

FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

A sunny Saturday morning.

A red DC TOURS double decker BUS slowly makes its way along.

DC TOUR GUIDE

Founded on July 16th, 1790,
Washington DC is a center of
commerce, business, and politics,
as well as our Nation's Capital;
and is visited by more than 15
million people each year.

The streets are a grid lock of traffic.

EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT - CONTINUOUS

DC TOUR GUIDE

Towering a staggering 555 feet over
the National Mall, the Washington
Monument is the world's tallest
free standing stone structure.

A couple of PEDESTRIANS riding Segways glide by a small group
of site-seeing TOURISTS; tour books and maps in hand.

DC TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)

A political squabble halted
construction in 1854. Twenty-six
years later, work resumed, and the
cap stone was finally placed atop
the monument in 1884.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - DOWNTOWN TRAFFIC -

Caught up in bumper to bumper, stop and go traffic, a white
BUDGET RENT A TRUCK lumbers along. STEAM from an overheating
radiator emanates from beneath the hood.

The van turns down a side street, and continues along.

AHEAD:

a fire station...

EXT. ENGINE COMPANY 13 - DAY

TWO FIREMEN polish the chrome bumper on a gleaming bright red fire truck.

The OVERHEATING Budget-Rent-A-Truck pulls into the driveway, and comes to a hissing stop.

A group of FIREMEN approach the van, joined by another group of FIREMEN exiting the station, to see what all the smoke and steam is about.

BUDGET RENT A TRUCK:

Pulling the HOOD RELEASE, an attractive, smiling, olive skinned woman, ALIYEH, (19), exits the driver's seat; wearing a pair of skin tight Levis, a sassy top, and a brightly colored hijab (a traditional Muslim head scarf).

FIREMEN:

All eyes are on Aliyeh, as she steps out of the van.

ALIYEH

I seem to be having a bit of a problem.

The firemen are more than happy to assist, lifting the hood of the rental van. Steam pours from the overheated radiator.

SUDDENLY:

The terrorists quickly take control and rush everyone into the fire station.

JAHANGIR, (45), one of the armed men, takes charge. He is obviously the leader.

INT. ENGINE COMPANY 13 - CONTINUOUS

OTHER FIREMEN enter from elsewhere in the building and are taken at gun point by the TERRORISTS, and lined up against the wall; kneeling along side the others; hands clasp behind their heads, staring at heavily armed terrorists wearing balaclavas. Their guns pointed at the firemen.

EXT. DC TOUR BUS - CONTINUING

The Tour Bus continues on down Pennsylvania Avenue, approaching the White House.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE COMPLEX - 1600 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - DAY

Anti-terrorist BARRICADES, a chain link FENCE, Secret Service UNIFORMED DIVISION (UD), and K-9 PATROLS circle the perimeter, with CHECK POINTS at every gate. COUNTER-SNIPER TEAMS on the roof, and ARMED UNIFORMED SECURITY PERSONNEL at every entrance, make it more than apparent that this is a well protected area.

INT. DC TOUR BUS - CONTINUING

A view across the lawn: steps leading up to the NORTH PORTICO, the main entrance to the WHITE HOUSE.

DC TOUR GUIDE

1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, and the Presidential Residence, had it's humble beginnings when President George Washington signed an Act of Congress in December of 1790, and with the guidance of the District of Columbia's supreme architect, Pierre L'Enfant, President Washington selected this very location for the President's home; now known simply by its famous address.

EXT. ENGINE COMPANY 13 - CONTINUING

Aliyeh empties the back of the van of EQUIPMENT CASES and DUFFEL BAGS, and drags them into the fire station.

She climbs back into the Budget-Rent-a-Truck, parking the van out of sight, behind the station.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST EXECUTIVE AVENUE - DAY

There is a long line of visitors, slowly making their way towards the East Wing, Visitor's Entrance. A WOMAN tries to quiet a crying INFANT. Two TEENAGE BOYS horseplay. A COUPLE thumb through a guidebook. A small group of BROWNIES sit on the sidewalk. An ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN fans herself from the heat, as a MIDDLE EASTERN MAN, with dark complexion, (30's), and sun bleached hair, peers through the chain-link fence, near the EAST GATE.

EXT. ENGINE COMPANY 13 - CONTINUING

Aliyeh returns, locking the front door of the fire station behind her.

FIRE CHIEF HIGGS steps forward.

HIGGS
What do you want from us?

JAHANGIR
At the moment, your compliance.

HIGGS
You have that.

Higgs eyes are on the weapons that are pointed at his men.

JAHANGIR
Then all I ask from you is your
patience.

INT. EAST WING - VISITOR'S ENTRANCE - DAY

The line of VISITORS approach the Security Check; inside the entrance to the East Wing.

A UNIFORMED FEMALE SECURITY GUARD stands next to a METAL DETECTOR.

A Security VOICE over the public address system:

FEMALE SECURITY VOICE (V.O.)
Please be aware of prohibited items
such as: cameras, handbags, food,
and beverages, as are guns and
weapons of any kind. Smoking is
also prohibited, as is the use of
cellphones. Note: Due to the
President's daughter's birthday
gala this evening, the White House
will be closing early. Thank you
for your patience.

The line has now reached the Middle-Eastern man with the sun bleached hair.

He approaches the SECURITY CHECK.

EXT. ENGINE COMPANY 13 - CONTINUING

With the firemen standing in a row; automatic assault rifles pointed at them, Aliyeh holds out a tray.

JAHANGIR

Could you please empty the contents
of your pockets.

INT. EAST WING - VISITOR'S ENTRANCE - CONTINUING

FEMALE SECURITY GUARD

Sir?

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

(nervous)

Yes.

The man places the contents of his pockets: an expensive
WATCH, a WALLET and a CELLPHONE on the TRAY.

FEMALE SECURITY GUARD

First time in D.C.?

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

(nods)

Yes. My first time in your Capital.

EXT. ENGINE COMPANY 13 - CONTINUING

The firemen comply, by emptying the contents of their pockets
onto Aliyeh's TRAY.

INT. EAST WING - VISITOR'S ENTRANCE - CONTINUING

A pensive look on the Middle Eastern man's face, as he
hesitantly passes through the metal detector.

The SOUND...

EXT. ENGINE COMPANY 13 - CONTINUING

A terrorist's WEAPON being cocked.

JahAngir's eyes stop on a FIREMEN, who seems reluctant about
emptying his pockets.

INT. EAST WING - VISITOR'S ENTRANCE - CONTINUING

The Female Security Guard smiles, as the Middle Eastern man picks up his property from the tray.

FEMALE SECURITY GUARD
Enjoy the tour.

EXT. ENGINE COMPANY 13 - CONTINUING

JahAngir eyes move from the reluctant fireman, to Fire Chief Higgs.

JAHANGIR
I have no intention of harming any of you. But if you provoke us in anyway, we will not hesitate to kill you all.

Fire Chief Higgs nods to the firemen to comply.

Resigned, the FIREMAN places his items on the tray, along with the other's.

JAHANGIR (CONT'D)
That wasn't so difficult, was it.

HIGGS
Who are you?

JAHANGIR
Who I am is unimportant. What is important, is that you keep your men under control.

HIGGS
If I do what you say?

JAHANGIR
Then each of your men will remain alive.

One of the armed terrorists (#3) returns from searching the rest of the fire station.

TERRORIST #3
(Middle Eastern accent)
There is no one else here.

HIGGS
Now what?

JAHANGIR
Now - we wait..!

EXT. CAPITAL YACHT CLUB - MARINA - DOCK - DAY

A clear blue sky. A calm day. A SEARAY speed boat sits tied to the dock.

EXT. FRANK'S SPEED BOAT - CONTINUOUS

FRANK TOLLIVER, (40s), tanned and muscular, sits in the captain's chair reading a briefing file: "WHITE HOUSE SECURITY - CONFIDENTIAL"; his name; "FRANK TOLLIVER" printed across the bottom.

He checks the time on his cellphone, then presses speed-dial.

INT. ENGINE COMPANY 13 - CONTINUING

A STARTLE as one of the cellphones on the tray begins to ring.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SECURITY OFFICE - EISENHOWER BUILDING - DAY

MIDGE TOLLIVER, White House Security Analyst, (mid 30s), in professional attire, sits at her desk in a cluttered cubical.

A window looks out across West Executive Avenue, at the West Wing Entrance to the White House.

Midge is also noticeably 6 months pregnant.

She answers the phone.

MIDGE
White House Security, Eisenhower
Building. M. Tolliver speaking.

INTERCUT - BETWEEN MIDGE & FRANK:

FRANK
Midge..?! Sweetheart... It's Frank.
Why are you still at work?

MIDGE
I got a stack of papers a mile
high.

FRANK
But it's Saturday..!

MIDGE

I know. But with the President's daughter's birthday this weekend - and with the extra security precautions...

FRANK

So what am I supposed to do?

FRANK'S POV:

Frank's attention is drawn to an attractive, RAVEN HAired WOMAN, wrapped in a beach TOWEL, emerging from the cabin of a 51 foot SunSeeker MOTOR YACHT; moored directly across the slip from Frank's boat.

The name on the boat reads: "FARIDAH" (Arabic meaning: "Unique") written boldly in gold lettering across the stern.

MIDGE'S CUBICAL:

MIDGE

I'm sure you'll think of something.

Midge looks at her watch.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

Give me ten more minutes.

FRANK'S POV:

Frank watches as the young woman drops her towel, revealing a brightly colored string bikini, caressing the curves of her perfectly tanned body.

FRANK

That's what you said an hour ago.

The young woman lays out her towel over one of the boat's deck-chairs. Sitting on the edge of the chair, she rubs suntan oil over her body. She is obviously aware that Frank is watching her.

MIDGE'S CUBICAL:

MIDGE

Ten minutes - I promise.

RAVEN HAIRED WOMAN:

Pulling her sunglasses down over her eyes, she reclines back in the chair, her oiled skin glistening in the sun.

MIDGE'S CUBICAL:

A MAN approaches Midge's desk with an arm full of files.

Midge sighs.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

FRANK'S SPEED BOAT:

FRANK

The clock is ticking.

His eyes still fixed on the sunning young woman.

MIDGE'S CUBICAL:

MIDGE

Frank..?

FRANK'S SPEED BOAT:

Frank's eyes turn away from the young woman; his attention back to the phone.

INTERCUT - BETWEEN MIDGE & FRANK -

MIDGE

I love you.

FRANK

I love you too.

The phone clicks off.

Frank looks up, but the bikini clad woman is gone. Only her towel remains.

Frank's cellphone chimes.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Tony - What's up?!

INT. WHITE HOUSE COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - WEST WING - DAY

Two floors down, in the basement of the West Wing, we find ourselves in the heart of Security & Communications for the entire White House complex; and whose job it is to protect the President.

TONY BLAKE, (50's), buzz cut hair, in a starched collar, sits amidst a bank of computer monitors and video display screens.

OTHER PERSONNEL busily monitor all aspects of the White House security system.

INTERCUT - BETWEEN FRANK & TONY:

TONY

Just came back from a communications briefing with Director Hatridge.

FRANK

How's that coming along?

Frank's eyes follow two ARAB DRESSED MEN walk from the (same) SunSeeker MOTOR YACHT to an awaiting stretched LIMOUSINE.

TONY

The coordination crew is working around the clock, and everything is in place for a full scale mock running of the Jerusalem scenario, on Monday.

FRANK

Did you manage to run the registration number for me?

TONY

Yah, just give me a sec.

Tony brings up the information up on his computer terminal.

TONY (CONT'D)

It comes back as a 51 foot SunSeeker, registered to a: Abdul Aziz Sattar. An address here in Alexandria, Virginia - You looking at buying a new boat?

Frank watches as the same young woman in the bikini re-emerges.

FRANK

No... A little out of my pay scale.