looks mad.

NATE

Emily, this is Bridget. She and I are colleagues ... friends.

Emily looks like a snake ready to strike. She gives Bridget the same vicious smile.

EMILY

You mean like you and me? Isn't that nice. Now I know why you haven't called.

Nate opens his mouth to say something then closes it. He looks at Bridget and smiles. She stares at him, then she slowly smiles.

She looks at Emily and returns her vicious smile.

Emily stops smiling. She looks at Nate. She suddenly turns and struts away.

The men she passes stop eating watching her sway by.

Bridget looks at Nate and then starts laughing. Nate joins her.

NATE

Sorry 'bout that. She's just a...

Bridget holds up her hand.

BRIDGET

You don't have to explain. I think I understand.

NATE

No. I want to. I haven't been serious with anyone since ... for a long time. I don't want you to get the wrong idea.

He leans closer to Bridget.

NATE (CONT'D)

It's becoming important to me that you understand.

Bridget looks at Nate intently, her eyes boring into his. She nods her head.

BRIDGET
I understand.

She looks at her watch.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
It's getting late. And we have a lot to cover tomorrow. I guess I better go back.

NATE
OK by me.

They stand up and gather their things. They walk toward the door.

Bridget looks toward Emily and smiles. Emily glares and turns her back.

INT. NATE'S CAR -- NIGHT

Nate and Bridget sit in the car in front of a hotel.

BRIDGET
I really enjoyed the evening.
Especially meeting Emily.

She laughs as Nate starts to say something. She places her hand on his mouth.

She looks in his eyes. She leans over and kisses him. He returns the kiss passionately.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
You know this is crazy.

NATE
I don't care.

BRIDGET
I know. I feel the same way. Let's just take it slowly.

NATE
No problem. Slow it is.

He leans forward and kisses her again. She responds with feeling. She pulls back.

BRIDGET
Slowly. Right. I'd better go.
Now.

She opens the door and slides out. She leans back in.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Good night, Nate. I'll dream about you.

NATE

Good night, Bridget.

She straightens up and closes the door.

Nate watches as she enters the hotel.

He turns forward and starts the car.

NATE (CONT'D)

And pleasant dreams.

He puts the car in gear smiling.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Nate's car drives off. A few seconds later a late model sedan cranks up and follows him.

The car passes under a street light.

The driver is The Man From The Diner.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- NIGHT

David and Eugene are walking along a sidewalk in Midtown Atlanta. The street is busy with people.

They make their way toward Wen's China Bistro bright neon sign located at the base of a high rise building.

EUGENE

I don't like this. Why here?

David scowls.

DAVID

Jesus! I've told you, I don't know. He just said to meet him at Wen's. He said it was a safe place. That's all I know.

Eugene grunts.

EUGENE

I just think...

David yells through his teeth.

DAVID

Enough! Maybe he likes Chinese food! Now, drop it!

Eugene stares forward, his lips pressed together in anger as he walks along.

EXT. WEN'S CHINA BISTRO -- CONTINUOUS

David and Eugene stop in front of the bistro's large glass double front doors and large windows.

Inside, Wen's is busy. The bistro is full of people eating, laughing, talking. Wait staff move with precession among the tables.

David looks around. They enter.

INT. WEN'S CHINA BISTRO -- CONTINUOUS

David and Eugene walk up to the hostess desk. There are several young Chinese women standing behind the desk.

David leans on the desk. He starts to speak.

A man, KARL DECAMP, walks up silently to David. He is blond, linebacker fit, hair closely cut and hard eyes.

He taps him on the shoulder.

David whirls around. He comes face to face with Karl.

Karl smiles hard.

KARL

Good evening, Mr. Schmidt.

David stares intently. He quickly scans the room with his eyes. Karl smiles wider.

DAVID

How do you know who I am?

KARL

He is waiting upstairs in a private office. Shall we go?

David looks at Eugene and then back to Karl. David nods his head. Karl steps to the side and points the way.

They go toward an elevator. The door opens and they enter.

Before entering, Karl turns quickly back to the hostess desk and nods.

One of the hostesses picks up the phone and pushes a button.

INT. WEN'S CHINA BISTRO PRIVATE OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

The office has a large window that overlooks a rooftop garden with the Atlanta skyline in the background.

Wen Tu Sun stands with his back to the door looking out the window.

The door to the office opens. Karl enters. David and Eugene follow.

KARL
Good evening, sir.

Wen Tu slowly turns and faces them.

He slowly smiles at the shocked expression on Eugene's face.

David stares with a hard, angry frown.

WEN TU SUN
Good evening, David. Eugene.

Wen Tu slithers toward David. He stops in front of David.

WEN TU SUN (CONT'D)
Your surprise is priceless. Maybe
you expected someone ... taller.

He laughs. Karl laughs with him. David slowly smiles.

DAVID
No. Not taller. Just American.

Wen Tu stops laughing.

WEN TU SUN
Typical American arrogance.

He steps closer to David. Karl moves closer.

WEN TU SUN (CONT'D)
I'm American. My family goes back
to the 1800's. However, my soul,
and my allegiance, is to my mother
country, China.

Eugene angrily looks at David then Wen.

EUGENE
This is bullshit! We're going! I'm
not a Communist!

David stares hard at Wen and then Karl.

WEN TU SUN
Neither am I. I believe as you do,
that America needs to be reminded of
its roots.

David takes a deep, calming breath. He turns to Eugene.

DAVID

Shut up, Eugene. We really don't
have a choice, do we Mr. ... Wynn?

He turns back towards Wen with a questioning look.

Wen smiles and straightens up.

WEN TU SUN

Wen Tu Sun.

Wen turns and walks to a seating arrangement. There is a tall wing back chair and several low back chairs surrounding a coffee table.

Wen Tu walks over and sits in the wing back chair.

WEN TU SUN (CONT'D)

Now that we understand each other,
let's discuss our plans.

Wen Tu motions to the chairs with his hand.

David looks at Eugene and nods his head. David leads the way to the chairs.

INT. FEDERAL RAILROAD ADMINISTRATION OFFICES -- DAY

People are doing typical early morning office activities.

INT. FRA OFFICES RECEPTION AREA -- CONTINUOUS

The elevator opens and Nate walks out with several other people.

He walks past the receptionist to the door leading to the interior offices.

INT. FRA OFFICES CONFERENCE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Bridget sits at the conference table in front of her laptop.

There is a large portable cork bulletin board against one wall.

A map of the southeastern U.S. is tacked up. Red tipped pins are pushed into the places where train derailments have occurred.

Bridget is drinking coffee and reading a report. She looks up at the door opening.

Nate walks in. He stops and looks around. He smiles broadly.

NATE

I'm impressed. Did you sleep here?

Bridget laughs and gets up.

She walks up to Nate intimately close.

Nate looks into her eyes and kisses her. She puts her arms around his neck and kisses him back.

They pull apart. Nate looks dazed.

NATE (CONT'D)

Wow!

Bridget laughs.

BRIDGET

I woke up early, thinking about you.
So, I came in to get started.

Nate laughs and leans in. Bridget puts her hand against his chest.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

First things first.

She walks over to the table.

She pours coffee into a cup.

She walks back and hands it to Nate.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Work first.

NATE

Got it.

They walk back to the table and sit down.

EXT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND -- DAY

David and Eugene are outside. The mountains in the distance can be seen through a summer haze.

David stands still as Eugene paces back and forth.

EUGENE

I don't like this. We are more
exposed. All because of that Chinese
bastard!

David looks at Eugene with a hard smile.

DAVID

Eugene. We're fine. We've taking
extra precautions.

Eugene stops pacing and blows out a breath.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We'll use Wen and then get rid of him when we're done. Maybe even use him to cover our tracks.

David laughs. Eugene finally smiles and shakes his head.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Now, let's discuss his plan and how we are going to adjust it to our advantage.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PARK -- DAY

The park is filled with business people walking and enjoying the sun.

Several college students lay in the grass talking.

The Man From The Diner sits alone on a park bench. His smartphone rings. He reaches in and answers it.

MAN FROM DINER

They're still inside. I know, but it's not necessary. They're becoming easier to follow. Right. Trust me. I know. Right.

He turns off the phone and puts it back in his pocket.

He slips on his sunglasses and leans back, moving his face towards the sun.

INT. FRA OFFICES CONFERENCE ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Nate and Bridget sit at the conference table.

The table is littered with the remains of lunch, crumbled up note paper, and coffee cups.

They are looking at the bulletin board. A large piece of paper is pinned to the board.

The paper has writing on it.

INSERT

The writing says:

- 1) 6 suspicious derailments in 2 yrs., all in South
- 2) 2 in last 2 months
- 3) All freight trains
- 4) All at night

5) One line - SXL

6) WHY? Insurance, disgruntled employee, psycho.

Insurance, disgruntled employee and psycho have lines through them.

BACK TO SCENE

Nate leans forward and rubs his face.

He stands up and stretches.

Bridget rubs her neck.

NATE

OK. We agree that we're looking at a domestic terrorist group capable of military organization and precision?

Bridget stands and walks to the board.

Nate walks to the board.

Bridget shakes her head.

BRIDGET

OK. But why? Disruption of rail service? What?

Nate looks at Bridget then at the board. He turns back with a hard, distant look in his eyes.

He rubs his face and looks again at Bridget.

NATE

It's not just headlines.

He walks closer to the paper. He punches the words " All freight trains" with his fingers.

NATE (CONT'D)

Freight, not people. There's no sensationalism, just derailed freight.

He walks back to Bridget

NATE (CONT'D)

Most terrorists want attention. Dead people get press. Not freight trains.

BRIDGET

True. But...maybe...damn!

She rubs her face with both hands. She looks at her watch.

She walks over to the windows. She looks out.

The sun is setting, burning the sky with bright orange slashes across the brilliant blue.

She puts her hand on the window.

She turns back to Nate.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I think we need to call it a day.

Nate walks over to Bridget. He looks out the window. He looks into Bridget's eyes. He smiles broadly.

NATE

I've an idea. It'll give us a breather and maybe stimulate our imaginations.

Bridget looks doubtful.

BRIDGET

That's what I'm afraid of.

Nate laughs.

NATE

Trust me. It'll be relaxing. Plus it'll gives us a chance to talk.

Bridget smiles and nods her head.

BRIDGET

OK.

They walk to the table and begin gathering their work.

EXT. DOWNTOWN GROCERY STORE -- EVENING

Nate and Bridget pull into the parking lot.

The lot is busy with professional people getting in and out of cars.

They get out of the car and head to the entrance.

INT. DOWNTOWN GROCERY STORE -- CONTINUOUS

Nate and Bridget walk along the produce section getting ingredients for making a salad.

EXT. DOWNTOWN GROCERY STORE -- CONTINUOUS

A late model sedan slowly pulls into the lot.

The Man From The Diner is driving. He is dressed business casual, has blond hair, and wearing sunglasses.

He drives along looking at the cars. He stops when he sees Nate's.

He starts to get out but sees a car pull into the same row. He closes the door and drives on.

EXT. DOWNTOWN WINE STORE -- CONTINUOUS

Nate and Bridget walk along the sidewalk and enter.

Bridget walks along the aisles looking at wines.

Nate follows and watches her intently.

She stops and picks up a bottle. Nate walks up to her.

He leans down and kisses her neck. She leans her head back.

EXT. DOWNTOWN WINE STORE -- CONTINUOUS

The Man From The Diner walks by carrying a briefcase.

The briefcase falls open as he walks by Nate's car. Papers fall on the pavement and under Nate's car.

INT. DOWNTOWN WINE STORE -- CONTINUOUS

Nate and Bridget pick up two bottles of wine and head to the front.

Nate reaches down and takes Bridget's hand.

EXT. DOWNTOWN WINE STORE -- CONTINUOUS

The Man From The Diner stops and leans down to pick up the papers.

He quickly gathers up the papers.

INT. DOWNTOWN WINE STORE -- CONTINUOUS

Nate and Bridget stand close as they wait in line to pay. They move up to the cashier.

EXT. DOWNTOWN WINE STORE -- CONTINUOUS

The Man From The Diner reaches under Nate's car and attaches a small tracking device with a magnet to the metal frame.

He picks up the papers under the car.

He puts all the papers in and closes the briefcase.

INT. DOWNTOWN WINE STORE -- CONTINUOUS

Nate and Bridget reach the front door.

Nate stops Bridget with his hand and then kisses her softly. She smiles and places her hand on the door and opens it.

EXT. DOWNTOWN WINE STORE -- CONTINUOUS

Nate and Bridget come out the door.

The Man From The Diner quickly turns his back and walks casually away.

Nate stops. He looks down the sidewalk in the direction of The Man From The Diner, who blends with the crowd.

Nate shakes his head and walks to the car. Bridget follows him. He opens the door. Bridget turns to him.

BRIDGET

Are you all right?

Nate faces Bridget.

NATE

Yeah. I'm fine.

BRIDGET

OK. Now will you tell me where we're going?

Nate smiles.

NATE

To a little slice of paradise. It won't be long. Just enjoy the ride.

They get in the car and drive off.

As they pass a side street, The Man From The Diner watches from the corner and smiles.

EXT. LAKE LANIER -- EVENING

Nate's car drives along a winding road.

Glimpses of the setting sun are seen through the trees.

Lake Lanier, seen through the trees, is on fire with reflected sunlight.

INT. NATE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Bridget looks out the window at the passing scenery.

Nate turns into a driveway that climbs upward.

The lake comes into full view when they reach the top.

The car stops in a driveway turnaround.

EXT. NATE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Bridget and Nate get out and walk to the edge of the turnaround.

Nate puts his arm around Bridget and pulls her close.

BRIDGET
It's beautiful.

NATE
A slice of paradise.

They turn and slowly embrace and kiss.

EXT. HOUSE DECK -- NIGHT

Nate and Bridget sit at the table drinking wine. The remains of dinner on the table.

Candles burn at the center of the table casting a soft glow.

The night is filled with the sound of tree frogs.

BRIDGET
What kind of creature makes that sound?

Nate smiles.

NATE
You are a city girl.

Bridget laughs.

NATE (CONT'D)
They're tree frogs. The males are singing to attract a mate.

Bridget sips her wine and looks at Nate over the rim of her glass. She lowers her glass and smiles.

BRIDGET
How romantic. Too bad all males don't do that. Don't you think?

Nate looks at her and then laughs.

He gets up and goes into the house.

Bridget watches him through the sliding glass doors. Nate walks to the A/V amplifier and turns it on. Then he chooses a CD, opens a CD player, and inserts the CD.

He punches a button and walks out.

The music starts playing. Nate sings along.

NATE

Jeremiah was a bullfrog/He was a
good friend of mine/Couldn't
understand a word he said/but I helped
him drink his wine.

Bridget starts laughing. Nate looks crushed then he starts laughing.

Nate walks over to Bridget and holds out his hand. She takes his hand and stands up.

They embrace slowly but tightly. They begin to kiss passionately. Nate runs his hands up Bridget's back.

Nate unbutton Bridget's shirt and kisses her neck and between her breasts. She runs her hands through his hair.

He straightens up. He picks her up and heads inside the house. They disappear into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Nate watches Bridget sleep.

He reaches out his hand and gently traces a line from between her breasts downward.

Bridget sighs. She opens her eyes and looks at Nate. She takes his hand and places it between her legs. They begin to kiss softly.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Nate opens his eyes. He slowly gets out of bed and puts on his jeans.

He looks down at Bridget as she sleeps deeply. He smiles softly. He walks out the door.

INT. DEN -- CONTINUOUS

Nate walks over to his desk. He opens a drawer and pulls out a picture. The picture is of Sandra Crow, his deceased wife.

He silently looks at the picture. A single tear slowly tracks down his face.

NATE

(softly)

I didn't think it would ever happen.

(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

I think you'd like her. She makes
me feel alive again.

He holds the picture close to his face. He smiles sadly.
He gently touches the picture and then puts it back in the
drawer.

He walks over to a wingback chair and sits down. He is hidden
by the shadows created by the moonlight. He closes his eyes.

EXT. HOUSE DECK -- NIGHT

A shadow in the moonlight slowly crosses from the woods to
the deck. The shadow silently goes onto the deck.

The shadow, a man dressed in black, approaches the sliding
glass door.

He removes a black square shaped device. He places it on
the metal part of the door where the lock is.

He presses a button. A LOW HUM is heard. He turns a small
handle. The door unlocks.

He slowly slides the door. It makes a small SOUND.

INT. DEN -- CONTINUOUS

Nate's eyes open. He doesn't move. He sees a man in black.

The man in black slowly moves toward the bedroom.

The man in black reaches in his pocket and removes a hand
held object. He slowly approaches the door.

Nate tackles him. They fall onto the floor knocking the
coffee table.

They wrestle on the floor. The man in black knocks Nate
off.

He jumps up. He heads toward the door.

Nate slams into him. They crash onto the deck.

Dogs start barking in the distance.

Nate slugs the man in the back of the head.

The man slumps down.

Nate sits up breathing heavily. Nate turns the man over.

He lashes out at Nate.

Nate falls back but jumps to his feet.

The man in black jumps up and faces him. He reaches under his jacket.

The sound of a gun cocking is heard.

The man and Nate turn toward the sound. Bridget stands with her automatic 9mm held out. She is wearing a long shirt.

BRIDGET

I hate it when someone wakes me up
from a great sleep.

Nate quickly reaches inside the man's jacket and pulls out a canister.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Hands behind you back.

She reaches in the front shirt pocket and removes handcuffs. She throws them to Nate.

Nate turns toward the man in black.

MAN FROM DINER

That won't be necessary, Bridget.

Nate stops. Bridget looks confused.

MAN FROM DINER (CONT'D)

May I remove my mask?

Bridget motions with her gun.

The Man From The Diner removes the mask.

BRIDGET

Ian!

NATE

Ian?

Bridget and Nate look at one another.

Bridget lowers the gun.

IAN HUNTER, CIA, laughs softly. Nate stares at Ian.

NATE (CONT'D)

It's not funny, Ian.

Nate walks over to Bridget. He turns toward to Ian.

NATE (CONT'D)

I knew we were being watched. But I
didn't think it was us!

Ian walks over to a deck chair and sits down.

IAN
Technically, it isn't.

Ian rubs his face.

IAN (CONT'D)
But we're working on the same side.

He rubs the back of his head.

IAN (CONT'D)
Got any aspirin? You gave me a
headache.

Nate walks over to Ian. He leans down.

NATE
You're lucky I didn't break your
skull!

Nate straightens up and laughs.

NATE (CONT'D)
But since it's so thick, it probably
wouldn't break anyway.

Nate walks toward the door.

NATE (CONT'D)
I'll get you some aspirin, then you're
going to explain.

Bridget turns and follows Nate.

BRIDGET
I'll be right back, too.

Ian smiles and rubs his head again.

EXT. HOUSE DECK -- DAWN

The sky is getting light.

A mist hangs over the lake.

Steaming coffee mugs sit on a table.

Nate, Bridget, and Ian sit around the table.

The small canister sits next to Nate.

NATE
So, nobody knows you're here?

IAN
No one. I wanted to warn you. And
let you know what's going on.

BRIDGET

Like what?

Ian stands up and walks to the deck railing. He takes a drink from his coffee. He turns and faces them.

IAN

It's complicated.

Nate leans forward with a frown.

NATE

So make it simple.

Ian runs his hands through his hair and winces.

IAN

You're close to uncovering a covert operation. Which makes you targets of several groups.

Bridget drinks coffee and looks at Ian.

BRIDGET

Including our own government?

IAN

Yes.

NATE

Politics! Explain.

Ian walks back to the table.

IAN

I said it's complicated. I can't divulge specifics.

BRIDGET

Why not? If there is a danger, doesn't it make sense to help each other?

Ian sits back in the chair.

IAN

Not every time, Bridget. The greater good sometimes allows a lesser evil.

Nate slams the table top.

NATE

Bullshit! No evil is good!

IAN

Don't be naive.

Nate surges up.

NATE

Naive, my ass! I'm tired of compromising. Not if there is a chance of stopping a disaster. Explain!

Ian looks up. His jaw is twitching.

IAN

I can't.

He stands up and faces Nate.

IAN (CONT'D)

And you know that.

They stare at each other. Bridget watches then closely. She leans back.

BRIDGET

Nate. You know he's right.

Nate looks at Bridget. He looks at Ian. He walks to the deck rail.

NATE

Not if people get hurt. That's never right.

Ian and Bridget look at each other.

IAN

I'm sorry, Nate. I know how you feel. But I have to do what I do or I won't be able to stop the greater evil.

Nate shoulders sag. He rubs his face. He turns around.

NATE

I know, Ian. But I don't think it's right.

He walks back to the table and slowly sits down.

Ian walks over to Nate and squeezes his shoulder.

IAN

I'd better go. I'll do what I can to help. Maybe, there's a way.

He reaches in his jacket and slowly removes something.

IAN (CONT'D)
Here's a parting gift to show I'm
trying.

He throws a pamphlet onto the table in front of Nate.

INSERT

It is white paper with dark blue writing.

At the top there is a logo with a background of dark blue
and a white hand holding three red lighting bolts.

The words "The Guardians of Liberty" are written in bold
blue on the front.

BACK TO SCENE

Nate picks up the pamphlet. His eyes look hard. He looks
at Ian and hands the pamphlet to Bridget.

IAN (CONT'D)
Be careful.

Ian walks to the steps off the deck. Nate picks up the
canister.

NATE
Ian.

Ian stops and turns. Nate holds up the canister. Ian smiles.

IAN
Another present. It's just some
knockout gas. Instantaneous, but
harmless. You wake with a headache
after a couple of hours.

He walks down the steps and melts into the trees.

Nate puts down the canister. He eyes have a faraway look in
them.

NATE
I should have guessed. The Guardians
of Liberty.

He looks up at Bridget with a hard smile.

NATE (CONT'D)
It's payback time.

EXT. FEDERAL RAILROAD ADMINISTRATION OFFICES -- DAY

Nate strides down the sidewalk towards the entrance.

He stops before entering. He looks around.

He shakes his head and laughs.

Several people look at him as he enters.

EXT. FBI REGIONAL HQ -- DAY

Bridget walks to the entrance. She walks through the revolving doors.

INT. DIRECTOR WATERS' OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Nate walks up to Sharon. She looks from a computer monitor. She smiles.

SHARON

Good morning, Nate. He's waiting for you.

NATE

Thank you, Sharon.

Nate walks to the door. Sharon watches Nate walk away. She shrugs and begins typing on the keyboard.

INT. DIRECTOR BRAD KELLY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Bridget walks in. Director Kelly stands up and walks towards Bridget.

BRAD

Good morning, Bridget. Have you made a break? It sounded urgent.

BRIDGET

Brad, you've always been straight with me. So, what's going on?

Brad loses his smile. He points to the small conference table.

BRAD

Let's sit. Help yourself to coffee.

They walk over to the table and sit down.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Now, what are you...

BRIDGET

Stop it, Brad. Why are we on a diversionary track? Since when have I become a decoy?

Brad sits back in his chair.

BRAD

I don't know what you're talking about.

Bridget leans forward with an intense look.

BRIDGET

Damn it, Brad, come clean! You owe it to me.

Brad sits still for a few seconds.

He picks up the carafe and pours coffee into two cups. He places a cup in front of Bridget.

BRAD

Black, right?

Bridget takes a deep breath and sits back.

BRIDGET

Right.

INT. DIRECTOR WATERS' OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Nate is pacing by a small conference table. Robert Waters is sitting watching Nate.

NATE

I am calm! I'm just pissed, Robert. I don't like being a decoy.

ROBERT

Nobody's a decoy. You're investigating a series of malicious acts against the rail system.

Nate stops pacing and faces Robert. He points his finger.

NATE

Don't spout the party line. I know better. Damn it, Robert. The Guardians of Liberty!

Robert watches Nate closely. He stands up and walks to his desk. He picks up the phone and dials.

ROBERT

Sharon, Nate and I are going to lunch. Thank you.

He walks over to a coat rack and gets his coat.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Let's go for a walk, Nate.

Robert walks over to a side door and turns back to Nate.

Nate looks intently around the room and then walks to the door. They walk out.

INT. DIRECTOR BRAD KELLY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

BRIDGET

I can't tell you how we know. But, I'm sure you can guess.

BRAD

Bridget, you know I'm only looking out for you. All I'm asking is to play this out. There are factors involved that could ruin a promising career.

Bridget sits back and folds her arms.

BRIDGET

I guess Nate is right.

BRAD

Right about what?

BRIDGET

Politics. I tried to convince him you're different. That you believed in true justice. Not situational justice.

Brad looks hard at Bridget.

BRAD

I'm following orders. Which you will do, Agent Moore.

Brad stands up. He walks back to his desk.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You will continue to follow this investigation as we have discussed. Or be prepared to follow another career path. Keep me posted.

Brad sits down behind his desk. Bridget stands up slowly.

BRIDGET

Yes sir, Director Kelly.

She walks over to the door.

Brad watches her walk with sad look.

BRAD

And Bridget.

Bridget stops and looks back.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Be careful.

Bridget nods her head and walks out.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Various groups of people walk along the street headed to lunch.

Robert and Nate walk along. Nate scans the crowd.

NATE

We're in a sorry state if we can't talk in your office, Robert.

Robert looks at Nate and smiles.

ROBERT

That's one of the things I admire about you, your idealism. Most people have become totally cynical. However, your idealism keeps you young and naive.

Nate looks at Robert.

NATE

You, too?

ROBERT

Me too what?

Nate shakes his head and smiles.

NATE

Nothing. So, you're getting pressure from the Secretary? What don't you tell him to go screw himself. Or better yet, let me.

ROBERT

No. I need you around. You've done great work and have brought respect to FRA. I don't want to lose that. Or you.

NATE

In other words, play nice and let the FBI lead me down the rabbit hole?

ROBERT

Officially, yes. Just follow the obvious leads and play nice.

NATE

If I do that someone will die. I
... we've underestimated that group
before.

Robert stops in front of a restaurant. He turns toward Nate. Robert places his hand on Nate's shoulder. He looks intently at Nate.

ROBERT

I know. But Oklahoma City was not
your fault. So, unofficially, find
the bastards and shut them down.

Nate grins.

NATE

Will do!

ROBERT

And be careful, Nate. Very careful.

Nate nods. They turn and walk towards the entrance of the restaurant.

INT. FRA OFFICES CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

Nate sits and stares at the map.

He stands up and walks over to map.

He looks at his watch.

He walks over to the table and picks up a folder. He opens it and reads some info.

He looks at his watch again.

He throws down the folder. He walks over to the chair and sits. He picks up the phone and dials.

NATE

Hello. Agent Moore, please. She
has? Ok. Thank you. No, no message.
Bye.

The door opens to the conference room.

Bridget walks in with a carrying case over her shoulder.

Nate smiles. Her face is stoic.

She walks stiffly to the opposite side of the conference table.

She opens her carrying case, pulls out her tablet portfolio, and lays it down.

Nate watches her intently. His smile fades.

NATE (CONT'D)
Good morning to you, too.

Bridget looks up. She smiles slightly.

BRIDGET
Sorry. I've a lot on my mind.

NATE
Hopefully, me.

She looks up distracted.

BRIDGET
What? Oh. Yes. Partly.

She sits down abruptly.

NATE
Are you alright? What's up?

Nate starts to get up. Bridget holds up her hand. Nate sits back down.

NATE (CONT'D)
Let me guess. You're not to fraternize with the locals.

Nate leans back in his chair watching Bridget's face.

NATE (CONT'D)
And that's one.

He holds up one finger.

NATE (CONT'D)
Two. You're just to finish up the investigation and go home. Pronto.

Nate holds up a second finger.

NATE (CONT'D)
And three. Don't dig too deep.

Nate holds up a third finger.

Bridget puts her face in her hands.

Nate gets up and walks over to Bridget.

He puts his hands on her shoulders. She stiffens up.

BRIDGET
Nate. Please. Don't.

Nate removes his hands. He stands there looking down at her.

NATE

This must be very high profile if they've threatened your career.

Bridget rubs her face. She turns in her chair and looks up.

BRIDGET

Can we just get on with this?

Nate looks in her eyes. He nods his head.

He walks back to his chair. He slowly sits down.

NATE

Sure. We need to head over to SXL headquarters. We have an appointment.

Nate picks up his tablet, swipes the screen a couple of times and closes the case.

Bridget watches him for a few seconds. She grabs her tablet and closes the case.

They both stand up and head toward the door.

EXT. SXL HEADQUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS

The building is glass and steel. Sunlight reflects off the glass.

In front is a stylized sculpture of a train.

As Bridget and Nate walk by the train, a truck horn blares from the street. Tires squeal.

Nate and Bridget stop.

Nate looks up at the sculpture and shakes his head.

They walk to the entrance.

INT. SXL EXECUTIVE CONFERENCE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

There are three men seated around the conference table. One of them is Eugene.

A fourth man, PETER HARDING, CEO of SXL, stands to the side.

Nate and Bridget are escorted in by Peter's executive assistant.

PETER

Thank you, Sarah.

Peter walks over to Nate and Bridget.

PETER (CONT'D)
I'm Peter Harding.

He shakes their hands. He points to the table.

PETER (CONT'D)
Won't you have a seat?

Nate and Bridget sit opposite the three men.

Nate walks to the head of the table and sits down.

PETER (CONT'D)
As I stated to you Inspector Crow,
we will cooperate fully with FRA's
investigation. SXL is part of
America's history dating back to the
eighteen-hundreds and the building
of intercontinental railroad.

The men seated at the table nod their heads in agreement.

PETER (CONT'D)
So, I've brought my key officers as
you suggested. They are William
Long, Vice President of our Legal
and Regulatory division.

A fifties, gray-haired man with wire rim glasses waves his hand.

PETER (CONT'D)
Robert Alexander, Vice President of
Marketing.

A man with black hair in his forties smiles and nods.

PETER (CONT'D)
And Eugene Smith, Vice President of
Operations.

Eugene looks hard and curtly nods his head. Nate looks intently at him.

PETER (CONT'D)
Now. What exactly do you need,
Inspector Crow?

Bridget and Nate look at one another. Bridget nods her head.

NATE
Mr. Harding, as I explained over the
phone, Agent Moore and I are
investigating a series of derailments
(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

that have occurred over the last two years.

Eugene looks mad.

EUGENE

So what? We haven't experienced an abnormal increase in derailments.

Nate looks at Peter and then back to Eugene.

NATE

We aren't suggesting that SXL has been negligent. We believe that the derailments have been planned and executed by a organized group.

The men look confused. They all talk at once.

Peter holds up his hand. They stop talking. Peter nods to Eugene.

EUGENE

For what purpose? Industrial espionage? That ridiculous.

BRIDGET

We're not sure. That's why we need to search your records on specific rail lines and cargo loads.

Nate watches Eugene closely. Eugene stares then looks away.

WILLIAM

I don't want to seem uncooperative, Inspector, but we have to protect our reputation. Could this open us up for litigation?

Nate leans forward.

NATE

No. Both the FRA and the FBI will keep this confidential. We will keep you posted on what we find.

Peter looks at William, who nods his head.

PETER

Very well. We will provide you the information you want. Eugene, please provide the records needed.

EUGENE

But, Peter, this is pure...

Peter looks hard at Eugene. Eugene turns back to Nate.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

If you will follow me.

They all stand up.

PETER

Please let me know if there is anything else you need.

BRIDGET

We will. And thank you for your cooperation.

Bridget and Nate follow Eugene out the door.

INT. SXL HQ VACANT OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

The office window faces downtown. The skyline is bright in the sunlight.

On a desk sits a flat screen monitor. Folders are on top of the desk.

Bridget sits in front of the monitor. Nate stands behind her.

Cargo manifests scroll down the monitor screen. Nate leans forward and points.

The printer starts up, adding another page to the pile of papers in the tray.

INT. SXL HQ EUGENE'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Eugene is standing up behind his desk talking on his smartphone.

EUGENE

I'm not panicking. I'm just keeping you informed. Yes. Tonight.

Eugene punches the phone to end the call.

EXT. SXL HEADQUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS

Nate and Bridget walk out. They head down the sidewalk. Nate puts his hand on Bridget's arm and stops.

NATE

Why don't we get some lunch before we head back.

Bridget pulls away. She hugs her tablet case.

BRIDGET

I can't. I'll grab a bite at the
FBI cafeteria.

NATE

You're not coming back to FRA?

She looks down at her feet and then back at Nate.

BRIDGET

No. I have a meeting about a new
case. I'll be back tomorrow morning
to help you review.

Nate looks at her hard.

NATE

OK. Then how about dinner? We...

Bridget shakes her head.

BRIDGET

Please, Nate. Don't make this any
harder than it is. I'll see you
tomorrow.

She starts to turn away.

NATE

Wait a minute. I'm a little slow.
So, help me out. Your career is
more important than us?

Bridget looks at Nate. Her eyes are tearing up. Her jaw is
set.

BRIDGET

Us? We hardly know each other.
I'll be leaving soon and then what?
You'll move to Washington? The Bureau
is my life, Nate.

Nate steps back. His jaw twitches.

NATE

I see. Then I guess I'll see you in
the morning.

Nate turns and walks away.

Bridget stands there and watches.

Tears slide down her cheeks. She roughly brushes them away.
She turns and rapidly walks away.

INT. FRA OFFICES CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

Nate sits at the conference table. He types on a laptop.

Empty cartons of Chinese take-out and coffee cups sit on the table to the side.

The information from SXL sits in front of Nate. He reads something and then types into the laptop.

He finishes typing. He moves the laptop's mouse. He double-clicks the mouse.

NATE

OK. Do your magic.

He stands up and stretches. He looks at his watch.

He walks to the table and picks up his smartphone.

He stares at it as if it had magically appeared in his hand.

He sets down the smartphone with a frustrated look on his face.

He turns back to the laptop.

He leans forward and looks intently at the screen. He moves the mouse and double-clicks. He slowly smiles.

NATE (CONT'D)

Bulls eye.

He looks at his watch again. He leans over and picks up his smartphone and dials.

NATE (CONT'D)

Hello. Eugene Smith please. Thank you.

He looks back at the laptop and smiles again.

NATE (CONT'D)

Yes. Has Mr. Smith left for the day? He hasn't. He's in a meeting. No, no message. I'll call later. Thank you. Good-bye.

Nate terminates the call. He walks back to the laptop. He moves the mouse and double-clicks. The printer starts up.

Nate collects the printed documents, places them in a folder then places the folder into his tablet portfolio. He closes the case.

He walks to the door and leaves.

EXT. SXL HEADQUARTERS -- EVENING

The sun is setting. Shadows and light form patterns on the ground. People are leaving the buildings heading home.

EXT. NATE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Nate sits in his car on a side street across from the employee parking lot. He has on sunglasses and a baseball cap pulled low.

INT. NATE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

He watches the people as they exit. He picks up his smartphone. He dials.

NATE

Yes. Has Mr Smith left yet? Just missed him. No problem. I'll call him tomorrow. Thanks.

He terminates the call. He continues to watch.

EXT. SXL HEADQUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS

The rear door opens. Eugene Smith exits the building. He walks over to his luxury car parked in a reserved parking space.

He looks around. He gets in. He cranks the car and backs out. He heads toward the exit.

INT. NATE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Nate watches Eugene's car approach. He slouches down in the seat like he's taking a nap.

Eugene pulls out of the parking lot and drives by Nate. Eugene doesn't even look at him.

Nate sits up and cranks the car.

EXT. NATE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Nate pulls away from the curb and follows Eugene's car.

INT. BRIDGET'S HOTEL SUITE -- NIGHT

Bridget works on a laptop at a small table.

She stops working and stands up.

She walks over to the door leading to a small balcony.

The skyline of Atlanta blazes in the night. She stands with her arms crossed almost hugging herself.

She places her hands on her hips. She looks at her watch.

She turns and looks at her smartphone lying next to the laptop. She turns back and looks at the night sky.

She turns back and looks at the smartphone. She runs her hand through her hair.

She walks over to the smartphone and picks it. She dials.

EXT. LAKE LANIER -- CONTINUOUS

The night sky is clear. The moon shines brightly. A lighted boat slowly cruises in the distance.

EXT. NATE'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

There are no lights on in the house.

The phone ringing breaks the silence.

INT. DEN -- CONTINUOUS

The phone rings five times. The answering machine clicks on.

Nate's voice is heard.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Hello. I'm not in, so please leave
a message at the tone.

A BEEP is heard. There is a long pause then the machine clicks off.

INT. BRIDGET'S HOTEL SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

Bridget punches her smartphone to end the call.

BRIDGET

Where are you?

EXT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - WOODS INSIDE COMPOUND -- NIGHT

Nate moves silently through the woods parallel to a gravel road that runs toward lights in the trees.

He comes to the edge of the cabin clearing.

He lies down. He looks through the brush.

The cabin lights throw small patches of light onto the ground in front. Dark shadows surround the cabin.

Eugene's luxury car is parked in front of the cabin.

As Nate scans the cabin, three shadows emerge from the woods surrounding the cabin.

Two of the soldiers pass each other and melt back into the shadows.

The third walks up the steps to the front porch. The filtered light from the window reveals Jesse.

Jesse puts his hand to his right ear. Jesse quickly walks over to one of the rocking chairs.

He picks up a helmet that has night vision goggles attached. He puts on the helmet.

Jesse walks to the edge of the front porch. He reaches up and flips down the goggles and switches them on.

A shadow of greenish light reflects on Jesse's face. He slowly looks around the compound.

Nate flattens himself against the ground behind a large rock, watching Jesse closely.

INT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - MAIN CABIN CONFERENCE -- CONTINUOUS

David, Wen Tu Sun, two young Chinese men and two of the Guardian commanders are sitting at a conference table.

The door opens and Eugene is escorted in by two soldiers.

Eugene looks mad. David gives Eugene a hard look.

DAVID

What's the problem?

Eugene stands at the table.

EUGENE

The FBI paid a visit to SXL.

Wen Tu Sun smiles slightly.

WEN TU SUN

So?

Eugene leans down on the table.

EUGENE

So! They obviously are getting close!
You...

A soldier comes through a side door. He stops next to David and snaps to attention.

David turns toward the soldier.

SOLDIER

We have a possible intruder. An infrared detector has been tripped.

David looks at Eugene.

Eugene straightens up slowly.

Wen stares at Eugene and slowly smiles wickedly.

WEN TU SUN

It appears they are very close.

David looks at Wen. He turns back to the soldier.

DAVID

Take care of it. Now!

The soldier snaps to attention and salutes. He turns on his heels and rapidly leaves the room.

EXT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND -- CONTINUOUS

Jesse is walking near the main cabin scanning the woods with his night vision goggles. He suddenly stops. He removes his Glock 9MM.

He raises his arm to his mouth. A small microphone is attached to his watch.

JESSE

(softly)
Triangulate.

He disappears into the shadows.

EXT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - WOODS INSIDE COMPOUND -- CONTINUOUS

Nate is moving slowly around the edge of the woods. He stops and stares into the darkness.

A shadow moves near the cabin. Nate freezes.

Nate hears a twig snap off to his left. Nate's head snaps in that direction.

Another shadow moves through the moonlight off to the right. Nate looks in that direction.

Nate stands still looking between his right and left.

A flat black 9mm Glock is slowly put against his ear. Nate freezes rigidly.

IAN

Don't move, Nate.

Nate has a confused look on his face.

NATE

Ian?

A twig snaps closer off to the right.

IAN

Follow me.

Nate turns and follows Ian. They move quietly but quickly back into the woods.

EXT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - MAIN CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Jesse moves into the moonlight.

Through his goggles he sees two globs of light moving off into the woods.

Jesse raises his hand to his mouth.

JESSE

I see them. Close in south of my location.

Through his goggles, two globs of light move from right and left towards Nate and Ian.

EXT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - WOODS INSIDE COMPOUND -- CONTINUOUS

Nate and Ian suddenly hear people RUNNING through the woods behind them.

IAN

Move!

Ian begins running. Nate follows. They follow a barely visible trail.

EXT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - MAIN CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Jesse stands at the edge of the woods. He hears bodies CRASHING through the woods. The sharp CRACK of a gun is heard.

EXT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - WOODS INSIDE COMPOUND -- CONTINUOUS

Nate and Ian hit the ground.

Ian rolls toward Nate. He motions to Nate.

IAN

When they get into the clearing, yell out to distract them.

NATE

Right.

Ian disappears into the shadows.

EXT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - WOODS INSIDE COMPOUND -- CONTINUOUS

The two soldiers emerge from the shadows. Their weapons are raised.

One drops to his knees. He looks at the ground. He looks up and points.

They move in that direction.

EXT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - WOODS INSIDE COMPOUND --
CONTINUOUS

Jesse stands near the edge of the woods. He raises his hand to his mouth.

JESSE

I have lost visual. Status.

A loud yell is heard. Followed by two sharp cracks. Silence follows.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Status. Status. Damn!

EXT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - WOODS INSIDE COMPOUND -- CONTINUOUS

Two soldiers lay in grass. They are disarmed. One softly snores.

Nate and Ian stand nearby looking at the soldiers.

Ian is holding a small canister.

NATE

I'm impressed. Thanks.

He turns to Ian.

NATE (CONT'D)

You clairvoyant?

Ian holds up his hand to his ear.

IAN

Let's discuss this later. We need to move. Now!

They move into the woods and disappear.

EXT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - MAIN CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

The front door bursts open. Ten soldiers come out. Jesse faces them.

JESSE

Fan out! They're heading south.
They must be armed. Take them alive.
Go.

The soldiers fan out across the compound.

INT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - MAIN CABIN -- LATER

Jesse stands at attention near the conference table.

David, Wen, his assistants, and the two officers sit at the table. Eugene is gone.

DAVID

They heard a shout, they fired and
then you find them unconscious?

JESSE

Yes sir! But they didn't see anybody.
They're still groggy, sir.

Wen watches closely.

DAVID

Keep the troops deployed. Find out
where they got in. Keep me informed.
Dismissed.

Jesse snaps rigid, salutes, turns on his heels and leaves.

WEN TU SUN

He has become a warrior. You are to
be commended.

David looks at Wen and nods.

DAVID

I apologize for the delay. But it's
handled.

Wen nods. He leans over and picks up a metal case. He opens it and removes a flash drive.

WEN TU SUN

Here is the final plans for the
alignment of the payload and the
delivery of the detonator.

Wen holds up the flash drive.

WEN TU SUN (CONT'D)

You can review it at a later date.
Bottom line is the thermite payload
will arrive in two weeks through
Savannah.

David takes the flash drive and places it on the table.

DAVID

What about the stability of the
thermite?

Wen nods approvingly.

WEN TU SUN

The thermite and the payload are
completely stable. As you will see.
It is simple but ingenious. The
detonator is separate. And we have
built a mechanized deployment device
for the liquid nitrogen.

Wen reaches in and removes the device. A liquid nitrogen
canister is attached with a mechanical trigger mechanism on
the trigger of the canister.

The canister is held in place by metal straps. The rear of
the device has two powerful magnets for attachment to the
rail. There is a small digital readout panel with a red
button beneath it.

WEN TU SUN (CONT'D)

The device is triggered by the train's
vibrations on the rail. The canister
is calculated to deploy when the
train is within 50 yards. Attach
the canister to the rail with the
magnets and press the red activation
button. Simple. There are three,
one for each train and payload.

David nods his head.

DAVID

Brilliant.

David slowly stands up.

He walks over to the map. He stands and looks for a few
seconds.

He turns back toward Wen.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What is the total area of impact?

WEN TU SUN

Two miles. The payload is the equivalent of 1000 times the Oklahoma City bombing.

David nods his head sharply.

DAVID

We'll be ready to relocate to our northern headquarters before ground zero detonation.

Wen slowly stands up watching David intently.

WEN TU SUN

We will meet once more before ground zero. I will let you know when.

David moves toward Wen.

WEN TU SUN (CONT'D)

Keep me informed on all issues.
Good night.

David bows slightly as Wen returns the bow.

Wen turns and walks toward the door followed by his assistants.

Davis watches as they exit through the door. He walks over to the table and sits down.

He picks up the flash drive. He puts it into a USB port on the laptop.

DAVID

Yes. Two weeks...and the revolution begins.

David presses a key on the laptop.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- LATE

The traffic is light but steady.

A Georgia state patrol car with blue lights flashing pulls onto the shoulder behind a luxury car. After a few seconds, a Georgia state trooper gets out of the car.

He approaches the drivers side. He sees a silhouette in the front seat. He turns on the flashlight he carries. He shines the light into the car.

Eugene is in the front seat. His head is back. His eyes are wide open. A small black hole, with a trickle of blood, is in the middle of his forehead.

INT. SXL HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Bridget walks into Peter Harding's office. Peter is sitting in a wing back chair. Next to him sitting on a loveseat is DETECTIVE TONY GOINS.

Peter and Tony stand up as Bridget approaches.

PETER

Good Morning, Agent Moore. I didn't realize I had an appointment with you.

Bridget shakes his hand.

BRIDGET

You didn't. I was trying to see Mr. Smith. His secretary sent me here.

PETER

I see. I can explain. First, let me introduce Detective Tony Goins.

Bridget looks at Tony then shakes his hand. Peter points to the loveseat.

PETER (CONT'D)

Why don't we sit down and I'll explain.

INT. DIRECTOR WATERS' OFFICE -- DAY

Nate is sitting in front of Robert Water's desk. Robert is leaning forward on his elbows.

ROBERT

Nate. What are you trying to do? I thought we had an agreement.

NATE

I'm trying to solve a case.

Robert leans back into his chair.

ROBERT

By breaking the law? You have been accused of trespassing and making terrorist threats.

Nate stands up. Nate starts pacing.

NATE

That's crap!

Robert picks up a piece of paper.

ROBERT

We received a letter from the attorney
for The National Association for the
Protection of Animals stating...

NATE

NAPA? That's rich.

ROBERT (CONT'D.)

...stating that you were chased off
their property last night by their
security.

Nate stops pacing.

He walks up to Robert's desk.

NATE

Security! Fully armed with automatic
assault rifles and night vision
goggles! It's the Guardians, Robert!

Nate takes a deep breath.

NATE (CONT'D)

How did they know it was me?

ROBERT

They traced your car tag. I'm sorry
Nate, but legally it's your word
against theirs.

NATE

Damn it, Robert! You know better!

Robert stands up and walks around to the front of his desk.
He stands next to Nate. He shakes his head.

ROBERT

I'm sorry Nate but I've got word
from upstairs. You're due some
vacation. Take it. Two weeks.

Nate stares at Robert. His jaw is twitching.

NATE

This is crazy. It means I'm getting
close. They have contacts everywhere.
Don't you see?

Robert puts his hand on Nate's shoulder.

ROBERT

Two weeks. Go somewhere nice.

Nate shrugs off his hand. He turns and strides toward the
door.

EXT. LAKE LANIER -- EVENING

The lake looks like it is burning as the setting sun reflects off the water.

INT. DEN -- CONTINUOUS

Nate sits in a wing chair, an open beer in his hand.

He looks at his watch.

He leans over and picks up the remote phone off the floor.

He dials.

INT. BRIDGET'S HOTEL SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

Bridget's smartphone rings.

Bridget looks up from her laptop. She looks at her watch.

She answers her smartphone.

BRIDGET

Nate?

INT. DEN -- CONTINUOUS

NATE

Hi. Working hard?

INT. BRIDGET'S HOTEL SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

Bridget sits still, not breathing. She lets out a long sigh.

BRIDGET

Hi, Nate.

She rubs her face.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

You know I'm not suppose to talk to you. Don't make this difficult.

INT. DEN -- CONTINUOUS

Nate stands, still holding the beer.

NATE

Difficult? At least, that's something.

Nate takes a drink, his jaw twitching. He walks out to the deck.

NATE (CONT'D)

I thought you'd written me off.

INT. BRIDGET'S HOTEL SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

BRIDGET

I'm sorry but everyone has to make choices. I'm not ready to throw away my career, not for...

EXT. HOUSE DECK -- CONTINUOUS

NATE

Me?

Nate starts to throw his beer toward the lake but he stops.

INT. BRIDGET'S HOTEL SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

Bridget stands. She runs her hand through her hair.

BRIDGET

No, for anything. You've made your mark. I haven't. Please understand.

EXT. HOUSE DECK -- CONTINUOUS

NATE

Yeah, I understand. Good luck, Bridget. Good-bye.

Nate pushes the button on the phone.

INT. BRIDGET'S HOTEL SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

BRIDGET

Nate, no! Damn it!

She throws down the smartphone onto the desk.

EXT. HOUSE DECK -- CONTINUOUS

Nate looks at the phone. He reaches down and pulls a fresh beer out of a cooler. He takes a long drink.

He turns and looks out across the lake.

Nate watches as a solitary lake tern flies across the lake surface and lands.

Nate slowly smiles and raises his beer in salute to the bird.

INT. HOME OFFICE -- NIGHT

Nate sits in front of his laptop.

On the screen Nate types into a search engine - SXL Corporation.

The screen changes to the home page of SXL.

Nate hears a noise outside. He slowly reaches around the laptop. His pulls his hand from behind the laptop holding a 9mm Glock.

Nate slowly stands up and turns off the light.

A soft knock is heard from the glass door leading to the deck. Nate silently glides into the den.

He sees a shadow at the door. Nate moves to the light switch. He switches on the light.

Ian stands smiling on the deck.

Nate moves to the door and opens it.

NATE

Damn it, Ian! Can't you just call!

Ian laughs and pushes the gun down.

IAN

I will next time.

Ian walks into the house.

IAN (CONT'D)

We need to talk. How about a beer?

Nate closes the door and they go into the den.

INT. DEN -- LATER

Nate and Ian sit the soft glow of one lamp. Ian slowly drinks his beer.

Nate stands up and walks to the glass door.

NATE

So. Now that we've done the pleasantries?

Ian leans back into the sofa. He puts his feet on the coffee table.

IAN

Nate, I know you. I've decided to use you instead of letting you be a wild card.

Nate turns back toward Ian. He walks back to the chair and sits down.

NATE

Why should I trust you? How do I know you won't send me on wild goose chase?

Ian smiles and takes a drink from his beer.

IAN

Let's just say that I feel the situation needs some additional firepower. And I also need someone that I trust. With my life and quite possibly thousands of lives.

Nate looks at Ian intensely. He nods his head.

NATE

I'm listening.

Ian leans forward.

IAN

We have a deep cover inside the Guardians.

Nate slowly smiles.

IAN (CONT'D)

Deep but not high. Contact is only when absolutely necessary.

Nate takes a drink, looking at Ian over the bottle.

NATE

So, I attack from the outside.

IAN

Not attack. Dig. I'll contact you quietly. To keep you covert as long as possible. Things are moving rapidly.

Ian stands up. He moves to the glass door. He turns back to Nate.

IAN (CONT'D)

Be careful. I need you.

Ian opens the door and disappears into the night.

NATE

Oh, I'll be careful. But I'm going to nail the bastards.

EXT. HOUSE DECK -- MORNING

The lake has a early morning mist over the water.

Fish break the surface of the lake. Water fowl take off from the lake.

Nate is sitting at the outdoor table drinking coffee. His laptop in front of him.

The computer screen shows the SXL home page. Nate moves through several screens. A map of the southeast slowly appears, showing SXL lines, freight depots and terminals.

Nate traces his finger along the line from Savannah to Atlanta. Atlanta is shown as a red star. He traces the line back to Savannah.

Nate picks up the remote phone and dials.

NATE

Hello Sharon. I just wanted to let Robert know that I'm taking his advice.

Nate walks inside the house. He walks towards the bedroom.

NATE (CONT'D)

I'll be gone for a week of vacation. Maybe two. I'll have my mobile if something comes up.

Nate walks to his closet and pulls out a duffel bag.

NATE (CONT'D)

Thanks, Sharon, I will. Bye.

He punches the phone off and tosses it on the bed. He starts pulling clothes out of his closet.

INT. BRIDGET'S HOTEL SUITE -- DAY

Bridget is packing a suitcase.

On the desk in her room there is her laptop, her 9mm Glock in its holster, and a stack of papers.

Bridget walks to the desk. She closes the laptop and puts it in a case. She picks up her 9mm and puts the holster on.

She picks up the papers and walks back to the bed. She puts the papers except one into the laptop case. She opens the document in her hand.

The document is an airline ticket to Savannah.

She looks at her watch. She puts the ticket into a zippered side pocket on the laptop case.

She closes the suitcase and sets it on the floor.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Traffic is steady, but light, as it travels south on Georgia Hwy. 16.

A white 2014 Corvette runs through the traffic.

INT. RENTAL CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Nate drives the Corvette. He has ROCK MUSIC blasting on the sound system.

Several maps, along with a document with SXL in bold letters at the top, lay on the passenger seat.

Nate is enjoying the drive, fingers tapping in time with the music.

Nate watches a city mileage sign pass by. It reads: Savannah_98 miles.

Nate looks at his watch.

NATE

Not bad. Not bad at all.

Nate smiles and watches the scenery fly past.

INT. PASSENGER JET -- DAY

Bridget stares out the window of a small commercial jet. The sky is blue with the sun blazing. Three BONGS sound out over the intercom.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

We are now cleared for landing at Savannah International Airport. Please make sure all trays and seats are in the upright and locked positions. We'll be landing shortly.

Bridget looks at her watch and then stares back out the window.

EXT. RIVER STREET -- NIGHT

A steady stream of people move along the waterfront area. Bars are packed, restaurants crowded, shops busy.

Nate approaches the Chart House restaurant scanning the crowd.

Bridget is approaching from the opposite direction watching the crowds and window shopping.

EXT. CHART HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Bridget approaches the stairs leading up to the restaurant. She is behind a small group of people.

A hand reaches out and takes her arm.

She whirls and comes face to face with Nate. She opens her mouth then closes it. She softly pulls her arm from his grasp.

BRIDGET

What are you doing here?

Nate looks at Bridget with confusion on his face. He then smiles.

NATE

I could ask you the same thing.

BRIDGET

Look, Nate...

Nate holds up his hand.

NATE

Truce. Why don't we go in? We can trade information and share a great dinner.

Bridget looks thoughtful and then she slowly smiles.

BRIDGET

OK. Information and dinner.

They turn and go up the stairs.

INT. CHART HOUSE -- NIGHT

The waiter fills Bridget's and Nate's wine glasses.

The waiter walks away. Nate picks up his glass to toast.

NATE

Here's to ... Great minds think alike.

Bridget picks up her glass and touches Nate's.

BRIDGET

To great minds and ... Fate.

They drink.

NATE

OK. Ladies first. What brings you to Savannah?

Bridget looks at Nate. She barely shrugs.

BRIDGET

The case. I'm looking for manifests, not logged in SXL's database. I think some data is missing.

She takes a drink of wine.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Your turn.

Nate laughs.

NATE

Like I said, great minds. I'm here for the same reason. But on my own time.

BRIDGET

You know I should turn you in. But I got an unexpected visit from...

NATE

Ian.

Bridget looks sharply at Nate.

BRIDGET

You're getting scary.

NATE

Not really. He paid me a visit, too. He doesn't trust his own sources. Or he's trying to play Cupid.

Bridget starts to say something, then laughs.

BRIDGET

Cupid? Funny. But, I think you're right. He wants us to be freelancers. Except the Bureau knows I'm here.

Nate takes a drink of the wine. He looks at his glass as he swirls the wine.

He looks up sharply.

NATE

And the Bureau is keeping tabs on you in case you get close. Right?

Bridget looks excited.

BRIDGET

Right! Which means I am.

Nate smiles broadly. He raises his glass again.

NATE
Here's to getting close.

Bridget looks stern then laughs.

BRIDGET
I'll drink to that.

EXT. CHART HOUSE -- NIGHT

Nate and Bridget walk down the stairs to River Street.
They face each other.

NATE
I'm staying at the Hyatt.

BRIDGET
I'm at the Marriot.

Nate steps closer to Bridget. She stands her ground.

NATE
I'll walk you to your room.

She looks into his eyes.

BRIDGET
Always the Southern gentlemen. But,
I'll be fine.

NATE
OK. It's just I miss you.

She reaches up and touches Nate's face.

BRIDGET
I miss you, too. But let's take it
slow. So, we'll meet for breakfast
at the Hyatt.

She turns to walk away. She stops and turns back. She
smiles.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Eight o'clock. And you can dream
about me. 'Night, Nate.

Nate smiles.

NATE
Good night, Bridget. Sweet dreams.

He watches as she walks down the still busy street.

INT. WEN'S CHINA BISTRO PRIVATE OFFICE -- DAY

Wen sits behind his desk. There is a knock at the door.

The door opens. Karl leads in David.

Wen looks up and motions to the chairs in front of desk.

Karl and David sit down.

WEN TU SUN

All preparations are ready. The
thermite will arrive in Savannah in
two days. In a shipment of porcelain
dolls. Ironic touch, don't you think?

David nods curtly.

DAVID

Yes. Very Chinese. We'll be there
to program the bomb.

Wen smiles slow and deadly.

WEN TU SUN

That will not be necessary.

Wen reaches to a console on his desk and presses a button.

An unseen door opens from the wall. A young Chinese woman
dressed in black silently enters carrying a metal suitcase.

She walks to a small table and sets it down.

She turns back toward Wen and bows. She walks back through
the door and closes it, once again looking like a solid wall.

Wen stands up. Karl and David stand up. They walk to the
table.

Wen opens the suitcase. Three small flat black metal devices
lay inside surrounded by dark gray foam padding.

The devices have two buttons, one green and one red.

Wen looks at David.

WEN TU SUN (CONT'D)

All that has to be done is to attach
this to the rail car axle assembly
of each rail car by pressing the
green button then pressing the red
button to activate the detonator.

Wen points to the button on the device.

DAVID

Understand, but why the rail car axle assembly?

Wen's mouth curves in a snaky smile.

WEN TU SUN

The detonator has a mercury switch and a short timer that triggers the payload via RF signal. Also, who's going to search for something attached under the car? They will look for contraband in the cars.

David looks between Karl and Wen. He nods.

DAVID

Then I'll be going. I have final instructions to pass on.

Karl closes the suitcase and places it upright. David picks up the suitcase. He turns to go.

WEN TU SUN

Who's going to place the devices?

David turns back.

DAVID

Jesse.

Wen nods approvingly.

WEN TU SUN

I will be going to Seattle in two days. We will monitor the outcome from there. Good hunting.

David smirks.

DAVID

It's time for America to get back on track. We have right on our side. We will succeed.

David and Karl head toward the door and exit.

Wen moves to his desk and picks up an old sepia toned picture showing several Chinese railroad workers.

Wen looks at the picture and then replaces it on his desk.

WEN TU SUN

I agree it's time. Time for America to pay for its arrogance and for what was done to my ancestors.

Wen looks down at the picture.

FLASHBACK

EXT. RAILROAD LINE - 1868 -- DAY

Several thousand Chinese workers moving rails, setting railroad ties, hammering in rail spikes stretch out along the rail line.

Foremen, on horses, ride beside the workers yelling encouragement or threats as motivation.

A large tent city is seen off in the distance.

EXT. RAILROAD LINE - TUNNEL ENTRANCE -- CONTINUOUS

Workers come in and out of a tunnel pushing carts with loads of rock out and empty carts back in.

FOREMAN looks at his watch and at the setting sun. He motions to the OVERSEER, who walks over.

FOREMAN

They done with setting the blast?

OVERSEER

'Bout.

FOREMAN

Start clearing out the workers, 'cept the Chinamen. Make sure they get all the loose rock.

Overseer walks toward the tunnel and begins blowing his whistle.

EXT. RAILROAD LINE - TUNNEL ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

Foreman stands next to BLASTMAN who is kneeling next to detonator. Foreman looks at his watch.

FOREMAN

Blast it!

BLASTMAN

Fire in the hole!

Several workers, holding torches, echo the warning.

Several Chinese workers run up to Foreman and begin talking rapidly.

FOREMAN

Shut up! What ya' jabbering 'bout.

The blastman pulls the detonator handle up and looks up at the foreman.

CHINESE WORKER

Not all out! Not all out!

FOREMAN

They're out! Plenty of time!

CHINESE WORKER

Not all out! Not all out!

Foreman looks at the Blastman and nods his head.

Blastman raises up to push down the handle.

A Chinese worker raises his shovel to hit the Blastman.

Foreman draws his gun and shoots workman in the arm. The Blastman stops.

FOREMAN

Blow the goddamn charge!

The Blastman slams the handle down.

The blast lights up the tunnel. Rocks, smoke and dust belch from the tunnel.

The Chinese workers stare at the tunnel, then slowly pick up the wounded worker.

The smoke expands into the sky and slowly dissipates.

The Blastman begins unhooking the detonator. He looks up.

BLASTMAN

You think they was all out?

The Foreman mounts his horse. He leans over and spits to the side.

FOREMAN

Don't matter.

He rides off. In the distance the night fires at the tent city twinkle like stars.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. WEN'S CHINA BISTRO PRIVATE OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Wen Tu Sun looks up from the photograph and looks out the window.

WEN TU SUN

And pay they will.

EXT. SAVANNAH PORT AUTHORITY -- DAY

Nate and Bridget walk along the dock. They watch as the longshoremen work on moving cargo to various warehouses.

They stop one of the workman and ask a question. The workman turns and points at one of the warehouses.

The building has SXL FREIGHT in black lettering across the top.

INT. SXL WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Nate and Bridget walk up to a burly man, 50's, with graying hair. He is yelling at two workers.

FOREMAN

I don't give a flying fuck at a rolling doughnut! Report the breakage, do the fucking paperwork.

Nate smiles at the verbal barrage. Bridget taps the man on the shoulder. He whirls.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

What the fu..!

He stops and looks at Bridget, then Nate.

He turns back to the workers.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

Do the paperwork!

He turns and faces Nate and Bridget. He looks at them closely.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

If you're looking for a tour, you're in the wrong place.

Nate and Bridget flash their badges.

BRIDGET

I'm Agent Moore - FBI. This is Inspector Crow of the FRA.

He spits on the concrete floor and flashes a wicked smile. He looks at Bridget.

FOREMAN

So, you gonna frisk me?

He laughs. Bridget smiles hard.

BRIDGET

If necessary. But it'll make a prostrate exam look tame.

The foreman stops laughing abruptly.

FOREMAN

Whadaya want?

NATE

We need to check the cargo manifest from that Chinese freighter.

The foreman looks pissed.

FOREMAN

I got no time for this! You got a warrant?

NATE

Nope. But we can get one. Might take awhile. So we'd have to freeze the unloading until it got here.

FOREMAN

Sonofabitch!

BRIDGET

Look. We'll be out of here in a flash. But it's your call.

The foreman looks around at the activity, then back at Nate and Bridget.

FOREMAN

Follow me.

He turns and walks toward stairs that lead to the offices above the warehouse floor.

INT. SXL WAREHOUSE OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Nate and Bridget sit in front of computer in a small office.

NATE

Impressive tracking system. The whole cargo is bar coded and tracked digitally. And Sun Industries appears to be one of SXL's biggest customers.

Bridget looks at Nate.

BRIDGET

Yes, it's high tech. And it makes the data both easily protected and easily erased.

Nate smiles.

NATE

Well, your Honor. You see, the computer crashed and wiped out our data. Sorry, your Honor.

Bridget laughs.

BRIDGET

Something like that.

She moves the mouse and clicks.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

It looks like they receive shipments from Sun Industries every two weeks. The next shipment arrives in two days. Let's see if we can see what that shipment is going to be.

Bridget moves through several screens of manifest listings.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Here we go. Looks like a shipment of porcelain dolls. Headed for Atlanta, Omaha, Nebraska and DC. Interesting.

Nate looks at the screen.

NATE

What's interesting?

BRIDGET

Well, all three trains make two stops. Looks like the trains add several cars at each stop.

NATE

What are the picking up?

Bridget scrolls the page. She stops and looks up at Nate.

BRIDGET

Each train picks up seven tankers of ammonium nitrate fertilizer and then five tankers of liquid nitromethane.

Nate leans down and looks at the screen.

NATE

That's it!

BRIDGET

What?

NATE

That payload is the making of a bomb that could level a small city. Or take out chunks of a major city's urban area. They only need intense heat to set it off, probably thermite.

Nate walks over to the window and looks out with an intense, far away look.

NATE (CONT'D)

And a detonator package to provide a blast to set off the thermite. The thermite is probably hidden in the porcelain doll shipment.

Nate turns back around and looks at Bridget, his eyes losing his faraway look and focusing on her.

NATE (CONT'D)

Your good. But I knew that.

Bridget looks up at Nate and slowly smiles.

BRIDGET

Never give up.

NATE

Never.

BRIDGET

This is major. It looks like three targets, not one. But Omaha? I'll check for any events scheduled for Atlanta and Omaha. DC speaks for itself.

Bridget works the mouse and keyboard pulling up info from several Web sites.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Omaha doesn't have any major events scheduled. The only reference that seems remotely connected is that Omaha is the place where the transcontinental rail lines were connected. In eighteen-sixty-nine. And SXL was part of that ceremony.

Nate looks thoughtful.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Atlanta does have a international toy show.

(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Also, SXL is hosting a railway tech show in conjunction with their annual stockholders meeting. Both are at the Atlanta World Congress Center.

NATE

This doesn't sound like just a revolutionary strike.

BRIDGET

It appears to be more about striking at SXL, not the federal government.

NATE

It's both.

BRIDGET

How?

NATE

Ian. He said that there is a high level connection to China. The building of the intercontinental railroad had over fifteen thousand Chinese workers. The conditions were brutal. Some died. Maybe some Chinese official has a grudge against SXL for an alleged act of brutality to an ancestor. And the Guardians of Liberty are exploiting the grudge for their purposes. Atlanta is a major railway hub. Take out several rail lines and chaos hits the rail system. They could take the DC train to Union Station, blocks from the Capitol, within range of the payload. A first strike against the corrupt and inept government the Guardians believe exists.

BRIDGET

Sounds plausible. Now what?

NATE

We keep this to ourselves, for the time being.

BRIDGET

I'll have to check in, Nate. What do I tell them?

NATE

Lie. We need time. Tell them you need extra time here.

(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

We'll wait till the shipment comes in and watch what happens. We'll still have plenty of time to call in the troops.

Bridget stands up and faces Nate. She looks into his eyes.

BRIDGET

Is this one of your famous hunches? Or are you trying to keep us in Savannah?

Nate stares into her eyes and smiles.

NATE

Both.

Bridget smiles back.

NATE (CONT'D)

We need to be here. This is where it'll start.

BRIDGET

Ok. Let's see what develops.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Traffic on Highway 16 is widely spaced. A black Dodge Ram truck cruises but not too fast.

INT. DODGE RAM TRUCK-- CONTINUOUS

Jesse rides along listening to ROCK MUSIC. He wears stylish silver sunglasses.

Laying in the passenger seat is an open map. The handle of a 9mm Glock sticks out from under the map.

Jesse glances down at the map. He reaches over and slides the map over the gun. He looks at his watch, then resumes looking ahead.

The pickup's cargo area holds a black duffel bag, an emergency kit, and a silver metal suitcase.

EXT. RIVER STREET -- NIGHT

People stroll along the river front and cobblestone sidewalks, moving in and out of bars, shops and restaurants.

Everyone is partying. Several street performers entertain the tourists.

Nate and Bridget walk along. They stop at a bar that has a walk-up window.

They get a beer and continue along towards Shucker's restaurant.

As they walk along, Nate gently takes Bridget's hand.

Bridget looks up at Nate and smiles. They approach the entrance of Shucker's.

They face each other. Nate leans forward and softly kisses Bridget. She responds to him. They slowly pull apart.

BRIDGET

Well. That was nice. And slow.

NATE

You said take it slow. Let's go eat some shrimp.

Bridget nods. They head into Shucker's.

EXT. ATLANTA HARTSFIELD-JACKSON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- DAY

Cars and taxis are lined in front of the Delta terminal. People are unloading bags.

A black limo pulls up and Karl exits the front passenger side. He walks back to the rear door and opens it.

Wen Tu Sun exits the back. Karl and Wen enter the terminal.

INT. ATLANTA HARTSFIELD-JACKSON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- DAY

People crowd the terminal. Some rushing, some walking. The ticket counters are crowded.

Wen and Karl bypass the ticket counter. They pass a group of people looking at the video monitors displaying departure information.

Ian, with blond hair and beard watches them pass. He looks at his watch, then follows.

EXT. SAVANNAH PORT AUTHORITY -- DAY

Majestically slow, the Chinese freighter is pushed to the docks by the river tugboats.

Longshoremen line the docks waiting for the ship to dock.

Nate and Bridget watch as the gangplanks are set and cranes move into place to start the unloading.

Containers marked Sun Industries are lowered onto awaiting platforms attached to powerful cargo trams. The containers are moved into the SXL warehouse.

INT. SXL WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Nate and Bridget watch as the workers unload the containers and move the cargo crates into empty SXL freight cars.

As several crates move past, they read SUN INDUSTRIES, HONG KONG, PORCELAIN DOLLS - FRAGILE. #6784537

NATE
Porcelain dolls.

BRIDGET
Deadly dolls.

She looks at Nate.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
I think it's time to call in the troops.

NATE
No, not yet. If we stop this load, then we lose our advantage. Look, all three trains pass through Atlanta. I have a plan. It means splitting up, but that way we cover both ends. I'll explain over lunch.

They turn and walk towards the entrance to leave.

INT. SXL WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jesse watches from behind some machinery as Nate and Bridget leave the building. He is dressed in work clothes and carries a canvas bag.

The lunch horn blows.

A forklift exits the second freight car. The forklift stops and the driver hops down.

He catches up with a group of workers as they head out to eat.

Jesse picks up the bag and a clipboard. He walks slowly toward the second freight car. No one is looking his way.

He stops next to the car and looks at the clip board and he looks the number stenciled on the car.

He kneels beside the car wheels.

INT. UNDER SXL FREIGHT CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Jesse quickly slides under the car with his bag.

He opens the canvas bag and removes the metal suitcase. He lays the suitcase down and slowly opens it revealing the three devices. Each device is stenciled with the corresponding freight car number.

He picks up the first device and places it onto a metal plate at the top of the axle assembly carriage with the status lights facing toward him. He presses the green button and sharp CLICK is heard as magnets grab the metal. He releases the device and it stays put.

He moves his finger toward the red button. He firmly presses the button.

The device BEEPS and the red light flashes three times and then burns steady.

As Jesse finishes, he hears a noise. He looks and sees a pair of legs moving at the far end of the car.

He swiftly places the metal suitcase with the remaining devices into the canvas bag and rolls out from under the car.

Just as he slings the bag over his shoulder, stands up near the car door and grabs the door handle, the foreman comes around the corner of the car.

FOREMAN

What the hell are ya doin'?

JESSE

Just checking the inventory. This car is ready to seal.

FOREMAN

Really? We'll seal after lunch. Now go get some chow, I ain't paying no fuckin' overtime.

Jesse walks off looking at his clipboard and glancing at the rail cars as he passes them.

The foreman looks in the car at the cargo.

He frowns at Jesse's retreating back and then heads toward the doors.

EXT. RIVER STREET -- DAY

Nate and Bridget sit on a bench along the river front. They are eating shrimp po'boy sandwiches and drinking beer.

BRIDGET

I don't like it but it makes sense.

Nate chews and takes a drink of beer.

NATE

You can drive my rental car back and drop me off in Rockledge.

BRIDGET

Rockledge?

NATE

Small town on the SXL line. The trains will have to slow down. I'll jump the first freight there. That will give us time to deal with all three trains as they pass through Atlanta.

Bridget laughs.

NATE (CONT'D)

What?

BRIDGET

You sound like a kid. You must have done this before.

NATE

Once or twice. I remember one summer as a kid. My Dad and I hopped a freight and rode to Savannah.

Nate takes a long shallow of beer.

NATE (CONT'D)

I didn't realize at the time Dad was a rail inspector, trying to find where uninvited riders jumped on. But it was still fun.

Bridget reaches out and takes Nate hand.

BRIDGET

That was fun, this is dangerous. Be careful.

NATE

I will. I'll have you waiting for me in Atlanta. That's incentive. Let's finish. We can go over the details on the road.

They both bite into their sandwiches enthusiastically.

INT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - MAIN CABIN CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

David sits at the conference table with his commanders. The room is bare except for the table.

The phone on the table rings. David punches the button.

DAVID

Yes?

JESSE (O.S.)

It's done. I'm headed back.

DAVID

Excellent. Everything is proceeding as planned.

JESSE (O.S.)

Understood.

DAVID

You have your orders. Good hunting.

JESSE (O.S.)

Yes sir!

David punches the phone off. He looks around the table.

DAVID

Be ready to leave in thirty hours. That's all.

The commanders get up and leave. David sits alone.

He stands up and places his hands behind him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Finally. We'll strike the first blow for bringing America back to its true path.

He slam his fist onto the table.

DAVID (CONT'D)

My path!

INT. BRIDGET'S HOTEL SUITE -- EVENING

The Atlanta skyline shines bright through the window.

Bridget comes through the door. She puts her bags on the bed.

The clock on the nightstand shows 7:50 PM.

She opens her bag and begins emptying it. She looks at the phone on the night stand and then her watch. She picks up some clothes and places them in drawers.

EXT. ROCKLEDGE -- NIGHT

The streets are quiet with little traffic.

The SXL freight train approaches the town horn blaring. The crossing arms lower as the lights blink and the warning bell sounds.

Nate watches from some bushes close to the rail bed beyond the crossing.

The train slowly moves through town. Four cars go by.

Nate emerges from the bushes. He jogs along until he is even with a ladder on the train.

He grabs the ladder and swings himself on the train. He grins as he watches the scenery go by.

He climbs to the top of the car. He walks stooped close to the top of the car. He stops at a access door set in the top.

He turns the handle. He lifts the door and climbs in.

EXT. WORLD CONGRESS CENTER -- NIGHT

Jesse walks along International Blvd. carrying a book bag slung over his shoulder. He turns and walks along the side of the World Congress Center.

A few pedestrians walk along going to the entrance to the commuter rail line.

He stops beside a stairwell with a locked chain link gate. The railroad bed passing by the World Congress Center is below.

He bends over appearing to tie his shoe.

He reaches in his bag and removes a small canister. He quickly looks around and then sprays the lock on the gate.

He stands up. He waits a few seconds and then kicks the lock with the heel of his boot. The lock shatters.

Jesse kicks the pieces of the lock out of the way. He enters the gate. He runs down the stairs.

EXT. WORLD CONGRESS CENTER RAIL BED -- CONTINUOUS

Jesse walks quickly along the rail bed. The exterior lights from the World Congress Center and the street lights from across the tracks provide light.

He stops and kneels down next to the rail. He pulls the back pack off his shoulder and places it on the ground.

He unzips the bag, reaches in and pulls out the triggering device with the liquid nitrogen canister attached.

He attaches the device to the interior of the rail using the magnets. He closes the backpack.

He stands up, flips the backpack onto his shoulder and heads back down the rail toward the docks of the World Congress Center.

EXT. SXL FREIGHT TRAIN -- DAY

The train moves along fast. Nothing but pine trees blurring by.

INT. SXL FREIGHT CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Nate walks down the aisle between the crates. The crates are all stacked so their numbers can be seen.

He looks at each crate carefully, pulling at the tops. Pushing on the sides.

He reaches the end of the car. He turns back and looks at the crates.

NATE

Two down, two to go.

He walks over to the ladder and climbs up.

EXT. SXL FREIGHT CAR -- CONTINUOUS

The access door opens and Nate climbs out onto the moving freight car.

He calmly stands up, walks to the edge of the car and jumps onto the next freight car.

He squats down, opens the access door, and lowers himself onto the ladder.

He reaches up and pulls the access door closed as he descends into the freight car.

EXT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - MAIN CABIN -- DAY

Several large SUVs and vans are parked in the front of the cabin.

A large group of men face the cabin porch. David stands on the porch with six men behind him.

He walks to the steps.

DAVID

We are ready to take our place as
leaders of a reborn America!

The men cheer.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's time for us to put America on
the one true path!

Cheering startles some birds from the trees, flying into the sky.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Now ... good hunting!

The men let out a ragged cheer as they break up and head to the cars. David and his remaining men enter the cabin.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO MOUNTAIN COMPOUND -- CONTINUOUS

A SUV is parked on the road. Two men stand beside the gate entrance. A line of vans and SUVs pass through the gate onto the road.

As the last one exits, the two men close and lock the thick metal gate. They enter the waiting SUV. The SUV sends gravel flying as it heads after the other cars.

A few seconds later an Army Ranger in green camouflaged battle fatigues comes out of the woods across from the compound. He is armed for battle carrying a M16A4 assault rifle. He speaks into a walkie-talkie.

CAMOUFLAUGED ARMY RANGER

Looks like they're closing down. A
group is heading south on route 53.
Call in air cover.

He walks back into the woods and disappears.

INT. SXL FREIGHT CAR -- DAY

Nate is checking the crates. He is pushing and pulling at the boards.

He walks next to crate #6784537. He sees PORCELAIN DOLLS on the crate.

He looks around. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his smartphone. He swipes the screen and then dials.

EXT. BRIDGET'S HOTEL SUITE -- DAY

Bridget is changing into jeans and a t-shirt. Her smartphone, laying on the desk, rings. She runs over and picks it up.

BRIDGET

Nate! You found it. Hold on, let
me get a pen.

She goes to her briefcase and pulls out a pad and pen.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Ok. Ok. I got it. I'm going to look for the liquid nitrogen dispenser. Where do you think I should start?

INT. SXL FREIGHT CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Nate is sitting on the floor leaning on the crate.

NATE

It's like I thought. They anticipate the derailment to be short, that's why the package is in the second car. The Atlanta rail bed near the World Congress Center is closed in by concrete walls and a tunnel, so it will be close the Center, probably less than one hundred meters.

He stands up and rubs his hand over the crate.

NATE (CONT'D)

We're real close. You can call in the Calvary as we planned. Bye. Be careful.

Nate terminates the call.

He walks over to the side door of the car and begins opening the door.

EXT. HELICOPTER -- DAY

A black chopper is flying south along the rail line.

INT. HELICOPTER -- CONTINUOUS

Four men occupy the chopper. The pilot and co-pilot are Army Rangers. They are dressed in black combat dress.

The two in the back are AFT dressed in bomb disposal gear.

The co-pilot is looking out the window.

CO-PILOT

Contact. Looks about two clicks.

The pilot nods. The chopper begins dropping lower.

INT. SXL FREIGHT CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Nate's cell phone rings. He pulls it out and answers it.

NATE

Crow. Roger that. Car door is open.

He walks over to the door, leans out and looks up. The chopper is keeping pace at about 50 feet above the moving train

He steps back.

NATE (CONT'D)

Lower away.

Slowly, one of the bomb squad carrying a duffel bag, lowers into the rail car door frame.

Nate leans out and grabs his hand. He pulls him inside.

BOMB SQUAD MEMBER 1

Thanks.

EXT. MOUNTAIN COMPOUND - MAIN CABIN CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

David sits at the conference table. A door opens and one of his men marches in. David stands up.

DAVID

Your mission is to head down to the site to make sure nothing interferes with the train derailment.

David looks at his watch.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We have twelve hours until zero hour. Stay as long as you can.

The Guardians of Liberty soldier salutes and leaves. David watches him leave. He then begins pacing.

EXT. WORLD CONGRESS CENTER -- DAY

People flow in and out of the entrance of the WCC. The huge matrix board flashes: WELCOME INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY SYMPOSIUM

INT. WORLD CONGRESS CENTER -- DAY

Bridget walks through the busy loading dock area. She is carrying a large LED Magnum flashlight.

She continues through the dock area and approaches a door to the outside.

EXT. WORLD CONGRESS CENTER -- CONTINUOUS

The door opens and Bridget comes out. She walks down the stairs and walks along the rail spur to the main track.

She stops at the main track and looks both ways. She moves down onto the main track.

She turns on the flashlight and points it at the track. She slowly moves down the track scanning both rails as she walks.

INT. SXL FREIGHT CAR -- DAY

Nate stands behind the bomb squad members. One of the member cuts the metal straps on the crate.

Then he and Nate slowly lift the top of the crate.

They stare inside the crate.

EXT. RAILROAD BED -- EVENING

The sun is setting, a red hazy ball.

Bridget stands next to the track down from the WCC. She looks at her watch. She pulls out her smartphone. She dials.

INT. SXL FREIGHT CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Nate and the bomb squad lower the top of the crate to the ground. His smartphone rings causing them to flinch.

NATE

Sorry.

He answers the phone.

NATE (CONT'D)

Crow. Hi. We've got it open. The train will be there in about six hours. Keep looking. Don't worry. I have an idea. I will, they know what they're doing. Bye.

Nate hangs up the phone.

BOMB SQUAD MEMBER 1

What the hell?

NATE

What?

There is nothing but packing material inside the crate.

BOMB SQUAD MEMBER 2

If this is a false alarm, someone is in big trouble.

NATE

It's real. The detonator and the thermite packages will be small. The device is only needed to create a blast hot enough to ignite the thermite.

BOMB SQUAD MEMBER 1

Got it.

NATE

So, let's check the contents.

EXT. WORLD CONGRESS CENTER -- EVENING

Shadows deepen as the sun sinks lower.

Bridget has worked her way back down the track and is slowly moving in the opposite direction.

The LED flashlight illuminates all of the debris along the rail bed.

She enters the shadows of tunnel. Overhead lights placed far apart provides her some light.

She continues down the track. She goes around a curve.

Behind her a shadow detaches from the wall. It is the Guardians of Liberty soldier. He holds a 9mm Glock. He quietly follows Bridget.

INT. SXL FREIGHT CAR -- EVENING

Nate and the bomb squad stand next the open crate. The crate is full of styrofoam "peanuts".

BOMB SQUAD MEMBER 1

Ok. Let's do this easy.

They begin emptying the peanuts onto the floor. Within seconds they empty half the crate.

They finally uncover the boxes of porcelain dolls. They all look at each other.

NATE

That's a whole lot of padding for a few dolls.

BOMB SQUAD MEMBER 1

Easy does it.

The bomb squad member picks up an Explosives Trace Detector (EDT).

BOMB SQUAD MEMBER 1 (CONT'D)

The EDT will tell us if any explosives are in the boxes. It sniffs the air for particulates, like a bomb dog.

He places the EDT into the crate close to the boxes. He moves it back and forth over the boxes.

As Bomb Squad Member waves the sniffer, it begins to beep slowly.

BOMB SQUAD MEMBER 1 (CONT'D)
OK. Now we're getting somewhere.
There is something in here but not
anything like C4.

BOMB SQUAD MEMBER 2 who walks toward the other end of the car waving a second EDT.

Bomb Squad Member 1 reaches into the crates and slowly removes a box at random. He looks closely at the box.

BOMB SQUAD MEMBER 1 (CONT'D)
No trip wires.

Bomb Squad Member 1 opens the box. The doll is embedded in styrofoam.

He gently grips the doll.

He slowly pulls up the doll.

It easily comes out.

He holds the doll close to the sniffer. He beeps faster.

BOMB SQUAD MEMBER 1 (CONT'D)
Interesting.

Bomb Squad Member 1 removes his helmet and gives it to Nate. He takes his fingernail and gently scrapes the doll. He sniffs the residue under his nail.

BOMB SQUAD MEMBER 1 (CONT'D)
Thermite. The whole doll is made of
thermite.

NATE
Try another doll.

BOMB SQUAD MEMBER 2
Hey, I got something!

Nate looks between the two guys.

NATE
It seems that things are getting
really nasty.

Nate turns toward Bomb Squad Member 2.

NATE (CONT'D)
What do you have?

Bomb Squad Member 2 is holding the EDT close to the floor near the front of the car.

BOMB SQUAD MEMBER 2
I'm picking up explosive trace.

Nate and BS1 go over to BS2.

The EDT is pointed at the floor.

NATE
We need to pull up the floor.

BOMB SQUAD MEMBER 1
I have a small battery powered circular saw in my duffel bag.

BS1 walks to his duffel bag, opens it, pulls out the saw and returns.

He kneels down, turns on the saw and begins to exert pressure, slowly cutting into the board.

EXT. WORLD CONGRESS CENTER RAIL BED -- CONTINUOUS

The Guardians soldier moving in the shadows behind Bridget, hears a smartphone ring in front of him. He stops.

EXT. WORLD CONGRESS CENTER RAIL BED -- CONTINUOUS

Bridget stops and answers the phone.

BRIDGET
Hello. Nate. My God! OK. I'll notify the Bureau. Got it. Nate, please be very careful.

She disconnects the call and then re-dials.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Director Kelly. There's no time now. Listen! We need a full bomb disposal deployment ready in the Atlanta rail yards. Nate, says be ready when they come through. Right. In three hours. I understand. After it's over. Good bye.

She disconnects the call. She stands still. She then points the flashlight at the rail and starts to walk.

The light picks up a metallic reflection under debris leaning against the rail. She stops and squats down. She moves the debris and uncovers the liquid nitrogen dispenser.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Incredible.

Behind her she hears the LOUD CLICK of a automatic hand gun being cocked.

She whirls around going for her gun.

A SHOT rings out and she hits the ground. She hears stumbling footsteps.

The Guardian of Liberty soldier comes into the shaft of an overhead light in the tunnel, his gun at his side.

She points her gun at the soldier.

He stops and then crumbles to the ground. She keeps the gun trained on him and approaches.

She slowly bends down and picks up the gun. Blood is coming from an exit wound in his chest. He is dead.

She hears footsteps. She whirls around and points the gun towards the shadows.

Slowly Jesse comes into the light. He stops and holds up a hand.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

That's close enough. Who are you?

Jesse holsters his gun under his jacket. He smiles.

JESSE

A friend. The Guardians won't know you found the device. This guy was on a suicide mission. He just didn't know it. Sorry, but I've gotta go.

He turns to leave.

BRIDGET

Hold it! I can't let you go.

Jesse smiles again.

JESSE

Don't worry. It'll be handled. Anyway, Ian sends his regards.

He suddenly moves and disappears into the shadows.

BRIDGET

Figures. Owe you another one, Ian.

INT. SXL FREIGHT CAR -- EVENING

Bomb Squad Member 1, stands next to a hole in the car floor.

Seen through the hole, the ground rushes by.

Nate watches as Bomb Squad Member 1 hooks a cable to his waist.

BOMB SQUAD MEMBER 1
Sorry, Nate, but this is my job, so
just guide me.

NATE
Understood.

BOMB SQUAD MEMBER 1
Roger that.

Bomb Squad Member 1 kneels down next to the hole.

He leans into the hole as Bomb Squad Member Two and Nate hold the cable.

He stays in the hole for a couple of minutes.

He slowly backs out and sits on the floor.

BOMB SQUAD MEMBER 1 (CONT'D)
It's a small device completely
enclosed with red and green status
lights. The red light is on, so it's
armed. My guess it's mercury switch
designed to blow when the train
derails and ignite the thermite.
With all those dolls, one hell of a
thermite blast.

Bomb Squad Member 1 stands up.

NATE
There will have to be a delay, at
least three minutes for the cars
carrying the payload to land on top
of the thermite.

BOMB SQUAD MEMBER 1
Makes sense. A short fuse timer
probably kicks in once the mercury
switch is triggered. The device is
held on by magnets to the wheel
assembly. There's no way I can get
to it from here.

NATE
Understood. I guess it's time to
talk to the engineers.

Nate walks over to the ladder at the end of the car, opens the trap door, and climbs out.

EXT. TRAIN -- CONTINUOUS

The train runs at top speed. Trees pass by in a blur.

INT. TRAIN CAB -- CONTINUOUS

The engineer looks out the window. He watches as a signal post passes by.

ENGINEER

They given us yellow. That's strange.
We're still out a'ways.

The brakemen stares pass the engineer. He points to behind the engineer.

A loud knocking is heard on the window in the door. The engineer slowly turns.

Nate motions through the window.

EXT. TRAIN CAB -- CONTINUOUS

Nate hangs onto the fast moving train. The door opens and he hops in.

EXT. RAILROAD YARD -- NIGHT

Lights blaze in the rail yard. Rail lines pass through continuing on to downtown Atlanta.

Several trains sit idle. A rail worker walks along looking at the trains. He hears a WHOMP-WHOMP approaching in the sky.

Suddenly lights blaze on in the sky. The rail worker shields his eyes.

The lights move around and illuminate people dressed in bomb squad gear with AFT across the front of the gear. One of the AFT agents approaches the rail worker.

ATF AGENT

This area is being secured. Please
go over to that group.

The AFT Agent points toward a group of workers standing near by. The rail worker heads towards the group.

A train HORN BLARES - long-short-long. The train headlight shines in the distance.

The AFT response team moves into position along a rail line carrying several containment units.

The train engine slows as it approaches the response team. The train horn blares.

The train stops with a clanking of cars.

Bomb Squad Member 1 jumps down from the open door of the freight car and crawls under the train.

A Bomb Disposal Unit truck drives up rapidly next to the train.

Nate climbs down from the engine. The LEAD ATF AGENT walks up.

LEAD ATF AGENT
Inspector Crow? I'm supposed to tell you that Agent Moore is waiting for you in the task force deployment area.

Nate nods.

NATE
Will this take long?

LEAD ATF AGENT
No. The thermite is stable enough to handle but we have containment units to be sure.

NATE
Copy that. What about the Omaha and Atlanta trains?

LEAD ATF AGENT
We will handle them as they come through this rail yard. Based on your instructions, we will clear the cars carrying the thermite and detonator, then send them on their way. Shouldn't delay the trains long.

NATE
Great! FRA will keep radio silence until done to prevent anyone monitoring the transmissions hearing our plan. Thanks.

Nate and the Lead AFT Agent watch the train.

Slowly, Bomb Squad Member 1 emerges from under the train carrying the device. He slowly walks over to the Bomb Disposal truck and carries the device inside.

The AFT response team members climb into the train.

NATE (CONT'D)
Now it's your turn. Thanks.

ATF AGENT

No thanks needed. You're the one we owe the thanks to.

Nate nods and walks toward the tents.

INT. TASK FORCE TENT -- CONTINUOUS

Nate walks from a dressing area. He's dressed in night camouflage.

He looks up and sees Bridget.

He walks up to her, wraps his arms around her and kisses her.

She pulls back and looks in his eyes.

BRIDGET

Hello to you, too.

Nate smiles and touches the black camouflage.

NATE

Nice clothes. Does this mean we are going to finish this right?

BRIDGET

Director Kelly agrees that you deserve the right to be in on the arrest.

NATE

Let's go get the bastards.

EXT. WOODS INSIDE COMPOUND -- NIGHT

Lights brighten the cabin. David and his men are loading three SUVs.

Several Guardians stand with assault rifles at ready.

Birds fly out of the trees, squawking loud.

The men drop behind the cars.

Armored personnel carriers crash out the woods followed by camouflaged Army Rangers, AFT agents, FBI agents, Nate and Bridget. Spot lights on top of the Humvees blast the area with light.

The troops fan out quickly laying down devastating cover fire.

The Guardians start firing. David runs out of the cabin firing at the troops.

Two Guardians fall from the blistering fire.

Two more Guardians are brought down by the assault.

David and three Guardians fall back into the cabin.

The rest of the Guardians outside throw down their weapons and surrender.

The Rangers charge the porch under fire coming from the cabin.

They launch concussion grenades and tear gas canisters from their assault rifles through the windows.

The grenades and canisters BLAST.

The door opens and two Guardians stumble out. They are grabbed by FBI agents.

Two Rangers run in the cabin. Firing is heard through the smoke flowing from the cabin.

Firing stops. Silence settles over the site.

The Rangers emerge dragging David out and down the steps.

They drag and drop him in front of Nate and Bridget.

Nate squats down and turns David over. He stares at him, his jaw twitching.

NATE

Your a coward. And a traitor. I've wanted to kill you for years for Oklahoma City, killing my wife and children, but you don't deserve a quick death. You'll die a thousands times in prison. Even that won't make it even, but it's a start.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO HOTEL SUITE -- DAY

The city skyline can be seen through the wall of windows.

Wen Tu Sun walks from the bedroom into the sitting room. He switches on the TV.

He flips through the channels looking at the news. Becoming more and more angry. He throws the remote at the tv.

WEN TU SUN

Damn! Nothing! Incompetent fools!

Karl comes into the room from another bedroom.

There is a knock at the door. Karl pulls a 9mm Biretta from his waist. Wen looks annoyed. He waves at the door.

Wen walks over to the window. He hears Karl open the door. Muffled voices are heard. Then a soft THRPT is heard.

Wen hears footsteps. He keeps looking out the window.

WEN TU SUN (CONT'D)

Well, what did they want?

IAN

You.

Wen whirls around. Ian holds a silenced 9mm Glock.

EXT. LAKE LANIER -- DAWN

The sun rises. The water reflects the sun.

Birds take off from the trees.

Fish break the calm surface of the water.

EXT. HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The sun's rays reflect off the sliding glass door.

INT. BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The sun brightens the room. A body moves under the covers. Nate walks in the bedroom holding two steaming cups of coffee.

He sits on the bed.

NATE

Come on, sleepy head. We'll miss the morning.

Groans come from under the covers. The covers fling off. Bridget sits up wearing a Atlanta Braves t-shirt.

Nate hands her the coffee. She takes a sip of coffee. Nate leans over and kisses her.

NATE (CONT'D)

I want to spend as much time with you as possible.

Bridget smiles slowly.

BRIDGET

Be careful what you ask for. You just might get it.

Nate looks intently at Bridget and then slowly smiles.

NATE

Like I said, I don't wish for something I don't want.

He stands up and holds out his hand. Bridget takes his hand and stands up to face him.

FADE OUT: