

"FALSE FLAG"

by

Merlin Miller

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Americana Pictures LLC  
202 Golf Creek Road  
Gatlinburg, TN 37738  
865-436-4923  
Merlin@Americana-Pictures.com

"FALSE FLAG"

FADE IN:

EXT. INTERSTATE HWY - RURAL VIRGINIA - PRESENT - DUSK

An "EAGLE" glides over pristine hills and tall pines - guardian of a once proud and noble America.

ANGLE ON - a lonely, late-model luxury sedan cruising down a divided highway.

As the last rays of sunlight disappear over the hilltops, a cell phone RINGS.

INT./EXT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

At the wheel is JAMES BARTLETT, a distinguished looking man of late-60s. He turns the RADIO volume down, and picks up his cell.

BARTLETT

Bartlett.

PETE (V.O.)

Hey Jimbo, when you gettin' here?

BARTLETT

Keep the Jim Beam on ice, good buddy...be there tonight.

EXT. INTERSTATE HWY - NEW ANGLE - SAME TIME

A black SUV follows.

INT./EXT. SUV - SAME TIME

Driving is a swarthy man, MOSHE, scarred - with limp, dead eyes. Next to him is HANNAH, incredibly beautiful, and knowing it - in an exotic Eastern-Mediterranean way.

They LISTEN to an electronic eaves-dropping device.

PETE (V.O.)

Most everyone's here. Can't wait to see what you've got.

Moshe and Hannah exchange looks.

BARTLETT (V.O.)

Pete, after all these years, we're gonna' nail the bastards.

(a beat)

What I've got will blow them out of the water!

ANGLE - the SUV begins closing the gap on the sedan.

PETE (V.O.)

About time!

BARTLETT (V.O.)

Keep the party going, I'll see you soon!

BACK ON BARTLETT

Who flips the phone shut and tosses it onto the passenger seat, next to a briefcase. He stares at the case for a moment, then turns the RADIO volume back up.

Looking through the windshield, he smiles in anticipation.

He doesn't notice that behind him, the SUV has closed the gap.

INSIDE THE SUV

Moshe surveys, nods to Hannah - who presses a button on an electronic pad.

BACK ON BARTLETT

Whose face registers confusion, then concern - as the sedan suddenly accelerates - speedometer needle rising.

Bartlett removes his foot from the accelerator, but the needle continues to rise.

He presses the brake pedal - nothing happens!

In near panic, he pumps the pedal, hard...still nothing. He tries the emergency brake...nothing.

The car continues to increase speed, as Bartlett fights to keep it on the roadway.

AHEAD - a road sign reveals a sharp bend to the left.

BACK ON BARTLETT

Who tries to shift, but the automatic is locked into drive.

With a look of resignation, he knows he's doomed. He glances into the rear view mirror and sees the black SUV - then closes his eyes...

The sedan goes into the turn, but careens off of the roadway, bouncing into the woods...and HITTING several small trees!

Metal CRUNCHES and glass SHATTERS until it finally SMASHES into an enormous pine - stopping abruptly.

Terrible NOISES echo on - until only STEAMING coolant and the RADIO are heard.

ON THE SHOULDER OF THE ROADWAY

The black SUV pulls to a stop. Moshe, with a small, ominous club in hand, gets out and walks toward the wreckage.

He looks in - sees Bartlett, bloodied and motionless. Moshe then roughly prods him with the club. Convinced Bartlett's dead, he picks up the briefcase from the floor of the smashed car, and turns to see...

Hannah, picking up Bartlett's cell phone from the nearby ground. She gives her companion a wicked smile.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC HOTEL - LATER

A once glorious, but now aging hotel.

INT. HOTEL - SAME TIME

The lobby is half-full, and NOISY.

From out of an elevator, steps JASON FITZPATRICK, early 30s, athletic, with luminous hazel eyes and dark hair. He is the epitome of handsome "black Irish" - with a roguish smile that does not disappoint.

He turns to T-WHIZ, a tall, nerdish videographer, loaded with gear.

JASON

What's this?...something's going on.

T-WHIZ

(cynical)

Nothing goes on in this place, anymore.

They hear drunken LAUGHTER coming from a small ballroom.

JASON  
Let's check it out!

T-WHIZ  
No, Jason. We've got our story.

JASON  
Come on, I'll buy you a beer!

T-WHIZ  
You know what Stacey'll say.

JASON  
"Never miss an opportunity".

T-Whiz rolls his eyes and follows Jason to the ballroom.

NEAR THE ENTRANCE is a sign which proclaims...

"USS LIBERTY REUNION"

They stop to look in.

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

About FORTY people, mostly men in their 60's and 70's, drinking and sharing stories. Their women seem to tolerate it and the few young people seem uncomfortably out of place.

At the front, stumbling up the steps to a small stage is a stocky man, PETE. Turning to the gathering, he WHISTLES. With drink in hand, he tries to shout them down.

PETE  
Guys! Guys!! Guys!!!

The room slowly quiets, as the others start to look to the front.

BACK ON JASON AND T-WHIZ

T-WHIZ  
Just some old sailors...let's go!

At that moment, an elderly black PORTER passes by and recognizes Jason.

PORTER  
Hey - the Man About Town! I've  
been watching your show.  
(MORE)

PORTER (CONT'D)  
 (toying)  
 When you gonna put me on?

JASON  
 (teasing back)  
 How about now?!

The old Porter smiles.

PORTER  
 Well, handsome as I am, you don't  
 need an old man, like me.  
 (winking)  
 You need pretty young women.

Jason smiles at the old man, while T-Whiz looks on - having  
 been through these games before.

BACK ON STAGE

Pete has finally gained their attention.

PETE  
 (half drunk)  
 My daughter, Angelina, my "Angel"  
 ...has written a special song for  
 tonight.

Eyes watering, he gestures for her to come up.

BACK AT THE ENTRANCE

PORTER  
 Put that pretty one on your show.  
 Heard her earlier...man, can she  
 sing!

JASON  
 (gesturing the ballroom)  
 What is this?

PORTER  
 Liberty crew - attacked during that  
 "Six Day War"...quite a massacre.

Jason and T-Whiz exchange confused looks, as the Porter moves  
 off.

T-WHIZ  
 Never heard of it.

Curiously, they move into the ballroom.

BACK ON STAGE

Pete proudly steps aside as his daughter, ANGELINA, mid 20's, moves center and then turns to face the gathering.

She is an angel and wears a small, ever-present crucifix. With light-brown hair and gorgeous, crystal blue eyes, she melts the crowd...

...and Jason.

She softly STRUMS her guitar, and the whole place becomes deathly quiet.

JASON  
(whispering to T-Whiz)  
Get this!

T-Whiz quickly reorganizes, shoulders his camera and starts to record. A few people stare at them - with darts.

As she begins to SING, Jason curiously watches. T-Whiz then moves in-and-around for some dynamic video.

Angelina's SONG is haunting and beautiful, telling a powerful story that the world has never heard.

The lyrics tell us about the plight of the USS Liberty and her crew of "unknown" heroes.

The gathering is totally enraptured. Some are smiling, some in tears...but all are effected.

Jason is mesmerized.

As the song ends, the gathering is incredibly still - then they CHEER and APPLAUD and CRY together.

Jason looks around at the crowd and realizes that there is a story here.

T-Whiz captures their response and shrugs his shoulders to Jason, amazed at the special moment.

LATER

Jason, with T-Whiz in toe, approaches Angelina and Pete - who are surrounded by others.

Pete notices the camera and challenges...

PETE  
Who are you?!

The CROWD curiously lingers.

Jason reaches his hand out.

JASON  
 Jason Fitzpatrick - I have a  
 segment on the evening news - "Man  
 About Town".

Pete reluctantly takes his hand.

Another Crewman, RICHIE, wearing an ever-present USS Liberty  
 ball cap, stands nearby, appraising.

JASON (CONT'D)  
 Do you mind if we interview you and  
 your daughter?

PETE  
 Why?

RICHIE  
 (nudging)  
 Why not?!

JASON  
 I'd like to learn more about your  
 story.  
 (turning to Angelina)  
 And your daughter's song was  
 incredible.

Angelina and Jason lock eyes - and it is a wonderful moment.

PETE  
 (interrupting)  
 I don't think so.

RICHIE  
 It's media, Pete. They never cover  
 our story.

While Pete considers, Angelina steps forward, holding our her  
 hand.

ANGELINA  
 I'm Angelina.

Jason takes her hand, captivated.

ANGELINA (CONT'D)  
 Tomorrow's ceremony might be  
 better. Tonight's more private.

T-WHIZ  
 (awkwardly, to Jason)  
 We need to get back and edit  
 today's piece.

Jason reluctantly releases her hand.

JASON  
 Tomorrow then.  
 (turning to Pete)  
 Sorry to invade.

Pete contemplates, as Jason turns away, following T-Whiz to the door.

ANGELINA  
 (over the noise)  
 Arlington at eleven.

Jason turns with a smile, waves his acknowledgement, and they disappear into the lobby.

RICHIE  
 They won't show.

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETARY - DAY

A beautiful day. The rolling green hills are covered with white markers and stately trees.

Nearly SIXTY PEOPLE are gathered on the site. But no dignitaries appear to be present.

Pete, Richie and Angelina are anxiously awaiting someone.

PETE  
 Bartlett didn't show last night.  
 That's not like him.

RICHIE  
 He'll be here.

PETE  
 I called his cell this morning and  
 no answer. I'm worried...he had  
 something important.

Angelina perks up, as Jason and T-Whiz suddenly appear - out of breath.

JASON  
 Hello!

Pete and Richie half-way acknowledge, then drift away to continue their conversation, in private.

ANGELINA  
I'm glad you came.

Jason sets the tripod, as T-Whiz prepares his equipment.

JASON  
This is a big park...we were in the wrong section. Have we missed anything?

ANGELINA  
No. But the ceremony should start soon.

He looks at her, appreciatively.

JASON  
Will you be singing?

ANGELINA  
No...not today.

T-Whiz rises to make his camera checks.

JASON  
Can we ask you some questions?

ANGELINA  
Of course.

Pete and Richie watch them.

And watching Pete and Richie - are Moshe and Hannah!

LATER

GUESTS are sparsely seated in folding chairs, which cover the grassy area, facing a small podium. Strangely, most CREWMEN remain standing at the rear.

While T-Whiz videotapes some of the markers, Jason stays with Angelina - and notices that Pete and Richie are pointing at a SQUAT, dark-haired MAN.

Seated in the front row, the squat man methodically pans the attendees with a small stick mounted video camera.

JASON  
What's that about?

ANGELINA

The Anti-Defamation League. They  
intimidate. Keeps the politicians  
away.

A COLOR GUARD marches into the area, and they all rise as the  
colors are placed.

T-Whiz captures it all...including an invocation and  
introduction to the key crew SPEAKER - a tall man, stooped  
with age and disappointment.

SPEAKER

Today, as we honor our fallen  
shipmates - we reflect on this act  
of war by Israel, which affected  
all of our lives and changed the  
course of history.

T-Whiz looks around the corner of his lens at Jason and they  
share a moment of uncertainty. Jason looks around at the  
attendees and sees that they are all riveted to the speaker's  
words.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

Years - decades of having our story  
buried by a lying media, and  
covered up by our own government -  
must end.

He pauses, turns and points to a few of the markers.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

They deserve more than anonymous  
ribbons and memorials. They  
deserve to have their stories told,  
and the ugly truth revealed.

Attendees, many choked up, nod in agreement.

Moshe and Hannah, survey them - with contempt.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

Israel intentionally tried to sink  
the USS Liberty and kill us all!

The squat man abruptly rises.

SQUAT MAN

(under his breath)  
Bunch of Nazis.

Those that heard, glare, as the squat man leaves.

INT. STUDIO EDITING ROOM - DAY

T-Whiz is at the editing suite with Jason at his side. We sees CLIPS of Pete, Angelina, Richie, the Speaker and others - some with Jason interviewing.

T-WHIZ

Not our typical "Man About Town" puff piece.

JASON

It's real reporting! And about time!

AT THAT MOMENT

A professionally dressed STACEY GOODMAN walks in. She was once able to make herself attractive, almost beautiful, but time has been working against her.

STACEY

What's this USS Liberty business?

JASON

An incredible story.

STACEY

(interrupting)

No. It was an unfortunate sea accident - and those sailors need to get on with their lives.

JASON

Stacey, it's more than that. It's a human interest story that our viewers will eat up.

STACEY

"Man About Town" is supposed to be fun! It's about entertaining the DC crowd with segments that are not political!

JASON

Let me get my feet wet with some real journalism.

She puts her hand condescendingly, but affectionately, on Jason's strong shoulder.

STACEY

In time, you'll be ready for that anchor slot. In the meantime, learn to entertain - it's what the best newscasters do.

She starts off and the discussion is over. Before leaving, however, she turns back to them.

STACEY (CONT'D)

Cut out the serious stuff - and I may let it fly.

They look at each other, as the door shuts behind her.

T-WHIZ

You were saying...?

Jason gives him a look.

EXT. CLAM BAR - EARLY EVENING

A clapboard pub, with sign proclaiming - "The Clam Bar". Old and simple, but inviting - it backs onto the bay waters.

Above, are living quarters with a view of the bay. This is where Pete and Angelina live.

INT. CLAM BAR - CONTINUOUS

A sprinkling of CUSTOMERS sit at small round tables or at the bar - drinking, and eating from clam shells and bowls of chowder.

Angelina rounds the bar to bring beers to Pete, Richie, and two other Liberty CREWMEN.

PETE

Thanks, Angel.

FIRST CREWMAN

What do you think of Bartlett's accident.

PETE

Wasn't an accident!

SECOND CREWMAN

Ah...come on, Pete. Accidents do happen.

RICHIE  
Just like our ship?!

PETE  
He was on to something.

RICHIE  
(almost whispering)  
Bartlett had friends in the NSA and  
CIA.

FIRST CREWMAN  
We'll never know now.

PETE  
I'm going through some things he'd  
sent. Maybe there's a clue.

EXT. CLAM BAR - SAME TIME

Across the street, stands Moshe - surreptitiously studying  
the lay of the land. He crushes out his cigarette, then  
nonchalantly walks on.

INT. CLAM BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Over the bar, a large, flat-screen television flashes a lead-  
in visual for the "Man About Town" segment of the news.

ANGELINA  
It's coming on!

She turns the volume up.

RICHIE  
First time, ever, we've gotten any  
real TV coverage.

ON THE SCREEN

Sounds and images from their reunion. It looks  
festive...drunken sailors getting together for a good time.

Jason faces the audience, looking over his shoulder -  
supposedly at the action.

JASON  
This weekend the crew of the USS  
Liberty, reunited to show us what  
sailors are known for.

The images assault the senses, but offer no substance.

JASON (CONT'D)

This ship does have an unusual history, however, in that they survived an accidental attack in the waters of the Mediterranean back in 1967.

The screen shows a piece of Angelina SINGING, but we can not make out the haunting lyrics, as background partying SOUNDS have been placed over her voice.

JASON (CONT'D)

But, as you can see - they've been able to move on with their lives and celebrate in style.

(smiling)

This is Jason Fitzpatrick - your "Man About Town" - shining the light on our never forgotten sailors.

BACK TO THE SURVIVORS - staring in shock and anger! Angelina, looking betrayed, "hits" the off button.

Pete picks up his mug and prepares to throw it at the screen, when Angelina takes it from his hand.

ANGELINA

I'll take that, dad.

RICHIE

(squashing his cap)

They'll push our story under the rug, 'til we're all dead!

They "glare" in disgust and disappointment.

EXT. REVOLUTIONARY WAR MONUMENT - THE NEXT DAY

T-Whiz has his camera mounted on a tripod, and waits, while Jason LAUGHS at a few LADIES, who are jokingly adjusting their "American Revolution" wardrobes.

Suddenly, he turns - and is SLAPPED - by Angelina! Taken aback, he tries to smile.

JASON

Hello?

The others look on, curious of the unfolding drama.

ANGELINA  
You're not a reporter!

JASON  
(stung, but making light)  
No. I'm an entertainer.

T-Whiz, sharing their inside joke, SIGHS with uncertainty.

ANGELINA  
You're a phoney!  
(a beat)  
Those men. Those heroes - whose  
lives were shattered - actually  
thought you might care.

Her slender body is shaking in rage.

JASON  
You don't understand my business.  
My show is not about...

ANGELINA  
(interrupting)  
It's about fluff!

She looks over at the waiting "American Revolutionaries", who react uncomfortably. Jason looks at them, embarrassed, but not disagreeing.

ANGELINA (CONT'D)  
And ratings...and propaganda!

JASON  
The Liberty's an old story that  
nobody knows about.

ANGELINA  
Exactly!  
(a beat)  
And that's why our country is in  
trouble.

JASON  
Those men - your father - need to  
get on with their lives.

ANGELINA  
(loud)  
How dare you! Their lives were  
stolen from them.

JASON  
Look, I didn't mean...  
(a beat)  
I'm sorry.

She starts to turn away, but turns back.

ANGELINA  
That's not good enough!

JASON  
Can I make it up to you? Dinner  
tonight?

She storms off, and T-Whiz shakes his head.

T-WHIZ  
I think you just struck out.  
Losing your touch?

JASON  
(trying to recover)  
She's even more beautiful, when  
angry.

EXT. CLAM BAR - NIGHT

Angelina is wiping the counter, when a man sits down - Jason!

He smiles, and she frowns.

ANGELINA  
How did you find us?

JASON  
I really can be a journalist.

ANGELINA  
(considering)  
Your flowers came this afternoon.

He smiles bigger, knows she's thawing.

ANGELINA (CONT'D)  
Don't think it will make a  
difference!

JASON  
Where's your dad? I owe him an  
apology.

ANGELINA

In the kitchen. If I were you, I  
wouldn't order...he has rat poison.

JASON

(looking around)  
Where are the flowers?

She gestures to the trash can.

ANGELINA

I have my dad's temper.

JESSE

And your mom?

ANGELINA

(reluctantly)  
Took off, when I was little.

He starts to respond, doesn't know how.

ANGELINA (CONT'D)

(she shrugs)  
Another Liberty casualty.

Just then Pete comes out...sees Jason. A tense moment.

JASON

(standing)  
Sir, I'd like to make things right.

Rather than explode, Pete SIGHS in resignation.

PETE

Not your fault, you don't want to  
lose your job.

JASON

I'll do a real story on the  
Liberty. Will you help me?

Pete pours a beer...hands it to Jason.

PETE

Son...that would be the end of your  
career.

JASON

My boss can be understanding.  
Besides, the show's got great  
ratings.

PETE

Media's totally controlled - won't allow any real criticism of Israel.

Jason starts to object, decides against it.

He then notices a display case of medals, including the Bronze Star and Purple Heart - hanging behind the bar. Mounted, on either side, is a large ship "photo".

JASON

That's her? The USS Liberty?

Pete goes to one, revealing a pristine ship.

PETE

She was always ugly, with those antenna. But easily identified.

(turning)

Don't for a minute believe the lies that it was a case of mistaken identity. We had two flags shot down on that clear, sunny day. Our markings were large and the Israelis had been buzzing us all morning.

(a beat)

We thought they were our friends.

JASON

Why'd they do it?

PETE

"False flag" operation. To be blamed on Egypt...get America and our money behind their mid-east plans. Their history's full of false flags.

JASON

You survived it.

Pete looks to the other "photo", points at the massive damage.

PETE

Unmarked jets hit us first - that tell you something? Wiped out our communications and jammed our emergency frequencies - which means they had prior knowledge.

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

If it hadn't been for a crazy shipmate, who climbed the mast and strung a new line, we would never have gotten a signal off to the 6th fleet.

JASON

They came to help?

PETE

Wouldn't see them until the next day.

Jason looks on incredulously.

PETE (CONT'D)

They sent rescue aircraft from the America and Saratoga, but they were called back...twice! President Johnson and Secretary of Defense McNamara...traitorous bastards!

JASON

Why?

PETE

Politics! Didn't want to embarrass an ally. Some ally!

(a beat)

For the next two hours, nearly a thousand rockets rained down...and napalm.

(cringing)

Pure hell!

Jason looks to Angelina in disbelief, as she moves close to her father.

PETE (CONT'D)

Then the torpedo boats came. A forty foot hole couldn't sink us. But their machine guns kept firing, destroyed our life rafts.

(tense)

Then the Israelis sent a helicopter full of commandos - to finish us off and scuttle our ship. But they left...thinking our Navy was finally on the way.

Angelina therapeutically rubs his shoulders.

PETE (CONT'D)

(calming)

We were an intelligence ship, not a fighting ship - we couldn't defend ourselves. Captain and crew were incredible. But God saved us that day - no other explanation.

JASON

(a long moment)

Unbelievable!

PETE

If I hadn't lived it, I wouldn't believe it, myself. 34 of my shipmates died that day. Others after years of suffering. 173 were wounded...but they meant to kill us all - and leave no witnesses.

Pete is emotionally spent. Jason looks to Angelina and can begin to understand their pain.

Unconsciously, Pete picks up and drains Jason's full beer mug.

Then realizing...

PETE (CONT'D)

Enough of my horrors.

(looking at both)

You two go for a walk. It's a beautiful night. I'll clean up.

EXT. BAYFRONT BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Jason and Angelina stroll under a star-lit sky - with a warm breeze embracing them.

JASON

You like living on the bay?

ANGELINA

There's something magical about water. It's always changing.

(a beat)

Dad loves it too, but you won't catch him in a boat.

JASON

That's understandable.

ANGELINA

He had a hard time...still has nightmares.

(reflecting)

And after fighting to save the ship and each other, the crew were treated like criminals.

Jason stops her momentarily.

JASON

How?

ANGELINA

An Admiral came aboard and met them in small groups. Took off his stars, listened to their stories, then put his stars back on and threatened them with Court Martial, or "worse" - if they ever discussed the attack again - with anyone. They were just young, scared men, serving their country - many seriously wounded - and then to be treated like that.

JASON

Why would the Navy do that?

ANGELINA

Part of the cover-up. Not until twenty years after the attack, when an officer wrote a book, did the crew finally start to meet. But for all those years, they were kept separate...with no two ever reassigned together.

JASON

Can't believe the press didn't swarm all over this?

ANGELINA

It was relegated to the back pages of newspapers and treated as an unfortunate "incident". Barriers have been put in front of every effort to tell their story.

JASON

No wonder we never heard of it.

EXT. CLAM BAR - NIGHT

Pete locks up, before quietly walking up the outside stairs to their apartment.

INT. CLAM BAR APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Pete flips on the lights and senses that something is not right. Across the living room, in a corner office area, he sees a pair of file cabinet drawers open - papers scattered about.

He hears a NOISE and turns - to be met by a club! Pete collapses onto the floor, fading into darkness.

Moshe stands over him with cold, dark eyes - then prods with the club. Satisfied, he looks around, considers his options.

EXT. CLAM BAR - A MOMENT LATER

Moshe descends the stairs, cautiously looking about.

At the ground level, he picks the lock and enters the Clam Bar.

EXT. BAYFRONT BOARDWALK - SAME TIME

Jason and Angelina walk back toward the Clam Bar.

ANGELINA

Dad married mom years later, when he thought he could cope - and they had me. But it was my mom who couldn't cope - and she left.

JASON

Must have been hard on you.

ANGELINA

I was too young to know. Dad started calling me his Angel, for standing by him. But he raised me - by himself - an incredible man.

Jason looks at her, appreciatively - and they share an awkward moment.

Angelina looks off and notices a flickering light from the Clam Bar and a light from the upstairs apartment.

ANGELINA (CONT'D)  
Something's wrong.

She breaks into a run and Jason follows, then overtakes her.

He reaches the Clam Bar a moment later and slams into the door, springing it open.

INT. CLAM BAR - CONTINUOUS

Jason runs toward the kitchen, where a fire BLAZES. Grabbing an extinguisher from the bar, he enters the kitchen area and fights back the flames, DOUSING them with CO2.

BACK AT THE DOOR - Angelina looks in and then rushes up the outside stairs.

INT. CLAM BAR APARTMENT - A MOMENT LATER

Angelina moves to Pete and kneels beside him. She carefully turns him over and cradles his bruised head. He MOANS.

Jason rushes in and stops, in time to see -

Pete open his eyes to Angelina.

PETE  
(weakly, with a smile)  
Angel...

EXT. CLAM BAR APARTMENT - DECK - LATER

Jason, Angelina and Pete sit overlooking the star-lit waters.

Pete drinks hot tea and feels the bandage on the side of his head.

ANGELINA  
We should call the police.

PETE  
That wouldn't accomplish anything.  
Besides, there's no serious damage.  
(touching his head with a  
half smile)  
That wasn't already there.

JASON  
Why would someone do this?

PETE  
Have you tasted my clam chowder?

ANGELINA  
Dad!

JASON  
Why now?

PETE  
(reflecting)  
If you want the Liberty  
story...bring your cameraman  
tomorrow. We'll get you started.

EXT. SHIPYARD - THE NEXT DAY

Mostly ships in mothballs.

T-Whiz sets his camera in front of an old Victory hull...one similar to those converted into Technical Research Ships, like the USS Liberty.

Jason interviews Pete and a nervous Richie, while Angelina watches.

PETE  
We were in international waters -  
monitoring the Six Day War.

RICHIE  
(interrupting)  
No threat to anyone.

Overhead, a crane ominously swings a load of cargo.

JASON  
What happened after the attack?

PETE  
Keeping her afloat was the  
challenge. Never thought we'd make  
it through the night.

RICHIE  
Our friends - dead and dying -  
blood and body parts everywhere.  
(agitated)  
Then they sent us all the way to  
Malta for repairs...Suda Bay would  
have been much closer.

PETE

We were listing badly, with a 40 foot hole in our side. They expected us to sink.

RICHIE

Eliminate the evidence...and us!

PETE

For six days, we kept shoring up the bulkheads...always praying we wouldn't be crushed.

JASON

What about the investigation?

RICHIE

A sham!

PETE

Chief counsel gave deposition before he died that they were ordered to falsify the report and conclude it was an accident.

RICHIE

By the White House!

PETE

Admiral McCain signed off on the Court of Inquiry, even against the concerns of his own Judge Advocate. They allowed only one week for the investigation, instead of the normal six months.

RICHIE

And they purged most of the testimonies.

PETE

Our ship's doctor declared "Never before in the history of the United States Navy has a Navy Board of Inquiry ignored the testimony of American military eyewitnesses and taken, on faith, the word of their attackers."

Jason looks out over the graveyard of ships.

JASON

What eventually happened to the ship?

PETE

She was sold for scrap metal. More tax payer dollars lost to Israel.

JASON

If a "false flag", why the Liberty?

PETE

(thoughtful)

We were an easy target and they could remove our eyes and ears. Get away with whatever they wanted.

RICHIE

And blame it on their enemies.

Jason turns to Angelina.

JASON

An attack by a "so-called ally" is one thing, but then a cover-up?

ANGELINA

Zionists own our politicians and the media.

PETE

Everything in the Middle East changed after that.

RICHIE

Israel knew she could get away with murder.

PETE

Their lobbies dictate our foreign policy and we fight their wars.

ANGELINA

(pointed)

With total media complicity.

Jason raises an eyebrow.

PETE

You don't believe us.

With that, Jason signals to T-Whiz, who stops recording.

JASON  
Not everything is a conspiracy.

PETE  
I have articles, reports, and  
photos that you should see.

T-WHIZ  
(doubtful)  
You think Israel, the media and our  
own government create false flags?

They share a look.

PETE  
You tell me.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Angelina is carrying a small box and KNOCKS on a door.

Jason opens it.

ANGELINA  
Dad wanted me to drop these off.  
(challenging)  
If you really want to know what's  
going on.

JASON  
(taking the box from her)  
Thanks...come in.

She hesitates.

ANGELINA  
I need to get back.

A cat then saunters out of the apartment and rubs against  
Angelina's leg. She bends to pet it.

ANGELINA (CONT'D)  
Yours?

JASON  
Yes...well, not really.  
(awkward)  
She belongs to a neighbor, but  
spends half her time here.  
(smiling)  
I eat a lot of tuna fish  
sandwiches.

Angelina rises and smiles in return.

ANGELINA

Bring her to the Clam Bar some night...we'll feed you both.

JASON

When?

ANGELINA

Friday or Saturday is best. We have help on the weekends, and I get to sing a couple of sets.

JASON

Wouldn't miss it!

He smiles - watching her turn and walk away.

EXT. U.S. DEPARTMENT OF STATE - BUILDING - DAY

Jason and T-Whiz enter, carrying their gear.

INT. U.S. DEPARTMENT OF STATE - OFFICE - A MOMENT LATER

They stand waiting in an outer office...staring at a closed door, which reads..."Undersecretary Abrams".

A tall, attractive, female ASSISTANT comes out and stands to the side of the door.

ASSISTANT

Mr. Abrams will see you now.

T-WHIZ

(under his breath)

About time.

They walk in to see UNDERSECRETARY ABRAMS sitting at his desk, pretending to study something important. Behind him, resting on the window sill are two flags - one, American; the other, Israeli.

Finally, Abrams lifts an aquiline nose and studies them with intelligent, but predatory eyes. After an awkward silence, Jason steps forward - reaching out his hand.

JASON

Thank you for seeing us, Mr. Abrams.

Cutting him off...

ABRAMS

No cameras.

Jason and T-Whiz exchange quick glances.

JASON

Oh, we won't...

ABRAMS

No cameras!

Jason relents and turns to T-Whiz.

T-WHIZ

(palms raised)

I get the message!

As T-Whiz backs out, Jason turns to front Abrams.

Realizing that Abrams will not extend an invitation, Jason sits down in a plush chair, facing the desk. He then pulls out his card and sets it in front of Abrams.

JASON

As I mentioned to your secretary, I wanted to discuss...

ABRAMS

I know why you're here, Mr. Fitzpatrick. I heard about your bleeding-hearts piece on the USS Liberty.

JASON

Well, actually, it wasn't much of a piece, but I'd like to correct that...with your help.

ABRAMS

What do you want?

JASON

I'd like to know why there's never been a real investigation of the Liberty attack.

ABRAMS

(arrogant)

It was investigated by the Navy and countless others since.

JASON

No. All subsequent investigations were merely rehashes of the Naval Court of Inquiry report, which, as you should know, was a sham.

ABRAMS

You should take that up with the Navy.

JASON

They don't seem too interested. Kind of a general aversion to truth and justice these days - from the highest levels on down.

ABRAMS

Are you a conspiracy theorist, Mr. Fitzpatrick?

JASON

No. Just an honest journalist.  
(staring at the Israeli flag)  
Who still believes in putting America first.

Abrams turns to the small flag, and back.

ABRAMS

Do you have a problem with dual citizens? Are you an anti-Semite?

Jason gets up to leave.

JASON

Yes, I do have a problem with dual citizens - especially in high levels of our government!  
(a beat)  
But I've never been anti-Semitic ...until today.

ABRAMS

(with contempt)  
Be a "Man About Town", Mr. Fitzpatrick - but don't point your camera where it doesn't belong -  
(implying more)  
it might get shut off.

Jason slowly approaches the desk, leans in to Abrams.

JASON  
Is that a threat?

ABRAMS  
Give up the tough guy routine.  
(pressing a BUZZER)  
You're no longer in Special Forces.

Jason glares at him, until the door opens. Then Jason rises and turns to see...HARVEY, Abram's "Security Chief".

Harvey looks like a jackal - sinister and utterly ruthless, devoid of any human compassion. He has a large bulge under his jacket.

Jason gives Abrams a final glance, then exits past Harvey, who clears just enough space for Jason to slide by.

Abrams stares after, then picks up the business card - while Harvey enters, closing the door behind him.

INT. STACEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Contemporary appointments. Feminist, but not warm. Jason sits casually, while Stacey paces in front.

STACEY  
What were you doing!? I thought we were through with this Liberty business.  
(hands on hips)  
Now, to get a complaint from the State Department!

JASON  
I didn't know we answered to them. In fact, I thought they were supposed to answer to us - on behalf of the people.

STACEY  
I want this to stop!

JASON  
(softly)  
I'm only doing research. Isn't that what journalists do? People want truths. And truths shouldn't fear inquiry.

STACEY

People want what we give them.  
They want to be entertained.

JASON

Stacey. I was in the service. We  
owe them our loyalty, not betrayal.

STACEY

Your actions could be very damaging  
to us!

He rises.

JASON

Because our owners and key sponsors  
will accept no criticism of Israel?

STACEY

Maybe you are anti-Semitic!

JASON

You know that's not true. If being  
pro-American is anti-Semitic, then  
maybe the Semites need to re-  
evaluate their loyalties.

STACEY

I can no longer protect you. Give  
this up now, or you'll no longer be  
our "Man About Town".

JASON

What?! My show's doing great!

STACEY

And will do great with another  
host!

JASON

Whatever happened to honest  
journalism? Why do the networks  
share the same voice - filtered for  
public consumption?

In a moment of honest revelation...

STACEY

Media is a powerful weapon.

JASON

Of mass destruction!

(a beat)

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)  
I'm going to do a genuine piece on  
the USS Liberty.

STACEY  
Not if you want a future here!

JASON  
I'll go to another station - where  
journalistic integrity still means  
something.

STACEY  
Are you kidding. You'll be toast  
in this market and any other  
market. You should know how the  
business works by now.

She tries a new tack, comes to him.

STACEY (CONT'D)  
(softening)  
Jason, follow my advice. You could  
have a great career.

JASON  
Not as a propaganda stooge!

She bristles, and he turns to leave.

JASON (CONT'D)  
(turning back)  
From now on, I'm going to report on  
real news.

STACEY  
(loud)  
No, you're through in this  
business! Clear out!

He storms out and past several people, who have been  
listening. They watch him leave, until realizing that Stacey  
is glaring at them.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jason sits stroking the cat, hard. T-Whiz sips a beer.

T-WHIZ  
You're going to kill that thing.

Jason realizes and stops. The cat then stretches, before  
sauntering off.

JASON  
You better keep your job!

T-WHIZ  
Hey, I'm not stupid.

Jason gives him a look. Then a new light goes on.

JASON  
No...  
(angling)  
You're the best Tech Wiz in  
town...nothing you can't do!

T-WHIZ  
(cynically)  
What do you want?

Jason rises and begins to pace.

JASON  
Let's build our own media  
alternative. Video news and  
specials - distributed through the  
internet. Like those pod-casts.

T-WHIZ  
Even if we got it up and working,  
they could shut us down.  
Government's not too keen on free  
speech, anymore.

JASON  
Build protections...allow us to  
feed in remotely, with mirror sites  
and affiliates - an internet  
syndicate.

T-Whiz gets up, also begins to pace.

T-WHIZ  
(thinking)  
Audio would be easier. And  
independent stations might pick it  
up. Video has bandwidth and other  
problems.

JASON  
Gotta launch in video. Public  
wants to see, not just hear - and  
in High Def.  
(a beat)  
(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)  
All the mediums are converging  
through the internet.

T-Whiz shakes his head, considering it all.

T-WHIZ  
I think you're crazy.

EXT. CLAM BAR - UPPER DECK - DAY

Angelina, wearing an old bathing suit, is kneeling while painting a new sign. Her body is lean, yet shapely.

Jason "helps" by holding a paint can. The sun shines on his tan back, and a "Special Forces" tattoo.

ANGELINA  
You've just lost your job - and  
you're excited about it?

JASON  
We're starting a new show - "The  
Spotlight"!

ANGELINA  
The Spotlight?

JASON  
To shine on truths!

ANGELINA  
I like that.  
(frowning)  
But how will you compete?

JASON  
With truths! But we must also  
entertain.

ANGELINA  
What about the costs?

JASON  
We'll build one show at a time -  
through the internet - that's the  
future!  
(a beat)  
Mainstream media continues to lose  
audiences - terrible programs -  
dumb and offensive. They don't  
care about the people anymore.

ANGELINA  
But they control the markets.

JASON  
Not for long.

ANGELINA  
Can't you just go to another station?

JASON  
None will touch me now. The word has already spread...I'm "politically incorrect".

ANGELINA  
I'm sorry. We did this to you.

JASON  
No. There comes a time, when we must do what's right. This is my time.

ANGELINA  
(considering)  
I could write a song...as a lead-in for your show?

JASON  
I'd love that!

He leans over her shoulder and reads the freshly painted sign.

INSERT - **"The Liberty Clam Bar"**

JASON (CONT'D)  
Why the name change?

ANGELINA  
Dad has a new mission.  
(a beat)  
Wants to turn the Clam Bar into a patriot gathering place.

JASON  
Like the Founding Fathers?

ANGELINA  
Exactly, and bring people together.

He sets the pail down, and pulls her to her feet - then holds her.

JASON

Like this?

ANGELINA

Not what Dad had in mind.

He then touches her nose with a spot of paint and leans forward - intending to kiss her.

Instead, she leans back - holds up her paint brush. He backs away - as she teasingly chases.

EXT. TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

A white van cruises down the highway.

INT./EXT. WHITE VAN - CONTINUOUS

At the wheel is Jason and in the passenger seat is Angelina. T-Whiz lounges across the back.

JASON

(turning)

What did you tell Stacey?

T-WHIZ

I'm the master of avoidance.

(a beat)

Who are we seeing?

ANGELINA

A former Congressman - and friend  
of the Liberty crew.

T-WHIZ

He lose his job, too?

Jason and Angelina look to one another - then, in unison, nod to T-Whiz.

EXT. FARMHOUSE PORCH - LATER

It is a warm July day and the farm house is surrounded by stately trees and flowering bushes.

Jason and Angelina sit on the expansive porch with Former CONGRESSMAN FOWLER. In his late 70's, he is slight, but still feisty. He studies his visitors through clear, sharp eyes.

They sip ice tea while T-Whiz, who sits opposite, frames his camera.

CONGRESSMAN FOWLER

(to Jason)

When I first met this sweet thing,  
she was just a pup.

(to Angelina)

20 years ago?

She nods, embarrassed. Jason rolls his finger for T-Whiz to record.

ANGELINA

Dad sends his regards.

CONGRESSMAN FOWLER

A brave man...your dad.

ANGELINA

He'll never forget what you did.

(to Jason)

Dad calls the Congressman our  
"Champion".

FROM A DISTANCE - a hand adjusts a scope. Looking through it, over cross hairs, we focus in on the porch.

CONGRESSMAN FOWLER

I failed.

(to Jason)

Only Naval disaster to never be  
investigated by Congress.

JESSE

What happened?

ANGLE ON - Moshe and Hannah watching. Hannah is adjusting a sophisticated directional microphone - and they hear as though they were on the porch.

CONGRESSMAN FOWLER (O.S.)

I was sabotaged, then defeated in  
the next election. Anyone who goes  
against AIPAC is dead.

Moshe pantomimes pulling a trigger.

MOSHE

Bang!

Hannah gives him a smile.

BACK ON THE PORCH

JASON

AIPAC?

CONGRESSMAN FOWLER

American Israel Public Affairs  
Committee - the most powerful lobby  
in DC. They own Congress and  
dictate our foreign policy.

JASON

How?

CONGRESSMAN FOWLER

Fear and greed. It's all about  
getting re-elected and deal making.  
That's how Congress works.

The Congressman rises, reflecting...

CONGRESSMAN FOWLER (CONT'D)

The media is where the power really  
lies. Can make or break a career  
overnight. Convince the public  
that up is down, or wrong is right.

JASON

An Alice in Wonderland world.

The Congressman considers, and nods.

CONGRESSMAN FOWLER

If you go ahead with this video and  
take on the Zionists, be prepared  
for anything. They're ruthless!

(a beat)

ADL, SPLC and a thousand other  
organizations will attack you. And  
they don't play fair.

JASON

We still have a Constitution and  
Bill of Rights. It's not illegal  
to tell truths.

CONGRESSMAN FOWLER

In Europe it is. Getting to be  
here, too.

(a beat)

And people can't accept truths -  
when they've been lied to for  
decades.

(MORE)

CONGRESSMAN FOWLER (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Our foreign policy changed after Kennedy's assassination. Israel got nukes and we got to be their sugar daddy. We only hear one side of these issues, because of our Zionist owned media.

JASON

You think they control America?

CONGRESSMAN FOWLER

Without question.

EXT. DIRT DRIVE - LATER

The Congressman stands by the van, as they start to pull away.

INT./EXT. WHITE VAN - CONTINUOUS

The van hits a pot hole and reacts strangely. Jason stops it and turns curiously to T-Whiz.

EXT. DIRT DRIVE - CONTINUOUS

Jason and T-Whiz get out to inspect. The Congressman joins them.

T-Whiz bends to the right front tire.

T-WHIZ

The lug nuts are all loose!

The wheel is canted...barely on, with the nuts un-threaded to the tips of the bolts.

T-WHIZ (CONT'D)

What is this!?

CONGRESSMAN FOWLER

A warning.

They share a look of concern.

INT. THE LIBERTY CLAM BAR - FRIDAY NIGHT

Angelina is sitting on stage, PLAYING her guitar and SINGING.

It is her heart-wrenching ballad of the USS Liberty.

Jason sits at a stage-side table, adjusting recording levels - while T-Whiz is in constant motion with the camera - videotaping Angelina's performance.

Lights have been placed strategically to capture her ethereal beauty. A full house is spellbound by the haunting MELODY and powerful LYRICS.

In the very back of the room, standing somewhat hidden, is a large man, RAY JOHNSON. With an aging boxer's face, he studies the scene, taking in everything - yet showing no emotion.

At the newly decorated bar - Pete leans on the counter, beaming at his daughter's tribute.

Jason studies Angelina and realizes that he is falling in love. Sensing it, she turns to look at him, during a particularly touching part of the SONG.

She seems to be singing for only him.

BACK ON JOHNSON - who absorbs it all. Yet, as the camera pans his way, he moves back into the shadows, away from view.

T-Whiz silently and flawlessly captures the final fluid moment - as the song ends to a reverent silence.

Then the audience REACTS in appreciation.

BACK IN THE SHADOWS OF THE ROOM - Johnson is gone.

INT. THE LIBERTY CLAM BAR - LATER

The place is now quiet. All have left, except for Jason and Angelina.

She is at the keyboard and begins to COMPOSE a new melody.

He comes close to her.

JASON  
My lead-in song?

ANGELINA  
No. Another melody that's been  
haunting me.

He sits beside her.

JASON  
Any lyrics?

She looks at him, challenging.

ANGELINA

They haven't been written yet.

Jason looks into her eyes and reaches into his pocket, pulling out a small box. He opens it and lifts out a beautiful one-inch gold pin. It is in the shape of an "Angel".

JESSE

For an angel.

Her soft smile grows, and he pins it to her top.

They study each other for a long moment, then tenderly kiss.

EXT. CLAM BAR - DOCK - LATER

Jason leaves the restaurant, softly WHISTLING their new romantic melody.

He walks by the moon lit dock area, heading to his van, when he hears an echo of his WHISTLING. He turns to see Ray Johnson, standing in the shadows.

JOHNSON

She is a beautiful singer.

JASON

Who are you?

JOHNSON

A friend - perhaps.

A glint of moonlight catches a now waving pistol.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Let's go for a boat ride, Mr. Fitzpatrick.

Jason hesitates, uncertain what to do.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

If I wanted you dead, we wouldn't be talking.

JASON

We can talk here.

JOHNSON  
(shaking his head)  
No. Conversations can be  
overheard.  
(gesturing)  
That's my boat.

Jason looks at a small cabin cruiser, then looks back to the Clam Bar, noticing that the lights have been extinguished.

JASON  
Okay. It looks seaworthy.

He walks down the gangplank and steps onto the boat. He stands close - waiting for his opportunity to jump Johnson.

But Johnson is no novice.

JOHNSON  
Please, Mr. Fitzpatrick. Step back  
and sit down.

Jason reluctantly does, and then Johnson comes aboard.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
I know you were special forces and  
are a bit unpredictable, so I came  
prepared.

Jason looks for an opening, considers diving into the water.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
It's too cold for a swim.  
(a beat)  
I assure you, I mean you no harm.

Curiously, Johnson then puts his gun in his pocket and grabs a pair of beers out of a cooler...handing one to Jason.

Perplexed, Jason takes it.

Johnson then starts up the motor and cruises away.

EXT. ON THE BAY - LATER

The boat floats with the tide.

JOHNSON  
You're in over your head.

JASON  
What's new?

Johnson smiles at his moxie.

JOHNSON  
USS Liberty's just the tip of the  
iceberg.  
(a beat)  
But it's their Achilles heel.

JASON  
You seem to know your cliches,  
Mister...?

JOHNSON  
Johnson.

Johnson half-laughs.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Guess I'm old school.  
(a beat)  
I'm also a Patriot.

JASON  
Who do you really work for?

JOHNSON  
Let's just say - for the time being  
- I'll work for you - no charge.

Surprised, Jason thinks on that, before taking a swig of  
beer.

JASON  
And what do you bring to "The  
Spotlight"?

JOHNSON  
Thomas Jefferson said the key to  
freedom was a well informed public.

Jason leans forward.

JASON  
So you bring information? What  
kind?

JOHNSON  
The kind that could save America.

JASON  
How?

JOHNSON

Zionists plan to take this "war on terror" to the next level...World War Three.

JASON

Your information could stop it?

JOHNSON

A rebel media, that credibly reveals shocking truths, just might get some attention. Especially in these times - when people don't trust the government or media.

JASON

Why should I believe you?

JOHNSON

Liberty story sets a precedent. Before that, the Lavon Affair.

(a beat)

And 9/11 wasn't the work of 19 cave dwelling Saudi's.

(pausing for effect)

Mossad orchestrated it - with considerable inside help...the ultimate "false flag".

JASON

You have the proofs?

JOHNSON

Some. More's coming.

(a beat)

Mossad's motto is "By Way of Deception, Thou Shalt Do War"...and they're very good at it! Even get us to pay the bills and do the fighting.

(a beat)

Makes you wonder about your friends.

JASON

Who are your contacts?

JOHNSON

Let's just say that there are many in our intelligence services, who don't like seeing their country destroyed.

With that, Johnson restarts the motor and accelerates his boat back toward the bayfront. Jason leans back, contemplating it all.

INT. T-WHIZ'S EDITING ROOM - NIGHT

T-Whiz is up loading the USS Liberty video, "The Spotlight's" first. Jason is "holding" on the phone, while watching the computer screens. Images of Congressman Fowler, the Memorial Ceremony, Pete, Richie, and Angelina SINGING.

T-WHIZ

It's out there. A few bugs, but we already have sister sites carrying it.

JASON

Can we tell how many viewings?

T-Whiz gives him an "of course" look!

T-WHIZ

Should know if it goes viral within a few days.

JASON

I'll keep working the independent cable and broadcast stations.

T-Whiz leans back in his chair, and Jason then hands him a beer.

JASON (CONT'D)

To The Spotlight's first show, "The USS Liberty"!

They toast. Then Jason reacts to the phone.

JASON (CONT'D)

Angel, your song's on YouTube!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The expensively appointed room overlooks the DC skyline.

FOUR MEN, and a WOMAN sit at a conference table with Abrams. Otherwise unimpressive, they are all well dressed - here to do business.

At the head of the table is an aging man, the CHAIRMAN, who speaks out of one side of his mouth - in a perpetual sneer.

CHAIRMAN

What do we have on this guy?

One of the men, short and heavy, CLEARS his throat.

SHORT MAN

Not much. Family died when he was at West Point. Left the service after a Special Forces stint - and somehow became our local "Man About Town".

The woman, who has bleached red hair and stretched skin, pipes up, in contempt.

WOMAN

We all know about Stacey. Can't believe she's still screwing her way to the bottom.

SECOND MAN

(to Stacey's defense)

Fitzpatrick has charm and is quick on his feet. He could have been useful.

ABRAMS

He's a loose cannon. Can't be bought, or intimidated.

CHAIRMAN

Then bring him down. He's a nobody. Use the Sayanim.

ABRAMS

We're on it.

CHAIRMAN

(pointing at Abrams)

This Liberty fallout is your mess. Clean it up. I don't care how.

(to the short man)

What about this other guy... "the Echo"?

SHORT MAN

Trying to get something on him. But he's a mystery, so far.

SECOND MAN

His audio broadcasts are short, but explosive. He must have inside help.

Turning to the THIRD MAN.

CHAIRMAN

Can't we infiltrate or crash these sites?! What's going on here?!

THIRD MAN

It's not easy shutting down these internet-broadcasters - and their hacker friends are giving us fits.

CHAIRMAN

You've got more money than the Pope. Get it done! Even if it means shutting down the internet.

They look at each other.

INT. T-WHIZ EDITING ROOM - LATER

Jason enters to find T-Whiz at his computers - with panels removed and electronics everywhere.

JASON

What's up?

T-WHIZ

(turning)

Not us!

(a beat)

Servers are under attack. Somebody doesn't like our video.

JASON

Can you get us back up?

T-WHIZ

In time.

(holding up a note)

Angelina called. She's excited about this "Echo"...said his broadcasts are a new sensation - being picked up by the "mom and pops" - and a new Patriot radio network.

(pointed)

She thinks we could learn from his success.

Jason raises an eyebrow.

T-WHIZ (CONT'D)  
Told you audio's easier.

Jason grimaces, turns to leave.

JASON  
I'm gonna get cleaned up. I'll be  
back.

T-WHIZ  
Yah...don't worry about helping me.

Jason shrugs.

JASON  
You're the Tech Wiz. When it comes  
to software and hardware, I'm just  
a lost "man about town".

With mouth open, and ready to say something, T-Whiz watches  
the door close.

EXT. JASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jason puts his key in the door, but it is already unlocked  
and slightly ajar.

Cautiously, he enters...HEARS the TV.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Moving into the living room, he sees a man sitting on his  
couch, TONY ALBANO - petting the cat and drinking red wine.

TONY  
(looking up)  
Why the cheap stuff? I thought you  
were a celebrity.

Tony tosses the cat, and sets down his glass. He then raises  
his muscular frame to embrace Jason - picking him up.

JASON  
Let me down, you crazy Italian...  
(bribing)  
I'll make you some spaghetti!

He sets Jason down - and they look each other over.

TONY  
(smiling)  
I'll make it...you could never get  
it right.

JASON  
How'd you get in here?

TONY  
Followed the cat.  
(turning head)  
Maybe he followed me.

The ruffled feline arches it's back.

JASON  
Some watchdog, you are.

KITCHEN AREA - LATER

They're preparing sauce...slicing, dicing and stirring it in.

JASON (CONT'D)  
I thought you'd still be in a cave  
above Kandahar.

TONY  
Without you to watch my back?  
(a beat)  
Better money in security work.

JASON  
Not the Blackwater stuff?

TONY  
Nah. but government contract work -  
the only growth industry.

JASON  
What's happening to the country,  
Tony?

TONY  
We do what we gotta do.

Jason looks to him, disappointed.

JASON  
I had to leave.

TONY  
Disappointed some people. Me, most  
of all!

JASON

I got tired of seeing the innocent suffer.

TONY

That kid dying, did it to you... didn't it?

Jason doesn't answer, but we know it's hit a nerve.

TONY (CONT'D)

Collateral damage, as they say.

JASON

Part of our never-ending operations to tie up "loose ends".

Tony gives it some thought, stirs in the meat.

TONY

Spreading democracy has it's costs.

JASON

We might be "loose ends", ourselves, someday - to those playing God.

LATER

They are eating Spaghetti at the small table. Jason pours Tony more wine.

TONY

(probing)

You need to think about your future, Jason. I might be able to help.

JASON

I like what I'm doing.

TONY

Some people don't want "The Spotlight" shining on them. They get real nasty.

JASON

I can protect myself.

TONY

Maybe, but you won't always see them coming.

JASON  
Do I have to watch my back from  
you?

An uncomfortable smile.

TONY  
No...  
(ominous)  
Not yet. But if I were you, I'd  
give this up.

JASON  
What about "Duty, Honor, Country?"

Tony stares hard...and gulps his wine.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - ANOTHER DAY

Jason walks the tree lined sidewalk to a red brick campus  
building.

INT. ACADEMIC HALL - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jason KNOCKS on an office door, staring at a name  
plate..."PROFESSOR NORMAN STEINBERG".

PROFESSOR STEINBERG (O.C.)  
Who is it?

JESSE  
Jason Fitzpatrick.

The door opens a crack and a slight man, with thin features  
and dark curly hair, peeks at Jason.

PROFESSOR STEINBERG  
(nervous)  
You came alone?

JASON  
As you requested.

The door then opens fully, and Steinberg gestures.

PROFESSOR STEINBERG  
Come in.

INT. PROFESSOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jason enters and is ushered to an old, thickly cushioned chair. The office is cluttered with books and Academic mementoes.

PROFESSOR STEINBERG

I don't give interviews, anymore.  
You know why I agreed to see you?

JASON

I know that you came under fire,  
unfairly, for your positions on the  
Palestinian situation.

PROFESSOR STEINBERG

Had my tenure threatened - for  
wanting peace! After all these  
years and with my credentials.  
That's the power the Zionist's  
have.

JASON

"The Spotlight" is about revealing  
truths.

PROFESSOR STEINBERG

That will not be easy. Your piece  
on the USS Liberty, and what's  
happened to Palestine, and these  
wars are all part of reshaping the  
Middle East...using Zionism to  
engineer control for the global  
elites.

He gets up...walks to a wall map of the Middle East.

PROFESSOR STEINBERG (CONT'D)

(looking back at Jason)

Not all Jews are Zionists. Before  
World War Two, most were opposed to  
the creation of an Israeli state.  
The Holocaust changed things -  
united the Jews to legitimize an  
unjust take-over of Palestine.

JASON

What do you mean?

PROFESSOR STEINBERG

The powers of the Jewish community are being directed by international financiers, who will sacrifice anyone for their New World Order. These wars, that are destroying America, only benefit the globalists - and Israel.

JASON

Those are pretty conspiratorial statements, Professor.

PROFESSOR STEINBERG

But true. Our history is a troubled one, Mr. Fitzpatrick... persecuted, but God's chosen people. Bred to be paranoid of all non-Jews, yet believe we are superior. Einstein spoke of this volatile combination, which makes the Jewish community very cohesive - but also vulnerable.

JASON

Careful, you could be called an Anti-Semite.

PROFESSOR STEINBERG

(smiling)

We're called self-hating Jews.

(a beat)

Did you know most Jews aren't even Semitic? Descended from the pagan Khazars.

He points to the Caucasus on his wall map.

PROFESSOR STEINBERG (CONT'D)

Converted to Judaism in the 8th century. Only the Sephardic Jews, a small minority, have any blood claim to Palestine.

(a beat)

The many ironies.

He sits, leans back in his chair.

PROFESSOR STEINBERG (CONT'D)

The key to saving America is for the Jewish community to once again put America first, not Israel.

JASON

Do a video special for us,  
Professor?

PROFESSOR STEINBERG

As though I'm not in enough  
trouble.

(studying Jason)

I'll consider it. We are not all  
opposed to difficult truths.

Jason rises.

JASON

Thank you, Professor.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - A MOMENT LATER

As Jason walks out the main building door, a woman ascends the steps with head lowered - texting on her cell. As they converge, she seems to veer in front of him and he cannot stop in time to prevent bumping into her.

She stumbles backward, falling down the few steps. Jason reaches out, but cannot catch her. He runs down the steps to help her up. Apparently unhurt, she brushes herself off and looks up at Jason.

It is Hannah!

JASON

Are you okay?

Her dark look of concern slowly changes into embarrassment and then a smile.

HANNAH

I think so.  
(a beat)  
I'm a Klutz.

JASON

It was my fault.

She suddenly leans into him...and he holds her close - her breasts noticeably pressing against him.

HANNAH

I feel dizzy.

He gently sets her down on the bottom step and sits beside her.

JASON  
Take a few deep breaths. I'll get help.

She grabs his hand.

HANNAH  
I just need to sit a minute.

He wraps his near arm around her - providing a brace.

JASON  
Can I get you some water?

She shakes her head - then looks at his face - and he at hers - noticing how beautiful she is.

HANNAH  
(almost flirtatious)  
Perhaps a cup of coffee?

JASON  
Sure!

He looks around.

HANNAH  
There's a coffee shop across the street.

She smiles and he returns it.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Hannah sits at a back corner table, watching Jason at the coffee counter.

She surreptitiously opens her purse and pulls out a small vial - containing a yellow liquid.

As she considers, he approaches and she hides the vial in her hand.

He carries two styrofoam cups of coffee, and places them on the table.

HANNAH  
Could I have sweetener?

JASON  
Of course.

He leaves to retrieve some, then returns, hands her the sweetener, and sits opposite.

He can't help but notice her tan, beautifully exposed cleavage - and tries to hide it by sipping his coffee.

She adds her sweetener, and then also sips - while looking over her cup at him.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Feeling better?

She nods.

He then unexpectedly reaches his hand across to her.

JASON (CONT'D)  
I'm Jason.

She takes it, awkwardly.

HANNAH  
Hannah.

JASON  
You have a beautiful accent,  
Hannah. Where are you from?

HANNAH  
(elusive)  
I'm a citizen of the world.  
(diverting)  
You don't like your coffee?

He considers, takes another sip, and sets it back down.

JASON  
Trying to cut back.

She finishes drinking hers, and watches Jason, as he toys with his cup. He takes one more sip, before pushing it away.

Somewhat satisfied, yet a bit uncertain, she glances at her cell phone and then abruptly rises.

HANNAH  
I'm late.

He rises.

JASON  
You sure you're feeling okay?

HANNAH  
(smiling)  
Much better, now.

With that, she quickly walks away and out the door.

Somewhat perplexed, he stares after her lovely, receding figure - then leaves, himself.

EXT. CLAM BAR - AFTERNOON

Jason drives up to the Clam Bar, stops. He struggles to get out - is sweating and wavering.

He staggers to the restaurant and enters.

INT. CLAM BAR - CONTINUOUS

Angelina looks up at him...sees his condition and runs to catch him.

INT. CLAM BAR - RESIDENCE - LATER

Jason is lying in Angelina's bed...sleeping, restlessly.

She puts a wet cloth to his forehead.

LATER

He starts to come to...and sees Angelina.

JASON  
(weak)  
You are an angel.

She smiles down at him.

ANGELINA  
We were worried.

Jason frowns, trying to understand.

From the hallway, Pete enters. He comes over, looks down at Jason.

PETE  
You got some bad stuff in your system.

Jason shifts to sit up in bed. Pete studies him.

PETE (CONT'D)

You may want to lay low for a while.

JASON

I can't do that.

ANGELINA

You'll get yourself killed!

JASON

We need to wake up America.

PETE

People don't care, anymore.  
They've been too dumbed down.

JASON

That's because of the controlled media. Americans don't know what's really happening.

PETE

They bought this war on terror!  
Occupying foreign lands while our borders are wide open - how stupid!

JASON

The Liberty story is key to understanding false flags and Zionist power - even the truths of 9/11! When that breaks, these Neocon rats will scurry.

ANGELINA

They'll do anything to keep that from happening.

PETE

Including more false flags...  
and murder!

Pete shakes his head and leaves, and Jason starts to get out of bed.

ANGELINA

Where do you think you're going?

JASON

I have to meet someone.

Disapproving, Angelina pushes him back down on the bed. Surprised, he LAUGHS, then pulls her to him.

EXT. ON THE BAY - THAT NIGHT

Jason is in Johnson's boat.

JOHNSON  
Something new is developing - and  
it's big.

JASON  
Another Liberty?

JOHNSON  
Don't know yet. But a lot of  
activity.  
(a beat)  
Iran will be blamed.  
Spin doctors are already posturing.

JASON  
Why Iran? They don't even have  
nukes.

JOHNSON  
Doesn't matter. Our friends in  
Israel - who do - will provide the  
"evidence".

JASON  
"By way of deception."

JOHNSON  
Yah, it's Israel that attacks  
others. Iran hasn't been an  
aggressor in hundreds of years.

JASON  
How can you say that?

JOHNSON  
Check it out! You're the  
journalist.

A MOTOR boat breaks the silence and they watch it pull away  
from a distant dock.

JASON  
When will it happen?

JOHNSON  
Soon. Economy's on the verge of  
collapse.

(MORE)

JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Internationalists, who are engineering it, want to take advantage...as they do every crisis.

JASON  
We're finishing the Palestinian piece. Next, we cover the deceits of 9/11 and then the lies that led us into Afghanistan and Iraq.

JOHNSON  
Do 'em quickly - and find a way to penetrate the mainstream.

JASON  
Easier said than done.

JOHNSON  
We don't have much time.

Johnson FIRES-UP the engine, and they motor away.

INT. T-WHIZ'S EDITING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

T-Whiz and Jason are finishing the edits on "Palestine". We see images of Jason, Professor Steinberg, and secreted clips from Palestine.

T-WHIZ  
Stacey knows I'm working with you. But she hasn't let me go.

JASON  
You need to be careful, now.

T-WHIZ  
(making light)  
Techies are replaceable - that makes me safe. It's you they have in their cross-hairs.

Jason gives him a look.

JASON  
We've been invited to the Liberty Clam Bar tonight. It's becoming a Patriot hangout, piping in "The Echo" broadcasts on Friday nights.

T-WHIZ  
And nobody knows who he is. Told you that's the way to go.

INT. LIBERTY CLAM BAR - FRIDAY NIGHT

A full house - bursting at the seams with reborn PATRIOTS and inspiring MUSIC. There are red, white and blue flags and several of the customers are wearing "tri-pointed", 1776-era hats.

Angelina greets them and places a special hat on Jason's head.

ANGELINA  
What do you think?

T-WHIZ  
(cynical)  
A regular "Yankee-Doodle Dandy".

Trying to ignore, Angelina points to the feather in the hat.

ANGELINA  
That's the "feather of truth".

JASON  
I love it! Symbols unite.

T-Whiz starts off...

T-WHIZ  
The quill is mightier than the sword.

They watch him approach the bar, and notice how crowded it has become. They maneuver after.

ANGELINA  
I'm writing a Patriotic song. If you like it, you can use it for "The Spotlight".

JASON  
And what about our song?

ANGELINA  
(coy)  
It's coming along.

JASON  
We upload "Palestine" tomorrow...a lot of anticipation for it.

ANGELINA  
The Professor is a brave man.

BEHIND THE BAR are Pete and Richie. Pete is decked out in complete Colonial wardrobe, while Richie wears his ever present Liberty crew cap.

T-Whiz struggles to get Pete's attention.

ANGELINA (CONT'D)  
I heard "The Echo" on his web-site earlier. The Patriot Radio Network will carry his feed tonight.

T-WHIZ  
He's got advantages over "The Spotlight".

JASON  
(defensive)  
Video's still the way to go!

T-Whiz hands Jason a beer.

T-WHIZ  
"Thought police" know who you are.  
(pointed)  
Nobody knows the Echo.

Behind the bar, Richie and a tall BARTENDER stretch a Banner which reads...

"When Injustice Becomes Law, Resistance Becomes Duty" - Thomas Jefferson.

Pete YELLS for the crowd to listen...as the Broadcast begins.

Over a patriotic MUSIC intro, we hear...

THE ECHO (V.O.)  
"From the Shadows of Liberty, this is the Echo...the Echo of truth."

The MUSIC then swells into a "catchy" ballad.

RICHIE  
Awesome!

A know-it-all, tech-savvy PATRON offers...

PATRON  
Hides his identity with a voice filter and nobody knows what he looks like. Pretty smart.

T-Whiz looks to Jason.

JASON  
 (to T-Whiz)  
 Yah, I know!

PATRON  
 He remotes a coded broadcast to numerous web carriers and hundreds of radio stations. Always on the move - virtually untraceable.  
 (a beat)  
 He's even hijacked the feeds of nationally syndicated radio programs...causes quite a stir.

RICHIE  
 I'll bet he's in DC...with contacts inside the beltway.

The Broadcast begins...

THE ECHO (V.O.)  
 "America does not go abroad in search of monsters to destroy. She is the champion and vindicator only of her own" - John Quincy Adams. And that is the theme of today's broadcast!

ANGELINA  
 He always quotes from the Founding Fathers.

RICHIE  
 Pretty cool...I'll bet he...

Others SHUSH him.

THE ECHO (V.O.)  
 American forces are now stationed in over 140 countries, at over 700 bases...policing the world! Why are we going bankrupt paying for the defense of other countries?

Many in the crowd want an answer.

THE ECHO (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
 American workers cannot afford it.

A grizzled CONSTRUCTION WORKER explodes...

CONSTRUCTION WORKER  
 Damn right!

THE ECHO (V.O.)

We were never intended to be an empire - we grew out of resistance to one.

(a beat)

What would our Founding Fathers think of us fighting wars in Iraq and Afghanistan?...neither of which attacked us. Neocons used 9/11 to lie us into these wars on behalf of Israel and a Globalist agenda. It now appears almost certain that Mosad orchestrated 9/11 - to begin the War on Terror.

A SOURED FACED MAN, under his breath, declares...

SOURED FACED MAN

Conspiracy crap!

Another MAN, who is intently trying to hear.

MAN

Just listen!

THE ECHO (V.O.)

Is Israel really our best friend? No other nation spies more on us. As George Washington said, "A passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils."

(a beat)

The power-elite are preparing our next undeclared war - against Iran! We have the facts, but you won't hear them in the mainstream. All you'll hear is fearmongering and warmongering.

MUSIC starts to cover the broadcast.

THE ECHO (CONT'D)

Thomas Jefferson said at his inaugural address, "Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none!"

A BUZZ of approval from the Crowd.

## THE ECHO (CONT'D)

We're calling on all Patriots to  
help take back America!

(a beat)

Before our next Broadcast, read the  
Constitution...the most brilliant  
document ever written...and key to  
our freedom.

(a beat)

This is "The Echo" - fighting for  
Truth, Justice and Liberty.

The Broadcast ends with a soaring climactic musical STANZA,  
as Pete and Richie hand out small booklets of the  
Constitution.

Angelina shuts off the station - and a BUZZ begins among the  
customers.

## INT. ABRAM'S HOME LIBRARY/OFFICE - NIGHT

Abrams stands, assuming his most intimidating posture, while  
Moshe and Hannah sit, seemingly ambivalent.

Nearby, Harvey leans against a wall of books, arms crossed,  
evaluating the Mossad agents.

## ABRAMS

You're supposed to be good. All I  
see are "screw ups".

Moshe and Hannah are not humored - exchanging contemptuous  
glances.

## ABRAMS (CONT'D)

Stop Fitzpatrick!

Moshe disrespectfully chews gum, while Hannah files her  
nails.

## ABRAMS (CONT'D)

Or I'll bring in others, who can.

Abrams looks confidently at Harvey.

## MOSHE

You want us to kill him, we'll kill  
him.

(machismo)

And this Echo guy, too.

(cutting)

(MORE)

MOSHE (CONT'D)  
 ...since your "screw ups" can't  
 even find him.

Moshe gives Harvey a dismissive glance.

ABRAMS  
 Fitzpatrick is your concern. Do it  
 quickly! He plans a 9/11 show  
 next.

HANNAH  
 (cynical)  
 That could be fun.

Abrams gives them both a dirty look.

ABRAMS  
 Your bosses wouldn't think so.  
 (barbed)  
 They must love his Palestinian  
 video - mushrooming around the  
 internet!

Hannah stands up...moves close to Abrams...drapes an arm  
 around him.

HANNAH  
 Spotlights do go out.

She kisses him on the cheek and moves to the door, followed  
 by Moshe. Abrams exchanges a look of discomfort with Harvey.

INT. T-WHIZ EDITING ROOM - DAY

Jason is in T-Whiz's editing room, which has grown into a  
 professional recording studio. Angelina sits, separated in a  
 glass booth - TUNING her guitar.

T-WHIZ  
 (pressing intercom)  
 Ready, when you are.

ANGELINA  
 (into mic)  
 I hope you like it.

She STRUMS her guitar, an upbeat tempo - then, after a short  
 build, begins to SING.

It is a rousing, patriotic ballad - the kind that inspires.

T-Whiz makes some audio recording adjustments. With a  
 satisfied expression - unusual for him - he looks to Jason.

Not only is the MELODY catchy, it is unforgettable.

The LYRICS capture a populist spirit, exciting and rebellious, yet almost traditional.

Smiling broadly, Jason's found his lead-in music!

Just then, he gets a CALL. Aggravated by the interruption, he wants to ignore, but can't. He answers, and listens - while still trying to listen to Angelina.

JASON  
(disappointed)  
We'll be right there, Professor.

He SLAPS his phone shut - and presses the intercom button.

JASON (CONT'D)  
(interrupting)  
Sorry, Angel.

She stops playing, bites her lip in anticipation.

JASON (CONT'D)  
It's revolutionary!

She smiles, uncertainly.

JASON (CONT'D)  
We'll record it later. Professor  
Steinberg says it's very important.  
(to T-Whiz)  
Wants us to bring the camera.

Angelina comes out of the booth.

ANGELINA  
Can I come? I'd love to meet the  
Professor. He was incredible on  
the "Palestinian" video.

Jason looks to T-Whiz.

JASON  
Sure, why not.

INT. PROFESSOR'S OFFICE - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Jason, T-Whiz and Angelina enter the Professor's cluttered office. Steinberg stands in the corner, shielding someone.

He steps aside and we see a frail, scared young woman, AARYA ABDULLAH.

PROFESSOR STEINBERG  
This is Aarya. a Palestinian  
student.

They acknowledge each other, as the Professor continues.

PROFESSOR STEINBERG (CONT'D)  
She saw the video and took a great  
chance in coming to me.  
(to her)  
Tell them, Aarya, what you told me.

She steps forward, apprehensively.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

A familiar black SUV is parked at the street curb - a predator resting ominously in the shade of a tree.

INT./EXT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Moshe and Hannah - listen in.

INT. PROFESSOR'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

AARYA  
My brother, Mahmoud, was arrested  
by the Israelis - four years ago.  
We never heard from him again -  
until yesterday. He's here, at a  
cabin in the mountains.

JASON  
How did he get here?

AARYA  
I don't know and he's not sure.  
(a beat)  
I just know that he hates the  
Israelis, and now the Americans.

Off their concerned looks...

AARYA (CONT'D)  
Life is not easy under a brutal  
occupation.

JASON  
What can we do?

AARYA  
He knows about your video and wants  
to talk with you. He believes he's  
been programmed for something.

Jason moves closer.

JASON  
(almost whispering)  
For what?

AARYA  
A terrorist operation.

They all exchange troubled looks.

AARYA (CONT'D)  
He wants me to bring you to him.

T-WHIZ  
It's a set up, Jason.

T-Whiz goes to the door, opens it to look in the hallway.  
Then closes it, shrugging his shoulders.

PROFESSOR STEINBERG  
I've known Aarya a long time.  
She's convinced he's sincere.

AARYA  
My brother needs help.

T-WHIZ  
They'll nail us for aiding a  
terrorist!

ANGELINA  
We've done nothing wrong and don't  
know that he has.  
(to Jason)  
If her brother's in trouble, we  
should try to help him.

Jason considers, disapproving.

ANGELINA (CONT'D)  
No one came to the Liberty's aid.

He looks into her pleading, trusting eyes, then makes a  
decision.

JASON  
I'll go with Aarya - alone.

T-Whiz SIGHS, then steps forward.

T-WHIZ  
No, you won't. Any footage would  
be out of focus.

Jason smiles, then turns back to Angelina - touching her  
shoulder, protectively.

JASON  
Professor, would you take Angelina  
back...?

She brushes his hand away and walks toward the door.

ANGELINA  
No way! I'm going too!

Jason knows he's lost this one.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROADS - LATER

The white van climbs through twists and turns in beautiful  
mountain country.

Well behind them, unnoticed, is the black SUV.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - DAY

A small log cabin is nestled high in the mountain forests. A  
window curtain moves.

INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN

MAHMOUD, dark and slender, looks out the window. In his  
hand, he holds a pistol.

EXT. CABIN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The van snakes through an umbrella of pines to approach the  
cabin.

It stops and Aarya jumps out, followed by Jason, T-Whiz and  
Angelina. They walk toward the cabin, but stop short.

AARYA  
 (yelling to the cabin)  
 Mahmoud, it's us!

No answer.

AARYA (CONT'D)  
 It's all right, Mahmoud.

The door creeps open.

Aarya rushes in and the others follow.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

They see Aarya embracing Mahmoud. He stands awkwardly, holding his sister - and the pistol!

JASON  
 You don't need that.

Mahmoud considers, then lowers his gun hand.

EXT. WOODED AREA - SAME TIME

Moshe and Hannah park in the woods, far below the cabin.

They get out of the SUV, prepare weapons, and move up the hill - through the woods, and toward the cabin.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

MAHMOUD  
 They will come.

JASON  
 Who?

MAHMOUD  
 The Israelis...and the Americans.

T-Whiz shoulders his camera and signals to Jason, who nods. Mahmoud appears not too notice, or care, as T-Whiz starts to record.

JASON  
 Why are they coming for you?

A sardonic smile.

MAHMOUD  
Because I am free of them.

JASON  
What do you mean?

MAHMOUD  
I am sick. They did things to us.  
Not just torture. They worked on  
our minds.

He points to his head.

MAHMOUD (CONT'D)  
I have a chip in here.  
(a half smile)  
But mine doesn't work.

Jason moves to the window, looks out.

JASON  
(turning back)  
A tracking device?

Mahmoud shakes his head.

MAHMOUD  
More than that.

T-WHIZ  
Programming impulses. MK Ultra  
brought up-to-date.

Mahmoud nods.

T-WHIZ (CONT'D)  
Like Pavlov's dogs. Trained to  
respond to specific stimuli.

Jason moves to Mahmoud.

JASON  
Trained to do what?

MAHMOUD  
To hate. But I've always hated.

JASON  
Hate enough to do what?

MAHMOUD

For me - detonate a bomb.

(a beat)

For the others - I don't know.

Aarya moves to him.

AARYA

Mahmoud couldn't do it. Could you?

MAHMOUD

I could, sister. But I won't.

JASON

Why?

MAHMOUD

Because, it's not our plan. It's theirs.

ANGELINA

Another false flag?

Mahmoud doesn't understand.

MAHMOUD

To create panic in America.

EXT. CABIN - SAME TIME

Moshe and Hannah approach the cabin, automatic weapons at the ready. She signals that she will go to the back.

INT. CABIN - SAME TIME

JASON

How many "programmed terrorists" are there?

MAHMOUD

Hundreds.

They are astonished.

MAHMOUD (CONT'D)

There are many targets.

ANGELINA

Where?

MAHMOUD  
 Malls, schools, churches,  
 government offices, power plants.  
 I was to blow a dam.

ANGELINA  
 Why would they do such evil?

JASON  
 To blame Iran.

Jason pulls out his cell phone, opens it, preparing to call.

T-WHIZ  
 World War Three...

Frustrated, Jason flips his cell phone shut...

JASON  
 No reception.

Jason moves in front of Mahmoud...looks him in the eyes.

JASON (CONT'D)  
 How and when will it happen?

MAHMOUD  
 We will get signals.  
 (tapping his head)  
 I'm not sure how, or when...but  
 soon.

ANGELINA  
 The 4th of July?

They look to one another, speculating.

T-WHIZ  
 Patriot revenge! Swift and  
 violent.

JASON  
 Mahmoud. Come with us, so we can  
 stop this!

At that moment...The door CRASHES open!

Moshe stands with machine pistol pointed.

MOSHE  
 You will stop nothing.

Mahmoud doesn't think, but reacts, raising his pistol.

Moshe FIRES a burst into him, and Mahmoud goes down...blood everywhere.

Jason starts for Moshe, but stops short - as the machine pistol swings instantly, pointing at his heart.

Aarya rushes to Mahmoud, kneels at his side, WAILING.

EXT. CABIN - SAME TIME

Hannah stands behind the cabin, peeking through a crack in the rear window...listening and smiling.

INT. CABIN - SAME TIME

Moshe looks down at Aarya and Mahmoud with contempt.

MOSHE

Always fun - shooting Palestinians!  
(sneering)  
And a bonus, this time.

JASON

So, I'm your target?

Moshe smiles, then turns to see T-Whiz - who is surprisingly still recording...capturing it all.

Moshe looks to him and FIRES another burst - into the camera!

T-Whiz recoils at the impact, and Moshe LAUGHS - becoming boisterous as T-Whiz brushes the broken camera pieces away from his hands and arms.

EXT. CABIN - SAME TIME

Hannah, still smiling, decides to enter, but the rear door is locked. No one hears her attempt, as Moshe is LAUGHING uncontrollably.

INT. CABIN - SAME TIME

Aarya, enraged, lunges! - desperately tackling Moshe by the legs. He manages to hit her with the butt of his gun, as they both fall to the ground.

Jason then dives for Mahmoud's pistol, and FIRES into Moshe, as Moshe's next BURST goes through the rear door - where Hannah was standing.

Angelina rushes to Jason.

JASON  
I'm all right.

He then gets up, goes to inspect Moshe, who lies dead, and then to Aarya, who lies still.

JASON (CONT'D)  
(inspecting carefully)  
She's unconscious, but alive.

Just then, Mahmoud MOANS. Jason goes to him, tries to stop the massive bleeding.

JASON (CONT'D)  
We need help.

Turning to T-Whiz...

JASON (CONT'D)  
Take Aarya and Angelina down the mountain. Get her to a hospital and send help back up here.

T-WHIZ  
Shouldn't we take him?

Jason shakes his head.

JASON  
He'd never make it. He's lost too much blood. I'll try to keep him alive.

T-Whiz just stands, uncertain.

JASON (CONT'D)  
T-Whiz! Take them, and go, now!

ANGELINA  
I'll stay and help you.

JASON  
No! I want you out of here. Help T-Whiz!

T-Whiz carefully tries to lift Aarya...Angelina joins him and they stand her limp body up.

Jason looks around, sensing something.

He watches T-Whiz and Angelina carry Aarya to the door.

JASON (CONT'D)

T-Whiz?

T-Whiz stops - and Jason tosses him his cell phone, which T-Whiz catches in his free hand.

JASON (CONT'D)

When you get a signal, call Johnson  
- number's logged. Tell him what's  
happened.

As they leave...

JASON (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Others will be coming.

EXT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

T-Whiz and Angelina gently place Aarya in the back of the van.

They get in and Angelina looks back through the van window at the receding cabin.

Her eyes say it all.

INT. CABIN - SAME TIME

Jason is applying pressure to Mahmoud's wounds...improvising to wrap field bandages.

His face shows that it is hopeless.

HANNAH (O.S.)

Why didn't you just drink the damn  
coffee?

Jason, startled, turns to see Hannah.

JASON

Gave it up.

He smiles sardonically and she responds with her own beautiful, but wicked smile.

HANNAH

You should give that up?

She indicates Mahmoud.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
He's dead.

Jason realizes it's true and slowly rises.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Unfortunately...so are you!

She appraises him...as he slowly moves closer.

JASON  
You don't want to kill me.

HANNAH  
(considering)  
No?

JASON  
You might regret it.

HANNAH  
(almost seductive)  
Oh...but I plan to.

She prepares to pull the trigger, when she suddenly JERKS forward, FALLING to the floor.

Standing behind her, in the doorway, is Angelina, holding a fireplace log.

JASON  
Angel!

Surprised at her handiwork, she looks down at Hannah's unconscious body - and lifts the log up, in wonder.

ANGELINA  
Maybe not.

He moves to her - holds her.

JASON  
Why did you come back?

ANGELINA  
Couldn't abandon ship.

LATER

Jason collects the handguns and stands over Hannah. Still unconscious, she now lies tied and bound on the floor - near the bodies of Mahmoud and Moshe.

EXT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Jason and Angelina exit the cabin. He looks down the winding dirt road and studies the surrounding mountains.

He hears the RUSHING of a distant mountain stream, then notices an old canoe, propped against the cabin.

JASON  
It'll be dark soon.  
(assessing)  
We can't stay here.

ANGELINA  
They'll send help.

JASON  
(concerned)  
So might others.

She understands.

He goes to the canoe, inspects it.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Looks like it'll float.  
(challenging)  
You game?

Angelina nods.

He picks up the canoe, carries it over his head toward the sound of the WATER. She follows with paddle.

EXT. RIVERBANK - NEARLY SUNSET

They reach the bank of a small, rocky, but navigable river.

JASON  
We've got another hour of daylight.

He puts the canoe in the water and helps Angelina get in. He then slides in and shoves off with the paddle, into the swift current.

EXT. CABIN ROAD - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Two Jeeps drive up the mountain. They notice Moshe and Hannah's SUV, and pull over, strategically staggering their jeeps.

Two men get out of each vehicle. The LEAD TEAM inspects the SUV. They are dressed as hunters, but by the look of their weapons, the prey is human.

One of the lead men is TONY! His partner is SAM TAYLOR, a lean and craggy tough.

Taylor signals an approach strategy to the SECOND TEAM, composed of CRACKER, a cruel looking thug, and WILLIAMS, a black bruiser. They tactically maneuver toward the cabin.

EXT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

The second team provides cover, as Taylor and Tony enter.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

They see the carnage...Mahmoud and Moshe lying dead.

But Hannah is gone - her cut bindings lying on the floor.

TAYLOR  
Someone left a mess!

Kneeling over Mahmoud...

TONY  
Took care of him for us.

TAYLOR  
It was our contract.

TONY  
Mossad?

Looking at Moshe, Taylor nods.

TAYLOR  
Maybe.

EXT. CABIN

They exit and case the surroundings.

ANGLE ON - Cracker, who inspects the nearby ground, while Williams watches.

CRACKER  
Two went for the river.

Taylor nods.

TAYLOR  
 (starting off)  
 Let's go after 'em!

Tony grabs his arm.

TONY  
 Our target's dead.  
 (gesturing to the river)  
 We don't know who they are.

Taylor roughly jerks his arm away.

TAYLOR  
 Exactly!  
 (admonishing)  
 No "loose ends"!

The words resonate uncomfortably for Tony.

Taylor and the others move off. Tony hesitates, before following.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DUSK

They arrive and Cracker kneels at the water's edge, studying marks in the rock and mud.

CRACKER  
 They put in, here.

Taylor looks at his wrist mounted GPS and studies it in the fading light - makes his decision.

TAYLOR  
 (to Cracker and Williams)  
 Get your inflatable. Follow 'em.  
 (to Tony)  
 We'll drive down. Cut 'em off at  
 Sutter Falls.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHTFALL

Jason and Angelina navigate the turbulent waters.

ANGELINA  
 I can't see anymore.

Jason realizes her fear.

JASON  
(listening)  
Rapids!

He tries to steer the canoe to the shore, but it capsizes in the increasingly rough waters - tossing them into the cold torrent.

They struggle against the current and are washed through a natural sluice and over a small waterfall.

ANGLE BELOW

Separated, Jason searches for Angelina in a hydraulic pool. He dives for her - manages to grab a flailing arm - and pulls her out. Then tows her to shore.

When they reach dry land, she falls into his arms and he holds her tight.

They lie on the bank, catching their breath.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Are you all right?

ANGELINA  
Like a drowned rat.

JASON  
You did great!  
(a beat)  
Another "Navy" survivor.

Wearing only a skirt and top, she gives him a look.

ANGELINA  
(shivering)  
I'm not dressed for this.

He embraces her, rubbing the chill from her arms and back.

ANGELINA (CONT'D)  
Can we start a fire?

JASON  
(teasing)  
Is that an invitation?

She wants to smile, but can't. He looks around and begins to build a bed of pine needles.

JASON (CONT'D)  
A fire is too risky.

EXT. CAMPSITE - LATER

They snuggle in the pine needles, sharing bodily warmth.

JASON

I got you into a real mess.

ANGELINA

You'd still be the Man About Town,  
if it weren't for me.

JASON

Look what I'd be missing.

He wants to say more, but expressing love doesn't come easy for a former Special Operative.

She smiles and lays her head on his shoulder.

ANGELINA

I love you, too, Jason.

He holds her and they settle in. She begins to softly HUM their song.

LATER

Jason bolts up...hearing VOICES from the water. Angelina stirs.

JASON

Wait here!

Jason quickly moves toward the bank and, in the moonlight, sees a raft with two dark figures catapulting over the falls.

Williams YELLS as he disappears into the hydraulic.

Cracker manages better and swims away from the deadly pool. Looking back, he decides to leave Williams to his own fate.

Williams continues struggling in the swirling waters, but can't break out of the funnel.

His powerful body finally becomes lifeless residue, lost in a spinning grave of water.

Cracker makes it to shore - to find Jason standing!

Cracker's frown turns into a smile - when he sees that Jason is unarmed.

He pulls a large knife from his leg sheath.

He then stalks and lunges for Jason, who steps aside.

The death struggle is on!

Jason dodges Cracker's thrusts, but a wild SLASH cuts him.

Cracker, now confident with blood lust, goes for the kill, but Jason turns it on him and they fall into the water struggling for the knife.

After a long moment, Jason comes out of the water, bleeding from his arm.

Then Cracker's body suddenly pops to the surface and drifts away, down stream.

Angelina now stands on the shore - with a large stick in her hand. She drops it and rushes to Jason.

ANGELINA

You're hurt!

She RIPS her skirt and makes a bandage to stop the bleeding.

EXT. CAMPSITE - LATER

They lie in the needles - his wound, painful to the touch.

Staring at the night sky, Jason is lost in thought.

ANGELINA

What are we going to do?

JASON

I'm not sure.

(a beat)

We've lost our canoe and weapons.

(turning to her)

We don't have communications and don't know if T-Whiz got through.

(a beat)

And there'll be others. Probably waiting ahead.

ANGELINA

How can we stop the false flag?

He doesn't answer.

ANGELINA (CONT'D)

The world has gone crazy. What is happening to America?

JASON

(reflecting)

In Afghanistan, I knew things weren't right, but until I learned about the Liberty - I didn't know just how wrong. Our military are nothing but pawns to these traitors in control.

ANGELINA

They think they're Gods. They own the media, the politicians, and everything else.

Lost in thought, he rises.

JASON

I've had many questions. I left the military and wanted to find answers. Thought I could be a journalist. But there are no true journalists anymore. They're just entertainers. You were right when you said it's all about fluff, and ratings and propaganda.

ANGELINA

The alternative media seeks truths! And what about your show?

JASON

They'll put the Spotlight out and keep honest news from the mainstream.

ANGELINA

Then what can we do?

He sits back down beside her.

JASON

Fight back! And somehow find a way to reach the masses.

ANGELINA

The Echo is starting to reach them.

JASON

But only by hiding his identity can  
he survive.

ANGELINA

He's creating a mystique - a modern-  
day Zorro.

JASON

People want to be inspired again.  
Look at your dad and the Liberty  
Clam Bar.

(appealing)

And your songs are a big part!

ANGELINA

They're just songs.

JASON

They're power and they're in your  
hands.

She snuggles against him and closes her eyes.

ANGELINA

...everything's in God's hands.

He stares at the stars above.

EXT. RIVER - EARLY MORNING

They are struggling through the underbrush, near the waters'  
edge.

Jason looks off, then stops and turns to Angelina.

JASON

Still my first mate?

He points to the inflatable raft, now caught between two  
large rocks.

Looking down at her bare feet...

ANGELINA

Beats walking!

INT. ABRAM'S HOME LIBRARY/OFFICE - MORNING

Abram's sits behind his home office desk, staring hard.

ABRAMS

You screwed up, again!

Hannah sits facing him, in an easy chair, unperturbed.

HANNAH

Moshe killed your Palestinian, but  
Fitzpatrick got the drop on him.

ABRAMS

And got away!

Harvey, standing nearby, offers...

HARVEY

My team's on it!  
(daggers at Hannah)  
We'll get him.

HANNAH

Move up the operation. Activate  
your sleepers today.

ABRAMS

No, it's got to be tomorrow - July  
4th!

HANNAH

Delaying is a mistake.

ABRAMS

You and your partner were the only  
mistakes.

She rises with a seductive smile.

HANNAH

Then I should go home.

Abrams leans back, appraising her.

ABRAMS

Yes...and watch the news from  
Israel.

She starts to leave, but Harvey stands in her path - with a  
lecherous smile.

HANNAH

(to Abrams)

Your lap dog needs more training.

Harvey exchanges a confidence with Abrams, before letting her by, with a grin.

She exits and Harvey turns to Abrams.

ABRAMS

Get the programmer here by  
midnight.

Harvey nods, and leaves.

EXT. RIVER - SAME TIME

Angelina and Jason are floating down the wild river,  
struggling to stay on the raft.

Finally, the rapids subside, as the river feeds into a wide  
pool.

But just beyond - is a steep falls!

Jason grabs Angelina and they dive overboard, swimming to the  
nearest bank.

They pull themselves onto the rocky bank, near the edge of  
the falls - and stare as the raft goes over.

ANGELINA

That was close!

TONY (O.C.)

Danger everywhere, sweetheart.

They turn to see Tony...machine pistol pointing.

TONY (CONT'D)

Hi Jason.

JASON

Tony...why you?

TONY

We do what we gotta do.

Taylor brusquely steps forward.

TAYLOR

Know each other?

Jason glares at Tony.

JASON  
Not anymore.

Taylor gestures to Tony.

TAYLOR  
Take care of him.

Taylor then looks Angel over, lecherously.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
I'll take care of her.

He steps up to Angel, grabs her by the front and pulls her close.

Jason moves - but before he can reach Taylor, a GUNBURST sounds.

Taylor stiffens, turns to Tony in surprise - then staggers toward him, and PLUMMETS to the rocks below.

TONY  
We do what we gotta do.

Jason shields Angel, then turns back to Tony, who lowers his gun.

JASON  
Who was he?

TONY  
(shrugging)  
A loose end.  
(off their reaction)  
Back to "civilization"?

JASON  
We need to stop a false flag.

Jason then leads Angelina away from the waters.

EXT./INT. JEEP - MOUNTAIN ROAD - A SHORT WHILE LATER

They are bouncing along, Tony driving. Jason, speaking into Tony's phone.

JASON  
Clam Bar in two hours. Tell  
Johnson it's tonight.

Jason turns to Tony - who nods.

INT. THE LIBERTY CLAM BAR - EARLY EVENING

T-Whiz and Pete wait.

Suddenly, Angelina rushes in - followed by Jason and Tony.

Pete embraces Angelina, and T-Whiz approaches Jason.

T-WHIZ

What happened?

JASON

You don't want to know.  
How's Aarya?

T-WHIZ

She'll be alright.

A MOMENT LATER - Johnson enters.

He strides to Jason...but stops short when he sees Tony. His mistrust shows.

JASON

(realizing)  
My special ops buddy.

JOHNSON

He works for Abrams.

JASON

Put in his notice this morning.  
(a tense beat)  
I trust him with my life.

JOHNSON

You are. Contracts have been  
ordered on you. If we survive  
tonight, you need to disappear.

Angelina looks on, in horror.

JASON

(brushing it off)  
What did you find out?

JOHNSON

They call it Operation Blue Brains -  
part of a mind control project.  
Don't know where the signals will  
originate.

TONY  
(offering)  
Abrams has a mansion on the  
Potomac...near Quantico.  
(off their confused looks)  
With his own commo center.

JASON  
Security?

Tony nods.

Jason looks to Johnson.

JOHNSON  
I'm not sure what help we can get.  
Agencies are peppered with Israeli  
firsters - usually at the top.

JASON  
Let's keep this small - just us.

JOHNSON  
But if there are hundreds of  
sleepers programmed for terror  
tomorrow.

JASON  
We've got to stop the activations  
tonight.

TONY  
Best approach is from the water.

JOHNSON  
My boat's ready and outfitted.

Jason looks at his watch.

JASON  
(to Johnson)  
We leave in twenty minutes. Just  
you, Tony and me.  
(to Pete)  
If we succeed, we'll come back  
here.

ANGELINA  
And if you don't?

Pete comforts her, as no one answers.

T-WHIZ  
(to Jason)  
You might need a programmer.

Jason considers, then nods his approval.

PETE  
I can help, too.

Jason studies the survivor, then looks to Angelina.

JASON  
We'll need you here.

Pete understands.

EXT. BAYFRONT BOARDWALK - A MOMENT LATER

Jason walks a short distance with Angelina...stopping at the bay overlook.

ANGELINA  
Can't we call in the police, or  
some kind of military help?

JASON  
This has to be a small operation.

ANGELINA  
You don't know what you're dealing  
with.

JASON  
No.  
(a beat)  
And it's not safe for you to be  
involved.

ANGELINA  
I'm already involved.

JASON  
(calmly gripping her  
shoulders)  
Be my angel.

ANGELINA  
And if you don't come back?

JASON  
(making light)  
Then I'll be yours.

With tears welling, she holds him tight.

JASON (CONT'D)  
 Don't be afraid.  
 (lifting her chin)  
 Remember, we're in God's hands.

They kiss.

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - LATER

The boat MOTORS quietly with Johnson at the helm. Tony monitors the GPS, while Jason and T-Whiz stand ready.

As they approach their destination, Johnson steers the boat towards the protective cover of the riverbank vegetation.

They cruise along the bank, until...

TONY  
 (pointing)  
 There it is...Abram's shack.

ANGLE ON a stately mansion of stone and glass.

T-WHIZ  
 Not bad for a public servant.

Jason turns to Johnson.

JASON  
 Cruise by every ten minutes.  
 (a beat)  
 If you hear gunfire, get the hell out and don't come back.

Johnson shakes his head.

JOHNSON  
 You just get the job done and get back here...because I'm not leaving without you.

Jason gives him a smile and the team of three jump onto the bank, and scurry into the vegetation.

EXT. ABRAM'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

MOVING CLOSER - They spot a ROVING GUARD walking along the back of the mansion.

Jason signals and they circle around to the front, stopping when they see...

ANOTHER GUARD, standing by the front door.

TONY  
(whispering)  
I know him.

Jason looks to his watch.

JASON  
It's almost midnight.  
(a beat)  
We need to get in.

SUDDENLY, a rocket FIRES up into the distant sky, EXPLODING. Others follow, creating a kaleidoscope.

The Roving Guard, alarmed, comes around and joins the Door Guard. They look off at the distant FIREWORKS display - then seem to relax.

The Roving Guard then annoyingly reacts to his earpiece and reluctantly activates a wireless.

ROVING GUARD  
(into the mic)  
Fireworks...it's now the 4th of  
July.  
(reacting)  
Yeh...yeh.

He switches off the mic, and starts back for the rear of the mansion.

ROVING GUARD (CONT'D)  
Idiots!

Tony waits until the Rover rounds the corner, then signals Jason, and starts for the front door.

The Door Guard spots Tony approach and reaches under his jacket.

TONY  
Hey, it's me!

The guard, momentarily confused, recognizes Tony and seems to relax a bit.

DOOR GUARD  
Albano? What the hell are you  
doing? How'd you get here?

TONY  
I need to see Abrams.

DOOR GUARD  
(suspicious)  
He's busy...doesn't want any  
visitors tonight.

TONY  
(trying to press by)  
It's important.

The Door Guard considers, then reaches after and grips Tony's  
shoulder. Tony stops and his expression is enough for the  
Door Guard to remove his hand.

DOOR GUARD  
Wait a minute.

He fumbles for his mic switch, but before he can activate it,  
Tony grabs his hand, twisting it behind him. The guard GASPS  
in pain, as Tony places a gun to his head.

Jason then quickly moves toward them.

TONY  
(to the door guard)  
Time you quit working for these  
assholes and put America first.

DOOR GUARD  
Yah, well you can just...!

Tony hits him with the butt of his gun, and he drops.

Jason surveys the damage, and T-Whiz cautiously  
approaches...open mouthed.

JASON  
Italian-American diplomacy?

TONY  
(shrugs)  
Didn't like his vocabulary.

JASON  
He didn't say anything.

TONY  
He was gonna'.

Jason gives him a look.

The FIREWORKS continue, as they drag the Door Guard into some nearby bushes - then enter the mansion.

INT. GRAND FOYER - ABRAM'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The foyer is softly lit and appears quiet.

They move down a hall and reach an end room which has lights seeping under its heavy door.

VOICES come from within.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

The room is designed for communications and security operations - satellite receivers/transmitters, computers and monitors.

Abrams stands over an operations PROGRAMMER, who sits at the controls of a central computer. Heavy and balding, the Programmer has a gray-streaked, black beard - which he compulsively strokes.

Illuminated before them is a large monitor. Hundreds of lights pinpoint areas on a US map...targets!

Standing insidiously nearby is Harvey.

ABRAMS  
435 districts, 435 embedded  
terrorists.

HARVEY  
Each with a link to Iran?

ABRAMS  
Whether they know it or not.

PROGRAMMER  
Hopefully, they'll perform.

ABRAMS  
They'd better! You were part of  
the programming!

HARVEY  
How does it work?

PROGRAMMER  
(nervous)  
Encoded frequencies trigger  
synaptic connections in the brain -  
translating mechanics to behavior.  
We've been testing this for years.

ABRAMS  
Thanks to detention camps.  
(a strange smile)  
Tomorrow, every Congressman will  
demand war.

HARVEY  
With the news media beating the  
drums.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Jason and Tony, guns ready, try to open the door - but it is  
locked.

AT THAT MOMENT - the ROVING GUARD walks into the corridor and  
sees them.

He pulls his gun and FIRES. Jason and Tony return FIRE  
dispatching him. T-Whiz, crouched between, looks up -  
shocked but untouched.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

They react to the GUNFIRE.

ABRAMS  
That's not firecrackers!

Harvey positions to defend the door. He looks at the  
security monitors - sizes up the situation.

ABRAMS (CONT'D)  
(yelling)  
What's going on!

HARVEY  
Fitzpatrick!

ABRAMS  
How did...?

HARVEY  
I don't know.

Abrams then pounces on the Programmer.

ABRAMS  
Start the activations!

PROGRAMMER  
(turning)  
It's not ready. I was  
reprogramming for...

ABRAMS  
(near hysteria)  
Do it!...now!!

He frantically re-enters the program.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tony places C-4 explosive on the door lock. Jason signals T-Whiz to stay back.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Abrams stands over the Programmer.

PROGRAMMER  
(frustrated)  
It takes a minute!

ABRAMS  
Is it launching!?

INT. HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER

Tony starts the fuse and they pull back.

A BLAST unhinges the door and it falls in with a cloud of smoke and debris.

Jason and Tony rise and approach the opening.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - MEANWHILE

Jason and Tony enter to see the Programmer lying unconscious - the Blast having hit him.

Abrams stands nearby, momentarily in shock.

Harvey, now hiding behind a cabinet, raises his gun and FIRES at Tony...winging him. Tony FIRES back...hitting Harvey twice.

Abrams comes-to and stares aghast...and starts for Tony.

JASON  
Not a good idea.

Abrams stops when he sees Jason's pistol pointed at him.

Tony looks down at the dead Harvey and, with a shrug, begins wrapping his bleeding arm.

T-Whiz cautiously enters, surveys the destruction.

Abrams then looks at the operations monitor and grins, sadistically.

ABRAMS  
You're too late!

Jason and T-Whiz move to the control panel.

The program is running.

T-WHIZ  
It hasn't sent yet!

JASON  
Can you stop it?!

T-WHIZ  
(sitting at the console)  
I'm trying.

Tony goes to the security monitors, traces a feed line into a DVR and destroys the security recordings.

JASON  
Come on T-Whiz!

T-WHIZ  
It's not responding. I'm trying to shut it down.

He presses different keys, but the processing continues...

Abrams stands captive, yet victorious.

As T-Whiz throws his hands up with impending doom...

The Power suddenly goes off!

T-Whiz, dumbfounded, looks at the blank screen, then turns to see Jason - holding a handful of electric floor plugs.

JASON  
No power, no transmission.

T-WHIZ  
(cockeyed)  
So much for technology.

Abrams's sick grin becomes a grimace.

ABRAMS  
No!!!

Jason grabs Abrams roughly by the arm to usher him out, but then turns back.

JASON  
(to T-Whiz)  
Remove the hard drive, and get it  
to Johnson.  
(to Tony)  
Abrams is going to show me his  
private files.

TONY  
We don't have much time.

JASON  
Don't wait on me!  
(pointing to T-Whiz)  
Get him to the boat.

Tony nods, and Jason pushes Abrams away.

INT. ABRAM'S HOME LIBRARY/OFFICE

Jason shoves Abrams into his office.

JASON  
You know what I want.

ABRAMS  
You're a dead man!

Jason raises his pistol to Abrams's head.

JASON

You're going to tell me about your bosses...the scum that hijacked my country.

Fear begins to show in Abrams's eyes.

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER

Johnson sees T-Whiz and a wounded Tony scurrying toward him. He idles his boat to meet them at the river bank.

A SIREN can now be heard in the distance.

JOHNSON

What happened? I heard gunshots.

TONY

(indicating T-Whiz)  
He'll tell you. You two get out of here.

T-Whiz climbs aboard Johnson's boat.

JOHNSON

Where's Fitzpatrick?

TONY

Busy. Go, now!  
(final)  
And don't come back!

Johnson gets the message...hears the SIREN getting closer.

Saluting his parting respect, Johnson then MOTORS away into the dark waters. T-Whiz stares back, as Tony lumbers back to the Mansion.

INT. ABRAMS HOME LIBRARY/OFFICE - SAME TIME

Abrams is now sweating profusely, drained of all resistance.

JASON

Open your safe.

ABRAMS

There's nothing there.

Pressing the gun hard against Abrams's temple.

JASON  
Let's find out!

Abrams closes his eyes.

HANNAH (O.C.)  
No, Mr. Fitzpatrick.

Jason turns his head to see Hannah, standing seductive as ever, with pistol pointed at the back of his head.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Lower your gun.

Jason slowly lowers his gun arm, as Abrams opens his eyes in relief.

Hannah comes to them...and with gloved hand, carefully removes the gun from Jason's hand.

She backs away a step, as Abrams sits on his desk.

ABRAMS  
Kill him!

She contemplates.

HANNAH  
Not yet.

Abrams looks at her, as Jason turns to face them both.

JASON  
(smiling at Hannah)  
We've got to stop meeting like  
this.

She returns the smile - then raises Jason's gun, in her left hand, pointing it at him.

Abrams takes perverse joy in it. Until...

Hannah surprisingly swings the gun at Abrams and FIRES - hitting him between the eyes! Abrams falls back - with a shocked expression on his already dead face.

JASON (CONT'D)  
(confused)  
Why did...?

HANNAH  
Too many "screw-ups". He'd become  
a liability.  
(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
(turning the gun on him)  
Regretfully, so are you.

JASON  
I see...murder-suicide?

She nods and prepares to fire...but is distracted by a NOISE - and Tony appears in the doorway!

Jason dives for cover as she FIRES at Tony.

Other SHOTS are fired between Hannah and Tony. Then all is quiet.

Jason cautiously raises his head - sees Tony peeking from behind the door frame.

TONY  
You alright?

Jason looks where Hannah was standing - but she is gone!

EXT. CLAM BAR - DOCK - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Johnson's boat MOTORS to the dock - where Pete and Angelina stand waiting.

T-Whiz jumps onto the dock and tethers the boat.

Johnson steps off, looks at their expectant faces.

JOHNSON  
False flag was stopped.

Angelina rushes up to him.

ANGELINA  
Where's Jason?

JOHNSON  
He couldn't return with us.

Frantic, she turns to T-Whiz.

ANGELINA  
Where is he? What happened?

T-WHIZ  
(uncertain)  
We don't know.

Angelina holds her hand to her mouth. Pete comes to her side.

PETE  
You left them behind?

Johnson studies them.

JOHNSON  
We had no choice.  
(a beat)  
I must leave, now.

Angelina grips her crucifix.

As Johnson starts to MOTOR away...

JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
They're tough.  
(a beat)  
Believe in them.

Angelina nearly folds, but Pete holds her.

INT. THE LIBERTY CLAM BAR - MORNING

Angelina, Pete, and T-Whiz watch the television above the bar. They have not been to sleep.

ON SCREEN - A bleached blonde FEMALE ANCHOR reports...

FEMALE ANCHOR  
An early 4th of July terrorist  
attack shocked the Potomac area,  
south of Washington DC, late last  
night. Sources indicate that Al  
Qaida has claimed responsibility.

AT THE BAR - Pete and T-Whiz look on in disbelief.

T-WHIZ  
What liars!

Angelina, in dreaded anticipation, holds her hand to her mouth.

BACK ON SCREEN

FEMALE ANCHOR  
Undersecretary of State Abrams was  
killed at his home while heroically  
leading efforts to repel the  
terrorist assault.

T-WHIZ  
Can you believe that?!

TIGHT ON ANGELINA

ANGELINA  
Quiet!

FEMALE ANCHOR (O.S.)  
Also, in an unconfirmed report,  
video journalist, Jason  
Fitzpatrick, known for pro-Arab  
sentiments, is believed to have  
aided the terrorists and may have  
been killed trying to escape.

Pete protectively puts his arm around Angelina - as she  
silently stares at the screen.

FEMALE ANCHOR (CONT'D)  
Authorities are sweeping portions  
of the Potomac, where he  
disappeared. A weapon, belonging  
to Mr. Fitzpatrick, was found at  
the scene and is reported to be the  
weapon which killed Abrams.

Tears form in her eyes, but she remains stoically poised.  
She holds the Angel pin in her hand.

INT. CLAM BAR - EARLY EVENING - SEVERAL MONTHS LATER

The CROWD "ROCKS", and the Clam Bar is packed to the gills.

Pete tends bar, wearing his Revolutionary Era wardrobe.

The patrons are into the spirit. Sitting on a corner stage  
stool is Angelina. Behind her, a small, dynamic BAND  
"ROCKS". The SONG they play is a rousing version of the  
patriotic one that Angelina had written and played for Jason.

The Bar is decorated in early American Patriot. "Tea Party"  
campaign posters now adorn the walls and doors.

The SONG ends to great APPLAUSE...and Pete announces.

PETE  
(loud)  
Patriots! The Echo broadcast!

He signals to Angelina, who switches the receiver and through  
the speakers we hear the familiar MUSIC intro.

Then the deep, distorted VOICE - which has come to haunt and inspire.

THE ECHO (V.O.)  
 "From the Shadows of Liberty, this  
 is the Echo...the Echo of truth."

The room quiets.

THE ECHO (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
 Thomas Jefferson said, "The price  
 of Liberty is eternal vigilance".  
 And that is the theme of tonight's  
 broadcast.

The packed Crowd listens intently.

THE ECHO (CONT'D)  
 As I speak, Congress is imposing  
 new sanctions on Iran and working  
 to take away more of our liberties.  
 (a beat)  
 Including measures to take control  
 of the internet!  
 (a beat)  
 But elections are coming up...and  
 the Tea Party grows!

Loud CHEERING.

INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - SAME TIME

At the controls of a small recording studio sits T-Whiz. He makes adjustments to the ominous filtered VOICE, giving a thumbs up signal through the glass.

ANGLE ON THE BOOTH

In silhouette, we see "The Echo" wearing a tri-pointed hat.

Turning, we recognize that he is JASON.

INSIDE THE BOOTH - his voice is not altered.

THE ECHO  
 This upcoming campaign is about  
 preserving individual, local and  
 states rights and reining in an out-  
 of-control federal government.  
 It's time to restore the traditions  
 and values of Americana.

INT. THE PATRIOT CLAM BAR - SAME TIME

The Patrons CHEER.

THE ECHO (V.O.)

For those that can attend, June 8th marks the anniversary of the attack on the USS Liberty. Let us honor these brave men at a small ceremony to take place at Arlington Memorial Cemetery.

Angelina gets tingles up her spine, recognizing that the Echo is a kindred spirit to Jason.

THE ECHO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Til our next Broadcast, this is "The Echo" - fighting for Truth, Justice, and Liberty."

(a beat)

In closing, a special song for our...Angels of hope.

The MUSIC softly builds. It is Angelina and Jason's love SONG and it captivates the crowd - revealing a soft side of the Echo.

The music has powerful effect on Angelina - as she now knows.

Jason is well...and is "the Echo"!

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETARY - THE NEXT DAY

A large GATHERING in a tree shaded park. All of the seats are taken and the hill is crowded with "hundreds of spectators", mostly young people.

Also in attendance are scores of MILITARY OFFICERS and ENLISTED PERSONNEL from the various service branches, and even a handful of POLITICIANS.

Many of the USS Liberty SURVIVORS are present and are lined up at the front.

AT THE PODIUM stands Pete and behind him, holding a guitar, is Angelina.

He turns to his daughter, and she steps to the microphone.

Sitting in a back-row seat are Johnson and T-Whiz.

T-WHIZ  
 Been listening to The Echo?

JOHNSON  
 (conspiratorially)  
 Never miss it.  
 (surveying the crowd)  
 He's reaching the mainstream.

T-Whiz nods.

BACK ON ANGELINA - who SINGS her tribute.

We pan from the large crowd to a nearby hill, where standing under a stately tree are two men - JASON and TONY!

Disguised as "Grounds Keepers", they watch Angelina's performance.

TONY  
 Will you go to her?

JASON  
 When it's safe.

They exchange a look.

JASON (CONT'D)  
 And the Echo can fade away.

BACK ON THE CEREMONY

...and the row of USS LIBERTY SURVIVORS.

The camera troops the line, as Angelina's SONG touches them all.

Today, they are aging former sailors - and proud Americans - more proud than they have been since June 8th, 1967.

The country is becoming their's once again. They will no longer be treated as an embarrassment for surviving a horrific betrayal - but as the heroes they are.

The CROWD continues to grow...

And we PULL AWAY from the line of survivors to MOVE UP through the stately trees.

ANGLE on the overhead clouds.

The sun breaks through and a lone EAGLE can be seen - soaring majestically above it all.

FADE TO BLACK.

The MUSIC continues - as PHOTOS, with name captions, appear - honoring the 34 MEN who perished on June 8th, 1967, aboard the USS Liberty. Then the CREDITS roll - headed by the list of all of the USS Liberty survivors.