

Let 's Rob Fort Knox
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FADE IN:

INT. THE HEAD OFFICE SITUATION ROOM

A large, dark-panelled room, reeking of old money and secret influence. One wall is dominated by an enormous, illuminated map of the world, with various locales marked by skull and bones symbols. Around a vast conference table are gathered a group of multinational power brokers. At the head of the table sits THE DIRECTOR, a weasely-looking man in an expensively tailored suit.

THE DIRECTOR

It's agreed then. The Cartel will keep oil prices low until after the election. In return, the administration will stifle any moves towards a hydrogen-based economy. Everybody wins.

The men at the table nod in agreement. A door opens and a young man hurries into the room and approaches the Director, leaning down to whisper urgently in his ear. With the merest tightening of his jaw, the Director rises.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Excuse me, gentlemen.

He strides out of the room with the young operative trailing behind him.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

THE DIRECTOR

(Angry)

What did he say exactly?

YOUNG OPERATIVE

He just sent a letter. All it said was, "I quit." Signed, "Mr. Grey."

THE DIRECTOR

Damn it.

They continue down the long hallway.

YOUNG OPERATIVE

(confused)

Is that so bad? I mean maybe he's just retiring.

THE DIRECTOR

Our only retirement benefit is free burial. No one quits us. He's gone out on his own.

(MORE)

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

We can't have a rogue agent out there now. Especially one with Grey's connections.

YOUNG OPERATIVE

Should we send someone to terminate his contract? We could put Kaiser Soze on it.

THE DIRECTOR

For all I know he is Kaiser Soze. How do we find someone who doesn't exist? Hell, we don't even know what he looks like.

YOUNG OPERATIVE

Why do we even have an operative like that?

THE DIRECTOR

We thought it might come in handy someday to have someone none of the other members could touch.

YOUNG OPERATIVE

Somebody must have seen him. Somebody recruited him, right?

THE DIRECTOR

He's a legacy. His father, grandfather and great grandfather were members. His fate in the organization was decided on the day he was born.

They turn a corner and continue on to a large control room.

INT. HEAD OFFICE OPERATIONS CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They enter the operations control room. Dozens of monitors are displaying satellite data, news programs and surveillance cameras. On the news feeds, reporters are standing in front of Fort Knox. Graphics under them read "Crime of the Century," and "Fort Knox Robbed."

THE DIRECTOR

Something is going down. He wouldn't quit unless he had something bigger lined up.

SURVEILLANCE TECHNICIAN

Sir, someone has just robbed Fort Knox.

The Director freezes, a pained expression on his face.

THE DIRECTOR
 (to technician)
 Put it up on the big screen.

ANGLE ON LARGE MONITOR

A FEMALE REPORTER is standing in front of the gates of Fort Knox.

FEMALE REPORTER
 ... I am standing here in front the gates of the Bullion Depository Building at Fort Knox where the daring robbery occurred. Although the government won't comment, sources say all the gold is gone. That's nearly a billion dollars -- the most ever taken in a robbery. Sources also tell us the terrorists knocked out Army personnel and Treasury Department agents with some sort of nerve gas. But that too is unconfirmed.

THE DIRECTOR
 I told you, he never does anything small.

FADE TO:

INT. ARMY JEEP -- DAY

Three men are riding in the jeep down a hot, desert highway. OPTICAL: Across the screen "**Three-Months Earlier,**" fades up and out.

In the driver's seat is JACK TAGGERT, a young man dressed as a Sergeant, nervously drumming his fingers on the wheel as he drives. In the front passenger seat is forty-year old OWEN THORN, disguised as a Lieutenant. In the back seat is MR. GREY who, although he is in his late thirties, is disguised as a 50-year-old Army Colonel. Grey has an air of authority and leadership that isn't entirely due to the uniform. He glances at the anxious Taggert.

GREY
 We do this all the time, Mr. Taggert, trust us. Nobody ever gets hurt.

Thorn loudly clears his throat.

GREY (CONT'D)
 Well, hardly ever.

Angle on road ahead. They pass a sign that reads "WELCOME TO WICKENBURG, ARIZONA. POPULATION 25,000."

EXT. WICKENBURG POLICE STATION -- MOMENTS LATER

The jeep pulls up in front of the police station. Thorn and Grey get out of the Jeep. Taggert looks anxious and a bit confused.

TAGGERT

Turning ourselves in?

GREY

Just getting the combination to the safe. Wait here.

He and Thorn enter the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

It's a small, one-cell station. The SHERIFF is sitting at his desk eating a big chicken leg as Grey and Thorn approach him. The cell across the room holds TWO PRISONERS playing cards.

GREY

Sheriff McDonald?

SHERIFF MCDONALD

Uh, yeah. Can I help you?

GREY

I hope so.

He sits down across from the sheriff. Thorn remains standing.

GREY (CONT'D)

My name is Colonel Benet. I am in charge of a convoy on its way to a base in California. Our truck has broken down and we need your help.

SHERIFF MCDONALD

Well, there's Ted Johnson's garage over on Second Street. He's usually there on Saturdays.

GREY

Excellent. I see it was smart coming to you. I do have another, more delicate, issue. As you're the sheriff of this town, I guess it's safe to tell you.

(lowers his voice)

We're carrying classified documents.

SHERIFF MCDONALD
(curious)
I see.

GREY
I thought we could store them in
the lockup cell while our truck is
undergoing repairs. But it looks
like you have a full house.

SHERIFF MCDONALD
Yeah, well, it is the weekend. But
I bet I could help you out. My son
in-law happens to manage the bank.

GREY
Really?

SHERIFF MCDONALD
You could store your cabinets in
the vault.

GREY
(smiling his gratitude)
If it isn't any trouble.

The sheriff gets up and Grey follows suit.

SHERIFF MCDONALD
No trouble at all. This is a three
day weekend. They won't be open
again 'til Tuesday.

GREY
I'm sure the truck will be fixed by
then. Oh, we'll need a way to
transport the cabinets.

SHERIFF MCDONALD
That shouldn't be a problem. I'll
borrow my brother's flatbed truck.

He claps Grey on the shoulder on his way out of the office.
Grey and Thorn smile at each other and follow.

INT. WICKENBURG NATIONAL BANK -- LATER

Under the supervision of Sheriff McDonald and Grey, two TOWN
POLICE OFFICERS wheel three large filing cabinets into the
vault. The officers exit and the sheriff shuts the door.

INT. BANK VAULT -- MOMENTS LATER

A false front on one of the cabinets slowly swings open and JOHN BAILIN, a dwarf in his late thirties, cautiously steps out, being careful to stay out of the camera's view. He takes out a can of spray paint, puts it on a telescoping reacher and lifts it up just under the camera lens. He sprays the lens of the camera with black paint. Then he removes some tools from the file cabinet and heads over to the large gate in front of the money drawers and begins to pick the lock.

EXT. WICKENBURG AUTO -- EVENING

The MECHANIC opens the door and an Army truck drives out.

INT. WICKENBURG NATIONAL BANK -- EVENING

The sheriff opens the vault as Grey, Taggart, Thorn and TWO POLICE OFFICERS look on. Taggart and Thorn enter with dollies and begin loading the cabinets.

SHERIFF MCDONALD

There must me some pretty important papers in there.

GREY

To say the least.

Taggart and Thorn wheel out two of the cabinets. A police officer enters, loads the last cabinet on another dolly and wheels it out for them.

SHERIFF MCDONALD

I don't suppose you could tell me what's in there?

GREY

(smiling)

No. That would get me in big trouble.

INT. ARMY TRUCK -- MOMENTS LATER

As the truck makes a getaway, Grey, Thorn and Taggart help Bailin out of the cabinet.

BAILIN

Man, it's hot in there! What took you guys so long?

GREY

Sorry John. I'm afraid we may have broken the truck a little too well. The guy almost had to send away for parts.

Thorn opens one of the other cabinets and removes bags of money. Grey takes out a bottle of champagne and four glasses. He pops open the bottle and starts to pour.

TAGGERT

None for me, I'm flying.

THORN

(taking a glass)

Toast me, gentlemen. This is indeed a historic day.

Taking his glass, Bailin joins in on Thorn's speech, in a teasing but friendly tone.

THORN (CONT'D)

It is my last job. I am officially retired.

BAILIN

It's my last job. I'm officially retired.

THORN (CONT'D)

I really mean it this time.

BAILIN

Sure, Thorn, and I'm signing with the Knicks next week. As soon as Grey plans his next job, you'll be in.

GREY

And rest assured, I will be planning another job.

THORN

I had no doubt. You'll have to tell me all about it over drinks. After it's over.

The truck comes to a stop and Grey opens the back door.

EXT. BACK OF ABANDONED GAS STATION -- EVENING

They get out, each man carrying two bags of money. There is an empty plane waiting for them. They open the door and start tossing the bags inside.

TAGGERT

So, when do we divide up the loot?

GREY

Not until I launder it.

INT. AIRPLANE -- CONTINUOUS

They get inside. Taggert sits in the pilot seat.

TAGGERT

That wasn't our deal. I want my cut now.

GREY

Okay. Or you could trade it for what's behind door number two. Meet me Tuesday at the warehouse and I'll let you in on our next caper.

Taggert is skeptical, but curious.

THORN

Has he lied to you so far?

Taggert starts up the engine.

TAGGERT

No, but he wasn't holding a bag of my money before.

(beat)

Okay, we'll do it your way.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF ABANDONED GAS STATION -- EVENING

The plane taxis and takes off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE WAREHOUSE -- MORNING

An old brick warehouse in a run-down part of New York. Taggert approaches, checks a slip of paper in his hand, then opens a door and goes inside.

INT. THE WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Taggert enters the large, old building. The warehouse is being used to store parade floats and carnival equipment. He makes his way through fantasy characters toward the center of the building where there is a large cleared area. Thorn and Bailin are already waiting, sitting at a table.

THORN

Nice to see you again, Mr. Taggert.

TAGGERT

Likewise. Where's Grey?

BAILIN

It's not ten o'clock yet. He's never early.

(MORE)

BAILIN (CONT'D)
He's never late either. At ten
he'll magically appear.

Taggert pulls out a chair and sits down.

THORN
I take it this was your first time
working with him.

TAGGERT
Yeah. He does pay, right?

BAILIN
Quit your bitchin', rookie. You're
lucky to be here. Usually you're
not a member of the inner circle
until someone pops a cap in your
ass.

QUICK CUT TO FLASHBACK

EXT. A DARK NEW YORK ALLEY - NIGHT

Bailin is out of breath and running as fast as he can. He's
dressed as an elf and has a bag of money over his shoulder.

COP (O.C.)
Stop, or I'll shoot!

Bailin rounds a corner as a shot is fired and ricochets off
the bricks right next to him.

C.U. OF BAILIN'S FACE AS A CAP IS POPPED IN HIS ASS

BAILIN
Oh, shiiiiit!

QUICK CUT BACK TO PRESENT

INT. THE WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

BAILIN
I got a bonus on that one. Yeah, he
always pays. Owen here's been with
him since the beginning.

SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. TOWER BRIDGE LONDON - NIGHT

THORN is falling from the tower toward the river below,
screaming.

INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

THORN is cowering in fear behind a mummy sarcophagus while SECURITY GUARDS shoot at him.

EXT. WALL IN SOME THIRD-WORLD COUNTRY - DAY

THORN is tied and blind-folded in front of a firing-squad. He is sobbing uncontrollably.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

QUICK CUT BACK TO PRESENT

INT. THE WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

THORN

We've had some adventures.

(beat)

So how did he hook up with you?

TAGGERT

I was up on a burglary charge. He showed up out of the blue with a bunch of lawyers and got me off.

THORN

What were you stealing?

TAGGERT

A helicopter.

Thorn and Bailin are impressed.

BAILIN

Not bad. A little difficult to fence, but not bad.

TAGGERT

I was just borrowing it. He must have some connections to buy off a judge. What is he, some sort of big time mobster?

THORN

(offended)

Hardly. He is quite possibly the greatest criminal mind of the twentieth century.

TAGGERT

Get out of here. I've never heard of him.

THORN

You just think you've never heard of him. Just about every unsolved heist over the last ten years he planned and executed. That Wells Fargo payroll robbery...

TAGGERT

...That was him?

THORN

Maybe.

BAILIN

I think he suffers from some sort of split-personality disorder. Each of his personas is a criminal genius competing with the other personas.

Thorn is amused.

THORN

I've never heard that one before. Have you been getting a psychology degree at night school?

BAILIN

No. But I'm a kleptomaniac myself, so I think I know a little more about psychology than you do.

TAGGERT

So Grey's never been caught?

THORN

He hasn't so much as a parking ticket.

GREY (O.S.)

No, I got one once in Detroit.

The others are startled because they didn't see or hear him come in. Grey is holding a large suitcase and standing in the shadow of a Mad Hatter float. Standing next to him is RAVEN, a tall, striking woman.

TAGGERT

I had no idea I was working for a criminal genius.

He looks Raven over appreciatively. She returns a cool gaze.

GREY
I prefer the term, "Mastermind."
Jack Taggert, meet my associate,
Ms. Raven.

TAGGERT
What do you do?
(smiles at her)
Bodyguard?

RAVEN
If it's the right body.

QUICK CUT TO FLASHBACK

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The master bathroom of an upscale apartment. Steam fills the room from a shower. From behind the translucent shower curtain we see a man washing his hair. Raven swiftly and silently enters the room, silenced gun held at the ready. Two quick shots and the man collapses, pulling the shower curtain down as he falls face first onto the floor. Raven drops the gun, turns and leaves the bathroom.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Raven walks in from the bathroom, then stops in her tracks as she sees Grey sitting on the bed. She's obviously surprised, but keeps her cool, her right hand straying unobtrusively behind her back.

RAVEN
Didn't I just shoot you?

GREY
I didn't feel anything.

She pulls her right hand out from behind her back and points another gun at him.

RAVEN
You probably will this time.

GREY
Yes, but since you just killed the
man who was going to pay you to
kill me, I fail to see the point.

Raven pauses to consider this.

RAVEN
The point is, I hate loose ends.

GREY

Well, I was going to offer you a job.

QUICK CUT BACK TO PRESENT

INT. THE WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Raven turns away from Taggert to Bailin and smiles.

RAVEN

Hey, Johnny. How've you been?

BAILIN

(nervously)

Fine. Nice to see you again.

RAVEN

You never called. Couldn't reach the phone?

BAILIN

(nervous laugh)

Yeah. Ummm, sorry about that.

TAGGERT

(surprised)

You and her? A little guy like you?

RAVEN

Oh, he's not little everywhere.

Bailin stands a little taller at this remark. Taggert tries his best not to look at Bailin's crotch.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

Hey, Thorn. I thought you were going to retire.

THORN

I am. It's official as of today.

GREY

You might want to reconsider when you hear about the new benefits package I'm working on.

Grey swings the suitcase onto the table and pops it open. It's full of money.

GREY (CONT'D)

Before we divide up the money, I'd like to offer you all the opportunity to re-invest your shares in my next venture.

THORN

You know my answer. Thanks, but no.

TAGGERT

I'm with him. I'll take mine now.

Grey throws a stack of money at Taggert who catches it. Then he tosses one to Bailin. Grey takes out another stack, walks over to Thorn and holds it out for him to take.

GREY

It's been nice working with you all these years, Owen. I'll miss you.

THORN

I have to admit it's been one hell of a ride.

Thorn grabs hold of the money, but Grey doesn't let go.

GREY

It doesn't have to end here. I'm planning to do it. I'm going to take over the Head Office.

Thorn looks skeptical.

THORN

Come on, Grey, not even you have those kinds of resources.

GREY

Then I'll get them.

THORN

To take them down you'd have to, I don't know, rob Fort Knox or something.

GREY

Alright. Let's rob Fort Knox.

Thorn takes a step back then recovers and laughs nervously.

THORN

You had me going there for a minute.

He starts to ruffle through his stack of money, then looks up to see Grey still gazing at him. Thorn starts to look a little queasy, but there's some excitement there too.

THORN (CONT'D)

You're not joking are you?

GREY
I'm implementing Operation Omega on
my own.

TAGGERT
(to Bailin)
Operation Omega?

Bailin shrugs to show he has no idea what Grey's talking
about either.

THORN
(to Taggert)
The Corporation has a plan to rob
Fort Knox should they lose their
control on the banking industry.

TAGGERT
The Corporation?

THORN
(to Grey)
You've always been ninety percent
crazy and now you have gone all the
way mad.

GREY
"Though this be madness, yet there
is method in't." William
Shakespeare, Hamlet.

THORN
(irritated)
Yes, Grey, I know Hamlet. That's
the one where everybody dies. But
what you're talking about, it's not
possible.

GREY
It is. And I can do it. We can do
it. The biggest robbery of all
time. I have it planned perfectly.
Nothing could go wrong.

THORN
Nothing could go wrong!? I've been
shot three times! I've been thrown
into jail! Oh, and I fell fifty
feet off London Bridge into the
Thames. All that happened after you
said nothing could go wrong!

GREY
I got you out of jail, didn't I?
The bullet wounds healed.

(MORE)

GREY (CONT'D)

As for the Thames, I hear the water is quite refreshing. There's risk in every adventure, Owen.

THORN

Grey, I am not going along with this crazy scheme -- one which not even you could pull off!

TAGGERT

(dumbfounded)

Wait, seriously? He's going to rob Fort Knox?

BAILIN

(jazzed)

He's going to rob Fort Knox.

Bailin grins and tosses his money back into the suitcase.

BAILIN (CONT'D)

I'm in.

TAGGERT

Christ, you can't be serious.

RAVEN

Yeah, Grey that's...that's too much even for you.

GREY

Please, I've designed plans to topple world governments, how hard could this be? It's just a bank like any other. It's protected by people and people are the weakest link in any chain.

BAILIN

How are you going to get inside? Tunnel in?

TAGGERT

I hear the place is surrounded by land mines.

BAILIN

I hear they have hidden machine guns that pop up on the front lawn.

TAGGERT

I suppose we could storm in with a tank.

GREY

Don't be crass. We are going to walk through the front gates.

TAGGERT

And I suppose they're just going to give you the gold.

GREY

No, but we'll get it nonetheless. If you want to know more, put your money where your mouth is.

Taggert throws his money into the suitcase.

TAGGERT

I must be fuckin' nuts, but I gotta get in on this.

GREY

(to Thorn)

Owen? One more round?

Thorn sighs and tosses his money onto the pile.

THORN

We all have to go sometime.

GREY

Raven?

RAVEN

(smiling)

I'm in, you know that.

TAGGERT

This is so damn cool!

GREY

Before we get too excited, the plan hinges on recruiting two outsiders. If either one of these men turns us down, the deal is off.

Grey pulls a manila envelope from the suitcase and hands it to Raven.

GREY (CONT'D)

One is a Major Robert Dale, who works at the Pentagon. He doesn't know it, but he has the power to get us invited inside the gates of Fort Knox. Raven, you'll be recruiting him.

BAILIN

An Army guy isn't going to be easy to turn. Even for Raven.

GREY

Everyone has a price. The second is a man who designed the new vault security system at the Fort. I'll recruit him personally. He's been fired from his job, so I think he'll cooperate.

THORN

Fired, huh? Wonder how that happened. Poor bastard.

GREY

It was a dead-end job anyway. He'll thank me later. If we can recruit these men, we'll meet back here in one week.

Raven pulls out a photograph of Major Dale from the envelope.

ANGLE ON PHOTOGRAPH OF DALE AS WE

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GENERAL SMITH'S PENTAGON OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

ANGLE ON MAJOR DALE

Fifty-year-old General Smith is talking on the phone as MAJOR DALE moves around the office collecting paperwork off the general's desk.

GENERAL SMITH

(on phone)

I couldn't possibly.

(pauses to listen)

Well, tell you what. I'll put my best man on the job...

Hearing this Dale approaches, ready to accept the assignment.

GENERAL SMITH (CONT'D)

...Okay, I'll give you a call later this week. Goodbye.

He hangs up the phone and returns to his work, then looks up.

GENERAL SMITH (CONT'D)

Oh, Major.

DALE
Yes, sir?

GENERAL SMITH
I have something I'd like you to do
for me.

DALE
(proudly)
Yes, sir.

GENERAL SMITH
Could you pick up a birthday gift
for my wife? I have a golf game.

DALE
(wearily)
Yes, sir.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE PARKING LOT -- LATER

Dale gets out of his car and walks toward the entrance. Raven
pulls into a spot nearby and watches him.

RAVEN
(to herself)
Shopping during the workday. Is
this where our tax dollars go?

She gets out of the car and checks her makeup in the side
mirror before following Dale into the store.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE -- LATER

Raven strolls through the store, pretending to look at items.
She spots Dale in the lingerie department, half-heartedly
looking through women's nightgowns.

ANGLE ON DALE

He starts to feel the fabric of a see-through number, rubbing
it through his fingers. He looks up to see Raven towering
over him.

RAVEN
For the wife?

DALE
(dropping nightgown)
No.
(bends to pick it up)
Not married.

RAVEN
Girlfriend?

DALE

No.

He puts it back on the rack.

RAVEN

It doesn't look like your size.

DALE

It isn't. Uh, I mean it's a gift
for my commander's wife.

RAVEN

(mock disapproval)
Scandalous. Does her husband know?

DALE

Huh? Oh, uh . . .
(embarrassed)
Of course he does. It's for him.
From him. For his wife. It's a gift
from him for his wife. I'm just
picking it up.

RAVEN

A major in the army running
errands?

DALE

Oh, it's not like that. I'm a
general's aide.

RAVEN

It's a matter of national security
then.

DALE

(irritated)
I suppose you've never had a boss
to please.

RAVEN

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have...

DALE

We can't all be overseas defending
our way of life. Some of us are
needed here to file paperwork,
and...pick out lingerie.

RAVEN

Let's start over. Hi, I'm Raven.

DALE

Uh, I'm Major Dale, Robert Dale.
Robert.

RAVEN

Well, Rob, are you hungry?

DALE

Ummm....

RAVEN

Say yes.

DALE

Yes.

RAVEN

Would you let this tax-payer buy
you lunch? To say thanks for filing
for freedom.

INT. RESTAURANT -- LATER

Raven and Dale are sitting at a booth as a waitress puts
sandwiches in front of them and walks away.

RAVEN

I'm not in the habit of picking up
men in department stores.

DALE

Am I being picked up?

RAVEN

(ignoring the question)
So, how long have you been in the
army?

DALE

Ten years. What do you do?

RAVEN

Contract work.
(beat)
You happy in the Army?

Dale just shrugs.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

What if I told you I'm looking to
hire someone for a client of mine.
I think you'd be perfect for the
job.

DALE

So that's it. You're a head-hunter.
And here I thought I had a chance
with you.

RAVEN

You have to take chances, Robert,
they aren't given to you. I'm
serious about the job.

DALE

Yeah? What kind of money are we
talking about.

RAVEN

A million dollars.

DALE

(laughs)
Well, for that kind of money...

She slides him a thin business-size envelope.

DALE (CONT'D)

Awfully thin to hold a million
dollars.

RAVEN

That is a bank account in the
Cayman Islands. In it is one
million dollars and it's yours if
you come work for us.

DALE

(he slides it back)
I might not love the Army but
espionage isn't a career move I
would consider.

RAVEN

It's not espionage.

DALE

What is it then?

RAVEN

We want you to answer the phone.

DALE

You over-pay your receptionists.

RAVEN

For answering three phone calls we
will pay you one-million dollars.

DALE

There's a catch somewhere. A big million-dollar catch.

RAVEN

Oh, what we're doing on the other end of the phone is illegal. But you'll be safely in the Caymans before the deal even goes down.

DALE

What are you up to? An assassination or something? I can't be any part of that.

RAVEN

There will be no violence of any kind. I can tell you this much. It's a robbery.

DALE

And my answering these phone calls will help you steal whatever it is you're stealing?

RAVEN

Yes. If you turn me down now we call off the job. It's your call, Rob.

DALE

Robert.

(beat)

Assuming I went along with this -- and I'm not saying I am -- why would you trust me?

RAVEN

Because I think I know human nature. You are not an ordinary man Robert Dale. You shouldn't be living an ordinary life. I think you'll take a chance.

DALE

This is insane. Things like this don't happen to me.

Raven just smiles. Dale gazes at his own reflection in the window for a moment. Surprised at himself, he turns back to Raven.

DALE (CONT'D)

I'll do it.

She hands him the envelope.

RAVEN

Here is the account information.
The money is already deposited. You
can check if you like.

DALE

A million dollars. What the hell
are you guys robbing, Fort Knox?

RAVEN

As a matter of fact we...

DALE

(interrupting)
...I don't want to know.

INT. BILL BEAU'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

BILL BEAU, a short, fat man in his late forties is alone in his run-down, tenement apartment. Computer equipment is strewn throughout the room and Bill is working on an open computer as he watches an old television. There is a knock on the door. He gets up to answer it.

BILL'S MOM (O.S.)

(calling from other room)
Billy! Someone's at the door!

BILL

(yelling back)
I hear it, ma! Geeze!

He opens the door and Grey is standing in the hall dressed in a business suit and carrying a briefcase.

BILL (CONT'D)

We don't need anymore Amway
products.

He slams the door in Grey's face.

GREY (O.S.)

I'm not selling anything, Mr. Beau.
In fact I'm here to buy something
from you.

Bill opens the door.

BILL

Sorry. Uh, you looking for a used
computer or something? -- a used
computer or something?

GREY
No. But I am in need of your
services. May I come in?

BILL
Uh, yeah I guess. I guess.

BILL'S MOM (O.S.)
Who is it Billy!?

Grey steps inside and Bill shuts the door.

BILL
(yelling back)
No one! Just a customer.
(to Grey)
Sorry, mom doesn't get out much.
You need some programming done?

GREY
Yes, in a manner of speaking. Could
we sit down?

Bill clears off the sofa which is piled with circuit boards
and they sit.

GREY (CONT'D)
I am told you used to work for the
Mountain Security Company.

BILL
Yeah. Yeah, used to.

GREY
I also understand you were fired
from that position.

BILL
(ashamed)
Yeah. But it wasn't my fault. They
said I sexually harassed someone.
Me! Me! The girls at work never
talked to me long enough for me to
harass them.

GREY
Sounds like you were framed.

Bill looks miserable, and Grey feels a twinge of guilt for
the position he's put this man in.

BILL
Damn straight. Straight.

GREY

(quietly)

I'm very sorry, Mr. Beau. I'm sure this hasn't been easy for you, or your mother. However, perhaps we can turn misfortune into opportunity. I'm in need of a man of your talents. And I'm willing to make you an offer here and now.

BILL

(perking up)

Really? Really? What is it?

GREY

Security. I'd like you to help me test Mountain Security Vaults to see if they can be broken into.

BILL

That's easy. Sure, sounds fun -- sounds fun.

GREY

Specifically, the Red Dragon vaults.

BILL

Ooo, that would be much harder. Those are good. Real good. The security software is top notch -- top notch. And no back doors.

GREY

Are you sure?

BILL

Yeah, I wrote the software. Hey, those vaults are rare -- those are real rare, experimental. No one is using them...except...

(sudden realization)

Fort Knox! You want me to break into Fort Knox? -- Fort Knox? Why?

GREY

The government has hired my company to test security procedures.

BILL

You're lying! You're really going to rob it, aren't you?

GREY
(thinks a second)
Yes. Yes, we are. But it is for a
greater good.

Bill is stunned. He looks around wildly for a means of escape
or a weapon.

BILL
Oh. Okay then...

GREY
I'm planning to take down the Head
Office.

BILL
The CIA?

GREY
Bigger. You've heard of the Skull
and Bones? The Illuminati? The
Freemasons?

BILL
Yeah. They secretly run the world.

GREY
Well the Head Office secretly runs
them.

BILL
(skeptically)
From their hidden base in Area 51?

GREY
No, they're headquartered in
Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Grey turns to his briefcase and while he is opening it, Bill
grabs a wrench off the desk and hides it behind his back.

GREY (CONT'D)
I've already settled your mother's
medical bills. And paid for a
nursing home in Florida. Should
anything happen to you she will be
provided for the rest of her life.

Bill starts to lift the wrench over Grey's head, but Grey
stands suddenly and turns to hand him an envelope. He takes
it with his left hand, his right hand hidden behind his back.

GREY (CONT'D)
Drop the wrench, Bill.

We hear a thud as he drops it and opens up the envelope.

GREY (CONT'D)

That's a cashier's check for ten percent, two-million dollars.

Bill stares at it in awe, then comes to his senses.

BILL

It's Fort Knox! You can't just go in there and, and rob it. Rob it!

GREY

I can. And I will. If I can get you into the vault room could you do it?

BILL

(paces faster)

I don't know. Maybe. Maybe. It would take hours just to crack the code on one door. There's fourteen of them, you know? Fourteen.

GREY

I only need one open. How long would that take?

BILL

(stops and thinks)

Let's see, twenty...carry the one...uh, four hours. Minimum. Maybe like eight or nine. Eight or nine.

GREY

Okay. I'll get you eight hours inside and you'll try to crack it.

BILL

No. You might not know it by lookin' at me, but I'm not the most adventurous person in the world. Not the most adventurous person at all. It's insane, you can't rob Fort Knox!

GREY

"In an insane world, the sane man appears insane." Star Trek.

Bill is momentarily swayed by the Star Trek reference.

GREY (CONT'D)
 Your take would be twenty million
 dollars. Where else can you make
 that kind of money?

Bill stops pacing. He stands perfectly still for a moment,
 staring at the wall.

BILL
 That's a lot of money. That's a
 whole lot of money.

GREY
 (stands up)
 Yes or no. I need an answer now.

BILL
 What if I say...no?

GREY
 Nothing. I walk out of here and
 your life remains the same. But
 something tells me you are not an
 ordinary man Bill Beau. Do you
 really want to lead an ordinary
 life?

BILL'S MOM (O.S.)
 (yelling)
 Billy, I need more Preparation H!

BILL
 (yelling back)
 In a minute, ma!
 (back to Grey)
 I'll need equipment. Lots of it.

GREY
 Whatever you need.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY BAR -- NIGHT

Sixty-year old cab driver LEO BOMBUR exits the bar and starts
 to get into his cab. Two large thug-types, MR. WILLIAMS and
 MR. BURT, step out from the shadows and confront him.

MR. BURT
 Hello, Leo nice to see you again.

Leo starts to run back toward the bar, but Mr. Williams grabs
 him and drags him back.

MR. WILLIAMS
 Where you going, Leo? We just want
 to talk to you.
 (MORE)

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
(to Burt)
Isn't that right, Mr. Burt?

MR. BURT
(to Williams)
That's right, Mr. Williams.
(to Leo)
You don't have to be afraid of us,
Leo. We're your friends.

MR. WILLIAMS
That's right. Mr. Rourke wanted us
to break your legs, but Mr. Burt
here talked him out of it.

MR. BURT
That's right. I said, Mr. Rourke,
Leo always pays his debts.

LEO
I always do. It's a lot of money,
it will take me some time....

Mr. Burt punches Leo in the stomach.

MR. BURT
Did I tell you to talk, old man?

RAVEN (O.S.)
Why don't you pick on someone your
own size.

They wheel around to see Raven standing there.

MR. BURT
Move along, miss. This doesn't
concern you.

She strolls up to Mr. Burt then suddenly -- seemingly in one
move -- she reaches into his jacket and pulls out his gun,
tosses it into the street, then punches him in the face hard.

MR. BURT (CONT'D)
(grabbing his nose)
Jesus!

She back kicks Mr. Williams in the kneecap without turning to
look at him. He drops to his good knee and goes for his gun,
but she wheels around and kicks him in the face before he
can. She then punches Mr. Burt a second time in the face and
he goes down too. She straightens her dress and turns calmly
to the shaken Leo.

RAVEN
This cab for hire?

LEO

Yeah.

INT. LEO'S CAB -- NIGHT

Leo is driving with Raven sitting in the back.

LEO

Nice to see you again, Raven.
Really nice.

RAVEN

What did those guys want, Leo?

LEO

Uh, they were just mugging me.

RAVEN

Didn't look like muggers to me.

LEO

Really, I've never seen those guys
before. What brings you by?

RAVEN

Grey needs a driver. Several
drivers really. He wants to use
you. Against my recommendations.

LEO

That would be great.

RAVEN

If you're lying to me and you're in
some kind of trouble that's going
to mess up this job, so help me
I'll...

LEO

...I'm not. Nothing I can't handle.
I'm ready to work.

RAVEN

Let me out here.

He slows down to a stop.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

Meet Grey at the warehouse, ten
o'clock Saturday morning and he'll
fill you in.

(beat)

How much do you owe those guys?

LEO
A couple...hundred.

She hands him some money.

RAVEN
Here's five-hundred. Pay them off
before you come to work.

LEO
Thanks.

She gets out.

LEO (CONT'D)
You won't be sorry. I promise.

RAVEN
Men always say that and I always
end up sorry.

She slams the cab door and walks away.

INT. THE WAREHOUSE -- MORNING

Thorn, Bailin, Taggert, Bill and Leo are sitting around a table in front of a large-screen computer projection system. Raven and Grey enter. He is carrying a briefcase.

BAILIN
...And I hear they can flood the
vault with a million gallons of
water at the press of a button.

TAGGERT
Why would they want to do that?

BAILIN
You try getting the gold out of
fifty-feet of water...

They notice Grey and Raven and shut up.

LEO
Hey, Mr. Grey. Nice to see you
again.

GREY
Nice to see you too, Leo. How's the
wife.

LEO
Fine. Just fine.

Grey puts his briefcase on the table.

GREY

Good. Let's get started. I take it that you've introduced yourselves to our newest member, Mr. Beau.

BILL

They did. They did.

GREY

He will get us past the computer locks on the new vaults.

BILL

I hope so. I hope so.

GREY

I have faith in you, Bill.

Grey stands next to the screen and pulls a remote mouse from his pocket.

GREY (CONT'D)

My friends, I give you, Fort Knox, Kentucky.

An aerial shot of the army base appears on the screen.

GREY (CONT'D)

It covers one-hundred ten thousand acres, with a population of twenty six thousand people.

Old news footage of the elevator leading down to the vault appears on the screen.

GREY (CONT'D)

Oh, and nearby is home to most of the federal gold reserves. The exact amount is unknown, but it is estimated that between 56 and 100 billion dollars in gold bullion is stored in the United States Bullion Depository building.

Old news footage of the piles of gold.

GREY (CONT'D)

But we aren't going to be greedy. We'll only take a billion or two.

Newer news footage of the "Mountain Security" company cutting a ribbon on the new vaults.

GREY (CONT'D)

Contrary to popular belief, the Vault is not within the gates of the Fort, but in an adjacent building that is actually under the control of the Treasury Department. Recently, the vault system has been totally revamped. Mr. Beau, do you want to fill us in on the new specs?

BILL

Uh, okay. Okay. It used to have a single thirty-ton vault door. That has been replaced with fourteen smaller vaults, each protected by titanium doors that can withstand the heat of a direct nuclear hit.

TAGGERT

There goes my idea.

BILL

They're locked by a reverse magnetic sealing system. Reversed. It takes a very powerful electric current to change polarity and open the door. Cutting the power actually locks the doors tighter.

BAILIN

There goes my idea.

BILL

(talking faster)

The only way to open them is with computer controlled locks. And, each lock has a ten-digit combination. Not just numbers, not just numbers. Alphanumeric and that makes it harder to crack. Billions of possible combinations, possible combinations.

Grey presses a button on his remote and a shot of the control room appears.

GREY

Once inside the depository building we will enter the main control room that overlooks the vaults.

BILL

And I hook up my computer to the system.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

And run a special program that, I think, will crack one of the codes. I think.

TAGGERT

At least we only have to break into the one building and not the Fort itself.

GREY

Well, not exactly. You see, whenever the vault doors are opened, alarms go off at the Fort. So we will need to take over both the Fort and the vault building.

BAILIN

(sarcastic)

Sure, take over a whole military base and taking over the vault building should be a piece of cake.

GREY

That's the spirit!

TAGGERT

Yeah, and what stops them from shooting at us?

GREY

I'm getting to that.

(beat)

They are going to ask us to come in.

Grey uses his remote again and a government seal appears on the screen. It says "Project EGADS."

GREY (CONT'D)

I present "The Emergency Governmental Action Disaster System," also known as "EGADS". It was designed to spring into action should there be a nuclear or biological disaster. Specifically, it is a secret government cleanup crew trained to cover up military accidents.

TAGGERT

If it's secret, how come you know about it?

Grey just smiles and continues.

GREY

We will fake a biological accident at the Army base, in response to which they will activate "EGADS." The base will follow emergency procedures and call the Pentagon on a special satellite phone. The phone is the responsibility of a general our Major Dale works for. We will have to get it out of a safe, but that shouldn't be a problem for Mr. Bailin.

BAILIN

Like taking candy from a baby. If the baby's in a safe and you're me.

GREY

Major Dale will intercept the call so we can send in our own clean up team.

TAGGERT

Accident or no accident, they aren't just going to give us the run of the place.

GREY

I've taken care of that, trust me.

TAGGERT

Trust him, he says. Okay, say you get in and get the loot. How do you plan to fence that much gold with the Army, the Air Force, the Navy, the Marines and the Coast Guard all looking for it?

BAILIN

And the CIA and FBI.

TAGGERT

Oh, and the police.

BILL

And reporters. Lots of reporters.

GREY

I do have a way we can sell the gold without anyone knowing we have it. But I'd like to keep that under wraps for the time being. Next question.

THORN

I take it we are going to need some more help. That gold is heavy and I'm not as young as I used to be.

GREY

Yes, we will be recruiting others to help with the heavy lifting. Maybe thirty or forty more people.

TAGGERT

And they aren't going to get sticky fingers with all that gold?

GREY

You can't walk into a store and spend a bar of U.S. Government gold. No, the key to this operation is turning it into cash. And I can do that.

RAVEN

Missing inventory is going to be the least of our problems. Where are we going to get forty people who can keep their mouths shut?

GREY

Details, details. We have months to work all that out.

RAVEN

How many months?

GREY

Three.

The group is stunned.

THORN

Three months! We can't possibly pull this off in three months.

GREY

They're having special war games then. Most of the base staff will be on maneuvers and we'll only have to deal with a skeleton crew of less than a thousand.

THORN

Oh, only a thousand armed soldiers? That's hardly sporting.

GREY
 And you thought robbing Fort Knox
 would be, what? Easy?

He takes three manila envelopes from his briefcase.

GREY (CONT'D)
 Anyone who wants to back out, do it
 now. After today you are on the
 clock. Anyone want out?

He looks around for a response. The others nervously fidget
 but remain silent.

GREY (CONT'D)
 Okay then. I'll fill in everyone on
 the details as we go. And remember,
 if this is going to work you have
 to trust me, even when you think
 you shouldn't.

TAGGERT
 So far that's been all the time.

GREY
 Oh, things will go wrong. They
 always do. The real trick is
 getting them to go wrong in the
 right ways.

He aims the remote at the computer and turns it off.

EXT. LEO BOMBUR'S NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Leo's taxi is parked in front of his apartment building and
 he is opening the front door as Mr. Burt and Mr. Williams
 step out from the shadows. They rush up and push him inside.
 Mr. Burt grabs him and drags him to the stairwell.

LEO
 (struggling)
 I'll pay...just a few more days...

MR. BURT
 Thought you could have some
 transvestite beat the crap out of
 us and not pay for it, huh Leo?

Mr. Williams grabs Leo's other arm and he and Mr. Burt lift
 him up as they go up the stairs toward the roof.

MR. WILLIAMS
 Mr. Rourke said we could kill you
 for the fun of it. He's a good
 boss, he likes to keep us happy.

Leo struggles, but then gives up and goes limp.

LEO
(sobbing)
No, no that wasn't my fault. I
don't know who she was...

MR. WILLIAMS
Yeah, well life isn't fair.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOF - CONTINUOUS

They drag Leo out onto the roof and to the edge.

MR. BURT
Say good-night, Leo.

LEO
Wait! Wait! Maybe we can work
something out!

MR. WILLIAMS
No. No deals.

MR. BURT
Tell you what. Give us the name of
the bitch that sucker-punched us
and we won't kill your wife.

MR. WILLIAMS
That sounds fair. Doesn't that
sound fair, Leo?

LEO
I know of a big score going down. A
really big score. The biggest.

MR. BURT
It's always about money with you,
Leo. Can't you see we take pride in
our work?

They start to pitch him over the side.

LEO
These guys are going to rob Fort
Knox!

They stop and pull him back a little, but his head is still
dangling over the edge.

MR. WILLIAMS
(to Burt)
I got to admit the little prick has
piqued my interest.

MR. BURT

(to Leo)

Nobody you know would have the balls to pull a heist like that.

LEO

It's Mr. Grey.

MR. BURT

(to Williams)

You ever hear of this Mr. Grey?

MR. WILLIAMS

Yeah, he's supposed to be some sort of criminal mastermind, but he's fictitious, like the Easter Bunny, or Kaiser Soze.

LEO

No, he's...he's real and he's hitting Fort Knox in two months. Billions in gold. Do you hear me? Billions! Just think what Mister Rourke could do with that kind of money.

They look at each other then pull him back onto the roof.

MR. WILLIAMS

Okay, start talking.

INT. THE WAREHOUSE LOFT -- EVENING

Grey is in his make-shift, though stylish, apartment built on the upper-level of the warehouse. It is an open loft with a view to the large warehouse area below, and furnished with retro 1950's furniture and a Polynesian-style wet bar. He's mixing himself a martini as he watches Mr. Williams and Mr. Burt stroll in down below. Mr. Burt looks up into the loft.

MR. BURT

Hey! You Grey?

GREY

No, but I am a little blue.

(beat)

Nobody ever laughs at that joke. What can I do for you?

MR. WILLIAMS

Our boss, Mr. Rourke, would like a word with you.

GREY
I'm washing my hair, could you come
back later?

Mr. Burt pulls his gun, points it into the loft and fires,
shooting the pitcher of martinis out of Grey's hand. Grey
doesn't even flinch.

GREY (CONT'D)
(calmly)
I'll be right down.

INT. MR. ROURKE'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Mr. Williams and Mr. Burt lead Grey into the expensively
decorated apartment with a view of the New York City skyline.
MR. ROURKE, a muscular man in his late forties is out on his
balcony and enters the apartment when his guest is led in.

GREY
Mr. Rourke, I presume?

MR. ROURKE
(Shakes his hand)
Mr. Grey.
(pointing to the bar)
What'll you have?

GREY
Well, I was in the process of
mixing a martini when your goons
shot it out from under me.

MR. ROURKE
(winces)
They really don't like to be called
goons.

GREY
Sorry. Thuggish Americans.

MR. ROURKE
Cute. I hate cute. But, a martini
it is. Mr. Burt, make it two.

Burt goes over to the bar and starts to mix the drinks.

GREY
(to Burt)
And don't bruise the olive.

MR. BURT
(muttering)
Don't worry, if I bruise something
you'll know it.

MR. ROURKE
Please, have a seat.

Grey sits and Rourke sits across from him.

MR. ROURKE (CONT'D)
I have to admit you have some balls.

GREY
Are you asking me out on a date?

MR. ROURKE
I don't believe what Leo told us, but I had to check it out. Do you really think a two-bit con man like you is going to hit Fort Knox?

GREY
That was the plan.

MR. ROURKE
Leo filled me in on how you were going to do it...clever. But how are you going to move that much gold. And what are you going to get, ten cents on the dollar?

GREY
I was not only going to move the gold. I was going to sell it for market prices.

MR. ROURKE
And just how are you going to do that?

GREY
I have an empty gold mine in South Africa. I planned to melt down the Fort Knox gold, remix it with ore and pretend to mine it.

MR. ROURKE
(impressed)
Okay, so you're smarter than you look. How are you going to get it to South Africa?

GREY
By blimp.

MR. ROURKE
What?

GREY

Blimp. The gold mine my friends and I are buying is in need of a power plant and it's scheduled to be delivered by blimp.

MR. ROURKE

What? Customs doesn't search blimps?

GREY

They wouldn't have found it because it would be mixed into the concrete walls of the power plant.

Mr. Burt walks over with their martinis on a tray. He stops at Grey's chair first and Grey takes his drink.

MR. ROURKE

Okay, I'm with you so far. But with a job like this, word is bound to get out. People are going to talk and the feds will be on you before you can put hot air into your blimp.

Mr. Burt hands Rourke his martini.

GREY

Helium.

(takes a sip of his drink)

The people in my organization won't talk. But in any event, we have a cover story. We've spent months creating a front -- a terrorist group that will take the blame. The government will think these terrorists are stealing the gold to destroy it.

MR. ROURKE

Why in the hell would somebody destroy gold?

GREY

Haven't you seen "Goldfinger?"

MR. ROURKE

Yeah. It's not as good as "Octopussy."

GREY

The premise of that film was to destroy the gold in Fort Knox to cause the price of gold to rise.

MR. ROURKE

Will they buy that? I mean, how do you destroy gold?

GREY

(shrugs)

Drop it down a volcano, or something. We only have to make them think that we destroyed it. That's enough to send the price of gold through the roof.

MR. ROURKE

(thinking)

And they won't come looking for it if they think it's gone.

GREY

Right. And when our mine hits its first vein of gold the prices should be at an all time high.

MR. ROURKE

Well, I'm glad you got this whole thing worked out. Because now you've got a new partner.

GREY

No. The job is off.

MR. ROURKE

I don't think so.

GREY

What you think doesn't alter the facts. I've run out of funds.

MR. ROURKE

Is that all? How much to you need?

GREY

More than you have.

MR. ROURKE

Try me.

GREY

Sixty-five million would let me buy out my partners in the gold mine. And do you have any idea how much blimp rental costs?

Mr. Rourke is taken back by the amount, but recovers.

MR. ROURKE

Chump change. I can get you the money in two days. Anything else?

GREY

I need forty men you can trust.

MR. ROURKE

Done. But then we get a bigger take.

GREY

We do a fifty-fifty split. Your take will still be in the billions. A pretty good return on 65 million.

MR. ROURKE

I'm afraid I can't accept anything less than ninety percent.

GREY

Then I walk away.

MR. ROURKE

Hmmm. I don't really see that happening. What is going to happen is Mr. Burt and Mr. Williams are going to work you over and you will give us all the details. Then we'll do the job ourselves.

GREY

You can't. I have a way in the gates, a way to move the gold and a way to sell it. Your mob muscle won't be enough to pull this off. It requires intelligence, quick thinking and panache. You need me more than I need you.

MR. ROURKE

There's no way you're pulling this job without me.

GREY

Like I said. Fifty percent.

MR. ROURKE

I'll kill you.

GREY

The light that burns twice as bright lasts half as long.

MR. ROURKE
I'll kill your whole family.

GREY
Don't have one.

MR. ROURKE
(angrier)
I'll kill Leo and everyone else you
know!

Grey stands, crosses to Rourke, leans over him and stares him straight in the eyes.

GREY
(coldly)
I don't give a damn about that
snitch Leo, or anybody else.
Everyone I know works for me and,
like all employees, can be
replaced. And in case you're
thinking about killing my dog, I
don't have one of those either.

He straightens, returns to his seat and takes a sip of his martini.

GREY (CONT'D)
Think about it Rourke, you could be
part of the biggest robbery of all
time. You aren't an ordinary thug,
don't act like one.

MR. ROURKE
(smiling)
I'll give you thirty percent.

GREY
Forty.

MR. ROURKE
Deal. But Mr. Burt and Mr. Williams
will go along on the job to protect
my investment.

GREY
Fine.
(grins broadly)
In fact I insist on it.

Rourke stands. Grey takes a moment to finish his drink, then stands as well.

MR. ROURKE

(shakes Grey's hand)

Let me make a few calls to round up
the men and transfer the money.
I'll contact you in a few days.

GREY

"The world is good, and the people
are good, And we 're all good
fellows together." John O'Keefe.

MR. ROURKE

Yeah, "GoodFellas." Now there's a
hell of a movie.

GREY

Indeed.

MR. ROURKE

Mr. Burt will drive you home.

Mr. Burt and Grey exit.

MR. ROURKE (CONT'D)

(to Williams)

Like hell he's going to keep any of
that gold.

INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL ROOM -- EVENING

Raven and Bailin are making their last minute preparations.
Raven is loading a cart with a variety of painting equipment
while Bailin checks over his array of safecracking tools.

INT. DALE'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

Dale is standing in front of a mirror holding a telephone. He
picks up the receiver.

DALE

(in a deep voice)

This is General Smith. Please give
the pass code, the disaster code
and your location.

He hangs up the receiver, then picks it up again.

DALE (CONT'D)

(in a deeper voice)

This is General Smith. Please give
the pass code, the disaster code
and your location.

He seems quite pleased with his performance.

EXT. TENNESSEE WAREHOUSE -- EVENING

A large array of trucks is lined up outside the warehouse. Leo is walking along the line of trucks counting them and checking items off a list he carries on a clipboard.

INT. TENNESSEE WAREHOUSE -- EVENING

Preparations are underway for the heist. Mr. Williams is briefing a small army of thugs as Grey hands out army uniforms and machine guns.

INT. BILL BEAU'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

Bill is securing an array of computer equipment to a cart.

INT. THE WAREHOUSE -- EVENING

Taggart is reading a pilot's handbook. He sets it down and pantomimes using the controls. He looks confused and picks up the book again to reread a passage. Mr. Burt enters with a briefcase, Taggart doesn't look surprised to see him. Mr. Burt puts the briefcase down on the table and opens it. We see it's full of money. Taggart smiles.

INT. THE WAREHOUSE LOFT -- EVENING

Thorn is stocking a case with hypodermic sprays and other medical equipment.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PENTAGON -- MORNING

Wide shot of Pentagon.

INT. GENERAL SMITH'S OUTER OFFICE -- MORNING

Dale is nervously pacing back and forth. Bailin and Raven enter. They are dressed in painter's overalls and wheeling painting equipment in on a dolly.

DALE
(whispering)
There you are.

RAVEN
Nice to see you too. Is he in?

DALE
Yes. He's in his office.

Dale just stands there. After a moment, Raven makes a shooing motion towards the General's office.

RAVEN
You know what to do.

Dale takes a deep breath and plunges into the office.

INT. GENERAL SMITH'S PENTAGON OFFICE

Dale enters as GENERAL SMITH is getting something out of his wall safe. The General quickly slams the safe door shut.

GENERAL SMITH
Dale! You've got to stop sneaking
up on me like that

DALE
Sorry, sir. The painting crew is
here and they need you to work in
the outer office today.

GENERAL SMITH
No can do. I have some work to do
in here. It shouldn't take more
than a couple of hours.

DALE
Well, the fumes.

GENERAL SMITH
Nonsense. I've breathed napalm,
son, paint fumes aren't going to
bother me.

Dale is getting more and more flustered.

DALE
But...they really need you out of
here for it to -- I mean, so they
can work.

GENERAL SMITH
Have them start on the outer
office, that should take a few
hours.

DALE
But, sir...

GENERAL SMITH
(annoyed)
That will be all, Major.

DALE
Yes, sir.

He exits.

INT. GENERAL SMITH'S OUTER OFFICE

Raven and Bailin have brought in more equipment as Dale rushes back in, panicked.

DALE
He won't leave! This is crazy! We
can't do this!

Raven calmly guides Dale to his chair and has him sit down.

RAVEN
Relax. Take a deep breath. We have
a couple of hours until the call.
We'll think of something to get him
out of there.

DALE
I think we should abort!

RAVEN
No. Just calm down. We have plenty
of time.

EXT. FORT KNOX FRONT GATE -- MORNING

Thorn, Taggart and Mr. Burt arrive in a jeep, dressed in Army uniforms, a large army truck behind them. Thorn is dressed as a Colonel and has a large "Z" shaped scar on his left cheek. Taggart is dressed as a sergeant and Mr. Burt is a private. The GUARD looks at their credentials and makes a call. He then waves in the jeep while the truck stays at the gate.

INT. LIEUTENANT COLONEL GOLLUM'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Thorn, Taggart and Mr. Burt are escorted in by a Corporal. LIEUTENANT COLONEL GOLLUM is behind the desk. He stands to greet them.

LT. COL. GOLLUM
Colonel Foster, I'm Lieutenant
Colonel Ken Gollum. I'm sorry the
General isn't here to greet you.
He's on training exercises today.

THORN
(cranky)
Do they normally leave a Lieutenant
Colonel in charge of an entire
base?

LT. COL. GOLLUM
No, sir, they don't. Most of the
base is on training maneuvers at
Fort Dix.

(MORE)

LT. COL. GOLLUM (CONT'D)
But I assure you I am authorized to
help you. Please, have a seat.

Gollum starts to sit, but sees Thorn isn't so he stays
standing.

THORN
(irritated)
We are on a highly classified
assignment. Isn't our arrival on
your schedule?

LT. COL. GOLLUM
(looking through papers on
his desk)
Uh...no. I don't think so...
(calling to outer office)
Corporal, could you get Captain
Born in here please!
(to Thorn)
But I'm sure we could fit you in.
If you could tell me what you need.

Thorn hands Gollum a manila folder, which Gollum opens and
examines.

THORN
We're delivering a classified
shipment in a truck outside and
your men won't let us enter without
an inspection.

LT. COL. GOLLUM
Well, that is standard operating
procedure, Colonel.

THORN
(angry)
We can't let anyone without
clearance search that truck and we
can't leave it outside the gates. A
helicopter will be here at fourteen-
hundred hours to pick it up.

LT. COL. GOLLUM
I see. Well, I don't have any
orders here. I would need to call
the general to confirm this.

THORN
Fine.

He sits and coolly waits for Gollum to make his call. Taggart
and Mr. Burt sit too.

LT. COL. GOLLUM
 Uh. I can't really call him now.
 He's out in the field.

THORN
 There must be some way to call him.
 Do it. That's an order.

LT. COL. GOLLUM
 Yes. Sir.
 (picks up phone)
 Corporal. Get the General on his
 field phone.
 (listens)
 Yes, I know. This is an emergency.

Hangs up. There is an awkward silence. Gollum sits.

LT. COL. GOLLUM (CONT'D)
 Should have him on the phone any
 minute now.

He smiles at the three visitors. They look blankly back.

CORPORAL (O.S.)
 (over the intercom)
 They're putting the call through
 now, sir.

LT. COL. GOLLUM
 (getting up)
 Excuse me, gentlemen. I'll just
 take this in the outer office.

He leaves the office. Mr. Burt and Taggert shift nervously in their seats, but Thorn remains calm and composed, completely "in character."

EXT. MOCK BATTLE FIELD - MORNING

Hundreds of trucks and tanks are pouring over a large open field.

INT. GENERAL BROOK'S TENT - MORNING

GENERAL BROOKS is sitting at a folding table looking over maps and charts with other ARMY PERSONNEL in the tent going about their duties. A RADIO OPERATOR is sitting in back of the tent wearing headphones. He picks up a field radio and walks over to General Brooks.

RADIO OPERATOR
 General Brooks, Sir. You have a
 call from Fort Knox, it's Colonel
 Gollum.

Irritated, the general takes the phone.

BROOKS
 (into phone)
 This had better be an emergency,
 Gollum.

INT. LIEUTENANT COLONEL GOLLUM'S OUTER OFFICE -- MORNING

GOLLUM
 Yes, sir. There is a Colonel Foster
 here who says he was scheduled to
 drop off some classified materials.

INT. GENERAL BROOK'S TENT - MORNING

BROOKS
 So what's the problem?

INT. LIEUTENANT COLONEL GOLLUM'S OUTER OFFICE - MORNING

LT. COL. GOLLUM
 He wants to bring a truck in here
 without an inspection, and since I
 don't have any orders...

INT. GENERAL BROOK'S TENT - MORNING

BROOKS
 Does his paperwork look in order?

INT. LIEUTENANT COLONEL GOLLUM'S OUTER OFFICE - MORNING

Gollum is leafing through the folder that Thorn gave him.

LT. COL. GOLLUM
 Yes, but....do you know this man,
 sir?

INT. GENERAL BROOK'S TENT - MORNING

BROOKS
 We met once. He has this big "Z"
 shaped scar on his face.

INT. LIEUTENANT COLONEL GOLLUM'S OUTER OFFICE - MORNING

LT. COL. GOLLUM
 That's him.

INT. GENERAL BROOK'S TENT - MORNING

BROOKS
 Put him on will you?

INT. LIEUTENANT COLONEL GOLLUM'S OFFICE - MORNING

Gollum enters the inner office, picks up the phone on the desk and hands it to Thorn.

LT. COL. GOLLUM
General Brooks would like to speak
with you, sir.

THORN
(taking phone)
Harland, you old dog. I hear you're
playing war today. Lucky bastard.

INT. GENERAL BROOK'S TENT -- DAY

Distractedly going over some battle plans.

BROOKS
Yes, big NATO maneuvers. Really
impressive. You're lucky you caught
me, I'm about to head out into the
field.

INT. LIEUTENANT COLONEL GOLLUM'S OFFICE - MORNING

THORN
Wish I could be there. They have me
baby-sitting a truck today. Can you
believe that? How's Marge?

INT. GENERAL BROOK'S TENT - MORNING

BROOKS
Oh, fine.

INT. LIEUTENANT COLONEL GOLLUM'S OFFICE - MORNING

THORN
And the kids?

INT. GENERAL BROOK'S TENT - MORNING

BROOKS
Uh, fine. Listen, I'm really busy
right now. Could you put Colonel
Gollum back on?

INT. LIEUTENANT COLONEL GOLLUM'S OFFICE

THORN
Certainly. Nice talking with you
again.

He hands the phone to Gollum.

LT. COL. GOLLUM
Yes, sir?

INT. GENERAL BROOK'S TENT - MORNING

BROOKS
Give him what he wants, I'm sure we
just misfiled the paperwork or
something.

INT. LIEUTENANT COLONEL GOLLUM'S OFFICE - MORNING

LT. COL. GOLLUM
Yes, sir.
(hangs up)
Well, looks like we're in business.

THORN
Excellent.

LT. COL. GOLLUM
Can I offer you gentlemen something
to drink?
(Holding out a cigar box)
Or a scar?...uh, cigar?

INT. ARMORY BUILDING - MORNING

Captain Born a muscular, career officer is taking inventory
in the armory. A PRIVATE DOOBERMAN is helping lock up
ammunition in storage lockers as they go. A CORPORAL enters.

CORPORAL
Captain Born Sir. Colonel Gollum
needs to see you in the office.

CAPT. BORN
Tell him I'll be right there.

CORPORAL
Yes, sir.

CAPT. BORN
(to Private)
We'll finish the inspection later.
Make sure all these are locked up
good and tight, Doberman.

DOOBERMAN
Yes, sir.

CAPT. BORN
I mean it this time. If I find one
of these open again I'll bust you
to civilian.

DOOBERMAN

Yes, sir. It won't happen again,
sir.

Capt. Born exits.

INT. LIEUTENANT COLONEL GOLLUM'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Capt. Born enters. Thorn, Taggert, Mr. Burt and Lt. Col. Gollum are making awkward small talk.

LT. COL. GOLLUM

...And that's why I never go to the beach anymore without a hat.

He looks up and is relieved to see Capt. Born.

LT. COL. GOLLUM (CONT'D)

Ah, Captain Born. This is Colonel Foster. I'd like you to help him secure his truck and show him around.

CAPT. BORN

Yes, sir.
(to Thorn)
Have you had breakfast, sir?
Perhaps you would like to grab a bite to eat at the mess hall?

THORN

Yes, good idea.
(to Taggert and Burt)
Bring the truck in and then join us in the mess hall.

MR. BURT

Okay.

TAGGERT

(proper military tone)
Yes, sir.

Capt. Born, Thorn, Burt and Taggert exit and Gollum sits down with a sigh of relief that they're gone. He starts thumbing through a Hats catalog.

INT. GENERAL SMITH'S PENTAGON OFFICE -- MORNING

Raven and Bailin move painting supplies and a ladder into the General's office as General Smith sits at his desk reading a magazine. Dale nervously pretends to file.

RAVEN
 (to General)
 Sir, we really need to work in here
 now.

GENERAL SMITH
 Quite alright. You won't disturb me
 at all, carry on.

Raven nods at Bailin and sets up the ladder by the wall safe. She drapes a drop cloth over the ladder so it obscures the general's view. She starts to paint the overhead trim. Bailin stands on a paint bucket, hooks a digital listening device to the tumbler and begins to crack the safe. Raven hums to cover the sounds. Dale watches nervously.

DALE
 Uh, sir. Wouldn't you be more
 comfortable in the other office?

GENERAL SMITH
 I'm fine. Why don't you take the
 rest of the day off, Major, you
 seem tense.

DALE
 No! I mean, I have lots of work to
 do. Anything I can help you with?

GENERAL SMITH
 I'm expecting some visitors today,
 after one. Some NATO officers that
 I promised I would show around.

ANGLE ON BAILIN

who opens the safe and quietly transfers the satellite phone
 briefcase to a large empty paint bucket. He shuts the safe.

DALE
 (upset)
 Just great.
 (regains composure)
 I mean that's great. Maybe I could
 arrange for you to meet them in the
 visitor's center. It would be much
 more comfortable for them.

GENERAL SMITH
 No, I'm fine. What is wrong with
 you today, Dale? You're really
 starting to bug me. Scram.

DALE
Yes, sir...I'll just be in the
outer office if you need me.

He throws a desperate look at Raven as he leaves the office.

EXT. ARMY YARD TRUCK COMPOUND -- LATER

Taggert and Mr. Burt bring in the truck as two BASE GUARDS
look on. They park the truck and get out.

TAGGERT
(to one of the guards)
Make sure no one goes near that
truck.

GUARD
Yes, Sergeant.

They walk off towards the mess hall.

MR. BURT
Okay, flyboy, this is it. Keep your
eyes open. If you see Grey or his
gang improvising you let me know,
got it?

TAGGERT
Yeah.

INT. FORT KNOX MESS HALL

Capt. Born is sitting at a table with Thorn. They are
finishing their breakfast.

THORN
So, Captain Born, how long have you
been assigned to Fort Knox?

CAPT. BORN
Going on five years now.

THORN
Seen any action?

CAPT. BORN
I served in the Gulf. And yourself?
What base are you with?

THORN
None, actually. I work in Atlanta.
The Centers for Disease Control.

CAPT. BORN
Oh, so you're a medical doctor?

THORN

Yes.

CAPT. BORN

But you aren't wearing a medical insignia.

THORN

I'm in research. Classified. There isn't an insignia for what I do.

CAPT. BORN

(suspicious)

I see.

Taggart and Mr. Burt sit down at the table with trays of food. Capt. Born notices a bulge under Burt's arm.

CAPT. BORN (CONT'D)

Is that a non-issue gun you're carrying, Private?

Mr. Burt, not realizing the Captain is talking to him, drinks his coffee and doesn't respond.

THORN

Private, the Captain asked you a question.

Taggart discreetly kicks Burt under the table.

MR. BURT

Huh, oh. Uh what?

CAPT. BORN

You are carrying a hidden gun in a shoulder holster. All guns must be worn as side arms. Let me see it.

A nervous Mr. Burt looks at Thorn, who nods. Burt unbuttons his shirt, reaches in and takes out a .45 automatic.

CAPT. BORN (CONT'D)

(to THORN)

Do all your privates carry nonmilitary weapons?

THORN

Private, this is a violation of the rules. Where is your issued firearm?

MR. BURT

Ummm. I lost it?

Thorn takes the gun away from him.

THORN

You're going on report for this.

MR. BURT

Yes. Sir.

THORN

As you have astutely observed, Captain Born, we are not regular Army. What we deal with sometimes falls outside of protocol.

CAPT. BORN

Special Ops?

THORN

Precisely.

CAPT. BORN

I don't suppose you're going to tell me what's in that truck?

THORN

(smiling)

No, that would get me into a lot of trouble.

CAPT. BORN

Of course. Perhaps I should make sure the truck is secure. If you'll excuse me.

He gets up and walks out.

TAGGERT

(to Burt)

Way to go, you greasy thug, now he's going to check the truck! We told you not to bring your own gun.

MR. BURT

Yeah, like I'm going to let you put a bullet in my brain at the last minute.

(to Thorn)

Give it back.

Thorn discreetly hands him the gun. Mr. Burt yanks it away, then notices that the gun is lighter.

MR. BURT (CONT'D)

And the clip!

Thorn hands him the clip.

TAGGERT
(nervous)
Come on, it's getting late.

THORN
(calmly looking at watch)
Nothing to worry about, we're right
on schedule. Let's go.

EXT. ARMY YARD TRUCK COMPOUND -- MOMENTS LATER

TWO PRIVATES are guarding the truck. Capt. Born is approaching when a MAN in a lab coat appears from the back. He staggers out of the truck in agony. The privates don't know what to make of it. Blood squirts from the man's eyes as he screams and falls to the ground moaning. Capt. Born rushes over.

CAPT. BORN
What the hell is this?

The private backs away.

CAPT. BORN (CONT'D)
Stay where you are, Private!

PRIVATE
What's wrong with him. Is it
Ebola?!

Capt. Born cautiously approaches the sick man.

SICK MAN
Stay back. Its...containment has
been breached.

He fakes passing out. Thorn, Mr. Burt and Taggert come running over.

THORN
What is the meaning of this! I told
you not to look in the truck!

CAPT. BORN
(violently grabs Thorn)
Just what in the hell do you have
in there! Some sort of germ warfare
experiment?!

THORN
(looking panicked)
We have to shut down the base.
(MORE)

THORN (CONT'D)

It's an airborne virus. Deadly
within hours of exposure.

He kneels down beside the "sick" man and checks his pulse.

CAPT. BORN

You crazy bastards, you've infected
all of us!

THORN

No, we have a vaccine! If we
inoculate immediately we should be
able to avoid loss of life.

CAPT. BORN

Should be? You drove from Atlanta
with this stuff, there's no telling
how many people you've infected!

THORN

No, this man hasn't been infected
for more than an hour or so. If it
had been earlier, more of us would
be showing symptoms by now. The
virus in its airborne form only
lasts for an hour -- a safety
factor genetically built in.

CAPT. BORN

Yeah, it looks safe as all get out.

THORN

There's not much wind today. The
virus is most likely contained to a
three or four mile radius.

CAPT. BORN

Most likely! And what about the
people within that three or four
miles?

THORN

They can only pass the virus to
others until....

CAPT. BORN

Until what?

THORN

Until they die.

CAPT. BORN

(sarcastic)

Oh, well that's just fine then.

THORN

We have contingencies for this sort of thing. But we have to act now!

CAPT. BORN

(pointing to sick man)

Private, get this man back into the truck and make him comfortable.

The Private just stares at him in horror.

CAPT. BORN (CONT'D)

You've already got it, he can't infect you twice. Do it!

The Private jumps into action.

CAPT. BORN (CONT'D)

(to THORN)

You, come with me.

They rush off toward Col. Gollum's office, Burt and Taggart close behind.

INT. GENERAL SMITH'S PENTAGON OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Raven and Bailin are painting as General Smith sits reading his magazine. He picks up his phone and dials.

GENERAL SMITH

(into phone)

Yes, this is General Smith, I'm expecting visitors from NATO this afternoon. Could you bring them to my office?

(listens)

Thank you.

(to Raven)

You'll have to take a break for awhile around one-thirty. I have some business to attend to.

Raven and Bailin look nervously at each other.

RAVEN

Yes, sir.

INT. GENERAL BROOK'S OFFICE -- LATER

Colonel Gollum, Capt. Born and Thorn are in General Brooks' office. Gollum is frantically reading through an EGADS operations manual. The Corporal enters.

CORPORAL

I have the Pentagon on line one.

GOLLUM
 (picks up the phone)
 Hello?

INT. PENTAGON COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

TWO PRIVATES are sitting in front of a large switchboard. One private answers the call.

PRIVATE
 Pentagon E-G-A-D-S center. Please
 state the protocol code.

INT. GENERAL BROOK'S OFFICE

Gollum frantically searches through the book in front of him.

GOLLUM
 P-9-7-1.

INT. PENTAGON COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

PRIVATE
 P-9-7-1...

He suddenly looks nervous. He mouths the words "Oh, Shit" to the other private.

OTHER PRIVATE
 (whispering)
 It's probably just a drill or
 something.

PRIVATE
 (into phone)
 I will notify the E-G-A-D-S officer
 on duty. Hang up and switch over to
 the satellite phone. Terminate all
 outside communications.

INT. GENERAL BROOK'S OFFICE

Gollum hangs up the phone.

GOLLUM
 (to Capt. Born)
 He says we have to use a satellite
 phone. Where is it?!

CAPT. BORN
 It's probably in the floor safe.

Gollum moves a potted plant and opens an access panel, exposing the safe.

GOLLUM
 (panicked)
 I don't have the combination!

INT. GENERAL SMITH'S OUTER OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Raven, Bailin and Dale are pacing back and forth. The phone rings and Raven answers it.

RAVEN
 General Smith's office. Yes, one moment.

She hands the phone to Dale.

DALE
 (lowers voice)
 General Smith speaking.
 (listens)
 Yes, I understand. I'll activate the satellite phone. He hangs up.

DALE (CONT'D)
 (to Raven)
 We are so screwed!

INT. LIEUTENANT COLONEL GOLLUM'S OFFICE

Gollum is spinning the dial on the safe as Capt. Born hovers over his shoulder. Thorn stands calmly by. Gollum yanks on the door but it won't budge.

GOLLUM
 Damn! It used to be set to zero zero zero. He must have changed it.

CAPT. BORN
 You'll have to call the general and ask him.

GOLLUM
 No, we are under a
 (looks in the manual)
 "Communications lock-down." The protocol strictly forbids any outside communications except to the Pentagon.

CAPT. BORN
 Then we'll have to blow it open.

THORN
 What is the General's birthday?

GOLLUM

What?

THORN

The combination. Before you blow it open, try using his birthday.

CAPT. BORN

(yelling to outer office)
Corporal! Look up the General's birthday.

Gollum paces nervously. Capt. Born stands tensely by the door. After a moment . . .

CORPORAL

(yelling back)
April first, 1947.

Gollum dials the date and the safe opens. Thorn smiles.

THORN

Old intelligence trick.

Gollum pulls out the phone in its case.

INT. GENERAL SMITH'S OUTER OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Raven, Bailin and Dale are pacing back and forth.

BAILIN

That call is due any minute. What are we going to do?

DALE

I knew this was too good to be true! All you have to do is answer the phone! Yeah, right!

RAVEN

We can't abort now.
(thinking)
The people coming to see him, has he met them before?

DALE

I don't know. They're from NATO, so maybe not. Why?

RAVEN

We're just going to have to risk it. Dale, get back in there and distract him.

She takes out a small metal can and rag from her supplies.

DALE
(alarmed)
Why? What are you going to do?

RAVEN
Get in there!

INT. GENERAL SMITH'S PENTAGON OFFICE

General Smith is at his desk. Dale enters.

GENERAL SMITH
Are my visitors here yet?

DALE
Maybe. What do they look like.

GENERAL SMITH
What?

DALE
I mean, have you met these people
before?

GENERAL SMITH
No. Why?

DALE
Uh...well.

Suddenly the satellite phone rings from its hiding place inside the paint bucket. Bewildered, the General gets up and begins looking for where the sound is coming from. Raven enters, hiding a rag behind her back.

GENERAL SMITH
(confused)
It sounds like there's a phone in
this paint bucket.

DALE
(desperately)
Painters have phones!

The general pulls the phone out of the bucket.

GENERAL SMITH
It's the disaster phone. What's it
doing in...

Raven jumps the General from behind and pushes a chloroform soaked rag in his face. He passes out and falls to the floor. Dale looks on in horror.

RAVEN
 (to DALE)
 Don't just stand there! Answer the
 phone!

Dale just stands there in shock. Bailin enters.

BAILIN
 Answer the phone!

RAVEN
 There's no turning back now. Answer
 the goddamn phone!

Dale clumsily pops open the case and picks up the phone. His hand is visibly shaking. Raven and Bailin drag the General into the bathroom off to the left.

DALE
 Hello. Uh...General Smith here.
 Please give the pass code, the
 disaster code and your location.

He fumbles on the desk for paper and a pen, then remembers this isn't real and just listens.

DALE (CONT'D)
 Now your name, rank and serial
 number.
 (listens)
 Okay. Calm down. Just what has been
 spilled?
 (listens)
 Virus T-38?... Just one moment.

He pauses, his hand over the mouthpiece of the phone, pretending to look up information.

DALE (CONT'D)
 Okay, just hold tight. Help is on
 the way. The nearest cleanup team
 should be there by thirteen-hundred
 hours, under the command of Colonel
 Holbrook. He has complete authority
 and will take over command of the
 base. Is that understood?
 (he listens for a moment)
 Good. In the mean time, follow lock
 down procedures.

He hangs up and breathes a sigh of relief. He just sits a moment trying to stop shaking. Raven comes out of the bathroom.

DALE (CONT'D)

I'm going to get court-martialed
for sure!

RAVEN

Relax, that's not part of the plan.
Go take off the general's uniform.

DALE

Why?! How is that part of the plan?

Raven unzips her painting overalls and steps out of them.
Underneath she is wearing a Corporal's uniform.

RAVEN

I'll go to the outer office and get
rid of the visitors. But if I can't
you'll have to pretend to be the
general.

DALE

I can't do that. Let's just go!

RAVEN

We can't leave until after the
second call from the Treasury
Guards. Or have you forgotten?

DALE

(hysterical)

Oh SHIT! I don't want to take my
boss' clothes off! You said I'd be
in the Caymans before anything went
down! This is stuff going down!

Bailin pulls up a chair, climbs up and slaps Dale across the
face.

BAILIN

Pull yourself together!

Dale takes a few deep breaths.

RAVEN

All we have to do is get rid of the
visitors and sit tight. It's time
to start earning your million!

Dale heads to the bathroom, grumbling.

DALE

Start earning my million, she says.
(over his shoulder)
I deserve a bonus for this!

EXT. FORT KNOX FRONT GATE -- AFTERNOON

Grey, disguised as an Army Doctor arrives with four trucks full of clean-up personnel (ROURKE'S HENCHMEN). The GUARD AT THE GATE looks at his credentials and waves him in.

INT. LIEUTENANT COLONEL GOLLUM'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Grey enters the office. Mr. Williams is with him dressed as a Major. Waiting for them are Capt. Born, Gollum, Taggart and Thorn.

GREY
(authoritative)
I am Colonel Holbrook. Who's in charge here?

LT. COL. GOLLUM
(nervous)
That would be me, sir. Lieutenant Colonel Gollum.

GREY
Is this base locked down?

LT. COL. GOLLUM
Yes, sir.

GREY
All communication with the outside terminated?

LT. COL. GOLLUM
Yes, sir. About that. The press is sure to get wind of this and....

GREY
We've already taken care of that. Even as we speak the press is being contacted and told we are running an emergency drill. My men will take over the gates and turn away civilian family members and anyone trying to enter the area.
(to Thorn)
Are you Colonel Foster?

THORN
Yes.

GREY
How long has the base been exposed to the T-38 virus?

THORN

First exposure was on the base two hours ago. Nobody else is showing any symptoms.

GREY

To be on the safe side, we should proceed with vaccinations.

He rolls out a map of the compound.

GREY (CONT'D)

We haven't gotten any reports of anyone outside the base getting sick. That means it probably hasn't traveled farther than five miles or so. We can set up a second containment perimeter here.

(draws a circle, then
looks to Gollum)

How many personnel in this area?

GOLLUM

(looking it over)

Let's see, that leaves out the school, and all of family housing...All these training barracks are empty today because of the war games. I would say not more than eight or nine hundred.

GREY

Excellent. We jut might have enough vaccine. But we haven't a moment to spare. We have to begin administering it immediately.

LT. COL. GOLLUM

We have a hospital on the base, should we alert them to the emergency?

GREY

No. The hospital is outside the perimeter, there's no need to risk infecting others.

(looking at the map)

What's this building, here outside the compound?

LT. COL. GOLLUM

That's the Bullion Depository Building. They should be okay. It's completely sealed off from the outside world.

(MORE)

LT. COL. GOLLUM (CONT'D)
It even has its own air
purification system for just such
an emergency.

Mr. Williams looks nervous hearing this bit of information.
Grey is unfazed.

GREY
Good. Good.

CAPT. BORN
But personnel go back and forth all
the time. In fact, there were some
Treasury Guards having breakfast in
the mess hall this morning. They
left right before this happened.

GREY
Damn. If the Guards re-entered the
Vault Building, everyone in there
could be infected.

LT. COL. GOLLUM
I'll contact the head Treasury
agent and tell him to activate his
own E-G-A-D-S protocols. We have a
direct phone line to the vault
building.

GREY
Good. Let's keep that line open.

LT. COL. GOLLUM
Capt. Born can help you coordinate
the vaccinations here. He knows the
base better than anyone.

GREY
Excellent.
(to Taggert)
Sergeant . . . ?

TAGGERT
Haskins, sir.

GREY
Haskins. I'll need you to help with
the vaccinations as well.

TAGGERT
Yes, sir.

Gollum picks up the phone and dials.

GREY

(to Mr. Williams)

Take Captain Born and Sergeant Haskins to the mobile command center to coordinate deployment. We can turn the mess hall...

(pointing to map)

...and this barracks here into vaccination stations.

(to Gollum)

Colonel, have everyone in this area report to those two buildings.

Gollum nods.

LT. COL. GOLLUM

(into phone)

This is Lieutenant Colonel Gollum, let me speak to Agent Kent. This is an emergency.

GREY

(to Capt. Born, Taggart and Thorn)

And we'll have to set up a vaccination station in the Vault Building. Dr. Foster, you'll be in charge of that.

THORN

Yes, sir.

LT. COL. GOLLUM

(into phone)

Henry? This is Ken Gollum. It looks like we have a little problem here. You'll need to find your emergency protocols manual and look up "biohazard."

INT. GENERAL SMITH'S INNER OFFICE -- LATER

Dale is sitting at the general's desk wearing the general's uniform (which is one-size too big), talking on the satellite phone. Bailin is standing by, nervously.

DALE

Hang in there, Agent. Help is on the way.

Dale hangs up and breathes a sigh of relief.

DALE (CONT'D)

That's it. They bought it.

BAILIN

Yes! We're in! And I liked the "hang in there" part. Nice touch.

DALE

Thanks. I thought it added a little note of realism. Now we just have to get out of here. What are we going to do with the General?

BAILIN

I don't know. I guess that's up to Raven.

DALE

The plan was that no one would know until this was all over and I would have time to get out of the country. Now what?

BAILIN

We'll just have to baby-sit the general until the job is over.

DALE

You don't think Raven will...you know...kill him?

BAILIN

Maybe we could take him with us.

DALE

Right, we'll just take an unconscious general right passed the security cameras and guards at the front gate. This is the Pentagon, you know. We have rules.

BAILIN

(irritated)

I don't know! Raven will figure something out. She always does.

DALE

Maybe she'll shoot us all.

BAILIN

Stop it! This is why I hate working with amateurs!

INT. MESS HALL -- LATER

The BASE PERSONNEL are in four, long orderly lines receiving vaccinations from hypo-spray guns by Grey and THREE OF HIS MEN. Each person passes with a sleeve rolled up, receives a shot and moves on. Grey gives a PRIVATE a shot.

GREY

(to Private)

This might make you feel sleepy for a moment. If you feel dizzy, just lie down for a while and take a little nap.

PRIVATE

Yes, sir.

Grey's men are giving the same speech with each injection.

ANGLE ON MESS HALL TABLES

The camera pulls back for a wide-shot and we see there are personnel sleeping at all of the tables.

INT. BARRACKS

Another FOUR MAN CREW led by Taggert is giving shots to another group of base personnel. Capt. Born enters.

CAPT. BORN

(to Taggert)

How's it...

(he sees a man get a shot)

...going.

Capt. Born turns away to avoid seeing the injections. He looks as though he's about to faint, but takes a deep breath and regains his composure.

TAGGERT

Fine. At this rate we should be done in twenty minutes or so.

CAPT. BORN

Good. I'll just go now.

Capt. Born rushes out as Private Doberman steps up to Taggert for his shot.

DOBERMAN

(chuckling)

Can you believe that? A big guy like him scared of shots?

TAGGERT

He is?

DOOBERMAN

Yeah, I served with him in the Gulf. He had to be held down by two M.P's and made to take his shots.

TAGGERT

(mumbling to self)

Oh, crap.

EXT. BULLION DEPOSITORY BUILDING

We see TWO GUARDS on the roof. TWO OTHER GUARDS come out to relieve them. The first two guards go inside.

INT. LOBBY OF BULLION DEPOSITORY BUILDING

Another crew led by Thorn is giving shots to a group of GUARDS in the upper-level of the vault building.

THORN

Okay, send up the next one.

The GUARD nods and gets on the vault room elevator at the back of the room.

INT. LIEUTENANT COLONEL GOLLUM'S OFFICE -- LATER

Capt. Born and Gollum are alone in Gollum's office.

CAPT. BORN

This vaccination is making the men pass out all over the base.

LT. COL. GOLLUM

It's just a side-effect. The doctor says it will only last for a half hour or so.

Taggert enters with a LIEUTENANT and a hypo-spray.

TAGGERT

Good news. We're nearly done with vaccinations We just have to finish with the remaining officers. Roll up your sleeves, gentlemen.

Gollum complies. Capt. Born starts to fidget.

CAPT. BORN

Uh, I should go see how the others are doing.

LT. COL. GOLLUM
(Getting his shot)
Well, get your shot first.

CAPT. BORN
I got mine already, in the mess
hall. I should really check the
Vault Building.

He rushes out. Taggart looks grim.

INT. VAULT UPPER ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Grey and Bill enter the vault building, Bill pushing a cart full of computer equipment. Inside the building there are guards sleeping soundly on the floor. Grey and Bill step onto the elevator and the doors close.

INT. VAULT CONTROL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The doors slide open and Grey and Bill step out and over some guards passed out on the floor. Grey drags the guards to the side of the hall so Bill can wheel his cart through.

BILL
Uh, are they...dead?

GREY
No. Just taking a little nap.

They enter the control room. From a large window they can look down on an enormous room that contains a row of 14 very large vault doors with the RED DRAGON security logo. On each of the doors there is a massive locking mechanism with a digital read out that displays "9A9A9A9A9A." Bill nervously starts hooking his equipment to the computers, his hands shaking. After a few fumbling moments, he takes out a small iPod and a portable speaker, sets it on the desk and pushes the button. Calming Beethoven music plays. He takes deep breaths and relaxes.

BILL
(to Grey)
Hand me that round gizmo.

Grey takes a big, donut-shaped mass of wires from the cart and hands it to him.

BILL (CONT'D)
I call this the ring of
invisibility. It makes me invisible
to the system. Invisible.

Bill begins to hook it into the back of one of the computers.

EXT. ARMY YARD -- LATER

Capt. Born is walking around the yard, oblivious to the activity around him. ROURKE'S MEN are moving about with machine guns. Other men are shutting the doors of empty trucks. More trucks are coming in through the gates.

CAPT. BORN

(to self)

This is crazy. Fear of shots is irrational. It's just a little poke. I must get this shot or I will die.

He stops, closes his eyes and takes a few deep breaths.

CAPT. BORN (CONT'D)

I can do this. I've been shot by bullets, this is just a....jab.

He opens his eyes and notices a lot of trucks driving around that weren't there before.

CAPT. BORN (CONT'D)

What do they need all those trucks for?

He glances over at the gate and sees his men sleeping on a bench and Grey's men standing guard at the gate with walkie talkies. He watches one of Grey's men walk by.

ANGLE ON MAN'S BOOTS

We see the man walking by isn't wearing army boots.

CAPT. BORN (CONT'D)

(to "Private" walking by)

You! Come here.

PRIVATE

What?

CAPT. BORN

I said come here!

Irritated, the "private" walks over.

PRIVATE

What do ya want?

CAPT. BORN

What is your serial number.

PRIVATE

Huh?

Capt. Born is bewildered for a moment, then recovers.

CAPT. BORN
Never mind. I need your help in
this building.

PRIVATE
I'm supposed to be cutting outside
phone lines.

CAPT. BORN
That can wait. Come with me.

They enter an armory building.

INT. ARMORY BUILDING

Capt. Born and the private walk inside. Capt. Born turns and quickly punches the man in the face. He drops to the ground and Capt. Born drags him off screen.

INT. VAULT ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Bill is still hooking up wires. Taggert enters.

TAGGERT
(to Grey)
I think we have a problem. We can't
find Captain Born anywhere.

GREY
Did he take his medicine?

TAGGERT
I don't think so. He's scared of
shots, the big baby.

GREY
Yes, that is a problem. You'd
better find him before he gets
hurt.

INT. ARMORY BUILDING -- LATER

Capt. Born is finishing tying up the fake private he knocked out. He takes the man's machine gun and walkie-talkie.

CAPT. BORN
Next time you impersonate a
soldier, wear army boots.

He searches the man's pockets and finds a cell phone.

CAPT. BORN (CONT'D)
Yes!

He flips the phone open, punches in a number and puts it to his ear. All he hears is a loud pulsing static.

CAPT. BORN (CONT'D)

Damn!

He puts the phone in his pocket, then searches the building for an open locker but they're locked.

CAPT. BORN (CONT'D)

Damn it, Doberman. Now you follow orders?

He finds one not latched properly and pries it open.

CAPT. BORN (CONT'D)

Yes! Incompetence you can count on.

He takes out a small wooden box. He pries it open and takes out two grenades. He attaches them to his belt and then cautiously sneaks out of the building.

INT. VAULT ROOM -- LATER

Bill has finished hooking up the equipment. Wires stick out all over the place, connecting various pieces of equipment. Grey looks on as Bill sits down in front of one of the computers, classical music playing in the background.

BILL

Okay. Okay. Here we go.

He clicks some keys. Grey looks on with a trace of anxiety. Wires start to smoke.

BILL (CONT'D)

(waving away smoke)

Don't worry, it always does that.

INT. LIEUTENANT COLONEL GOLLUM'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Capt. Born cautiously enters with the machine gun at the ready. He's relieved to find the office empty except for Gollum snoring at his desk, drool running down his face. Capt. Born tries to shake Gollum awake.

CAPT. BORN

Colonel Gollum, wake up.

GOLLUM

(in his sleep)

My hat. I need my hat, Mommy.

Gollum continues to sleep. Frustrated, Capt. Born looks around the office, then picks up the phone. He punches buttons, but gets no dial tone.

CAPT. BORN
 Guess they got those outside lines
 cut after all.
 (thinking)
 The Vault Building!

He pushes another button on the phone and gets a dial tone.

INT. VAULT CONTROL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Grey is watching Bill work, his face tense. Bill pushes some buttons and a 10-digit counter appears on the screen. Each digit is spinning like a slot-machine wheel. The first number stops at zero, the others keep spinning.

BILL
 (excited)
 Hey, we got one already! We got
 one!

A phone on the desk rings and Grey answers it.

GREY
 Yes, what is it?

INT. LIEUTENANT COLONEL GOLLUM'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Capt. Born, looking very much like Rambo, is peeking out the window as he talks on the phone.

CAPT. BORN
 This is Captain Born. The
 biological hazard is a ruse. The
 base is under attack. Lock down,
 and don't let any of the E-G-A-D-S
 personnel enter the vault area.

INT. VAULT CONTROL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Grey is amused.

GREY
 Understood, Captain. We'll hold
 them off as long as we can. What's
 your situation? Where are you?

CAPT. BORN (O.S.)
 I'm okay. I'm on the base.

GREY
 Can you get word out?

INT. LIEUTENANT COLONEL GOLLUM'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

CAPT. BORN

No, all the outside lines are cut,
and they're jamming cell phones.
I'll try to sneak off the base and
get help.

GREY (O.S.)

How exactly would you go about
that?

CAPT. BORN

(suspicious)

Who is this?

GREY (O.S.)

Treasury Agent Loomis.

CAPT. BORN

How do I know you're Treasury Agent
Loomis?

INT. VAULT CONTROL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

GREY

How do I know you're Captain Born?

CAPT. BORN (O.S.)

What's your badge number?

GREY

Six three nine two.

CAPT. BORN (O.S.)

Ha! There are no badge numbers!
You're one of them, aren't you?

GREY

Yeah. It was worth a shot.

INT. LIEUTENANT COLONEL GOLLUM'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

CAPT. BORN

I'm on to you...whoever you are.
You won't get away with this. You
think you can steal the gold? Think
again!

INT. VAULT CONTROL ROOM

As Grey talks on the phone Bill continues to run his program.

GREY

There's gold here?

ANGLE ON BILL'S COMPUTER

BILL

Hey, I got another one! Hmmm. It's "A". That's odd. That's really odd.

CAPT. BORN (O.S.)

Who are you people?

GREY

We are the People's Freedom Liberation Army. We are stealing this gold for the poor people of the world.

CAPT. BORN (O.S.)

It's a suicide mission. Our troops already have this base surrounded. Make it easy on yourselves and surrender to me now.

GREY

You're right I don't know what I was thinking. Come and get me.

BILL

Got another one! Hey, it's a zero too. No, it can't be. They couldn't be that stupid.

GREY

(into phone)

Could you call me back later? I'm right in the middle of something now.

He hangs up the phone and comes closer, looking at the monitor over Bill's shoulder.

GREY (CONT'D)

(to BILL)

What is it?

BILL

It couldn't be that simple. No way could it be that simple.

GREY

What?

BILL

(pressing in numbers)

I don't think they reset the combination. It's still on the factory setting.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

The factory setting! All the vaults
leave the factory set to zero-"A"s.

Beethoven's "Ode to Joy" is playing on Bill's CD player as he frantically inputs the numbers. As he punches in each zero and "A" the numbers on his screen stop spinning. Grey looks out the window down to the door of the first vault. The large LCD read-out on the tumbler reads "0A0A0A0A0A" and we watch as the last "A" comes up in the last readout display.

BILL (CONT'D)

Holy cow! That's it! That's it!

We hear a short bell ring as the door swings open. A golden glow of light is seen from the outside. Grey slaps Bill on the back. Bill jumps for joy. He sits back down and starts to enter more numbers on his computer.

BILL (CONT'D)

Oh, my god! Oh, my god! They didn't
reset any of them! Any of them!

GREY

I bet no one ordered them to. God,
I love government bureaucracy!

Grey stands by the window gazing down at the vaults as one by one each of the fourteen vault doors starts to swing open. He raises his arms in victory, basking in the glow of his gold.

GREY (CONT'D)

Yes!

EXT. ARMY YARD -- LATER

Capt. Born sneaks around the back of a utility building. He watches Treasury trucks come into the compound from outside the gates.

EXT. BACK OF UTILITY BUILDING

Capt. Born goes around to the other side of the building where he can get a view of what is happening in another part of the compound.

ANGLE ON YARD

Men are unloading gold from the Treasury trucks and loading it into other, bigger trucks. The trucks are covered by green tarps with Army insignia. But the wind picks up one of the unattached tarps and Capt. Born sees that under the tarp is a bread truck. Another tarp is being tied down over what looks like a UPS truck. After the bread truck is filled the back is shut and it drives off past where Capt. Born is hiding.

As the truck goes by he lets out a Rambo yell, jumps in the path of the truck and fires.

ANGLE FROM TRUCK

He fires and fires and doesn't hit anything. People in the yard scatter. The truck nearly runs him over, but he jumps away at the last second and runs back behind the building.

EXT. BACK OF UTILITY BUILDING

Bewildered, Capt. Born pulls the clip from the gun and examines it.

CAPT. BORN

Blanks? What kind of terrorists are these?

He hears Grey's men coming around the building and runs down an alley to get out of sight of his pursuers. He enters the recreation building. We hear men just outside the building. Capt. Born looks for a way out then notices a wrestling mat on the floor. He rolls on to it, grabbing the edge of the mat and pulls it with him and rolls himself up in it -- just as FOUR of ROURKE'S HENCHMEN enter with guns drawn. The Head Henchman looks around and sees an emergency exit.

HENCHMAN

He must have gone this way.

He leads the others through the emergency exit.

INT. GENERAL SMITH'S OUTER OFFICE -- LATER

A SERGEANT escorts two BRITISH OFFICERS, COLONEL RENQUIST and MAJOR HAWKINS, in to see General Smith. Raven is sitting behind the desk still in her corporal's uniform. Major Hawkins is carrying what looks like an over-night bag.

SERGEANT

Colonel Renquist and Major Hawkins to see General Smith.

RAVEN

The General is busy at the moment. Perhaps you could show them around yourself.

RENQUIST

We're not here for the tour. This is a matter of NATO security. He's expecting us.

SERGEANT

The General ordered me to bring them here as soon as they arrived. I'll leave them to you, Corporal.

The Sergeant leaves. The inner office door opens and Dale, wearing the General's uniform, sticks his head out. He is about to duck back inside when Colonel Renquist spots him.

RENQUIST

Ah, General. How nice to see you.

DALE

Uh. Hi.
(he deepens his voice)
Hello.

He freezes for moment to see if the British officers seem suspicious at his voice, but they don't. He confidently steps out and shakes the Colonel's hand

DALE (CONT'D)

So nice to finally meet you.

RENQUIST

The pleasure is all mine General. This is Major Hawkins.

HAWKINS

General.

DALE

(after a nervous pause)
Why don't you come into my office.

He ushers them through the door, then looks desperately at Raven. She gives him a "don't-blow-it" look.

INT. GENERAL SMITH'S PENTAGON OFFICE

Dale, Colonel Renquist and Major Hawkins enter.

DALE

You'll have to excuse the mess, I'm having the office painted.

He looks around for Bailin, but he is nowhere to be seen. Dale puts his arms to his side and his hands disappear into the sleeves of his over-sized jacket. He quickly pops them out before the others notice then takes his place behind the General's desk.

DALE (CONT'D)

Please, have a seat, gentlemen.
What can I do you for?

They look to make sure the door is shut

RENQUIST
Is it safe to talk?

DALE
Uh, of course. Why wouldn't it be?

RENQUIST
Well, you seemed a bit nervous when
we spoke earlier.

DALE
Really? I don't feel nervous.

Hawkins takes out a camera and some tools from his bag as a
bewildered Dale looks on.

RENQUIST
Well? Where is it?

DALE
Where's what?

RENQUIST
Don't play games with us. You're
the one who wanted to do it this
way. I was quite happy to complete
the operation without ever coming
here. You are putting me at great
risk.

HAWKINS
(a middle eastern accent)
We are paying you a lot of money
just to look at it.

DALE
A lot of money?

RENQUIST
I see. Suddenly you want more.

DALE
I do?

RENQUIST
You tell me.

DALE
Okay. I want more money. Could you
come back later?

HAWKINS

(pulls out a gun with a
silencer)

Just because we are inside the
Pentagon, don't think we won't kill
you. Give us the satellite phone
now!

DALE

Oh. Okay.

He goes over to the safe and spins the dial a bit.

DALE (CONT'D)

I, uh, seem to have forgotten the
combination.

Hawkins rushes over and puts the gun forcefully to Dale's
head and slams him into the wall.

HAWKINS

Stop playing us for fools! Open the
safe now!

DALE

No! Kill me and you'll never get
your hands on it!

Renquist pulls Hawkins off him.

RENQUIST

He's right. Let's talk this over.
(to Dale)

Listen, if we leave here without
what we came for, then we leave
here with no witnesses. We kill you
and cut our losses.

DALE

The truth is...I'm an impostor and
I really don't know the
combination. But there is this
little man around here somewhere
who can open the safe for you.

INT. GENERAL SMITH'S OUTER OFFICE

Raven hears the noise from the outer office and puts her ear
to the door.

INT. GENERAL SMITH'S INNER OFFICE

HAWKINS

You bastard!
(to Renquist)
I knew he couldn't be trusted!

RENQUIST

Listen. We already gave you a million Euros. Give us the codes and specifications for the phone!

DALE

Would really like to.

RENQUIST

Then stop playing games! Or do you want your superiors to learn about your little gambling problem?

DALE

(loudly)
How do I know you won't kill me anyway.

RENQUIST

You don't.

Renquist walks over and sits in the General's chair. He leans back confidently.

RENQUIST (CONT'D)

I am planning to retire from Her Majesty's service on what The Head Office is paying me to arrange this visit. If you don't let us photograph the insides of that phone, I am prepared to kill you.

Suddenly the bathroom door pops open and the General comes staggering out in his underwear. Hawkins wheels around and we hear the "pfff" of the silencer as he shoots the general in the arm. Dale jumps Hawkins and grabs his wrist, trying to wrestle the gun away from him. Raven bursts in and grabs a letter opener from the desk. Hawkins breaks away from Dale with the gun still firmly in his hand.

RAVEN

Hey!

Hawkins wheels around just as Raven hurls the letter opener at him and it stabs him firmly in the chest.

As Hawkins falls to his knees and then to the ground dead, she plucks the gun out of his hand. Renquist leaps up and reaches for a gun on his belt but can't find it.

ANGLE UNDER DESK

Bailin is under the desk pointing Renquist's gun at him.

BAILIN
Lookin' for something?

Renquist puts his hands up.

RENQUIST
What the hell is this?

DALE
Really, really bad timing on your part.
(to Raven)
Can we go now, please?

RAVEN
I'm afraid we have to clean this mess up before we go. Somehow.

She looks around thinking. The General is moaning on the floor. Dale crouches down and applies a paint cloth to the General's wound.

BAILIN
Let's just tie them up and go!

RAVEN
You wanna tell our boss we left loose ends? No, this is how it's going to play out.

She stands there for a moment thinking.

RENQUIST
There's no way you're going to get away with this. It's the word of two army officers against yours-- you stupid bitch.

Without hesitation she brings up the gun and shoots Renquist through the heart. Dale is frozen with fear then he closes his eyes fearing the next shot will be his.

RAVEN
(to Dale)
Relax, if I were going to shoot you, there wouldn't be time to cower in fear.

Dale's eyes spring open in relief. She leans down to the general who is now conscious enough to hold the cloth to his wound himself.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

Listen you traitorous bastard. This is your lucky day. You have just become a hero. You killed two members of the Fort Knox gang.

The general manages to nod his head "yes" emphatically.

GENERAL SMITH

Okay. Sure.

DALE

Can we go now?

RAVEN

I don't see why not.
(to the general)
Give us twenty minutes to get out of the building, and remember if you tell anyone about us we'll expose you.

BAILIN

(smiling at her)
Baby, you're amazing.

RAVEN

(touching his face)
Thanks, sweetie.

EXT. ARMY YARD -- LATER

Grey's men are transferring gold from the smaller treasury trucks into their trucks with forklifts.

INT. RECREATION BUILDING

Capt. Born unrolls himself from the mat, stands and goes to the window. He takes hold of a grenade.

CAPT. BORN

(looking at grenade)
I hope these are real.

INT. VAULT ROOM

Men are emptying the last vault. Thorn is inside setting up video equipment as Grey watches. Thorn slips on a black ski mask and steps in front of the camera with an empty vault behind him and a bar of gold in his hand.

GREY
 (to Thorn)
 I was born to direct. Lights,
 camera, action!

THORN
 (with a foreign accent)
 People of the world. We are the
 People's Freedom Liberation
 Army....

EXT. ARMY YARD BEHIND BUILDING NEAR FENCE

Capt. Born watches a truck go by, pulls out a grenade.

ANGLE ON BACK OF TRUCK

The back flap is open. Capt. Born pulls the pin on the
 grenade, and tosses it into the opening. The truck drives on
 for awhile then explodes.

ANGLE ON GREY'S MEN

They have heard this explosion and are running over to check
 it out with their weapons drawn.

EXT. ARMY YARD NEAR FENCE

Capt. Born rushes around to the back of the building. He eyes
 the fence and decides to climb over. He takes off his jacket
 and tosses it over the barbed wire. Mr. Burt slowly
 approaches, pointing a machine gun at him.

MR. BURT
 Hold it!

Capt. Born looks at the gun a moment then pulls his knife.

CAPT. BORN
 Back off. Those guns have blanks. I
 have no idea why, but they do.

Mr. Burt smiles and pulls the trigger. Capt. Born flinches as
 the blanks blast away. A bewildered Mr. Burt stops firing.
 Capt. Born lunges at him with the knife. Mr. Burt clubs him
 in the jaw with the butt of the machine gun. As Capt. Born
 staggers back, Mr. Burt drops the machine gun and pulls out
 his handgun.

MR. BURT
 Somebody's idea of a little joke on
 Mr. Burt. But this here gun has
 real bullets. I loaded it myself.

Born looks skeptical.

MR. BURT (CONT'D)
I'll insert one into your skull if
you'd like proof.

He reluctantly drops the knife and puts up his hands. Mr. Burt motions for Capt. Born to walk in front of him.

MR. BURT (CONT'D)
Keep your hands where I can see
them. I don't know what's going on
here, but I'm going to find out.

Taggert approaches.

TAGGERT
Great, you got him!

Mr. Burt steps back and threatens Taggert with his gun.

MR. BURT
Stop right there! Drop your gun.

TAGGERT
Hey, man. We're on the same side.

MR. BURT
Now! I don't trust anyone anymore.
Drop it!

Taggert complies and tosses his machine gun to ground.

MR. BURT (CONT'D)
And your hand gun.

Taggert takes out his handgun but before he can throw it to the ground...

C.U. ANGLE ON MR. BURT'S HEAD

The barrel of a handgun is pressed hard to the side of Mr. Burt's head.

THORN
Drop it.

Angry, Mr. Burt stands his ground with his gun aimed in Capt. Born and Taggert's direction.

MR. BURT
No. Shoot me and I shoot them.

THORN
I mean it. The grease in your hair
might make my trigger finger slip.

Taggert flips his gun around, catches it by the handle and points it at Mr. Burt and Thorn.

MR. BURT
(laughs)
Looks like we got ourselves a
Mexican standoff.

TAGGERT
No. No we don't. I got you covered,
Mr. Burt. Thorn, drop your gun.

A surprised and nervous Thorn tightens the grip on his
pistol.

THORN
Taggert?

TAGGERT
You heard me. Drop it, or I'll drop
you.

Capt. Born twitches.

TAGGERT (CONT'D)
And, you stay where you're at,
Captain.

MR. BURT
(to Taggert)
Shoot him!

TAGGERT
If I have to. But I'd rather not. I
might hit you. Then you might pull
the trigger and I might be dead.
I'm all about not being dead.
Thorn, I mean it man, drop your
damn gun.

Thorn continues to hold his ground.

TAGGERT (CONT'D)
Okay, how 'bout this.

He aims his gun at Capt. Born.

TAGGERT (CONT'D)
You hang onto your gun, and I shoot
the Captain. I'm sick of chasing
him all over the Fort anyway.

Taggert clicks off the safety on his pistol. Thorn drops his
gun and puts his hands up. Taggert breathes a sigh of relief.
Mr. Burt turns to Thorn and raises his gun at him.

MR. BURT
 (laughs)
 Bet you didn't see that coming.

He takes aim to shoot Thorn. A shot rings out and Mr. Burt staggers as he is struck in the back by a bullet from Taggert's gun.

THORN
 Yeah, I kind of did.

Mr. Burt falls to the ground dead. Thorn scoops up his gun and turns to Taggert.

THORN (CONT'D)
 You had me going there, Taggert.
 For a minute I thought you really
 had switched sides.

TAGGERT
 Don't think I didn't consider it.

Thorn notices Rourke's MEN rushing over with guns drawn. They are still too far away to see it is Mr. Burt that is shot.

THORN
 We should run now.

Thorn, Taggert and Capt. Born start to run away from Mr. Burt's body. Rourke's men fire their guns at the three as they sprint off. They disappear behind a building.

EXT. BACK OF UTILITY BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

They sprint even faster toward a truck. They reach the truck and jump in just as Rourke's men round the corner. Capt. Born ends up in the driver's seat.

TAGGERT
 (to Capt. Born)
 Don't just sit there, drive!

Capt. Born starts up the truck and floors it. He drives into the men and they jump out of the way.

EXT. ARMY YARD TRUCK COMPOUND -- CONTINUOUS

The truck speeds toward the gate. The GUARDS at the gate are unaware of the chase and let them pass out onto the road.

CAPT. BORN
 We can get to the phone at the end
 of this road and call the National
 Guard.

THORN

We could.

Thorn points his gun at Capt. Born.

THORN (CONT'D)

Or you could take us to the Vault Building.

Capt. Born gapes at Thorn, then slams the steering wheel in frustration.

CAPT. BORN

Oh come on! Which side are you guys on?

THORN

I forget myself sometimes.

EXT VAULT BUILDING

Capt. Born, Taggert and Thorn speed through the gates of the Bullion Depository compound. They stop and Taggert jumps out and pushes a button near the gates. The gates begin to slide shut. We see ROURKE'S MEN are in pursuit in a jeep armed with a machine gun; they slam on the brakes to avoid hitting the shutting gate, but slide half-way through. The gates slam against the jeep trapping the jeep there and keeping the gates from shutting all the way. A HENCHMAN fires the machine gun at Taggert. Real bullets kick up cement chips as they strafe the pavement. Taggert quickly runs behind the relative safety of their truck toward the Vault Building as Capt. Born and Thorn jump out and run with him.

TAGGERT

Looks like they found real bullets!

Taggert, Thorn and Capt. Born run into the building.

ANGLE ON EXT. VAULT BUILDING GATE

A jeep pulls up and stops. Mr. Williams gets out.

MR. WILLIAMS

(to henchman)

Any of our men still in there?

HENCHMAN

No. All the gold is out too. Let's just leave them in there.

MR. WILLIAMS

We can't leave them alive.

He pulls out his gun, checks the clip and cautiously approaches the building.

INT. VAULT ROOM

Bill and Grey are finishing packing up the equipment. Grey takes one last look at the empty vaults and smiles at a job well done. Thorn and Taggert bring Capt. Born into the room at gun point.

THORN

We've got trouble outside.

GREY

And things were going so nicely.

TAGGERT

I had to shoot Mr. Burt.

THORN

Mr. Williams is not going to like that. I think they were close.

Grey punches up a view of the front gates on the monitor in front of him. He sees more jeeps pulling up and men streaming up and over the stuck jeep and into the compound.

CAPT. BORN

You'll never get away with this!

Thorn and Taggert hold him as he struggles.

GREY

I know. And you are just the man to stop me.

(pointing to monitor)

But first we have to stop them. Any ideas you have will be greatly appreciated.

CAPT. BORN

Why should I help you?!

GREY

Because they will kill us and you. Come on, I know about the secret defense system. I can figure out how to access it without you, but we are a little pressed for time.

CAPT. BORN

How do I know you won't kill me if I help you?

GREY

You don't.

(pause)

"My enemy's enemy is my ally."
Alexander the Great.

Capt. Born looks at the small army of mobsters approaching on the monitor.

INT BULLION DEPOSITORY BUILDING UPPER LEVEL

Mr. Williams and THREE HENCHMEN push the button for the elevator and it starts its way back up.

EXT VAULT BUILDING

Turrets suddenly pop up on the lawn, spin around and strafe the jeeps and men with machine gun fire. The jeeps explode and men are cut down as they rush to the vault building door.

ANGLE ON DOOR

A large steel gate drops down and seals the door, but not before a few more men get inside.

INT VAULT CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Capt. Born is sitting at the control panel as Grey, Taggart, Thorn and Bill look on.

CAPT. BORN

Three, maybe four got inside. I've shut down the elevators, but that means we can't get out either.

CUT TO:

INT. VAULT CONTROL ROOM ELEVATOR

Mr. Williams and THREE HENCHMEN are inside the elevator going down when it suddenly stops. Mr. Williams looks up at the locked access panel on the ceiling. He shoots off the lock.

INT VAULT CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TAGGERT

Well, what do we do now? Just wait for the cavalry to show up?

THORN

I'm pretty sure the cavalry wouldn't be on our side.

GREY

The smart rabbit digs two holes.

Capt. Born notices no one is watching him and takes the opportunity to flip the cover off a red switch. He pushes the button and an alarm sounds.

TAGGERT
What did you do?

CAPT. BORN
Activated the internal defense
system. In a few minutes this whole
building will be filled with water!

Pipes overhead burst and water starts raining down on them.

INT. VAULT CONTROL ROOM ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Williams and his TWO HENCHMEN are climbing down the shaft ladder toward the Vault Room. Water starts pouring into the shaft from above and filling from the bottom up.

INT VAULT CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is now ankle-deep in water. Mr. Grey is pulling open a large box of equipment. Bill is standing on a chair trying to stay out of the water. Thorn stands there, surprisingly calm and collected.

TAGGERT
(to Capt. Born)
Are you crazy?! Now we're all dead!

CAPT. BORN
We all gotta go sometime, and I'm
taking you with me.

Taggert raises his fist to punch Capt. Born, but Thorn, smiling, stops him. Grey pulls out a scuba tank and hands it to Thorn, who passes it on to Taggert. Grey pulls out more tanks and passes them to Thorn.

TAGGERT
Remind me to work with you guys
again.

ANGLE ON ELEVATOR DOOR

Mr. Williams forces the door open. The others don't hear this over the sound of rushing water. Mr. Williams and his Two Henchmen wade through the now waist-high water with handguns drawn. The falling water blinds them and slows down their progress as they make their way toward our heroes.

ANGLE ON CONTROL ROOM

Capt. Born and Taggart have their tanks on. Thorn is helping Bill get his tank on while Grey buckles his own tank. A shot is fired by Mr. Williams and the glass in the control booth shatters. The others duck down, scared. Grey remains standing and calm.

GREY

Now why wouldn't that glass be
bullet-proof? This is Fort Knox,
for crying out loud!

Grey reaches into the water, pulls out a machine gun and fires back at Williams, who ducks behind a pillar with his henchmen.

ANGLE ON PILLAR

MR. WILLIAMS

(to Henchmen)

Stay here and keep firing as long
as you can. If it gets too deep,
swim for the shaft and climb out.

They nod yes at him and keep firing toward the control room. Mr. Williams makes his way back to the elevator and disappears into the shaft.

ANGLE ON CONTROL ROOM

The water is now chest high. Grey is still firing at the henchmen.

THORN

I'm being shot at again. And I'm
wet!

Grey offers the machine gun to Capt. Born.

GREY

I'm a lousy shot. See if you can
hit them.

Capt. Born looks skeptical.

GREY (CONT'D)

Go on. Get us out of here and save
the day.

The others look nervous as Capt. Born takes hold of the gun. He quickly points it at Grey.

CAPT. BORN

Idiot. Drop your guns.

More of the henchmen's shots whiz past their heads.

GREY

You may want to shoot those guys first.

Capt. Born wheels the gun around and returns fire. Grey gets behind Capt. Born and pulls a hypo gun from his pocket.

ANGLE ON PILLAR

One of the henchmen is hit and falls into the water.

ANGLE ON CONTROL ROOM

While Capt. Born is preoccupied with firing, Grey shoots him in the shoulder with the hypo spray. Capt. Born wheels around and points the gun at Grey.

GREY (CONT'D)

I wouldn't do that if I were you. In a few minutes you'll pass out and drown. You'll need us to pull you out of here.

CAPT. BORN

Why? Why did I listen to you? Why?

GREY

Hey, I just drugged you. Those guys are trying to kill you. My advice was sound.

Angry, Capt. Born looks like he might shoot him anyway, but then turns and continues to fire at the henchman.

ANGLE ON PILLAR

The water is now neck high, so the remaining henchman starts to make his way to the shaft.

ANGLE ON CONTROL ROOM

GREY (CONT'D)

Okay, looks like it's time to go for a swim.

He puts his regulator in his mouth and disappears under the water. The others do the same.

ANGLE UNDERWATER

Grey leads the way as they swim toward the shaft.

EXT. VAULT BUILDING

One of Rourke's men has a missile launcher. He fires at the door and blows a man-size hole in it.

INT. BULLION DEPOSITORY BUILDING UPPER LEVEL

Water is starting to pour out of the open elevator door. Grey emerges and cautiously looks around before climbing out. Bill emerges followed by a sleepy Capt. Born who is being pushed out by Taggert. Grey and Bill help pull Capt. Born out as Taggert and Thorn emerge. Grey looks at his watch

GREY

We might just be able to get back
on schedule.

The others are out and are standing in the ankle-deep water that continues to flow from the elevator shaft. A woozy Capt. Born faints and Taggert catches him and gently brings him to the floor. Water continues to bubble up from the elevator shaft, but it is slowing and only a few inches deep.

TAGGERT

How are we getting out of here?

INT. VAULT ROOM LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Grey and the others don't see that the HENCHMAN that was firing at them in the vault room is now hiding behind the doorway leading into the lobby. He has his handgun drawn, trying to gain the courage to fire at them.

INT. BULLION DEPOSITORY BUILDING UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON HENCHMAN

He dips quickly into the doorway and fires, hitting Thorn square in the back. Thorn flinches and staggers forward, but remains on his feet for a moment. Taggert quickly returns fire, forcing the henchman back behind cover.

C.U. THORN'S FACE

With a look of surprise and pain, he falls down. Grey rushes over to Thorn and turns him over.

GREY

Owen! Owen!

Thorn remains motionless.

ANGLE ON HENCHMAN

He jumps into the doorway and fires again. Taggart hits the henchman in the neck with a bullet and he falls back dead.

GREY (CONT'D)

(overly dramatic)

"He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle; No sound can awake him to glory again!"
Leonard Heath.

THORN

(his eyes pop open)

"It's alive!" Mary Shelley,
Frankenstein.

(he sits up)

That really hurt!

GREY

(he stands)

Stop being a baby.

THORN

No, it really, really hurt. I think he missed the vest and really hit me. I can feel blood.

He unbuttons his shirt and Grey examines his back. Taggart and Bill come over to get a better view.

GREY

(shocked)

Oh, my god!

THORN

What?! I knew it! I knew it!

GREY

Oh God, Owen. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

THORN

How bad is it? Have I lost a lot of blood? Oh my god, I ... I can't feel my arm anymore.

GREY

Owen, I think you're going to ... feel like such an idiot when I tell you that you don't have a scratch on you.

THORN

You bastard. You just about gave me a heart attack. Wouldn't that be ironic.

ANGLE ON TAGGERT

TAGGERT

Okay. Now why didn't anyone give me a bullet-proof vest.

GREY

Didn't we?

TAGGERT

No!

GREY

I can't remember everything.

THORN

It was on the list, I swear.

TAGGERT

Uh huh. Remind me not to work with you guys again. So, what do we do with sleeping beauty here?

Bill cautiously wanders over to the doorway and looks into the lobby.

GREY

We'll drop him off on the way.

BILL

Uh, guys. I think we have another problem.

Taggert comes over with gun drawn and looks into the lobby.

INT. LOBBY OF BULLION DEPOSITORY BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

We see that the door is blocked and the lobby is full of explosives wired to remote detonators.

INT. BULLION DEPOSITORY BUILDING UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

TAGGERT

Shit! We ain't going out that way.

Grey doesn't even bother to look into the lobby.

GREY

A really smart rabbit digs three holes. Follow me. And I suggest we hurry.

EXT. VAULT BUILDING

Mr. Williams and a DRIVER get into a truck that is parked just outside of the gates. We see the last of the other trucks pulling away. Mr. Williams pulls out a remote control detonator and points it at the building.

MR. WILLIAMS

Mastermind, my ass.

He presses the button and explosives around the door explode, sealing the entrance.

INT. BULLION DEPOSITORY BUILDING STAIRWELL

Grey and Bill are heading up the stairs with Taggert and Thorn carrying Capt. Born. They are rocked by the explosion. Plaster falls from above and they almost drop Capt. Born.

GREY

Come on, no dilly-dallying.

They regain their grip on Capt. Born and continue to climb the stairs.

EXT. VAULT BUILDING

MR. WILLIAMS

Let's see him get out of there now.
(to driver)
Let's get out of here...wait! Why did he bring a helicopter pilot with him? Get me that rocket launcher!

INT. BULLION DEPOSITORY BUILDING STAIRWELL

TAGGERT

I suppose this means they keep our share of the gold?

GREY

You didn't really think we were going to keep any of that gold, did you?

TAGGERT

Uh, yeah!

THORN

The government and the Head Office
would hunt us down like dogs.

GREY

And that's never fun.

TAGGERT

Then why did we do it?

Grey just smiles as he gets to a door marked "Roof"

GREY

Here's the part where you trust me,
even when you think you shouldn't.

He opens the door and steps out onto the roof.

EXT. BULLION DEPOSITORY BUILDING ROOF - CONTINUOUS

He walks toward a waiting helicopter and the others follow. Grey and Thorn load Capt. Born into the copter, then get in back. Like a little kid, Bill jumps into the front of the helicopter. He starts to fiddle with the controls and pulls a lever back.

TAGGERT

(to Bill)

Don't touch that!

EXT. BULLION DEPOSITORY BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Williams has the rocket launcher on his shoulder, aimed at the roof. The helicopter rises into the air. He smiles as he launches the missile.

ANGLE ON HELICOPTER

It explodes in big ball of fire.

EXT. BULLION DEPOSITORY BUILDING ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Grey and the others are safe-and-sound on the roof. Taggert is working the helicopter's remote control unit.

TAGGERT

Man, that was one expensive toy we
just got destroyed.

GREY

(looking around)

Now, where did I put that spare
helicopter?

EXT TENNESEE WAREHOUSE ROOF -- EARLY EVENING

Capt. Born lies unconscious on the roof next to a sky light. He wakes up. Disoriented, he stands and tries to get his bearings. He goes to the edge of the roof and sees the line of Rourke's trucks coming toward the building.

ANGLE ON LOADING DOCK DOOR BELOW

The convoy stops and a person gets out of the first truck and opens the loading bay door as Capt. Born looks on. He goes back to the skylight where he finds there is a loaded machine gun waiting for him. Bewildered he picks up the gun. He pulls out the cartridge and checks to see that there are real bullets in it.

CAPT. BORN

Now real bullets? What in the hell
is going on here?

He also finds a rappelling rope. He picks it up and examines it. He looks at the skylight and grins.

CAPT. BORN (CONT'D)

Okay. I'll play.

Through the skylight he watches the trucks come in.

INT. MR. ROURKE'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT -- LATE AFTERNOON

Rourke is sitting on his sofa with a WOMAN and watching a CNN news report on TV. He is very pleased with himself.

ANGLE ON TELEVISION

A FEMALE REPORTER is standing in front of the gates of Fort Knox.

FEMALE REPORTER

Thanks, Bernie. Yes, I am standing here in front the gates of the Bullion Depository Building at Fort Knox where the daring robbery occurred. Although the government won't comment, sources say all the gold is gone. That's nearly a billion dollars -- the most ever taken in a robbery. Sources also tell us the terrorists knocked out Army personnel and Treasury Department agents with some sort of nerve gas. But that too is unconfirmed.

THE TV CUTS TO A SHOT OF DESK ANCHOR

NEWS ANCHOR

Thank you, Sheila. That was Sheila Stone reporting from the scene of what can only be described as the crime of the century. If you are just joining us, it appears that terrorists have stormed Fort Knox and taken nearly all of our country's gold supply. News of this initially sent the price of gold skyrocketing. But recent developments have led to its rapid decline.

An image of Thorn wearing the black ski mask is frozen on the screen behind the anchor.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

This after a group claiming responsibility sent CNN a video showing the robbery in progress and making the following statement...

THE TV CUTS TO THORN WEARING A BLACK SKI MASK

He is standing in front of an open vault as other masked men remove gold.

THORN

(with foreign accent)

Citizens of the world. We are the People's Freedom Liberation Army...We are taking this gold as a blow to corporate greed.

ANGLE ON ROURKE

MR. ROURKE

(laughs)

Yeah, we sure are.

(he strokes the woman's face)

I'm going to buy you the world, baby.

ANGLE ON TELEVISION

THORN

We are giving all this gold away to the poor people of the Earth!

ANGLE ON ROURKE

MR. ROURKE

No! We are going to destroy it!

ANGLE ON TELEVISION

THORN

As you are watching this video, the gold is being distributed world wide.

(holds gun high in the air)

Death to materialism!

The picture goes black.

THE TV CUTS TO A SHOT OF DESK ANCHOR

NEWS ANCHOR

This latest development has sent the price of gold plummeting and put Wall Street in a panic. The exchange closed only moments ago, with gold trading at an unheard of thirty-five dollars an ounce.

ANGLE ON ROURKE

MR. ROURKE

What! What is Grey up to?

ANGLE ON TELEVISION

NEWS ANCHOR

Prices haven't been that low since 1965. Joining us now is economist Milton Stein.

THE TV CUTS TO A TWO SHOT OF THE NEWS ANCHOR AND THE ECONOMIST.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Mr. Stein, why has the market reacted in this manner?

STEIN

Giving away gold to alleviate poverty just doesn't work. The value of gold, or any currency for that matter, needs to be backed by real goods or services. The same thing would happen if you just tried to print extra money to make people rich.

NEWS ANCHOR

But gold does have a real value.

STEIN

Sure, but its value as a metal is based on its scarcity. Now that the market is going to be flooded with cheap gold, it will become virtually worthless.

ANGLE ON TELEVISION

Rourke throws his drink against the TV.

MR. ROURKE

That bastard! I'll kill him! Why would he do this?

ANGLE ON TELEVISION

NEWS ANCHOR

What do you think the world will do, if the gold is given away?

STEIN

Probably switch to another precious metal for backing currency, such as platinum.

EXT. AIRPORT -- EVENING

Grey, Thorn, Bill and Taggart are walking away from the parked helicopter to a waiting limo.

INT. GREY'S HOTEL ROOM -- MORNING

Grey, Taggart, Bill, Thorn and Leo are having breakfast as they watch the news.

ANGLE ON TELEVISION

REPORTERS are sitting in an audience with a SPOKESMAN at a podium. Captain Born is standing next to him in his dress uniform full of metals.

REPORTER

Has all the gold been recovered?

SPOKESMAN

Well, we're still counting it.

The crowd laughs.

SPOKESMAN (CONT'D)
But, yes it appears to all be
there.

ANOTHER REPORTER
And the group responsible? Have
they been arrested?

SPOKESMAN
We have forty-two men in custody.
Two are confirmed dead at the
Pentagon, several more at the Fort.
The ring leader appears to be a New
York crime boss named Rourke. We
have him in custody as well.

ANGLE ON GREY

GREY
(raises his cup)
Here's to the Big One.

THORN
Here, here.

They drink.

TAGGERT
So what's next?

THORN
Retirement for sure. My cut is
what? Fifty million?

GREY
With you it's always about the
money.

TAGGERT
What money? I still don't
understand what we did all this
for. We got zip! Zero! Nothing!

Grey ignores his remarks and picks up and dials a cell phone.

GREY
(into phone)
What's it at? Good? Okay, put in a
sell order.

He hangs up.

BILL
(to Grey)
Can I call my mother?

Grey hands Bill the phone.

TAGGERT
(begging)
Pleeease, someone, tell me what's
going on.

GREY
Remember Rourke's sixty five
million?

TAGGERT
(interested)
Okay, now I see. This was all some
scam just to steal the mob's money?

THORN
Not exactly.

GREY
Earlier I bought sixty-five million
dollars worth of gold at thirty
five dollars an ounce.

THORN
And now that the gold is recovered
it's gone back up to, what?
(looks to Grey)
Three-hundred an ounce?

Grey nods his head.

TAGGERT
Whoa.

BILL
(into phone)
Mom? I won't be coming to Florida
for awhile...a couple of months...

We hear her yelling and Bill pulls the phone away from his
ear.

EXT. CAYMAN ISLAND BEACH - DAY

Dale, Raven and Bailin are sitting in beach chairs sipping
drinks. A waiter delivers a telegram to Bailin. He opens it.

BAILIN
It's from Grey. He wants me to ask
Major Dale what he knows about the
Space Shuttle.

DALE

Now why would he want to go and
steal something like that for?

RAVEN

(raises her glass)
Because he can.

EXT. NASA BUILDING - DAY

We see Bill. He is wearing overalls and dark sunglasses and is carrying a tool box in one hand and an I.D. Badge in the other. He approaches the side door of the building and swipes his badge in the lock's card reader. He enters the building the camera pans out to show:

EXT. SPACESHUTTLE HANGER - CONTINUOUS

FADE OUT.