

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC INTERNET CAFE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON HYPNOTIC FLASHING LIGHTS - RED LIGHT, BLUE LIGHT

PULL BACK TO REVEAL SIGN: "FACESPACE INTERNET CAFE" --

Raining hard. SCOTT ROADS, early 30s, takes refuge in internet cafe.

INT. FACESPACE INTERNET CAFE- NIGHT

MOSTLY FEMALE TWENTY-SOMETHINGS lost in their Smartphones and I pads.

Scott looks around for an empty table but finds only a lone chair in the back of the cafe next to the Janitor's closet. Sits down and places his bag under the chair.

DOOR opens. JANITOR pushing his mop and bucket bumps into Scott.

JANITOR

Sorry, didn't see you there, pal.

SCOTT

That's okay. I'm used to it.

JANITOR

Know what you mean. I could walk around naked in here and these Facespace honeys wouldn't notice.

Scott notices one of the twenty-somethings amazingly looks up from her Ipad and in his direction. He smiles but gets no response other than a blank stare. Seconds later she submerges back into her Facespace world.

JANITOR

See what I mean? Totally spaced. I'm Louie, by the way.

SCOTT

Scott Roads.

They shake hands.

JANITOR

Where's your PAD?

SCOTT

You mean my Ipad? I get my news the old-fashioned way.

(CONTINUED)

Scott removes a newspaper "AMERICA TODAY" from his bag.  
HEADLINE reads: HACKERS ATTACK DEFENSE NETWORKS

JANITOR  
Last of the holdouts. Good for  
you. So what do you do?

SCOTT  
I write books.

JANITOR  
Yeah? They still make them?

SCOTT  
Believe it or not.

JANITOR  
Anything I heard of?

SCOTT  
I write conspiracy novels for the  
tin foil hat crowd.

Scott reaches into his bag and pulls out a copy of "BIG  
SECRET." Hands it to the janitor.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Here. Take it.

JANITOR  
Gee, thanks. "Big Secret" huh? The  
truth is out there...that type of  
thing?

SCOTT  
Something like that.

JANITOR  
I'll keep my eyes open. Well, I  
gotta get back to work. See ya next  
time, pal.

Janitor lumbers around the twenty-somethings. Looks back at  
Scott and makes faces at the crowd but no one notices.

Scott gets lost in his newspaper.

CLOSE ON THE HYPNOTIC FLASHING BLUE AND RED LIGHTS

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - NIGHT

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

RUNNING LIGHTS OF BLACK HELICOPTER flying low over black water. Lightning FLASHES as the helicopter ELEVATES over the Memorial Bridge, past the Lincoln Memorial and banks hard left at the Washington Monument.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

CIA AGENT PAUL SIMON, 35, holds on for dear life as the helicopter heads for the FLASHING RED AND BLUE LIGHTS on the WHITE HOUSE LANDING PAD.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LANDING PAD - NIGHT

MAJOR JOHN NAZARIAN, mid -30's, an unflinching block of granite, waits with an umbrella.

HELICOPTER lands. Simon steps into the pouring rain. Sees Nazarian.

SIMON

Nazarian, you're always there when I need you.

NAZARIAN

You look tired, Paul.

SIMON

You know I get sick as a dog on these things. So what's the big secret meeting?

NAZARIAN

Signals and noise. Just signals and noise.

INT. WEST WING SECURITY STATION - LATER

Simon and Nazarian enter elevator. DESCEND 6 FLOORS.

INT. WHITE HOUSE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

DOORS OPEN revealing a BUSY COMMAND CENTER.

GENERAL RICHARD LANDSDALE motions to Nazarian to "hurry."

LANDSDALE

The meeting's already started, John.

(CONTINUED)

NAZARIAN  
General, Paul Simon, CIA.

SIMON  
General.

The General appears to know Simon but not on good terms.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Seated around a large polished conference table are senior officers of the military and intelligence agencies.

Simon and Nazarian enter.

NATIONAL SECURITY DIRECTOR RONALD PAINE looks up from his briefing book. Paine's demeanor is menacing. He turns his fierce focus to Simon.

PAINE  
(seething)  
For the record, the CIA has finally arrived.

Paine motions "lights off."

ON SCREEN: Nighttime surveillance video of Kabul military weapons storage facility. Three bunkers begin to burn. Guard signals frantically for the others to get away. There is WILD ORDINANCE FIRING in all directions. Agonizing screams. The two minute transmission is terminated after an EXPLOSION takes out the surveillance camera.

Simon has difficulty focusing on the screen. He begins to blackout.

EXT. IRAQI VILLAGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Heavy shelling in the pitch black. Men, women and children running for their lives.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

On a bluff overlooking the village is Lieutenant Simon in communication with Artillery Operations Center.

SIMON  
CEASE FIRE, CEASE FIRE. You're killing women and children!

The shelling gets dangerously closer to the helicopter.

Simon taps PILOT on the back. It's Nazarian.

(CONTINUED)

SIMON

Pilot, get us out of here!

BRILLIANT LIGHT AND RUSHING NOISE

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT

LIGHTS of the conference room flicker back on. Simon regains consciousness. A VOICE becomes more distinct- the DIRECTOR'S VOICE.

PAINÉ

Seven soldiers dead. No indication  
the Kabul facility's security  
perimeter was breached.

Simon is dazed and confused, not certain where he is.  
Gradually his confusion subsides.

PAINÉ (CONT'D)

This was not an accident. This is a  
case of sabotage of the site's  
computer network.

Paine notices Simon's lack of attention. A look of disgust  
crosses Paine's face as he SLAMS his hand on the table.

PAINÉ (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Mr. Simon, may I be  
stupid enough to ask if the  
CIA has any information concerning  
this event?

SIMON

Yes, sir, you may. Our Afghan ops  
think it may involve a local cell.

Paine adjusts his position, levels his stare at Simon.

PAINÉ

You think. You're not sure?

MARY HART, NSA representative, meekly raise her hand.

PAINÉ (CONT'D)

Ms. Hart, don't be shy.

HART

SIGINT has been active concerning  
this facility, sir. It may involve  
a STUXNET type virus. Perhaps the  
group that hacked into Defense  
Networks. Codename GRAPEVINE.

(CONTINUED)

PAINÉ  
GRAPEVINE? I thought that was a  
myth.

FBI COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE DIRECTOR GEORGE LANNON, 60, steps  
forward from the shadows.

LANNON  
GRAPEVINE is very much alive.  
Perhaps going back twenty years.

PAINÉ  
Any ideas who is involved?

LANNON  
We at the FBI believe it reaches  
the senior level of the CIA.

Simon feels the eyes of the entire room on him.

PAINÉ  
I cannot emphasize enough the  
threat this GRAPEVINE poses to our  
national security.  
(looking directly at Simon)  
I'm designating the FBI  
Counter-Intelligence under the  
direction of Mr. Lannon to lead  
this investigation. I expect full  
cooperation. Is that clear?

Simon sits stunned. Lannon smiles at his discomfort.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LANDING PAD- NIGHT

Paul heads for the helicopter. Nazarian is waiting to see  
him off.

SIMON  
The last time I got attacked by our  
own forces was in Iraq. Why didn't  
you tell me?

NAZARIAN  
I didn't want to worry you. We have  
to talk.

SIMON  
Later.

NAZARIAN  
When?

(CONTINUED)

SIMON

After I brief the Director. Don't worry. I'll let you know.

The helicopter lifts off and goes back up the Potomac.

EXT. FOGGY BOTTOM DC HI RISE - DAY

Scott parks his Vespa on the street and enters his office building.

ANGLE ACROSS THE STREET TO PARKED BLACK SUV

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

MAN IN GRAY SUIT closes a book - "BIG SECRET."

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

Scott enters his office carrying a FED-EX box. Drops the box on the desk of his assistant, CINDY PAUL, mid 30s.

CINDY

Borders called. You missed the book signing last night. Three teenagers in tinfoil hats were very put out.

SCOTT

Could you step back please?

Scott lifts one of the "Big Secret" books out of the box. Holds it up to Cindy - beaming.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Well, what do you think?

Cindy's unimpressed.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

From there don't you see it?

Scott moves the book back and forth, trying to get some kind of reaction.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

It's got an embedded subliminal "SEX" text in the title. Advertisers use them all the time in commercials and movie trailers to hook horny teenagers.

(CONTINUED)

CINDY

That explains it. It only appeals  
to lower forms of life.

Scott gestures for Cindy to back up to take another  
look. Cindy bumps a LARGE PLASTIC SCREEN on the wall and it  
FALLS. BANG. Almost hits her foot.

SCOTT

Sorry about that. Could you please  
stand back?

Scott hangs the screen back on the wall. Taps a few  
keystrokes on his laptop and an IMAGE of the Facespace  
Website appears on the screen. He types again and the  
OUTLINE OF "SEX" appears over the title.

SCOTT

You see, even the points of the  
Facespace logo form the outline of  
"SEX." This is pretty primitive  
stuff, like the movie commercials  
back in the 60's they used to make  
the audience thirsty so they want  
to buy those overpriced drinks.

CINDY

And your point is? So you can sell  
more books?

SCOTT

My point is the power of subliminal  
perception is untapped. Who knows  
what else Facespace is doing to  
control our behavior. Think about  
brainwashing...as if you didn't  
know.

CINDY

I worry about you.

SCOTT

I'm certain there are advanced  
applications being used by the  
government. If only we would get  
classified reports on their  
investigations.

CINDY

And just how are YOU going to get  
them?

(CONTINUED)



SCOTT

Well, first I'll submit FOIAs to the CIA and DOD and ask if there are any developments, and then we can go over there -

Cindy reacts, realizing Scott is getting her involved in one of crazy schemes.

CINDY

Please, please don't get me involved in one of your conspiracy theories. My CO-OP board gets upset if I leave the TV on.

SCOTT

(defensive)

It's possible -

CINDY

You don't have anything to suggest the CIA or god-knows-who has been involved in brainwashing programs.

SCOTT

The subliminal truth is out there look.

CINDY

The truth is sex sells. Stick to selling books. And you have a book signing tonight.

Cindy opens the closet. It's packed with "Big Secret" books.